

various places, by the little rivers that flow into this famous Saguené — whereof no attempt has yet been made, to my knowledge, to draw an accurate and complete chart.² Much that is curious might be said of it, did not the sole information which only Your Reverence expects from me, limit me to my subject. I cannot however refrain from giving you some idea of it.

This river, then, which takes its rise in Lake Piékwagami,—which Father de Crespieuil, whose apostolic sweat for 30 years watered the surrounding forests, called Lake St. John — this river, I say, is, properly speaking, only 25 leagues in length as far as Tadoussac, from a deep basin formed by a chain of mountains, intersected by streams and rivers. Among these streams, to the north-northeast, is that of Chekoutimy, which falls in two cascades — which, issuing from the same river and separating, form the Island whereon we dwell,—and then flows to add, at 9 leagues from these falls, its fresh water to the Salt Saguené.

At The mouth of that river is the alleged capital of the Province of Saguené—I mean Tadoussac, which consists of merely a wooden dwelling and a storehouse. It must be admitted, however, that its situation is very fine, and very well suited for a town. The harbor is spacious, healthful, safe, and sheltered from every wind; medium-sized vessels anchor, at high water, at the foot of the hill. This was the place where the english formerly came to trade with the Savages. A hole in a rock, in which they had placed a mooring-post for their ships, is still to be seen there; and only two years ago there was found, in the sand disturbed by a high wave, their iron chain about 30 brasses in length, and thick