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THE OLD "FRENCH" CANALS ON THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.

Last summer, when visiting the "Cascades," where the sea-green waters of the dashing St. Lawrence are linked with those of her dark and placid sister, the Ottawa, I could not help admiring the grandeur and brilliancy of our Canadian scenery, and took out my sketch-book to secure a *memento* at least of this weird landscape which baffles pen and pencil.

At the point where these rivers meet without mingling, stands the ruin of an old seigniorial mill, a *souvenir* of the past, when a Vaudreuil or a De Beaujeu exercised feudal sway. The history of this mill must now be left for some student of the records of the *noblesse* of Canada and their efforts to secure the settlement of the country and to meet the wants of their *censitaires*. The walls are crumbling, and expose the heavy rafters of the building. The mill stones are within, resting from their labors. As we entered, the cattle seeking shelter there, fled and left us in full possession. But what especially attracted my attention was a canal of about twelve feet wide a few acres distance, cut across this point between the two rivers, and forming a communication by water to get past this wild rapid. No boat sought passage, no lock-keeper was there, the gates were gone, and