

F 1015

.D96

Copy 1

Thousand Island Library, Vol. II.



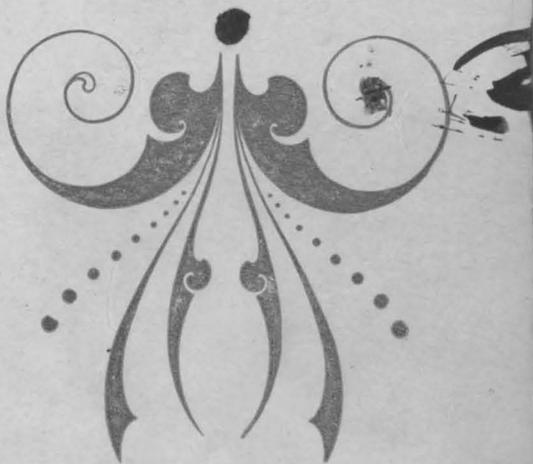
THOUSAND ISLAND LIBRARY
Volume No. II.

From

BUFFALO

to

CHICOUTIMI



By J. H. DURHAM
AND OTHERS.

F

1015

.D96

COPYRIGHTED
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

THE JAMES BAYNE CO.,
PUBLISHERS,
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.



A TRIP FROM
Buffalo to Chicoutimi

—DURING THE—

Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, N. Y.

From May 1st to November 1st, 1901.

—

Giving a full description of the entire trip, together with interesting tales and legends of the early settlers, their superstitions and habits,

—BY—

MAJOR DURHAM,
AND OTHERS.

—

Volume II
of the
THOUSAND ISLAND LIBRARY.
THE LIBRARY
OF CONGRESS

HIGHLY ILLUSTRATED WITH HALFTONES BY
THE JAMES BAYNE COMPANY, PUBLISHERS,

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

1901.

M

COPYRIGHTED BY
THE JAMES BAYNE COMPANY,
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
1901

From Buffalo to Chicoutimi

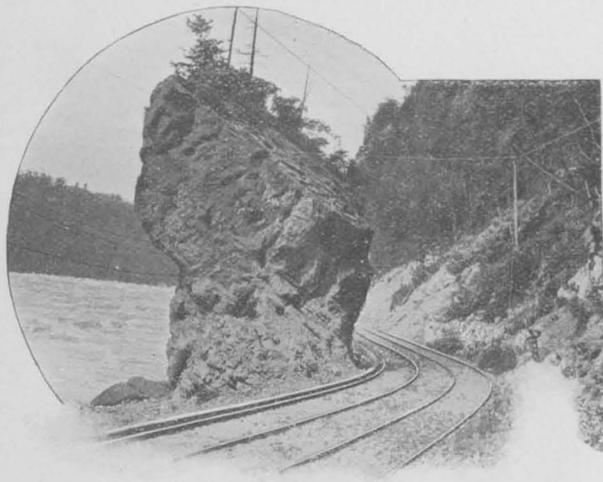
While a desire to visit the historical localities, the grand scenery, and the beautiful views of the old world is not only natural but commendable, an idea is rapidly gaining ground among intelligent Americans that it is more consistent to first become acquainted with the beautiful and sublime scenery of our own country.

No one is more contemptible abroad than an ignorant American.



Niagara from Prospect Point

The intelligent foreigner has read of the great cataract of Niagara; of the wondrous geysers of Yellowstone Park; of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado; of the wonders of the Yosemite Valley, with its cataracts and mountain peaks that tower far above any others in the world; of the groves of giant trees; of the garden of the gods; of the beautiful scenery of the Hudson; of the Rideau; of the beautiful, the picturesque Thousand Islands, and the grand St. Lawrence, with its mighty



An old landmark in the Niagara Gorge, and the Gorge Railroad

rapids; the sublime Saguenay; and he eagerly interrogates his American guest, who, to his own confusion, knows less about them than does his questioner, because the questioner has at least read of them, while the American, with his eyes fixed upon foreign places and things of interest, has read but little and seen less of the wonders of his own country, simply because it is his own, and may be visited at any time, which time

seldom comes. So far as the history of the past is concerned, we must concede that the show places of the old world possess an absorbing interest for the educated tourist; but so far back as the advent of the European



Cave of the Winds, Niagara Falls

on the shores of North America is concerned, who shall say that our historical places are not really of more vital interest to us of today, than the ruins of the Coliseum, the Pyramids of Gizeh, or the temples at Thebes.

Who knows, indeed, but the remains of the Mound Builders, or the ruins of cities found in so many places on this continent, may not be older than the catacombs? Be that as it may, for natural scenery, from the pleasant and agreeable, the beautiful and picturesque, to the grand and sublime, the Stars and Stripes of the United

States and the Cross of St. George wave over more that is picturesque and grand in North America, than can be found in all the earth beside; and it is the object of this book to point out to the traveller some of the beauties of just one of the many delightful trips with which a short summer vacation may be filled at but little expense and a great gain in pleasure, satisfaction, and renewed vigor of mind and body. The trip that I am about to describe began at Buffalo, New York, at the time of the Pan-American Exposition, and extended to Chicoutimi, at the head of navigation on the Saguenay,



One of the Bridges in Prospect Park

a branch of the St. Lawrence; but it may with equal propriety begin at any point along the route to suit the convenience of the tourist. People of Northern New

York who intend to visit Montreal, Quebec, and the Saguenay, will be most likely to meet the steamer either at Kingston, Ont., or at Clayton on the St. Lawrence. If it is found inconvenient to take the entire trip to Chicoutimi, it may be terminated very satisfactorily at Montreal or Quebec, although at the loss of a most delightful and interesting part of the journey. Tourists from central and western New York and places farther west, who do not care for the lake trip, may proceed by rail to Cape Vincent, N. Y., and thence by steamer to Kingston, where they will find many places of much interest, well worthy of examination. In fact, a visit to the Limestone City, the West Point of the Dominion, is a fitting prelude to what is to follow, and without which the trip lacks fulness.

BUFFALO.

At the dawn of the Twentieth Century of the Christian Era the City of Buffalo entered upon the second



Buffalo Harbor.

century of its municipal existence. The entrance was a very brilliant and exceedingly uproaring one, the event being celebrated with a general illumination of buildings, fireworks, booming of cannon, pealing of bells, shrieking of whistles, tooting of horns, and other similar demonstrations, while many thousands of the population marched in procession through the principal streets. It was the venting of the feelings of a prosperous and happy populace. The city was engulfed by a great wave of amply justified joy and pride. The centennial celebration over, the Queen City again settled down to the working out of her destiny.

The history of but few cities of the Western Hemisphere presents more remarkable evidences of rapid growth and material progress than does the municipal record of the Queen City of the Lakes. The change from an Indian trading post to a beautiful city is a metamorphosis certainly not equaled in the Old World within the brief limit of 100 years. A century ago the only evidence of civilization at the foot of Lake Erie was a small collection of three or four insignificant buildings. The site was owned by the Holland Land Company and was first laid out in town and village lots in 1804, and the first lot—only half an acre—was sold for \$135.

The place was then known as New Amsterdam. About that time Dr. Cyrenus Chapin, who afterward became a prominent resident of Buffalo, came on from Oneida County, and with 39 other "respectable citizens" desired to purchase the entire township. The name was changed to Buffalo, New Amsterdam not having found much favor.

In 1808 the County of Niagara was erected, with

Buffalo as the county seat. It was not until 13 years later that Erie county was erected, being separated from Niagara in 1831. In the last days of December, 1812, all but one or two houses of Buffalo were burned by the British and their Indian allies, so that the actual history of Buffalo practically began and the village was incorporated in 1813 and was rapidly rebuilt from that time. The first postoffice was established in 1802, and the first



Fire Tug in Full Operation.

newspaper, the Buffalo Gazette, published by Smith H. and Hezekiah A. Salisbury, in October, 1811.

Buffalo was first known as a shipping port in 1815, and the first steamer seen upon the waters of Lake Erie—the “Walk-in-Water,” came into the port of Buffalo August 23, 1818. The Erie Canal, in which Buffalo has always been deeply interested as its western terminal, was begun in 1817 and completed in 1825. This

waterway extends from Buffalo to Albany and connects Lake Erie with the Hudson river. It was originally 363 miles long, but by improvement the distance has been shortened 15 miles. The canal has also been widened and deepened within a few years past. The first steam railroad, between Buffalo and Nagara Falls, was completed in August, 1836.

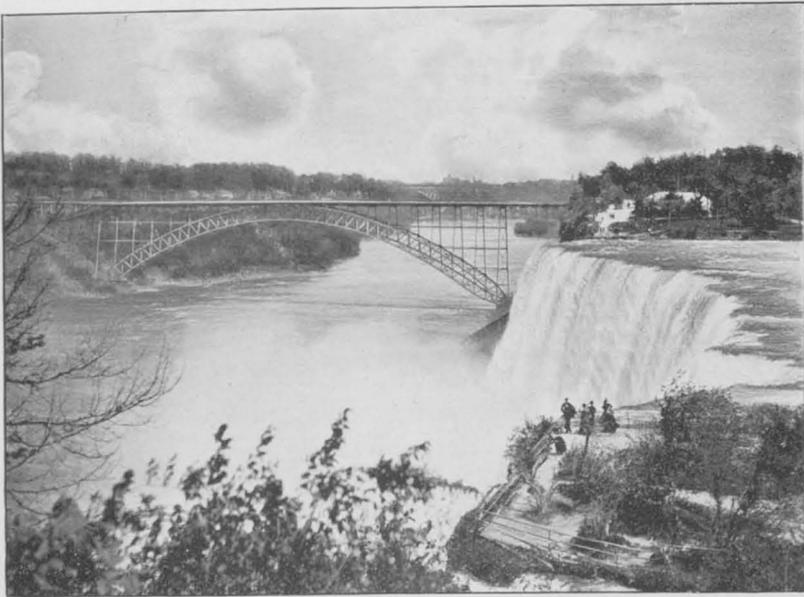
In 1832 Buffalo was incorporated as a city and for nearly 40 years thereafter had a healthy but not phenomenal growth until about the year 1870, when it began to roll up accumulatively astonishing additions to its population, and to give evidence of becoming one of the greatest commercial and manufacturing cities of the world. The census of 1870 gave the population of Buffalo as 117,714; 1880, 155,134; 1890, 255,647; 1900, 352,219.

The main contributions to the growth and importance of Buffalo has been the development of the great coal fields of Pennsylvania and the amazing development of the rich and vast regions of the west and northwest. Buffalo is the great eastern gateway of the enormous trade of the Great Lakes. At the head of the Erie Canal is the center of a concentration of great trunk lines of railroad, in the direct natural course of an enormous tide of traffic. Buffalo receives material benefit from all points of the compass.

Buffalo is the great point of trans-shipment, and the stopping-off place in the center of the continent, and may be compared to the junction of the small ends of two giant funnels, one stretching far westward, the other toward the rising sun; the products of half the continent, the mines, the forests, the fertile fields sweep-

ing to the westward funnel; vessels, railroad trains passing through the narrow neck and paying well for the privilege, carrying out to the world beyond through the eastern funnel, and sending in return over the same pathway the product of looms, factories, mines and many industries which are kept unceasingly busy, paying for the wealth of natural product which the great west and northwest yields to enrich the world.

Buffalo is the fourth shipping city of the world. The lake and canal business is very heavy. The arrivals of



Luna Island, the American Falls, and the Steel Arch Bridge for Carriages, Trolley Cars and Foot Passengers from Goat Island

vessels per year number approximately 5,000, representing a tonnage of more than 5,000,000. The grain receipts by lake are annually 200,000,000 bushels. The coal

shipments by lake amount to about 3,000,000 tons annually. The Lackawanna coal trestle on the lake shore is one mile long—the largest in the world. The harbor is one of the best. The breakwater in course of construction will be nearly four miles long when completed, the longest in the world.

Buffalo is pleasantly situated at the foot of Lake Erie. It has a water front on the lake and Niagara River of several miles, and its harbor is one of the best on the great chain of lakes. There are about 12 miles of wharves on the city ship canal, the Erie basin, the Buffalo River and the Niagara River at Black Rock, which is now a part of the City of Buffalo. The United States government has expended nearly \$3,000,000 in the improvement and maintenance of this very important harbor, for the reception and discharge of the golden grain and other products of the vast fields of the West.

In recent years a new and most important factor in the commercial growth of Buffalo has been developed. It is the cheap electric power contributed by the forces of the Niagara River and transmitted to Buffalo for lighting, street railway, and various other industrial purposes.

Buffalo alone uses 13,125 horse-power of the current generated by the power of the Niagara, distributed as follows:

Buffalo Street Railway Company, 6,500 horse-power;
Buffalo General Electric Company, 4,000; Northern Elevator Company, 1,000.

The balance of the 13,125 horse-power is distributed among smaller consumers in various amounts. In ad-

dition to the amount already in use, contracts have been made for several thousand more.

The Pan-American Exposition has also contracted for five thousand horse-power of electric force for lighting their grounds and buildings. This is an enormous power, greater than many people realize, it is more than the total amount at the command of many cities and towns, and more than the total production of many power producing companies, a company that produces over 5,000 horse-power of electric current is considered a corporation of no small proportions; still this is but a drop in the mighty ocean or a single pebble on the beach, compared with what this great torrent is capable of producing when fully harnessed. There is no doubt but there is latent power enough there to supply the whole world, if means can be devised for conveying it without too much loss.

The steam railroads centering at Buffalo comprise all the great trunk lines connecting the West and the East. The railroad yards are the largest in the world. The companies own nearly 4,000 acres of land and have over 500 miles of trackage within the city limits, while their plans call for over 200 more. More than 250 passenger trains arrive and depart from the city every day. Many suburban electric lines have been built within a few years and have added much to the growth of the city's business. The entry of the Pennsylvania railroad system to the city was the chief railroad event of the closing year of the Nineteenth Century.

The New York Central, or Union Railway station, is on Exchange street. It is used by the New York Central, West Shore, Lake Shore & Michigan Southern,

Michigan Central, Pennsylvania, Grand Trunk, and Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg.

The Erie Station is at the corner of Exchange and Michigan streets; used by the Erie, Wabash and Nickel Plate.

The Lehigh Valley Station is at Washington and Scott streets; used by the Lehigh Valley and Grand Trunk.

The Lackawanna Station is at the foot of Main street.

The transition from horse to electric power in the propulsion of street cars has taken place within ten years. The company was quick to appreciate the advantage of the cheap power developed by the Falls of Niagara, and is the largest user of this force in the city. The extension of the system has brought every section of the city within twenty minutes' ride of the business center, and a single fare of five cents enables the passengers to travel from one limit of the city to the other. Some idea of the facilities of the company may be derived from the fact that there are over 315 miles of trackage owned by the International Traction Company, of which 200 are within the city limits. Eight miles were laid during the last year. The company operates 800 cars during the Pan-American Exposition.

The public spirit and enterprise of the citizens of Buffalo have been manifested in many ways, but the crowning feature in this respect is the taking up of the responsibility of the great Pan-American Exposition, the chief purpose of which is to illustrate progress in the Western Hemisphere during the Nineteenth Century, and bring the Americas into closer social and com-

mercial unity.

The location of the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, as explained by William I. Buchanan, Director-General of the Exposition, was: "By reason of the fact that the courage of the people of that city and their public spirit and faith in their ability to finance and produce an International Exposition, which should be confined to the Western-Hemisphere, was strong



Hon. Wm. I. Buchanan.

enough to convince Congress that the work would be well done, and hence the location was decided upon. This step having been taken and the die thus cast, Buf-

falo has risen equal to the occasion, and has subscribed millions of money, and, as a city, there has been sunk in one common purpose to succeed, all personal and sectional jealousies and ambitions. A splendid location was selected for the Exposition, in which there is included a large part of the city's great and famously beautiful park; and, from the time that was done, up to the present moment, the interest and energy manifested, and the strong intent to succeed in every way shown by the people of the city in their great undertaking, has been focused upon and centered in the work now nearing completion."

In point of population Buffalo is the eighth city of the world. It is a City of Homes. The residence buildings are detached, a pleasant departure from the rule in most large cities, where the houses are built up in solid blocks of brick or stone masonry, each very much like the other, so that one has to be careful not to make a mistake and get into his neighbor's house. Here each home has something of its owner's individuality about it and as one drives along the broad thoroughfares he finds himself getting acquainted with the people, their style and manner of living and the way they are rearing their children.

The residence part of the city has been extended over a large territory, so that the majority of homes have well kept lawns surrounding them, embellished with shade trees and flowers. Even the poorer classes are favored in this respect, which would be an unattainable luxury in some of the more crowded cities. Everyone seems to have an abundance of room, and there is plenty of room for more, for the city is ever extending

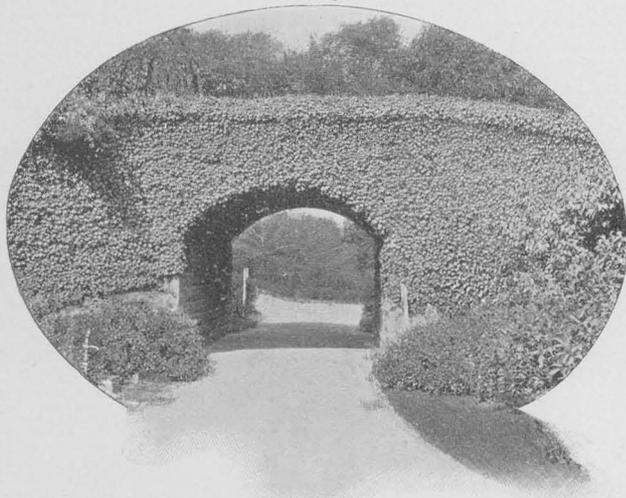
its limits, the asphalted avenues reaching farther out into the pleasant suburbs every year.

The park system is one of the finest. It consists of 1,025 1-2 acres of improved ground and 21 miles of park driveways. The different parks are: Delaware Park, The Front, Humboldt Park, South Park, Cazenovia, Riverside, Lafayette, Prospect Park, Johnston Park and Days Park. The Delaware Park is the largest, containing 500 acres. The main entrance is from Delaware avenue. The approach is made imposing, by a boulevard arched over by the gracefully dropping branches of stately elm trees, with two carriage drives, and a cycle path and sidewalks. The many beautiful features of this park must be seen from carriage or wheel, as the extent is too great for one to walk all around it and see its many beauties. Although the foot path around the lake, "Gala Water," is a most romantic one and very popular with all the belles and beaux, it is ever winding in and out through natural forest trees and grassy banks, with here and there a beach or landing, and sunny openings illumined with thousands of many colored flowers. Launches and row boats may be rented at small cost. A boat ride on the lake, if possible by moonlight, will make a restful and satisfactory finale to your visit at this popular resort. The beautiful meadows is the "Golfers' Paradise." It is devoted to golf links, base ball diamond, foot ball and other field games, and is highly appreciated by the many who enjoy outdoor sports. The picnic grounds speak for themselves, the woods echoing every fair day by the thousands of happy children's voices.

In the Delaware Park the most extensive improve-

ments have been made, owing to the fact that a considerable section of this park has been included in the Pan-American grounds.

The new casino and boat house on the south bank of Delaware Park Lake is a very picturesque structure. It is three stories high, the first being built of lime-



A Bridge over one of the Drives in Delaware Park.

stone and the other of white brick. Over the first story is a loggia. This building contains a restaurant, a lounging room, amusement halls, and a place for the storage of boats. It was built by the City of Buffalo at a cost of \$30,000. The new granite bridge over the neck separating the Park Lake from the North Bay in Delaware Park was built by the City of Buffalo at a cost of \$50,000. It is 138 feet long, with a roadway 53 feet in width, and two footpaths, each 11 feet wide. It is in the form of three arches. For the purpose of the

Exposition each of the Americas is represented by an arch, and it has been given the name of the Bridge of the Three Americas.

Humboldt Park is situated on Best street and may be reached by Best or Genesee street cars, but the most beautiful approach is by carriage via Delaware Park and Humboldt Parkway, where is located the half-mile speeding track, where Buffalo horse fanciers exercise their celebrated roadsters; and the famous Buffalo Driving Park, where some of the fastest records of the world have been made. It is not in use at present, the new driving track being at Fort Erie, just across the Niagara River. Humboldt Park is the vast picnic resort and play ground for people living on the east side of Main



A View in the Niagara Gorge.

street. There is a fine grove of natural forest trees. The principal object of interest is the "Wading Pond," which is an immense artificial pond 500 feet square, with clean sandy bottom gradually sloping to the center, where the water is about three feet deep, which the children enjoy to the utmost in the hot summer days. Electric lights have been placed around the pool. There is a sunken garden of aquatic plants, and a fountain, to enhance the beauty of the park, and an artistic bandstand built of stone, where the military bands give concerts on summer evenings.

The Front is situated on the bluff at the source of the Niagara River. While its boundaries are smaller than those of the two parks previously mentioned, it contains about 50 acres, but the view is unlimited. Before you is the broad expanse of Lake Erie, and to the left its southern shore sweeps in an extended curve, that melts away in the blue and purple hills of Chautauqua. On the right the Niagara, with its deep blue and rapid current, hurrying on to take its fearful plunge into the gulf below. On the opposite side the green fields and wooded hills of Canada, with the roofs and spires of Fort Erie, making a pleasing picture. It contains a band stand where public concerts are given on summer evenings, and a parade ground, where flowers bloom in abundance. Fort Porter, the United States military post located here, stirs a feeling of patriotism within our bosoms, as it is the headquarters of the Thirteenth regiment, which took such an active part in the conquest of Santiago.

South Park is situated in the southern extremity of the city and may be reached by Bailey and South Park

avenue cars. About 150 acres are devoted to this park. It is comparatively new and has its own particular specialties. The greatest attractions are the fine botanical gardens, where are growing trees, shrubs, flowers and palms, and also tropical plants from all parts of the world. If you visit this fine display you will be well repaid. At the South Park considerable improvements have been made on the grounds, and the botanical collection has been enriched by many choice plants, secured by gift and purchase, so that the large conservatory in the park is already quite well stocked.

Cazenovia Park is connected with South Park by a handsome boulevard. It covers 75 acres and is traversed by the Cazenovia Creek. Take Seneca street cars.

As the parks are all connected with beautiful boulevards or asphalt streets, the pleasantest way to visit them is by automobile, horse, carriage or bicycle, as there are many cycle paths kept up by the park commission and consequently free.

Buffalo has one of the best Zoos in the country. It is a favorite resort for citizens and visitors. Its situation is in the Delaware Park, where it is always cool and pleasant. Take the Main street cars.

"Forest Lawn," the beautiful city of the departed, has an ideal location adjoining Delaware Park. The natural advantages are a fine grove of forest trees, gracefully rolling meadows traversed by the Scajaquada Creek, with its gently sloping banks. It is one of the finest cemeteries in the United States. Visitors are required to show tickets at the entrance, which may be obtained free by application at the office, No. 27 Erie County Bank building. The main entrance is at Dela-

ware and Delevan avenues, reached by Cold Spring or Forest avenue cars. Main street entrance by Main street cars.

The climate of Buffalo is more equable than that of any other place in the temperate zone. The evenings are always cool in summer, even though the day may have been unusually warm. The temperature rarely goes above eighty degrees in summer or below ten degrees in winter.

Visitors accustomed to regions where the temperature hovers in the nineties during July and August will enjoy spending those months in Buffalo. Numerous societies and lodges hold their annual meetings here during the summer. The location is exceedingly conducive to health. It is an established fact that the annual death rate of the population for the past half century has not exceeded one and one-half per cent.

There are some very pleasant carriage drives in and around Buffalo. Delaware avenue is famous the world over, with its smooth sheet of asphalt, double rows of shade trees on either side, and palatial homes surrounded by extensive lawns, shrubbery, vines and flowers. North, Summer and Ferrystreets, and Linwood avenue, are some of the other pleasant residence streets.

Along the river roads, on both the American and Canadian shores, the scenery is ever-changing and unfolding new beauties. The drive around Grand Island, where many elegant club houses, summer hotels, and pleasure resorts, and private summer houses, are located, and the lake shore drive to Hamburg and the Fresh Air Mission, are also very inviting and enjoyable.

Buffalo has the best paved streets of any city in the

world. There are 105 miles of stone pavement, 7 miles of brick, 3 miles of macadam and 223 miles of asphalt, being more than Paris, Washington, London, or any other city in the world. The streets are kept clean and wheeling over them is a pleasure. Buffalo has been appropriately termed the "Wheelmen's Paradise." All wheeling tour routes will lead to the Pan-American city this year. The annual meet of the League of American Wheelmen will be held here in August.

Buffalo has many large and handsome buildings, which commands the pride of its citizens and admiration



North-east from Ellicott Square.

of all strangers within its gates. Each building possesses distinct features in its architecture, and the variety lends a peculiar interest. Nearly all of these large

and striking structures have been erected within a few years past. Visitors to Buffalo during the Pan-American Exposition should avail themselves of the opportunity of visiting the principal buildings of the city.

The city water supply is obtained from Lake Erie, a great submarine tunnel having been excavated for the purpose several years ago. The quality is unexcelled and the supply unlimited. The pumping stations, with nine engines having a capacity of 187,000,000 gallons per day, are objects of interest to visitors. To get to the pumping station take Niagara street car. To get to the reservoir take Jefferson street car.

Natural gas is used extensively for fuel in the household as well as in manufacturies. It is piped from wells in Pennsylvania and the Province of Ontario. The cost is 27 1-2 cents per 1,000 feet. The city is well lighted with both electricity and gas. The electric lighting plant is operated with power generated at Niagara Falls.

Buffalo possesses some of the finest business blocks in the world, but space will allow us to describe but a very few.

The Ellicott Square, which is conveniently located in the heart of the business district, covering the square bounded by Main, Swan, Washington and South Division streets, is the largest exclusive office building in the world, and is a city by itself. It contains 600 offices, 40 stores, 16 counting rooms, 16 elevators, elegant club rooms and cafe, barber parlors, men's and women's parlors, toilet rooms, etc. It is ten stories high, built of steel, and faced with brick and terra cotta. The interior is finished in Italian marble, marble mosaic and ornamental iron work, the woodwork being quartered

oak. There is a court in the center, on the ground floor, 110x70 feet in dimensions. The building is abso-



Ellicott Square.

lutely fireproof.

The new postoffice has just been completed at a cost of \$2,000,000. It occupies the entire square bounded by Ellicott, Swan, South Division and Oak streets. It is three stories high with a graceful Florentine tower, 240 feet high, and is constructed with Jonesboro red granite and steel.

After leaving the postoffice you return to Main street via South Division street. Here is a magnificent group of buildings, including the Erie County Savings Bank, St. Paul's Episcopal Church, the Prudential building, the American Express Company's building and the White building, all architecturally fine.

The Erie County Savings Bank, most prominent in

the group, is built of gray granite and steel interior construction. It is seven stories high and occupies the block between Main, Niagara, Pearl and Church street. St. Paul's Episcopal Church, which is always open, is built of brown stone, in old gothic style. It was the first Episcopal church in Buffalo. The other building which you see at the corner of Church and Pearl streets is the Prudential building. It rises in stately grandeur to a height of thirteen stories. It is built of steel, faced with terra cotta, has a frontage of 116 feet on Church street. The interior is beautifully finished in Tennessee pink marble, with marble and mosaic floors.

On the thirteenth floor is located the United States Weather Bureau, where visitors are cordially received, and from the roof a fine view of the city and lake may



City and County Hall.

be obtained.

A short distance away, at the corner of Court and Pearl streets, is the Builders' Exchange building, and on Pearl street, near Court, is the Mutual Life building, both large and lofty structures.

The city and county hall occupies the square bounded by Franklin, Delaware, Eagle and Church streets. It is built of gray granite, in the form of a double Roman cross, and is three stories high. It is not large enough for the many purposes for which it was constructed, another story will be added. The palatial elegance of the interior of the building is well worth seeing. It is absolutely fireproof. Was built at a cost of a million and a half of dollars. Marble is used extensively in the interior. The clock in the tower keeps perfect standard time, and is connected with all the clocks in the building by electric circuits. There is an underground tunnel for the safe transfer of prisoners to the Erie County jail, which is situated on Delaware avenue, just opposite. This substantial stone building is four stories high. Visitors are admitted on application. The other large building in this square is the Municipal building, an annex to the City Hall.

In these buildings are the various city and county departments and Supreme Court chambers.

The Women's Educational and Industrial Union. This is a building of immense interest to all women. It has arisen from small beginnings by the efforts of the bright women of Buffalo. The Union was organized in 1885, with a membership of about 100, and has increased to over 1,000. Its name indicates its field of work, which includes classes in dressmaking, millinery,

plain sewing, housekeeping, fine laundry work, free or at a very small cost. The library is a delightful home-like room, and the "Noon Rest" is a restaurant where light lunches are served in the daintiest manner at exceedingly low prices. The Union Hall for concerts, lectures, etc., will seat 500 people.

Next to the building just described is the Working Boys' Home. Across the square is the Women's Christian Association building, and the Central High school. The brown stone gothic house at the opposite corner of Delaware avenue was formerly the palatial home of President Millard Fillmore.

Between Franklin and Pearl, on Niagara street, is the Masonic Temple. On the corner of Niagara and Pearl streets, is the D. S. Morgan building, a twelve-story fireproof building of steel and gray brick and terra cotta.

From the tower on a clear day a magnificent view of the surrounding country may be obtained. At times the spray above Niagara Falls and Brock's Monument at Queenston Heights are visible.

Lafayette Square, just above the Iroquois Hotel, is a charming breathing spot in the business center, bounded on three sides by imposing buildings. On the south is the Mooney-Brisbane building, on the east the Public Library, and on the north the German insurance building. The square is made attractive by a magnificent soldiers' monument, shade trees, foilage, plants, flowers and seats for the weary.

Further up Main street are the New Tift House, the Genesee Hotel, the New Buffalo Savings Bank, and other handsome buildings. Beyond is the North Pres-

byterian Church.

At Chippewa street you will come to the picturesque and busy Chippewa Market. Returning to Main street, through the Palace Arcade, you find Dr. Pierce's Hotel for the accommodation of invalids under treatment.

The Public Library rises in magnificent beauty at the east of Lafayette Square. It was organized by an association of 1836, with quarters where the Iroquois now stands. In 1887 the present building was completed at a cost of \$340,000. It contains 150,000 books and pamphlets and many valuable manuscripts. It has extensive reading and reference rooms. It is open from 9 a. m. to 9 p. m. week days. Sundays and holidays from 11 a. m. to 9 p. m. The Academy of Fine Arts and Historical Society occupy the upper stories at present, but after the exposition they will move into their new quarters in the new Albright Gallery and the New York State building.

The Society of Natural Science has an extensive and very interesting collection in the basement of the library building. Visitors are admitted free.

The Art Gallery is free to the public on Wednesdays and Saturdays. The hours are 10 a. m. to 5 p. m. week days, and 2 to 5 p. m. Sundays.

The Grosvenor Library, at the corner of Edward and Franklin streets, just around the corner from the Teck Theater, was donated by Mr. Seth Grosvenor, a former citizen of Buffalo, who bequeathed \$40,000 for the purpose. It is a public reference library and contains 50,000 volumes, many of which are rare and very valuable.

Other libraries are the Catholic Institute, corner of Virginia and Main streets; Buffalo Medical Library, at

the University, on High street, near Main; German Young Men's Association Library, corner Main and Edward streets; Erie Railway Library Association, third floor of the Erie Railway passenger depot.

The central building of the Young Men's Christian Association, at Mohawk, Genessee and Pearl streets, contains a public reading room, reference library, and correspondence facilities. The German department is at Genessee and Davis streets. The Railroad department is at Exchange and Ellicott streets, opposite the New York Central Station. The East Buffalo department is at Broadway and Bailey avenue. The buildings are open from 9 a. m. to 10 p. m., excepting the railroad building, which is open day and night. Visitors are welcome.

The Convention Hall is at the corner of Virginia street and Elmwood avenue. Elmwood cars pass it. The building was formerly the armory of the Seventy-fourth Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y. After the regiment moved into its new quarters the city acquired this property and transformed the building into a splendid convention hall. Over 100 conventions are looked for in 1901.

Buffalo has several fine amusement palaces. Among the principal ones are the Star, at Pearl, West Mohawk and Genessee streets; the Lyceum, on Washington, near Broadway; Shea's Garden on Pearl, near Niagara street; Teck, corner Main and Edward streets; Dr. Linn's Museum, corner of Main and North Division streets.

Fort Porter is delightfully situated on the river, where two companies of the famous Thirteenth United States Infantry are located. There are barracks, hos-

pital and guard house, and "The Castle." A large boulder of granite on the parade with a bronze tablet inlaid, was placed there as a monument to the gallant soldiers who lost their lives in the battle of San Juan, during the recent war with Spain.

The New Seventy-fourth Regiment Armory, of massive brown stone construction, covers an entire block from Niagara to Prospect, Connecticut to Vermont streets. Its architectural beauty is universally acknowledged and is especially appropriate, having the appearance of a fortress. It was erected by New York State at a cost of \$400,000. Niagara car to Connecticut street.

The Arsenal of the Sixty-fifth Regiment is situated on Broadway, near Michigan street. Take Broadway or Michigan car. A new and magnificent arsenal, suited to the needs of the Sixty-fifth Regiment, is soon to be erected by the state.

The New York State Hospital for the insane, whose twin towers of red stone are plainly seen for many miles, is an immense structure, situated most favorably for an institution of this kind, in the center of a large park and gardens consisting of 187 acres. The large hospital and the two stone buildings on each side were built first, and the brick ward buildings, ten in number, have been added as required, and are connected by fireproof corridors. Every provision possible has been made for the health and comfort of the patients, the light, ventilation and sanitary arrangements being unexcelled.

There are base ball, recreation grounds and pleasant walks. The cost of this magnificent building was \$2,000,000. It is open to visitors Wednesdays and Fri-

days from 2 till 5 p. m. The Forest avenue and Elmwood avenue car lines are most convenient.

The Erie County Almshouse is located on Main street, near the city line. Its spacious walls are built of white flint stone, four stories high. It has an immense lawn and vegetable gardens. Visitors are welcome any day in the week.

Mammoth elevators are located along the docks and add an irregular, picturesque appearance to the city as you approach by the water. But that is not the purpose for which they were designed. They were built for the transferring and storage of grain, receiving it from lake vessels and transferring to canal boats and cars. It is estimated that the total capacity storage of the fifty or more elevators, floaters and transfers would be about 20,000,000 bushels a day. The Great Northern, which is built of steel and operated entirely by electricity, is the largest, and has a capacity of 2,500,000 bushels storage.

The livestock yards are situated on William street and may be reached by New York Central belt-line cars or William street electric cars, and will repay you for your visit. Mondays are the great "at home" days, although there is plenty of "life" there every day, stock being constantly shipped here from Canada and the western states.

There are accommodations in the sheds for sheltering 70,000 cattle, sheep and hogs. The place is well paved and kept clean. Dealers find this market steady and reliable; large sums of money change hands in the Livestock Exchange daily.

This description would be incomplete if no mention

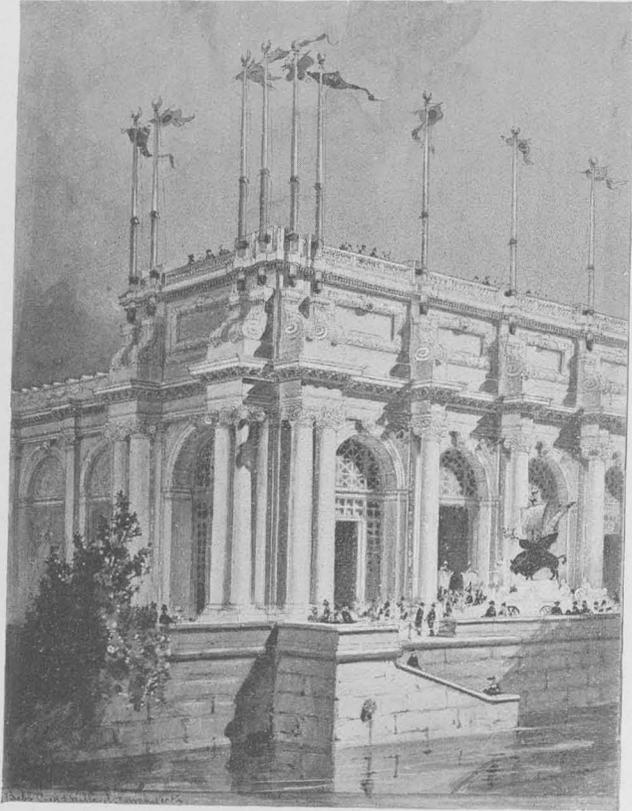
was made of the immense steel plant which is being erected, at an estimated cost of \$20,000,000. It will be the largest of its kind in the United States. It is situated at Stony Point. The piers and docks and buildings will be over two miles in extent. When you visit South Park, go a little farther and see this great work in progress.

THE GREAT PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.

To attempt anything like a comprehensive description of the Pan-American Exposition grounds, the parks, the lakes and the drives, the fountains, the artificial waterways, the statuary, architectural designs, and harmonious colors used in decorating the buildings, would take more time than we have at our command, and more space than intended for this entire book. Therefore we must content ourselves with a casual mention of the principal features, allowing the reader to draw upon their imaginative powers and exercise patience until they can find time and means to go and see for themselves.

The gates were opened on May 1st, 1901, and will remain open until November 1st. It is estimated that the total cost of the Exposition, exclusive of the exhibits, but including the Midway, will be about \$10,000,000. This Exposition is the most artistic creation ever produced for a like purpose. It surpasses all former enterprises of this sort in a number of very important features. These are: First, the court settings, there being more than thirty-three acres of beautiful courts. This is approximately two and a half times greater than the area of the courts at the World's Co-

lumbian Exposition at Chicago. The second point of superiority is in the hydraulic and fountain effects, there being in all the courts large pools of water into which



One Corner of the Stadium.

hundreds of fountains throw their sparkling streams. As a third feature may be mentioned the horticultural and garden effects. In all the courts and upon the grounds outside the buildings there are very elaborate decorative arrangements of beautiful lawns and gardens.

As a fourth feature may be noted the plastic ornamentation of the buildings, which is very intricate and beautiful. All the buildings are covered with staff, which is moulded into thousands of beautiful and fanciful shapes. To this feature is added the most magnificent display of original sculpture ever used for decorative purposes at any exposition. These wonderful productions are the work of thirty or more of the most noted sculptors of America. There are more than 125 grand works of this character. The total number of pieces used in this ornamentation exceeds 500. As a fifth feature, the



color decorations. Never before at any exposition has an effort been made to produce a harmonious color scheme. All of the great buildings are decorated in harmonious tints and the effect upon the eye is very beautiful. Crowning the achievements of the archi-

fects and artists, the sculptors, the landscape artists and the hydraulic engineer, comes the work of the electrician. It is he who will complete the magnificent picture when at night he imparts the exquisite radiance of wonderful electric lighting effects to the marvelous picture. Half a million electric lamps will be used in the illumination of the courts of the Pan-American Exposition. Never before has such a work been undertaken, let alone carried out upon so grand a scale.

Although it was our original intention in referring to the Pan-American Exposition to merely call attention to some of the principal features, we cannot forego giving a more extended description of the Great Electric Tower, the lofty centerpiece of the Exposition at Buffalo.

The centerpiece of the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo is an electric tower, soaring to the magnificent height of 409 feet. Here is the climax of the illumination, far surpassing anything of the kind hitherto contemplated.

The tower stands in a broad basin, in which wonderful fountains and electrical effects are produced.

The main body of the structure is 80 feet square, and it is flanked on the east and west by long curved colonnades, which sweep to the southward and terminate in airy pavilions, forming a semi-circular space 200 feet across. From the surface of the water to the top of the colonnades is 75 feet. This portion of the structure is enriched by a system of decorative rusticated bands, which give an aspect of great solidity to the base. The shaft of the tower is treated with great simplicity. The center of each side is paneled with fantas-

tically perforated work, through which is indistinctly revealed the massive framework of the tower. This feature produces a remarkable effect when lighted from



The great Electric Tower, Pan-American Exposition.

within. The main shaft of the tower terminates in an elaborate entablature at the height of 200 feet. The crown of the tower rests upon this entablature and is composed of three stories of diminishing proportions and varying design. The lower of these stories is an

arcaded loggia, rich in ornamentation and having the wall surfaces brilliantly colored. Pavilionettes at the corners terminate in light fantastic cupolas.

The second stage, or lantern of the tower crown, is in the form of a high circular colonnade, entirely open, so as to allow the effect of the sky to be seen between the columns. A spiral staircase with the colonnade leads to the last stage of the tower, the cupola, over whose soaring dome is poised the superb figure of the Goddess of Light, thus dominating the entire Exposition, which owes so much to her generously exerted power.

The entrance to the tower is across an ornamental bridge from the Plaza, on the north side. Elevators carry passengers to the various floors, which are devoted to the different purposes of the Exposition, such as reception rooms, offices, restaurants, belvideres and amusement halls. A large restaurant and roof garden, at a height of 200 feet, gives the diner a broad and beautiful view of the Exposition and the surrounding landscape. From the cupola the eye can sweep the whole Niagara frontier, and look far into Canada, beyond the majestic river that separates that country from ours.

Sculpture plays an important part in the decoration of the tower. Two splendid monumental groups of statuary flank each of the four sides of the base. In the southern face of the tower is a magnificent escutcheon, representing the arms and seal of the United States.

In the spandrel of the great arch are sculptures in high relief. The pavilions and wings are also richly

decorated with sculptures and other architectural devices.

The entire exterior of the tower is studded with more than 40,000 electric lamps, so arranged that a great variety of effects can be secured. At a height of 360 feet on the tower is a searchlight, with a 30-inch projector, the beam of which flashes through space with great brilliancy for many miles, embracing in its grand circle the Falls of Niagara, the harnessed energy of which operates the machinery which generates its lighting power.



In the basin, where the most strenuous water effects are produced, is a magnificent group of statuary in which the sculptor has portrayed his artistic conception of the Genius of Water. In the basin in front of the statuary the water boils to a height of four or five

feet, thus carrying out still further the idea. From a niche in the tower, 70 feet high, pours 13,000 gallons of water per minute, which is broken into an immense water screen or veil by means of a deflector. On each side of the center of the structure are located two groups of water jets, with 26 large pillar jets, throwing water to a height of fifty feet. On the arc of a circle, whose center is the niche, are 42 large jets, throwing water in a parabola curve toward the cascades in front of the niche. The splendor of the scene under the play of colored lights of varying intensity, is indescribable. In the basins are 94 searchlights, each lighting up its individual water display.

In all the exhibit divisions the Pan-American Exposition is most complete. It is the aim of the Exposition to show the progress of the Nineteenth Century in the Western World. The exhibits are gathered from all the principal states and countries of the Western Hemisphere and the new island possessions of the United States government. Expense has not been considered in bringing together exhibits of exceptional novelty and of the highest educational value.

One of the wonders of the world whose fame has reached the uttermost parts of the earth. No foreign tourist thinks of leaving America without visiting this greatest of nature's marvels, and it is so easily reached from all directions; nearly every trunk line in the United States and Canada converge at his point. While North America was an unbroken forest, still in its primeval condition, the inhabitants of the old world knew of its greatness. At that time the only approach was by an Indian path through a dense forest.

The crashing and rumbling of the mighty waters were heard long before the eye gazed upon the glory of the scene.

No wonder the Indian considered it sacred and looked upon it with reverential awe, and that at stated periods they made pilgrimages to do it homage and offer sacrifice to appease its anger.

It is claimed that as an offering, a beautiful young girl was annually placed in a canoe and sent adrift in the rapids above the falls and allowed to drift until the

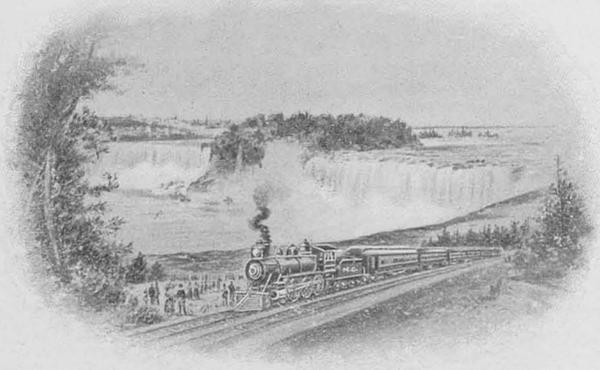


Terrapin Rock and Horseshoe Falls, from Goat Island.

frail bark was swept over the cataract and disappeared with its human cargo in the foam and mist below, while her friends with bleeding hearts chanted her death song

under the delusion that they were gaining the approbation of the 'Great Spirit, whose voice they heard in the roar of the mighty water. A better description cannot be given than by Charles Dickens, in referring to his first visit. He says:

"For the first time I heard the mighty rush of water



Michigan Central Train at Falls View Station.

and felt the ground tremble underneath my feet; I hardly knew how I got down, but I was soon at the bottom, and climbing over some broken rocks, deafened by the noise, half blinded by the spray, and wet to the skin. We were at the foot of the American Falls; I could see an immense torrent of water tearing headlong down from some great height, but had no idea of shape or situation, or anything but vague immensity. When we were seated in the little ferry-boat, and were crossing the swollen river immediately before the cataract, I began to feel what it was; but I was in a manner stunned, and unable to comprehend the vast-

ness of the scene. It was not until I came on Table Rock and looked—great Heaven, on what a fall of bright water—that it came upon me in its full might and majesty.

“Then, when I felt how near to my Creator I was standing, the first effect, and the enduring one—instant and lasting—of the tremendous spectacle, was Peace. Peace of mind, tranquility, calm recollections of the dead, great thoughts of eternal rest and happiness; nothing of gloom or terror. Niagara was at once

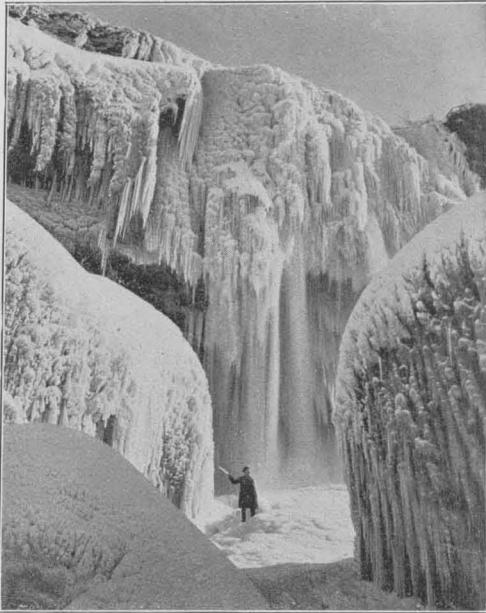


New Single Arch Steel Bridge of the Grand Trunk Railway,
across the Gorge, below the Falls.

stamped upon my heart, an image of beauty; to remain there changeless and indelible, until its pulses cease to beat forever.

“Oh, how the strife and trouble of daily life receded from my view and lessened in the distance, during the ten memorable days we passed on that enchanted

ground—what voices spoke from out the thundering water; what faces, faded from the earth, looked out upon me from its gleaming depths; what heavenly



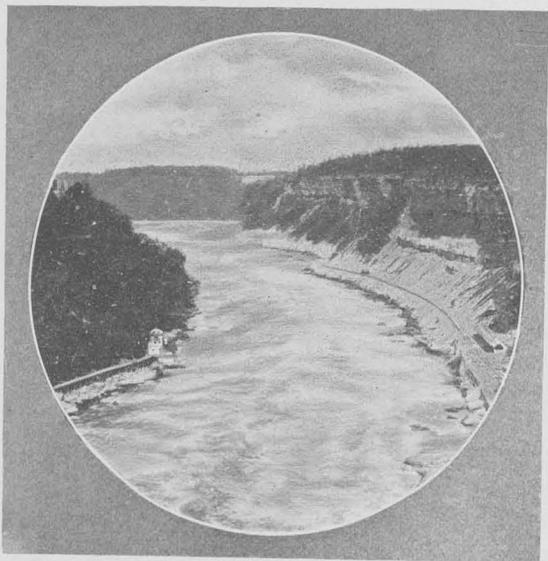
The Ice Shield completely covering the face of the Cataract, a condition that very rarely occurs and only after long continued extreme cold weather.

promise glistened in those angels' tears, the drops of many hues, that showered around, and twined themselves about the gorgeous arches which the changing rainbows made. To wander to and fro all day, and see the cataracts from all points of view; to stand upon the edge of the great Horse-shoe fall, marking the hurried water gathering strength as it approached the verge, yet seeming, too, to pause before it shot into the gulf below; to gaze from the river's level up at the torrent

as it came streaming down; to climb the neighboring heights and watch it through the trees, and see the wreathing water in the rapids hurrying on to take its fearful plunge; to linger in the shadow of the solemn rocks three miles below; watching the river as, stirred by no visible cause, it heaved and eddied and awoke the echoes, being troubled yet, far down beneath the surface, by its giant leap; to have Niagara before me, lighted by the sun and by the moon, red in the day's decline, and gray as evening slowly fell upon it; to look upon it every day, wake up in the night and hear its ceaseless voice; this was enough. I think, in every quiet season now, still do these waters roll and leap, and roar and tumble, all day long; still are the rainbows spanning them, a hundred feet below. Still, when the sun is on them, do they shine and glow like molten gold. Still, when the day is gloomy, do they fall like snow, or seem to crumble away like the front of a great chalk cliff, or roll down the rock like dense white smoke. But always does the mighty stream appear to die as it comes down, and always from its unfathomable grave arises that tremendous ghost spray and mist which is never laid; which has haunted this place with the same dread solemnity since darkness brooded on the deep, and that first flood before the deluge—light—came rushing on creation at the word of God."

Many changes have been wrought since Dickens wrote these memorable words. Beautiful parks have been laid out and thrown open to the public; fine hotels have been built, modern bridges have been erected at convenient places across the river, and many other attractions added. After spending all the time allotted

for this place of inexhaustible interest, and ready to proceed upon this trip of all trips the most varied, picturesque, and exciting; you have the choice of three routes. First, a short run over the Grand Trunk Railway around the western extremity of Lake Ontario, through the beautiful city of Hamilton to Toronto, the Queen City of Canada, or what is to some equally as desirable, a trip through the Niagara Gorge via the Niagara Gorge Railroad, whose cars start at Prospect



The Niagara Gorge, showing the Gorge Railway running close to the edge of the water.

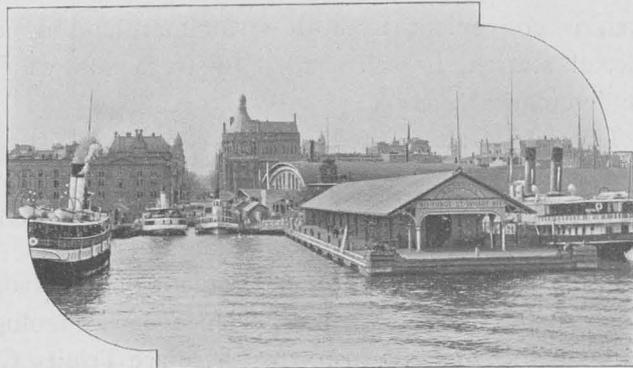
Park, run down a gradual slope to the edge of the raging water, traverses the entire length of the gorge within a few feet of the water's edge to Lewiston, giving the passengers an unrivaled opportunity of viewing the great cataract from a distance. Inspecting the con-

struction of the two new steel bridges, the towering walls of solid rock on each side of the river, passing the great Whirlpool and Whirlpool Rapids, so close that you could almost dip your hand in the seething flood.

The New York Central Railroad Company also runs elegant trains at short intervals down the east bank of the river from the Falls to Lewiston. From Lewiston the passengers are conveyed by one of the Niagara Navigation Company's steamers thirty miles across the lake to Toronto.

TORONTO.

Toronto, rightly named the Queen City of Canada, has a population of about 300,000. There are very few cities more admirably adapted for a summer resort than



Young Street Steamboat Landing.

Toronto, situated as it is on a beautiful bay at the head of Lake Ontario, in the very heart of the temperate zone. The climate is mild and equable. The average temperature in summer is from ten to twenty degrees warmer than that of Florida in winter, and ten to

twenty degrees cooler than the same state in summer. This beautiful bay forms a natural harbor of unlimited capacity and makes Toronto a favorite place for all kinds of aquatic sports. The public buildings are elegant and costly.

The residences are substantial and ornamental. The streets and avenues are broad, well paved and resemble in arrangement those of modern cities of the United States. There is an up-to-date appearance about the whole city. The street car service is equal to any city in the Dominion; a ride on the belt line will give the hurried tourist a fair idea of the city's proportions.

Toronto is well supplied with excellent hotels and boarding houses. The Queen's Hotel possesses every modern convenience; has long been noted for its home-like comforts. It is in every way desirable as a family hotel, is convenient to both steamboat landing and railroad station, is well shaded by trees and will be found remarkably cool.

Toronto is also noted for her educational advantages. Toronto University in its architectural features has no equal on the American continent; it is second only to the great educational buildings of Oxford. It was founded in 1827, has an endowment of \$1,800,000. The branches taught are arts, science, law, theology, and medicine; in addition to this there are Trinity College, organized in 1852 with an endowment of \$750,000; Victoria University, McMaster University, the Baptist College, Wycliffe and Knox Colleges, the Normal and Model schools, and School of Practical Science. The General Hospital, the Public Library, the Canadian Institute, with its museum, are worthy of a visit.

Toronto also takes great pride in the number and magnificence of her church buildings, and vies with Montreal and Brooklyn for the right to the name, City of Churches.

Toronto also claims the honor of being the birthplace of the Independent Order of Foresters, incorporated by the Dominion of Canada in 1889, by request



Canadian College.

of Dr. Oronhyatekha, a descendent of an Indian Chief, who so pleased the Prince of Wales (during his visit to Canada in 1860) by his personal appearance, superior intellect and independence of character, that the Prince induced him to go to England, where he received a University education. But the young chief being loyal to his own people and wedded to his native land, be-

came discontented and soon returned to Canada, to develop a noble character and build his own fortune.

The Order of Foresters met with great favor and soon spread throughout Canada and the United States. It is now one of the strongest and safest fraternal insurance organizations in the country. They now possess a magnificent temple in the city of their birth, that any organization might well be proud of.

It is ten stories, with a central tower rising two stories higher; it is built of brown stone, terra cotta and steel.

From the top of the tower a fine view of the city, the surrounding country, Lake Ontario, and sometimes Niagara Falls can be seen. It is practically fireproof, and receives the most favorable



The Temple.

consideration from the fire insurance companies of any building in the city.

Leaving Toronto at 2:30 p. m., on either the palatial steamers "Toronto" or "Kingston," their prow pointed toward the narrow outlet on the eastern side of

the great natural harbor of Toronto Bay; slowly threading their way in and out among the fleets of large and small craft of every description that swarm the bay; from the minute bark canoe with its single occupant, to the mammoth excursion steamer, gaily decked with flags and bunting, crowded with happy souls, both young and old, in search of health and pleasure, their merry hearts beating time with the strains of the steamer's orchestra; or perchance some of those great floating granaries, moving stealthily and gracefully through the pure blue waters, to one of the great elevators to take on board a cargo of golden grain to be transported



King Street, Toronto.

to the far east, or it may be their destination is one of the great warehouses to exchange a cargo of the product of the eastern factories for another of the surplus yield of the fertile farms of the west. On our right we

see a narrow strip of land extending into the lake, which forms part of the natural harbor; it is known as Hanlin's Island and has recently been transformed into a beautiful park or pleasure ground. On the left is the new breakwater, which protects the harbor from the



Hanlan's Island.

boisterous seas caused by an eastern gale. Soon we pass through the narrow passage, from the harbor to the lake, and find ourselves in that broad expanse of water that stretches away toward the eastern horizon, far beyond the human vision.

As we look back upon the surface of the bay and see the constantly moving private launches, sailing yachts, and skiffs, with their gracefully bulging snowy white sails skudding before a gentle breeze, with here and there a canoe or rowboat, sprinkled among the larger craft, reminding you of an ant mound where the busy little workers are constantly moving to and fro, each one striving to out-do his associate in bearing his

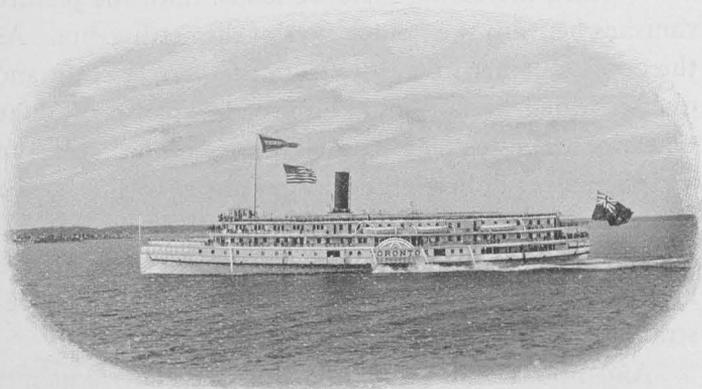
burden to its destination.

The whole scene is an impressive one, and the spectator is content to watch, with that growing enchantment which increasing distance lends, until the picture vanishes beneath the golden rays of the setting sun. As the noble steamer immeges from the narrow strait and over-crowded harbor into the broad expanse of Lake Ontario, with seeming consciousness of her freedom and the power of her might, forges ahead with renewed vigor; the ponderous wheels increase their revolutions and the stately vessel quickens her speed through the mighty water like a phantom bird released from restraint.

And now that we are free from the environments of the city, the Island Parks, and the harbor, we can take time to examine our immediate surroundings and look over the floating palace upon which we make the second part of our glorious trip. To attempt an adequate description would end in dire failure, so we will only glance at a few of the principal features. The steamer "Toronto," the one we happened to take, has one hundred and forty state rooms, besides a large Pullman sleeping cabin, affording in all, sleeping capacity for four hundred and thirty passengers. She has four elegantly furnished parlors, the smoking room, refreshment rooms, writing rooms, and barber shop are all in elaborate panel work, finished in natural wood.

The dining room has a seating capacity of over one hundred persons. The interior finish and decorations of the dining room, deck saloons, gallerys, main entrance halls, and smoking room, are extravagantly finished in Oriental, Grecian, Francis and Elizabethian

style. The main staircases are Honduras mahogany, with wrought metal balustrades in hammered leaf work, finished antique bronze; the newel posts sur-



Steamer Toronto.

mounted by bronze figures supporting electric torches. Her length over all is 278 feet, beam 62 feet. The engines are triple expansion; her running time is 17 miles an hour, with a capacity of 20 miles an hour if necessary.

The above description gives but a very faint idea of this magnificent craft; it must be seen to be appreciated, and realizing our inability to do justice to the subject, we merely glanced at a few of the principal features.

Simultaneously with the disappearance of the sun behind the western horizon, the illumination of Charlotte, the Coney Island of the west, appear directly over our bow in the southeast. Charlotte is a picturesque little town on the south shore of Lake Ontario, and at the mouth of the Genessee River; it is the port of

Rochester, and only seven miles distant. It is connected both by New York Central Railway and trolley cars. The principal resorts are Ontario Beach, Windsor Beach, Lake Bluff, Sea Breeze, Irondequoit Bay; Lake Beach and Lake View, all in close proximity. The New York Central also runs a line of railway along the lake shore between Oswego, N. Y., and Niagara Falls, stopping at all these resorts. Charlotte is a favorite place of embarkation for the Thousand Islands and lower St. Lawrence. Rochester, appropriately named the "Flower City," is located in the most fertile part of New York State, in the middle of a fine fruit belt; the temperature is very mild and equable, the thermometer seldom going below zero. It is noted for its fine residences and business blocks; the "Powers," one of the best, is noted for its fine gallery of expensive paintings, is one of the best, if not the best in the United States; it also possesses an observation tower, supplied with the best and latest improved instruments known to science. The favorable climate makes it a desirable place for the cultivation of flowers, shrubbery and plants, also large nurseries, by which Rochester is surrounded, and when in bloom presents a charming picture, and probably had considerable to do with the name, "Flower City." The Genessee River, upon which there are three falls, aggregating 205 feet in height, affording great power to the manufactories, passes through the heart of the city. To this power and the facilities for cheap transportation the city to a great extent owes her prosperity.

The principal industries are flour, ready-made clothing and boots and shoes; although no longer at the head of the flour industry, it possesses 20 mills, with a

able and exciting day of steamboat travel, to be found anywhere on this or any other continent.

Swinging away from our pier, we are soon heading down the north channel of the St. Lawrence, leaving Garden Island with its ship yards, and the little village of Marysville on our right, Cedar Island, crowned with its Martello tower, and the frowning fortifications of Fort Henry on the mainland, on our left, and steering straight for the grand archipelago of the Thousand Islands.

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

We have neither time nor space to give anything like a minute description of this wonderful region. Suffice it to say that within a space of ten miles in width by forty miles in length, are scattered more than one thousand, seven hundred islands, varying in size from a mere rock of but a few yards in extent to an island of many hundreds of acres.

Hundreds of these are yet as wild as when the Indian camped upon their evergreen shores, while other hundreds are beautified with gardens of flowers, cottage and palace, with dome and tower, and castle wall, thousands of colored lights, electric lights and fountains, parterres of gorgeous flowers, and all that modern skill and science can do to beautify and improve; and so it is, that throughout this fairy region the tourist may gratify his desire for nature's adornments unadorned, or with all that cultivated taste, supported by ample means, has added thereto.

This grand island region, by the united action of the state of New York and the Dominion of Canada,

has been erected into a great international park, the like of which is not to be found elsewhere on the globe.

Extending from Snake Island above, or rather at the upper end of Kingston harbor, and from Tibbett's Point, three miles above Cape Vincent, on the American side of the river, to opposite points immediately below Prescott on the Canadian side, and Ogdensburg, N. Y., it embraces all bays and estuaries, and all of the so-called Thousand Islands, which in fact number more than 1,700.

In order that these nearly 400 square miles should in reality become a park, and not one in name only, the Dominion government at once set aside certain islands, among the several groups on the Canadian side of the river, while at the same time the legislature of New York appropriated \$30,000 for the purchase of certain islands, points and headlands, all of which are for the use of the public.

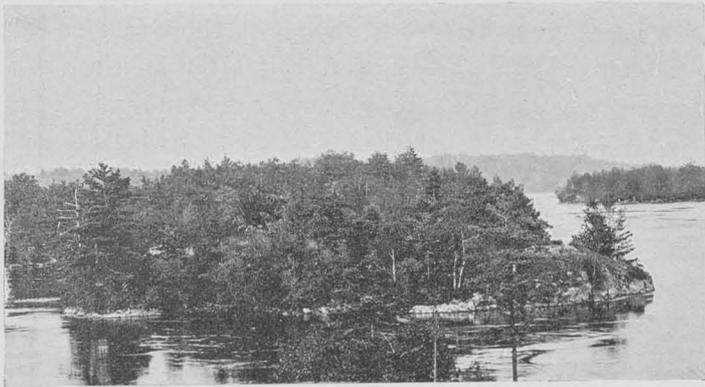
The first appropriation was followed by others, additional points were purchased, and now numerous places are provided with tasty pavilions, cooking apparatus, good wharves, and the grounds have in many instances been transformed into elegant and convenient camping grounds and delightful places for pleasure parties and picnics.

So it is, that with all these improvements on the part of the contiguous governments, and the constantly increasing number of almost palatial private residences which from year to year are added to the numerous list, this region is growing in importance yearly; each succeeding summer adding more and more to the number of permanent summer residents, and palatial cottages.

And there is little wonder that this is the case. It is a region that grows on one. The visitor who spends a summer among the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, and makes himself familiar with all that is really interesting, rarely fails to return.

It is a region of the beautiful and the picturesque; a region of legend, tale and poesy; a region of historical incidents of peace and war, much of which is deeply interesting to one who loves to delve into the earlier history of his own country.

While running down the American channel, into which we turn, around the lower end of Wolf Island, I



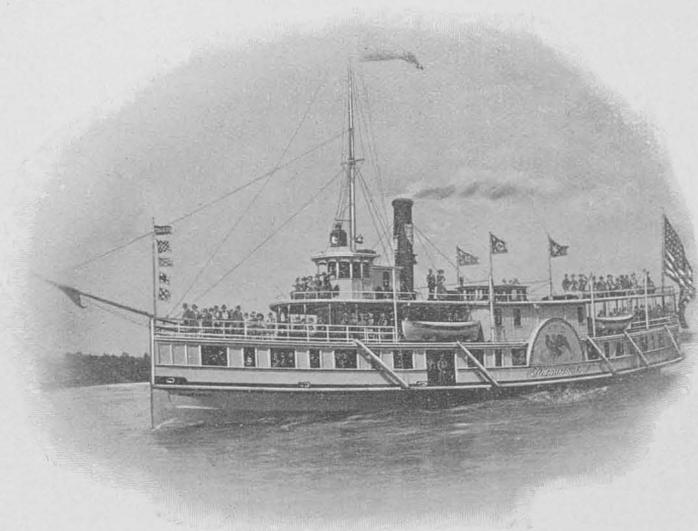
View in the Lost Channel.

might point out various historical places of some interest; as, for instance:

Here on our left is Hickory Island, where, in 1838, during that crazy rebellion known as the Patriot War of '37, the so-called patriots made a stand, and whence on the approach of a squad of artillerymen on the ice from Kingston, armed with a nine-pounder gun, they

fled as if pursued by a supernatural avenger, never waiting to fire a shot.

Ahead of us, yonder on our right, on that point next the river which marks the outer extremity of a triplet of wooded hills, is "Bartlett's Point," now known as Prospect Park, on which in 1813, during the war be-



Steamer St. Lawrence, the greyhound of the Thousand Islands.
One of the Folger line.

tween the United States and Great Britain, a battery of heavy guns beat off four British war vessels which had moved up to attack the American troops, which, under that incompetent General Wilkinson, were concentrating at French Creek (now Clayton) to march on Montreal.

Two attempts were made to dislodge the Americans, but Captain McPherson's 18-pounders were too heavy for them, and in a crippled condition they moved

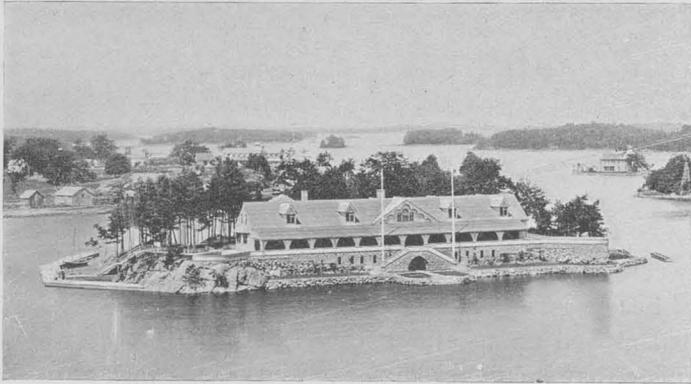
off, having accomplished nothing.

But here we are at Clayton, where we receive an addition to our number, this being the Thousand Island terminus of the New York Central Railroad.

At this point, however, the great crowds of visitors to the Thousand Islands reach the river; and here they take steamer for their many destinations, be they camps, cottages or hotels.

This is a region of hotels, and Clayton is well supplied with good ones; but at our next halt below, at Round Island, is the great hotel of the river, "The Frontenac." Here we receive another addition to our number, which may be increased at our next landing place, Thousand Island Park, the great international camp-ground of the St. Lawrence.

Here is a city of summer cottages, a fine hotel, the

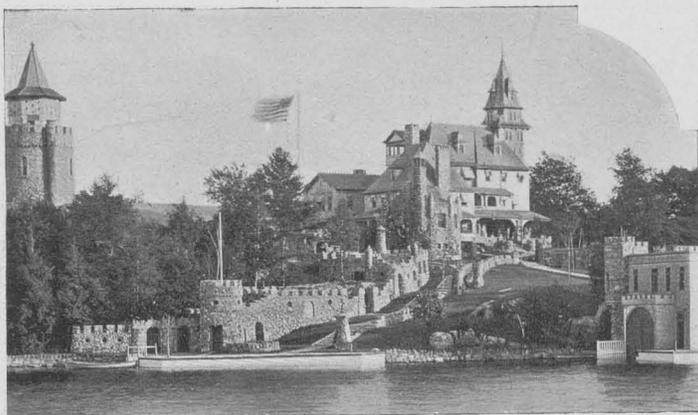


Thousand Island Club House.

"Columbian," a great tabernacle, stores and shops, a postoffice and summer schools, in fact, a summer city with all the modern improvements; a great place of re-

sort is this summer city of the Thousand Islands.

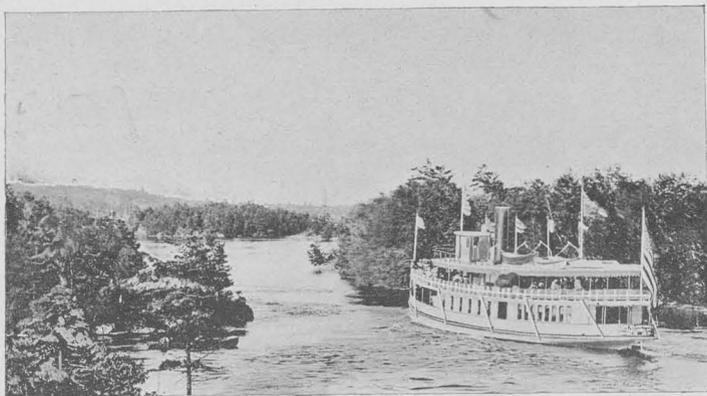
Here the trip increases in interest, the islands become more numerous, the improvements more elaborate, the cottages more expensive and elegant in design and variety. Here we meet the many magnificent private yachts of the millionaire cottage owners, or it may be a boat chartered for the day by a less pretentious party of summer visitors, winding their way through the swift curling eddies in and out among the Islands, occa-



Heart Island. Geo. C. Boldt, New York.

sionally dodging across the bow of the big steamer on their way to their favorite fishing ground, or perchance a group of those beautiful St. Lawrence River skiffs that have attained such a world wide reputation for safety, ease in handling, grace, and beauty, with their white sails gliding so smoothly and swiftly through the placid water, with their occupants varying in number from two to four persons, including the oarsman (or guide, as he is sometimes called), content to fish within reasonable distance from their hotel or cottage.

As we go on down the river we may see on our left, about a mile below the wharf at the Fine View House, which we pass without stopping, an old decaying dock, formerly known as "McDonnell's wharf," but now known as "Peel's Dock," because of the burning here in 1838 of the steamer *Sir Robert Peel*, by the notorious "Bill" Johnston and his gang, in revenge, they claimed, for the burning of the steamer *Caroline* on Niagara River the year before, by some British officers



Steamer "Island Wanderer" in Lost Channel.

and soldiers. Both were dastardly and entirely inexcusable acts. Johnston was a deadly foe of anything Canadian, and gloried in being known as the "Pirate of the Thousand Islands," which name was bestowed upon him by some sensational writer. (The curious in such matters can readily find a full history of the matter in one or other of the volumes of the James Bayne Company's publications.)

Just ahead of us here is Alexandria Bay, the Mecca of the Thousand Islands.

I say the Mecca, because sooner or later the visitor to the St. Lawrence River will find himself at Alexandria Bay.

That the bay group of islands is one of the finest, naturally, in the entire Thousand Islands region there is no doubt; but that the improvements here far surpass all others no one will pretend to dispute.

When Alexandria Bay is connected by rail with the New York Central road, which will soon be the case, it will add much to its future welfare.

But I am not advertising Alexandria Bay, only touching upon these matters as they would naturally interest the stranger and tourist; so we pass on through the ever-varying scenery of island and cot-



Alexandria Bay.

tage, of broad river and narrow channel, opening up long vistas of charming scenery for a moment, only to be replaced in a moment more by another equally lovely though entirely different.

For many miles we gaze upon this gorgeous panorama, and then the domes and spires of Brockville come into view.

BROCKVILLE.

Brockville is a flourishing little town of about nine thousand inhabitants located on the Canadian side of the river at the lower end of the island group, named in honor of General Brock, the hero of Queenstown heights. It is on the main line of the Grand Trunk Railway and a branch of the Canadian Pacific running to Ottawa. Brockville takes quite an interest in aquatic sports, has one of the best boat clubs and club houses on the river, carries on quite an industry in small boat building and at one time had the reputation of building the fastest small sailing boat in Canada.

Here we make a brief stop, and then proceed on our way to Prescott. Scarce half a mile below the landing at Brockville a vertical precipice of limestone rock extends for some distance, on which at one time were two large paintings, representing two canoes, one containing five and the other seven Indians, from one of which an Indian chief seems to be throwing himself into the water.

For a long time these paintings were renewed year after year by the Caughnawaga Indians, but lately they have been neglected and now the ochre is nearly washed off and the paintings of course almost obliterated.

Many speculations have been indulged in as to the origin and reason for these paintings, which by the way are not the only ones which years ago were to be seen among the Thousand Islands.

One legend, however, possesses the greater interest, and is more in accord with the Indian character; and hence I venture to introduce it, in almost the identical language in which it was related to me years ago by one of Brockville's most prominent citizens.

In the early days of the occupation of Canada by the French there was a continual struggle between the French and English as to which should gain and retain the favor of the Indian tribes.

The French, more active than their colonial neighbors, and better calculated to win the confidence of the Indian tribes, had extended their trading posts far into the Northwest and along the shores of the great lakes, and even down the Mississippi and along its tributaries.

One great confederacy of the Indian tribes, that of the Six Nations, was the great barrier to an uninterrupted trade with the Northwest as all their traffic must pass over the territory of the Six Nations on its way to Montreal.

In order to effectually clear the way, Count Frontenac determined to overawe the Six Nations and conclude a treaty with them favorable to French interests, or else administer a lesson on commercial rights and privileges that they would not soon forget.

Count Frontenac's expedition was not an unqualified success, but if anything, still more inclined the confederacy toward their English and Dutch neighbors of the colonies. However, he succeeded in bringing off many prisoners, among whom were two young British officers, whom he captured at Oswego.

These he gave in charge of a noted chief to be conveyed to Montreal by way of the St. Lawrence river.

When among the islands just above Brockville a violent storm arose, and so violent was it that they could not land, and as the canoe was overloaded the chief ordered the two officers thrown overboard to appease the anger of the storm god with a human sacrifice; but the wrath of the storm king became greater every moment. The outraged spirit of the tempest howled its anathemas into their ears, and now the savage conscience became convinced that they had offended the Great Spirit, who demanded a sacrifice.

Unawas, the chief, determined to offer himself; and just as the canoe was passing the High Rocks he threw himself overboard and was drowned, the wail of his death song going out on the gale as a cry for mercy.

Almost immediately the storm ceased, the gale subsided to a gentle zephyr, the sun shone out in all its loveliness, the waters became calm and all was serene.

The remarkable incident was commemorated by the paintings on the rocks and until some fifteen or sixteen years ago they were retouched from year to year to keep alive the memory of that great instance of Indian self-sacrifice.

It would be interesting to know what the surviving Indians did after the storm ceased. As it was only twelve miles to La Presentation, now Ogdensburg, I venture the assertion that instead of going back to Frontenac or Oswego, a long and tiresome pull in either case, they went on down to that French fortalice, got drunk on rum and molasses, and before they were half way there regretted from the bottom of their hearts that they did not scalp the two officers before they threw them overboard. It would have meant unlim-

ited rum for them.

On their return to Fort Frontenac they reported to the Count that they delivered their prisoners safely in Montreal, and that their chief, the conscience-stricken, self-sacrificing Unawas, was accidentally drowned running the Rapids; whereupon Count Frontenac rewarded them liberally with rum, tobacco, beads, feathers and other ornaments, and they then went away satisfied with themselves and the world in general, regretting only that they did not scalp the officers.

Another story as told me by a basket maker of the St. Regis tribe some years ago is to the effect that more than a thousand moons ago, five Algonquin braves were going up the river in a canoe and that just here at or near the High Rocks they met a party of seven Iroquois going down. Both pulled for the shore with all speed, hoping to be the first to get to terra firma. The Iroquois were first on shore and consequently had the advantage of their opponents not only in numbers but of the ground.

The young chief of the Algonquins was out with his first command, and here was a chance for glory and scalps, which is the same thing, and he was determined to have a share.

As he and his little band sprang upon the shore they were met by the Iroquois, who, because of their superiority in numbers anticipated an easy victory.

But the battle is not always to the strong. Two well-aimed blows of the tomahawk disabled two of the enemies and then their numbers were equal. In a second each man was engaged with an antagonist, and in a minute more both parties were dead or mortally

wounded. Knowing that he must die, the young Algonquin chief exerted his fast failing energies to their utmost, and first scalping his own dead so that no dastardly Iroquois should take them, he sunk them beneath a stone in the river. Then painting his totem on a piece of bark he affixed it to a stake, and then gathering in the scalps of the Iroquois, their knives and other weapons, he launched his canoe out upon the water and laid himself down to die.

A war party of Algonquins who were going up the river, and of whom the young chief and his little following was but an advance guard, met the canoe with its gruesome freight, and with that sagacity which has made the Indian famous correctly surmising what had happened they pushed on to the scene of the conflict, where they found the bloody proofs of the struggle and read its history by the painted totem.

The remains of both friend and foe were buried, and to commemorate the sanguinary struggle the rocks were painted with pictures of the two war parties, and there and then it was agreed that the pictures should be renewed every spring time, even as the face of Mother Earth blooms afresh in colors bright and new.

So much for a couple of bits of legendary lore, in which this St. Lawrence region abounds, and much of which we may meet ere our pleasantly begun trip shall end, and we shall go our respective ways only to meet again perchance, in memory only.

PRESCOTT.

But here we are at Prescott, a Canadian town of about four thousand inhabitants, directly opposite the

City of Ogdensburg. Prescott is what might be called the foot of deep water navigation; it is here that the passengers of the great palatial steamers, "Toronto" and "Kingston" of the Richlieu and Ontario Navigation Company's line are transferred to steamers of lighter draft to allow them to run the Rapids.

The Prescott Elevator Company has recently built the largest elevator in Canada, with a capacity of twelve and one-half million bushels of grain, to be used in transferring western grain from the large lake steamers to barges for Montreal and export to Europe.

Among its places of interest is Fort Wellington, a historic relic of the reign of Queen Victoria; the tomb of Barbara Heck, the founder of Methodism in America. Prescott is also noted for its extensive breweries owned by J. McCarthy & Sons, the Prescott Brewing Company and the distillery of J. P. Wisser & Sons. The city owns a perfect system of waterworks and sewerage; also owns its own electric lighting plant.

Directly opposite Prescott is Ogdensburg, the "Maple City," named in honor of Samuel Ogden, its original proprietor. It is beautifully situated on the St. Lawrence river, at the foot of heavy lake navigation, and on both sides of the Oswegatchie river, which here enters the St. Lawrence from the south.

Three great railway lines diverge from this city toward the east, south and southwest and good connections are also made with the two large Canadian systems. The manufacturing facilities of Ogdensburg are exceptionally good and the transportation conveniences makes the place an economical shipping point. The Oswegatchie furnishes extensive water power, which is

extensively utilized, and the point is easily accessible to the iron mines of New York and Lake Superior, and the coal fields of Pennsylvania and Ohio. The city is well laid out with broad streets, finely shaded and is generally well built, not alone in the line of business buildings, but particularly so in the residential districts.

Among the prominent public buildings of the city are a customs house and postoffice, a fine city hall and opera house, a modern general hospital, two large orphanages, the handsomest separate company armory in the state, commodious hotels, costly churches and fine schools and convent. At Point Airy, three miles below the city is situated the buildings of the St. Lawrence state hospital, one of the most modern insane asylums in the world.

The population of Ogdensburg is 13,000.

The most interesting historical associations, dating back to the days of Champlain and Frontenac, and closely connected in later years with the stirring military events of 1812-15 and of 1837-40. The first settlement of the place was made in 1749 by the Sulpician Father Francis Picquet, who built a mission house and inclosed it with a small stockade, or palisade, and had mounted for its defense "seven small stone guns and eleven four to six pounders." In 1751 he built a dam and sawmill on the Oswegatchie at which large quantities of lumber were manufactured, a portion of which was used in the building of the rapidly increasing village, which was composed of Indians, mostly from the Onandago tribe of the Five Nations, who were persuaded to conform to the rules of the Catholic church, and to emigrate to the new mission on the Oswegatchie.

The mission was abandoned and the works destroyed by the French upon the advance of General Amherst's army in the summer of 1760. The sandstone tablet, with its Latin inscription, which Father Picquet had placed in his mission house, was found among the ruins in 1831. It was afterwards inserted in the front of the state arsenal and now occupies a prominent place in the masonry of the city hall.

A British garrison probably occupied this post for some years. The English were in possession in 1793, at which time Samuel Ogden was in correspondence with the governor of New York and the governor general of Canada concerning the occupation by the English and the rapid destruction of the timber upon his domain, which was being extensively shipped to the north side of the St. Lawrence.

Settlement was commenced here, under the proprietorship of Samuel Ogden, by his agent, Nathan Ford, in 1796. It was Mr. Ogden's intention to begin at an earlier date, but possession of the English Fort Oswegatchie could not be obtained. The ownership was finally settled by the terms of Jay's treaty, ratified in February, 1796, and the British gave up possession.

Under British administration leases had been procured from the Oswegatchie Indians, under which the old French mill and dam were put in repair and an extensive lumbering business commenced by the Canadians, and was in full tide of operation when the fact first became known to the purchaser. Specimens of those spurious titles have been preserved.

Just below Prescott stands the famous WIND-MILL, the subject of our illustration which was used

by the patriots of 1837 under General Van Schultz as a fort. After a desperate defense of several days they



The Old Windmill.

were obliged to surrender. Van Schultz and many of the men were executed at Fort Henry, Kingston; others were sentenced to a long term of banishment in Vandeman's Land. The government has since converted it into a lighthouse.

Scarcely have we left the old windmill, Prescott's historical landmark, astern, than we approach the first of that series of rapid descents on which our interest centers.

Away on the right are the buildings of the new York state asylum for the insane, and on the left is Chimney island, the site of Fort Levi, the last stronghold of the French on the St. Lawrence.

The French in 1760 made a gallant defense of this, their last hold on the St. Lawrence above Montreal. The fort was attacked by General Amherst, who had two armed schooners and a large number of gunboats and batteaux and a force of 10,000 men, among whom were several regiments of colonial troops. It was here that Israel Putnam, then a lieutenant colonel in a Massachusetts regiment, performed one of the hare-brained feats, of which so many are attributed to him.

There is a legend concerning this island which was capitally told many years ago by Captain Gardner B. Chapin, a retired officer of the United States army, which I shall reproduce in a condensed form under the name of

It was popularly believed that Captain Pouchot, who so gallantly defended "Isle Royal," now known as Chimney Island, against the overwhelming attack of the English in 1760, before surrendering the fort, buried a large treasure in gold, and though sought by many, no one succeeded in discovering it until the time of which we are about to write.

On a fierce, stormy night in 1873, a man closely enveloped in a huge waterproof cloak, knocked at the door of Captain King, a well known and skillful river pilot, on River street, in the city of Ogdensburg.

As Captain King had not yet retired, he went to the door and invited the stranger to enter and inquired his business.

"You are a pilot on the St. Lawrence river, are you not?"

"I am."

"Are you familiar with all the channels in the river?"

"With all that are navigable."

"Do you know where Isle Royal, or Chimney Island, as you call it here, is?"

"I do."

"Will you take me to it?"

"It is barely three miles below here. You do not need a guide to it."

Taking his cigar case from his pocket and offering it to Captain King, who then asked him to be seated,



Dominion Square, Montreal.

he lighted one for himself, and for several minutes the two men smoked in silence each studying the other.

At length the stranger spoke: "We are strangers," he said, "and yet I think I may trust you?"

"With anything in confidence," answered King.

"First, then," said the stranger, "I am from France,

and my name is Pouchot."

"Pouchot!" exclaimed King. "My grandfather, who helped to defend the island against the British, has often told me that his captain's name was Pouchot."

"It is true," said the stranger. "And I am his grandson; and now tell me, have you ever heard that there was a quantity of treasure buried on the island."

"Everybody has," answered King. "And the island has been dug over in search for it. I never took any stock in the story."

"But I know that it is true; and I can take you to the spot where it lies buried."

"Are you in earnest?" cried King. "Wholly so, my friend. Listen. Not long since in looking over a package of papers left by my grandfather, I discovered one which gave a full statement of the affair, with a careful description of the spot in which and just how it was buried with minute directions how to find it. With these I cannot fail."

"Then come to me in the morning and I will take you to the island."

"It must be tonight. The morning will not do," said Pouchot.

"Tonight! In this storm! It cannot be done!" Pouchot took from his pocket a handful of gold coins and laying them upon the table, said: "Tonight it must be. Take me there, and when I have reclaimed the treasure as many more shall be yours."

"We will try it," said King. "I will get a heavy boat and a few stout men to row us."

"That will not do either. My secret must be known to none other. We must go alone." And he

doubled the pile of gold coins on the table.

For a long time King hesitated, but yielding at length, and providing some tools to dig with, he launched a light skiff and they started for the island which they barely reached in safety.

To be brief, Fouchot had no trouble in finding the spot beneath which the treasure was buried and they soon unearthed it. The wooden box in which it was



St. James Cathedral, Montreal.

buried had rotted away, leaving the coins in a heap mingled with earth. The gold was carefully separated from the earth and transferred to two strong leather sacks provided for the purpose. Each man with a sack started on the return trip; one of the sacks was all that a man could well carry. Upon their arrival at the boat

"Fouchot" attached the sacks to his person with a strong leather belt, one on each side.

Captain King soon saw that with the added weight of the gold his little skiff was sadly overloaded, and he tried to persuade Pouchot to attach a rope and buoy to the belt and bags and drop them overboard, as he could easily recover them in the morning.

This Pouchot would not do, swearing that he would take his treasure ashore with him or go to the bottom with it. In a minute a huge wave filled the skiff, and another following in quick succession capsized it.

King, unhampered, clung to the gunwale of the boat, while Pouchot, uttering a terrible cry, sunk as quickly as though he had been a bar of lead.

It chanced that a daughter of Captain King's had overheard his conversation with Pouchot and knew where they had gone and on what errand. Unable to sleep and filled with apprehension for the safety of her father, though she knew how great was his skill upon the water, she sat listening to the wail of the tempest without. When she heard the death cry of the drowning Pouchot.

Divining at once the trouble, she sprang to the shore, launched a skiff and sped away to find her father, which she luckily succeeded in doing before he was exhausted. Climbing into her skiff with no little difficulty he took the oars and ere long they were sitting in their own house exhausted but thankful that matters were no worse.

Pouchot or his treasure has never been recovered. Captain King says "that he would not have it if he could find it; because treasure buried in a grave as that

was, and where the remains of the dead must be disturbed to recover it, will never bring anything but bad luck anyhow."

However that may be, it is not at all likely that we will ever have an opportunity to make a personal test of Captain King's theory, though I doubt not that many of us would chance the bad luck if we could only get the treasure.

The broad waters of the St. Lawrence have here narrowed to a mile in width, preparatory to their long and rapid rush, or series of rushes rather, to meet the upcoming tide of the broad Atlantic at Montreal, where to follow them is a delightful episode, whose memory will go with us through our earthly pilgrimage, as one of life's pleasantest experiences.

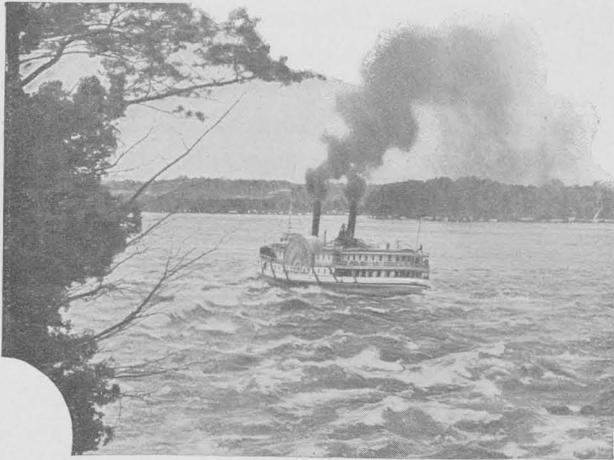
But here we are about to enter the first and mildest of them all, the Galloup rapids.

These are but a slight introduction to what is to follow; a mere preface to something more exciting. In a short time the spires of the Canadian village of Morrisburg are seen at intervals through the trees, and we find ourselves in full view of the Rapids du Plat, rushing and swirling among a group of wooded islands and beneath the branches of the overhanging trees. With increasing motion the great steamer rushes down the descent past Woodlands point, and to the north of Croyles island until in sight of the snow crested billows of the Long Sault, whose raging torrent only ceases at Cornwall, nine miles below, a long incline of seething waters, dashing over hidden boulders and ragged rocks.

Every eye is peering forward to get the first glimpse of the white crested billows; every ear is on the alert to

catch the first roar of the raging torrent; every nerve is strained to its utmost capacity with great expectations and anxious forebodings. The passengers rush from the saloons, reclining chairs and Turkish sofas, striving with each other to see who can get the farthest up in the bow deck and obtain the best view. Short ladies and children supported by their gentlemen escorts or their parents climb upon chairs and stools in order to get a view over the heads of their more favored traveling companions, a general rush of the passengers is made for the front of the boat, although the view from the stern is just as interesting.

Insensibly the great steamer is drawn into the rapidly maddening vortex of the mighty current from



Steamer just leaving the Long Sault Rapids.

whose giant grasp there is no return, and with a quickening velocity and a tremulous undulatory motion, with huge waves seeming to advance and meet her, and with

spray dashing high above her bows accompanied by the surges' deafening roar, with wheel double manned and coned by a skilled pilot whose nerve and precision never fails, our gallant craft dashes on at a speed of twenty-five miles an hour, with never an accident to mar the delightful enthusiasm of the exciting ride.

Below the foot of the Rapids, on the right, is St. Regis, an Indian village, through which the boundary line between the Dominion of Canada and the United States passes. On our left, at the foot of the Rapids, is the flourishing town of Cornwall.

Here the river expands into Lake St. Francis at the lower end of which is Coteau du Lac, with a view of Valley field on the southern side, at the head of the Beauharnois canal. Leaving Coteau landing, we pass under the great iron bridge of the Canada Atlantic Railway, a magnificent structure, and almost immediately enter the Coteau Rapids, which though only two miles in length afford us the same pleasureable excitement in a degree as we experienced in the Long Sault.

After a quick run of seven miles, we swing around a sharp curve and begin the equally exciting run of Cedar Rapids, followed immediately by the most perilous of all, Split Rock, whose sentinel boulders seem to warn us of our danger; but we pass safely and swiftly on, and in a few minutes enter the Cascades, the wildest and most turbulent of the series, as the Split Rock is the most dangerous.

This series of rapids following each other in quick succession, are eleven miles in length, with a fall of eighty-two and one-half feet. Here the river expands into Lake St. Louis, into the head of which empties one

of the branches of the Ottawa.

At the foot of the lake is Lachine, nine miles above Montreal and across on the opposite side is the Indian village of Caughnawaga, in the belfry of whose church hangs the bell which led to the terrible massacre at Deerfield, Massachusetts, in the time of the first French and English war, a brief sketch of which will not be out of place.

In 1690 Father Nicols, a zealous and energetic Jesuit missionary to the Caughnawaga Indians, was very successful in making converts among the tribe, and in process of time, so freely had the tribe contributed their furs for the purpose, a church edifice reared its tower far above even the grand council hall of the village, and only a bell was lacking to make it complete. Of course the savages knew nothing of the nature of a bell, nor of its uses; but understanding that their worship was not complete and symmetrical without one, they continued to contribute liberally until finally a shipment of furs sufficient to purchase the coveted article was sent to Havre, and in due time the bell was shipped to Montreal.

Unfortunately, however, the vessel was captured by an English man-of-war, and taken into Boston harbor, and in time the Jesuit bell was summoning a protestant congregation to Calvinistic worship from the belfry of a church in Deerfield, a town in the Massachusetts colony.

When this intelligence reached Father Nicols and was by him imparted to the tribe, their utmost resentment was aroused. That their bell, destined to aid in the worship of the true faith, was compelled to waste

its harmonies upon heretic ears was exasperating, and they determined to recover it. Many years elapsed before an opportunity occurred, but Father Nicols had kept the feeling alive, and when, in 1704, Marquis Van-



St. James Street, Montreal, looking west.

dreuil, then governor of Canada, solicited the aid of the Caughnawagas in a descent upon the English settlements, they, through Father Nicols, gave their consent, only stipulating that they should be permitted to make Deerfield their point of attack.

When this was granted, the enthusiasm of the tribe knew no bounds. At last the bell, which, in the Indian imagination possessed supernatural powers was to be recaptured and brought home to its legitimate resting

place.

Father Nicols marched at the head of his savage legion, a stalwart brave bearing the banner of the cross at his side. Crossing Lake Champlain on the ice to a point near where the city of Burlington, Vermont, now stands, they made their way directly across the mountains to Deerfield.

The hardships of the march were terrible, but sustained by their religious zeal and the hope of plunder, they persevered, and on the morning of the 29th of February they reached their destination and made the attack before daylight. History informs the world of that terrible massacre, and its results, but the legend goes on to relate that the bell was taken from the Puritan church at Deerfield, hung upon a pole and borne along by stalwart Indians, but so onerous was the burden, that when the shore of Lake Champlain was again reached, the bell was secreted to await the opening of spring.

When the snows of winter had vanished and the earth was covered with verdure, Father Nicols again set forth at the head of a chosen band to bring home the brazen object of their heart's desire. In process of time the bell was brought to the village, borne between snow white oxen garlanded with flowers. The whole tribe knelt in adoration before the bell, as though it was a deity, and it has ever since been an object of the deepest reverence. Today, it is the smaller of the two bells that hang in the beautiful church at Caughnawaga.

This tale of the early days is interesting enough, but of doubtful occurrence. At one time, St. Regis was made the locale of the story, but as St. Regis was set-

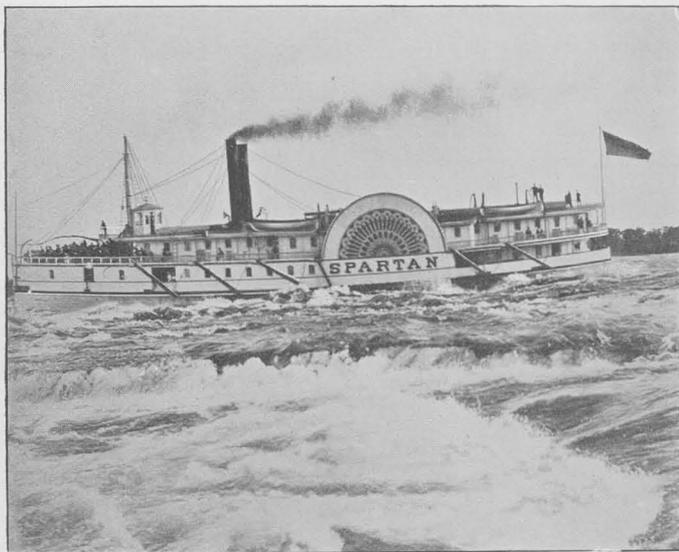
tled from Caughnawaga and fifty years later, that version would hardly do. Then it is denied by historians that the church in Deerfield ever had a bell, which seems quite likely to be true, because Puritan churches, as a rule, had no bells; they being considered as adjuncts of popery, and therefore not to be countenanced. But the most significant fact that throws discredit upon the tale is that Rev. John Williams, and also his son Samuel, the former being pastor of the church at the time of the raid, and both being made prisoners, and both set free finally, in their accounts of the matter, never once mention the bell.

It is quite likely that the tale originated with Eleazer Williams, who was a son of Eunice Williams, the oldest daughter of Rev. John Williams, who married a Maqua chief, her captor, became a Catholic, and raised sons and daughters, all of whom took the name of Williams. This son, Eleaser, attempted at one time to pass himself off as the lost Dauphin, son of Louis XVI. His very close personal resemblance to the Bourbon family favored his pretensions, but his scheme would not work. He was quite capable of inventing the story of the bell.

Leaving Lachine, we pass under the great Cantilever bridge of the Canadian Pacific railway, and glide out into the middle of the stream preparatory to running the last and fiercest of the rapids of the St. Lawrence, the Lachine.

Before us, veiled in glittering spray, is a wide expanse of foaming breakers with two little green islets, wave washed and spray covered, with now and then a gleam of a wet, cold, ragged rock, left for a moment exposed by the onward rush of the angry torrent.

No one speaks, now. In the rush and roar of the boiling flood, is bred that sense of awe which is always felt when witnessing any of the giant forces of nature in terrible and tireless action; and then it is that language seems too tame and inadequate for the occasion. We stand hushed and silent with full hearts, awed in that



Steamer Spartan in the Lachine Rapids.

presence beside whose fearful energy we are powerless, and yet feeling a sense of pleasureable exaltation akin to that of victory, as we pass in safety amid the raging tumult outspread on every hand.

What shall we say for that man of quick eye, cool head and nerve of steel, and the four stalwart wheelmen, to whom our safety is due. The one coolly and quietly issues his orders, and the others, quick and clear of per-

ception, and with nerves equally firm respond promptly, and all goes well. But think of it; an order misunderstood or not perfectly timed, or not promptly obeyed, the coming up or falling off a point in our course and what disasters might befall us. The Indian show pilot with paint and feathers is now seldom seen, and never on this line. Instead, there are pilots, perfect in point of knowledge and old in experience on every boat, to whose skill and ability are yearly entrusted the lives of thousands, with never a fatal accident. All honor to



Victoria Jubilee Bridge.

the pilot of the St. Lawrence rapids, and the men—not “behind the guns,” here, but at the helm.

But while indulging in the foregoing, we have swept past Nun’s Island, and under Victoria bridge, and arrived at our landing at Montreal. Those who are go-

ing on to Quebec and Saguenay have already transferred on board the steamer Quebec at Commissioner's wharf, while we conclude to reverse the usual plan and visit Montreal before going below.

MONTREAL

Montreal abounds in places of historic interest; it has long been noted as a city of churches; there is no other city on the continent that has spent so much money in fine churches as Montreal, especially in their interior decorations and paintings, and should be seen by every tourist. The city is also well supplied with fine hospitals, colleges and drives; one drive in particular should not be missed, that is to the top of Mount Royal. One of the finest views in America can be had from this place. You can see the whole city apparently at your feet. The spars of the mighty ocean vessels vieing with the spires of the great churches in rearing their pinnacles heavenward. The view from this point cannot be described; it must be seen to be appreciated; it reminds you in some respects of the view from Look-out Mountain at Chattanooga, Tenn., where you can see a part of five different states from one point.

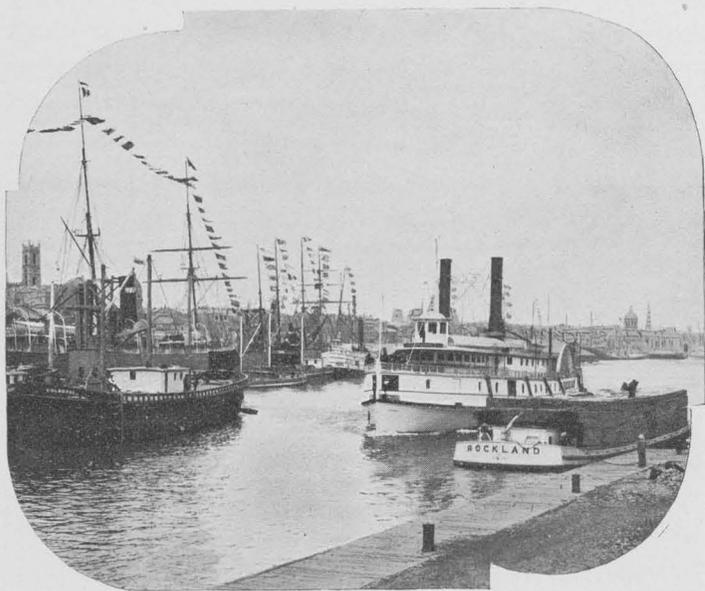
From Mount Royal, looking over the city and across the St. Lawrence river is the city of Longueuil in the foreground; in the distance can be seen the Green Mountains of Vermont.

A little to your left is the Isle of St. Helena, and the lower St. Lawrence as far as the eye can see swarming with water crafts of all descriptions, from the majestic ocean liners, to the frail bark canoe or dugout, freighted with precious cargoes of human life or valuable mer-

chandise.

To your right is the Victoria bridge, owned by the Grand Trunk railroad. Farther up you get a glimpse of the Lachine Rapids, also the Grand Trunk & Canadian Pacific railway systems with their elegant vestibule trains continually running to and from the city.

Do not miss this grand scene; if you do not wish to



Montreal Harbor.

take the time to drive around and up the mount, take the inclined cable road which runs direct from the city to the top of the mountain.

The city is full of interest to the American tourist, especially so to those to the "manor born," because of its numerous historical points closely connected with the history of the United States.

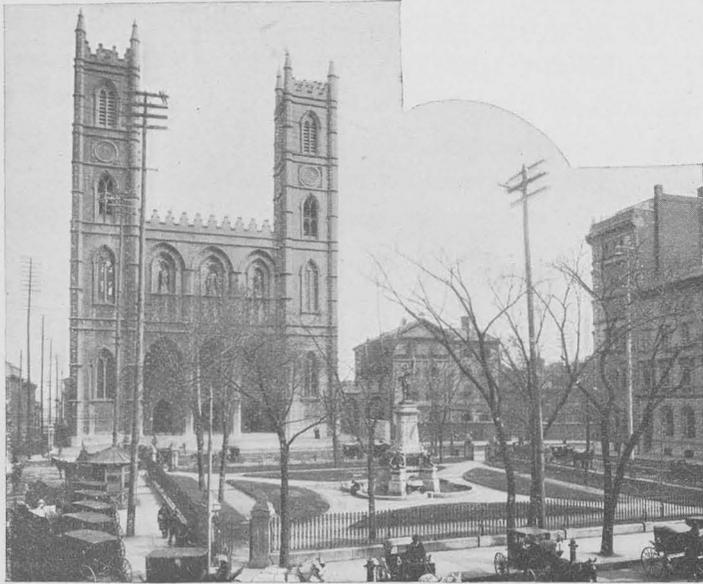
It is of these I shall speak particularly, for as to the other places of interest the visitor will be reminded at every corner, though it may be well to mention some of the most prominent here, but without indulging in description.

The view from the summit of Mount Royal, if the day be clear, is grand. Then there are the squares, the parks, the churches, the cathedrals, the public buildings, the monuments, the markets, the docks and shipping, the ocean liners, and much more besides, list after list of which is showered upon the visitor at every turn, and all of which goes to prove that Montreal is not only the metropolis of the Dominion, but well worthy of the position.

Three hundred and sixty-four years ago, Jacques Cartier landed on this island, where he visited the Indian town of Hochelaga. Seventy-six years later came Samuel de Champlain, the second white man to visit these shores, and the real founder of the New France, who selected the site for a city on the spot where the custom house now stands; and still later by thirty-one years, came Maissonneuve with a band of religious enthusiasts, in all sixty persons, and began the fort and settlement of Ville Marie, the Montreal of today.

The succeeding history of that settlement reads like a romance. Fourteen years of bloody war with the Iroquois has dotted the city with historic spots where deeds of daring took place, equalling any of the oft sung feats of chivalry in olden time. But of all this I have no space to write, and so I call the attention of the visitor from the United States to some interesting points more intimately connected with his own country.

I begin first with the Chateau de Ramezay on Notre Dame street, near Jacques Cartier square. This old Chateau was at one time the residence of Claude de Ramezay, Governor of Montreal. It was built in 1705,



Notre-Dame Street Church.

and is now filled with much of great interest to every lover of history. It is in fact a historical museum of great value. Its interest to the American visitor centers on the fact that in 1775, this was the headquarters of the American army commanded by General Wooster. Here in 1776 under Benedict Arnold, Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Chase and Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, Commissioners of the American Congress, counseled together. The council chamber is the room to the right of the entrance; oval at one end. Franklin had

a printing press here and Montreal's first printer, Fleury Mesprit, came here with him from Philadelphia. He remained, and in 1778 established the first newspaper



Chateau Ramezay.

here, the Gazette, which yet lives; the third oldest paper in America.

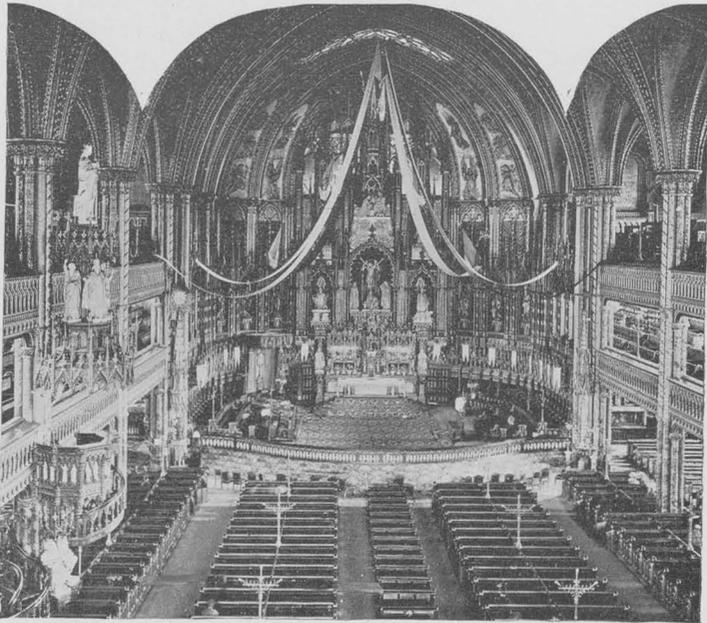
Go down into the great vaulted chambers beneath, with walls thick enough for a fortification. Glance at the old cariole more than two hundred years old. We shall see many of its descendants at Murray Bay, and their close family resemblance establishes beyond doubt their relationship in the direct line of descent.

Afterward we pass up through a gloomy old stairway into a hall hung with many historical engravings, and thence into the gallery of portraits. Here are pic-

tures of Jacques Cartier, Champlain, Bienville, Dorchester, Louis XV., George III., and hundreds of others. This is a place to study in for weeks.

It was from this old mansion that Lord Elgin, after signing the rebellion Losses bill, was stoned by a mob as he was about to enter his carriage. A building near Victoria Square bears evidence of a Montreal mob of later date.

When looking at the great Bonsecour Market, remember that it stands on the site of the mansion of Sir



Interior of Notre Dame Church.

John Johnson, son of Sir William Johnson, the American baronet, at one time the great man of the Mohawk valley, and though it may gratify our curiosity to know

where he once lived, no well read New Yorker but who will anathematize that blood thirsty assassin who so ruthlessly murdered his old neighbors and friends in cold blood.

On the corner of St. Peter and St. Paul streets lived Robert Cavalier Sieur de La Salle, 1668. He built Fort Frontenac where Kingston, Ont., now stands, but to us the interest centers in the fact that here lived the explorer of the Mississippi river, the first to learn that the "Father of Waters" emptied its tide into the Mexican gulf.

While admiring the superb monument to Maisson-



Statue of Maissonneuve.

neuve on the Place des Armes, read the inscription at the corner nearest the Parish church. "Here lived Daniel

de Gresolon Sieur Dulhut, one of the earliest explorers of the upper Mississippi, and after whom the city of Duluth is named.

On Notre Dame street just east of St. Lambert Hill, a tablet reads: "In 1694 here stood the house of La Mothe Cadillac, the founder of Detroit." His life, too, reads like a romance.

On Mackenzie & Co.'s store, St. Paul street, just east of the custom house, are two inscriptions, both of interest to Americans. The first reads: "Here was born in 1661, Pierre Le Moyne, Sieur de Iberville. He conquered Hudson's Bay for France in 1697, discovered the mouths of the Mississippi in 1699, was first Governor of Louisiana 1700, died at Havana 1706." The second reads: "Jean Baptiste Le Moyne, Sieur de Vienville, born in 1680; with his brother de Iberville he discovered the mouths of the Mississippi, 2nd March, 1699; founded New Orleans in 1717; was governor of Louisiana for forty years. Died at Paris, 1768."

Let us find our way to St. Gabriel street, near Notre Dame and take a look at the quaint old stores of the North West Fur Company, the great rival of the Hudson's Bay Company. Here gathered Alexander Mackenzie, Simon Fraser, Alex. Henry, Washington Irving, John Jacob Astor and others of renown. One should read Irving's "Astoria" to get an idea of the strength and wide reaching power of the company who occupied the quaint old buildings before us. Look at the rusty old iron shutters, the one which faces the gateway bearing date 1793, surrounded by four stars.

Other tablets elsewhere, record the residences here of Brandt (Thayendanegea) and the celebrated Indian

chief Tecumseh, who with his brother the Prophet were at one time among the ablest of our enemies. Tecumseh was killed at Tippecanoe.

A tablet on the Dalhousie Fire Station is erected "to Brigadier General Thomas Gage, first British Governor of Montreal, afterward last British Governor of Massachusetts.

I have not noted every place of interest by any means, that are or ought to be, of especial interest to American visitors; but I have said enough to show the reader that Montreal is a mine of historical wealth and rich in localities around which cling the fame of gallant men and the odor of great deeds.

Having glanced at the principal points of interest in and around Montreal, we take the steamer Quebec for the city of the same name, the Gibraltar of Canada.

On our right, as we pass out of the harbor is St. Helen's island, so named by Champlain after Helene Boulle, his young wife, because he thought it so beautiful.

It was to this island that Marquis de Levis withdrew what remained of the French army after the capture of Montreal by the English in 1760, and where he burned his flags to prevent them from falling into the hands of the English. Afterward he declared to Gen. Amherst, upon honor, that they had been lost before. He probably dishonored himself twice, first, by burning the flags which he undoubtedly did, and then by the statement which he made to General Amherst.

He also dishonored his superior, Gov. Vandreuil, who surrendered the city and army. Col. Fred Haldimand, after whom the old fort on Carleton Island in the

upper St. Lawrence was named, and who succeeded Sir Guy Carleton long after as Governor General, was the first to march in and take possession.

Yonder the great parish church of Longueuil stands on the very site of the turreted castle of the Le Moynes of whom we have made mention, this island having been one of their possessions.

Above the island and far beyond Victoria bridge we may get a view of La Prairie, where in 1691, Schuyler gave the French and Indians a lively fight.

Farther down on our left as we are nearing the en-



St. James Methodist Church.

trance to Lake St. Peter which is but a broadening out of the St. Lawrence at the expense of its depth, we are shown the "Ile Du Pas," which is the locale of a capital

legend which in brief is as follows:

For many nights a light of far greater brilliancy than ever before noticed, gleamed at midnight from the church at "Ile Du Pas." At first but slight attention was paid to the occurrence, but when night after night the wierd gleam continued, it soon became the source of much conversation and finally its all-engrossing subject.

Many averred that when they beheld the light that they felt drawn toward it by an almost irresistible impulse. So universal was the testimony on this head, that a universal fear pervaded the people except perhaps a few for whom the church held no interest nor its anathemas no terrors.

Finally, however, a little squad of five parishioners goaded on by their wives, who failed not to taunt them with cowardice, and stung by the taunt of the ungoldly, that the Devil himself was celebrating high mass, which in fact they more than half believed, after due and ample preparation through fasting, prayer and confession, started to solve the mystery.

It was an uncanny night. The muffled mutterings of a coming tempest filled the air. It was dark as Erebus. The light in the sacristy vied in brilliancy with the lightning flashes. Fain would they have turned back but the mysterious light drew them on. Shaking with terror they approached the church. Though open they dared not enter, but looking through a window they beheld a sight that for a moment paralyzed every faculty.

A skeleton priest clothed in full canonicals knelt at the foot of the altar.

With one quavering scream of agony that aroused every soul on "Ile Du Pas" the whole party fled. The light disappeared, and as soon as the affrighted investigators could recover breath and coherence, they told their greusome tale to their nieghbors.

Jacques Valois listened to their tale with manifest signs of unbelief, and finally signified his intention of



Little Champlain Street, Quebec.

investigating the mystery for himself should the light again appear.

Valois had but a few evenings to wait, ere the light shone forth again with seemingly more than usual brilliancy.

Accompanied by some of his neighbors as far toward

the church as their fears would permit, he pushed on and boldly entered and kneeling down said his prayers and waited the coming of the spectre priest.

Just on the stroke of twelve a priest issued from the sacristy, lighted the tapers on the altar, and made all the preparations for celebrating mass and then retired to the sacristie again.

In a few minutes more the same priest returned habited in full sacerdotals bearing the chalice in hand, and ascended the steps of the altar. It was evident to Valois that mass was about to be said, and in a devotional mood he made ready to repeat the usual responses.

When the mass ended he escorted the celebrant to the sacristy, when His Reverence bowed to the cross, and said: "For three years past, I have come here every night to celebrate a mass which I once celebrated too hastily, and therefore too carelessly. I was condemned to do so every night until I should find here a person to assist in serving the mass. You came, and now my penance is ended, and I thank you. In an instant the priest vanished and all was dark.

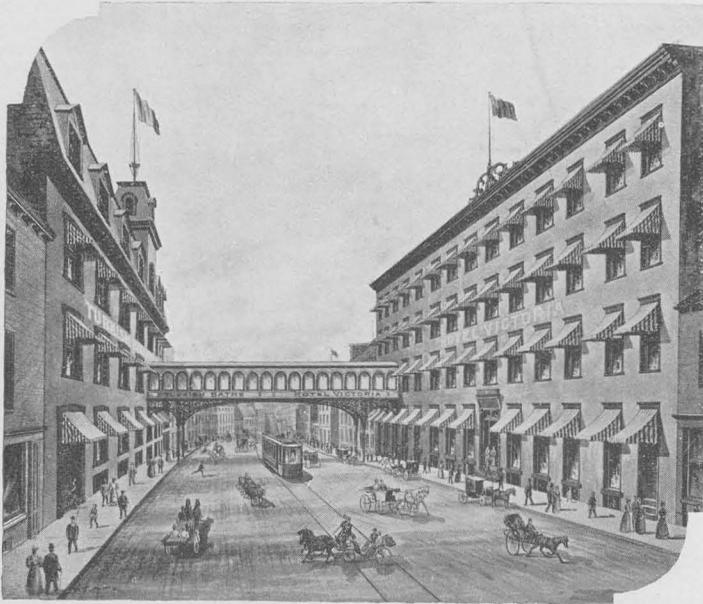
Valois ridiculed the idea of the skeleton priest, and averred that had it not been for the fact that the celebrant of the midnight mass vanished so suddenly and completely he would have believed after all that he was flesh and blood.

It was noticed that ever after the courage of Jacques Valois was never questioned; and it was also a fact that in time to come he was so strict, and so careful, and withal so deliberate in the performance of his churchly duties, never hurrying them a fraction of a second, that as time went on he gained an odor of great sanctity,

and finally died at a ripe old age, blessed by his church and beloved by his neighbors.

We next touch at Sorel at the mouth of the Richelieu, the outlet of Lake Champlain. If Daniel Webster, peace to his ashes, had not been beset by his great failing at a critical moment, we Yankees would not now have to bear with the anomaly of owning a lake, the outlet of which is owned and controlled by a foreign power.

That the river St. Lawrence throughout its length was the natural boundary between the United States and Canada is plain enough to the most ordinary under-



Hotel Victoria and Turko-Russian Baths.

standing. But we did not get it, the worse luck to us. This little city or Sorel is quite a historical place.

The first Protestant church in Canada was build here, and its bell is said to be the first one brought across the Atlantic.

This was a busy place in 1777, when Burgoyne's army was strung along the banks of the Richelieu

When Sir Frederick Haldimand was governor general he built the government cottage here, and each successive governor general makes this his summer residence; and an exceedingly pleasant one it is too, and it seems to have been a favorite visiting place for royalty. The Duke of Clarence, the Duke of Kent, the Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Dalhousie et al.

Lower down are the Sorel islands, famous for game. There are a dozen or more of these islands, and during the season great numbers of wild fowl are slaughtered among them.

But now we are off for Three Rivers; and while crossing the classic waters of Lake St. Peter, a perusal of Dr. Drummond's inimitable account of the wreck of the wood scow "Julie Plante," with its unapproachable moral, will not only beguile a little of our time now, but the thought of it will brighten many a moment hereafter.

On wan dark night on Lac St. Pierre
De win she blow, blow, blow,
An' de crew of de wood scow "Julie Plante"
Got scar't an run below.
For de win' she blow lak hurricane
Bemby she blow some more
An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre
Wan arpent from de shore.

De Captinne walk on de fronte deck

An' walk de hin' deck too—

He call de crew up from de hol'

He call de cook also.

De cook she's name it was Rosie

He come from Montrehall

Was chambre maid on lumber barge

On de grand Lachine Canal.

De win' she blow from nor' eas' wes'—

De sout' win she blow, too,

W'en Rosie cry, "Mon cher Captinne!

Man cher, w'at I shall do?"

Den de Captinne t'row de big ankerre,

But still de scow she dreff,

De crew he can't pass on de shore

Becos' he los' hees skeef.

De night was dark lak wan black cat,

De wave run high an' fas',

W'en de Captinne tak' de Rosie girl

An' tie her to de mas'.

Den he also tak' de life preserve,

An' jomp off on de lak',

An' say, "Good-bye, ma Rosie dear,

I go drown for your sak'."

Nex' morning very early,

'Bout ha'f pas' two—t'ree—four,

De Captinne—scow—an' poor Rosie

Was corpses on de shore.

For de win' she blow lak hurricane,

Bimeby she blow some more,

An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre,
Wan aspent from de shore.

MORAL.

Now all good wood scow sailor man,
Tak' warning by dat storm,
An' go an' marry a nice French girl
An' leev on wan beeg farm.
De win' can blow lak' hurricane,
An' spose she blow some more;
You can't get drown on Lac St. Pierre
So long you stay on shore.

Three Rivers, so named because of the three mouths of the St. Maurice river which empties into the St. Lawrence about a mile below, is one of the historical



New Kent Gate, Quebec.

centers of Canada. This was probably the locality of the first iron industry in Canada; at all events a company was formed in 1736, and it is presumable that they got to work as soon as practicable.

These mines became known as St. Maurice Forges, and for many years were very valuable; at one time employing a force of 800 men. In 1760 the St. Maurice Forges were considered to be of so much importance that they were the subject of special treaty stipulations between General Amherst and Governor Vandreuil.

In 1775, when Canada was invaded by General Montgomery with his New England and New York Continentals, the manager of the Forges furnished him with solid shot and shell for the bombardment of Quebec. On the defeat of the American troops, he made himself suddenly scarce, fleeing in hot haste to the United States; and none too soon, either, for had Sir Guy Carleton once laid hands on him he would have been hanged—it may be not as high as Haman—but he would have been hanged just the same.

This man—Christopher Pelissier by name—afterward applied to Congress for compensation for the munitions of war furnished to Montgomery. Whether he received it or not I do not know, but that he was in the iron mining business in Pennsylvania afterward is probably a fact; as the same name appears among a list of Pennsylvania iron workers in 1795.

The tales of ghosts, witches and hobgoblins, that once held high carnival in and around St. Maurice Forges, should fully satisfy the most exacting lover of the supernatural.

That the Devil in person once assumed the manage-

ment of affairs here is really believed by some of the older generation; and from the fact that his Satanic Majesty has been credited from time immemorial with much meddling in mundane affairs, and that in this case he was only caring for his own possessions, to which he



The French Cathedral, Quebec.

had legitimately fallen heir, who will be the first to try to undermine their simple faith? Certainly not I, and so I forage liberally upon the Chronicles of the Abbe Caron Canon of Three Rivers.

Mademoiselle Poulin was a descendant of Maurice Poulin, who, in 1676, was the King's Attorney General at Three Rivers, and who gave his name to the river of triple outlets now known as the St. Maurice. His wife, Jeanne, was the owner of the Seigniorship of St. Maurice, which she bequeathed to her son, Michael Poulin, in 1693. He was the grandfather of the M'd'lle Poulin of our story, who owned an extensive and valuable tract of maple timber near the Forges.

The Forges, having passed through many hands and many vicissitudes, were now in the midst of their palmiest days, under the proprietorship of the Hon. Matthew Bell. Now, everybody knows that maple makes the best charcoal for smelting purposes, and so the Hon. Matthew Bell, in defiance of M'd'lle Poulin and despite her remonstrances, continued to convert her valuable maple timber into charcoal. Of course, the Hon. Matthew proposed to pay for the timber, but M'd'lle refused to part with it on any terms.

Failing to prevent the vandalism of the Hon. Bell, M'd'lle Poulin, who was by no means devout, became frenzied with anger and said: "Since I cannot prevent others from appropriating my property unjustly, I bequeath it all to the Devil." Shortly after she said: "I leave my belongings to the Devil. Those who have wronged me will not enjoy in any peace what they have thus taken," and died, leaving no heirs.

And now the fun began. That the Devil accepted the bequest was soon apparent by his appearance on the lands he had fallen heir to, and also within the works themselves. It was evident, too, that his Satanic Majesty had sent on an overseer to look after matters; for

a man was seen every afternoon stalking over the place with a paper in his hand as if making memoranda. The spectre seemed a colorless shadow, but no one dared to address it.

One one occasion two women, on their way from the Forges to Three Rivers, met some men carrying a

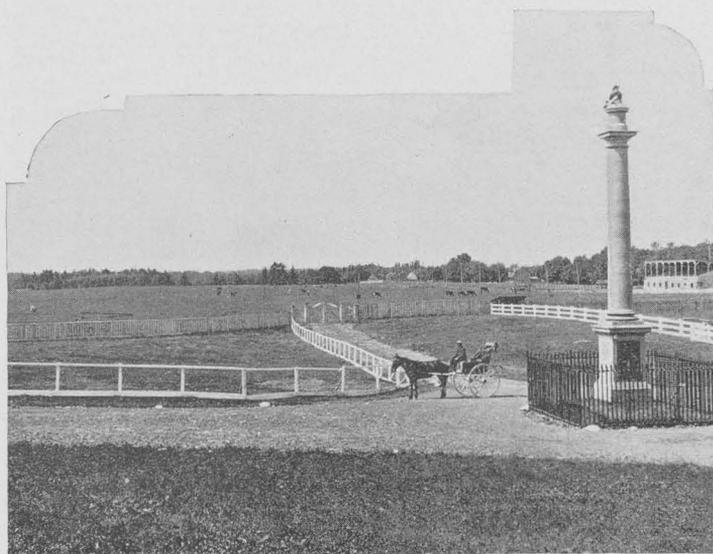


Quebec from the Parliament Buildings.

coffin along in the edge of the forest, and not by the highway as would be natural. At first they felt no fear, but one of them saying: "It is M'd'lle Poulin; they are taking her to hell!" they both became excessively frightened and fled back to the Forges, where their story caused great excitement.

The greatest excitement, turmoil and trouble took place at a spot known to this day as "The Sale to the

Devil." This was the land bequeathed to the Prince of Darkness, and it was here that the infernal spirits met for their midnight revels. They would build a large fire which, it was noticed, burned with a blue flame, and around it gibbering skeletons danced in ghastly glee. Chains clanked, and yells of rage, and howls, and shrieks of fiendish laughter arose in the midnight air. Ghastly messengers went to the works and returned with huge pots of molten iron, on which the whole infernal coterie got howling drunk and uttered the most horrible blasphemies.



Wolfe's Monument on the Plains of Abraham.

In time, the place was no longer visited in daylight even. Wood choppers could not be prevailed to work there, and horses would stand still, refusing to be driven past the spot.

A huge black cat was often seen to enter the Forges at midnight and stretch himself comfortably at the foot of the red-hot furnace, with his paws cosily stretched out on a pool of liquid ore. When disturbed he growled fiercely and bristled up to an enormous size, and then disappeared into the furnace and was seen a few minutes later nestling in the lap of a little red man who sat cosily far aloft on the edge of the roaring chimney.

On one occasion a dance given by the workmen on a Saturday night was very wrongfully allowed to encroach upon the Sabbath, when the participants were almost paralyzed by the thundering of the great hammer of the Forge. The workmen, all who were not too terrified to stir, hurried to the main building, where they found a man holding his leg under the great hammer and turning it over and over as if it were a rod of iron which he was having drawn into shape.

Many and many are the tales told of the St. Maurice Forges, whose splendors are departed. To use the language of the gifted Le Moine: "Long since has the glory of La Grande Maison departed. Its vice-regal chamber is closed, its jolly 'meets' of the September ended, we fear, forever."

"The 'Gros Marteau,' the monster hammer of the Forges, is now silenced. Oblivion and decay reigns supreme in the once busy little world of the Forges. Crumbling walls, and tenements of old, instinct with life and bustle, are now deserted. In the glare of day no sound is heard near them but the rushing murmur of the deep St. Maurice."

Our next point is Batiscan, and then on past Deschambault with its old-time manor, and Portneuf, and

on past the point where Wolfe and his gallant band scaled the precipice, and formed columns of attack on the Heights of Abraham; and there is Point Aux Trembles, where Arnold and Montgomery, moving to attack Quebec, formed a junction of their forces on the 22d of November, 1775.

In 1892, while making an inventory of some papers at La Prairie, the following proclamation to the people of Point Levi, issued by Benedict Arnold from Point aux Trembles, was found. The paper is in the possession of L. N. Dumouché, Esq., an active member of the Historical Society of Montreal, and is as follows:

Headquarters Point aux Trembles, Nov. 28, 1775.

Gentlemen—You are hereby requested to prevent any kind of provisions or fuel going from Point Levi to Quebec, or any assistance being given to the garrison, as they are endeavoring to subvert the rights and liberties of mankind and this colony in particular.

BENED'T ARNOLD,

Commander in Chief of the Continental Army at Point aux Trembles.

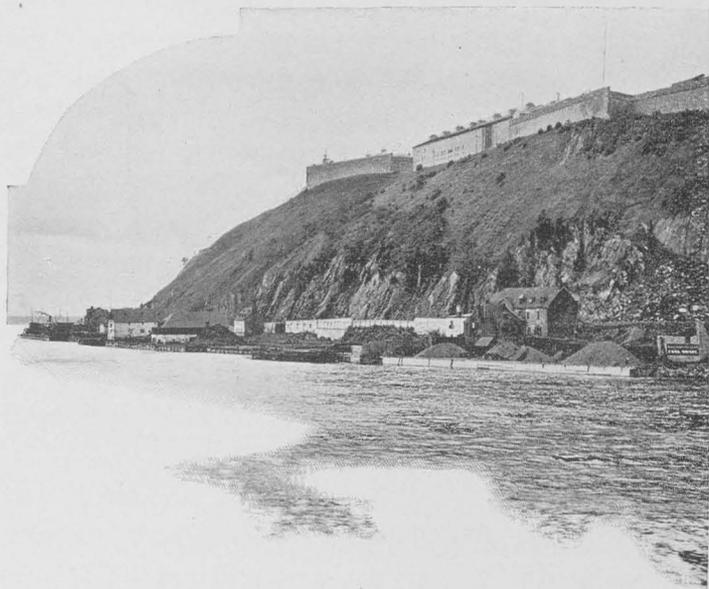
To the Worthy Inhabitants of Point Levi.

Yonder is St. Augustine. A church was built there as early as 1690, and the story goes that the Devil, in the guise of a black horse, carted the stone for its foundation, which led to no end of trouble, as is always the case when the Devil gets into the church.

But I may not stop now to tell the story, for here we are in view of the gateway of the St. Lawrence, the Heights of Abraham, and the crowning glory of Quebec,

the Citadel; around the frowning ramparts of which cluster thickly the memories of nearly three centuries of hardy adventure, of defeat and victory.

Quaint, curious old Quebec. Forever hallowed by thy associations, and by the memories of brave men and



The Citadel.

gallant deeds, at once the Guardian and the Sentinel of the Dominion of Canada.

Although in 1535 Jacques Cartier and a few hardy explorers suffered the discomforts of a Canadian winter, for which they were illy prepared, and were but too glad to sail away in the spring for the more genial shores of France, of their visit nothing came; and it was left for Samuel de Champlain to plant the white lilies of France on the Citadel Heights in 1608, there to begin the foun-

dation of the Canada of today.

QUEBEC.

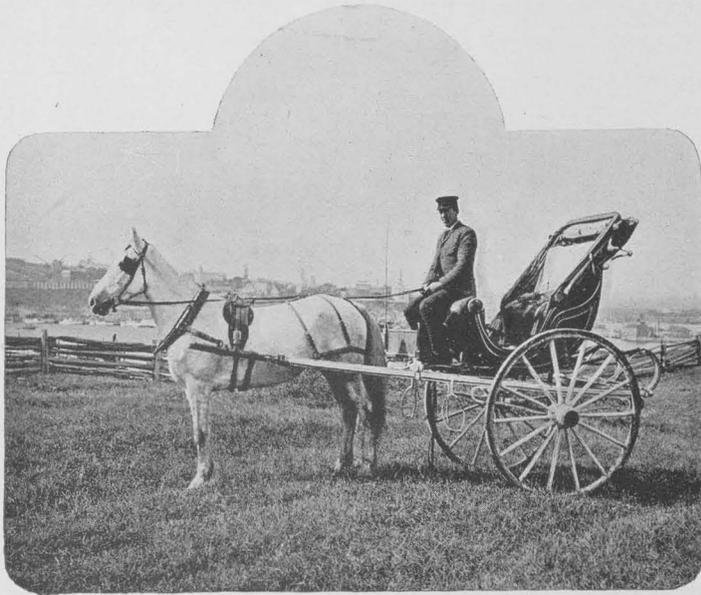
But we are at our wharf and ready to engage, if we choose, one of the numerous cabs ready to convey us to any part of the city, and to point out every place of interest. The cabby of Quebec is well versed in all the show places as far as their locality is concerned, and the card which he thrusts into your hand contains a list of them, all of which he will honestly show you, but his history of the events which transpired at each place is quite likely to be erroneous, and in some instances quite comical in its misconception.

Without relying then, on our driver for our history, let us see what we can find out for ourselves, by getting our first general view from the citadel, to which we may easily find our way through winding streets up to the gate. Here an intelligent non-commissioned officer points out the places of interest. So far as the natural situation is concerned, we look upon the same grand view that first greeted the vision of Samuel de Champlain or Jacques Cartier; but we see in addition, domes and spires and forts, and batteries and all the panoply of war.

Below us is a confusion of narrow streets and quaint old houses seemingly scattered at random on the mountain side, while upon the plateau above are the grand structures of later days.

Yonder are the heights of Levis, with its fortifications, and below the Isle of Orleans divides the waters of the St. Lawrence, and Montmorency flood comes plunging down its two hundred feet of sheer descent

into the boiling torrent at its foot. The long, straggling village of Beauport stretches away along the shore, and beyond the Laurentian range rises purple and blue, height upon height, rolling away into and blending with the cumulus clouds on the distant horizon. Yonder is



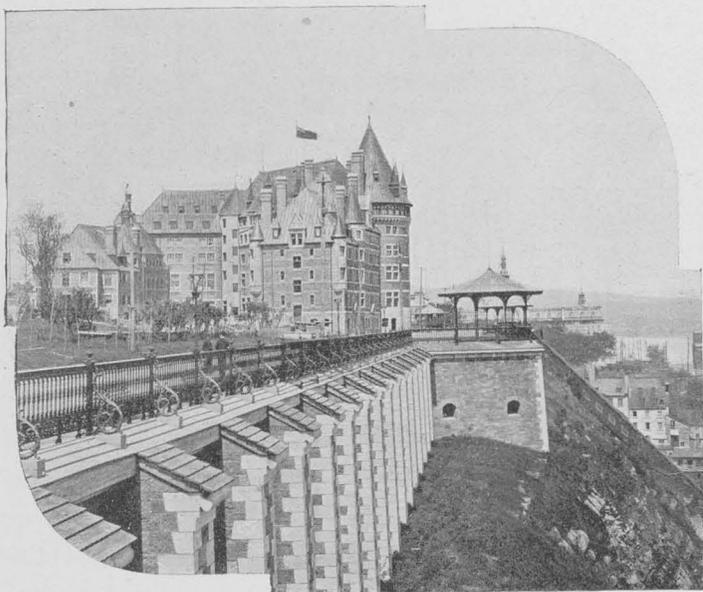
A Modern Calache.

the steeple of Charlebourg church and beyond the hamlet of Lorette, the last home of the fierce Huron. Yonder on the Ste Foye road is the "Monument of the Brave," with its nearby Martello tower, and nearer yet the Wolfe monument on the Plains of Abraham, where the noblest sons of both France and England battled to the death for victory. Down yonder in the Governor's garden, behind Dufferin Terrace, stands a granite shaft whose brief inscription, "In memory of Wolfe and

Montcalm," only emphasizes the fact that the memories of brave, honorable men, enemies though they may be, will go down to an enlightened posterity with equal honor.

Dufferin Terrace is the grand promenade of Quebec, as the Chateau Frontenac, at its eastern end, is the grand hotel of the city, with the Hotel Victoria a good second.

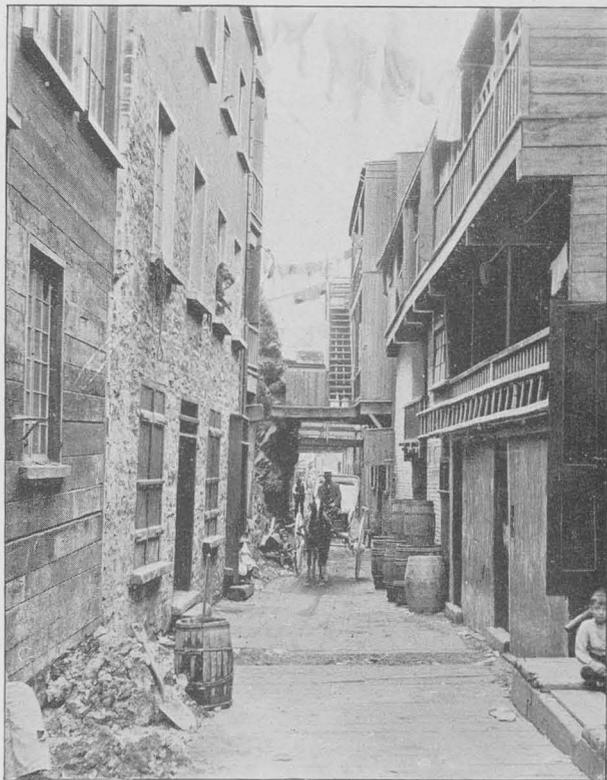
We stroll through the Grand Battery, visit Laval University and feast upon its art treasures, look in upon



Dufferin Terrace and Chateau Frontenac.

the Basilica, near the old Market square, and feast our eyes upon its fine paintings, not forgetting that this is the site of a church erected by Champlain in 1633.

We shall visit curious old streets, and among them Sous-le-Cap, just wide enough to get through, and a little further on, the spot where the lamented Montgomery was shot down. At 42 Louis street stands the



Sous-Le-Cap Street.

house where his remains were deposited. Of course the tourist will cross over to Point Levis, visit the world-renowned Falls of Montmorency, only nine miles below Quebec, and one of the most interesting drives in the vicinity; passing on the way the ruins of an old palace of

the French Intendants; crossing Dorchester bridge, across the St. Charles river, and through the quaint old straggling village of Beauport, made up of rows of white cottages surrounded by garden patches, which affords a very striking illustration of lower Canadian-French life and customs. The town extends along the bank of the St. Lawrence, almost the entire distance from the St. Charles river to the falls. The road is very level and exceptionally good. The whole trip, extending along the brow of a steep hill, affords a glorious panorama view of the lower St. Lawrence and surrounding country.

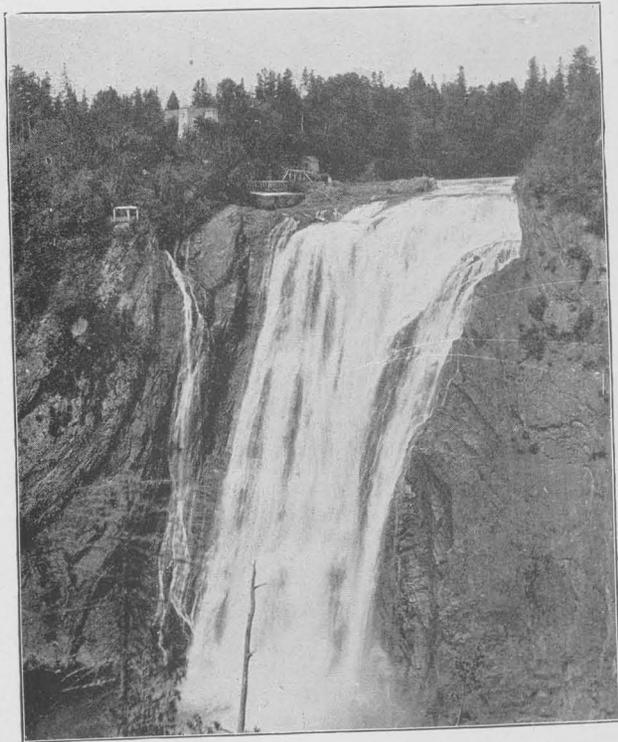
It would be impossible to convey to the reader a correct idea of the grandeur and beauty of the Falls of Montmorency; although they do not compare with the great Cataract of Niagara in volume of water, extent of rapids, or majesty of its whirlpool, its fall is one hundred feet greater. Plunging down a ragged precipice of over two hundred and fifty feet to the bed of the St. Lawrence river, the waters of the Montmorency is dashed into white foam, appearing from a distance like a great bank of snow. The cataract can be seen from either above or below. To view it from below the visitor must descend a zig-zag path down a steep hill, through the property of Mr. Price, upon which stands the residence once occupied by the Duke of Kent, the father of Her Majesty, the late lamented Queen Victoria.

It is claimed that the main body of the water, after leaping the precipice, passes into a subterraneous passage and rises in a tumultuous manner near the Island of Orleans, and gaining the name of a dangerous place.

Between the village and the St. Lawrence Beach was

fought a bloody battle between the English and the French on July 31st, 1759, in which the latter were victorious, and the former lost 182 killed, 665 wounded.

After enjoying the beauties of the Montmorency to your heart's content, you will do well to continue your



The Falls of Montmorency.

trip to the far-famed Shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre, where it is claimed so many miraculous cures of the lame, the sick, the halt and the blind has been effected. It is only twelve miles further down. If you do not wish to continue the drive you can take the trolley or steam

cars and allow your hackman to return to the city. For nearly three hundred years the church of St. Anne de Beaupre has been the mecca of religious devotion and held in great veneration by the Roman Catholic people.



The Church of Ste. Anne de Beaupre.

Tradition states that in the early part of the seventeenth century, a party of Breton mariners were caught in a violent storm while navigating the St. Lawrence river and solemnly vowed to Ste. Anne that if delivered from the fury of the storm they would erect a church on the

spot of ground to which she conducted them in safety, and dedicate it to her honor.

Their prayers being answered, they built a small wooden chapel in fulfillment of their vows, which has since become famous.

The primitive little church was replaced in 1660 by a more pretentious structure and subsequently enlarged and rebuilt until finally we have the present magnificent edifice which has been raised to the dignity of a Basilica by Pope Pius the IX. It is now a fine structure of immense proportions.

A beautiful statue of Ste. Anne surmounts the front between two towers rising to a great height; the interior of the sacred edifice has but few rivals in the world



A few of the Crutches, Staffs and Bandages used by invalids and cripples before making their pilgrimage to the Shrine of Ste. Anne.

in point of grandeur of decorations and sacred paintings. On each side of the entrance are large pyramids of crutches, canes, trusses, splints, artificial limbs, shoes with extended soles, etc., etc., left by former owners in testimony of the miraculous intervention in their behalf. The church possesses some deeply venerated relics—a fragment of a finger bone of the Saint procured by Lavall the first bishop of New France; a part of the Saint's wrist sent by Leo XIII. These fragments of bone are held in great veneration and enclosed in a small glass casket and placed on a pedestal near the altar, where the faithful pilgrim can kneel and devoutly implore the aid of the Saint in their behalf.

There is also a fragment of rock claimed to have been taken from the grotto in which Ste. Anne gave birth to the Virgin Mary.

The sacred stairs, daily ascended by zealous supplicants upon their knees, are built in imitation of Pilate's place at Jerusalem.

The walls are adorned with magnificent life-sized paintings and statuary representing the life of Christ from Bethlehem to Calvary. Thousands of tourists visit Ste. Anne de Beaupre annually through curiosity to witness the strange scenes enacted there and to view the costly paintings and works of art possessed by the sanctuary.

The remarkable annual increase in pilgrimages to this sacred place is an evidence of the interest taken in it and the rapid increase in its notoriety. The visitors in 1874 were 17,200; in 1884, 61,000; in 1894, 200,000. We have not the latest statistics, but are informed that the increase has been proportionate ever since.

Formerly the visitors were from the province of Quebec only, but now they are from all parts of the Dominion, the United States and other foreign countries. The church receives a large revenue from the sale of religious emblems such as beads, crosses, prayer-books, images, photographs of the church and innumerable other articles. The streets in the vicinity of the church are lined with people of all ages and description selling those articles; they are also found in and about the church. There are no charges made for admission to any part of the church. Aside from the wonderful story of the shrine; its miraculous cures; the great church and its beautiful paintings and works of art, the crowds of strange visitors and the peculiar actions of the devout believers in the efficacy of the shrine; the church, its surroundings, and the prayers that are continually being offered up in the sanctuary, the village itself is full of interest and will well repay a visit; it is like stepping into another country and another age. The people do not care to learn the English language; they can barely speak enough of it to tell the price of their wares.

But though we would be glad to spend yet more time in Quebec, those of us who are bound for the Saguenay must either go on board the fine steamer *Canada*, or perchance the *Carolina*, or what is much better, take the train on the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway on St. Andrew street, at 8:40 a. m., for a charming overland trip to Lake Edward, Lake St. John and the Roberval House, a distance of 190 miles over the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway, through an almost unbroken mountainous forest very much resembling the Adirondack region of New York state, except the fine hotels

and other evidences of civilization or refinement which is lacking until you reach the famous Roberval House on Lake St. John. Eight hours are consumed in making the trip, owing to the heavy grade and sharp curves that have to be overcome in ascending the mountains. On an average of every five minutes during the entire trip the train passes some lake, crosses a river or brook, swarming with speckled trout yearning for an opportunity of showing their dexterity in leaping from their native element to catch an unwary fly that may have



Native building a bark canoe

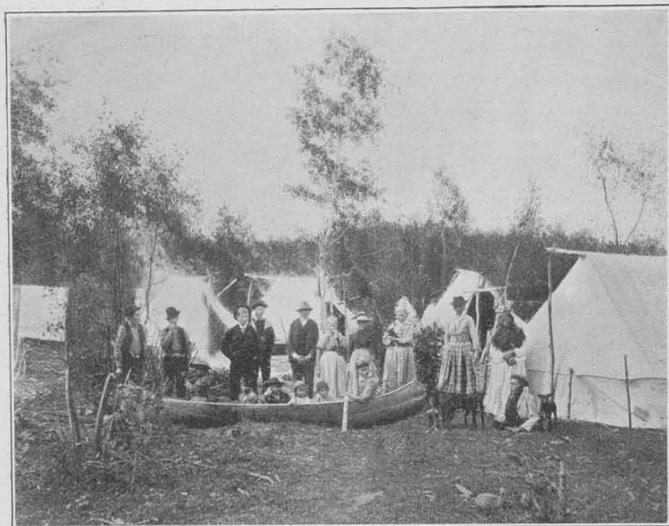
ventured too near the surface of the sparkling element in which they abound. Being uncultured in human ingenuity they do not readily discriminate between the artificial and the real fly, therefore become an easy prey

to the most unskilled disciple of Izaak Walton.

The Roberval, a magnificent new hostelry with a lake frontage of nearly 200 feet, three wings 100 feet each giving accommodations for over 300 guests. It is elegantly furnished throughout and nearly every room commands a magnificent view of the lake. Lake St. John is the home of Ouananiche, the king of all game fishes, and can be caught in these waters any time between the first week in June and the middle of September. Straight across the lake from Roberval, a distance of twenty-five miles, is the Island House, located on an island in the Grand Discharge, or outlet of Lake St. John and the commencement of the great Saguenay river. It is under the same management at the Roberval. It is reached from the Roberval by a handsome new iron boat, the "Mistassini," in less than two hours. Here the current is very swift and the most exciting Ouananiche fishing is found. There are innumerable streams flowing into Lake St. John from the mountains on all sides that literally swarm with speckled trout that afford unbounded sport for the less ambitious sportsman.

Mr. Chambers, in describing this, says: More than a hundred miles north of the St. Lawrence, in the interior of the great Labrador peninsula, whence the powerful Hudson Bay Company secures the rich, rare pelts of the beaver, the bear and the black and silver fox, are the ancient battle grounds of the conflicting Indian tribes, whose legendary history serves to stamp this vast northern country as a weird, romantic land "in mist and glamor wrapped." Due north of Quebec, and distant from it 190 miles by rail, is a large circular body of fresh

water, over a hundred miles in circumference, that was known to the aborigines as Pikouagimi, and which we call Lake St. John. The mighty rivers which empty their waters into this inland sea are the highways over



Inspecting a bark canoe.

which the Indian hunters glide in their birch-bark canoes, on their way to their distant hunting grounds, and on their return to the Hudson Bay post with the furs that are the result of their season's hunt. Down these same waterways came, in days of old, the warriors of the various tribes that inhabited the countries of their upper waters, in search of scalps. At Pointe Bleue, on the shore of the great lake, the most important remnant of the Montagnais have their headquarters. They are the darkest and most interesting of Canadian Indians and a racial curiosity.

It has been well said that Lake St. John, the mouth

of the Saguenay and the city of Quebec form the angles, upon the map of Canada, of an almost equilateral triangle, the three sides of which mark the route of the grandest of Canadian summer tours. That portion of the trip represented by the base of the triangle and the lower half of its easterly side is famous wherever the praises of Saguenay and the lower St. Lawrence are sung. The westerly side of the triangle is formed by the line of railway already referred to, running from Quebec to Lake St. John. Since its construction tourists have been enabled to visit by rail the far-famed inland sea, crossing the entire range of the Laurentian mountains—the oldest mountain chain on the face of the globe—and passing the trout streams and lakes of the Canadian Adirondacks.

There are few forms indeed of desirable natural scenery that are not presented to the tourist during this delightful trip. The railway winds around lofty mountains and yawning ravines, for the most part clothed in virgin forest, for more than one hundred and fifty miles of its length. It skirts a number of beautiful lakes and streams, ascends a height of land having an elevation of over one thousand eight hundred feet, passes quite close to some of the most beautiful of Canadian waterfalls,—including those of the St. Charles at Lorette, and those of Jacques Cartier, the Batiscan, the Ouiatchouan, and the Chicoutimi—crosses several rivers over splendid steel bridges, follows the wandering course of the rapid and picturesque Batiscan for between twenty and thirty miles, touches at the summer headquarters of many American and Canadian fishing clubs, and runs from the deep sea harbor of Quebec to the inland sea of the north

and thence to the head of ocean navigation on the Saguenay, at Chicoutimi.

Space entirely fails to permit of the telling of the many legends and interesting historical details connected with the picturesque scenes and place names encountered in the course of this trip.

Chambord, which overlooks Lake St. John, is named after the royal house of old France; DeQuen, after the Jesuit missionary who discovered Lake St. John; Jonquiere, after one of the old Governors of New France. The portage at one of the falls of the Chicoutimi river



A Thatched Barn.

is called "Portage de l'Enfant," from the story of an Indian baby who was left in a canoe which, being carelessly fastened, was carried away by the current and leaped the fall of fifty feet without upsetting.

The country traversed by the railway contains some of the finest fishing waters in Canada. Trout abound in the various lakes and rivers, while Lake St. John and its outlet and tributaries swarm with the far-famed Ouananiche, or fresh water salmon. Magnificent fishing and canoeing trips in this delightful country of northern pine and balsam are annually made from the outfitting establishments of the splendidly equipped hotels at Lake Edward and Lake St. John by numbers of American sportsmen, many of whom camp out for weeks at a time.

If you have played the Ouananiche, hooked the speckle trout, enjoyed the comforts and luxuries of the fine hotels to your heart's content, and are now ready to start for home, by all means take the Chicoutimi extension of the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway to Chicoutimi and make the magnificent trip on one of the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Company's elegant steamers down the Saguenay and up the St. Lawrence to Quebec. This trip occupies two nights and one day from Roberval. It would be the mistake of your life not to take it. There is no trip in the world that can favorably compare with it for grandeur of scenery. The train leaves Roberval at 7:30 p. m., arriving at Chicoutimi at 9:55, where good hotel accommodations can be obtained for the night. The steamer has no stated time for leaving Chicoutimi; that depends entirely upon the tide, which rises and falls nine feet at that point. If the tide is out when the boat is ready to leave, she must wait until it comes in. The hotel is in close proximity, so they are sure to notify you in ample time to get on board.

During our brief stay of a few hours only at Chicou-

timi there was ample time to explore the town from end to end, for it is by no means extensive. There is evidently, however, a large trade done here which finds its way into the surrounding country.

A genuine down-east Yankee had the wharf fairly covered with threshing machines of the single horse tread-power variety, a diminutive thresher, a fanning-mill and often a power churn attachment, and perchance a feed cutter, the whole outfit costing what seemed to



Natives baking bread in an outside stone oven.

me a ridiculously low price. I gathered from him that the country abounds in well-tilled farms, not large, probably, but many of which are supplied by him with his especial outfit.

Owing to the hilly nature of the country, one of our gigantic steam threshers would find it impossible to

travel from farm to farm, nor is it likely that grain enough is raised on a half dozen of the farms to afford a day's threshing; but as every farmer raises a little and, as I was told, the principal business is dairying, these little machines, within the means of the smallest farmer, are just what he needs. At all events, judging from the number set up on the wharf at Chicoutimi ready to be hitched to and drawn out into the country, there must be a great demand for them.

The church and seminary, both fine structures of the Roman Catholic church, occupy very slight situations from which fine views may be had. Chicoutimi was once a station of the Hudson Bay Fur Company, and had its church as early as 1670. Here lie the remains of Pere Labrosse, at whose death occurred supernatural displays recited in the legend and poem given in our next chapter.

But we must proceed to our steamer, now ready to start on the ever-to-be-remembered trip down through the gorge of the Saguenay. At first, after leaving Chicoutimi, the shores, dotted with cottage, field and farm, slope away gracefully on either hand until the mountain summits are reached, the mountains seem to press toward the river from both sides and raise their heads higher and higher until they almost overhang the water's edge. Huge dome-crowned rocks almost dispute our passage, while frowning points are thrust forward as if to warn us from the shore. There is not a rod of monotony in all this sixty-eight miles of travel. Every point passed reveals a new scene. A sloping shore, thickly wooded to its summit a thousand feet above us, gives way to a bare, smooth precipice stand-

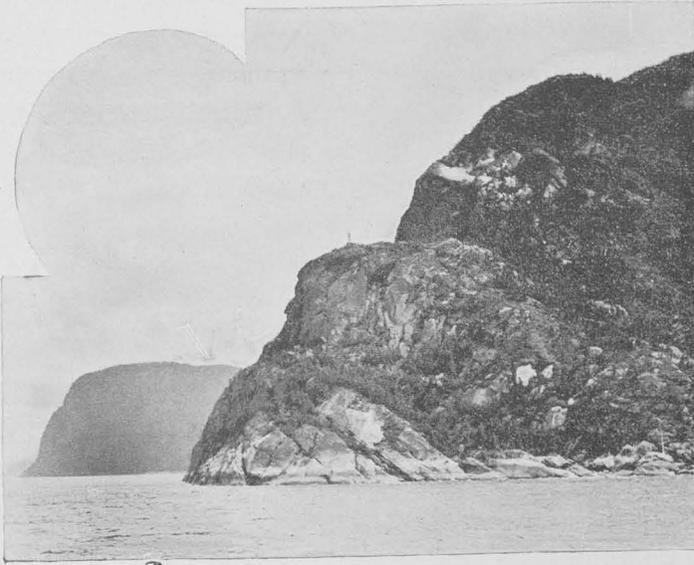
ing vertically in the stream, its base hundreds of feet below and its edge hundreds more above us, and that in turn again to a darksome gorge succeeded by a mountain peak higher and more obtrusive than the others. Sunlight and shadow play weird freaks among these cliffs, and in and out among the bosky depths of gorge and ravine. It is a never-ending delight to see its wonders as they spring into view, while we leave the passing miles behind; but the crowning wonder and glory of it all is at hand—Capes Trinity and Eternity!—the culmination of the many grandeurs of the Saguenay.

Between them extends Eternity bay a few hundred yards inland, and it is here our steamer lies at rest so close to the granite wall of Trinity that one can almost touch it from the deck, while the gleaming summit seems to overhang us. Our huge Leviathan of a steamer has shrunk, in comparison, to the dimensions of a yawl. Crowning the second peak of Trinity stands a colossal figure of the Virgin in the attitude of blessing, while far above her head a great white cross shines out in clear relief against the dark background of syenite.

Straight down beneath us, at a depth of a hundred and fifty fathoms, is the corner-stone of this grand foundation of the Holy Cross. The thought is overwhelming, and a feeling of awe becomes predominant. The great bulk and solidity of Point Eternity is emblematical of its name; the solemnity of the scene, however, is somewhat relieved by the discovery of a series of miniature cataracts gleaming through the thick underwood of a dark chasm as they dash downward toward the head of the little bay.

But our steamer resumes her course, and though

from here to Tadousac the scenery of the Saguenay is as magnificently grand in its way as that of Niagara, the formation of its channel—a great fissure rent



Eternity and Trinity Rocks.

through the mountains, deeper by far than either the lake that it drains or the St. Lawrence, into which it pours its waters—is certainly less comprehensible than that of the famous cataract.

The Saguenay can hardly be called a river—it is more like a great chasm, in some places two and one half miles wide and over two thousand feet deep; its banks are almost a continuous range of perpendicular cliffs varying in height, some extending their summit two thousand feet above the level of the river. As you approach Tadousac the scene becomes more sublimely grand. The river narrows, the banks and hills are more

uniform, the landscape having the appearance of a great ocean, the waters piled up in mountainous billows by a raging tempest and instantly petrified, so to remain throughout all ages.

Dinner is announced, but the passengers are oblivious to everything except the magnificence of the glorious panorama continually unfolding itself before them. The steward, failing to interest the tourist in the cuisine department, announces that dinner will be served later and leaves them absorbed in their admiration of the wonderful, mysterious and stupendous works of nature's God.

Much interest is now felt in the porpoise, or white whale, as they are sometimes called, which are very plentiful in this section, and can be seen from the deck of the steamer in all directions rise to the surface of the water, sluggishly roll over and disappear like the crest on an ocean-wave.

The discovery of petroleum so reduced the price of oil that the oil-fishing industry on the lower St. Lawrence, as well as on the Atlantic coast, has been almost totally destroyed; many towns along the New England shores that depended upon whale fishing for their support have become depopulated. Unused whale boats and other implements for the destruction of those great fish can be seen lying on the beach going to wreck. Since it became unprofitable to carry on porpoise fishing the fish seem to be increasing very rapidly. The St. Lawrence and Saguenay river porpoise, as seen from the deck of the boats, appear to be snowy white, whereas those seen in other waters are black and look like an old log, while the former look like the white cap on the crest

of a wave.

How many people have been led to enjoy the solemn majesty of the Saguenay by Mr. Howells' description in "A Chance Acquaintance!" It is full of the romance attaching to all these northern latitudes. Kitty was only half right when she said that the Saguenay had a tradition. It has several. The special one to which she referred was that of a party of the first explorers who left their comrades at Tadousac and went up the Saguenay three hundred years ago, and never were seen or heard of again. The reference was evidently to the expedition led by Roberval, after whom the village of that name at Lake St. John was called.

The Mamelons of Tadousac, at the mouth of the Saguenay, if they could but speak, might many a tale unfold of the days of long ago, including that of the tragic fulfilment of the ancient Indian prophecy or tradition, which had been in the Lenni-Lenape tribe, according to Murray, to the effect that when an intermarriage, or "cross of red and white," as they called it, should occur between a princess of their tribe and a white man, it would bring ruin to the tribe, and cause it to become extinct at Mamelons, hardby the mouth of the Saguenay, where, as they held, the whites first landed on this western continent.

Here at Tadousac is the oldest church in America, north of Florida, built by Jacques Cartier in 1664, during his second visit to this country. It, too, has a wonderful legend, connected with the death of the last Jesuit missionary who ministered here to the swarthy Montagnais, Pere La Brosse. He had been working hard all day, as usual, among his converts and in the services of

the church, and had spent the evening in pleasant converse with some of the officers of the post. Their amazement and incredulity may be imagined when, as he got up to go, he bade them good-bye forever, and announced that at midnight he would be a corpse, adding that the bell of his chapel would toll at that hour for his passing soul. He bade them fetch Messire Compain, who would be waiting for them next day at the lower end of Isle aux Coudres, to wrap him in his shroud and bury him; and this they were to do without heeding



The Old Tadousac Church.

what the weather should be, for he would answer for the safety of those who undertook the voyage. True enough, at the first stroke of midnight, the chapel bell began to toll, and trembling with fear, the little party rushed into the church. There, prostrate before the altar, hands joined in prayer, shrouding his face alike from the first

glimpse of the valley of the shadow of death and from the dazzling glory of the waiting angels, lay Pere La Brosse, dead. With sunrise came a violent storm; but mindful of his command and promise, four brave men risked their lives on the water. The lashing waves parted to form a calm path for their canoe, and upon their arrival at Isle aux Coudres, as foretold by Pere La Brosse, they found M. Compain waiting on the rocks, breviary in hand, for the bell of his church had been tolled at midnight by invisible hands in fulfillment of the prophecy of the noble priest and faithful men of God.

Pere La Brosse was buried in the little church at Tadousac, and for many years thereafter no one passed up or down the Saguenay without stopping to pay homage to his memory and pray at his tomb. His remains were long since removed to Chicoutimi.

Poem by John Cavan, which beautifully illustrates the legend:

Fierce blew the strong southeastern gale,
The sea in mountains rolled,
A starless sky hung wildly tossed,
The midnight hour had tolled.

Is that a sea—is this an hour—
With sky so wildly black,
To launch a barque so frail as that,
Ye men of Tadousac?

Strong though your arms, brave though your hearts,
As arms and hearts can be;
That tiny skiff can never live
In such a storm-swept sea.

Where Saguenay's dark waters roll
To swell St. Lawrence tide;
Down to the beach that stormy night
Four stalwart fishers stride.

On through the surf the frail boat speeds,
And see! Before her prow
The giant waves shrink down and crouch
As if in homage low.

Calm as the surface of a lake,
Sunk deep mid wooded hills,
The track spreads out before the boat,
The sail a fair breeze fills.

Though all around the angry waves
Rear high their foaming scalps,
And frowning, hang like toppling crags
O'er passes through the Alps.

Who stilled the waves on Galilee
Makes smooth that narrow track—
'Tis faith that makes your hearts so bold,
Ye men of Tadousac.

* * * * *

Fierce blows the strong southeastern gale
Around the lowly pile,
Where dwells the lonely missionary
Of Coudre's grassy isle.

His psalms are read—his prayers are said—
And by the lamp's pale beam,

He studious culls from sainted page
Sweet flowers on which to dream.

But see! He starts! Strange accents come
Forth from the flying wrack—
Funeral rites await you there—
Haste! Haste to Tadousac.

Then from the church's lowly spire
Tolled forth the passing bell,
While far upon the tempest's wing
Was borne the funeral knell.

That night along St. Lawrence tide,
From every church's tower,
The bells rung forth a requiem,
Tolled not by human power.

The storm has lulled and morning's light
Pierces the shifting mists
That hang, like shattered regiments,
Around the mountain crests.

From brief repose the anxious priest
Forth on his mission speeds,
O'er pathless plain by hazel brake,
Where the lone bittern breeds.

At length upon the eastern shore
Ended his weary track;
Where wait the hardy fishermen—
The men from Tadousac.

"Heaven bless you," cried the holy man,
"I know your high behest;

God's friend, and yours, and mine, has gone
To claim his well won rest."

"Unmoor the boat and set the sail,"
And o'er a peaceful track,
In eager flight again, the boat
Sped home to Tadousac.

There by the altar where so oft
He broke the holy bread,
Grasping the well-worn crucifix--
The priest of God lay dead.

O, 'twas a solemn sight they say,
To see that calm, cold face,
Bearing a look of heaven's own mold
Within that holy place.

Happy La Brosse! to have for judge
Him, whom from realm above,
Thy voice oft called to dwell with men--
A prisoner of love.

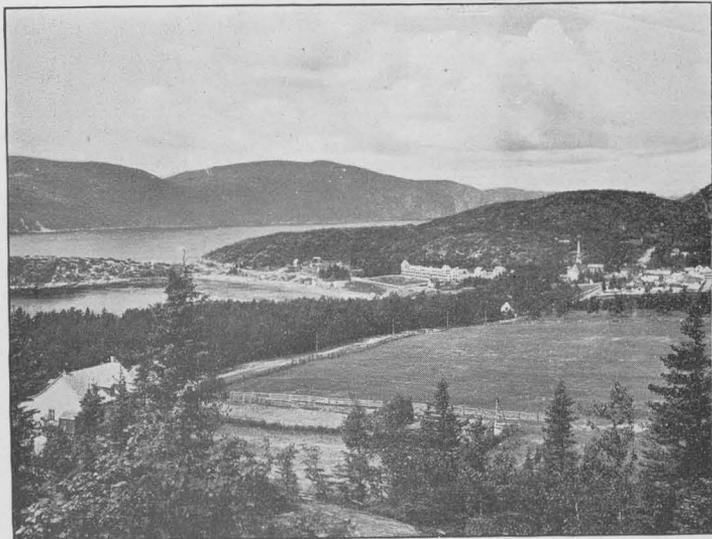
TADOUSAC.

But here we are at Tadousac, and I may be permitted to indulge in a short description of an interesting place. The name of Tadousac reaches back to long before the time of Jacques Cartier. It is supposed that Breton, Basque and Norman fishermen frequented its shores long before Cartier knew that there was such a place. For years Tadousac was the chief mart of the Canadian fur trade.

Jacques Cartier landed here in September, 1535, and

as early as 1599 Pont Grave and Chauvin established a flourishing post. At Chauvin's death the post was discontinued, nor did it again become a regular trading post until 1622, although Cartier found vessels there in 1610.

In 1628 Admiral William Kertk, formerly a wine merchant in Bordeaux, took possession of Tadousac, and a few years later we read that his Calvinist brother, James



Tadousac.

Michael Kertk, had a violent altercation with the Jesuit de Breboeuf and threatened to do him great bodily harm. Kertk had the best of the religious quarrel during his life, and at his death a great military funeral was bestowed upon him by the English vessels at anchor in the river, but on the departure of the English sailors the Indians dug up his remains, hung them to a tree; and

after mutilating them, fed them to their dogs. Evidently religious rancor has ceased, as we saw besides the Roman Catholic church and chapel a Protestant Episcopal church.

Of course we visited the little old church said to have been built by Cartier in 1644, the scene of the death of Pere La Brosse, so graphically told in the little poem, "The Bell of Death," which we have given in full. When there we gathered a stalk of golden-rod that had found its way to the sunlight through a crevice in the steps leading up to the chapel door, and brought it home as a memento of a noble character who died at his post of duty. Such characters belong to the world, not to a sect.

The salmon breeding establishment near the steamboat wharf in what were the old Hudson Bay Company's store, by the Department of Fisheries and Marine is said to be well worth a visit, together with the Museum attached. Unfortunately, at the time of our visit, no one could be found to give us admission, and so we were obliged to forego that pleasure.

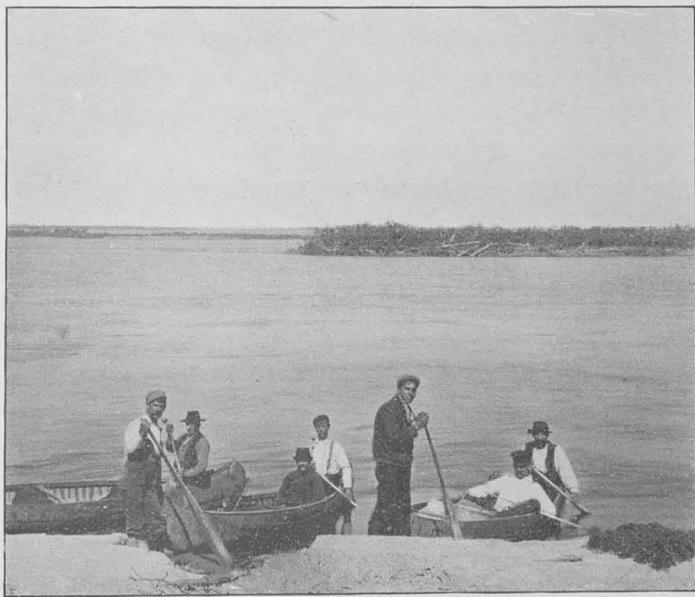
Aside from the elegant and spacious hotel of the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company, which overlooks the bay, there are several elegant villas on its shores, one of the most noticeable having been built by a former Governor General of Canada, the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, who not only secured the love of the Canadian people, but the genuine respect and esteem of the people of the United States.

Tadousac is an Indian name and is said to signify knolls, or mamelons, indicative of the irregular and broken formation of the ground on which it stands.

Adirondack Murray wrote a sensational novel, "The Doom of the Mamelons," the basis of which was one of the Indian legends of the locality.

Probably the most startling occurrence which ever befell the dwellers of Tadousac happened in 1663, as related by *Sieur de Lespinay*, who was taking the Governor's Secretary, *M. de Maze*, in his yawl from Easpe to Quebec.

When opposite Tadousac the river rose and fell with an unusual, tremulous motion, and at the same moment, looking toward the land, they saw a mountain tremble



A party of American Tourists with their Indian Guides.

and tumble into the river so that its summit was level with the surrounding land. They were awe-stricken and steered away from the shore lest some great calam-

ity might befall them. Such is the substance of a report of an early earthquake of which the valley of the St. Lawrence had several experiences.

Twenty miles across the broad St. Lawrence from Tadousac on the south shore, we make a short stop at Riviere du Loup.

Tourists from the Atlantic States, Provinces of Halifax, or New Brunswick, or those wishing to spend a few days at Cacouaa, take leave of us here.

Riviere du Loup has two very fine waterfalls that are well worthy a visit.

This is an important center of the Intercolonial and Temisconata Railways and from Riviere du Loup has in a few years, comparatively, developed into the progressive town of Fraserville. It is now the county seat, formerly located at Kamouraska. Riviere du Loup, the former name, was derived, it is said, from the seals—loups marin—that many years ago congregated in droves at the mouth of the river.

Five miles below is Cacouana, a place of much resort and largely patronized by people from the United States. It has a fine hotel, pure air and a very equable climate, and most admirable facilities for sea bathing, riding, driving and boating. The railway facilities are good, and the hotel, St. Lawrence Hall, is every way admirable. But we must away to our next stopping place.

This whole passage is one of surpassing interest. The broad stream, from fifteen to twenty miles in width, stretching away to our left, the shore, seeming low in the distance compared with the mountains on our right, along the bases of which we are speeding on our course.

Here the sacred emblem of the cross is everywhere to be seen. Perched upon the brink of a dizzy precipice, or crowning the summit of a lofty peak, or half hidden in a leafy bower, or set at the entrance of a natural grotto, it marks a spot to which tradition assigns the death of a martyr or the performance of a miracle.

Now and then the eye detects a long line of fleecy white shining at intervals among the thick evergreen foliage like a snowy veil suspended from crag to crag down the mountain side. The glass shows a streamlet tumbling from precipice to precipice and dashing down the steep descent in billows of foam and clouds of spray inlaid with patches of rainbow and flecked everywhere with prismatic color.

Half way between Riviere du Loup and Quebec are the Seal Islands, where many years ago seals were exceedingly plentiful, but now only a few are ever seen. The Seal Rocks are especially famous for ducks. On one of these islands, or rocks, is an elevation surmounted by a clump of trees, which is known as Chatigny's Knoll, which is the locale of a gruesome tale, that is said to be a true one. It is in substance as follows:

The Tragedy of Chatigny's Knoll.

Two young men, who had been friends from childhood, lived on the south shore, opposite the Seal Rocks. They were near neighbors. Unless on the theory that opposites attract each other, it is not easy to explain how two persons of dispositions so unlike could remain friends so long. One of them, Pierre Jean, was repulsive, both physically and morally. He was tall, ill-favored and swarthy as an Indian. His mother was a squaw; he was fond of exhibiting his great physical strength and jealous of anyone whose strength equaled

his own. Intellectually he was a blank.

His chum, Chatigny, was a handsome, fair-skinned youth, with soft, expressive eyes. Always kind and obliging, he won all hearts, while his comrade was detested by everybody.

One Sunday after vespers, Pierre Jean, meeting his friend, said to him in his broken Acadian dialect, for there is where he was born

“Chatigny, if you are a man, return me this rock, which I shall hurl at you.”

Suiting the action to the word, he threw a mammoth stone at his friend, who retreated several feet to be out of the way of the ponderous missile.

The rock fell but a few inches in front of Chatigny, who quickly picked it up and threw it back to Pierre Jean's very feet. Everyone was astonished. Chatigny had never before been suspected of possessing such enormous strength.

Pierre Jean felt humbled, but concealing his wounded pride, though it was noticed that a gloomy scowl contracted his brow, he forced himself to compliment his friend on his powerful muscle.

Not long after the two chums, apparently as friendly as ever, started for a hunt to Seal Rocks, but only one—Pierre Jean—returned in the boat in which they crossed over. At the time, he made some excuses which but for a casual remark some evenings later, might have stifled inquiry as to what had become of Chatigny; but once while at his evening meal he said: “If Chatigny had a plate of this soup tonight he could eat it with a relish.”

The sarcastic air with which he uttered the words, together with an ugly leer, created a suspicion, which,

together with the unaccountable absence of Chatigny, rapidly grew into almost a certainty, and some of his relatives crossed over to Seal Rocks in search of him.

They found him in the last stages of starvation, almost dead, lying in the shade under a spruce tree. He was made to swallow a few drops of cordial, which revived him for a moment, when he said: "If Pierre Jean had heard my moans and witnessed my anguish he could never have had the inhumanity to leave the friend of his childhood to die here of hunger."

"What were my feelings of despair when on returning from shooting I found that he alone had dragged into the water a boat which our united efforts had scarcely sufficed to draw on shore. It was then I comprehended his scheme. But tell him I forgive him," and Chatigny expired.

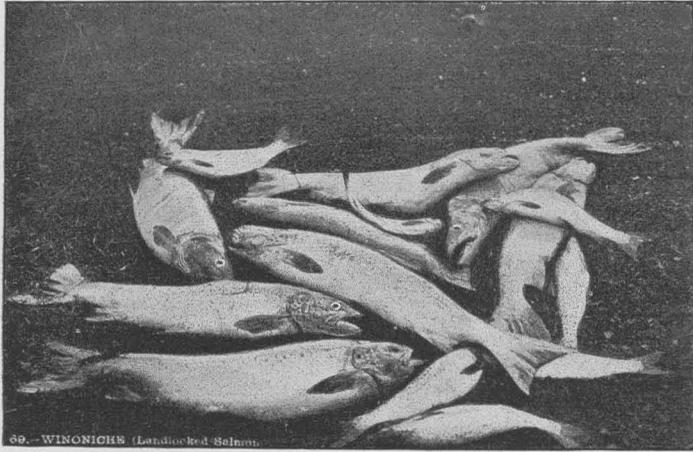
What was done with Pierre Jean is not related, nor is it made clear why Chatigny died so quickly and easily of starvation, when Seal Rock abounded in game.

On the whole, "Chatigny's Knoll" is the least satisfactory of any of the folk stories of the lower St. Lawrence, because of a lack of nature, a seeming inconsistency of human action, which no one in the story seems to exhibit. I fear that the chronicler, De Easpe, in his *Memoirs*, has failed, in his tale of Chatigny's Knoll, to exercise his usual ingenuity.

Another tale of this portion of the St. Lawrence, embodies the group known as the St. Marguerite Island. It seems that something more than a century ago a French officer applied for and obtained the grant of a fief or seigniorship of these islands, to which was added the two Goose Islands and Crane Island.

The extent of such a domain presupposed rank and importance on the part of the owner, who erected for himself neither castle nor crenelated tower, but a plain, massive stone house, the ruins of which were distinguishable at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and there dwelt, immured and unseen, until his death.

He was reported insane, but whether such was the case will never be known. The wife was known as Madame de Granville, and it is known also that Pierre de



Specimen of fish caught in the Lake St. John Region.

Becart, Sieur de Granville, was once seigneur of these islands. The facts so far as known have crystalized into the following tale, which we here relate under the caption of:

The Captive of Goose Island.

It was in 1750 that Sieur de Granville, a young French officer, wealthy, distinguished, and of one of the best families, obtained the grant of the seigniory of these islands and with his bride set sail for the New France.

It is not many young brides who would care to forsake the old world, with its gayeties, its society, and all the comforts of a mature civilization, for a new country with perforce many discomforts. But Madame Granville was passionately fond of her husband and therefore favored the scheme, reasoning that once in a new country she would have him entirely to herself with no possible chance of a rival for her love.

That Madame de Granville was one of those who are forever on the verge of becoming insanely jealous the sequel will show. In process of time a house was erected and with their servants, a small number of whom they brought from France, they began life in the New World.

For a time all went happily on. The beautiful bride fairly revelled in her husband's society, while he passed his days in improving his estate or shooting among the myriads of game that abounded on his domain. It was in fact an Island Eden, but there was here, too, a serpent.

A strange rumor reached Madame de Granville of the infidelity of her husband. She had feared for her domestic peace when she saw her husband feted and petted in the gay salons of Paris, and now the great fear of her life, the bete noir of her very existence, was here.

The charmer who had won her husband was a young and beautiful Indian living on the opposite shore. Madame de Granville managed to hide her jealous rage, which had rendered her almost frantic, until she could verify the rumors with her own eyes. Watching, until suspecting one evening that her husband had gone to

meet his inamorata, she followed alone in a birch bark canoe and surprised the guilty pair together.

Then followed an exhibition of insane anger that no language can describe nor pen portray. Not for an instant would she listen to any terms of reconciliation save one of her own imposing, that her husband should never more during his life leave the house except by her permission.

Knowing that he had wronged her and hoping that time would mitigate her anger and make everything right once more, he gave his oath and became her prisoner. She proved to be a most unrelenting jailor, and on that subject a monomaniac of the worst type.

Day by day and year by year a prisoner to a maniac wife, the monotonous hours passed as he wistfully gazed toward the opposite shores or out upon the waters of the St. Lawrence.

Prayers for release and promises of faith were of no avail. She gratified every want but that of liberty, and in every other way was kind and affectionate. In this relentless captivity de Granville lived many years and on his death Madame de Granville returned to France and her history ends.

Verily, there were fools in those days, and a de Granville was one of them. But while perusing these tales of legendary lore, one of which rendered into plain English is:

The Witch of the St. Lawrence.

and whom the French called "La Jongleuse," and the Indians the "Matshi Gkeou-eou." The story opens at the shore just below the old Lower Town church in Quebec, where a Madam Houel, whose husband was an important personage in that colony, was with her little

son about to step into the canoe of Le Canotier, an Indian canoeman, and the most expert of his day and race. He was known to his tribe as "Tchin-i-pek," the Great Serpent, because of the secrecy and rapidity of his motions. M. Houel had met with a serious accident a night's ride down the river, and the Madame with her son was taking this hazardous night ride to be with him while the whole country was alive with the reports of bloody raids of the sanguinary Iroquois.

The canoe pushed from the shore and glided down the river, the last light visible on the shore gleamed from the sanctuary of the old church, while through a rift in the clouds gleamed out the new moon. The muffled roar of the Falls of the Montmorency came to the ear, carried on the night wind.

The boy had slept a long time, when suddenly starting from his slumber, he asked his mother if she did not see far off on the waters a woman in white, walking toward them; and then, shuddering, he nestled closer to her and begged her to protect him from that dreadful apparition.

The trembling mother, deeming it but a dream, hushed her boy to sleep again, but Le Canotier knew that the boy had seen "La Jongleuse, the Witch of the St. Lawrence," who was no doubt at this very moment leading the dreaded Iroquois to some new and bloody attack on the defenceless settlers, and in a few words he informed Madame Houel of his fears.

Scarcely had he ceased his communication when two shots were heard, proclaiming the presence of the dreaded Iroquois, and revealing to Le Canotier that he was between two dangers. On one hand was the

Matski Skou-eou and on the other the Iroquois. It was time to retreat and cautioning Madame to keep the child from crying, so that their exact locality might not be discovered, he silently backed away.

Fire he dare not, for the flash of his gun would locate his position, but taking his bow, he sent an arrow



Cape A L'Aigle.

so true to the flash of an Iroquois' gun that that warrior toppled into the dark waters, no more to rise. Just then an Iroquois bullet split his paddle in twain and he was helpless.

It is now that *Le Canotier* shows some some of the material that has made him famous. Dropping silently into the water he swam to the Iroquois canoe, and with a sudden jerk upset it, immersing its human freight in an instant. Securing a paddle and with it three Iro-

quois scalps, he regained his canoe and they reached the shore and encamped until morning.

At sunrise Le Canotier sought for some game for their breakfast, but on returning to the camp Madame Houel and her son were missing. On the distant horizon he saw two canoes crowded with Iroquois, and he knew then their fate. Giving vent to his sorrow in loud gutturals and blaming himself for leaving them alone in camp, he vowed to have dire revenge; and as if to give him an immediate opportunity to wreak it, he was suddenly attacked by three Iroquois.

Now the Great Serpent was himself. Never before had his savage prowess been quite so heavily taxed, but nevertheless he must fight now if he ever did. With that swift gliding motion that had given him his name of the Great Serpent he slipped from under the blows of the two Indians nearest him and by a single stride reached the side of the warrior farthest away and instantly laid him at his feet with a single blow of his tomahawk.

Then fleeing to the camp he recovered his gun, which, strange to say, the Iroquois had not noticed, supposing that of course he had it with him, and now the fight was more nearly equal, though Le Canotier's enemies were two to one.

Springing into a dense thicket, he disappeared as completely as though he had sunk beneath the waters of the St. Lawrence, while the Iroquois took to trees at once as a matter of safety, and from which they could watch the thicket behind which coiled the Great Serpent.

But Le Canotier did not stop behind the thicket in

which he had disappeared. While the Iroquois were getting to cover he had glided behind another thicket a few feet farther back and was now noiselessly making his way toward a rocky ledge on his right, which formed one wall of a deep ravine down which ran a stream that from time to time broke into beautiful cascades.

In a short time he had dropped unobserved over the edge of the granite rock and was making his way down the ravine, while the Iroquois warriors failed not to watch carefully the thicket into which the Great Serpent had disappeared, and whose scalp was coveted by their entire nation.

Le Canotier soon gained the rear of his foes, and creeping to a point as near as possible to one of them, he shot the one farthest away and with his knife he sprang upon the one nearest him, and in less time than it can be told, held his reeking scalp in his hand. Gathering in the scalps of the others, he returned to his camp and with his knife pinned them to a tree, and seeking his canoe, sped away across the St. Lawrence.

The second act of this drama was completed over yonder at "Point aux Originaux," many years subsequently with the landing of two men, one of whom was advanced in years, and the other an athletic, handsome youth. One was La Canotier, the other the son of Madame Houel. There was only a solitary dwelling at the Point then, and there they were made welcome, and there young Houel related the narrative of his and his mother's captivity and sufferings, and how the diabolical old "Jongleuse, the Witch of the St. Lawrence," the adviser of the Iroquois, always intent on devising new modes of torture, compelled him to aid in hanging to a

tree his beloved mother; and how La Canotier tracked the Iroquois along the coast and lay in ambush, and while the tribe was having one of their infernal orgies succeeded in securing their guns and then shot down and disabled nearly all the party. He was too late, however, to save Madame Houel, but he rescued her son, whom they were torturing, just as he was about to die.

This part of the St. Lawrence was once noted for its porpoise fishing and even now we can see here and there one floating along at a respectful distance from the steamer, though not very many years ago as many as a hundred at a time have been taken.

A quaint tradition, probably based upon the porpoise fishing here in early times, is yet told around Canadian hearthstones. A club of farmers had acquired a monopoly of the Riviera Ourelle beaches and had set their stakes and prepared their engines of warfare against the white whales, as the porpoises of the St. Lawrence were called.

Many others coveted the place, as the profits of the fishery were often very great, but this was kept quiet. On the 23rd day of June there had been an extraordinary catch of porpoise, and the fishing season was at its height.

The celebration of St. Jean Baptiste Day, in the olden times, was kept up with great festivity. Usually the day closed with a dance, followed by copious libations to the rosy god; ample stores of old Jamaica rum were provided and other necessaries in great abundance.

On the holiday in question the farmers from the surrounding country had driven in to witness the results of the great catch and to partake in the festivities.

A grand carouse was the result, ending with songs and a dance, to the music by the village fiddler. The ladies had been often helped to sangaree, a very seductive cordial, the secret of the composition of which is now classed among the lost arts.

Some of the invited guests, under the potent fumes of old Jamaica and sangaree, had retired to the rocky



Manor Richelieu, at Murray Bay.

shore, which was bathed in the light of a moon in the same condition as themselves, while the more vigorous were inclined to keep up the dance until sunrise; but at half past eleven the orchestra struck up Sir Roger de Coverley, a sign that the festivities were over.

The lights were growing dim, and a kind of uncanny

glow diffused itself throughout the room. Then strange apparitions were noticed on the wall. Fleshless hands advanced or retreated, waving to and fro as the dancers moved forward or backward. Ghostly arms extended their skeleton hands as if desirous of a farewell shake, and then appeared and disappeared on the opposite wall.

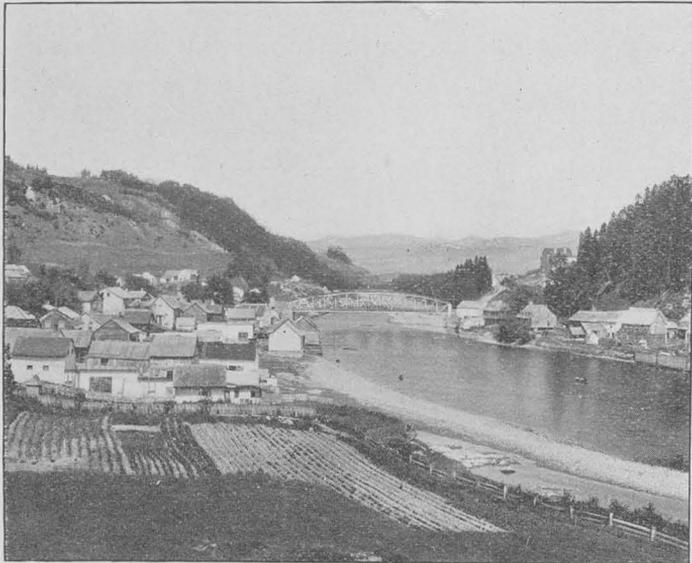
At midnight the ghostly band rushed to the beach, where the rising tide had floated the gruesome carcasses of the porpoises. Each ghostly skeleton bestrode one, and immediately the eyes of the dead *Phoecena* glowed with light, the blow-holes of their heads emitted flashes of fire, and a phosphorescent gleam followed in their wake as their ghostly riders sped seaward and were soon lost in the distance. The frightened guests fled hurriedly for their homes, and the place was declared uncanny, and was avoided for many years.

It was a crafty scheme to frighten unwelcome guests, but who would suspect that the tricks of modern magicians were known to the people of those days.

We have arrived at Murray Bay, the Brighton of Canada, and one of the most interesting localities along the St. Lawrence. Its hotels, perched up on precipitous rocks, the long stairways winding up the gorge, the village in the distance surrounded by towering hills, the long wharf, the quaint carryalls, some of them perfect fac similes of the one we saw in the basement of the old Chateau Ramezay in Montreal, fully two centuries old, all combine to make this one of the most delightful of summer resorts, and the more so because of its famed mineral waters, its facilities for bathing, hunting and fishing.

Keeping close to the banks of the north shore, we

soon come in sight of Isle Aux Coudres, the home of Father Campian, the priest who was so mysteriously notified of the death of Father La Brosse by the tolling of the bell at midnight in his own parish church. It is claimed that for six months in the year 1663 the valley



Murray Bay and River.

of the lower St. Lawrence was the scene of great elemental disturbances. Meteors continually filled the air, the grass was scorched and leaves withered, a huge hill was precipitated into the river and now forms an island. Here is Isle Aux Coudres with its legend of Father La Brosse, the priest of the Hudson Bay Company at Tadousac.

Next comes Cape Gribaune, 2,171 feet high. Continuing on we pass village after village, and spire after

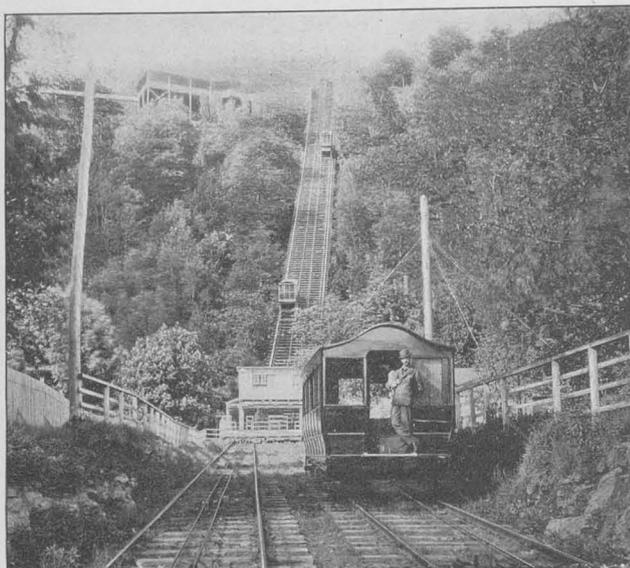
spire, for here a village without a church would be an anomaly; Cape Tourment with the blue peak of St. Anne in the distance.

On the left we pass through a very interesting group of Islands noted for their scenic beauty and remarkable fertility; also for the abundance of game of all sorts that flock to their shores in season.

In the center of the group is Grosse Isle, the quarantine station for Québec, where so many emigrants died of fever and cholera in 1847-8, and last but by no means least, we pass the Island of Orleans, named by Jacques Cartier in 1535 Isle of Bacchies, on account of the quantity of wild grapes to be found growing thereon; it is situated nine miles below Quebec; it is twenty miles long and six miles wide. The soil is very fertile. There are several villages scattered over its surface. It contains numerous Roman Catholic churches and one Protestant. The total population is from six thousand to seven thousand; the highest point of land is three hundred and fifty feet above the water.

But here we are again in Quebec, and must bid adieu to our fellow tourists and sever the many pleasant acquaintances formed during this delightful and ever-to-be-remembered trip. Each to submit to his own destiny, many to return direct to their homes to engage anew in the struggle of life with renewed health and vigor, having a better opinion of themselves, their country, and all mankind in general; much better prepared to fulfill their business obligations on account of the short respite, change of air and associations. Others will continue the trip in different directions and seek new attractions in other climes.

The trip homeward from Montreal, if made by boat, is not without interest, although very few are willing to take the time to return in that way. The brief stops at the different points on our way up will give us an opportunity to add to the knowledge acquired on our passage down. We now pass through the most of the canals by daylight; although our progress will be slower



Mount Royal Inclined Railway, Montreal.

it is by no means dull or uninteresting, because they afford us more leisure to study our surroundings, passing, as they do, through field and farm, village and hamlet.

Of one thing I feel assured—who takes this jaunt in whole or in part will feel fully repaid, and will never regret it.

The care and attention bestowed upon us by those

under whose care we journeyed during the different stages of the route, the elegant state-rooms and superb meals, gentlemanly officers and agreeable servants, all striving to make one feel at home while under their charge, add much to the pleasures of a journey undertaken for pleasure only.

From Montreal the tourist has the option of three very desirable return trips by rail. The New York Central Railroad runs two elegantly equipped vestibule trains daily through the Adirondacks to all points south and west. The Grand Trunk Railroad also runs elegant trains west through the Garden of Canada, and to all points in the New England States. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company is second to none of the great transportation corporations of the age. It has a longer continuous line of railway under one management than any other company in the world, reaching uninterruptedly from the Atlantic to the Pacific.



Like one's purse, a

Folding Pocket KODAK



may be carried in the hand without inconvenience, and being covered with fine seal grain leather it is dainty and inconspicuous.

Being made of Aluminum they are strong and light. Having superb lenses and accurate shutters they are capable of the best photographic work.

\$10.00

to

\$17.50

ko ko ko ko ko

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

*Catalogue free at the dealers
or by mail.*

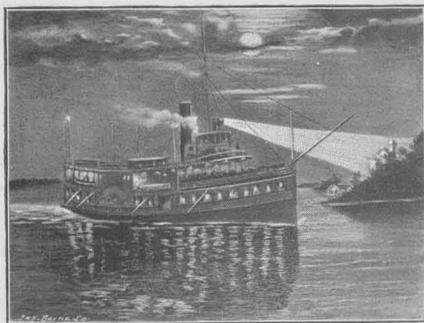
Rochester, N. Y.

HOW TO SEE THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

Fascinating Trips made by the Palatial Steamers of the Thousand Island Steamboat Co.

"50 Mile Tour of the Islands," made by the fast observation steamer "New Island Wanderer." A delightful excursion of three hours, embracing both the American and Canadian Channels and passing all summer resorts, palatial residences, places of historical interest and picturesque spots in the Thousand Island region.

"The Club Ramble," made by the steel plate observation steam yacht "Ramona." Daylight Tour. The steamer "Ramona" is a private yacht offered for public service, and includes in her Ramble narrow and intricate channels not taken by the larger boats,



"The Electric Searchlight Excursion," made by the palace steamer "St Lawrence." Tour of the Islands by night. A marvelously fascinating and spectacular trip, unequalled by any service of a similar nature in the world. Searchlight of 1,000,000 candle power.

"Trip to Canada," to the fortified city of Kingston; a fine example of a Colonial city, rich in historical interest. Made by the three deck steamer "America."

You have not seen the Thousand Islands until you have taken the above trips on the above named steamers. For further information, consult illustrated descriptive pamphlets.

**HOWARD S. FOLGER, General Manager,
CLAYTON, N. Y.**



SINTZ GAS ENGINE CO.,

Manufacturers and Builders of the Celebrated

Sintz Gas, Marine and Stationary Engines

All the largest and fastest boats on the Great Lakes use nothing but the **SINTZ**, and all the prominent boat builders recommend and use them. **WHY?**

BECAUSE

they develop more power than they are rated at and can always be relied upon, and will give more satisfaction than any other Engine of equal Power.

No Dirt.	No Smell.
No Smoke.	No Heat.
No Fire.	No Danger.
No Explosion.	
No Government Inspection.	

We are also builders of Launches and boats of all descriptions.

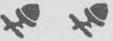
We shall be pleased to submit estimates and specifications on application. For further particulars send for our illustrated catalogue.

Sintz Gas Engine Co.,

1031 Park Row Building,
New York City, N. Y.,

Grand Rapids, Mich., U.S.A.



Richelieu & Ontario 
 *Navigation Company*

"Niagara to the Sea"

America's Incomparable Scenic Line.

Royal Mail Line Steamers "Kingston" and "Toronto"

Leave Toronto daily, except Sunday, (from June 15th) calling at Charlotte (Port of Rochester), Kingston, 1,000 Island Ports, Brockville and Prescott, making connection at latter port with river steamers for trip down the exciting RAPIDS to MONTRÉAL, thence QUÉBEC, and up the beautiful SAGUENAY River.

Visitors to the Pan-American
Exposition should be sure 
to make this trip, either as a
side-trip or to and from the
Exposition 

Write for our official guide book "NIAGARA TO THE SEA"
(enclosing 6 cents in stamps) or for further
particulars to

H. FOSTER CHAFFEE,
W. P. A.,
2 King St., East,
TORONTO, ONT.

W. F. CLONEY,
T. P. A.,
International Bldg.,
NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

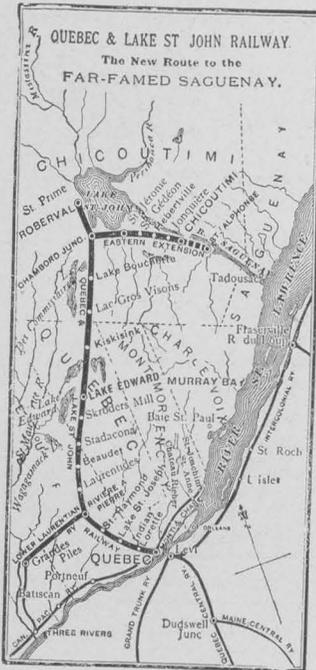
JOS. F. DOLAN,
Ticket Agent,
128 St. James St.,
MONTREAL, P. Q.

THOS. HENRY,
Traffic Manager, MONTREAL, P. Q.

You will find it to your interest to make inquiries about the

Quebec & Lake St. John Railway

The New Route to the Far-Famed Saguenay



And the ONLY RAIL LINE to the delightful SUMMER RESORTS and FISHING GROUNDS north of Quebec, and to Lake St. John and Chicoutimi, through the

Canadian Adirondacks.

Trains connect at Chicoutimi with Saguenay Steamers for

**TADOUSAC,
CACOUNA,
MURRAY BAY
and QUEBEC.**

A round trip unequalled in America, through matchless Forest, Mountain, River and Lake Scenery, down the majestic Saguenay by daylight and back to the Fortress City.

Touching at all the Beautiful Sea-Side Resorts

on the Lower St. Lawrence, with their Chain of Commodious Hotels.

Hotel Roberval, Lake St. John, has first-class accommodation for 300 guests, and is run in connection with the **Island House** and **Golf Links**, at **Grand Discharge**, of Lake St. John, the centre of the **Ouananiche** Fishing Grounds.

Parlor and Sleeping Cars

MAGNIFICENT SCENERY.

BEAUTIFUL CLIMATE.

The **Great Northern** Railway of Canada, for Grand'Mere and the **Celebrated Shawenegan Falls**, the **Niagara** of the East.

Apply to the Ticket Agents of all Principal Cities.

A beautifully illustrated Guide Book free on application.

ALEX. HARDY,
Gen. Pass Agt., Quebec, Can.

J. G. SCOTT,
General Manager.

June - 2. 1901



“The Four-Track Series”

This is the title of a series of books of travel and education issued by the Passenger Department of the

New York Central & Hudson River Railroad.

These small books are filled with information regarding the best modes of travel, and the education that can best be obtained by travel, the whole world now agreeing with Lord Beaconsfield that “Travel is the great source of true wisdom.”

They relate specifically to the great resorts of America—to trips to the islands of the sea and around the world. Giving a mass of useful information regarding the time required for a journey, its cost, and other particulars not easily obtained elsewhere.

They also contain numerous illustrations and new and accurate maps of the country described.

A few of the more useful numbers of the “Four-Track Series” are:

- No. 1—The Luxury of Modern Railway Travel.
- No. 2—The Railroad and the Dictionary.
- No. 3—America’s Summer Resorts.
- No. 5—America’s Winter Resorts.
- No. 6—The Adirondack Mountains.
- No. 7—Three ways to go to New York.
- No. 8—Two to Fifteen Days’ Pleasure Tours.
- No. 9—Two Days at Niagara Falls.
- No. 10—The Thousand Islands.
- No. 15—The Pan-American Express and Exposition.
- No. 21—Round the World via Niagara Falls.
- No. 22—Saratoga the Beautiful.
- No. 25—A Message to Garcia.
- No. 26—American Railroads.

The Illustrated Catalogue, a booklet of forty pages, 4x8, giving a synopsis of each of the thirty books now comprising the “Four-Track Series”, as well as a small halftone reproduction of each of eight beautiful etchings of scenery along the lines, will be sent free, postpaid, to any address in the world on receipt of a postage stamp of any country on the globe, by GEORGE H. DANIELS, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.