

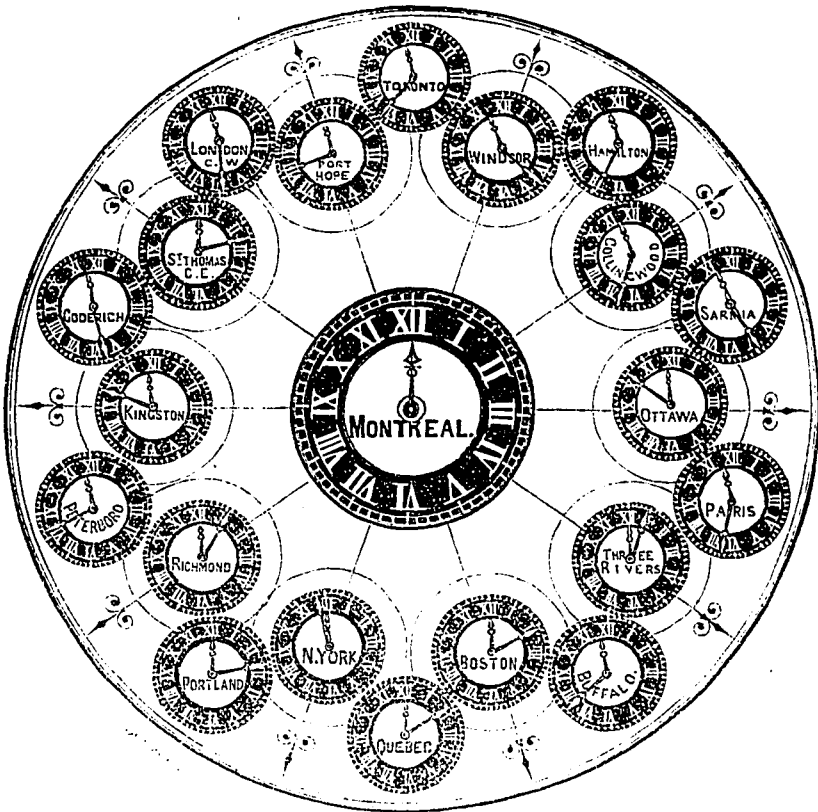
The Canadian Tourist,

MONTREAL CITY GUIDE.

MONTREAL, JULY, 1859.

CANADIAN TIME INDICATOR,

Showing the difference of Time between the chief Places of Canada and New York, Boston, Portland, and Buffalo.



It will be observed, by glancing at the Indicator, that when it is noon in Montreal, it is 37 minutes past 11 at Toronto—thus showing that the difference between Toronto and Montreal is 23 minutes; and in like manner may be ascertained the difference between any other two places shown on the Indicator.

ASTRONOMICAL CALCULATIONS,

KINDLY PREPARED FOR THIS WORK, BY SERJEANT WALKER, OF THE PROVINCIAL OBSERVATORY, TORONTO.

Place	Longitude in Arc.		Difference from Montreal.			Time Corresponding to Montreal Noon.						
	W.	E.	M.	S.	M.	S.	H.	M.	S.			
Quebec	71	16	0	4	45	04	+	9	20	12	9	20
Montreal	73	26	0	4	54	24				12	0	0
Toronto	79	21	30	5	17	26	-	23	02	11	36	58
Kingston	76	31	51	5	6	07	-	11	43	11	48	17
Hamilton	79	55	0	5	19	40	-	25	16	11	34	44
London	81	18	0	5	25	12	-	30	48	11	29	12
Paris	80	24	0	5	21	36	-	27	12	11	32	48
Sarnia	82	26	0	5	29	44	-	35	20	11	24	40
Windsor	83	2	0	5	32	08	-	37	44	11	22	16
Collingwood	80	14	0	5	20	56	-	26	32	11	33	28
Ottawa	75	41	0	5	2	44	-	8	20	11	51	40
Peterborough	78	19	0	5	13	16	-	18	52	11	41	08
Port Hope	78	17	0	5	13	08	-	18	44	11	41	16
Goderich	81	44	0	5	26	56	-	32	32	11	27	28
Three Rivers	72	39	0	4	50	00	+	4	24	12	4	24
Richmond, C. E.	72	8	0	4	48	32	+	5	52	12	5	52
St. Thomas, C. E.	70	34	0	4	42	16	+	12	08	12	12	08
New York	74	1	8	4	56	05	-	1	41	11	58	19
Boston	71	4	9	4	44	16	+	10	08	12	10	08
Buffalo	78	56	0	5	15	44	-	31	20	11	39	40
Portland	70	20	30	4	41	22	+	13	02	12	13	02

The object of introducing this Table is to show more precisely (by specifying the seconds) the difference in time between the places indicated.

LIST OF FIRST CLASS HOTELS

- EN ROUTE FROM NIAGARA TO MONTREAL, QUEBEC, WHITE MOUNTAINS, LAKE GEORGE, AND SARATOGA SPRINGS.
- NIAGARA FALLS.**
 Coleman's International Hotel.
 Cataract Hotel.
 Clifton House.
- HAMILTON.**
 Anglo-American Hotel.
 Royal Hotel.
- TORONTO.**
 Rossin House.
 Revere House.
 American House.
- KINGSTON.**
 British American Hotel.
- BROCKVILLE.**
 Wilson House.
- OGDENSBURG.**
 St. Lawrence Hotel.
- MONTREAL.**
 Coleman's Montreal House.

Is most pleasantly and conveniently situated for tourists,—the various places of interest, business, and amusement, being within easy distance. The style of the House is unexceptionable; and although no runners are employed to extol its merits, it can be vouched that no traveller leaves its portals displeased or disappointed.

QUEBEC.

- Clarendon House.
 Russell's Hotel.

LAKE MEMPHRAMAGOG.

- Owl's Head Mountain House.
 White Mountains.

WHITE MOUNTAINS.

- Franconia Notch House.
 Flume House.
 Willey House.
 Tip Top or Summit House.
 Profile House.
 Gorham House.
 Glen House.
 Crawford House.
 White Mountain House.

PORTLAND.

- Wood's Hotel.
 American Hotel.
 Cape Cottage.
 United States Hotel.

LAKE GEORGE.

- Fort William Henry Hotel.
 United States Hotel.
 Lake House.

SARATOGA SPRINGS.

- United States Hotel.
 Congress Hall.
 Union Hall.

WATERTOWN, N. Y.

- Woodruff House.
 American.
 Lake House.

BURLINGTON.

- White River Junction, VT.
 Junction House.

RAPIDS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE AND PLACES OF INTEREST, WITH DISTANCES, FROM OGDENSBURG TO MONTREAL.

Chimney Island, four miles below Prescott or Ogdensburgh.

The Gallop Rapids, six miles below Prescott, are easily passed by steamboats, although they prevent the navigation of the St. Lawrence by sailing vessels.

Matilda, eight miles further, is a convenient steamboat landing on the Canada side of the river.

Waddington, on the American shore, eighteen miles below Ogdensburgh lies opposite Ogdens Island, which is passed to the right. Here commences Rapid Plat. and extends about two and a-half miles.

Williamsburg, seven miles below Matilda, is a regular steamboat landing.

Chrysler's Farm, a few miles below Williamsburg, is the place where was fought a battle in the war of 1812, between the English and Americans, in which the latter were defeated.

Louisville Landing, twenty-eight miles below Ogdensburgh, is where passengers leave for Massena Springs, six miles distant by stage—a great resort for invalids during warm weather.

The Long Sault Rapids, extending from Dickinson's Landing, forty miles below Prescott, to Cornwall on the Canada side, is one of the longest and most important rapids of the St. Lawrence.

The Cornwall Canal commences seventy-two miles above Montreal, the dividing line between the United States and Canada. It extends to Dickinson's Landing, eleven-and-a-half miles, overcoming forty-eight feet descent in the St. Lawrence.

Cornwall, one hundred and twelve miles from Kingston, and seventy miles above Montreal, situated at the head of the Cornwall or St. Lawrence Canal. This is a regular steamboat landing for American and British Steamers.

St. Regis, four miles below, on the American side of the river. It is an Indian village; and its inhabitants living in the United States, and part in Canada.

Lake St. Francis is a magnificent expansion of the St. Lawrence, extending for a number of miles. It is studded with picturesque islands. The Indian village of St. Regis, and an island owned by the natives, lie near its upper termination.

Lancaster, fifteen miles below Cornwall. Here the waters pursue their course downward before rushing down the several rapids below Coteau du Lac.

At Coteau du Lac, 40 miles above Montreal, commences a rapid of the same name, extending about two miles. Seven miles below this commences the Cedar Rapids, which extends about three miles. Then comes the Cascade Rapid, which terminates at the head of Lake St. Louis, where the dark waters of the Ottawa, by one of its mouths, join the St. Lawrence. These three rapids, in eleven miles, have a descent of eighty-two-and-a-half feet.

Beauharnois, twenty-four miles above Montreal, at the foot of the Cascade Rapids, where commences the Beauharnois Canal, twelve miles in length.

Cainawaga, ten miles above Montreal, is an Indian village numbering several hundred inhabitants.

Lachine, eight miles above Montreal, situated on Lake St. Louis, where enter the Black waters of the Ottawa River, the St. Lawrence presenting a greenish hue, the difference in the color of the waters being plainly visible for many miles below.

The Lachine Rapids, a few miles above Montreal, are the last rapids of importance that occur on the St. Lawrence. They are now considered the most dangerous and difficult of navigation. They are obviated by the Lachine Canal, 8½ miles in length, overcoming a descent of 44½ feet.

DISTANCE FROM THE UNITED STATES TO ENGLAND.—Frequent disputes as to the distances sailed by the Atlantic steamers have led to the compilation of the following table, for reference now and hereafter:—

By Mercator's Sailing.	Miles.
Boston Dock to Liverpool dock	2,882
Battery, New York, to Liverpool Dock	3,084
Boston Dock to Southampton Dock	2,882
Battery, New York, to Southampton Dock	3,156
By Mercator and Great circle.	
Boston Dock to Liverpool Dock	2,849
Battery, New York, to Liverpool Dock	3,023
Boston Dock to Southampton Dock	2,849
Battery, New York, to Southampton Dock	3,087

These calculations allow for the *delour* made by the British steamers in touching at Halifax.

THE MILE.—There is a great difference in the number of yards contained in a mile in different countries. The following table will be useful:

England or America	1,760 yds.
Russia	1,100 "
Italy	1,476 "
Scotland and Ireland	2,200 "
Poland	4,400 "
Spain	5,028 "
Germany	4,866 "
Sweden and Denmark	7,223 "
Hungary	8,800 "

THE SONG OF STEAM.

BY CAPT. C. W. CUTLER.

Harness me down with your own iron bands,
 Be sure of your curb and rein,
 For I scorn the power of your puny hands
 As the tempest scorns a chain!
 How I laughed, as I lay concealed from sight
 For many a countless hour,
 At the childish boast of human might,
 And the pride of human power.

When I saw an army upon the land,
 A navy upon the seas,
 Creeping along, a snail-like band,
 Or waiting the wayward breeze:
 When I marked the peasant fairly reel
 With the toil he faintly bore,
 As he feebly turned the tardy wheel,
 Or tugged at the weary oar:

When I measured the panting courier's speed,
 The flight of the courier dove,
 As they bore the law a king decreed,
 Or the lines of impatient love—
 I could not but think how the world would feel,
 As these were outstripped afar;
 When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
 Or chained to the flying car.

Ha! ha! ha! they found me at last;
 They invited me forth at length;
 And I rushed to my throne with a thunder blast,
 And laughed in my iron strength!
 O! then ye saw a wondrous change
 On the earth and ocean wide,
 Where now my fiery armies range,
 Nor wait for wind and tide.

Hurrah! hurrah! the waters o'er,
 The mountains steep decline;
 Time—space—have yielded to my power—
 The world—the world is mine!
 The rivers, the sun hath earliest blest,
 Or those where his beams decline;
 The giant streams of the queenly West,
 And the orient floods divine.

The ocean pales where'er I sweep,
 To hear my strength rejoice,
 And the monsters of the briny deep
 Cower, trembling at my voice.
 I carry the wealth and the lord of earth,
 The thoughts of his God-like mind;
 The wind lags after my flying forth,
 The lightning is left behind.

In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine
 My tireless arm doth play;
 Where the rocks never saw the sun's decline,
 Or the dawn of the glorious day,
 I bring the earth's glittering jewels up
 From the hidden caves below;
 And I make the fountain's granite cup
 With my own hand to flow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,
 In all the shops of trade;
 I hammer the ore, and turn the wheel
 Where my arms of strength are made.
 I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint,
 I carry, I spin, I weave:
 And all my doings I put into print
 On every Saturday eve.

I've no muscles to weary, no breast to decay,
 No bones to be "hid on the shelf,"
 And soon I intend you may "go and play,"
 While I manage this world myself.
 But harness me down with your iron hands,
 Be sure of your curb and rein;
 For I scorn the strength of your puny hands,
 As the tempest scorns a chain!

A PATCH ON BOTH KNEES AND GLOVES ON.

The following is one of the cleverest essays we have met with for many a day. Similar in style, it is not inferior in point to Franklin's best.

When I was a boy, it was my fortune to breathe, for a long time, what some writers term "the bracing air of poverty." My mother—light be the turf upon the form which once enclosed her strong and gentle spirit—was what is commonly called an ambitious woman, for that quality, which returns thrones and supplants dynasties, finds a legitimate sphere in the humblest abode that the shadow of poverty ever darkened. The struggle between the wish to keep up appearances and the pinching gripe of necessity produced endless shifts and contrivances, at which, we are told some would smile, and some, to whom they would recall their own experiences, would sigh. But let me not disturb that vale of oblivion, which shrouds from profane eyes the hallowed mysteries of poverty.

On one occasion it was necessary to send me on an errand to a neighbour in better circumstances than ourselves, and before whom it was necessary that I should be presented in the best possible aspect. Great pains were accordingly taken to give a smart appearance to my patched and dilapidated wardrobe, and to conceal the rents and chasms which the envious tooth of time had made in them; and by way of throwing over my equipment a certain savour and sprinkling of gentility, my red and toll-hardened hands were enclosed in the unfamiliar casing of a pair of gloves which had belonged to my mother in days when her years were fewer and her heart lighter.

I sallied forth on my errand, and on my way encountered a much older and bigger boy, who evidently belonged to a family which had all our own dragging poverty, and none of our uprising wealth of spirit. His rags fairly fluttered in the breeze; his hat was constructed on the most approved principle of ventilation, and his shoes from their venerable antiquity, might have been deemed a pair of fossil shoes—the very ones on which Shem shuffled into the ark. He was an impudent varlet, with a dare-devil swagger in his gait, of "I'm as good as you" leer in his eye—the very whelp to throw a stone at a well-dressed horseman because he was well-dressed; to tear a boy's ruffles because he was clean. As soon as he saw me, his eye detected the practical inconsistencies which characterised my costume, and taking me by the shoulders, turning me round with no gentle hand, and surveying me from head to foot, exclaimed with a scornful laugh of derision, "A patch on both knees and gloves on."

I still recall the sting of wounded feeling which shot through me at these words. To parody a line of the immortal Tuscany—

"That day I wore my gloves no more."

But the lesson, thus rudely enforced, sunk deep into my mind, and, in after life, I have had frequent occasion to make a practical application of the words of my ragged friend, when I have observed the practical inconsistencies which so often mark the conduct of mankind.

When for instance I see parents carefully providing for the ornamental education of their children, furnishing them with teachers in music, dancing, and drawing, but giving no thought to that moral and religious training, from which the true dignity and permanent happiness of life alone can come, never teaching them habits of self-sacrifice and self-discipline and control, but rather by example instructing them in evil speaking, in uncharitableness, in envy and in falsehood, I think, with a sigh, of the patch on both knees, and gloves on.

When I see a family in cold and selfish solitude, not habitually warming their houses with the glow of happy faces, but lavishing that which should furnish the hospitality of a whole year upon the profusion of a single night, I think of the patch on both knees, and gloves on.

When I see a house profusely furnished with sumptuous furniture, rich curtains, and luxurious carpets, with no books or none but a few tawdry annuals, I am reminded of the patch on both knees, and gloves on.

When I see the public men cultivating exclusively those qualities which win a way to office, and neglecting those which will qualify them to fill honorably the posts to which they aspire, I recall the patch on both knees, and gloves on.

When I see men sacrificing peace of mind and health of body to the insane pursuits of wealth, living in ignorance of the character of the children who are growing up around them, cutting themselves off from the highest and purest pleasures of their natures, and so perverting their humanity, that which was sought as a means insensibly comes to be followed as an end, I say to myself, a patch on both knees, and gloves on.

When I see thousands squandered for selfishness and ostentation, and nothing bestowed for charity, when I see fine ladies besotted and bejewelled, and wearing the toils of dress-makers, and with harsh words embittering the bitter bread of dependence, when I see the poor turned away from proud houses, where the crumbs of tables would be to them a feast, I think of a patch on both knees and gloves on.

SALUTATION.

The expressions used as salutations among different nations, have something characteristic and interesting, even for the most casual observer.

In the East, some of these expressions savour, in a more or less degree, of the Scriptures, and of the serene and patriarchal sentiment of the inhabitants. The salutation used by the Arab, "Salem," or "Shalom," means peace, and is found in the word Jerusalem. The Arab salutes his friend thus, "May you have a happy morning."

The Turks have a formula which can only be used in a sunny climate—"May your shadow never be less."

The climate of Egypt is feverish, and perspiration is necessary to health, hence the Egyptian, meeting you, asks, "How do you perspire?" "Have you eaten? Is your stomach in good order?" asks the Chinaman, a touching solicitude which can only be appreciated by a nation of gourmands.

"Good cheer," says the modern Greek in nearly the same language that the ancients were wont to greet their friends.

The Romans, who were robust, and laborious, had energetic salutations, expressing force and action:—"Salve"—"be strong"—"be healthy," and "Quid facis?"—"What do you do?" or "What make you?"

The Genoese of modern times, say, "Health and wealth," which is very appropriate for a commercial people.

The Neapolitan devoutly says, "grow in sanctity." The "How stand you?" of almost all Italy, forcibly indicates the unbalance of the sunny land.

The Spaniard, grave, haughty, and indifferent, wishes you "Good morning," to which we respond, "At your service, sir."

The ordinary salutation of the German is, "How goes it?" To bid one adieu, he says, "Live quiet and happy." This last plainly exhibits his love for the simple joys of life.

The travelling Hollander asks, "How waart's go?"—"How do you go?" The thoughtful active Swede demands, "Of what do you think?" while the Dane, more placid, uses the German expression "Live well."—"Live well."—"But the greeting of the Pole is best of all: "Are you happy?"

The English have the "Good-bye," a corruption of the words "God be with you," and some others; but that which exhibits best the character of the English is "How do you do?"

The Commanz vous portez vous? of the French, "How do you carry yourself," is equally characteristic of the free and easy Frenchman.

Make good use of time, if thou lovest eternity. Yesterday cannot be recalled—to-morrow cannot be secured—to-day is only thine;—if once lost it is lost forever.

A young lady explained to a printer, the other day, the distinction between printing and publishing, and at the conclusion of her remarks by way of illustration, she said, "You may print a kiss upon my cheek, but you must not publish it."

On returning home after his duel with young O'Connell, Lord Alvanley gave a guinea to the hackney-coachman who had driven him out and brought him back. The man, surprised at the largeness of the sum, said, "My lord, I only took you to—" "My friend," interrupted Alvanley, "the guinea is for bringing me back—not for taking me out."