

ence in the royalty line, we improved the opportunity to study the question. The Governor General, Lord Dufferin, had just arrived from England, and was on a tour of observation, especially among the militia camps. He was unostentatious, and his good lady bore herself as meekly as circumstances would permit, and from all we could learn, we think they are well calculated to become very popular among our semi-Americanized neighbors. We will venture the assertion that American women and English men can get up more useless baggage than any people in the world, hence we were prepared to find the attendants of his lordship saddled down with about a car load of stuff, in the shape of trunks, hat boxes, umbrellas, blankets, &c. &c., and there were about three times as many people to take care of it as were necessary. It is also useless to inform our American readers who have travelled that the attendants put on five times as many "airs" as the Governor General and his wife. The militia of Canada, like our own, do pretty well on dress parade once a year, but would be a sorry lot to stand the steady march and fatigue of veterans. Of course they were well complimented in general orders, and that will save the country till next July, especially as there is no earthly danger of their being called into service. The people of Canada and the United States we found to be the best of friends, and have no idea of a conflict. God grant that we may never quarrel with such good and hospitable neighbors.

But, returning to our trip, we approach the Galopes and Long Sault Rapids, which together run about twelve miles, and which rush along at about twenty miles per hour. From the Guide Book we extract the following:

"When the vessel enters within their influence the steam is shut off, and she is carried onwards by the force of the stream alone. The surging waters present all the appearance of the ocean in a storm; the noble boat strains and labors, but unlike the ordinary pitching and tossing at sea, this going down hill by water produces a highly novel sensation, and is, in fact, a service of some danger, the imminence of which enhanced to the imagination by the tremendous roar of the headlong boiling current. Great nerve, and force, and precision are here required in piloting, so as to keep the vessel's head straight with the course of the rapids, for if she diverges in the least, presenting her side to the current, or "broached to," as the nautical phrase is, she would be instantly run aground. Hence the necessity of enormous power over her rudder; and for this purpose the mode of steering affords great facility, for the wheel that governs the rudder is placed ahead, and by means of chain and pulley sways it. But in descending the rapids the tiller is placed astern to the rudder itself, so that the tiller can be manned as well as the wheel. Some idea may be entertained of the peril of descending a rapid, when it acquires four men at the wheel and two at the tiller to ensure safe steering. Here is the region of the daring raftsmen, at whose hands are demanded infinite courage and skill; there is, however, but little danger to life, as it frequently happens that a steamer strikes and sinks, but a few minutes puts them safely in shoal water."

Passing Cornwall, St. Regis, through Lake St. Francis, we descend the Coteau du Lac, Coteau Cedar, Split Rock and Cascade Rapids to Lake St. Louis, where the dark waters of the Ottawa river enter. Before reaching Montreal, we passed down the celebrated Lachine Rapids, which are the most dangerous of all, at an unusually late hour in the evening, the captain and pilot consenting to the risk at the request of the Governor's party. The old Indian pilot, Baptiste, now nearly sixty years of age, showed himself to be a perfect master of the trying situation. We had the pleasure of going under the great Victoria bridge, the largest in the world, being two miles in length. We arrived after dark in Montreal, the largest and finest city in Canada, founded in 1642. it has a population of about 130,000. in the morning we called upon Bro. T. White, Jr., formerly publisher of the *Craftsman*, now of the *Gazette*, and afterwards upon Bro. A. A. Stevenson, who, with Bro. Bernard, showed us all the attention possible, and made our sojourn exceedingly pleasant. We visited all the places of interest, especially the Cathedral and Jesuit's Churches, through which we were shown by the polite ushers. The latter church is considered one of the best finished on the Continent. Montreal abounds in fine public edifices, magnificent stores, banks and private residences, and in fact, we think it the best built city of its size in this country.

After having made the acquaintance of a large number of brethren and others, through Bro. Stevenson, we regretted much to leave this hospitable city, but want of time pushed us on to Quebec, one hundred and eighty miles below, on the beautiful St. Lawrence. Arriving in time for the favorite steamer for Saguenay River and "Ha, Ha Bay," we changed boats, and arrived at the latter place the next night. We extract the following description of this remarkable river: