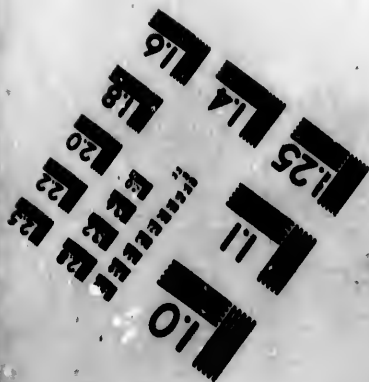
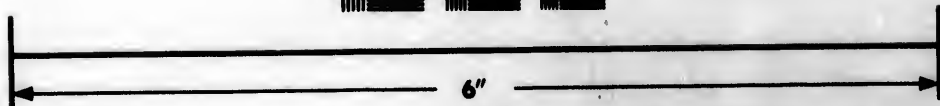
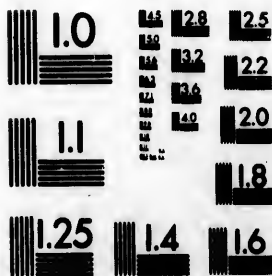


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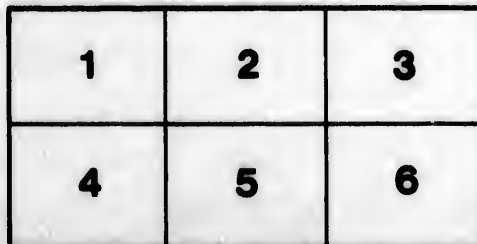
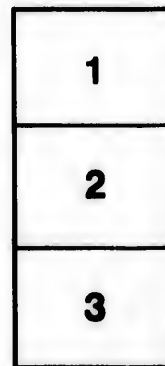
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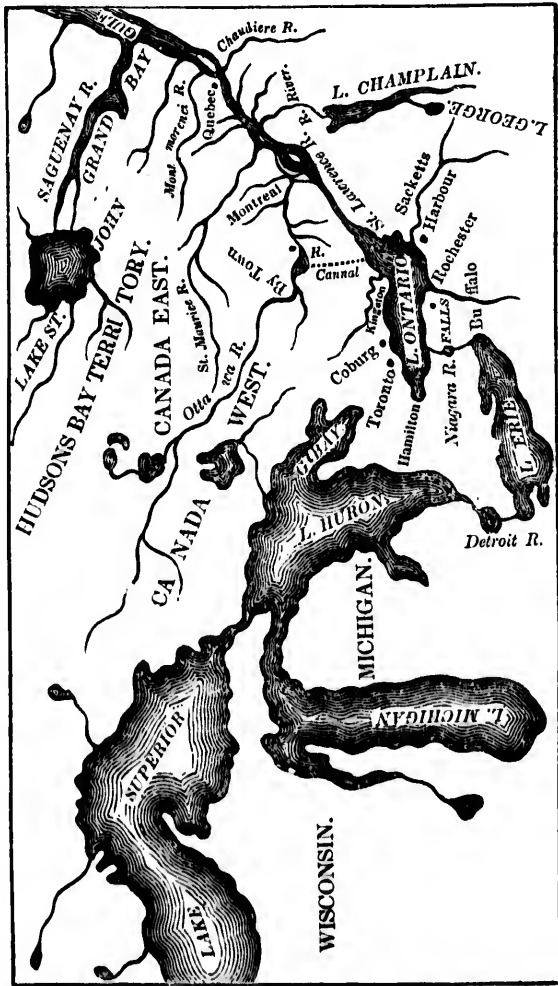


Engraved by Chase

Chas. Butler & Co. Lith. Boston

Wm. Gerrit

MAP OF THE LAKES AND RIVERS



ILLUSTRATED ON

BURR'S SEVEN MILE MIRROR.

P 917.1

D 456 *bm*

DESCRIPTIVE AND HISTORICAL
V I E W
OF
BURR'S MOVING MIRROR
OF THE
LAKES, THE NIAGARA, ST. LAWRENCE,
AND SAGUENAY RIVERS,
EMBRACING
THE ENTIRE RANGE OF BORDER SCENERY
OF THE
UNITED STATES AND CANADIAN SHORES,
FROM
LAKE ERIE TO THE ATLANTIC.

NEW YORK:
S. W. PATERSON & CO.,
PRINTERS, 15 NASSAU ST.

BOSTON:
DUTTON & WENTWORTH, PRINTERS.
1850.

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REMARKS.

THE Proprietor assures the public that the painting which has been aptly denominated the "Mammoth Moving Mirror," is a true and faithful portraiture of the scenery which it professes to represent, every object, from the commencement of the pictorial journey to its close, having been carefully drawn and colored on the spot. In this respect it differs from numerous deceptions, misnamed Panoramas, which have been got up with trifling labor from old prints and drawings, so bunglingly copied and patched together as to outrage truth and nature, and present scenery which never did and never could exist. These miserable abortions, rebellious alike to the laws of gravitation, perspective, and good taste, have so much disgusted the public, that it is necessary for a true painting to present some sort of credentials before it can gain admittance to good society.

The public may rely on the accuracy of the views portrayed on this almost endless Painting. They were not taken on a flying steamboat trip. The Proprietor, and that celebrated artist, Mr. E. P. Barnes of New York city, WALKED THE WHOLE DISTANCE FROM LAKE ERIE ALONG THE BANKS OF THE NIAGARA TO LAKE ONTARIO, making *full drawings of the entire range of scenery*, encountering great peril in descending and drawing each other up the dizzy cliffs which overhang the *Great Whirlpool* at a height of several hundred feet.

Arriving at Lake Ontario, the Proprietor fitted up a vessel, and with pilot, crew, and all necessary conveniences for the Artists, proceeded with the drawings as far as Quebec, where a second vessel was chartered which arrived at the head of the Saguenay late in autumn—ending the voyage amid the snow and ice which abound in that region. Thus, two thirds of a year were consumed in making the preliminary drawings.

Numerous articles appeared in the Canadian Press during the time the Proprietor was engaged in making his drawings, one

of which, from the Quebec Mercury, July 10, 1848, is here copied:—

“We are highly gratified in being able to inform the citizens of Quebec and the public generally, that Mr. W. Burr, from the city of New York, (accompanied by superior artists,) has, after a long and dangerous passage of several months through the great Western Lakes, Niagara River, Lakes Ontario and St. Lawrence, arrived in this city. They have made drawings and sketches through the whole route, and have chartered a schooner, fitted her out with stores and suitable guides, and are continuing their way down the St. Lawrence to the Saguenay; will ascend that wild, picturesque and noble river, and from thence continue down the St. Lawrence to the Gulf and Atlantic, which will complete their whole line of sketches, forming one continuous view, the whole distance making nearly 2,000 miles. These sketches are being made for the purpose of completing a Grand Mammoth Painting, which is intended to exceed in extent, style, execution, &c., anything of the kind ever exhibited in America. This is precisely what is wanted to bring Canadian scenery into notice. Tourists are not generally aware of the many scenic attractions Canada presents, and, consequently, (we presume) visit and revisit hackneyed localities *faute de mieux*. We wish Mr. Burr every success, and *en avant courier* of his Painting, can assure our friends of the States, that a treat is in store for them.”

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PICTORIAL TOUR.

THE scenery selected for this Mirror commences on Lake Erie and includes the Niagara River with its stupendous cataract, Lake Ontario, the mighty St. Lawrence, and the dark, wild, and mysterious Saguenay. In addition to the attractions which the bold and romantic scenery on this route possesses for the lover of the beautiful and picturesque, the painting exhibits the most interesting portion of the boundary between the United States and Canada, including the entire range of scenery on both shores, from Lake Erie to the Gulf of the St. Lawrence near the Atlantic Ocean, and teems throughout with historical associations of the highest interest. The extent of the country embraced in this painting being so vast, and being truly a *terra incognita* to many of our readers, a brief geographical description of the great Lakes, forming the source of the St. Lawrence, and a slight sketch of the United Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, will not be deemed inappropriate, before describing *seriatim* the subjects as they appear on the Canvas.

THE LAKES.

The most striking peculiarity of this part of North America is its immense lakes, which, in respect to depth and extent of surface, have no equals on the face of the earth. Lake Superior is the largest of these inland seas, and, without exception, the most extensive body of fresh water in the world; being about 1,500 miles in circumference. In shape it is an irregular crescent, and its length is nearly 400 miles. Its surface is elevated 625 feet above the level of the sea, and its *mean* depth is 900 feet. More than 220 rivers and streams pour into it their waters from the surrounding mountains.

Lake Huron, the second in magnitude of this great chain of lakes, receives the surplus water of Lake Superior by St. Mary's

Channel. Its circumference is supposed to be nearly 1,000 miles, and the depth is estimated at from 900 to 1,000 feet. Near its northwestern point a narrow strait connects it with Lake Michigan, which is entirely included in the United States. By Lake St. Clair and the Detroit River, Lake Huron communicates with Lake Erie, whose circumference is about 600 miles. This, in a commercial point of view, ranks as the most important of the whole chain of lakes; possessing the most extensive channels of inland communication in the world. By means of the Erie Canal it connects with the Hudson River and the Atlantic Ocean; and by the Ohio Canal, with the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers and the Gulf of Mexico. The Welland Canal, also, on the Canadian side, forms a ship channel for vessels to pass through to Lake Ontario, and thence by the River St. Lawrence to the ocean.

CANADA.

This province derives its name from the Iroquois word *Kanata*, which signifies a village or collection of huts. It extends from Gaspé, in the east, to Sandwich, at the end of Lake Erie, in the west. On the west, its shores are washed by Lake Huron; on the south-east, by Lakes Erie and Ontario, and by the St. Lawrence as far as the boundary of the 45th parallel of latitude. From thence the great River St. Lawrence flows through the centre of the province, and contributes as a votive offering to the ocean, *half the fresh water on the surface of the globe!*

The above brief description will, it is presumed, be sufficient to convey to the untravelled spectator an adequate idea of the great inland seas of America, which form the source of the mighty river whose shores this moving mirror illustrates. We beg leave to call the attention of those who are about to accompany us through these romantic regions, to some historical and statistical particulars connected with the various spots depicted, which will add much to the interest of the pictorial journey.

THE CITY OF BUFFALO

Is beautifully situated at the eastern end of Lake Erie and near the entrance of the Niagara River. The harbor is formed by a creek, which crosses the southern portion of the city and is

separated from the lake by a peninsula. A breakwater 1,500 feet in length projects into the lake, at the extremity of which is situated a substantial lighthouse.

Sixty years ago, the Seneca nation owned the entire western portion of the State of New York, and the right of preëmption belonged to the State of Massachusetts. Oliver Phelps purchased this right in 1787, and in June, 1788, he met the Senecas at Buffalo, and concluded a treaty, by which they conveyed to him the territory lying between the preëmption line and the Genesee River, and a strip of land on the west bank of the river, twelve miles wide and about twenty miles in depth from its mouth. This acquisition is now known as Phelps's and Gorham's purchase. At this time we have no record of any white man inhabiting this region. La Rochefaucold Liancourt, a French nobleman, visited this place, then known as Lake Erie, in 1795, and speaks of an inn, where he was obliged to sleep on the floor in his clothes, and in which there was neither "furniture, refreshment, rum, candles, or milk." The village rapidly rose into consequence a short time after this, when it was suddenly doomed to destruction. On 30th December, 1813, the British, to avenge the burning of Kingston, crossed the river at Black Rock, and took and burnt it, in spite of the gallant resistance offered by the inhabitants. So complete was the destruction that only two dwellings were left unconsumed. The rebuilding of the place was not commenced until 1815. The population, in 1811, was estimated at 500; in February, 1848, it was carefully enumerated, and found to be over 40,000, so that in 1850 it will probably contain 50,000 souls. The act incorporating the city of Buffalo was passed April 20th, 1832; but it may date its great and increasing prosperity from the completion of the Erie Canal in 1825. Though a brief space has elapsed since the first settlement took place, its commerce and consequent opulence have increased to such a degree that it may be confidently believed that Buffalo is destined to be one of the greatest cities of the Union. She well merits the appellation of the "*Queen City of the Lakes.*"

Having completed our view of Buffalo, we must take leave of the beautiful lake, and enter the renowned Niagara River, which is the outlet of Lake Erie; and instead of sailing down the river and viewing one shore only, we will land at Fort Erie on the

Canadian shore, and walk along the banks the whole length of the river, thirty-three miles, which will bring us to Lake Ontario. By adopting this method, we gain the important point of enabling the spectator to view both the American and Canadian shores, with the beautiful river flowing between them, and all embraced in one view. It is true, the walk will be somewhat lengthy, and in many places we shall be compelled to encounter severe fatigue and imminent danger, sometimes descending, at other times climbing, the rugged sides of cliffs from two to five hundred feet above the bed of the river, and clinging to shrubs or twigs, and assisting each other from spots where the foot will hardly find a resting place. Remember, while performing these feats, we are often hanging over the wild and roaring rapids; but there is no other way of viewing the Niagara River to advantage, for the reader must bear in mind that no steamboat, or other sailing craft, can or dare venture to descend the angry stream further than Chippewa landing, which is only twenty miles from Buffalo. We shall of course suffer the penalties of a difficult enterprise, but even if we had come all the way from Europe to view the natural phenomena of this extraordinary river, the novelty and grandeur would be sufficient compensation for the voyage.

F O R T E R I E—

Now a mass of ruins—at the foot of the lake and immediately opposite to Buffalo, now comes in full view. It was captured by the Americans, July 3d, 1814. A very strong fortification belonging to the United States, on a rising ground, about a mile and a half north of the city of Buffalo, and half way to Black Rock, is now before the eye, at which place there is an extensive stone pier or dam, affording immense water power, and, at the same time, serving as a feeder to the Erie Canal. A steam ferry-boat runs from Black Rock to the village of Waterloo, on the opposite shore of Canada. The Erie Canal, crowded with boats containing the rich produce of the western prairies, runs parallel with, and at a short distance from, the banks of the Niagara River. It is in view from Buffalo to Tonawanda, nineteen miles, and forms a pleasing and animated feature in the landscape, especially as its surface is six feet higher than the river, caused by the dam at Black Rock.

THE NIAGARA RIVER,

Thirty-three miles long, is, at Fort Erie, about a mile wide. It passes through a country of the most fertile, and at the same time of the wildest and most romantic character, and in its short and rapid course presents the sublime spectacle of all the superabundant waters of the great lakes rushing along its narrow channel in one immense body, in its way to join the ocean. The first vessel that ever navigated the inland seas of America, was built by La Salle, a Frenchman, in 1678, at the mouth of a small creek, (supposed to be the Cayuga,) six miles above the Falls. After many unsuccessful attempts the vessel, which was of sixty tons burden, ascended the current into Lake Erie, by the combined aid of tow-lines and sails, on 7th August, 1679. They sailed through a lake to which La Salle gave the name of St. Clair, and after encountering a violent storm in Lake Huron, they passed into Lake Michigan, and landed at the mouth of Green Bay. He sent back the vessel laden with rich furs, valued at 60,000 livres, in charge of the pilot and five men; but they never reached the Niagara, and were supposed to have foundered in Lake Huron. The sloop Detroit, of seventy tons, built in 1796, was the first vessel bearing the American flag upon Lake Erie; and, in 1818, the first steamboat, "Walk in the Water," was built at Black Rock; at which time the whole number of vessels on the upper lakes consisted of thirty sail.

Descending the Niagara, we come to Grand' Island, belonging to the United States; a splendid tract of land covered with noble forest trees. The white oak here is considered to be of superior quality for shipbuilding.

CHIPPEWA

Is twenty miles below Buffalo and two miles above the Falls; it is situated at the mouth of a creek, which is navigable about eight miles, to the Welland Canal. This village is noted for the sanguinary battle which was fought on 5th July, 1814, on the plains, a short distance from the landing. The American forces were commanded by Major General Brown, the English by Major General Riall, who was defeated with considerable

loss. The night before the battle, the American army crossed *the bridge, and encamped by the shattered old house, shown in the foreground of this painting.* Almost the entire ground where this desperate and bloody battle was fought, is depicted on the canvas. One of the corner posts of the house aforesaid was carried away by a cannon shot fired by the *patriots* or *sympathisers* while in possession of Navy Island, which is directly opposite. We have here the celebrated *Slater House*, in which a man was killed by a cannon shot fired by the same force whilst lying in bed. Many shots were fired through this house and barn, by the *soi-disant patriots*, although it was well known that a quiet and respectable family occupied it. Also the ruins of the English batteries are seen, and the abutments of the bridge which crossed the Chippewa Creek, and which was destroyed by the British, in 1814, to prevent the Americans from crossing. A railroad extends from Chippewa to Queenston, a distance of ten miles. Steam navigation ends at Chippewa.

NAVY ISLAND,

The noted fortress of the patriots in the late insurrection of 1837-8, lies in the immediate vicinity of Chippewa, and near Grand Island, but is inferior to the latter in size and richness of soil. Below this and at Schlosser landing the river expands to more than two miles in width, but suddenly contracts to less than a mile.

Here the *Great Rapids* commence, the current increasing from five to twenty miles per hour. Noted as the Canadian boatmen are for their intrepidity, they dare not venture farther down. Mrs. Jamieson, in her pleasing work on Canada, thus graphically describes the rapids. "The whole mighty river comes rushing over the brow of a hill, and, as you look up, it seems as if coming down to overwhelm you; then meeting with the rocks as it pours down the declivity, it boils and frets like the breakers of the ocean. Huge mounds of water, smooth, transparent, and gleaming like an emerald, rise up and bound over some impediment, then break into silver foam, which leaps into the air in the most graceful and fantastic forms."

Here the noise of the Falls is distinctly heard, resembling the roar of the sea breaking on the shore; and a column of mist is

seen hovering over the rapid stream in the distance. Below, the river bends to the east, and is divided by Iris Island, commonly called Goat Island, leaving, however, by far the greater body of water on the Canadian side. This island, which divides, and perhaps adds to the beauty and sublimity of the Falls, is three hundred and thirty yards wide, and is covered with noble forest trees and a luxuriant vegetation.

This island extends to, and forms part of the precipice, thus dividing the cataract into two distinct Falls. Again, the smaller cascade is divided by Prospect Island; so that the *Cataract of Niagara* consists of the British, or Horse-Shoe Fall, between the Canadian shore and Iris Island; the Central Fall, between Iris Island and Prospect Island; and the American Fall, between Prospect Island and the American shore. The width of the first Fall is about 700 yards; of the second, 20 yards; and of the third, 330 yards. And the whole breadth of the Cataract, including Prospect and Iris Islands, is rather more than 1,400 yards from the Canadian to the American side. The perpendicular descent is, at different points, variously estimated from 158 to 164 feet. The largest portion of the river flows in an almost unbroken sheet over the Horse-Shoe Fall.

Many attempts have been made, in prose and verse, by the most talented writers, to describe the *Falls of Niagara*; but none of them have succeeded in expressing that overwhelming sense of the presence of Omnipotence and the soul-subduing awe which oppresses the mind of the contemplative spectator. In fact, words are insufficient to paint this great and wonderful work of the Creator of all things:—

"Here speaks the voice of God! Let man be dumb,
Nor with his vain aspirings hither come;
That voice impels these hollow-sounding floods,
And like a presence fills the distant woods.
These groaning rocks th' Almighty's finger piled,
For ages here, His painted bow has smiled;
Marking the changes and the chance of time—
Eternal—beautiful—serene—sublime!"

The minds of all who behold the mighty Cataract for the first time are agitated by a variety of conflicting emotions. The sound of this immense volume of water descending from a vast height causes a palpable concussion of the air; the ground

trembles beneath the feet, and the scene conjures up strange phantoms in the imagination. Each is affected according to his natural temperament. The bold and ardent youth hears, in the voice of the resistless flood, the sounds of strife and battle—the shouts of the victors and the groans of the dying. The poet beholds visions of unearthly beauty in the wreathing mist, and music, sweet as the harps before the throne of the Eternal, salutes his ear. But all confess a feeling of awe and veneration such as is sometimes felt whilst sailing at night upon the trackless ocean. The never-ceasing, down-pouring of the mighty flood, absorbs all the faculties of the mind, and hours pass unheeded whilst we stand ruminating over its mysteries. The cloudy column rises by night and day; the covenant rainbow on its glowing brow shines ever in the sun; and when the moon's unclouded radiance softens all the scene, still gleams the bow of promise there, lifting our thoughts from earth to heaven, and waking memories full of sweet harmonies as vesper hymns from some white convent in the distant hills!

In plain *parlance*, it is almost impossible to form a conception of the volume of water passing by the Niagara River over the Falls; yet, below Montreal, the stream of the St. Lawrence, which is a continuation of Niagara, is twice as great as in the neighborhood of the Falls; and at the mouth of the Saguenay the volume of fresh water, which the great river of Canada rolls towards the sea, is perhaps more than equal to the aggregate of all the rivers of the Atlantic coast, from the Gulf of the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico; including even the Mississippi, which some writers have gone so far as to name the "Father of Rivers." In a word, the whole region drained by the St. Lawrence is one of great lakes, numberless fountains, and deep and rapid rivers, *never exhausted by the sun*. It has been estimated by Dr. Dwight, that 28,359 tons of water are precipitated over the Cataract per second.

There are many objects of interest connected with the Falls, which can be merely enumerated in this pamphlet. At the foot of the Canadian Fall a ledge of rock leads into a cavern behind the sheet of water, called the "Cavern of the Winds." The darkness, and the strong wind blowing the spray over the intruders, render its exploration a difficult adventure for weak nerves. The whole region about the Falls, especially below,

is unique and full of points of history and wild romance. In the immediate neighborhood, the tourist should visit Niagara Village, on the American shore, the "Burning Springs," and Lundy's Lane Battle Ground, on the Canadian side. That parties visiting the Falls may have the means of viewing them in every possible manner, and to add to the excitement of this already exciting spectacle, a small steamboat, named the "Maid of the Mist," carries a living freight of delighted, and we may add, fear-stricken passengers along the base of the American and Canadian Falls, to be drenched with the spray of the descending waters—a shower-bath on a gigantic scale! Really, as we stand on the Canadian shore and look down a chasm of near two hundred feet upon this audacious little craft loaded with human beings, rolling and pitching in the white-capped surges, and close to the base of the great Cataract—at one moment, completely enveloped in clouds of mist—the next, breaking into view, surrounded by playful rainbows—we wonder at the temerity of those who would incur such risk for the mere pleasure of enjoying a new sensation.

On the American side, and just above the Cataract, is the pretty village of Niagara Falls, which was laid out in 1805 by Judge Porter, who is the principal proprietor. Here the Cataract House, delightfully situated on the brink of the rapids, offers excellent accommodation for travellers whilst sojourning at the Falls. On the Canada side, the City of the Falls—and Clifton Village, a salubrious and pleasant retreat—offer great attractions to those in search of health. At the latter place, the celebrated and elegant "Clifton House," with its triple colonnade, looms up in the foreground; its numerous guests enjoying a full view of the splendid Cataract from the balconies. The road passing in front of this hotel leads directly to the battle-ground of "Lundy's Lane." This battle was one of the most bloody conflicts that occurred during the last war. The gallant General Scott, who has lately gathered fresh laurels in Mexico, participated in the action. General Riall, of the English army, was captured, and the possession of the battle-ground was stubbornly contested until near midnight, when 1,700 men being either killed or wounded, the conflicting armies, as if by mutual consent, ceased the deadly strife, and the bloody field remained in the possession of the dead and dying.

THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

We now approach the whirlpool rapids, across whose whirling vortex is thrown a suspension bridge, which is now in view. Its wires—the first having been thrown across by means of a kite—bind the two nations together, as it were; for they are here the only means of communication with the opposite shore that ingenuity could possibly devise. The cliffs upon which the towers rest are two hundred and ten feet above the river, and the towers are fifty-two feet above the cliffs. The bridge is upheld by nine cables—four on the north, and five on the south side—having a sag of fifty feet, and can sustain a weight of seventy tons. The bridge is only a mile and a half below the Falls. Mr. Charles Ellet was the engineer, and is one of the proprietors. When the drawings were made, only one wire was thrown across the chasm, and the proprietor of the *Mirror* crossed in a car, accompanied by the engineer, from the Canadian to the American shore, and returned,—the car being suspended two hundred and thirty-four feet above the level of the river. The length of the span is seven hundred and sixty-two feet. The great whirlpool beneath, and the single wire above, made the passage very exciting. The river is here pent up between lofty and perpendicular cliffs; the current, impatient of restraint, rushes between them with lightning speed, until, suddenly arrested in its headlong career by a bend in the precipitous embankment, it is forced completely across the mouth of the outlet; again and again it is drawn from its course and carried round, until, with frightful efforts, it at length bursts out from the foundations of its prison-house, and dashes forth, with loud and exulting cries, to mingle its waters with Lake Ontario. Trunks of trees, timbers, and sometimes dead bodies of human beings and animals, are drawn into its vortex, and whirl round in the infernal cauldron in a terrible and mystic dance, until chafed, broken up, and decomposed by the action of the waters, they finally disappear. Half a mile farther down the stream, a dark chasm in the precipitous bank meets our view. This is known as the "*Devil's Hole.*" A small stream, called the Bloody Run, empties into this fearful gulf. It is memorable as the scene of a dreadful tragedy. In 1750, during the war with the French, a supply of provisions and ammunition was sent from Fort Niagara to Fort Schlosser,

escorted by one hundred British soldiers. As no suspicion was entertained of any hostile force being in the vicinity, the men marched listlessly and securely by the side of the ponderous wagons. On arriving at the "Devil's Hole," a tremendous volley was suddenly poured into them, and the terrific yells of several hundred Seneca Indians, allies of the French, drowned even the roar of Niagara. The knife, rifle and tomahawk did their work on the panic-stricken escort before they had time to defend themselves. The red warriors finished by throwing over the bank, horses, wagons, and dying soldiers. Only two of the British party escaped. The little stream ran crimson with human gore, and thus obtained its cognomen. About two miles below this, Hewletti's Cellar, a most singular natural excavation in the rock, fifteen feet below the top of the bank, is worthy of examination. The country now exhibits a series of abrupt and elevated ridges, called QUEENSTON HEIGHTS, the banks on both sides reaching an altitude of seven hundred feet, supposed to have been the site of the Falls in former ages. This place is also celebrated as being the scene of a deadly contest between the American and British forces, October 13, 1812. The Americans were commanded by General *Solomon Van Rensselaer*, and both the troops and their commander distinguished themselves by their bravery, though finally overpowered by numbers. *General Brock*, the British commander, was killed while leading on his men. A monument erected to the memory of this brave soldier, who was respected even by his foes, stands on a lofty and commanding situation. It is now, however, shattered and defaced. In April, 1840, some pitiful scoundrel attempted to destroy it with gunpowder, and partially succeeded. This monument, and the tree under which *General Brock* breathed his last, are prominent objects in this picture. At the foot of the height is the romantic village of QUEENSTON, where the Niagara again becomes navigable. On the opposite or American shore is Lewiston. The shores now suddenly descend to nearly the level of the river, and a verdant plain extends to Lake Ontario. Still further down, you approach the town of NIAGARA. It contains many fine buildings, and has a population of about four thousand persons. Here is a large dock-yard, with marine railway and foundry, where have been built most of the steamers now navigating Lake Ontario. It was formerly called New-

ark, and was burnt by the American forces under General McClure, in 1813. *Fort George* is seen first above the town, dismantled and in ruins. *Fort Massasauga* guards the outlet of the river, on the Canadian side; and on the opposite shore, the Americans have a strong stone fort, called *Fort Niagara*, over whose ramparts the French, English and American flags have waved in succession, and between these grim and frowning sentinels we enter

LAKE ONTARIO,

Called "*The Beautiful*," which is five hundred miles round; the length measuring three times the breadth, and its surface being 231 feet above the level of the Atlantic. The largest ships may sail throughout the whole extent. In many parts, a line of six hundred feet has not reached the bottom; owing to this great depth, it never freezes, except where the water is shallow, along the shores. We are now upon the sparkling waves of this magnificent lake; and steering to the westward, along the Canadian shore, we pass *Port Dalhousie*, the entrance of the *Welland Canal*. This canal is a work of great magnitude, constructed in the most substantial manner, at the expense of the British government. It is twenty-eight miles long, has twenty-two locks of granite, and ships and propellers of about 500 tons burthen can thus pass and repass from Lake Ontario to Lake Erie; which makes ship navigation complete, from the head of the great lakes to the Atlantic Ocean. Continuing our voyage westward, we approach the flourishing

CITY OF HAMILTON,

Which contains about 7,000 inhabitants, standing on Burlington Bay, and situated at the head of the lake. No place in Canada is more distinguished for commercial enterprise. In the rear of Hamilton is a range of heights, a continuation of the ridge from Queenston Heights, and supposed to have been formerly the boundary of Lake Ontario in this direction. From this point is seen *Dundrum Castle*, the seat of Sir Allan McNab, well known in Canadian history. Our course now takes us down the lake towards the northeast, the shores exhibiting scenery of a pleasant and pastoral character; and the pretty

CITY OF TORONTO

Meets our view. It is distant forty-two miles from Hamilton, contains about twenty-five thousand inhabitants, and is the third place in point of population in Canada. It is delightfully situated on a bay, formed by a low, sandy peninsula, called Gibraltar Point, and has the only natural harbor to be found on the Canadian side of the lake. In 1793, Gov. General Simcoe caused this harbor to be surveyed, and founded the town, then called Little York. Two Indians of the Massasauga tribe were at that time in quiet possession, and myriads of wild fowl crowded the waters of the bay. In 1813, General Pike, with a small body of Americans, captured and burnt it; General Pike being killed by the explosion of a magazine. After the peace it was rebuilt, and the name was changed to the old Indian word Toronto—signifying "*The Place of Council*." It is a rapidly rising place, thoroughly English in appearance, and well paved and lighted; the houses and public buildings are constructed in a substantial and elegant manner.

The towns of PORT HOPE, COBURG, and other places of less note, are now shown on the painting, and Snake Island meets the view, situated in mid-channel. You have a view of the large penitentiary of the Province, as you approach

KINGSTON.

This city presents a most imposing appearance from the lake; surrounded by martello towers and fortifications, lately erected, at an immense cost, by the British government. It is pleasantly situated at the foot of the lake, one hundred and eighty miles from Hamilton, on the site of *Fort Frontenac*, which was built by the French, in 1672. On a high rocky ridge, forming the east side of Navy Bay, and extending half a mile into the lake, is *Fort Henry*, a place of great strength, commanding the city, the harbor, and all the approaches to them, both by land and water. The *Rideau Canal*, a most important work, which commences at *Bytown*, on the River Ottawa, terminates here, after a course of over one hundred miles. Steamboats and other craft were by this means enabled to ascend from the St. Lawrence, avoiding the several rapids, but the completion of the

several canals around the rapids of the St. Lawrence, has deprived the *Rideau* of much of its former business.

Kingston was chartered as a city in 1840, and now contains over 12,000 inhabitants. It possesses, besides several other fine public buildings, a splendid *Town Hall* and *Market*,—and, next to Quebec and Halifax, is considered the strongest military position in North America.

Leaving Kingston, we now enter upon the great

RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.

And here let the reader remember, that this river really has its source seven hundred miles northwest of Lake Superior, in the Lake of the Woods, whence it flows through a long chain of lakes, before it expands successively into the immense fresh water seas of *Superior*, *Huron*, *Erie*, and *Ontario*. Below Kingston it regains the character of a river, and continues in an uninterrupted course to the Atlantic Ocean. Floating along the stream, which is here from twelve to fifteen miles wide, we find ourselves surrounded by the

THOUSAND ISLANDS.

The largest are from eight to twelve miles in length, and three to five miles in breadth; the smallest, not an acre in extent. Though this extensive group bears the name of the *Thousand Isles*, there are more than 1,500 of them, forming a perpetual succession of the most romantically beautiful and picturesque objects that can be imagined. The traveller is spell-bound, whilst viewing these matchless combinations of rock, wood and water:—

“Hail, Lake of *Thousand Isles*!
Which clustered lie within thy circling arms,
Their flower-strewn shores kissed by the silver tide!
As fair art thou as aught
That ever in the lap of nature lay.”

Warburton, in his *Hochelaga*, thus describes his impressions whilst gazing on this fairy scene:—

“Now we are among the mazes of the ‘*Thousand Islands*,’ and pass so close to some of them that we can pull the leaves from the bending boughs of the trees, as the merciless wheels of the steamer dash to atoms their beautiful reflection in the

mirror of the calm blue water. The eye does not weary to see, but the hand aches in ever writing the one word, beauty, wherever you steer over this great river—beauty, beauty still.”

As we emerge from this scene of enchantment, the river contracts to about two miles in width. The scenery is constantly changing; at one moment, white, cultivated fields and rural settlements appear; at the next, features of bold outline impart a grandeur and variety to the river and its shores possessed by no other stream in an equal degree. Descending, the small village of *Ganounnoqui* meets our view, and *Well's Island*, belonging to the United States, is also passed. In 1838, this island was the scene of a daring act of piracy. The British steamer “*Sir Robert Peel*,” whilst stopping to wood, was boarded at midnight by a band of armed men, who, after ordering the captain, crew and passengers ashore, robbed the vessel of everything valuable, and set her on fire. The celebrated *Bill Johnson* was suspected to be the leader of the gang. Leaving this scene of outrage, we arrive at BROCKVILLE, one of the prettiest towns in Canada. The houses are built with considerable taste, and the scenery they command is exquisite. Below, the small village of *Maitland* is seen, and we arrive at PRESCOTT, which is a town of some importance, possessing a population of some 4,000 inhabitants. *Fort Wellington*, strongly garrisoned, commands the river. *Windmill Point*, one mile below *Prescott*, is a spot made memorable during the late rebellion. In November, 1838, a body of American sympathizers, under the command of a Pole named *Von Schultz*, landed at this spot to aid the patriots. They took possession of the windmill and some stone houses, and defended themselves, fighting desperately for some time; but the British forces, bringing some cannon to bear upon them, rendered their position untenable, and the survivors were compelled to surrender. The leaders suffered death on the gallows, as pirates; the others were sentenced to transportation for life to Van Dieman's Land, but have since been pardoned by QUEEN VICTORIA. The windmill and roofless houses, shattered by the artillery, give fearful evidence to the spectator of the murderous conflict which there took place. Immediately opposite to *Prescott*, and connected with it by a ferry, is OGDENSBURGH, (which, with *Prescott*, the windmill, &c., all come in full view on this great painting,) situated at the mouth of the *Oswegatchie* River; and

as it appears to be a bustling, go-ahead town, we will request the reader to land with us, and take a bird's-eye view of the whole city. The rising sun lights up the various streets, and the snug dwellings with handsome flower-gardens attached. Even at this early hour, the mills and factories appear to be in full operation; the venders of milk are serving their customers; the population are all astir, and the whole place has the appearance of thriving industry and prosperity, which stamps it as belonging to Uncle Sam's dominions. Once more we are upon the bosom of the noble river; and confiding in the skill of an experienced pilot, we fearlessly brave the "GALLOP RAPIDS," and, hurried through the plunging, foaming billows, find ourselves again in smooth water. A succession of these dangerous rapids extends at intervals from this point to a little above *Montreal*; all of them are, however, navigable by steamers descending; but ascending, they are obliged to pass through a series of *Canals*, which have been constructed all along the shores of the river, in order to avoid these rapids. Steam-propellers, and other craft, freighted with the produce of the Far West, are enabled to make their transit by the canals from Lake Superior to the St. Lawrence, and thence across the Atlantic to Europe. The immense rafts of timber which float down this great river, and through the surging rapids, on their way to *Montreal* and *Quebec*, are objects of wonder and admiration to all strangers. Whilst drifting down some uninterrupted reach, several rafts, attached to each other by brackets operating on the principle of a swivel, form one immense raft, often a mile in length. On arriving at the commencement of the rapids, the rafts dissolve partnership, and the hardy lumberers ply their long sweeps with desperate energy until the danger is passed. Yet it often happens that, in spite of their skill, the ponderous mass of timber is dashed with resistless force against the rocks hidden by the foam of the boiling surges, or islands that intersect the furious current of the river. Many poor fellows meet a watery grave; whilst the logs of timber, and the sawn lumber, on which so much labor has been expended, become the booty of river pirates, always on the alert for such disasters. A great variety of these rafts in different situations are faithfully portrayed on the painting which this book is intended to accompany. As I have occasionally mentioned particular objects, as

appearing on the painting, it may be proper to state that the whole range of scenery, including almost every object and place, however minute, on both shores from Lake Erie to the Atlantic Ocean, are depicted with the same care and truthfulness as those to which I make particular allusion.

The country is now of a quietly undulating character; cheerful villages and green clearings diversify the scenery. Gliding by MATILDA'S LANDING, one of the entrances of the St. Lawrence Canal, we pass successively the villages of *East* and *West Williamsburg*, and then for several miles are carried through the dangerous rapids of the LONG SAULT. CORNWALL, a town of some importance, containing about 2,000 inhabitants, and situated at the lower end of the St. Lawrence Canal, is seen, and four miles below, on the American side of the river, we come to the Indian village of *St. Regis*, which is on the line of 45 degrees, north latitude. Part of this village is in Canada and part in the United States; the dividing line being accurately drawn on the foreground of the Panorama; the *River St. Lawrence*, below this point, being entirely in *Canada*. Here, on a small portion of the hunting grounds of their once powerful nation, is to be found a settlement of the *Iroquois*. Many of the men obtain a precarious subsistence by hunting; the women make mitts, baskets and moccasins. The Indian boys are expert swimmers, and during the summer season, visitors often put their skill to the test by throwing a piece of money into the river from the steamboat landing, when half a dozen of the little copper-colored urchins will dive in after it, generally succeeding in catching it almost before it reaches the bottom, although sometimes compelled to dive to the depth of ten or twenty feet. Passing the lighthouse, we enter an expansion of the river thirty miles in length and seven in breadth, called *Lake St. Francis*. On the shore may be observed a large cairn, or pile of stones, raised by the loyal Glengarry Highlanders in honor of *Sir John Colborne*, formerly Governor General of *Canada*. LANCASTER, another convenient steamboat landing, is now before us. It is connected by a road with the celebrated CALEDONIA SPRINGS, thirty miles distant. The dividing line of the two provinces crossed, we now arrive at the village of *Coteau du Lac*, in *Lower Canada*, or *Canada East*, as it is generally designated by the Canadians. A few miles further, the village

of the *Cedars* is past, and here we behold the mighty *St. Lawrence* pent into several narrow channels, among wooded islands, and rushing fiercely along over its rocky bed;—nothing can exceed the exciting spectacle of the *Cedar Rapids*, with its frantic billows capped with snowy plumes. The islands which obstruct the current of the river are perfect gems of beauty. Nature, in one of her loveliest freaks, has sprinkled them with flowers, wreathed them with vines, and the flowering shrubs and trees drop their leaves, and dip their branches and buds in the angry tide, as if to deprecate its wrath. Passengers on the deck of the passing steamer may often be seen plucking them from the branches. Steamboats pass *down* these rapids, though not without risk as may be imagined, when the rapid current sweeps them close to rocks and islands, which if touched would insure destruction. Latterly, however, the route has been rendered more safe by the discovery of a channel, which it is said was used long ago by the French voyageurs. In the *Cedar and Cascade Rapids* there is a difference of sixty feet in the elevation in about sixteen miles, and the immense body of water rushes down at the rate of from twenty to thirty miles per hour. To ascend against this current would be impossible, therefore vessels of every description pass through the *Beauharnois Canal*, which commences at the village of that name, sixteen miles below. In the year 1759, when *General Amherst* entered Canada, his advanced guard, of about 300 men, embarked above the Cedars; the intention was to float down and take up a position on the opposite side of the river. Perhaps these dangerous channels were but little known, or the pilot played them false—none survived as accusers; the next day the lifeless bodies of the *British soldiers*, clothed in the well known red, floating past *Montreal*, gave the first notice of invasion. Leaving behind us the *Cascade Rapids*, and passing the lighthouse, we find ourselves upon the bosom of the calm and glassy *Lake St. Louis*, another expansion of the *River St. Lawrence*, two and a half miles wide at this point. Here the *St. Lawrence* receives an important accession, by the influx of one branch of the great RIVER UTTAWAS or OTTAWA, from the northwest. Its immense volume of water, (which is probably fully equal to the Ohio RIVER,) is discharged into the *St. Lawrence* through three separate and distinct channels, the last of which is about twenty

miles below *Montreal*, its yellow clay-colored water forming a striking contrast where it mingles with the pure blue water of the *St. Lawrence*. The scenery along the entire length, owing to the numerous falls and cascades, is extremely romantic. A few miles above this embouchure of the *Ottawa* is situated the village of *St. Ann*. It owes its existence and support to the contributions of the Canadian Voyageurs, who never omit to pay their offerings at the shrine of *St. Anne*, their tutelary saint, before engaging in any enterprise. This gave rise to the Canadian boat song of Moore:—

“Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time;
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at *St. Ann's* our parting hymn;
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's passed,” &c., &c.

Many who never have seen and never will see the “*Uttawas' tide*” have sung in cadence to its murmuring, till it has become almost a household word. Neither the Hudson, Mississippi or Ohio, can boast of such charming scenery as is seen on the *Ottawa*. Continuing down the lake we arrive at the Iroquois settlement of *Caughnawaga* or the “*Village of the Rapids*,” situated on the southern shore, ten miles from *Montreal*. Their number is about 1,200; they have a very respectable church and comfortable houses; they subsist principally in the summer by navigating boats and rafts down the *Lachine Rapids*; and in the winter, by the manufacture and sale of snow-shoes, moccasins, &c. During the troubles of 1838, these Indians rendered an essential service to the government. On Sunday, 4th day of November, a body of armed insurgents had concealed themselves in the woods near the village, with the probable intention of committing some depredation during the night. These were discovered by some Indian children who were searching for berries, and who carried the news to the church, where the warriors were attending divine service. The congregation turned out *en masse*, and, raising the warwhoop, rushed upon the insurgents, took them prisoners, and disarmed them. They then carried them down to *Montreal* and delivered them up to the authorities. Their loyal conduct has been rewarded by special marks of favor from Her Majesty's government. On

the opposite side of the river is the little village of *Lachine*, connected with Montreal, by railroad and canal,—how it came to be thus named is worth relating. At the time Canada was discovered, the great object of adventure was to find a north-west passage to India and China. Champlain, who, in his second voyage to this country, made a settlement at Montreal, was so convinced that a passage to the Pacific Ocean could be made by the way of the St. Lawrence and the great Lakes, that he named the river above the rapids, *Lachine*, (*China*,) meaning that it was the road to *China*, which name it bears to this day.

After leaving *Lachine*, the *St. Lawrence* contracts, boils up, and foams in a most terrific manner amongst rocks and small islands, for nine miles, forming the RAPIDS OF LACHINE or Sault St. Louis. The current is forced through a variety of narrow channels in many places, at the rate of thirty miles per hour, and the roaring of the maddened waters may be heard for several miles. These are the most dangerous rapids along the course of the *St. Lawrence*; vessels descend them, although they often suffer for their temerity; but it is impracticable to ascend, except by passing through the fine *ship canal* which extends from *Montreal* to the village of LACHINE. The noble river now assumes its usual dignified appearance, placidly expanding to more than two miles in width, and leaving the delightful village of *Laprairie* on the right hand, (where commences the *St. John* railroad,) it presents us with a most imposing and magnificent view of

MONTREAL, THE CAPITAL CITY OF UNITED CANADA.

In mid-channel, and one mile from the city, *St. Helen's Island*, clothed with verdure and interspersed with fine trees, amidst which field-works and fortifications peep out, forms the foreground. Facing us to the westward, we behold a spectacle unequalled in North America—a CITY OF GRANITE, with such an appearance of solidity that it would seem as if intended to last for ages. A massive stone quay extends along the whole river front, forming a delightful promenade in summer. The margin is lined with noble stone warehouses resembling a row of fortifications; fronting the St. Lawrence is the *Bonsecours Market*, an imposing structure, exceeding many royal palaces

in architectural embellishments. The *French Cathedral of Notre Dame* is a magnificent pile of building—without exception the largest religious edifice in America. The length from east to west is 255 feet one inch—the breadth, 134 feet, and the two towers on the principal or west front are each 220 feet high. It possesses the largest bell in the western hemisphere. It contains 1,241 pews, and in this immense temple 10,000 people can kneel in prayer. Amongst many other fine churches of which this city can boast, *St. Patrick's Catholic Church* is capable of holding 7000 persons. The public buildings are numerous and imposing. They include the *Parliament House*, *Government House*, *The Hotel Dieu*, two large *Nunneries*, the *Seminary of St. Sulpice*, some fine banks, an elegant and convenient theatre, and barracks for 2,000 men; while in the rear of the city, *Mont Royal*, studded with handsome villas, looms up majestically to the height of 600 feet, and forms the back-ground of the picture. During the Canadian riots, on the night of the 25th of April, 1849, the House of Assembly, with all the archives and records of the colonies, for upwards of a century, was destroyed by fire. The books were valued at £100,000;—not eighty dollars' worth of property was saved. The loss is irreparable. The queen's picture, which was saved from the burning buildings, was destroyed in the streets. *Montreal* is well lighted with gas, has an efficient police, and is considered the cleanest city "in her Majesty's dominions," and is, without exception, the cleanest city in America. Here, ladies are as often seen walking in the middle of the street as on the side-walk, and that too without soiling a kid slipper. Everything about the city speaks of its French origin, and so tenacious have been the French of their nationality, that a century of English rule has altered but slightly their habits or manners. All the public documents are still printed in French as well as English. The new streets are spacious, containing many elegant stores. The hotels are numerous; *Donnegana's*, a splendid house, equalling in size the *Astor House*, of New York, has lately been destroyed by fire; it was unsurpassed in the elegance of its accommodations. In the year 1809, the inhabitants erected by subscription a monument to Lord Nelson, the hero of *Trafalgar*. It consists of a stone column, surmounted by a

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fine statue of the naval hero ; it fronts the principal street, of which it is an ornament.

On the second visit of Jacques Cartier to this country, during the reign of Francis 1st, of France, he heard that there was a large settlement far up the great river, called Hochelaga, and he determined to sail in quest of it. After a perilous voyage he discovered a fortified town, belonging to the Huron tribe, among rich corn fields, on a beautiful island, and under the shade of a mountain named Mont Royal, which time has changed to Montreal. Sixty-eight years afterwards, the Sieur Demonts, speaking of Canada, reported that the "village of Hochelaga was now no more."

But in the year 1640, several persons, full of religious zeal, formed themselves into a society for the purpose of colonizing the island of Mont Royal. The king of France ceded to this association the whole island, and Monsieur Maisonneuve was appointed governor, 17th June, 1642. The spot selected for the city was consecrated by the superior of the Jesuits, the "Queen of Angels" was supplicated to take it under her protection, and it was named after her, "La Ville Marie." In 1644, the whole of this beautiful domain, which, on account of its fertility, is called the Garden of Canada, became the property of the St. Sulpicians of Paris, and was by them afterwards conveyed to the Seminary of the same order at Montreal, in whose possession it now remains. At the conquest of Canada by Great Britain, in 1760, the property and revenues of the seignories, and all estates belonging to existing religious institutions, were guaranteed to the possessors.

The terms in favor of the French residents were faithfully and even liberally fulfilled by the British government. Civil and religious liberty was granted to the Canadians, and great forbearance and generosity were displayed by the captors to the conquered. The Canadians were so gratified with the change which they experienced in coming under the British rule, that when George II. died, in 1760, all the French in Canada of any distinction went into mourning. Within the last half century many capitalists from England and Scotland have settled at Montreal, and have infused a vigor and energy into it which is perceptible in its extended commerce and in the improvements which are daily taking place. The completion of the line of

canals, opening to Montreal the trade of the western country, has also added to its wealth and importance.

Leaving *Montreal* on our passage to *Quebec*, we have a fine view on the right hand of *St. Helen's Island*; its pleasant green slopes and shady glens affording delightful situations for picnic parties, of which the citizens of Montreal frequently avail themselves in summer. On our left we are passing a quarter of the city called the *Quebec Suburbs*. It contains several buildings of note,—the *Military Hospital*, the *New Jail*, and *Molson's Brewery*, an immense range of stone buildings, almost equal in extent to some of the *Porter Breweries* of London. A little below this a ferry connects with the village of *Longueil* on the opposite shore, from whence there is a fine plank-road extending about twenty-three miles to *Chambly*. On this road, two miles from the village, the first blood was shed during the rebellion of 1837. A peace officer having two prisoners in custody, and accompanied by a party of the *Royal Montreal Cavalry*, just previously organized, were returning to *Montreal*, when they were intercepted by a large body of armed peasantry, who fired upon them from a large barn and from behind the fences which bordered the road. Several of the cavalry were wounded and their prisoners rescued. We now descend the *Rapids of St. Mary*, and on the north shore pass in succession the villages of *Longueil Point* and *Point aux Trembles*, and on the south shore, the village of *Boucherville*. Another branch of the *Ottawa* now joins the *St. Lawrence*, still increasing the already enormous volume of water. Village after village is now passed, each with its picturesque church; indeed, the whole banks of the river hence to *Quebec*, and 200 miles below that city, appear to be one continuous village, being thickly dotted with the white cottages, churches, and long white barns of the simple *habitans*. The French Canadian remains to this day in all his customs, as were his forefathers a century back; he makes no improvement either in the tilling of his land or his household habits. On his saint's day, or the Sabbath, he repairs to his village church clothed in the same style as his ancestors. During the summer he cultivates his land, and when the snows of winter cover the earth, he harnesses his little ponies, and accompanied by his happy family, visits his neighbors, and, seated round their large square stoves, made in the

style of a past century, passes his long winter evenings in happiness, amusing himself with tales of "*La Belle France.*" Kind, hospitable, contented, he asks for no change of his condition, but only desires to be allowed to do as his fathers did before him. He dies—and his children divide his land, each taking a "*nidlet,*" and live over the same old scenes again. There dwells not on the face of the earth a more happy, contented and honest people. *Varennes*, on the south bank of the St. Lawrence, is a delightful place, famous for the mineral springs in its vicinity. In the distance, the holy mountain, its summit crowned with the pilgrim's cross, which may be seen for many miles, imparts a grandeur to the scene. The cross was erected by the Bishop of Nancy; it is made of timber 100 feet high, and covered with tin, which, in the dry atmosphere of this country, always retains its brightness, and many a pious *habitant* devoutly crosses himself when he beholds this emblem of his faith shining like burnished gold in the rays of the setting sun. Fifteen miles further, on the same side, the St. Lawrence receives the *Richelieu River* which issues from *Lake Champlain*, and flows for about seventy miles through a fertile country. Flourishing settlements, neat and populous villages, and handsome churches adorn its banks nearly the whole length. Near its junction with the St. Lawrence is the pretty village of *William Henry* or *Sorel*, so called on account of its being built on the site of old *Fort William Henry*. This is a military station, the commander-in-chief generally residing here. It is rapidly increasing in trade and importance, and numbers about 3000 inhabitants, principally British. The American army occupied the old fort, in 1776, on their retreat from Quebec, after the death of Montgomery. Continuing through a cluster of wooded islands, we enter *Lake St. Peter*, which is merely another expansion of the mighty river, to about 15 miles in width and 25 in length. The water is shallow, and of a great variety of tints. It is surrounded by a fine agricultural country, while the scenery along the banks is rather flat and monotonous. Two substantial light-ships mark the ship-channel, which is very intricate. The English government has expended nearly a million of dollars for deepening and improving the channel, rendering navigation for ships of a large class safe and easy to Montreal, a distance of 530 miles from the Atlantic Ocean. At the termination of the lake, the river again rapidly contracts to

its usual width, resumes its dignified deponent, and, with constantly increasing volume, continues on its pilgrimage to the ocean. Here, exactly half way between Montreal and Quebec, we approach the old town of **THREE RIVERS**—old for the western world—for it was settled by the French in 1618. It is pleasantly situated on the western bank of the river at its confluence with the River S. Maurice, which enters the St. Lawrence by three separate channels. Two islands, connected by substantial bridges, at the embouchure of the St. Maurice, give it the appearance of three distinct rivers, and to this the town owes its name. It is famous for its iron forges, established as long ago as 1737. Many wealthy French families reside here. The *River St. Maurice* is nearly 150 miles in length, and contributes a supply of water to the *St. Lawrence* nearly equal in volume to that of the *Hudson*. Opposite this enters the river *Becancour*. After passing the mouths of the *St. Maurice* the shores gradually rise, assuming a loftier and more romantic character. Churches—generally with two spires—villages and white cottages are profusely scattered along the shore. The population is now very dense on both sides of the river. We now see in succession the *Batiscau* and *St. Anne's* rivers—the former a stream of magnitude entering by two channels. Scenery of the most picturesque and varied description continually greets the eye—the view bounded by remote and lofty mountains, from amongst which the rapid river *Jacques Cartier* rushes impetuously into the *St. Lawrence*. The *Richelieu Rapids* are next passed—they extend some ten miles, and are very shallow, and in many places the rocks are visible, threatening shipwreck to the unwary mariner.

The government has, however, erected beacons in the most dangerous places. On the north shore we now pass *Cape Sante*, and directly opposite a small settlement called *St. Trois*. The banks of the river have now almost a perpendicular elevation of from 100 to 300 feet, and from them extends back a beautiful level plain covered with the richest verdure. *Cape Rouge* appears on the left, and here for the first time we catch a view of the *Citadel of Quebec*, connected with so much historical reminiscence. On the south side, the *Chaudiere River* rushes over a beautiful rapid, four miles from its mouth, dashing and foaming amidst the wildest wood-crowned cliffs, and charming

sequestered valleys. Two miles above Quebec we reach WOLFE'S COVE, the spot where, after so many risks and difficulties, he landed his gallant army, and won a glorious grave in the arms of victory. The track is discerned by which he ascended the heights to the *Plains of Abraham*, and not far from the *martello tower* that stands before us, is a *monument* erected by a grateful nation on the very spot where the lamented hero fell in his hour of triumph. From Quebec to the opposite shore is about three quarters of a mile, but the basin just below is five times as wide, and large and deep enough to float the navy of England.

We now glide by many deep coves filled with timber, destined soon to be conveyed to Europe by the vessels which lie at anchor below. At the foot of the rock is the suburbs of *St. Roch*, the commencement of the lower town. It is built on land which has been saved from the water by the erection of docks. A little further down, the world-renowned CITY AND FORTRESS OF QUEBEC stands in all its grandeur before you, with the standard of *England* floating from its citadel.

Standing on the heights of *Cape Diamond*, and looking across the deep channel of the *St. Lawrence*, which is now about 1,400 yards wide, (but appears to be not half that distance in the clear, bright atmosphere,) a grand scene lies spread before us.

We cannot resist giving the following lucid description of the

CITY OF QUEBEC,

As furnished by Mr. Buckingham, in his interesting work on Canada :—The situation of *Quebec* is highly advantageous in a commercial as well as a military point of view, and its appearance is very imposing from whatever quarter it is first approached ; though at a distance of 350 miles up from the sea, the magnificent river on which it is seated is three miles in breadth a little below the town, and narrows into about a mile in breadth immediately abreast of the *Citadel* ; having in both these parts sufficient depth of water for the largest ships in the world—a rise and fall of twenty feet in its tides, and space enough in its capacious basin, between *Cape Diamond* on the one hand and the *Isle of Orleans* on the other, to afford room and anchorage for a thousand sail of vessels at a time, sheltered from all winds and perfectly secure ! The *River St. Charles* has its junction with the *St. Lawrence* a little to the north of the promontory of

Cape Diamond, and affords a favorable spot for ship-building and repairs, as well as an excellent winter harbor for ships lying up dismantled.

Quebec lies at the junction of the *St. Charles* with the *St. Lawrence*, the ground-plan of it being almost precisely the same as that of *New York*, at the junction of the *East* and *Hudson Rivers*.

THE CITADEL OF QUEBEC

Occupies the highest point of *Cape Diamond*, being elevated 350 feet above the river, and presenting almost perpendicular cliffs towards the water.

The city is built from the water's edge along the foot of these cliffs, round the point of the promontory, and ascending upwards from thence to the very borders of the citadel itself. It is divided into the Lower and Upper town, the former including all that is below the ramparts, or fortified lines, the latter comprehending all that is above or within that barrier.

Besides these there is a large suburb, separated from Quebec proper, called the Suburb of *St. Roch*, on the right bank of the River *St. Charles*, the only portion of the whole that is built on level ground. This portion of Quebec is building up rapidly and presents a flourishing appearance. Several of the public buildings are so prominently placed, and advantageously seen, that they relieve in some degree the general monotony of the mass of ordinary houses, and are ornamental to the town; while the spires of the *Churches*, the dome of the *Parliament House*, and other elevated points rising from the general surface, with their tinned roofs glittering in the sun, give a liveliness and variety to the picture presented by the city from every point of view, which no other place in America, and indeed few places on the globe, presents."

Quebec possesses one of the most beautiful promenades imaginable; it occupies the site of the *Castle of St. Louis*, of which *Champlain* laid the foundation on 6th May, 1624. The French and English governors resided in this castle till 1834, when, on the 23d January, it was entirely destroyed by fire. It has never been rebuilt; but *Lord Durham* had the site cleared of the ruins, and the whole area floored with wood, and converted into a beautiful platform, commanding one of the most magnificent

panoramic views that can be imagined. Mr. Buckingham remarks, that while he was there, there were not less than 300 sail of merchant ships anchored in the stream, 163 of which arrived in two successive days, and at least 100 more lay along the side of the wharfs and quays. "As the weather was beautifully fine, and the country still verdant all around, the sight of so many ships, seen from a height of 200 feet above the river, with the fine extent of country opposite, thickly dotted with villages and hamlets of the purest white, and the grandeur of the mountains in the distance fading away into a fainter and fainter blue, still scarcely distinguishable from the azure sky of the far horizon, was beautiful and magnificent beyond expression." The line of fortifications enclosing the upper town and citadel is about three miles in extent. All communication with the upper town is through massive gates protected by heavy cannon. The western part of the city being deficient in natural strength, so fully developed in the rest of the line, has been covered by a combination of regular works, consisting of ramparts, bastion, ditch, and glacis. In order to strengthen the defences of the city on the west, four martello towers were erected on the Plains of Abraham. They extend from the St. Lawrence to the Coteau St. Genevieve, at irregular distances from each other, of from 5 to 600 yards, and about $3\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile from the city.

Their construction is such that they could be readily demolished by the guns from the walls, should such a step be rendered necessary by their falling into the hands of an enemy, but on the opposite side their construction is exceedingly solid, and the platform on the top is furnished with guns of a heavy calibre. The walk around the ramparts is the most delightful that can be imagined; look out in what direction you please, the eye commands a prospect of fifty miles in extent, replete with all the elements which enter into the formation of a perfect landscape. The author of Hochelaga thus glowingly describes the panoramic view from the citadel:—"Take mountain and plain, sinuous river and broad tranquil waters, stately ship and tiny boat, gentle hill and shady valley, bold headland and rich fruitful fields, frowning battlements and cheerful villa, glittering dome and rural spire, flowery garden and sombre forest—group them all into the choicest picture of ideal beauty your fancy can create,—

arch it over with a cloudless sky, light it up with a radiant sun, and, lest the scene should be too dazzling, hang a veil of light haze over all, to soften the light and perfect the repose—you will then have seen Quebec on this September morning.”

How changed the scene! Winter has cast its frigid mantle over the gay landscape. The St. Lawrence is now burdened with immense masses of floating ice, exhibiting the most varied and fantastic appearance, through which the dark leaden-colored waters are occasionally seen. The hardy *habitans* keep up a communication with the opposite shore, and carry passengers and light goods in their canoes; landing on the intervening islands of ice, dragging their canoes across and launching them on the other side. Owing to the immense volume of water and the strength of the current, the St. Lawrence is seldom bound in icy fetters. However, it so happens that about every five years on an average the ice-islands get jammed up together, sometimes thrown up into heaps or mounds of great height, opposite the city, and the frost binding them forms a *pout* or bridge, on some very severe night, just at the turn of the tide. Winter suddenly casts its manacles over the mighty stream, and an immense sheet of glare ice, extending for many miles, connects Quebec with the opposite shore. When this takes place it is hailed with almost frantic delight by the whole population. The glassy surface of the river is soon covered with gay parties in sledges and carioles, whisked along at fearful speed by the mettlesome little horses. People clad in fur or blanket coats are seen in all directions, sleighing, skating, and running. But the feature in the picture most novel and interesting to the stranger is the ice-boats. A boat is fixed upon a triangular frame, with runners like those of skates, at each corner; it is propelled by sails, sometimes at the rate of 20 knots an hour, a pole with a spike at the end acting as a rudder. Many of these crafts, filled with a jovial crew of both sexes, are sailing on the wind, or tacking with the greatest facility, and when viewed from the high banks, impart an additional vivacity to the scene. The costume of the peasantry of Lower Canada is singular and picturesque; it consists generally of a gray capote, or long coat with a hood, a variegated sash around the waist, a red woollen cap on the head, and long boots reaching to the thighs, or moccasins. This, with very trifling variation, is worn

throughout the year. It has been remarked that Quebec has an Italian summer and a Russian winter. From its position it is peculiarly liable to extremes of cold and heat. In summer time the thermometer often indicates 100 degrees in the shade, while in the winter the mercury has been known to descend to 40 degrees below zero. Yet the air is pure, dry, and exhilarating, and the climate exceedingly healthy, and only to be dreaded by consumptives.

Adieu to QUEBEC! the *Citadel of North America* and the *Gibraltar of the Western Continent*—the battle-ground of *Wolfe* rich in undying memories! We are once more borne along on the deep waters of the *St. Lawrence*, and sigh as the fairy-like scene fades on our view. We are passing through fleets of vessels which have come laden with the fabrics of Europe to take back the growth of the primeval forests. The craft now met with are principally square-rigged vessels of the largest size, employed in the timber trade. From 1200 to 1500 arrive annually at the port of Quebec. After passing the mouth of the *St. Charles River*, a road may be traced leading through the pretty village of *Beauport*, and amidst farms and beautiful orchards to the celebrated FALLS OF MONTMORENCI. At a distance, this magnificent *cataract* appears like a motionless streak of snow upon the precipitous bank of the river; but now we are abreast of it, we see a mighty torrent projected with incredible velocity over the perpendicular rock, 250 feet into the *St. Lawrence*, acquiring a fleecy whiteness as it falls, while the sun produces a rainbow at its base in fine contrast with the snowy effulgence of the falling water. This cataract is the greatest natural curiosity in the vicinity of *Quebec*. It is about 100 feet higher than the *Niagara Falls*, and has been pronounced by many to be more picturesque and beautiful. On a hill close to the Falls is a house which was formerly the residence of the late *Duke of Kent*—it is now the residence of Peter Patterson, Esq., proprietor of extensive saw mills in the vicinity. The lovely *Island of Orleans*, nineteen miles in length and about five in breadth, here divides the river into the north and south channels. The upper part of it is covered with noble forest trees, while cultivated fields and beautiful gardens slope down to the water's edge at some points, and bold perpendicular banks are presented at others. At *Ause* and *Maraud* an enormous vessel, called the

Columbus, was launched in 1824—it was 3700 tons register, and carried four masts. The next year, another enormous ship, the *Baron Renfrew*, was launched here. Both were built of this extraordinary size with the view of taking them to England, and saving the duty on the lumber, of which they were composed. This object was however defeated, as it was decided that a voyage was first to be made out of England. The *Columbus* returned to this country, and was wrecked on her second voyage, while the other was lost on the coast of France, on her voyage home.

The *St. Lawrence* here rolls through a channel of full twenty miles in width, and the northern shore increasing in elevation, and covered with the forest, presents a wild and rugged appearance. We are now in sight of *Mount Ton* and *Cape Tourment*, bold promontories rising to the height of 2,000 feet. *Grosse Island*, thirty miles below Quebec, is a quarantine station. All vessels from sea stop here as they pass up. It is provided with a Hospital and Catholic Church. *Crane Isle*, a fertile spot, is passed, and Goose Island, owned by the nuns, and cultivated as a farm by tenants. And now we see the *Pillars*, a group of rocky isles, on one of which a lighthouse is erected; a floating light marks the intricate and dangerous channel of the *Traverse*. The scenery increases in interest, the vast river looking like the opening to the ocean; the lofty shores studded with cheerful residences, while hill above hill, and mountain above mountain rise up in the distance. Near *St. Paul's Bay*, sixty-five miles from Quebec, is the *Isle aux Coudres*, (*Isle of Filberts*,) which received its name from *Jaques Cartier*, on account of the profusion of these delicious nuts which he observed on landing. The bold, round peak we see is called *Goose Cape*, and now we come to the well cultivated settlement of Mal Bay, or *Murray Bay*, at the mouth of the Mal Bay River. It is inhabited chiefly by the descendants of the Highlanders, engaged in Wolfe's campaign, who settled here and intermarried with the Canadians. The water here being perfectly salt, many families from Quebec visit Mal Bay for the purpose of sea bathing.

Continuous ranges of hills can now be seen in every direction. The grand and lofty mountain peaks of Cape Eagle and Cape Salmon here come into view,—the noble river is whitened with hundreds of ships, and variegated with islands; numerous shoals

of white porpoises which frequent these waters, together with scores of seals, show their heads above the water in all directions, and now and then a whale scatters the smaller fry as he approaches: altogether, it is such a scene as cannot be met with in any other part of America, and probably not on the globe.

The Mississippi is but a low, sluggish creek, compared to the majestic St. Lawrence. The Missouri and Ohio are but tiny streams compared with some of the tributaries of the St. Lawrence. The Hudson is but a drop in the bucket, a rill, winding its way through a small farm or meadow, compared with that immense flood of fresh water poured into the Atlantic through the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

We are now 140 miles below Quebec, and steering for the gap in the stupendous cliffs on the north shore. This is the mouth of the

SAGUENAY,

And, although a mile wide, it appears narrow when compared with the St. Lawrence, which at this point is considerably more than 25 miles in width. Yet the Saguenay is one of the most important tributaries of the great river; its volume of water is immense, and the depth and force of its current is so sensibly felt at its confluence with the St. Lawrence, that for a distance of several miles vessels are obliged to yield to its influence. It is decidedly the largest river east of the Alleghany Mountains, the St. Lawrence excepted. From the inky blackness of its waters, and the strange, wild, and romantic character of the scenery along its banks, it may be considered unquestionably the most remarkable river on this continent. Whilst we are approaching the lofty portals of this mysterious stream, a brief description of the region whence it comes will better enable the reader to form a proper estimate of it as a wonder of nature.

In an immense valley, forming part of the territory belonging to the *Hudson's Bay Company*, and about 42 leagues north from the St. Lawrence, is the beautiful *Lake of St. John*. Its form is nearly circular, its diameter about 30 miles, and it serves as a great natural reservoir, into which twelve rivers and many smaller streams discharge their waters. The Saguenay is the only outlet by which this vast collection of water finds its way to the St. Lawrence. Its scenery is of the wildest and most

startling description through its whole length, which is about 130 miles from *Lake St. John* to *Tadoussac Bay*. The first half of its course lies through a wilderness of hills covered with the pine, the fir, and the spruce, and numerous and formidable rapids render the navigation hazardous except to experienced canoe-men. But below *Chicoutimi*, which is 68 miles from its mouth, it is navigable for the largest vessels. From *Ha! Ha! Bay*, downwards, the passage of its waters is through solid mountains of sienitic granite, which seem to have been split asunder by the upheavings of an earthquake, thus forming an immense canal with banks of perpendicular rocks towering up to 1500 or 2000 feet above the water, which is about 150 fathoms deep nearly the whole distance. Its depth at different points has never been ascertained; it has been plumbed with a line of 330 fathoms, or 1980 feet, and that too immediately at the base of the cliff, and no bottom could be found. The power of language is inadequate to describe this great specimen of nature's handiwork, nor is it possible to convey to the reader any conception of it by comparison with any other river scenery, for nothing like it can be found in North America.

"I can't describe it though so much it strike,
Nor liken it—I never saw the like."

Mr. Charles Lanman, a talented writer and artist, who lately made a tour through Lower Canada, thus speaks of the Saguenay:—"Imagine for a moment an extensive country of rocky and thinly clad mountains, suddenly separated by some convulsion of nature so as to form an almost bottomless chasm, varying from one to two miles in width; and then imagine this chasm suddenly half filled with water, and that the moss of centuries has softened the rugged walls on either side, and you will have a pretty accurate idea of the Saguenay." . . . "And, generally speaking, these towering bulwarks are not content to loom perpendicularly into the air, but they must needs bend over, as if to look at their own savage features reflected in the deep. Ay, and that word *deep* but tells the simple truth, for the flood that rolls beneath is black and cold as the bottomless pit.—Awful beyond expression, I can assure you, is the sensation which one experiences in sailing along the Saguenay, to raise his eye heavenward, and behold, hanging directly over

his head, a mass of granite apparently ready to totter and fall, and weighing perhaps a million of tons. Terrible and sublime, beyond the imagery of the most daring poet, are these cliffs; and while they proclaim the omnipotent power of God, they at the same time whisper into the ear of man that he is but as the moth which flutters in the noontide air. And yet is it not enough to fill the heart of man with holy pride and unbounded love, to remember that the soul within him shall have but commenced its existence when all the mountains in the world shall have been consumed as a scroll!"

The tourist, whilst ascending the *Saguenay* and passing along the base of these mountain cliffs, whose rugged summits seem to penetrate the blue expanse above, is oppressed by a sense of loneliness and desolation. When he raises his eyes to the vast height of the broken and misshapen masses which overhang and threaten momentarily to overwhelm him, the story of the Titans seems to be realized, and it appears to him as if they had succeeded, in this wild and primeval portion of the globe, in heaping Ossa upon Pelion, and Olympus upon Ossa. Even when the bright sun lights up each rocky pinnacle or fir-crowned height, and tips with brilliancy the snowy foam-caps of the waves, the gigantic and everlasting hills produce a sensation of awe,—imagine then what must be the feelings of the solitary voyageur in his bark canoe, when overtaken by the storm, as he floats on the bosom of this wild river, shut in on both sides by precipitous walls of granite, cutting off all hope of escape. A sweeping wind rushes suddenly through the chasm, accompanied by heavy pattering rain; darkness closing in above like a pall turns the already leaden-colored waters to the hue of ink. Heavens! what a flash darts out from the palpable darkness, revealing the ghastly and spectral forms of the rugged cliffs— and now the thunder peals forth with such a deafening crash that loose boulders and masses of rock come leaping and plunging into the startled wave. Every rock, and cavern, and distant mountain takes up and repeats the wild echoes.

But see! the clouds are breaking up,—the storm is abating; the roar of the thunder is more subdued, and is dying away in the distant ranges of mountains,—the seals disport themselves in the sparkling waves,—the white porpoises in shoals are throwing up the glittering spray in their uncouth gambols,—

the sun once more tints the landscape with burnished gold,—the air, purified by the electric current, is fresh and elastic, and nature, reassured, seems more beautiful and joyous than ever.

We hope the kind reader will excuse us for leaving him so long at the mouth of the *Saguenay*, whilst we have been humbly endeavoring to describe the general features of this singular river, under the different aspects of sunshine and gloom. We will now resume our office of Pilot and *Cicerone*, and point out the various objects of note as we ascend the river to *Chicoutimi*. To the left is *Tadousac Bay*, which is one of the king's posts or stations for trading with the Indians. It comprises several stores, &c., a chapel, and one dwelling-house. These objects, situated on a terrace about 50 feet above the water, including a flag-staff and some cannon, and the mountains rising up abruptly in the rear, form a very pleasing object in the picture. Here are extensive salmon fisheries. Looking ahead, we have a magnificent view of the river in perspective, in which a round mountain peak, called *Tete de Boule*, is a prominent feature. The river now inclines to the north for a few miles, but soon turns again to the west, being in many places three miles in width, and its depth profound until we arrive at the bar, 60 miles from its mouth. Nature, in her wildest freaks, has evidently been fashioning the mountains and rocks into the most whimsical and fantastical shapes, and objects of the most startling description now follow each other in rapid succession. The two PROFILES are strong outlines on the rocks, several hundred feet above the water, and strongly resemble the human face. The *St. Louis Islands*, a rocky group, and the mouth of the *Marguerite River*, are passed. And soon we come in sight of two tremendous masses of rock, called ETERNITY POINT and CAPE TRINITY, rising from the water's edge to the height of nearly 2000 feet, and so abruptly that ships of the largest tonnage may sail close enough to their base for the hand to touch them. When the traveller raises his eyes to their vast height, and then thinks of the deep abyss of waters rolling beneath him, he is overcome with awe, and shrinks as he becomes convinced of his own nothingness. *Trinity Cape* has three peaks on its summit resembling human heads. The other huge pile of everlasting granite is well designated by the name of *Eternity Point*.

Sheltered between these beetling and overhanging cliffs is a delightful recess in the shore, called Trinity Cove,—its retired and lonely beauty presents a striking contrast with the towering grandeur of the rest of the scene. Further still we come to *Statue Point*. Here, a rock, bearing a striking similarity to the human figure, formerly stood in a niche far above the water. The figure has, however, toppled from its base, and is hid in the bosom of the deep. A little beyond this, *TABLEAU ROCK* shoots up perpendicularly from the water's edge to the height of several hundred feet. We are now passing into Grand Bay, or *Ha-ha-bay*, as it is known by the habitans. It is supposed that it gained the latter appellation from the first voyagers, who, on suddenly beholding what they conceived to be a new channel for the river, exclaimed "Ha! ha!" It forms an excellent harbor, in which the largest ships of war might ride with safety, and is destined no doubt to be the principal seat of trade in this northern district. The Chicoutimi channel, a continuation of the Saguenay, here enters Grand Bay nearly at right angles on the eastern side, pent in by two lowering cliffs. Here, the mountains have been burned over by the pioneers who have attempted a settlement in this forbidding locality. Chicoutimi is a king's post and trading factory. It is situated at the junction of the *Chicoutimi River* with the Saguenay, and consists of several large buildings used as stores; one of Mr. Price's largest saw-mills is at this place. A venerable church, which was built by the jesuit *Labrosse*, in 1727, stands in the centre of a grassy lawn, surrounded by shrubbery. The old bell, still remaining in the tower of this church, is covered with characters or hieroglyphics which the most learned visitors have been unable to interpret. Missionaries come every year, in the months of June and July, to minister to the spiritual wants of the isolated inhabitants, and, by their endeavors, the Indians in the settlement have, in a great measure, abandoned the use of "Fire-water," and become orderly and decent compared with the other scattered remnants of their race. But they are all a degraded and a down-trodden people—their bold spirit of independence has been crushed by the white man, and the lines of Dryden can no longer apply to them—

—"As free as nature first made man,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran."

Beyond this point civilization ends, and the savage wilderness stretches out to Hudson's Bay, bearing no signs or traces of life save the trail of the Indian hunter.

Into this wild region, where constant impediments to our progress present themselves, and grievous privations have to be endured, we will not invite the reader. The curtain therefore falls.—Our romantic trip is ended.

TESTIMONIALS.

Irving House, New York, Nov. 1st, 1849.

MR. W. M. BURR,—

Dear Sir,—I have witnessed your Moving Mirror of the Lakes, the Niagara, the St. Lawrence, and the Saguenay, now on exhibition at the Minerva Rooms, with the greatest pleasure. For fifteen years I have navigated these lakes and rivers, and am perfectly familiar with all the objects,—the Rapids, Islands, and Cities,—represented on your painting. I award to your beautiful picture the palm of excellence, as a perfectly truthful and correct delineation of these sources of navigation.

Yours truly,

THOS. MAXWELL,

Former Commander of the Royal Mail Steamer Gildersleve, since of the Steamer Canada.

New York, Nov. 7, 1849.

Having been laboring as a Missionary of the Reformed Dutch Church for three years past among the Thousand Islands of the River St. Lawrence, and being familiarly acquainted with the scenery on that grand and majestic stream, it is with pleasure I certify to the accuracy of Mr. Burr's Mirror, now exhibiting at 406 Broadway, New York City. The representation of Brockville by moonlight is surpassingly beautiful, while the rapids, fishing vessels, rafts, with some of the inhabited islands and a floating population in their unique costume, is true and exceedingly picturesque.

REV. JEROME A. DAVENPORT.

MR. WILLIAM BURR,—

New York, Nov. 19th, 1849.

Dear Sir,—Having visited your "Mirror of the Lakes" I with pleasure testify to its accuracy. I have resided in the Saguenay country many years, (being in the fur-trading business previous to its occupancy by the Hudson Bay Company,) and next to beholding its sublime scenery, is a visit to the transfer on your canvas. I am also acquainted with the St. Lawrence, and in fact all the objects which illustrate and enliven your "Mirror;" and the superb scenery—unparalleled in the world—which is so faithfully delineated by you, should cause your "Mirror of the Lakes" to be visited by all. As far as I am acquainted, nothing could exceed your correct description, or convey a more accurate impression of this vast and little known region.

I am, sir, your ob't servant,

Johnson street, Brooklyn.

MOULTON BULLOCK.

TO MR. BURR, Proprietor of the "Seven Mile Panorama of the Lakes, the Niagara, the St. Lawrence and Saguenay Rivers?"

Sir,—Last evening I availed myself of the first leisure hour I have had for a long time to visit Amory Hall and view your Panorama of the upper Lakes and the romantic St. Lawrence. The former, beautified with a most charming scenery, the latter flowing between lofty hills whose heads are hid in the clouds as though those stern sentinels of wood and water were holding converse with the Great Spirit.

I have travelled in a birchen canoe over all the region represented on your canvas, know almost every rock and tree, and I am much pleased in being able to give my testimony to the accuracy of your delineations, and am astonished to see how Art can transfer Nature.

The islands, banks, battle grounds and noted places; the grandeur around Niagara; the mad war of waters in the whirlpool; the bold granite hills, the towns and cities, seen on your picture, give me so much pleasure, that I avail myself of the first opportunity of expressing it and of recommending the exhibition to my friends. Should they see it, I am convinced that they will agree with me in saying that the production is one of great merit, and, with me, wish you that success which talent so laudably employed, deserves.

To me your painting is one of deep interest, as it brings to my mind the scene of my early life; and *Cobourg*, which is represented in the picture, places me within fourteen miles of the residence of my aged father.

Wishing you abundant success, I remain your friend,

KAH-GE-GA-GAH-BOWH.

(G. COPWAY,) Ojibway Nation.

Adams House, Boston, June 18, 1850.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

BURR'S MIRROR OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.—Panoramas have been, almost without exception, caricatures as portraits of places, and beneath contempt as works of art. This one we are strongly inclined to believe exceedingly correct, and we know it to be eminently beautiful in an artistic point of view. It would be superfluous to write an article about the geographical position of the St. Lawrence, that great outlet of the Great Western Lakes, the varied interest attaching to the localities it waters in its course, and the celebrity of its principal points. These are well known to most of our readers, and might be to all, without any attempt of ours to play the schoolmaster. We have only to do with the picture, which is, as a whole, altogether unrivalled—an assertion that we make without any fear of contradiction.

For the convenience of unrolling and managing the square acres of canvas employed, the exhibition is divided by the fall of a curtain into half a dozen parts, giving the spectator about two minutes' breathing time between each. It is otherwise continuous, the eye, by a kind of pictorial license, gliding from one interesting point to another, and jumping over the intermediate space. Without this, an excursion from Buffalo to the Saguenay River would be *un peu trop fort*. We have varying effects of weather, season, and time of day; sunlight and moonlight, storms and calms, summer and winter. So we have the varieties of vessels peculiar to the waters we pass through, from the barks of timber rafted down stream to be converted into shipping, up to the ships themselves. The rafts, canoes, boats, and steamers, are admirably done; the ships being passable. The still waters throughout are charmingly rendered, and, in many places, the troubled stream is no less faithfully represented. The utmost care has been taken to give the exact tints of the water, where they are considered characteristic of the locality; the same minute attention being paid also to the local land tints, whereby the labor of the whole has been greatly increased and its faithfulness proportionably augmented. In the rough sketches that we saw last year, we remember noticing particularly all the requisite memoranda, made by the artists on the spot and at the moment. Neither must we forget to give them great credit for the carefulness and skill they have shown in their perspective; in some of the town-views this is really remarkable.

The plunge of the Horse Shoe Fall, at Niagara, is boldly given, and effective; and the same may be said of the Suspension Bridge. On emerging from the Niagara River, the pretty little village of that name pleased us much, as a bit of good, quiet, unpretending Art—nothing in the subject, but everything in the treatment. Passing Hamilton, we must especially commend the bit of landscape painting, shown in the highlands, to the right of Sir Allan McNab's baronial residence, which is represented in the back-ground. The view of Toronto is excellent, and really valuable, inasmuch as it shows the City from the Lake, previously to the last disastrous fire. Port Hope Lighthouse in a storm is cleverly done, as are some pretty island groups between that place and Kingston. Kingston itself is also very nicely painted, and the Thousand Isles are handled with a picturesque boldness and spirit worthy of their romantic celebrity. Brockville, by moonlight, is charming; and Ogdensburgh, seen in perspective, is one of the neatest views of the kind in the whole exhibition. The various rapids between Prescott and Montreal are treated with consummate skill; that of Lachine, with the wreck of the Steamer *Dawn*, being a perfect masterpiece of effect. The approach to Montreal, and that portion of the city containing Bonsecours Market, with Mount Royal in the background, deserves special commendation. The race of the Steamers *Montreal*, *Lady Elgin*, *Quebec*, and *John Munn*, hereabouts, is also very spirited. There is great boldness as well as skill exhibited in the evening tints and brilliant sky under which we pass Three Rivers, near which place, if we remember rightly, an enormous raft is a curious feature in the scene. But we must hurry on to Quebec, seen by rise of sun, with its Citadel in strong rays of light, and a deep shade resting on the lower town—all very artistic, and not inferior to any other portion. The Falls of Montmorenci are capitally painted, especially the glen on the left of them, and thrown back. The high mountain of St. Ann and St. Paul's Bay should also be commended.

Thus, hastily descending, we are at the mouth of the Saguenay River, to which the lust roller is exclusively devoted; pity is it that we have almost exhausted our vocabulary of praise, for, on the honor of an impartial critic, *this Saguenay is worth all the rest put together*. The rocky scenery of the lofty mountains, that are cut through by this magnificent stream, are given with an air of truth and vigor that really astonished us; and we believe much the same feeling was conveyed to the minds of those present with us.

But we must not allow ourselves to hammer out this eulogium to any greater length. Exactly a year ago, in noticing some sketches for this work, we observed, "Mr. Banvard has given a striking proof of American enterprise; we trust Mr. Burr will do as much for American taste and skill." He has done so signally, and we trust he will be rewarded. Whatever success he may meet in New York, we can insure him a good reception in London, if he go there.—*N. Y. Albion*.

We were at the Minerva Rooms last evening to see Burr's Moving Mirror, embracing the most life-like views of the Niagara River, its Islands, the Falls, Whirlpool, Suspension Bridge, Lake Ontario, the Thousand Islands, the St. Lawrence, Montreal, Quebec, the picturesque Falls of Montmorenci, closing with the most beautiful and amazingly sublime scenery of the mighty and mysterious Saguenay. Having travelled some years since over nearly the entire route, we were curious to see how far memory had proved true to by-gone days, and we are compelled to admit, that we more than once forgot our identity in the marvellous and faithful transcript which passed like magic before our bewildered gaze. The artistic merit of this noble triumph of American skill, is undoubtedly superior to any other painting of the kind in this country. It being an opaque picture, it is admirably adapted to the taste of the people. We recognized many striking scenes, with the utmost distinctness. We stood some ten years ago on the summit of Brock's Monument, on a cold, bleak day, and gazed over the battle-field and snow-covered hills, that lost their outline in the distant clouds, and distant waters—we stood again last night, in fancy, on the same spot, with emotions strangely youthful. The whole scene is enlivened

by beautiful music, executed by the celebrated Professor Van Der Weyde, on one of T. Gilbert & Co's. Æolian pianos, which seems peculiarly adapted to awaken the soul to the enjoyment of the sublime and beautiful. The stupendous peaks of the Saguenay are a fitting addenda to the picture, and elicit the most profound admiration from all who have witnessed them; indeed, they surpass all we ever dreamed of, in the *wr* the sublime and the grand. More geography of the frontier may be learned at the Minerva Rooms in a couple of hours, than could be obtained elsewhere in the same number of months.—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE SAGUENAY.—We paid a visit yesterday to Burr's Mirror, and were agreeably surprised at its accuracy in detail, and its fine effect as a whole. The picture of the wonderful Saguenay—the most astonishing river on the globe—stealing along the eternal solitude of its fathomless gulf, between banks that tower far above the clouds—is worth a hundred times the price of admission.

The proprietor selected objects of curiosity and scenes of the most thrilling interest, worthy of his skill in artistic combination. Vales on vales of Emerald, mountains on mountains of Amethyst, and streams on streams of Silver, are not huddled confusedly together, but stretched out into a comprehensive and grand picture. The Saguenay rolls along like a dream through her hushed bed to the gulf. The observer will see that all these lakes and rivers form a perfect chain of water communication. The "Thousand Islands" force us into the belief that the Book of Nature has but one page, and that is beauty, wafted to us from some enchanted land of loveliness and light. The great segment of the circle of the world is seen in this picture. Yesterday afternoon crowds were seen leaving the door, as all the seats were secured at an early hour. Persons would do well to procure tickets in advance.—*Tribune.*

"**BURR'S MOVING MIRROR of the Great Lakes, Niagara, St. Lawrence, and Saguenay Rivers.**"—We took occasion a few evenings since to visit this Moving Mirror, now on exhibition at the Minerva Rooms, 406 Broadway, and were amply repaid for our trouble.

Having passed over nearly the whole of the route described, some four years since, we were prepared to discover what justice the artists had done to their subject, and what if any errors they had committed to canvas. And (after an evening's inspection,) we cheerfully accord our testimony to its fidelity, for the color of the waters, the face of the country, the tints of the flowers, the hues of the foliage and shrubbery, the exact condition of the public buildings and private residences, are all so true to nature that we almost imagined that we were taking our tour over again.

Nobly have the artists acquitted themselves in bringing out a work of so much merit, and one that will, we think, be appreciated by a discerning public.

We say to one and all of our readers, that Mr. Burr, the proprietor, richly merits your patronage, and those of you who have not as yet seen this great work of art, should by all means take the earliest opportunity of visiting the Minerva Rooms.—*Merchant's Ledger.*

BURR'S MOVING MIRROR.—In these days of Panorama mania, of course there are daubs exhibited, dignified with the title of "panorama," which are but frauds upon the public, and are calculated to affect seriously the interests of those whose exhibitions are really meritorious. As it is the duty of the press to expose these impositions, so it is their duty to direct public attention to exhibitions which are deserving of patronage; and we now refer particularly to what is termed "*Burr's Moving Mirror*," and pronounce it, in all respects, highly deserving patronage, and we trust that no one will fail to visit it, because it will not only afford considerable gratification, from the views represented, but viewing it as a work of art, that feeling cannot fail to be enhanced. The trip from Buffalo to the Saguenay River exhibits views of Niagara, the Horse Shoe and American Fall, the Suspension Bridge; and emerging from the Niagara River, you pass Hamilton, obtain a fine sight of Toronto; of Port

Hope Light-house in a storm—and the group of islands between it and Kingston. You then pass in succession, Kingston, Brockville, (a beautiful moonlight view) Ogdensburgh—the various rapids between Prescott and Montreal, of which city, the painting is peculiarly spirited, and the Three Rivers. You then pass to Quebec, seen at sunrise; the Falls of Montmorency; thence descend to the Saguenay River, the representation of which forms one part of the exhibition, and in all respects is one of the grandest in point of scenery we have ever witnessed, and is delineated in a masterly style. But it is quite impossible by any description to afford an idea of the attractions of the exhibition, and we can only inform those who fail to visit this panorama, that they lose a very great treat.—*Evening Mirror*.



