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THE EMIGRANT.—No. 4.

If we do meet again we'll smile ;
If not—why then this parting was well made.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE Captain attended to the unloading of his ship, and seeing the small quantity of goods delivered to the Merchants, while my poor endeavours were not wanting in being useful. When that was accomplished, we wandered to, fro, and around the city of Montreal, built above the rapid, by orders from the highly gifted King of 'the Grand Nation'—looking at its stores, houses, &c. As formerly mentioned, every ship runs great risk on approaching the town,—even now when tugged up by steamers; which would have been avoided, if Montreal had been built two or three miles farther down. However, I have not time to stop, conjecture, and reason upon the strange vagaries of the human mind, which, when exercised by men in power, lead to expense, difficulty, and loss of life. It is probable that His Majesty would be informed of the rapid; but comparing it with the Seine as it sweeps past the village of Saint Denis*—near the marble tombs of His mighty Ancestors, and where he has since been laid—would never suppose that any serious difficulty could be encountered by vessels ascending to the favourite spot. Having no object in his own country, for enabling him to form a comparison with the rapid of St. Lawrence, his mind, like all other Europeans who have never ascended our noble river, could form no idea of the immensity and rush of water; but judging from the Lilliputian streams which watered the fertile valleys of France, ordered the city to be built opposite where the vessel struck.†

* Saint Dennis is situated four miles from Paris. It contains a Royal Palace, extensive Gardens, and is the burial place of the French Kings. Madame Josephine converted the Palace into a receptacle for the daughters of Officers who had died, or been killed in the service. It is the most elegant and best conducted establishment—perhaps in the world; and the public will be highly gratified by an accurate description of the economy practised, and beauty contained within its walls, in 1815. It is part of a Tale, just received from 'The Rover,' entitled—'The Rose of St. —, or the reminiscences of a Soldier'—which will appear hereafter.

† Vide the conclusion of 'The Emigrant, No. 3.'