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**A SIX WEEKS' TOUR.**

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# SIX WEEKS' TOUR

IN

WESTERN CANADA.

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BY A LADY.

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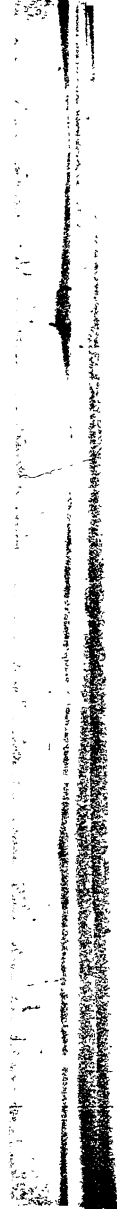
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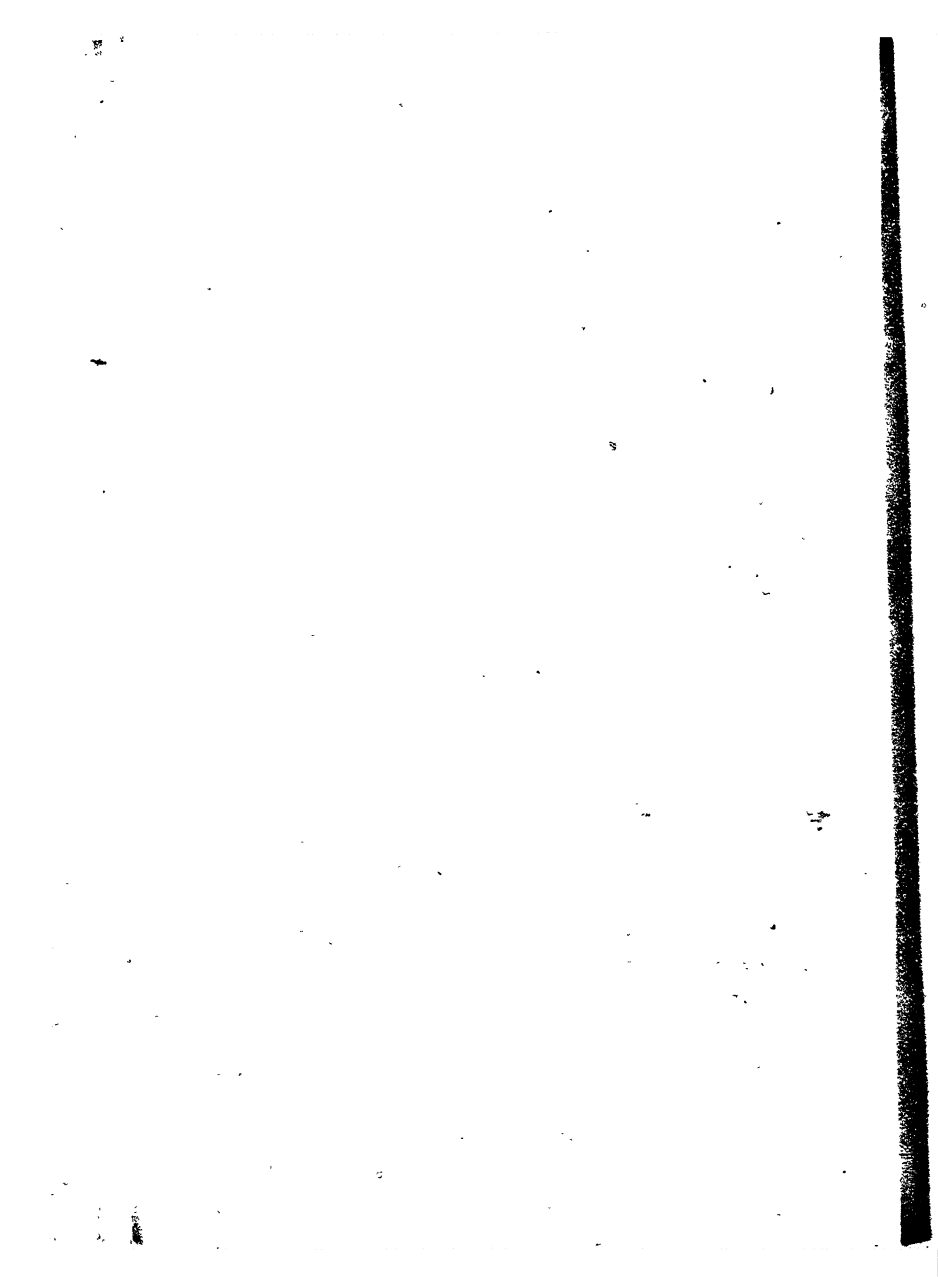
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Inscribed  
to the  
**Ladies of Canada,**  
by  
The Authoress.



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## TOUR IN WESTERN CANADA.

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DEAR READERS,

One very hot day, in June, 1865, I resolved to throw all care away, to shut up my house, and take a trip, not for the benefit of my health,—for that, I am happy and thankful to say, is always good,—but for amusement, and rest to the mind; for as the Sabbath is wisely ordered to be a rest to the body, so a change of scene is of great benefit to the mind. All should travel when they have the means and are in health, not wait till they are driven from home by the doctor for the purpose of acquiring that health which a little fresh air might have preserved. Money is necessary, but few spend it with prudence and to advantage; many spend on themselves, few to God's glory. But enough of moralizing. On the 5th July, 1865, my mother and I started on our travels. We left Montreal at noon, and reached Lachine in half an hour, eager for our journey; but, alas! no steamer was to be seen. It had been detained, and we had to wait about two hours at the station, which is a very disagreeable place, dirty and uncomfortable, and with hardly a seat.

As it is well to make the best of everything, we will improve the time here in looking back to 1809, when, on the 6th November, the steamboat "Accommodation," built by the enterprise and industry of the Honorable John Molson, made, I am told, her first trip to Quebec, she being the first steamer that ever plied in Canadian waters. She took twenty-four hours to reach Three Rivers, and sixty-six hours to reach Quebec. The fare, which was then nine dollars, is now three for the same distance. As we are very much indebted to the Honorable John Molson for his having persevered in building his steamer, and to accomplish which he had no doubt many difficulties to overcome, I have chosen his portrait as being the most suitable one for my little book; for the first person who carries through any enterprise successfully, accomplishes more than those who follow in his track.

While waiting we strolled about; but the steamer's movements were too uncertain to allow of our availing ourselves of the hospitalities of the people of Lachine; so we returned to the station, and there found our fellow-passengers very impatient, some for their dinner, some to get started; and all looking anxious. At last a gentleman near me saw the pipe of the "Grecian" entering the lock of the canal, and very soon she came gracefully sailing along. She is indeed a very comfortable steamer. I had placed my luggage

on board in the morning, and through the politeness of the purser, Mr. Brush, I secured the very finest stateroom, so I had nothing to do but to feel happy and comfortable. This you will better understand, when I tell you that the day was beautiful, the dinner, *when we got it*, excellent, our captain and purser very agreeable, the travellers on board all very socially inclined, and the Beauharnois Canal, though to some English people who were on board, a very tedious place, seemed to me a wonderful work of art. I am English; but the great mistake that I notice in my countrymen is, that they find fault with everything in Canada. This is perhaps one of the reasons that England does not know our real value. Instead of enlarging on our splendid lakes and rivers, our fine steamers, and many of our other advantages, the want of a few comforts which habit has made necessary to English life, brings the dark side of every thing to their view, and they do nothing but grumble. The Americans are wiser; they see what we will yet be, not what we are, and they not only admire, but covet us; and though they cannot manage the large tract of country which they now possess, they would wish to add Canada to it; but should they ever succeed, it will prove a curse to them instead of a blessing. If the Canadians, like a dutiful child to a loved parent, follow the advice of their mother, Old England, and unite them-

selves in Confederation, they will without doubt become a great nation, much greater than the States, for they will get their independence with a mother's blessing, and without loss of life. The States have theirs, but they got it, like spoilt children, with war and bloodshed.

But enough of politics—what do ladies know of them you will say. True; yet lookers on see most of the game. A number of us being seated together at the bow of the boat, one said she admired, another grew tired of, the Beauharnois Canal; but finally we reached the last lock, at a place called Valleyfield, where Mr. Buntin, of Montreal, has some very fine paper mills, which, had time permitted, we would have liked very much to have examined. Those who tried it had to return without seeing the inside of them; the outside you can see very well from the boat, and they certainly present a very pretty appearance. The workmen's houses look neat and clean, and everything seems so orderly, that they must be a great benefit to the place. At about eleven o'clock on a very beautiful moonlight night, we reached Cornwall, too late to see anything of the place and people, which was rather a disappointment to me, from having spent many pleasant days there, and having many excellent friends, some of whom I expected to see at the entrance of the first lock of the Cornwall Canal, and sat up for that purpose; but sleep, the balm of all woes, soon came to my relief. After

enjoying a comfortable night's rest, I arose refreshed to admire the commencement of the Thousand Islands which adorn the magnificent river St. Lawrence. The first stopping-place is Prescott, and there I walked ashore in search of Dr. Scott's house, but getting a little astray, and fearing the boat would leave me behind, I took advantage of Dr. Jones' gig, which I met on the way, jumped in, and surprised my friends, the Doctor and his family, all seated at breakfast. I merely shook hands, and drove to the steamer, which, to my surprise, had in the meantime moved to another wharf. We had on board a number of Norwegian emigrants, hardy, healthy-looking people, who were on their way to Chicago. One of these Norsemen had a child very ill, so we asked Dr. Jones' advice; but he shook his head, which, I believe, is always a bad sign. It proved to be in this case, for the child died while the boat lay at the wharf in Kingston. As we cannot admire Prescott for its beauty, but only say that it is always the same, its inhabitants kind and happy to see you, we shall carry you on to Brockville, which is prettily situated. The boat only stays long enough there for you to leave your card, not to make a visit. Here we left some of our passengers. Many visit Brockville for the purpose of enjoying the beautiful boating for which the place is famous. We now sailed among those lovely islands, of which so much has been written. One of the

greatest pleasures of the journey was, to observe the benefit that the fine fresh air from our river and lakes had upon the delicate people who were our fellow-passengers; some who, in the city, were pining away for want of an appetite, seemed as eager for their meals as the healthy. The next thing was dinner, and, being hungry, we all found it very good. The Captain kindly informed us that we should soon be at Kingston, and that we might, if we liked, go ashore for two hours, as the boat had to be supplied there with wood and other requisites; so my mother and I drove to the Penitentiary. I always admire Kingston, with the bay sweeping round her shores, as if to protect her from the fury of the lake. And then when our beloved Prince, son of our noble Queen, visited these shores, Kingston, without any want of respect, shewed a firmness in maintaining what she believed to be *right*, which, in an age like this, when people act more on expediency than principle, and when even the best of men will often crush the *right* for the purpose of maintaining *might*, often, were it not for the overruling Providence of God, right would never come to light. Principles like these I greatly admire. The drive made a pleasant change, and on enquiring at the large gate for Mrs. McDonald, we were at once admitted. After receiving the usual welcome which Mrs. McDonald bestows on all her



friends, we were conducted by her daughters to the female ward. Nothing can exceed the order and cleanliness of this establishment; and if their souls are as well cared for as their bodies, no doubt, when their term of punishment is ended, they will be better fitted to fill a better position in the world. Time did not permit us to go through all the building, but of one thing we were convinced, that it is one of the best managed institutions in the country.

Returning by the same road that we came, we saw some very handsome private residences, and admired the very fine Park, which has lately received the addition of an Observatory from some private individual, and were much amused to see the Norsemen, women and children, who had been walking about, gazing at everything, running back to the steamer: their odd appearance, eager looks and fear of being left behind, together with the surprise of the Kingston people at seeing them, would have made an interesting picture. Again the bell rings, the whistle sounds, and we find ourselves moving gently out of the bay into the majestic Lake Ontario. She wore her sweetest smiles, seemed to like her company, and treated us with her best and prettiest colour, which seems to be a greenish blue. As evening drew on we had the sweet sounds of music from a very nice toned piano to amuse us; and one lady sang the "Brook" and "Robin Red

Breast," very appropriate airs to beguile our ears, while our eyes feasted on the enchanted scene. Another night of rest—I slept as sound as in my house; but as morning dawns, all is life and stir again, and now we are all on the lookout for the city of Toronto, at which place the steamer is due at eight o'clock. One little improvement I would suggest to the captain of the "Grecian," viz., a breakfast spread at seven, for those who choose to pay for it: the keen morning air makes one very hungry, and you feel a want in leaving the boat, as though a friend had treated you ungratefully. My friends had not quite decided which way they would take to reach Niagara, whether they would continue on in the "Grecian" to Hamilton, or remain over in Toronto, and take the steamer direct to that place. While in this state of uncertainty we reached Toronto, and, in the confusion of landing, all seemed to forget everything but themselves and their luggage. After driving to Yorkville, which is some distance out of Toronto, passing through a very long street called Yonge Street, and a pretty street called Jarvis Street, we reached my brother's residence, and found my sister-in-law ready to receive us with a nice comfortable breakfast, and everything around cheerful and pleasant. I must say it is an agreeable thing to be expected; and to have some one waiting for you, and looking pleased to see you, especially if it is one you love and long to see,

the feeling is delightful. Toronto seems to me much as usual ; grass grows in the streets, the geese wander about unmolested. It is a quiet place for its size—no hurry nor bustle. It reminds me very much of a steady going middle aged man, and would be much improved by casting aside a little of its stiffness, and inviting a good class of emigrants to make a stir in it. At present it is like a Seidlitz powder, it needs to be mixed and stirred ; still it is a fine city, containing about 50,000 inhabitants, and some very fine literary institutions, to which I shall call attention on my return from the West. I shall merely say that the day after my arrival, my dear brother got me an early breakfast, and drove with me to the Great Western Station, put me carefully into the car, and left me to my own thoughts. The weather was cool, and no dust. When we started, I found myself next a gentleman who told me the names of the places at which the cars stopped between Toronto and Hamilton. The first place was Mimico ; and a poor looking church, like a smoke-house, appears in view ; Port Credit, which seems to have a good deal of stagnant water around it ; then Oakville. After passing these places, a succession of fine ravines are seen, then Bronté, and we find ourselves at the head of Lake Ontario,—the day beautiful and the lake calm, and we stop with all politeness to make our bow, and allow the little steamer, “ Lady Argyle,” to pass

underneath the bridge that we are to cross. It is a pretty sight, and, like the happy moments of our life, 'tis gone and we see it no more. We now call at Water-down and Junction, and then reach Hamilton, which is a fine city, but you can see very little of it from the station, and I have not yet had the pleasure of exploring it.

Here there is quite a bustle, for you are obliged for some reason or other to change your car. Not being aware of this change I was surprised to see all the passengers leave the car, so I hastily rose and followed the crowd and secured myself a very comfortable seat in the other car, which was very full. My companion, this time, was a young girl, from whom I gathered a little information. Dundas, or the Valley City, seems a small but flourishing place. Ancaster, an older place than Hamilton, next peeps out, but judging from its present appearance, has no intention of eclipsing it. Passing quickly by Capetown and Lynden, we reach Paris, which is not quite equal to its Transatlantic namesake.

While rushing past these small villages, my thoughts turned on various things, but one subject above all others seemed to engross my attention, viz., the reason why our towns do not progress faster. It seems to me that they are laid out on too much ground; like people who, with little capital, begin large undertakings,

they are almost always a failure ; so large grants of land to one individual are of no benefit to the country. A few poor emigrants, each having a small piece of ground given them, would in the end make better settlers. We are naturally selfish, and, if I may be allowed to use the expression, become more so by "being wrapped up in our own clover." Getting land into your possession seems to be one thing ; doing good equal to what you possess, seems to be another. Now I think that having land in an uncultivated state, or having more than you can manage, is keeping a talent buried in the ground. Some people not only keep their land in this way, but prevent others, whose affairs become mixed up with theirs by a number of unfortunate circumstances, of either having or using their own. We talk of the miser who hoards his gold, and forget the miser who hoards his land. While my thoughts have been so busy, the cars have stopped at London, the Forest City, where the Great Western has a very fine station. Seeing a very nice dinner prepared, I sat down and enjoyed it, and then, having procured a carriage, I drove to the London and Port Stanley depot, which is a sad change from the Great Western. Arriving there, I was, like Robinson Crusoe, monarch of all I surveyed, for no living thing seemed near. With difficulty I found a seat, and, making a table of my lap, I began to write this journal.

One by one my fellow-passengers arrived, looking eagerly at me, and wondering, as well they might, what I could find to write about in so desolate a place. But at last the engine came, and then the ticket master, and all in a minute we were hurried in, and on went our flying chariot, carrying us swiftly to St. Thomas. Here, on my arrival, I was kindly met by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Blackwood, of Fingal, who brought their very comfortable carriage and pair to take me to their abode in Fingal. But then my large trunk! what was to be done with that? After trying it in all ways on the carriage, and finding it would not fit, we agreed to send it by stage; and, after enjoying a delightful drive through a pretty part of the country, we reached Mr. B.'s residence, which is a very large and comfortable brick house, with extensive lawn in front, surrounded by trees in which robins and numberless pretty birds have made their nests, and who seemed to welcome me from every quarter, and to say "be happy while you may." Fingal is a scattered place containing six churches and a schoolhouse, which the Episcopalians use for an afternoon service. Every one here seems to have one or two large farms, and the crops are really looking beautiful. My kind host and hostess tried everything in their power to make me enjoy my visit, and several drives were proposed and arranged. The morning after my arrival I started out for a walk,

and it being nice and cool, I walked about two miles, and called on a Mrs. Macnish, to whose late husband, who emigrated to Canada in 1852, the Church of Scotland and congregation of Fingal owe their origin. One of the sons of Mrs. Macnish is destined for the ministry of this church, and is now in the Divinity Hall of Edinburgh College, having gone there after a very brilliant course in Toronto University, where, each year, he carried off the highest honors. There I saw a farm in the finest order, and barns which could hardly hold the grain. Though busy with the harvest, they found time to harness up their horses and drive me back. In the afternoon we drove to Port Stanley, and a very merry drive it was. The hills and ravines over which we passed are very lovely, and appear in some places really dangerous; one of the party was very nervous, and the gentleman who drove, wishing to show me the immense height of the hills, drove as near the edge of them as possible, which caused some screaming and a little excitement. Peeping through the trees is to be seen the River St. Thomas winding gracefully at our feet, but suddenly Lake Erie appears in sight, and we find ourselves driving into Port Stanley, where we stopped to rest at the residence of Mr. Brice Thompson, whose little cottage, situated on a hill, commands a view of the lovely waters of Lake Erie, for miles around. On this, my first introduction

to the lake, she seemed a little ruffled in temper ; the centre had that beautiful shade of blue which seems her natural colour, but the wind seemed to stir the water round the shore, making the waters send forth a low, disconsolate sound, and giving the border a fringe of grey. We sat in an arbour, admiring the lake, till time warned us to return, which we did by another road, calling on the way at the Rev. Mr. Mochridge's pretty parsonage, to reach which you pass through a hedge of bees and flowers. Being a very musical family, the young ladies sang us some of their sweetest songs, and we returned home about nine, highly delighted with what we had seen and heard.

The next day a drive of thirty miles was proposed, and Mrs. B., having decided on remaining at home, invited a Mrs. McCormick, a daughter of Colonel Burwell, one of the oldest settlers, to take her place, who, together with Miss Cameron, one of Mrs. B's sons, and myself, formed the party. Whilst driving through a very beautiful avenue of trees, which is at least a mile long, my thoughts were again busy. Trees always remind me of people ; some, their beautiful branches spreading themselves all around, like people who are always doing good ; some, who begin their work late in life, their verdure is at the top ; some, who are of no use themselves, but lie across the path of others and prevent them from doing the



good they would wish to do. Those who throw sticks across their own path, of course have no one to blame but themselves ; some, like fine ladies, only live to be admired ; some, ambitious, raise their heads above all the others ; and often you see two so entwined together as though one could not live without the other ;—but enough of my thoughts. We are on our way to Port Talbot. This place has received its name from its first settler, a Colonel Talbot, who, having been disappointed in his matrimonial arrangements, resigned his commission in the army, and came out to this country, received a large tract of land from Government, and lived alone with his suite for many years. It was rumored, when I was there, that the Hon. George Brown intended to purchase the Colonel's house, which is situated in a very lovely spot, but has a very poor entrance, and as we were met at the gate by a person who treated us coolly, and did not even invite us into a place of which I had heard so much, I, of course, was disappointed, and although all the people around there seemed to think that this is the finest place on the Lake shore ; to my taste, Col. Paterson's is quite its equal, with a superior entrance. You seem at once to see the lake in all her majesty, and on this, my second view of her, she certainly looked very lovely ; no cloud was on her brow. Mrs. Paterson with her husband, now dead, came to this country in

1809, saw much hardship in the time of the War in 1812, of which she gave me some slight account. From her and her family we received a hearty welcome, and, after partaking of an excellent dinner, one of her grand-daughters showed us the beauties of the place. The shore here is surrounded by rocks of sand, which appear like rocks of stone, and form a kind of wall around the lake; with difficulty we descended to the shore, and gathered a few stones in remembrance of our adventure. Far as the eye could reach, one wide expanse of water belted with these rocks and trees appeared. We stooped to pick up some fancied treasure, but, before we got it, the water washed it from our view, and when at last we did get it, found it not possessing half the value we expected, —a true picture of life, always seeking something to make us more happy, and when we get the object most wished for, it has lost half the value it had before. Returning to the house, we partook of some fruit, heard Mr. Duncan play some very sweet old airs on the flute, and started for our next visit, which was a very modest little parsonage, in which resided the Rev. Mr. Kennedy. After receiving a nosegay from Mrs. K., we drove on to Wallacetown, which is a neat little place, with two churches and a saw-mill. Great excitement seemed to prevail even in this small village, for a child had been lost for four days and nights

in a place called the Dismal Swamp. This swamp is of ten miles length, and so dark, that you can neither see nor hear anything in it. The whole village had been out in search of him on the previous Sunday without success, but he had just been found by a man of the name of Duncan McPherson. At first the child was so frightened that he resisted him, but afterwards asked for a drink, and became quiet. I think the man deserves a medal or some reward, and that the people should exert themselves to give him one. Our horses being rested, we turned their heads towards home, returning through a very fine country whose fields were rich with every kind of grain. We then passed a little village called Iona, stopping, as we were desired, to leave word there that the child was found, to prevent the Indians who had been sent for to assist in the search from going further. Passing over a succession of very steep hills, we reached home, having accomplished our thirty miles without the least fatigue. The next day we remained at home, and amused ourselves with the village gossip, which consisted at that time of rather a queer story. A man and his wife, who had been about ten years married, almost all which time they had spent in quarrelling, formed the subject. She one day, stole his keys, and, unlocking his box, took out mortgages and notes to the value of some thousands of dollars, with which, and

£300 in money, as well as their only child, a girl of nine, she started, and hid herself in one of the farm houses. When she was found nothing could induce her to return or give up what she had taken. Search warrants were taken out and houses examined by him, at first, with no success; but at last, in his mother-in-law's house, sewed up in one of her footstools, the money and notes were found. He then got hold of the child by stealth, and is gone, I believe, to the States.

In the course of the next week, we drove to and around St. Thomas, and a very pretty town it is, looking a little dull on account of the many failures which have occurred there lately, reminding me of a story which I had heard of a traveller in a previous year stopping at an hotel in one of our towns, in which a great many of the stores were shut. He rose in the morning, and seeing everything so quiet, concluded that it was too early to rise: this he repeated two or three times, but at last thought he would call for his breakfast. "That," said the waiter, "is over long ago; they are eating dinner now." "Then why," said the traveller, "are not the stores open?" "Why, sir, those people have failed." The stillness that prevailed would have almost led one to believe that all the people were asleep. We made several calls on the *elite* of the place. Mr. Horton, whose fine garden and hot-house we explored, gave me a

very large and fragrant bouquet, which, with care, I kept fresh for nearly a week. The next day we rested, and had company in the evening. Country parties have much more variety than town ones. In town when you see one dance you see all; in the country some know how to dance, and some do not; but all try, and this makes a nice contrast.

The next day I was invited to the residence of a rich widow to enjoy an early dinner with a few select friends, and then to take a ramble of one or two miles in the forest. Her son, an intelligent young man, escorted us on our rambles among the fine old trees of the forest, some of the party stooping for wild flowers or ferns, and each making merry at the expense of the other in our attempts to explore. My pleasant visit begins to draw to a close. One more drive, and then I must prepare for my return to Toronto. It was proposed that we should drive to the Indian Settlement; but we took so long to make up our minds, that when we started, it was too late; so we went through some of the back concessions, and took a walk through a fine garden where we saw thirty hives of industrious bees making honey. Out of one hive alone the owner had cleared five dollars this season, so that it seems to be a good business with these new hives. He told us that he had a powder which he sprinkled on the bees, which enabled him

to remove the honey or the bees without being stung. The day that I had fixed for my departure was very wet and disagreeable; and although the horses were harnessed and everything ready, my kind host detained me until the next day, when the sun shone forth in all his splendour, and I returned to London on the same road that conveyed me to Fingal, but not alone; Mrs. B. accompanied me, and took me to Mrs. Christopher Abbott's house in London, who received us very kindly, and, with Mr. William Cains, drove us all through the city. London seems to be a very aspiring place, if a stranger may judge from the appearance of the public buildings. One looks as if it had been intended for a castle, but its knight must have been swept off with a pawn before finishing the design, or else taken prisoner by his Queen, and lodged in a dungeon, but evidently checkmated before the design was completed. Then they are about converting an old church into a cathedral, and building a college which is to be called the Huron College, this being the name of the Diocese. Now this college stands on a good site as to view, and looks well, but there is not nearly enough ground attached to it for the use of the students. While looking at it and into it, I thought that the money expended in building it would have been better spent in improving the colleges already established in the country, and helping them

to become second to none but Oxford and Cambridge. In order to do that, our motto must be "Union is strength." My stay in London had one fault,—it was too short, which I hope to correct at some future day. I did, however, see some very pretty private residences, and was surprised that their Nunnery was not enclosed as they are with us, with walls of stone, but surrounded by a very fine hedge, which is a decided improvement. I now bade adieu to my kind friends in the West, and started by the Grand Trunk Railway Line for Toronto. The Stations on this road, after you leave London, are superior to the Great Western ones; but the scenery, the cars, indeed everything else is very inferior; it even seemed dull and tiresome to me. We first stop at Thorndale, then move on quickly to St. Mary's, where we change cars, and there is a slight delay there to allow the car, which is going to Sarnia, the extreme end of the Line, to pass. All is for the time hurry and bustle, and it really requires skill to find the car which you want, and to get into it without injuring yourself or your neighbour.

This done, you pass a good deal of half cleared land, full of stumps and trees partly burnt, reminding one of wasted opportunities and ill-spent lives, and having a very sad and desolate appearance. Passing quickly by the villages of Shakespeare, Hamburg, Baden, and Petersburg, you arrive and stop a short time at

Berlin, which seems prettier and more compact than the villages generally on this route. The principal town on this line between London and Toronto is Guelph; it really looks well from the cars, and will in time, I have no doubt, become a place of some importance. It is distant from Toronto forty-eight miles. The road from this begins to improve, and after stopping at nine small villages, we reached Toronto about five in the evening, where I found my good brother ready to receive me.

With the assistance of a cab, which, by the by, was not so roomy or so comfortable as the Montreal ones, I found myself, by tea time, quietly seated in Yorkville, where I remembered that "the rules of the establishment must be attended to," which means order and neatness, in their extreme sense. Toronto is the largest and most important town on the Canadian shore of Lake Ontario, and derives its present name of Toronto, I believe, from having been the "place of meeting" of the Indian tribes. Its public institutions are much finer than those of Montreal, and have the advantage of possessing a great deal of ground around them, which greatly enhances their beauty. Toronto contains two Cathedrals, neither of which is equal, in outward appearance, to those in Montreal, but I believe, for sound, are both superior, the voice being distinctly heard in all parts of them. There are, I



think, about thirty other churches. The Lord's Day is very strictly observed here; no street cars are allowed to run, and very few carriages are to be seen in the streets. I do not think there is a city in America,—at least I have not seen one—where the same quiet prevails on Sunday. The University is a magnificent pile of buildings, with its various lecture rooms, residences, and students' quarters, and certainly does credit to the designer. The collection of minerals and fossils is not very extensive, but they are very tastefully arranged; to examine it all would take, at least, a week. Between the buildings and the Park there is a beautiful ravine; but the Park, which might be made one of the finest sights in Toronto, does not receive that care it should have; part of it seems to have been sold for building lots, which is a great pity. A toll imposed on all the carriages that drive through would form a fund which would keep it in good order. Trinity College has a very fine appearance, surrounded by a spacious park of about twenty acres, and owes its existence to the exertions of Dr. Strachan, the first and present Bishop of Toronto; it has accommodation for at least eighty students, with its class-rooms, chapel, library and museum, and will, if properly supported, become one of the greatest colleges in the country. It is situated on Queen Street, near the Lunatic Asylum. To my mind, it seems strange that both these buildings

should have a Lunatic Asylum in front of them. Is it intended to remind the students that much learning may make them mad? If so, I will add, a little common sense will keep them wise, and make a good ingredient, mixed with learning.

The Normal School Building, which is the finest of the kind in the Province, has been established about twenty-three years; it took us a whole day to explore, and even then we did not see the half of, its beauties; for, it being vacation season, a good deal of it was closed to the public. There is a very large collection of oil-paintings, valued at ten thousand pounds; some of them struck me as being very good, and some very poor ones; but I did not like the heavy gilt frames, they are too crowded, and would look better if the sacred pictures were separated from the others: it takes from the reverence belonging to sacred things, to have them so promiscuously arranged. But the room that I admired the most was the one in the centre of the building, which is used for examinations; it is very tastefully decorated with busts, in plaster, of the Kings and Queens of England, and other eminent individuals. You look up and catch the eye of a poet, and before you can call to mind the name of his poems, you seem to hear the sweet strains of a musician, or feel yourself bowing before a king or queen. Altogether the effect is very good, and has the power of sharpening

your wits. The grounds are tastefully laid out, and enclosed with a very fine hedge. They contain specimens of Canadian and foreign trees, from all parts of the world, flowers, shrubs, and garden chairs, in which, dear reader, I wish you to be seated while I tell you the reason why I have been tempted to publish this little book. I have long wished to establish a Musical College for young ladies. By the bye there is no college in the country built on purpose for them, where a first-rate musical education may be had at a moderate price. It is to have the advantage of a separate teacher for each distinct branch of that education, the course to be of not less than nine years' duration, where they can also learn the art of teaching it, on the new and improved system that I have introduced, which requires much less time and practice than the old one; and where pupils, in an advanced state, will be enabled to practise quartettes on two pianos or other instruments. Now this undertaking will require a large capital to provide buildings, instruments, &c.; and as I intend it to benefit the whole Province, although Montreal is the best place in which to establish it, I have written and published this at my own expense, in the hope that while it is travelling through the Canadas, it may chance to meet some liberal individual, musically inclined, who will furnish the money for a Musical College, sufficient to erect the suitable build-

ings, and to maintain it for a few years; after which, if properly managed, it would be sure to become self-supporting, and in the end yield a large return. But now I suppose you are rested, and prepared for anything. I intend to take you to the top of the University, up a flight of 250 steps, in order that you may admire Toronto, and the many very fine buildings, a description of which I shall be obliged to omit for fear of making this tedious. From this height the city looks remarkably well: it being a very flat place, you see none of its beauties unless you ascend; but, when once you have succeeded in getting up there,—I hope it will not be on so windy a day as the one on which I mounted,—it will well repay you. The wind blew so furiously that the ladies could hardly keep their footing; one of the gentlemen had his hat blown off, though I really think he deserved it, he laughed so much at our expense. The spires of the many fine churches, the beautiful trees, the domes and turrets of the public buildings and private residences, together with the splendid lake with which Toronto is surrounded, form a very fine view.

After this exertion, we dined (*en famille*) at Chief Justice McLean's, who was at the time suffering from paralysis, which left his place at the table vacant, and prevented us from enjoying ourselves as we have been accustomed to do, still it was pleasant. I

appealed to Dr. C. N. Trew, who sat next me, for a name for this journal, telling him that I thought of publishing it. He said, "Well if you do, call it a *Draught of Sparkling Porter*." I thanked him, but you see, as ladies often ask advice and then take their own way, I have not availed myself of his suggestion, fearing that my readers might not have thought it suitable. I must not close my description of Toronto without saying something of Osgoode Hall, the building which the Torontonians consider one of the finest that they have. It has certainly a very imposing appearance, and takes its name from Judge Osgoode, who was the first Chief Justice of Toronto. For a detailed account of its conveniences and the purposes for which it is intended, I shall refer you to the Guide Book already printed, because I feel very nervous in attempting to describe anything connected with law, that being a thing in which no person with common sense ever expects to find justice.

I will say, however, that both judges and lawyers have everything there fitted up for them in a most elegant and luxurious style, and the walls are adorned with portraits of the chief justices, judges and vice-chancellors, who, having performed their duties faithfully, well deserve a place there. My mind's eye now rests on the one of the late Chief Justice McLean, who for the last twenty-eight years held an office in

the building, and, while health and strength lasted, was always to be found at his post. On the 28th October last his body was brought into the hall, and placed under the dome for the last time, and then buried with all the honours due to his high position, he having been made President of the Court of Error and Appeal in the year 1863, one of the highest offices in the country. While looking at all these public buildings, intended to improve the understanding of the citizens of Toronto, it strikes me that it would be well if they would spend a little money on their wharves, and so secure a good footing. The Toronto wharves have a very untidy appearance, particularly when compared with the Montreal ones, which are solid, well built, and kept in excellent order. As there is no pleasure in this world without some alloy, so the delights of travelling are disturbed by the parting from our friends. Still it must be done; so we said farewell to all those kind relations and friends who had shewn us all the attention in their power, at least a dozen of whom came down to the boat to see us off. When sailing out of the bay, we remarked how well the Crystal Palace and the Lunatic Asylum looked, and noticed that you can see them for many miles after you leave the harbour. The boat had on board 260 passengers, most of whom were Americans, and I do not think there were beds for more than 160. Fancy what a rush there was for staterooms. With

difficulty I succeeded in getting a very nice one, but it was very late before we managed to get our tea. The description given by Dickens in one of his works of the way the Americans fly to their meals and eat them, was well carried out, although I do not think it at all applies to the whole nation. There are some Americans who are as well educated, and whose manners are as highly polished, as the English ; but there is a class of them who travel, or rather rush about, through Canada in summer, who, having made a little money at some trade or clever speculation, and not being troubled with house-keeping or anything of that sort, must spend that loose change that is jingling in their pockets. The same class of people in England never think of leaving their own fireside. The war having been concluded in favour of the North, and President Davis being their great Southern prisoner, formed their chief topic of conversation. The American women with whom we travelled talked loudly and coarsely of what they would wish to see done with the poor man. I told them that it would sound better to hear them talk of getting up a petition to try and procure his pardon, which, had I been an American citizen, I would certainly have started. This afforded them a good deal of amusement. Although this boat was not near as nice a one as the "Grecian," she brought us safely across the lake, and in the morning we glided quietly into Kingston, which place

seems very well secured by batteries, and our attention was called to Fort Henry and the naval station of Fort Frederick at its base, with its fortifications and towers. We now descend the River St. Lawrence, through those beautiful islands, the largest and most numerous collection of river islands in the world. The Americans, covered with veils, sunshades, and umbrellas, take possession of the bow of the boat. Some of them, not satisfied with one chair, take two, so that their understanding, I suppose, may be able to carry home the whole scene. Then they kept constantly asking if we would soon be in the Rapids, and what they were like. The first rapid that the boat sails through is a small one, called the "Du Plats." This they mistook for the Long Sault, and began wondering what we made so much fuss about them for. But when we actually got into this fearful rapid, some of them, like myself—for I confess to a very nervous sensation while sailing through them—got quite enough, although they allowed that they *were* grand. The Long Sault Rapid is about nine miles in length, and is divided in the centre by an island which forms two channels, one called the American, and the other the Lost Channel, which is a name given some years ago by some boatmen who then supposed that any boat venturing through it would be lost. Now it is the one most constantly used. After passing through these rapids, we reached Cornwall, where the boat



stopped long enough to land us and our luggage on the wharf, where we availed ourselves of the use of the omnibus, and so in a few minutes arrived at Colonel Alexander McLean's a day sooner than we were expected. Fortunately the house is large, for Vice-Chancellor and Mrs. Mowat, from Toronto, were also there on a visit, forming altogether a very agreeable party.

We drove, and we walked, we laughed, and we talked, for, though Cornwall is one of the oldest towns in Western Canada, it has never been famed for its enterprise, so that it contains no public buildings or parks, nor yet, though there is plenty of water power, are there any manufactories. Lately a pottery has been established, which of course we explored, and were very much amused to see lumps of clay, simply by the movement of the hand converted into jars and bowls. Almost every resident in the place owns the house in which he resides, and each house is surrounded by trees, some so completely that they can hardly be seen, which, together with the perfect quiet that prevails, gives the place a pretty but lifeless appearance; but if a few Montrealers were to go up and build summer residences on the side of the river, where the view is really beautiful, and the boating and fishing good, they would perhaps infuse a little life into them, and help them to mend their ways, which at present

are in a dangerous condition, for every step they take now is at the risk of their limbs. But the people are hospitable and kind ; and, after enjoying a very delightful week, we started on the 15th August for the City of Montreal. It was a very hot day, and in order to catch the boat, you must be on the wharf waiting, which is not a pleasant thing on a day in August.

The boat came at last, and then we steered our course for home. Our boat, the "Spartan," was new and beautifully fitted up, and had as many passengers as she could conveniently carry. The American boat left Cornwall fully half an hour before us, but we passed her before we reached the Coteau. The boat rides through these rapids very gracefully ; the engine stops, and the helm is then her only guide. All is hushed ; each person seems to be admiring the scene, some with awe, and some with delight. God's works, which always seem to shew His power, here shew His might and majesty. After passing through the Coteau and Cedar rapids, we come to the most dangerous ones, which are called the Lachine Rapids. Here the boat passes close to a large flat rock, over which the water boils and foams with all its energy and force. Before we reach these rapids we see distinctly the two different colours of the rivers Ottawa and St. Lawrence, whose waters join, but never mix ; and get a peep at the Indian village of Caughnawaga, which is situated

opposite Lachine. Now the boat is prepared to pass under our wonderful bridge, the Marvel of Bridges. You seem to fancy that she cannot pass under, unless she lowers her pipe. She merely drops her flag staff, and floats proudly under. We now turn to gaze on the City of Montreal, the largest and most flourishing city in Canada. You see her wealth and her solidity in substantial stone buildings as the boat is brought round into the lock of the canal. Here you are detained till the water is let in, and the boat raised ; you then feel that your journey is over, and I feel that my description is finished. I have only now, in closing, to say, that in bringing this journal to a conclusion, dear readers, I feel myself to be, like Princess Parisade, in the fairy tale, in want of three things to make me perfectly happy, which are : The money to build the Musical College—the building in which it is to be conducted—and to see the thing in full operation. So this book is Princess Parisade, that has obstinately insisted on being printed, in spite of the publisher, who, like the dervis, has done everything in his power to discourage her, telling her that no pamphlet of this size ever sold for 3s. 9d. ; that an angel from heaven could hardly expect to pay her expenses out of a book, written, printed, and published in Canada ; and he has also warned me that I shall have all these books left on my hands, like so many black stones, to remind me of the

failure of my undertaking. But still, dear ladies, I have persevered, because "nothing venture, nothing have." I have done everything in my power to please you, and knowing your love for the *red* and *blue*, have chosen these colours for its cover, although my own taste rather inclines to a coat of black. So it now remains with you to use your wand, and either to turn it to gold or to stone; one or the other it will be, for if I cannot pay my expenses, I will keep my book to warn me of my folly; and if I do, I feel sure that it will find the gold, of which it is in search.

The press will remember that this is the first fairy who has ventured to publish her travels in Canada; and although she has stopped her ears with cotton wool against all unkind remarks, still she hopes they will deal gently with her, as everything is dear and scarce, and even cotton wool might prove a failure.

I am, dear Readers,

Yours truly,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Jane Pule". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned to the right of the typed name "Jane Pule".

ST. GEORGE'S PLACE,  
Cathcart Street,  
Montreal.

Handwritten text, possibly a page number or reference, located on the left margin. The text is mostly illegible due to blurring and low contrast, but appears to include a large number '2' at the top and some faint characters below it.