

J. O. Lillon

THE
LOWER ST. LAWRENCE

ITS
SCENERY, NAVIGATION AND COMMERCE,
FORMING
A COMPLETE TOURIST'S GUIDE,

BY

DR. W. J. ANDERSON, L.R.C.S.E.



QUEBEC:
PRINTED AT THE "MORNING CHRONICLE" OFFICE.

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A generation still exists which can look back to the palmy days of the good ship *Unicorn*, and her genial and experienced commander, Captain Walter Douglas. The *Unicorn* was the pioneer of the Cunard fleet to Halifax, and after accomplishing the first voyage, proceeded to take her place on the route from Quebec to Pictou, which she held for several years, aided occasionally by the *Margaret*. The *Unicorn* was intended to be the connecting link between the ocean line to Halifax and Canada. The Canadian mails and passengers were carried immediately on arrival at Halifax, by express overland to Pictou, where being transferred to the *Unicorn*, they were transported to Quebec, on the average in fifty-two hours, there being no

stoppage at any of the intermediate ports. The accommodations of the *Unicorn* were, what would even now be called first-class, but her days were too bright and good to last, and through the influence of the late Sir Samuel Cunard, then exercising supreme power in these matters, and who always showed himself an uncompromising foe of steam navigation on the St. Lawrence, the *Unicorn* was at length withdrawn, and Quebec for some time thereafter deprived of the advantage of steam communication with the Maritime Provinces.

Though I have first referred to the *Unicorn*, it may be well to say here, that the *Royal William*, built and owned in Quebec, and commanded by Captain McDougall, was the pioneer steamer of the Lower Saint Lawrence. She, however, could scarcely be said to have tested its commercial advantages, as she was soon sold and sailed under the Spanish flag.

Bye and bye, the Canadian Government, having come into possession of the Baby tug steamers *Queen Victoria* and *Napoleon*, and the despatch boat *Lady Head*, and being impressed with the necessity of establishing inter-provincial communication, decided on placing one of these boats, the *Lady Head*, to run fortnightly between Quebec and Pictou, calling at Father Point, Gaspé Basin, Percé,

Paspebiac, Dalhousie, Chatham and Shediak. The Government was fortunate in the choice of a Commander, having secured the services of Captain William Davison, whose long experience made him perfectly at home in the Gulf. The *Lady Head*, having been built as a Government despatch boat, was little suited for carrying passengers, and had little else to commend her than her strength and the great power of her engines. The passengers also felt that in Captain Davison they had a Commander who, though not possessing the polish of Captain Douglas, had all his other good qualities as a seaman, in an eminent degree, and that he could not be exceeded in caution in navigating the ship, or in attention to the comfort of the passengers, who, though occasionally subjected to the inconvenience of an over-crowded cabin, thought that this was, to a certain extent, counterbalanced by their confidence in the good ship and the experienced commander. But the time came at last when the trade of the Gulf loudly demanded increased accommodation, and after some well meant, but abortive attempts, the matter was taken in hand by the present "Gulf-Ports Steam Navigation Company," who have gradually succeeded in bringing up their arrangements almost to the requirements of the time.

The *Unicorn*, running direct between Quebec and Pictou generally, as we have seen, accomplished the passage in fifty-two hours. The *Lady Head*, from calling at the intermediate ports, and having the trip very much lengthened by detours up the Bay of Chaleur and the Miramichi, took five days. Leaving Quebec at 4 p.m. on Tuesday, she ordinarily arrived at Pictou early on Saturday. This was found somewhat inconvenient to those who were travelling on business, and wanted to reach Pictou as speedily as possible, but to such as were travelling for pleasure or health, the opportunity was afforded of seeing some of the finest scenery on the continent. The present company have found it to their advantage to put two of their boats, the *Secret* and the *Gaspé*, on this route, but for the convenience of such as prefer the more direct route, they have supplied the *Georgia* and *Alhambra*, so that now, instead of there being only a semi-monthly, there is nearly a semi-weekly intercommunication.

Not having visited the Lower Provinces for the last seven years, and having the opportunity afforded me at the close of the past season, I gladly availed myself of it. I had the choice of four steamers. Some friends said, "Of course, you'll go with old Davison"; another, "I would recommend you to take

the *Gaspé*, she's a fine strong boat, and Baquet is a fine fellow. Others assured me that the *Georgia* was in every respect the most desirable boat of the line"; and one said: "If I were you, I would go in the *Alhambra*, she's not yet fitted up as a passenger boat, but you will have quiet and comfort, and you will find Captain McKenzie all that you can wish."

I felt sure that I would be comfortable in either, but, as I am somewhat of a Conservative in reference to old friends and acquaintances, I decided to go with the "Old Commodore," Captain Davison, whom I have known for many years, and with whom I had made several trips in the *Lady Head*, and I certainly had no reason to regret my choice.

THE DEPARTURE.

I left the wharf at Quebec, in the *Secret*, at 4 p.m., on Tuesday, 3rd October. The afternoon was then fine, but dull and threatening. There were only some twenty cabin passengers, as it was too late in the season for travellers for pleasure. In a short time we were close on the

ISLAND OF ORLEANS,

and looking back up the Basin, we had the finest view of the city that can be furnished from any point, a view which I shall not attempt to describe further, than that "fairer scene was ne'er surveyed." Turning and looking downwards, the eye was attracted on the left by the sight of the

FALLS OF MONTMORENCI,

and on the right by the pretty town of St. Joseph, with its English parklike scenery rising on the heights behind. There is an important historical association connected with St. Joseph, for on the 30th June, 1759, the first collision, between the troops of Wolfe and Montcalm, occurred at the Church of St. Joseph.

Proceeding down the South Channel we soon approached that famous spot "on the fertile and agreeable Island of Orleans and under the Church of Laurentius," in other words the village of *St. Laurent*, where the British, army on the morning of 27th June, 1759, was landed without opposition; on the opposite side is *Beaumont*, to which Brigadier

Monckton crossed from St Laurent on the evening of the 29th, with his division, and from whence on the following morning he advanced and took possession of Pointe Levis. The scenery is very beautiful in itself, but the interest with which we survey it, is much enhanced from these circumstances. Shortly after this, the evening set in with fog, and during the night Captain Davison slackened speed, and once stopped for a short time.

THE TRAVERSE.

This famous strait which we passed through during the night, deserves some notice. Allusion is made to it in *Knox's Journal*, and in the *Thompson* manuscript this paragraph occurs, "In the evening the last division of our Transports passed through the *Traverse* at the lower end of the '*Isle D'Orleans*,' which though reckoned dangerous, our ships worked up with a contrary wind; this piece of seamanship surprised the enemy a good deal for we were the first that perhaps ever attempted to get through in this manner"—"Out of our great fleet, consisting of nearly two hundred sail, there was not a single ship lost, nor any damage sustained, except the loss of a few anchors and cables, where there were strong

currents and foul ground." The *Traverse* ends near L'Islet, and so little was known of it, or its dangers so much exaggerated that we are told, that in 1759, the three decked ships of Wolfe's Expedition, were left in the North Channels of the *Ilse aux Coudres*, in case there might not be water enough for their getting through the *Traverse*." We in our day have seen the *Great Eastern* pass safely.

There are a few of the Islands likewise which ought to be pointed out. First;

GROSSE ISLE.

This beautiful Island, twenty-nine miles from Quebec, is owned by the Dominion Government, and has been occupied for many years as a Quarantine Station, where all Emigrant Ships and all vessels with sickness on board, are required to stop for inspection, and if necessary for the landing of the passengers, &c., &c. The Island, which is opposite the Village of St. Thomas, is about two and a half miles long by one in breadth, and contains all the accommodations and requirements for Quarantine. *Grosse Isle* will be always painfully recollected in connection with Fever and the Immigrants in 1848. The mortal remains of some five thousand rest there.

ISLE AUX COUDRES.

This Island, on the north shore, opposite *Les Eboulements*, is distant sixty-three miles from Quebec, and has now a population of five hundred. It is interesting on account of an allusion by General Murray, in his letter to Pitt, he says: "I resolved to give them battle, and if the event was not prosperous, to hold out to the last extremity, and then to retreat to the Isle of Orleans, or *Coudres*, with what was left of the garrison, to await for reinforcements."

On the *South Shore*, we note the fashionable watering places of *Rivière du Loup* and *Cacouna*, the first one hundred and twenty-five, and the latter, one hundred and thirty-one miles from Quebec. On the North shore Murray Bay, ninety miles, and the Saguenay immediately opposite Cacouna.

BIC ISLAND.

At 6 a.m. of the 4th October, passed *Bic Island*, a low and sterile spot, on which only one family resides. It is one hundred and fifty miles from Quebec. After the Island is

passed, looking up the River, between it and the south shore, you see some lofty hills beautifully undulated, rising in the back ground and forming a magnificent prospect. We may also note, that here, on the evening of 18th June, 1759, the British fleet, consisting of upwards of two hundred sail and carrying Wolfe's army, came to anchor for the first time since leaving Louisburg; also, a circumstance in which we are more immediately interested, the arrival of the steamer *Persia* after the winter had set in, in 1861, with a British regiment, which was there landed, carried by sleigh to Rivière du Loup, and from thence proceeded by Rail.

FATHER POINT.

At 8 a.m., we came too at Father Point, 166 miles from Quebec. Here we landed more than twenty passengers and received three. The landing place is a low beach beside the lighthouse, a little above the Point; we had come to some distance from the landing, and we could not fail to remark how deeply the boat which took the passengers ashore was sunk in the water.

CAPE CHAT.

At 3.30 p.m., we reached Cape Chat, 230 miles from Quebec. The River here terminates and the Gulf begins, the dividing line extending from Cape Chat on the South Shore, to Pointe des Monts on the North, twenty-eight miles across. The wind had veered in half an hour, all round the compass; the afternoon which had been showery ended in a very rainy unpleasant evening; the night was dark and thick, and the Captain remained on deck all night. Towards 5 a.m., of the 5th, we got into a cross-sea, which made the *Secret* roll heavily, and caused many of the passengers, myself among the number, to be very sick. At 6 a.m., the morning became very fine, though cool, the ship now running cheerily on her course.

CAPE GASPE.

At 7 p.m., passed Cape Gaspé, and soon entered its beautiful bay. Here in 1627, occurred an event big with fate to Canada. M. de Rougemont had in the month of April sailed from France with a fleet of twenty vessels, deeply laden with military stores and provisions, for Quebec. The King of England, on the other

hand, had granted letters of marque to David Kirke, and his brothers, Louis and Thomas, to capture and destroy any French ships which they might encounter. The largest of the three vessels did not exceed 300 tons burden, but they were all armed to the teeth, and in every respect fitted for the object in view. Leaving England, after a favorable passage across the Atlantic, he arrived at Newfoundland, where he called to get news of the French fleet, but hearing nothing he proceeded to the Saguenay, and found that de Rougemont had not yet arrived. Retracing his course down the St. Lawrence, on doubling Cape Gaspé, there lay before him at anchor the whole French squadron, which had taken refuge in the bay from a storm. The French were superior in numbers, but were in no condition to fight, as they were too deeply laden, their decks crowded with passengers, and their ordnance (150 cannons) stowed away in the holds. Kirke decided to attack at once, but in order if possible to save the effusion of blood, he summoned de Rougemont, who sent a spirited refusal. Kirke at once bore down, and sailing under the stern of the French Admiral, delivered his broadside, rounded to, grappled, boarded, and was in a few minutes master of the ship. His brothers captured two other ships; the rest at once surrendered. Having rifled ten of the smaller ships, he set them on

fire, the remainder with the most valuable stores he sent to Newfoundland. He carried M. de Rougemont, M. de la Tour and some others to England. By this action, Quebec was reduced to great distress, and next year when the brothers Kirke appeared before Quebec, the immortal and chivalrous Champlain had to surrender.

GASPE BASIN.

After a very pleasant run of twelve miles up the Bay, we arrived at the entrance of Gaspé Basin, but as the *Gaspé* was lying at the wharf, we fired a gun and kept in the offing for a short time till she had left. The entrance to the Basin is very pretty, and on the slope of the hill on the right hand side is the neat little town. On the left hand, opposite the town, are the handsome mansion, warehouses and grounds of Mr. Le Boutillier. The Basin runs into the land about three miles, and at the head receives the York River, which is a salmon river. Gaspé Bay was discovered by Jacques Cartier, on 24th July, 1534; it is about twenty miles in length, by five in width. Its upper portion from the Light-ship is sheltered by a magnificent natural breakwater, superior to the artificial one

at Plymouth. There any number of ships can lie in perfect safety. Gaspé is 450 miles distant from Quebec, and is a great fishing station, where the whale, cod, and salmon fisheries are carried on successfully. On the highland to the rear of the village is the Government Reserve, on which is, or was, Fort Ramsay. It may also be mentioned that lately attention has been directed to the mineral resources, and two companies are digging for petroleum. Gaspé in early times used to be a great resort of the Breton and Basque fishermen, and down to a not very distant day, had, under the British Government, a Lieut.-Governor. It is one of those delightful little spots where the tourist or sportsman may spend a few weeks in summer very pleasantly.

At Gaspé Basin we left some of our passengers, and after landing freight, at 10.30 a.m., we proceeded on our voyage. The morning was very delightful. At 12 noon, we passed between a low Island, the Plateau, and a pretty little village called St. Peters, and rounding the point, came in sight of the famed Perce rock and the charming village of Perce. We passed the rugged shore of the Island of Bonaventure on our left and the rock on our right, and rounded off into the little bay, where the *Secret* came to, landed and received some passengers and got a supply of fresh

codfish; the population of Perce is 300, and it is 500 miles distant from Quebec. Many would prefer it to Gaspé as a summer residence.

CAPE COVE.

Leaving Perce we soon came in sight of Cape Cove, a very snug and clean-looking station of some importance. Mr. Savage, who is the chief man of the place, was then loading a brig with dry cod. From Gaspé to this place the sea was dotted with numerous boats engaged in the codfishing. Cape Despair, which shelters the cove from the westward, was formerly called Cap D'Espoir or Hope Cape, but the name was changed to Despair in 1811, after the loss of a British man-of-war on the neighbouring rock. At 2.30 p.m., we passed the cove and did not reach Paspebiac till 7 p.m. It was too dark to see the coast, so I shall defer a description till my return trip. After landing freight at Paspebiac, we proceeded on our way to Dalhousie, which we reached at 1.30 a.m. About two hours were spent in landing cargo. I shall have a good deal to say about Dalhousie and the Bay of Chaleur by and bye. On getting up at 7 a.m., on the morning of Friday, 6th October, and going on deck, I found that we were retrac-

ing our course, and were approaching Bonaventure village, distinguished by a large church. Running along the coast, we passed New Carlisle, the county town of the County of Bonaventure; it was first settled by American Loyalists; the population is now 400, and the fisheries are prosecuted with considerable success. At 8 a.m., we were again opposite Paspébiac, which we now saw to great advantage. From a little above Bonaventure to this place the coast is very pretty, especially at New Carlisle and Paspébiac, whence there are a number of parks, bordered by belts of trees, the tints of the foliage of which furnished a fine contrast to the vivid green of the fields. During all the morning we passed many boats, with from two to three men in each, engaged in cod-fishing, and we were astonished at the myriads of ducks which we saw. We kept all afternoon under the *left* or Canadian shore, which is low and uninviting. I was informed that the *right*, or New Brunswick shore is dangerous, on account of shifting shoals. At 4 p.m., the sky became over-cast, and we began to look anxiously out for the Light-house. Just before the unpleasant change in the weather we met the steamer *Rothsay Castle* opposite a low island, with a light called "Misco." Near sunset, when we were all earnestly looking for the Light-house to guide us into the Miramichi, we were alarmed by

cries very like those of a person in distress, all anxiety was, however, speedily removed, when we discovered that they proceeded from a duck, which had got entangled, some way or other, immediately before the wheel of the boat. The cries were those of fear and distress, and I never heard anything approach more nearly those of a human being, they ceased, however, as soon as she succeeded in extricating herself, which she fortunately did. A little before 6 p.m., both lights were discovered, and, finding it would be impossible to enter the Horse-shoe without risk, with the then uncertain light, Captain Davison decided to drop anchor till morning. The night, though very wet, was fortunately calm, so that the passengers passed it comfortably. The morning of Saturday, 7th, was dull, with occasional showers, but we made good progress, and arrived at

CHATHAM

at 8.20, immediately after breakfast. Though the morning was very unfavorable, the banks of the Miramichi, which is here very narrow, were extremely beautiful, and Chatham had life and bustle, from there being no less than twenty large

vessels taking in their cargoes. Chatham is situated on the right bank of the Miramichi, and in former years was famed for its extensive ship-yards, where many fine ships were annually built, especially by the Messrs. Cunard, whose yard is now dilapidated and deserted. Millions of feet of manufactured lumber are still exported from it, also considerable quantities of salmon. Chatham is a See of the Roman Catholic Church, and has got a fine Cathedral and other Educational buildings. The town is built almost entirely of wood, but is pretty, and clean-looking, and the *stores* are fully what would be expected of a town of its size, its population being 3,000. It is lighted with gas, and has hourly communication with Douglas Town and Newcastle, by steamboat. We discharged freight at the wharf, in about two and a half hours.

NEWCASTLE.

On attempting to leave the wharf, owing to its improper formation, the wheel caught and we were detained some little time before she was freed by having her head swung round. Going upwards we speedily passed the pretty Douglas Town, on the left bank, where are the Gilmour and Rankin's steam mills, and

came to R. R. Call's wharf at Newcastle, at 12 noon; the river from Chatham to Newcastle, a distance of six miles, presents a most pleasing prospect, the banks well cultivated, and beautified by clumps of trees. Newcastle is the shire town of the County of Northumberland, N. B., and is the head of navigation for large vessels. It has a population of fifteen hundred. We left at 3 p.m., and had a delightful run down the river, and at 6 p.m., came in sight of Portage Island, on the left side with its light-house, and Fox Island with its two beacons on the right. We had sufficient day light left to pass through the Horse Shoe channel, and got safe out by Skiminac Light, as darkness set in. The night getting very dark, Captain Davison ran over and came to anchor for the night under Prince Edward Island.

SHEDIAC.

At break of day, Sunday, 8th, he again weighed and reached Shediac at 6 a.m. On touching the wharf, the paddle came in contact with one of the uprights and tore it off. On examination it was found that, though it had only been driven about nine months before, it was already almost destroyed

by the worm, several fine samples of which, with its curious augur head, we took. Here we parted with a considerable number of our passengers and received some others. Shediac is 612 miles from Quebec, and the wharf at which we touch is at the end of Pointe du Chene, the termination of the European and North American railway; the other terminus being at Saint John, on the Bay of Fundy. The village of Pointe du Chene, at the head of the wharf, which is of very considerable length, consists of a few pretty large wooden buildings, used as hotels, shops and oyster saloons; its population is said to be 150. The village of Shediac, with 500 inhabitants is between two and three miles distant. The steamer *Princess* was at the wharf, and the *Flamboro* at anchor in the stream. On leaving the wharf, we got at once into a heavy swell, which made the ladies very sick, and I was obliged to go and lie down for a couple of hours.

Shediac is famed for its oysters; though the fare on board the *Secret* was very good, we were all hoping that on our arrival there, we would get a supply for the table; in this we were disappointed. One of our lady passengers, who was very sick, and could take nothing else, and who had expressed a desire for oysters, was supplied through the kind-

ness of Mr. Dupont, the Purser, whom we all found most obliging.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

On passing *Charlottetown*, all the glasses on board were directed towards it, as there was a young married lady on board, who was anxious to know if the *Royal Alfred*, of which her husband was a lieutenant, was at anchor there. She was not, though one of the *prospectors* laughingly affirmed, that he thought he saw her, and on her quarter-deck, an officer waving a white handkerchief.

Charlottetown is a place of some pretension, being the capital of the beautiful and fertile island of P. E. Island. Its salubrity, and the cheapness of living, at a very early date attracted numerous retired officers, both of the army and navy, and Charlottetown was distinguished for its polished society. It stands on a neck of land between the North and Hillsboro' Rivers. It is conveniently laid out, the streets broad and crossing each other at right angles. Several of the streets are one hundred feet wide, so wide, that its population, about 7,500, cannot keep the grass from growing, which, however, has a rather pleas-

ing effect, and reminded me of some English villages. It has got one or two handsome public buildings, the chief of which, the *Colonial*, is built of Nova Scotia freestone, and cost \$85,000. It has also good educational institutions and numerous churches. It does a very large trade in cereals, potatoes, pork, fish, &c.; in 1869, the exports amounted to £300,000 stg. It is distant from Quebec, six hundred and eight miles; from Pictou, forty-five miles, and from Shediac, seventy-four miles, with all which it has regular steam communication. There is good fishing at the proper season, also good shooting, and the drives are beautiful. There are several comfortable boarding houses and hotels, but the want of something on a larger scale has been felt since means of travel have so increased. To show the primitive condition of Charlottetown, the following story is told: "When the Delegates from Canada went down there to meet those from the Maritime Provinces on the question of Union, one morning the present Sir John A. McDonald and the late Hon. D'Arcy McGee were walking along one of the streets, when they observed an official somewhat like an English parish beadle, coming along ringing a bell, and stopping at certain intervals, making proclamation of something. When he came opposite them he stopped, and announced, from a printed advertisement, that

the great Irish Orator, D'Arcy McGee, pronouncing the G. soft, would address the public in the Hall that evening. Mr. McGee, who was close beside him, put his hand on his shoulder and said, 'McGee, man McGee,' pronouncing, of course, the G. hard, when the bellman turned on him indignantly, saying: 'What do you know about it, havn't I got it here in print.'"

PICTOU ISLAND.

As we proceeded on our way the wind increased, and became quite cold; at 4 p.m. we sighted Pictou Island on our left, with its light-house, and a little later, heard and saw the *Roaring Bull*, a rock near the Cariboo shore, on which, in stormy weather, the sea breaks, producing a sound like a bull. Cariboo light-house, on our right, was soon passed, and turning the Point, we came in sight of the Pictou light at the entrance of the harbour. Though it was now very cold with a strong wind, most of the passengers made their appearance on deck, while we saw three miles up to the town, which is situated on the slope of the hill on the north side of this fine harbour. We came to anchor in the stream at 6 p.m., finding that the only wharf at

which the *Secret* could lie, was already occupied by a merchantman. We were landed, however, comfortably enough in the boat. A young friend was waiting for me on the wharf, and I soon found myself in comfort by the fireside of his father, one of my oldest friends. I may here mention that I had not been in Pictou for seven years, and was much struck with the great change that time had effected on most of my friends, whom I had not seen within that period; but, strange to say, after a few days' residence among them, I could see *no change*, and there they sat or stood before me, with the same countenances, the same smiles, the same attitudes (or natural language) as "forty years ago." Here is a curious mental problem, my thoughts did not revert to my last visit, but went back to the distant date I have mentioned.

PICTOU.

I found Pictou much changed for the better, the old houses much improved both in external appearance and internal arrangements, and many fine new ones built. The population is now between three and four thousand, with every prospect of a speedy and large increase. It is not only the capital of the great and po-

pulous County of Pictou, and the outlet of a rich agricultural district, but is the centre of the great coal mines, and when the proposed railway extension from the Nova Scotian Railway at West River is accomplished, it will become the real terminus on the Gulf of St. Lawrence of the Intercolonial Railway. At present the Nova Scotia Railway passes along the south of the harbour, having stations at the Albion Mines and New Glasgow, and terminates on the south side of the harbour at Fisher's Grant. Passengers, &c., are transported to the Railway wharf at Pictou in a fine steamer.

The people of Pictou took a strong stand against *Confederation*, and were so dissatisfied when their efforts failed, that many emigrated to the United States. Latterly, however, though still retaining a strong feeling against the manner in which the measure was carried, and those who were instrumental in bringing it about, at the last general election, they so far reversed their judgment, as to reject the three former Anti-Confederate Representatives and return three Confederates, and so far as I could judge from a pretty free intercourse with members of both parties, will, for the future, *accept the situation*, which will be very much to their advantage. Lord Falkland, in reply to an address some twenty years ago,

used the expression "your pretty town," and so it is on a fine day. But after twenty-four hours of Pictou rain, when its clayed streets are fully saturated, and the sun ashamed to show his face, it certainly is not entitled to that designation. It has a Church of England, two Presbyterian Churches, a Catholic Church and a Methodist Chapel, all very neat buildings. The Pictonians always paid great attention to education, but they are now far in advance of any other Town in the Province. With their Academy and handsome school-houses fitted up with all modern conveniences, they are enabled to carry out most efficiently the admirable system of education established by the Legislature. Mr. Herbert Bayne, the Rector of the Academy, is, to use a hackneyed but very fitting expression, "the right man in the right place," and keeps a register of meteorological observations, and is in correspondence with Dr. Kingston, of Toronto Observatory.

During my stay in Pictou, on Thursday, 12th October, it was visited by one of those sudden and unexpected storms which occasionally, though rarely, visit the Province, but which, when they do, extend from Canseau to Cape Sable, being especially destructive on the coast. Thursday morning was fine but very sultry; about 4 p.m. the heavens darkened, at 5.30 the windows were opened and the rain

fell in torrents, then a mighty wind arose, the houses rocked, trees were snapped across, fences overthrown, and the ships in the harbour and at the wharves shattered and damaged. The storm raged almost without intermission for six hours, and extended all over the Province, doing much damage, especially at Halifax. Fortunately there was no loss of life. The next day was most lovely, but the telegraph was hourly bringing reports of the damage done, among others that the railway embankment across Bedford Basin had been broken through, which caused a detention of the Halifax train from 12 noon till 5 p.m.

While in Pictou I attended its Agricultural and Horticultural Exhibition, and I may say, without exaggeration, that the Exhibition, as a whole, would do credit to any country. The fruits were very fine, the roots of excellent quality and of enormous size. The horses were of improved breeds. The cows were chiefly, what are called *grades*, in which the Ayrshire type predominated. Formerly the *Durhams* were in favor. The Berkshire and Chinese pigs have given place, and, in my opinion, most advantageously, to the *Chester* the finest hog, without exception, that I have ever seen. As pork was formerly, before the failure of the potatoe crop, one of the chief exports from the county, I have no doubt that it will again become a great exporter.

In the passage down from Quebec, I noted carefully and with surprise, the large quantities of freight delivered at the various places of call. There were, flour from Canada West, barrels of coal oil from the Refineries, London ale, Toronto whiskey, Boswell's and McCallum's ale from Quebec, crackers and other biscuits from Hossack's establishment, Quebec, and strange to say, Prince Edward Island pork, which had found its way to the Quebec market, was now returning to some of the Gulf ports. There were also stoves from Point Levis. In short, almost everything required in every day life. On reflection, without counting what a convenience it was to travellers, I was forced to admit, what a great benefit, the establishment of the line had conferred on the commerce of the country.

Pictou may be said to be the great centre of the coal districts of the Province, that of Sydney, Cape Breton, and the more recently developed mines being in the extreme east, and the Cumberland mines, at the west. There are three great mines at present in active operation in the neighborhood of Pictou, though the demand for coal has been very much diminished since the abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty, but it is satisfactory to know that a new, unexpected, and steadily increasing market has, of late, opened with

Canada. The oldest and most extensive works are those of the Albion mines, which have been worked by the General Mining Association for half a century. I regretted to find, on my late visit, that operations had been very much interfered with during the past season, by the occurrence of fire in one of the pits, and by the meeting in another, what is called a *fault*. From these various causes, there were only shipped from these mines, during the past season, 60,000 tons. The General Mining Association, upwards of thirty years ago, built a railway four and a-half miles in length, from the Albion mines to the loading ground, at the *embouchure* of the East River, in Pictou Harbour, which enabled them to ship, if pressed, 1000 tons a day. They have now the additional advantage of being connected with Halifax, by the Provincial Railway, which has a station almost at the pit's mouth. The coal is good for gas, steam, and iron smelting, and is also a very fair domestic coal, though the quantity of ash is an objection to it as a parlour coal. It is furnished on board ship for \$2.50 per ton. Mr. Hudson is the Manager. The Acadia Mine is situated between the East and Middle Rivers, and has only been opened within the past ten years. It communicates with Pictou Harbour and Fisher's Grant by a railway. Its coal is also of excellent quality; the de-

mand increasing, and during the past season it shipped 80,000 tons. Mr. Jesse Holt is the Manager. The Intercolonial Railway Company, the chief stockholders of which are in Montreal, have recently opened, not far from the Acadian mine, the Drummond pit, so called after Mr. Drummond, of Montreal. This mine promises to be one of the most extensively worked and remunerative mines in the Province. Being invited with some friends to visit the mine, and dine with Mr. Dunn, the Manager, I availed myself of the opportunity, and never spent a more pleasant or instructive day. Here I had an opportunity of seeing in operation all the most modern scientific mining appliances. We left Pictou in the *Conqueror*, the Company's tug steamer, and soon reached their wharf, a little within the mouth of the Middle River, and, taking the manager's car, were carried along their railway to the mine. After dinner we inspected the works on the surface, and then went down the inclined plane, to the pit. The *incline* is 900 feet in length, and where it touches the seam, is just 300 feet perpendicular from the surface. The seam, I believe, is eighteen feet thick and of excellent quality, a fair sample of it may be seen in the shape of a large block, at the entrance of the Montreal Exchange. One of the facilities of working this mine will be understood, when I

mention that the Ford pit at Albion Mines, is 900 feet perpendicular depth. There is a double track on the inclined plane, along which the wagons are drawn by a powerful stationary engine erected at the mouth of the pit. On reaching the surface the loaded wagons are discharged and the contents screened. The finest screenings are called pea coal, and sold to blacksmiths for 75 cents per ton—The next screenings are called nut coal, and are admirably suited for domestic purposes, either for the close Carron, or open Franklin stove. The nut coal is delivered at the pit-mouth for \$1 per ton. The screened coal is called round coal, and is suitable for gas, steam, iron smelting, and domestic purposes. It is sold, put on board ship for \$2.50 per ton. There were shipped this season, 60,000 tons, a less quantity than last year, but at more remunerative rates. The railway from the mine to the wharf is of 5 feet 6 inches guage. The locomotives are of 26 tons weight, and draw a train of twenty-four wagons, each carrying 7 tons of coal. It has been found expedient to connect the mine with the Provincial Railway, arrangements are consequently being made to build a narrow guage railway, two and a-half miles long, to form the junction. The estimated cost is \$13,000 for the two and a-half miles, against \$40,000, the estimate for a broad guage. It would be well, if those engaged in railway

construction in the Province of Quebec, would take this into account.

The interior of this mine is more pleasant than any into which I had previously descended; the galleries are lofty, some thirteen feet high, and white-wash is very extensively used, which gives a rather cheerful aspect to the pit and tends to the improvement of the atmosphere, which, owing to the excellent system of ventilation adopted, is very pure. The atmosphere of the stable with twelve stalls, was equal to anything above the ground. I have dwelt thus long on this mine, because the Province of Quebec is peculiarly interested in its success, not simply on account of the large sums invested by the Montreal stockholders, but because it has had a great deal to do with the opening of the new market, to which I have already alluded. It is well known that till of late coal could not be imported from Nova Scotia to Canada from two causes; first, it could not compete with coal imported from England as ballast in ships coming to Quebec for timber. In the second place the Nova Scotia ships, if they took coal either to Quebec or Montreal, could find no return cargo. The latter difficulty has now been almost altogether removed by the opening up of a great trade in sawn lumber, between Canada and the Atlantic and Pacific ports of

South America. The Nova Scotian can now, as he has done, carry coal to Quebec and Montreal at remunerative rates, and beforehand secure a charter for South America, which experience has proved to be very remunerative—at any rate quite satisfactory to those engaged in it.

HALIFAX.

Having always intended to extend my visit to Halifax, I left by rail at 2 p.m., on Tuesday, 17th October, but owing to ever-occurring *contretemps*, did not reach the Richmond station at Halifax till 11.15 p.m. In a quarter of an hour I arrived at the “Waverly,” and never in my life did I feel so sensible of the advantage of “having mine ease in mine inn.” After a light repast, I retired to bed, and slept the sleep of the weary and worn. I remained in Halifax nearly a fortnight, where I enjoyed the most delightful sunshine, some days being really like summer, and I had the pleasure of meeting many old friends and acquaintances. Halifax is really a pleasant place, much improved of late by numerous fine stone buildings, its situation is good, and the streets regular and wide, but, I was more struck on this than on any former visit, by its dingey

aspect; all the wooden houses, and most of the houses are of wood, appeared, even those recently painted, blackened with coal smoke, which I was told was actually the case, as very little wood is used in Halifax, and the dense smoke of the coal being condensed by the intense sea fogs, which are there so prevalent, falls upon the houses and discolours them.

If there is now any gentleman in search of a religion, I would certainly recommend him to proceed to Halifax, which is really a city of churches, where you will find, high church and low church and broad church, in connexion with the church of England. Some four Presbyterian churches in which you will find every shade of Presbyterian opinion promulgated. There are Baptists, Methodists and Universalists, &c., and last, though not least in numbers and influence, Roman Catholics. In almost all of these various denominational churches, you will find their peculiar views ably and faithfully expounded by men some of whom are of more than average ability. Perhaps from his position and the peculiar circumstances of the times, the Roman Catholic Archbishop, Connolly, has of late occupied the most prominent position among the clergy. The powerful opposition which he offered to the adoption of the dogma of Infallibility, at the Ecumenical

Council at Rome, has given him a world wide reputation, while the uncompromising hostility shown on every occasion to the Fenian movement, makes him stand well with the Protestants of the Province, by whom he is respected as a liberal minded man, who, while earnestly advocating the interests of his own people, is striving to promote peace and good will towards other religionists. He is a man yet in the vigor of life, of a fine presence, courteous manners, and to sum up all a hearty and cheerful Christian. It is incalculable the good such a man is capable of doing in a mixed community like ours. Though a protestant from education and conviction, I pray with all my heart that such men as Archbishop Connolly, may be increased and multiplied.

After the churches, you must be struck with the number of military men you meet everywhere in the city, and you become aware that you are in the strongest military post on the Continent, not even excepting famed Quebec. Its wonderful citadel, the forts at York tower, and on George's and McNab's Islands, have made it impregnable. When I was there, they were busy in landing a number of 12 and 18 ton Armstrong guns, for arming George's Island. I might talk of its beautiful harbour, of the lovely

Bedford Basin, and the charming scenery of the Northwest Arm, but the tourist can appreciate these by a visit. Before leaving Halifax I shall only further say that while I was there, I was invited by a friend to accompany him to Wolfville, where all the world was going to the great Horticultural Exhibition. To my great regret I was unable to accomplish this.

WOLFVILLE.

Wolfville is situated in the district immortalised by Longfellow, as the seat of the Acadians of old. It is the very garden of Nova Scotia of the present day, famed not only for its rich pastures and luxuriant wheat fields, but for the variety and fineness, I may almost say perfection of its fruits. At the conclusion of his Poem of *Evangeline*, which has given him so deserved and wide-spread reputation, may be found this stanza :—

“Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of its branches

Dwells another race, with other customs and language.

Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic

Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile,

Wandered back to their native land, to die in its bosom.

In the fisherman's cot, the wheel and the loom are still busy;

Maidens still wear the Norman caps and their kirtles of home-spun,

And by the evening fire repeat *Evangeline's* story;

While from its rocky caverns the deepvoiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the
forest.”

I have now the pleasure to say, that the mistake into which he had fallen having been recently pointed out to him, and that *Grand Pré* and the adjoining district were now known as lands of milk-and-honey, and permeated by the Iron Rail, Mr. Longfellow had the good feeling and good taste to make the *amende honorable*, by sending to the Wolfville Committee a sum of money to form a prize for the best apples, to be called the Evangeline prize.

Turning from poetry to prose, I shall conclude my notice of Halifax, by a commercial statement. During the month of October last, there entered the port 420 vessels, as follows: 38 steamers, 1 ship, 7 barques, 49 brigs and brigantines, and 325 schooners. Of these, 4 were from Great Britain, 4 from the Continent, 18 from the West Indies, 42 from the United States, and 352 from Ports in Nova Scotia and the adjoining British Provinces.

The clearances were 238, as follows: 28 steamers, 1 ship, 7 barques, 35 brigs and brigantines, and 167 schooners. Of these, 2 were for Great Britain, 16 for West Indies, 19 for United States, and 201 for Ports in Nova Scotia and the adjoining Provinces. In September, the arrivals had been 337 and the clearances 317, which shows a considerable

increase of the number of arrivals in November, but a falling off in the clearances, to be accounted for by the large number of coasters remaining in port.

It would be wrong to omit allusion to the Museum of Natural History placed in the new Provincial Building, and which owes its existence mainly to the intelligence and industry of its curator, the Rev. Dr. Honeyman. The tourist will be well repaid by devoting a couple of hours to its inspection.

It is said, that on arriving at a large city, during his travels, Prince Alfred asked if it had a Lunatic Asylum, adding that they always made a point of taking him to every Lunatic Asylum. This reminds me that I visited the Provincial Lunatic Asylum on the Dartmouth side of Halifax Harbour. I went over it with my friend, Dr. Dewolf, and derived as much satisfaction from what I saw as it was possible, in connexion with such an Institution. To say that the building itself and all its arrangements were of the most modern description, and simply admirable, is nothing but justice. The manner in which it is managed and supported, is worthy of the earnest consideration of the people of Quebec and Ontario.

Having spent a very pleasant fortnight in Halifax, I left it, and the kind friends I had met, especially the family in whose hospitable mansion I had spent the last week, with very great regret, and returned to Pictou by rail. Leaving at 12, noon, I did not reach the terminus opposite Pictou till 9 p.m., though the distance is only a little over one hundred miles, a rate of speed by no means alarming, but which is well calculated to weary the passengers, and which it did most effectually on this occasion. I remained at Pictou from the 29th October till the 10th November. The winter had now fairly set in, though as yet no snow had fallen. The ground was hard frozen, and there was no blink of sunshine. It looked threatening all the time, but no snow fell till the evening before my departure. I had intended to visit the Gold Mines, not having seen any of them for the last ten years, but the weather was so unpropitious and threatening that I did not carry out my intention. I may here say that referring to *Heatherington's* carefully prepared tables, I find that the yield of gold, from the first working of the mines in 1860 to the close of 1870, was 177,548 oz. 14 dw. 13 qrs. That there are now *Thirteen* Proclaimed Gold Districts, and that the daily average of men employed for 312 days in the year, was 695.2. On my first visit, ten years ago, I published my opi-

nion that gold mining in Nova Scotia would become a steady and permanent branch of provincial industry ; in 1870 these mines were visited by Mr. Selwyn, the successor to Sir Wm. Logan, in the direction of the "Geological Survey of Canada;" Mr. Selwyn had fifteen years' experience in a similar position in Australia ; he has placed his opinion on record—"that divested of speculation, and conducted with the same skill, forethought, and proper amount of capital necessary for the success of any commercial enterprise, gold mining will become here as in Australia, *a lasting, profitable, and important national industry.*"

I tore myself away from Pictou with regret, and though I again had the opportunity of selecting either of the other boats, I adhered to the *Secret*, and my old friend Captain Davison. We left the wharf at Pictou on Friday, 10th November, at 7 a.m., a fine bright morning, though cold. There were few passengers. After a pleasant run of eleven hours and a-half (the average passage being nine hours) we arrived at Shediac at 6.30 p.m. I have already described this place, and it will not be necessary to say anything in addition. We were detained for several hours, landing freight and closing accounts for the year, this being the last trip of the *Secret* for the season.

As the night was fine, with moon-light, I landed and took a walk. The heavens were illumed for several hours with the most splendid aurora conceivable, of every color and form, and certainly worthy of their Scotch designation, "the merry dancers." It was amusing to listen to the different prognostications of the weather, drawn from them. Some asserting that they were indicators of cold, others that they were the sure prognosticators of heat, a few intimating that they were always the forerunners of wet weather. Captain Davison smiled, and said that it was possible they preceded all these, but that he was confident that the aurora itself proceeded from ice. Leaving Shediac at 2.30 a.m., we ran very comfortably during the night, and at 8.30 a.m. were opposite Skiminac Light; the morning fine and bright, but cold. I have already mentioned that this light is at the entrance of Miramichi Bay, and is about thirty miles distant from Chatham, which we reached at 11.30 a.m., the run from Shediac having occupied nine hours. We landed freight and went on to Newcastle, where we were detained several hours, while the Purser was closing his account. We got away, however, at 4.15 p.m., and the evening being fine, and the water smooth, we got comfortably through the Horse Shoe, and had an excellent opportunity of discovering whence the name, as the

water being smooth and there being sufficient light, we were able to trace the steamer's course through the channel, which presented the exact form of a horse shoe. Though the wind was high and adverse, we went on steadily, though slowly, during the whole night, and at 8 a.m., of Sunday, 12th November, were just forty miles from Dalhousie, where we found the *Gaspé*, which had arrived from Quebec, a short time before. The harbour was very rough, and no boat came from the shore. We dined as usual at 1 p.m., and soon after the Captain sent a boat ashore with such of the passengers as were to land.

DALHOUSIE.

I shall now give an account of Dalhousie, which I had not an opportunity of doing in the down trip. The town or village is situated on the right bank, at the mouth of the Ristigouche, in a little bay, the entrance of which is protected by a small island. It contains 600 inhabitants, and is noted for its extensive salmon fishery. A large trade is done here in preserved salmon and lobsters, and in the manufacture and supply of lumber. The town is prettily situated on the side of a hill, and on the height to the eastward is a tall obelisk, a mo-

numment to a Mr. Hamilton, one of the founders of the settlement, it answers well as a beacon. It is a favorite summer resort for several Quebec families, owing to its salubrity, its facilities for bathing, and its vicinity to the fishing grounds of the Ristigouche. It is distant from Chatham 97 miles, one hundred and eighty from Shediac, and 216 from Rivière-du-Loup, and the Intercolonial Railroad passes within four miles of it. When we were here six weeks ago, the country looked very beautiful and green, now everything was changed and wore the aspect of "black winter," the wind very high and cold, the harbour very rough, and the mountains sprinkled with snow. As there is no wharf at Dalhousie at which the steamer can lie, the *Secret* kept up steam and remained all day in the stream. On Monday, the 13th, a scow came alongside of the *Gaspé* a little before 10 a.m., but none came to us till 2 p.m. We were about ten hours transferring our freight, to the extent of about one thousand barrels. Our transfer, however, was finished about midnight, and we immediately left for

PASPEBIAC,

which we reached in four and a-half hours; the morning was fine but the air very keen, and the town looked very pretty, and

there were no less than nine fine brigs and schooners at anchor in the bay. At 9.30 a.m., Tuesday, we had landed our freight and closed our business. The population of Paspébiac is 250, and it exports annually 75,000 quintals of codfish. Messrs. Robin & Co. have the largest establishment here. From Paspébiac the shore is pleasing for a short distance, when it becomes bleak and barren, and when we approached Newport Church, the waves were breaking with violence on the shore. About 1.30 p.m. passed Cape Mackereau, on the left shore of the entrance of Baie des Chaleurs. Cape Bisco is on the opposite side, the distance between being twenty-four miles. The entrance of the bay is exactly 100 miles from Dalhousie. At 2 p.m., we came in sight of Percé, and at 3 p.m., dropped anchor in this most picturesque little bay. A few flakes of snow began to fall, and as the height above the village was cloud-capped, the Captain expressed some uneasiness about the weather—and as four boats were leaving the shore with freight, which might delay us longer than was desirable, he feared we might not be able to get into Gaspé that night. The Purser, however, had his accounts closed by 4.30 p.m., and the weather having cleared, so that we could see the point, we proceeded at once to sea, and after a pleasant run, came to the wharf at Gaspé Basin. After transacting bu-

siness and taking on board several passengers, at 10 p.m. we proceeded on our voyage. The night had now become clear, with little wind, so we had a pleasant run all night, merely stopping to land passengers at Grande Grève. Wednesday, 15th, at 8 p.m., off Point Louis; the sun was shining brightly and the Gulf quite smooth. The coast (south) uninviting and sterile, but at every little cove were to be seen the huts of fishermen.

At breakfast, Captain Davison and one of the gentlemen passengers had a conversation about an expedition to Anticosti twenty years ago, and the Captain told several anecdotes in connection with one Gamache, then residing on the Island. His wife had dropsy, and wore bearskin breeches, which were considered a sovereign remedy, though, unfortunately, in her case, inefficacious. Her two girls, of seven and nine years of age, were dressed in sail-cloth. After the death of their mother, the sons went on a hunting expedition, and were absent some time. On their return, they found their father lying dead on the floor. He had been dead for nine days, and the little girls did not know what to do. They were subsequently taken to their friends in Canada. Captain Davison also mentioned that, in one of his excursions, he found buried in the ground, about a gunshot from the coast,

the skull of a whale, in a good state of preservation. He attempted to remove it, but, not having proper implements, did not succeed. At 1 p.m., Wednesday, 15th, off Cape Chat, and saw Point des Monts on the North Shore. At 8.30 p.m., came to at Father Point, where we were detained till 9.30. During the night, the wind blew steadily and violently from the East, and snow fell heavily, which compelled Captain Davison to be on deck all night.

Thursday, 16th, 8 a.m., at the entrance of the *Traverse*, still snowing and blowing, with heavy sea, the East wind now contending with the ebb tide. We had to proceed with caution, and at 9.45 were off l'Islet. At 3 p.m., arrived at the wharf at Quebec, wind and tide very high, the ferry-boat unable to cross, and the Montreal boat not yet arrived, much to the satisfaction of a considerable number of passengers who did not wish to be detained at Quebec, and feared that we might arrive after her departure for Montreal.

CONCLUSION.

Thus terminated a protracted and stormy passage, though otherwise not unpleasant. Captain Davison's passage down had occu-

pied nine days, and he assured me that in all his experience, he had never met with such a continuance of storms. I certainly should not recommend the pleasure-seeker to travel so late down the Gulf of St. Lawrence, but from May till the end of August, a more delightful or health-giving trip cannot be conceived than the one I have described. The accommodation of the boat came fully up to expectation. I have already given my opinion of the Commander and Purser. Captain Davison assured me that in the mate (a French Canadian) the Company had an officer as trustworthy and competent as himself. I can say from personal knowledge that Straker, the chief steward, and his subordinates, were civil and obliging, as were also the stewardess and her assistants. When we know how much the comfort of passengers depends on these officers, the Company (or its Manager, Mr. Moore,) deserves great credit for their efficient arrangements.

QUEBEC AND GULF PORTS STEAMERS.

The Steel-built Paddle Steamers *Secret*, Captain Davison, and *Miramichi*, Captain Baquet, are intended to leave Quebec and Pictou every TUESDAY during the season of navigation.

The Steamships *Alhambra* and *Flamborough* will leave Montreal on alternate FRIDAYS at 4 P.M., and Quebec the following day, SATURDAY, at 2 P.M.

ROUTE AND DISTANCES.

	S. MILES.	PAGE.
Montreal to Quebec,.....	180	7
“ Father Point,.....	355	12
“ Shediac, N. B.....	724	21-42
“ Charlottetown, P. E. I...	798	23
“ Pictou, N. S.....	843	26-41

Shediac to Saint John by Rail, 106 miles..... 22

	S. MILES.	PAGE.
Quebec to Father Point,.....	175	12
“ Metis,.....	191	—
“ Gaspé,	443	13
“ Perce,.....	472	16-46
“ Paspébiac,.....	543	18-45
“ Dalhousie,.....	598	17-44
“ Chatham,.....	791	19-43
“ Newcastle,.....	796	20-43
“ Shediac,.....	901	21-42
“ Pictou,.....	1021	26-41

Pictou to Halifax by Rail, 113 miles..... 35