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THE OTTAWA INDIAN'S BURGE,

Alone on the banks of the great Ottawa,
In silence there moved an Indian chief;
All moon-lit and still its calm waters lay,
Save their murmurs, in chime with his grief.
White was his head with five-score of years,
And trembling his form once first in the chase;
The last of his tribe—he mourned in tears,
And turned to the waters his time-beaten face.
Twas here in his youth, when his nation was strong,
The bears and the red deer he loved to pursue;
Unbroken by echoes of voyageur's song,
Were Ottawa's waters, that sped his canoe.
Then green were its banks, its hills crown'd with pine,
Soft glided its rapids and its islands were green,
In peace could the warriors by their night fires recline,
Ere the face of the gold-seeking white man was seen.
No steamer's wild whistle had startled its valleys,
Nor fire-water's poison the red men depraved;
Their birchen canoes in well guided sallies,
A lone in their freedom its rapids had braved.
In Ottawa's current dark gliding along,
The fate of the red men the warrior could see;
For many brave chiefs' tribes valliant and strong,
Before him had passed to eternity.
Thus, thought he, will perish my tribe and my name,
As Ottawa's waters in a wide spreading ocean,
Be mingled forever nor known as the same,
That moistened its banks with their soft gliding motion.
Lost! lost, and forever, in the seas mighty fountains,
Her name and her freshness, unknown will they be;
So the dust of the redmen in valleys, on mountains,
Forgotten will moulder through eternity.
May 11th, 1854. C. M. D.

A TRIP TO THE BANKS OF THE OTTAWA, VIA MONTREAL.

THE SCENERY ON THE ST. LAWRENCE—RIVER TOWNS, ISLANDS AND RAPIDS.

Writing about ones adventures of travel may seem egotistical, and to some may be uninteresting, yet to many of our readers it will prove amusing and instructive. He who travels with his eyes open, has read on the alert, is sure to come in contact with persons of all ranks of life, and of all shades of religious and political opinions. As mixing with the world is the way to know it, and not merely by the perusal of books, so travelling over one's country is the best way to ascertain the true opinions of its citizens. The old Grecian philosopher, Thales, uttered the wise saying, "Noce te ipsum." "Know thyself," the surest road to the knowledge of others. Thus to properly understand our native country, we must know it by travel and personal acquaintance with its people.

Having business at the assizes, in the County of Russell, on the Ottawa, I left Toronto in the very pleasant and commodious steamer *Arabian*, Captain Colclough, on the 9th May, at 12 o'clock. The day was fine—the Lake calm and beautiful. After the boat was fairly out of port, I took a survey of the ship's company. The Mail Boats all seem to be pretty well patronized, and on this trip the *Arabian* had a fair list of Cabin passengers. Among them, I would mention Mrs. Richards, the Lady of Judge Richards of the Common Pleas, with her two boys; Judge Boswell of the County Court of Durham and Northumberland; Duncan McDowell, Esq., wholesale grocery merchant, Toronto; Captain Sutherland, late of the *Magnet*; Adam H. Myers, Esq., the Conservative

candidate for East Northumberland; &c., &c. The table land on this steamer is furnished with the choicest viands, and the waiters are very attentive. The Captain is very civil and attentive. In the march of improvement which everything has taken in Canada, the steamers on our lakes and rivers have fully kept pace. I can recollect the time when no steamer was to be seen on the broad expanse of Ontario—when nothing but small schooners coasted its shores. In one of these, the property of my late father, I left the Bay of Quinte, in 1816, when an infant, on his removal to the head of the lake. The schooner voyage was a long, tedious, and often dangerous one. This youthful journey and its incidents are dimly in my recollection. It then took nearly a week to sail from Kingston to Burlington Bay. Mr. Beardley, of Oakville, the oldest living barrister in Upper Canada, told me, a few days ago, that he went in the year 1798, in a schooner from Niagara to Kingston, to attend the assizes. He was in company with the late Mr. Justice Elmsley, who was going there to hold the court. Such a voyage was then a great feat. How changed are things now. We left in this beautiful steamer, whose saloon and its whole appearance, &c., seemed more like a drawing room than a water craft, at twelve o'clock, dined, supped, and slept, as if we were in our dear homes, and arrived in Kingston at two o'clock next morning; being just fourteen hours in travelling about 170 miles. On the voyage we stopped at three places only—Darlington, Port Hope, and Cobourg. Port Hope presents a very picturesque appearance from the water. It is built in a valley, and partly on the sides and tops of the hills forming the valley. It seems to be improving, and has considerable mill privileges. The division of the Sons is doing well here. A railroad to Lindsay, on Lake Seugog, will soon be finished from this town. The population is over 4000. It is seven miles from Cobourg, and has three newspapers. The object that strikes the attention most, between these two towns, is a large lighthouse, built about a mile from the main shore, in the water. At night it looks like a fisherman's great fire on the lake. It is built of stone. Cobourg is about 70 miles from Toronto, and is generally reached about five o'clock. This town is larger than Port Hope, and more scattered. It is emphatically "urbs in borso," "a city in a garden." The ground is flat, rising in the interior. Cobourg is a pretty place in the summer, and must grow. The railroad from Peterboro via the beautiful Rice Lake will soon be finished, which circumstance will give this town a push a-head. There are two newspapers published here: Cobourg and the township of Hamilton, in which it is situated, were and I hope still are very favourable to temperance. Dr. Arcy Boulton, a lawyer, and Mr. Weller, the great stage owner, two of the opposing candidates, for west Northumberland, reside here, also Mr. Sidney Smith, another reform candidate—the nominee of a one-sided convention lately held in this Riding.

I very much doubt whether any of these men are the right ones for the times. Weller is running on an independent ticket. I do not know what their opinions are as to a Maine law, but fear they are hostile. The temperance men of this Riding, if true to themselves and the cause they pretend to love, could turn the election. The passengers, at night, amused themselves in playing whist and draughts. The vast lake lay in a dreamlit slumber, just heaving its bosom like a sleeping giant; the moon shone down, and the stars were reflected from the deep blue waters. In the dead of the night, how much are we at the mercy of a kind Providence! Slumber seals our eyes; yet a sudden storm, a fire—the result of carelessness or accident—or a collision, might soon destroy the noble ship, and fill every bosom with the agony of despair, and the anticipation of a watery grave. I once saw an awful instance of anticipated collision between steamers on Lake Huron, perhaps forty miles from land.

AT KINGSTON,

I left the *Arabian* and went on board one of the River steamers, the *St. Lawrence*, a second-class boat. The population of Kingston is said to be now 14,000. Political excitement runs very high here. The population is one-third Roman Catholic, and the Jesuits here, as in Bytown, Montreal and Quebec, have interfered in every city institution, and even domestic life. In these four cities the people are, comparatively speaking, arrayed into but two parties—Roman Catholic and Protestant. True to their design and principles, the Jesuits and Catholic priests have withdrawn their people from the rest of the community, upon which they look as damnable heretics. It is thought Mr. McDonald, the now representative, and the secret leader of the ultra conservative party in Canada, a man of ambition, time-serving politics, will be returned as member for this city. Some speak of Mr. Hanks as a probable candidate. This city is not improving much. It has a Catholic nunnery, and there are four newspapers published here, two of them daily. The School system has been confused, by Catholics and Protestants quarrelling. £1000 are raised by taxes for Schools, and the Catholics claim one-third of it for their separate schools, over which nuns and Jesuits preside.

Kingston is approached rather suddenly going down the Lake; coming up the River, it is seen to more advantage. The objects that attract the attention are the fort, the penitentiary, the mammoth, yet elephant-like Catholic Cathedral, and the market.

Judge McKenzie is the most popular man among the reformers. A time-serving lawyer, named O'Rielly, is trimming between Catholics and Protestants, and, consequently, getting popular. In the county adjoining, viz., Frontenac, now represented by Mr. Smith, it is said, there will be two conservative candidates—the present member and Maxwell Strauge. Some want Judge McKenzie to reign and contest the county. The temperance interest in Kingston is very strong, there being two good divisions. It is equally so in the county. In either, if the teetotalers were united, they could turn the elections. All the candidates are anti-Maine law. Let the temperance people start a candidate of their own in the county at least. Hay, in Kingston, sells for \$40 a ton. best beef-steak for 7½d per pound, whereas in Toronto it sells from 9d to 1s. The only thing that created any variety on our arrival, was a low and beastly fight between several of the deck hands of the *Arabian*—arising, as usual, out of drunkenness. One of the men was dreadfully beaten and mauled. There was no policeman near to stop it. Why is there not a policeman kept constantly on the watch, to prevent such? I presume they are paid for the purpose. Left Kingston at seven o'clock with a good company of passengers, among them one of the councillors of Kingston, a man of inferior education, a tool of the Jesuits and strong Catholic bias. An amusing discussion was got up, going down the river, with this gentleman. He is wealthy, but of low origin.

THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER AND ISLANDS.

Nothing can exceed the beauty of the voyage down the St. Lawrence in good weather. The river is clear, calm, and dotted with innumerable beautiful, rocky and wood-covered islands. It is generally over a mile wide, when free of islands, deep and beautifully transparent. Where the islands chiefly prevail, about and below Kingston, it varies from several miles to ten or twelve—its waters surrounding the islands. The air is pure and healthy, and gives one a keen relish for his meals. I would advise every family that can afford it, to take a trip once a year, late in May or early in June, down this greatest and most beautiful of rivers. The current is generally at the rate of about three miles an hour. Beautiful eddies and falls, whirlpools, similar to, but on a smaller scale, than those about Queenston, prevail along the whole line of the river, seeming to be a feature of its waters. The water is of a deep bluish green colour.

There are said to be 1000 of these islands great and small, which I suppose would include a boat in Kingston to Montreal. The rock that forms the substratum of these islands is generally red granite. Some of the smaller islands are all rock, others are covered with a light coat of earth on which grow and amass scrubs of cedar and birch. The large ones are covered with the wood common to Canada, and are cultivated. A majority of the islands are owned by the British. To see a large canoe or yacht and sail among these islands for a week in June, with one's own meals, would be a romantic adventure. A tent to encamp under a rock would be required. I suppose the angling in the river waters must be good. A sail among these islands is quite as exciting and beautiful as a visit to the Niagara Falls. Again, I say, let every family that can do so go and visit the thousand islands, glide down the beautiful St. Lawrence rapids, listen to the morning chorus of birds on the islands, behold the blue clear rippling water bespangled with the morning glowing sun, or dancing in the gentle moon beams. Go there and inhale the purest of air, retreat the eyes with loveliest scenery, and let the glorious stillness of nature calm your troubled spirits, or arouse you from the dollars and cents mania of the day. Here we may live as long in one day, as we would in six months behind our eternal business counters. The majestic and beautiful St. Lawrence, from the rugged Lake Superior its head, to the cliffs of Quebec, is grand, sublime, lovely, and exalting in all its features. With its beauties and scenery, no river in the world can compare, yet the most of it passes through our dear land, which is as free as it is productive and healthy. Along its line are the vast Lakes Michigan, and the romantic rocky straits of Macinaw; the broad, clear, deep Huron, whose waters are so crystalline that they strangely deceive the eye; the lovely river St. Claire and its romantic lake, the broad majestic river Detroit, and its rich unbragous banks, the warm sunny Lake Erie, its banks laden with the richest of fruits, the splendid yet magnificent river, from Buffalo to the Falls. Then we come to the wonder of the world, the eternal emblem of Deity, the gorgeous and awful Falls of Niagara. Behold below them a mighty rocky canal, seven miles long, and 200 feet deep, worn in 20,000 years or more, through a bed of solid rock. Then see the placid, but beautiful Niagara that sweeps gently through its rocky banks, burying its blue waters in the deep basin of Ontario. Gaze from Queenston Heights on an area of country spread on all sides before you, on a clear day, for 50 miles!—ah, what a glorious sight! Then go with me among the ferry islands of this enchanted river, until, like a mighty conqueror in death, it buffets itself in the bosom of the mighty Atlantic, in company with its northern sister—the great Ottawa.

GANANOQUE AND BROCKVILLE.

The first place the boat stops at, after leaving Kingston, is Gananoque. It stands on a bed of granite and limestone, is built back half a mile from the river, and has mill privileges. There is a tent of Reclabites, a good thriving Division of Sons, and a Lodge of Odd Fellows, at this village. The Sons have a good Hall. Mr. Mathie, an enterprising agriculturist, lives near the village. He lately gave £50 towards the fund to employ temperance lecturers, and is spoken of as a candidate for the next Parliament in this vicinity. Mr. Vasson is also spoken of in opposition. They are both said to be Maine Law men. The boat next stops at Brockville, about sixty miles from Kingston. It is a very pretty place, in the summer—warm, healthy and picturesque, in its appearance. The population is about 4000; the houses built, many of them, of dark stone. It has an excellent gaol, well managed by Mr. Lingo, the best gaoler in Canada that I have seen. He is just what such an officer should be—ber, sensible and moral. There are many beautiful trees in Brockville; and the birds, in spring, sing delightfully from them. The toads and whistlings of the golden orioles are heard here in