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## QUEBEC.

### PRIZE POEM.

Read by the author in Convocation Hall, of Toronto University, October, 1882.

Thou sittest on thy rocky throne, a queen,  
And we bow down before thy ramparts, where  
As piercing the blue sky thy moult is seen;  
Up to the clouds it soars to purer air.

And at thy feet the river sweeps along,  
Notiny stream, with flowers and rushes lined,  
But mighty, deep, impetuous, and strong.  
Stern e'en when winds are low—in storms unkind

Nor nature's beauty falls alone to thee;  
To thee another beauty doth belong;  
With thee hath dwelt the muse of history;  
Thy past is present by the right of song.

Though blue thy skies, and though thy grass is  
green,

With blood of noble men erstwhile bestained,  
When in fierce battle man with man was seen  
Confending for fit prize, so nobly gained.

Here fought our Wolfe, the noblest of them all,  
Duty his watch-word—word through which he  
won,

As faithful still to duty did he fall  
When sounded loud the cry, "They run! they  
run!"

Who run? And eager lips made haste to tell,  
"The foe is conquered England wins the day!"  
"The foe is conquered? Oh! then all is well!"  
The last words ere his spirit fled away.

And yet not altogether, for it seems  
To haunt the spot, and not alone in name  
We think of him when morn's first sunshine  
gleams  
Upon the peaceful plains of Abraham.

We think of him when Britain's flag is spread  
To the free winds, from tower and citadel:  
And when the stately warder's martial tread  
Stops while he gives the password—"All is well!"

He saved us for his England—Patriot!  
And thou, O sovereign city of the West,  
By thee his name shall never be forgot,  
But thou shalt guard his grave—his bed of rest.

France's Imperial eagle would have flown  
O'er thy proud cliffs, and growing wild and free,  
A tiny flower, in our cold Northern zone,  
Emblem of La Belle France—the Fleur-de-lis!

Not so it proves—yet France and England meet  
In clasped hands—in peace, and not in war,  
In citadel, in church, and field, and street,  
In peace forgetting what has gone before

And here on an auspicious April day,  
There passed before our eyes a pleasant scene—  
Welcomed beneath the olden Kentish way,  
One whom we love—the daughter of our Queen.

Imperial city—not in rank nor power,  
But throned in glory high above the rest,  
Thy walls of granite like a mighty tower—  
Thy very feet by mighty streams carers'd.

Lovely when dawn first blushes on the scene,  
And paints the waters in her liquid lig it!  
Still lovely in the sunset's farewell beam,  
When all is still, and nature sleeps in night!

A flag waves from thy lofty battle-crag,  
The flag of England—floating o'er the free.  
The day may come when floats another flag,  
Flag of the nation that is yet to be!

J. H. Brown.

## GROWTH OF CANADIAN TRADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE CANADIAN JOURNAL.

In the summer of 1850, I opened a place of business in a pleasant County-Town on the Bay of Quinte and for twenty two years gave it my whole attention. When I began, and for some years after, purchases were made in Montreal and the United States. Every one familiar with Canadian trade up to the late American War, knows that large amounts of goods were purchased in the American market. The Reciprocity Treaty which existed for some years prior to the war, it was thought by many, had been of great advantage to both countries. It is true that it placed us in the hands of our neighbors, and when it was abrogated we were left at sea, and had to look about us for new outlets, the result, contrary to general expectation was most satisfactory, and the country entered at once upon such a career of prosperity as never was known before. Our railroad accommodation was very limited, and indeed the only road working in '50 was that from Montreal to Lachine, ten miles, the coaches were imported from England, and after the English style. The inauguration of the Grand Trunk a little later, brought about very great changes.

My object in this brief sketch is to point out the wonderful strides our trade has made during say twenty-five years. At the date mentioned above, Montreal in point of fact, was the centre of trade for the two Provinces, and to it the Western merchant turned his steps in the spring and fall. In those days nearly all the wholesale merchants were to be found in St. Paul Street, and like brain when the spring came, and the St. Lawrence had shaken off its icy fetters, he pulled down his shutters and awaited his friends from the West. During winter the lumbering stage was the only mode of conveyance, but from the opening of navigation which occurred usually about the end of May, to the close of navigation in November, comfortable Steamers ran from Toronto and Kingston, and by these alone through the season were the

travelling public accommodated. A trip down the St. Lawrence through the rapids is at any time to most persons, very enjoyable. But the return through the Lachine, Beauharnois, and other Canals was very tedious, and in order to pass the time, we used to stretch our legs from lock to lock. The whole traffic of the West had to be done during the open season, and the produce and timber drifted down the river in rafts and barges. In the winter the wholesale merchant closed his warehouse, and usually betook himself to the West, and spent it in visiting customers and enjoying himself, while his clerks filled up the long holiday as best they could. But when the Grand Trunk was opened from Montreal to Brockville, in 1855, a very great change was effected, and a day at least saved in the trip West. And later, when the rail reached Toronto and passed it, linking the far West and East together, the whole trade of the country was transformed as by magic, Toronto began to take a place as a wholesale centre. The Montreal merchant could no longer close his place of business in the winter, indeed his sales for the spring are now made when he used to be visiting. Produce and freight which could not be moved for six or seven months in the year now find their way East and West daily. The traveller is emancipated from the old stage with its many discomforts and weary progress, and can now make his winter journey quickly and comfortably. The multiplication of railroads as well as that of Ocean Steamers, have changed everything, and a man who only twenty five years ago, was engaged in trade or had occasion to travel, can hardly realize the marvelous changes that have taken place.

II.

## DR. ROLPH'S UNMARKED GRAVE.

Now that there is so much being said and written about erecting a monument to the memory of Wm. Lyon Mackenzie, it may not be amiss for us to remind the loyal and patriotic public that there lies in an obscure grave in this town, without even a wooden slab to mark the spot, the remains of a bosom friend, companion and colleague of the above mentioned patriot, and one who played a very prominent part in the stormy times of '37 and '38, namely, the late Dr. Rolph. Next in rank to W. L. Mackenzie, we think, stood Dr. Rolph in the long and bitter struggle for civil liberty and freedom from the family compactism which for many years misruled a colony that is now fast developing into a nation blessed by the rights and privileges secured by these old patriots. Besides the services rendered to his fellow colonists in their early struggles for liberty, Dr. Rolph devoted a long and faithful afterlife to the cause of liberalism and the relief of suffering humanity. Surely, this old patriot should not be overlooked while others, his former colleagues, are being remembered, who are no more worthy of remembrance than he.—*Mitchell Record.*