

The Ottawa River and its Valley.

We present our readers in this number an engraving which faithfully represents one of the many beautiful scenes on the Ottawa River. This mighty stream, with its many beautiful lakes, wooded islands, and great cascades, is beginning to attract the attention, not only of the lumberman, but also of the pleasure traveler, who loves to gaze upon the beautiful and sublime works of nature. Ottawa is an Indian word, and signifies *the ear*,—but why this noble river should be called the ear, we have no means of ascertaining. If our red brethren call it the ear of the St. Lawrence, it is, indeed, an exceedingly long ear, and takes in sounds from a wide extent of country. The word is accented on the second syllable by the Aborigines, and pronounced Ot-taw-wah. This mighty river is nearly one thousand miles in length, and drains eighty thousand superficial miles of territory, one half of which is yet unexplored, and only occupied by wandering families of Indians and their wild game. But for the *voyageurs* to Hudson Bay, the foot-print of the white man would seldom be seen in this great wilderness. Here we have a country spread out before us, eight times as large as the State of Vermont, and capable of sustaining several millions of inhabitants, with a noble river coursing through it, resembling the Rhine in its length, and the Danube in its volume. In the spring, or the first of summer, the water passing in this river is equal to that flowing over Niagara Falls, and twice the common volume of the much celebrated Ganges.

Many of its tributaries, which scarcely have a place in a map, if they ran in other sections of our globe, would be celebrated in story and in song, and thousands of pilgrims would be wending their way to visit them. It is a curious fact, that three of the great rivers of Canada,—the Ottawa, St. Maurice, and Saguenay, take their

rise not far apart in the unbroken forest of the North, and roll on to the glorious St. Lawrence, which bears them to the Atlantic Ocean. The time is not far distant when thousands upon thousands will ascend the Ottawa, for the purpose of viewing its beautiful lakes and picturesque islands, its grand rapids and sublime cascades, as they now descend the noble St. Lawrence to behold its beautiful scenery.

The cut which we introduce to our readers is a correct picture of the Georgian Springs, whose mineral waters are beginning to attract the attention of the public. It is a beautiful little spot, but a few rods from the banks of the Ottawa. In front of a bluff of blue limestone, at the base of which the waters bubble up, is a beautiful lakelet, nearly a mile long, and about half a mile wide, which, in a still moonlit night, looks like a large mirror set in a frame of wooded hills. A creek, navigable for small boats and canoes, issues from the centre of this beautiful sheet of water, opposite the Springs, and runs into the Ottawa. Flocks of deer once resorted to these Springs to slake their thirst in its saline waters, and crop the green herbs that grew upon the shores of this lakelet. And of late years the attention of the inhabitants has been turned to the importance of Sabbath Schools. The Canada Sabbath School Union has sent several agents to this district, who have organized numerous Sabbath Schools, which promise much good, and are now exercising a beneficial influence, especially in the better observance of the Sabbath.

Before we close this brief article upon the Ottawa and its beautiful scenes, we would say a few words of the lumbermen. It is a fact worthy of being recorded, and long retained in memory, that these hardy and industrious men cheerfully engage in their laborious work, on the principle of total abstinence from all intoxicating