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NO. 22.

LINES TO THE OTTAWA.

Roll on mighty river from the snow cover'd north,
Roll on thy red waters in rapids and falls;
As giant in his strength, slow proudly, come forth,
From the regions of snow storms.—rule Boreas' halls.

Roll on noble Ott'wa through forests of pine,
Dash over cascades, in thy majesty soar;
Foam on in whiteness 'neath rocks where recune,
The ever-green cedars with centuries hoar.

The dark sombre hemlock and pyramid spruce,
Ate wet with the spray from thy clear running foun-
tains,
As they bend o'er thy cliffs where the great antler'd
Moose

Is slaking his thirst from his chase o'er the mountains.

Oft near thee hath wild scream of Lynx from his
lair,
With the rush of the sly creeping Otter for prey,
Commingle been heard with the growl of the bear,
And the rush of thy bright and thy white foaming spray

Now songs of the voyageurs and rafts-men are heard,
Where the whoop of the red man alone used to sound;
And his birchen canoe so swan-like once stir'd,
Thy bright whirling waters, where steamers are
found.

Thy forests of beauty to the axe-man must yield,
Thy fir trees and oaks that braved northern blasts,
On the Black Sea and Baltic near war's dreadful field,
Are bristling in terror as Britain's war masts.

They sail on the billows of every great sea—
Are the ramparts of England to bully the world,
Yet once on thy waters 'mid voyager's glee,
Thro' cascades and rapids they merrily whirl'd.

Now cities and commerce thy margins adorn,
And the farmer goes whistling behind his good plough;
Thy forests of ages asunder are torn,
And thy waters are parted by the steamer's proud bow.

Roll on mighty Ott'wa thy destiny's grand,
A nation of free men are rising by thee;
The Saxon and Celt in peace till thy land,
Are rearing beside thee sweet liberty's tree.

May, 1854.

C. M. D.

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

[Continued from No. 21.]

THE COTEAU DU LAC—THE LACHINE RAPIDS.

In my last I mentioned that our second day's journey ended by a night's rest at this village. This was in consequence of the danger of passing down the Lachine rapids, and through the lake below them, at night. The rapids commence a little below the village. It consists of a few hundreds of British and French residents, and poor houses, and is cold and cheerless, especially in the spring and autumn. We perceived a great change in the temperature in the air here, and all the way to Lachine. Lachine is about thirty miles below this village. At daylight next morning, the 11th May, our steamer started down the rapids, which are very similar to those before described. We observe, however, a marked difference in the country. In the first place, we see that we are entering a land inhabited by people, at least twenty-five, perhaps fifty years behind those of Western Canada: a people having, apparently, very little enterprise; content with being stationary; dwelling on small pieces of land; in low wooden houses scattered along the river, like a village. The trees, also, are small and scrubby, the islands low and numerous, the air chilly and foggy. On the 11th May the country, from Coteau du Lac thirty miles, was as backward as Toronto would have been in the beginning of April. The frogs had just

commenced to whistle, and numerous remnants of the snows of the previous winter still floated about. We passed over several patches in the rapids, very sudden and exciting. The river suddenly contracts in one place, to be with of about 200 yards, and rushes down a fall very boisterously; yet the boat passes over it without any harm. Then it widens again to a mile. Near the rapids I observed several low islands, round which the water hurried, evidently wearing them away. The ground in the islands is gravelly. Some curious legends are current about these islands, especially one in the centre of the largest rapid. It is said an Indian once inhabited it, but could not leave it. In trying to do so he perished in the waters.

A BEAUTIFUL MORNING.

I was up at daylight, watching the noble steamer tumbling over the rapids, and gliding through the cold waters, by the silent French habitations. Suddenly a beautiful sun arose and made everything smile. The white waves and snow hillocks in the water were lit up by its beautiful light. The cool morning air sharpened the appetite.

APPEARANCE OF LOWER CANADA DWELLINGS.— WINDMILLS.

The land in France is generally cut up into small strips of from one to ten acres, more or less. These strips are divided among the children of the families, from generation to generation. Frequently no fence divides the small farms, and women and children watch them alternately, whilst the cattle feed. On these small lots the grain and produce of the farmers are raised. They rely upon subsistence in this way. Their education is poor, and they are emphatically the dupes of designing men—the easy victims of Priestcraft. Then out of these scanty lands they have to pay tithes to the priests. They cannot sell these lands without paying a fine of 1-12th of the purchase-money to the priest. So, if they sell twelve times, they in effect pay as much to the priests as the land is worth. This system of course checks all land sales. This is exactly the state of things among Lower Canadian farmers. Our thrifty, well-to-do farmers, with their 100 or 200 acres of land cleared, with good buildings and barns, fine orchards and herds of cattle, would be surprised to see the thousands and tens of thousands of little pinched-up farms of the French habitans of Lower Canada, with their low one-story, high-roofed houses. No orchards surround them; no large barns; no noble forests, nor fine-looking cattle. A small stable may be seen, a garden and a few trees about it. In the distance the ancient wind-mill is seen, an emblem of the dark ages. It reminds one of the fourteenth century. Wind-mills in Lower Canada are a peculiar feature of the country. You see them everywhere! Then you see, every few miles, a small wooden church. I observed that, in Lower Canada, the Roman Catholic churches have not crosses on the steeples, as in Upper Canada. The houses are often painted red, the windows small and without shutters, and, one would think, ill adapted to protect the inhabitants against cold. No trees protect them either. I think, when I see trees and stubbly about a house, that its inmates have taste. I look upon them as evidences of refinement. We see little of it in the country parts of Lower Canada, and too little of it in Upper Canada. Planting trees too near the dwelling house is not good. A few should be planted near the house, and the rest at a short distance.

I saw no wheat fields in Lower Canada; the inhabitants depend on spring grain and summer crops entirely.

VILLAGE OF LACHINE.

THE ICE IN THE LAKE—THE LIGHT HOUSES AND RISING GROUNDS OF MONTREAL.

Before we come to Montreal we enter a lake called St. Louis, or where the river widens greatly, caused by the meeting of the waters of

the St. Lawrence and the Southern Branch of the Ottawa. This lake was filled with large floating hillocks of snow, or ice resembling snow. These icebergs often obstructed our steamer for some minutes. They rose several feet from the water and sank to the bottom.— This lake is filled with floating light houses to mark out the safest channels. The light houses are built on small heavy built schooners, kept steady by anchors. On entering this lake we see in the distance the highlands above Montreal; the two mountains; a large Catholic Church, with shining tinned roof, standing under the mountain above Montreal; also a pleasant looking country residence in the Mountain Forest; the village of Caughnawaga to the south, where the Montreal and New York Railroad line have a depot; and immediately to the east Lachine. It is a small village containing perhaps 1000 inhabitants—French and English. At this point the railroad to Montreal (9 miles long) terminates. It is a pleasant 20 minutes run from Lachine to Montreal on this road, which seems well built. Here the steamer that goes up the Ottawa stops. I will allude to this afterwards. Caughnawaga is 70 miles from the American frontier inland.— The fare by railroad to New York from this village is \$8. Lake St. Louis at first widens into a breadth of about two miles, and then becomes about 7 miles wide. It is said to be 30 miles long—is shallow, and filled with some islands. I jumped on the cars and took a run down to Montreal before breakfast, it being my intention to go up the Ottawa at 8 o'clock by the Lady Simpson steamer, which leaves at that hour. We arrived at Lachine at 7 o'clock. I found the captain and people on the St. Lawrence very attentive,—the table reasonably good.

THE RAILROAD TO MONTREAL.

Runs in a low valley and by the edge of a beautiful ridge of land, on which pleasant sunny residences are built. The bank of the ridge was green and looked warm. Vegetation on it, and the trees seemed as forward as in Toronto. This ridge of land runs all the way (about 9 miles.) to Montreal,—is about 100 feet high and forms the lowest terrace of the mountain land. The beautiful residences of Donegan and Mr. Moffat were pointed out to me. The valley through which the railroad runs is marshy and low, filled with stones and boulders—the wood cedar, spruce and birch. The site of Montreal has at one time been overflowed, and the ridge and mountain above it have been an island.

THE CITY OF MONTREAL.

I paid only an hour's visit to Montreal, and of course do not mean to describe it. A bird's eye view of it only is given. The remarks on what I heard in reference to the state of society here, and the appearance of the place, may be relied on as perfectly correct. Montreal is emphatically a pretty place, and it is also warm, I should think as much so as Toronto. Vegetation was as forward. The reasons for this are two.—To the east and north in part, the city is protected by highlands the mountains which over hang it being, I should think from three to four hundred yards high—perhaps higher—being twice or three times the height of the Hamilton and Dundas mountains. Then it is surrounded with water, it being situated on a large island; it faces the south and south-west to some extent, and the sun strikes down powerfully. This city is the largest in British America, contains a population of over 50,000, and is perhaps the most wealthy too. Toronto is however fast overtaking it. Montreal is a mercantile city, one that has for 50 years controlled the commercial interests of Upper Canada. It is situated at the confluence of the two greatest of Northern and North-western rivers—the St. Lawrence and Ottawa. Here the Hudson Bay fur trade has generally centred. Here the trade of the Ottawa chiefly centres. Bytown is tributary to Montreal. Yet in a commercial point, Montreal is not the natural outlet of the commerce of Upper Canada—I mean that part of the King-

ston, which is of course the great bulk of it. Boston and New York are our commercial outlets. The natural destiny of Upper Canada is to trade with New York, Ohio, and Pennsylvania. Our people are identical too in interests. It is true the St. Lawrence passes by all of us, and may be said to be a chain to unite us forever commercially, yet commerce seems the best and the speediest market.

The ice and cold of the Halifax route, so far as shipping are concerned, are delays when compared with New York and Boston. It may be said that the Portland railroad will obviate this evil—it does to some extent. By express we are only 19 hours from New York. Our merchants go to New York, buy their goods and are back again behind their competitors selling them in 3 days. Can this be said of Portland or Montreal? When the Grand Trunk is finished Montreal will be within 20 or perhaps 15 hours ride of Toronto. Yet Portland is again almost or quite as far from Toronto. Goods from Europe will come to Portland and then to Montreal and the transport never can be as speedy as from Boston and New York, by many hours. My prejudices would be in favour of Montreal. Commercially and politically the natural destiny of Upper Canada is a union with New York and the New England States. Would diverting our trade from Montreal ruin it? Of course not. Montreal is, and will be naturally the capital of a large country. The commerce of the Ottawa and one fourth of Upper Canada will flow to it.

APPEARANCE OF MONTREAL.

This city is situated under the brow of a curious mountain which rises very suddenly to a very conspicuous height, seen for 30 miles around. The land around the mountain which was probably once an island of the sea or the remains of a bark water bank, recedes. It is rocky, limestone, I believe, covered with trees. You could almost jump from its high terraces upon the city. The view from it in the summer must be delightful. The streets of Montreal are narrow and dirty, the back ones ill paved. The habitations very close and low, just such as to invite the cholera. Montreal has 3 daily papers and I think as many as 10 weekly ones. It has 3 temperance papers and one literary one—a majority of these are in English. The population is more than half French and probably two thirds Catholic. There is a large, mostly ignorant Roman Catholic population here. It, with some violent Protestants, has caused all the Montreal riots. The native Canadians are ignorant yet quiet and orderly. The tone of Society is governed just now by Popish views. The religious wealth is with the Catholics—the commercial with the Protestants. The political influence is chiefly Roman Catholic. Montreal has a strong temperance element. There are two large Divisions of the Sons of the Holy Spirit—the Howard and Adopajab—and also a large tent of Rechabites. Many of the Catholics are active for temperance, and there is a monthly temperance journal published in French in the city. In English the *Safe Boat* and *Advocate* are published in the same interest. The daily papers are the *Pilot*, *Herald* and *Gazette*, these three are also weekly papers, and in addition there are the *Transcript*, *Witness*, *Protestant*, *True Witness*, *Freeman*, *Catholic*, the *La Poye*, *Miner* and others I cannot recollect. Montreal is a very drunken city, perhaps not so much so as Toronto. There is a Medical Journal published in Montreal. A peculiar feature in Montreal is its two-wheeled carriages.

THE RELIGIOUS ASPECT OF MONTREAL.—MONTREAL RELIGIOUS NOTES.

It is eminently a Catholic city, contains 4 universities and about 1000 nuns. The number of priests I do not know, but they are numerous. A body of priests, perhaps 50 in number, dressed in long black gowns, will sometimes issue from the churches in military file, march through the streets with book in hand open