

1836

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## VISIT TO MONTREAL, MARIA MONK'S "AWFUL DISCLOSURES ! !"

EXAMINATION OF THE HOTEL DIEU.

IN the course of a recent flying excursion through a portion of Lower Canada, bordering upon the St. Lawrence, it was both desirable and convenient to pass a few days in Montreal. The sojourn, in good weather, upon that rich and beautiful island of which the city bears the name, could scarce be otherwise than pleasant to the inquiring traveller, under any circumstances.—Doubly so was it rendered to us by the kind attentions and hospitalities of intelligent friends, who spared no pains in contributing to our comfort, and ministering to our curiosity.

To an American who has not "been abroad," and whose eye is accustomed only to the light and airy towns and cities of our own country, the narrow streets, and dark, massive built stone dwellings and store-houses, erected with an eye rather to use, convenience and comfort, than to the gratification of taste, or any correct principles of architecture, the city itself presents few external attractions. But its location is very beautiful. The island upon the south-eastern side of which the city is built, is formed by the St. Lawrence on the south, and by a branch of the Ottawa on the north. It is thirty miles in length, by ten and a half in breadth—constituting a very large seignory, and belonging to the Roman Catholic Seminary.

With the exception of a single mountain rising near the centre, to the height of from five to eight hundred feet, the island is perfectly level, and for the most part, in a high state of cultivation. The base and sides of the mountain are adorned by orchards, gardens, villas, and substantial country seats of the most opulent citizens, while it is crested with a noble array of primitive forest trees. The orchards are numerous and thrifty—producing an abundance of apples of the finest varieties, several of which were entirely new to me. All the usual garden fruits are produced in great abundance and perfection. In riding upon the side of the mountain, and at the left, as we were climbing the road that passes over it, among other fine country estates, my attention was directed to an ancient stone edifice, on the skirt of the ascent, surrounded by a wall, formerly distinguished by the appellation of the *Chateau des Seigneurs de Montreal*, but now generally called *La Maison des Petres*, or the Priest's Farm, as it belongs to the seminary, and is occupied as a summer retreat and place of re-

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