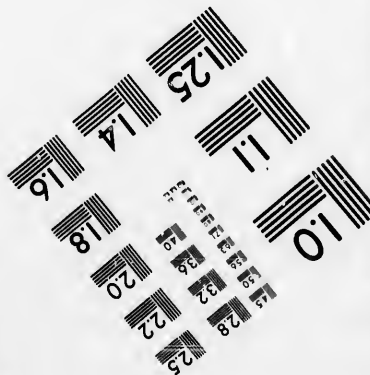
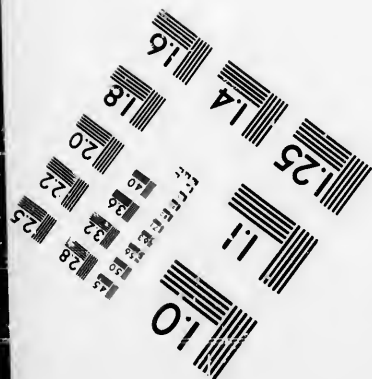
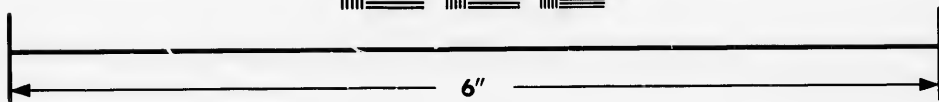
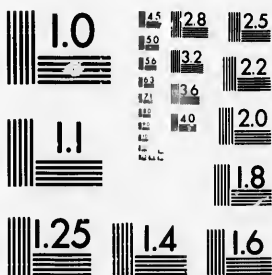


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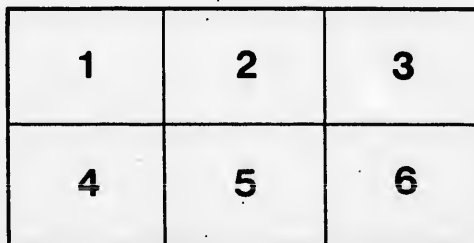
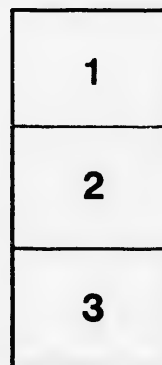
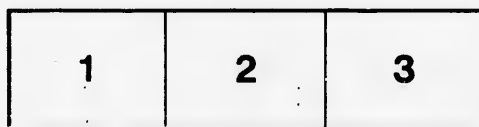
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MONTREAL, January, 1860. A. MERCIER, *P.TRE.*

N.B.—This letter has been given with the sanction of the Rev. D. Granet, Superior of the Seminary of St. Sulpice.

Extract from a Letter of the REV. J. A. DEVINE, M.A.

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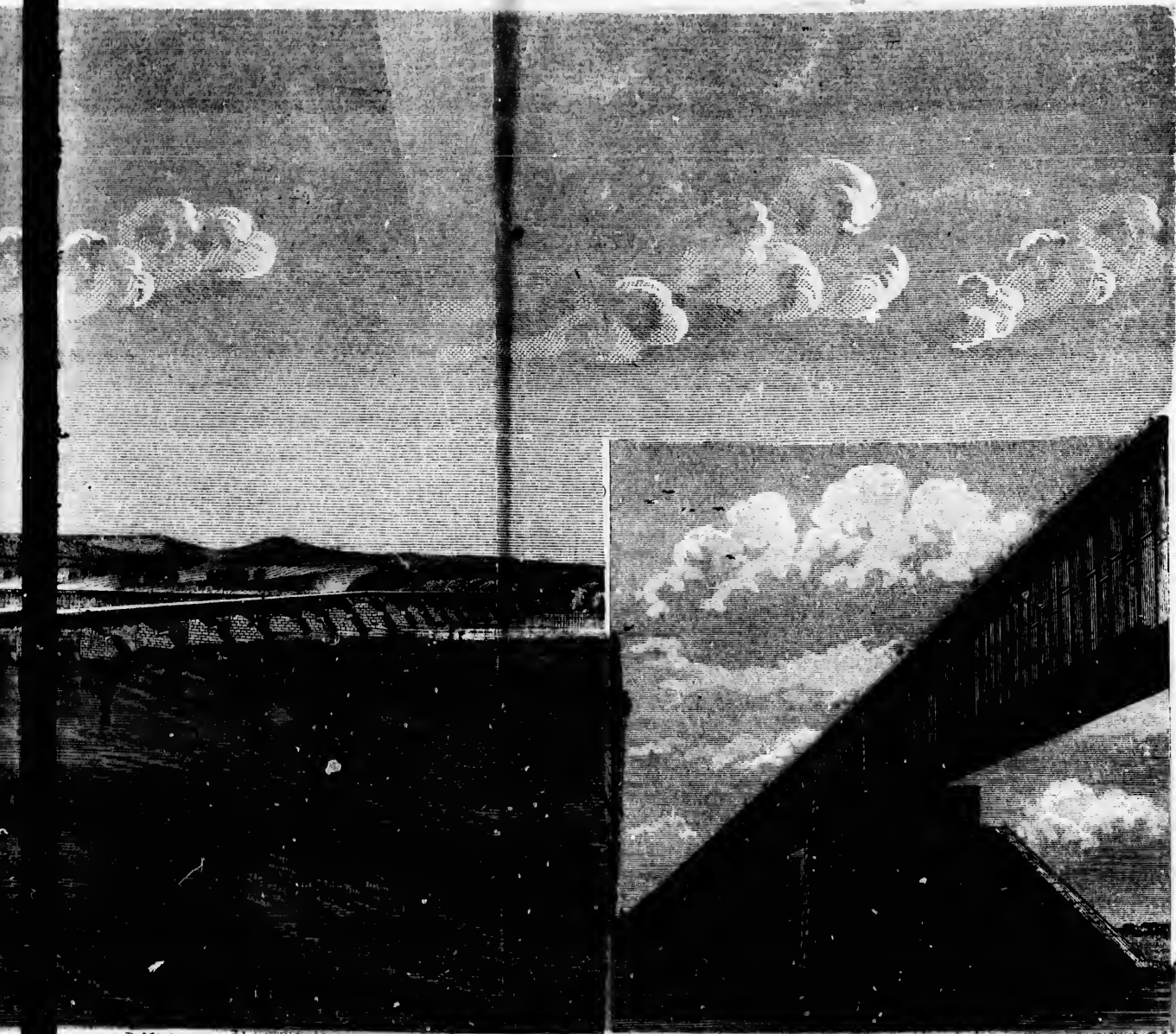
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CONTENTS.

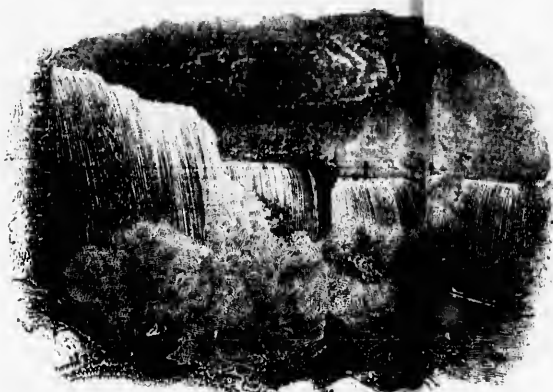
	PAGE.
Niagara and Falls,.....	1
Falls to Hamilton,	9
Hamilton,	10
Falls to Toronto,	13
Toronto,	13
London, C. W.	17
Toronto to Colingwood,	19
Lake Simcoe,.....	26
Toronto to Kingston,.....	28
Kingston,	35
Lake Ontario, U. S. Shores,.....	40
Kingston to Montreal,.....	44
The Thousand Islands,	45
Montreal,	54
The Ottawa,	76
Montreal to Quebec,.....	87
Three Rivers—Falls of Shawenegan,.....	88
Quebec and Environs,	92
Trip to the Saguenay,	130
Quebec to Richmond, (Railway)	135

	PAGE.
Montreal to Richmond, (Railway)	137
Richmond to Gorham, (do)	141
The White Mountains,.....	155
Conclusion,	165

APPENDIX.

Canadian Census,.....	167
Agricultural Statistics,.....	172
Manufactures,	175
Imports and Exports,.....	182
Customs Revenue,.....	182
Statistical View of Exports and Imports,	183
Shipping,.....	184
Gross Revenue for 1855,	185
Bank Imposts—Average Circulation and Duty Paid,..	187
Cost of Various Public Works,.....	188
Canals,.....	190
Railways—Tables of Distances,.....	198

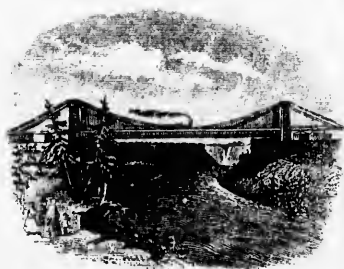
PAGE.	
.....	137
.....	141
.....	155
.....	165
.....	167
.....	172
.....	175
.....	182
.....	182
.....	183
.....	184
.....	185
Paid,..	187
.....	188
.....	190
.....	198



NIAGARA FALLS.
AMERICAN SIDE.



CHAUDIERE FALLS.
OTTAWA.



SUSPENSION BRIDGE.
NIAGARA.



NIAGARA FALLS.
From a Photograph.



CHAUDIERE FALLS.
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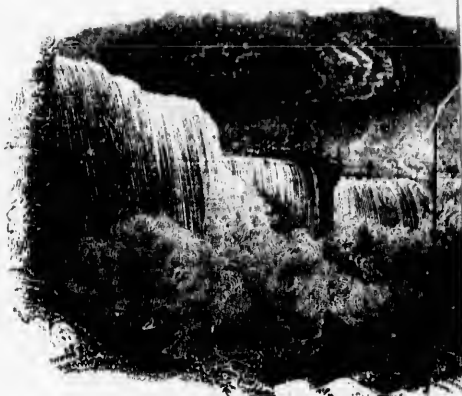
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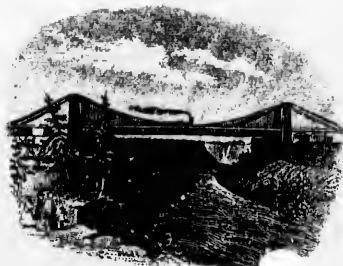
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TERRAPIN TOWER.
Horse Shoe Falls.



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THE CANADIAN TOURIST.

IN introducing our readers to the fair Province of Canada at the Falls of Niagara, we do so because it is there that we are first enabled to welcome the great tide of tourists, who, annually fleeing from the summer heats of the Southern and Western States, or the cares of the busy industry of the sea-board, commence the tour of the lakes and cities of the colony—and assuredly no country in the world is entered through portals of such unspeakable grandeur. True, no passports are here to be *viséd*,—no crowning battlements, guarded by the jealous sentry, stop the traveller's progress, and mark his entrance into a foreign land; but nature herself has marked the boundary between two kindred and friendly people by these world-renowned Falls, offering to the eye of the gazer a scene which neither pencil nor pen has yet adequately delineated,—a scene which in its awful grandeur can never fade from the memory, but with the dissolution of memory itself. We can but bid the tourist gaze, listen and be silent, in presence of the grandest of nature's works. Singularly enough as it may seem, the prevailing feeling, on first looking on the Falls of Niagara, is—disappointment. Yet a moment's reflection will explain this—the mind is as it were overwhelmed—we are incapable of grasping the length,

the breadth, the depth, the volume,—in short, the immensity that the scene reveals—there is, besides, nothing that we have ever seen or dreamt of that by comparison may aid us, and the consequence is, that it is hours and days even, before eye, and ear, and sense begin to realise or comprehend the full grandeur of the whole.

Though we may not attempt the description, we shall offer a few facts as to the river and scenery, which, we doubt not, will prove of interest and service to the tourist—as well for present guidance as for future reference—availing ourselves for this purpose of a few paragraphs from “Roy’s History of Canada,”—a very unpretending little work, which contains an excellent account of the country in its past and present condition.

“Whilst travelling over the few intervening miles before reaching the Falls, you can, by looking upwards, see the calm waters in the distance, whilst nearer they swell and foam, and recoil, and seem to be gathering up all their force for the mighty leap they are about to make. Mrs. Jameson, when speaking of them, says in her own beautiful manner, ‘The whole mighty river comes rushing over the brow of a hill, and, as you look up at 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.’

"The Horseshoe or Canadian Fall is not quite circular, but is marked by projections and indentations which give amazing variety of form and action to the mighty torrent. There it falls in one dense mass of green water, calm, unbroken and resistless; here it is broken into drops, and falls like a shower of diamonds, sparkling in the sun, and at times it is so light and foaming that it is driven up again by the currents of air ascending from the deep below, where all is agitation and foam.

"Goat or Iris Island, which divides, and perhaps adds to the sublimity of the Falls, is three hundred and thirty yards wide, covered with vegetation. The American Fall, which is formed by the east branch of the river, is smaller than the British, and at first sight has a plain and uniform aspect. This, however, vanishes as you come near, and, though it does not subdue the mind as the Canadian one does, it fills you with a solemn and delightful sense of grandeur and simplicity. It falls upwards of two hundred feet, and is about twenty feet wide at the point of fall, spreading itself like a fan in falling.

"An ingenious American has thrown a curious wooden bridge across this Fall to Goat Island, which you cross only a very few yards above the crest of the cataract. Passing by it, and crossing the island, you reach the extremity of the British Fall on its eastern side. Here a piece of timber projects about twelve feet over the abyss, on which you can stand safely, and view the waters as they rush by, whilst the spray dashes over you, and your frail support quivers under your feet. Here you may

follow the course of the waters as they roll from the rude confusion below you, and spread themselves out into bright, curling, foaming, green and white waves. To some persons, nothing at the Falls appears so beautiful as the columns of mist, which soar from the foaming abyss, and shroud the broad front of the great flood, whilst here and there rainbows peep out from the mysterious curtain."

The River Niagara, which is only thirty-three and a half miles long, forms the connecting link between Lakes Erie and Ontario—the latter lake being three hundred and thirty-four feet below the level of the former. Above the Falls, at Table Rock, the descent has been found to be fifty-one feet, and from the boiling basin below the Horse-Shoe Fall to the level of Lake Ontario one hundred and nineteen, which thus leaves one hundred and sixty-four feet of a perpendicular fall. So far then as mere height is concerned, the Falls of Niagara are not the highest in the world. But let the spectator reflect, while the solid earth trembles under his feet, while gazing on the phlegethon of seething waters lashed into one sheet of foam beneath, that into that cauldron are precipitated the drainage of the immense territories which surround Lakes Superior, Huron, Michigan and Erie ; lakes, or rather seas, which, in their aggregate, cover ninety-two thousand square miles—that all this mass is compressed or forced to flow within a channel little, if any, over a single mile in breadth, and that here, after being roused into frightful tumult by the rapids above, the whole, amid its own thunders, plunges at one bound to seek repose in the placid bosom of Lake Ontario.

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Imagination fails to realise the immensity of what the eye gazes upon, and we begin to comprehend why Niagara is so unspeakably superior to any thing else of its kind in the known world. Add to this, for the purpose of aiding the fancy of the practical man, that, by calculations based upon the depth of the water below Lake Erie, forty-two feet, and its rapidity immediately above the falls, twenty-miles an hour, it is ascertained with sufficient correctness that six hundred thousand tons pass over the Falls of Niagara every minute! Below the Falls the formation of the banks, which are upwards of three hundred feet high, force the river abruptly from its direct course, and its waters are again tortured, still seething from the basin above, into a wild whirlpool, which, though in a very different style, is a spectacle of surpassing wonder. Into this everything that has passed over the Falls is irresistibly swept, and from the vortex nothing seems to escape, as if it had been specially destined to destroy all trace of what had existed above—animate or inanimate—that nothing might emerge to reveal the mysteries of that dreadful plunge. Here, in a heaving and whirling basin, surrounded by high dark foliaged banks, which throw a gloomy shadow beneath, the wreck of all that passes over is churned and ground to pieces; and here, for several days successively, the dead bodies of drowned men have been seen by the horror-struck spectators, whirled round and round, with outstretched arms as if still struggling to escape from the black abyss. "The Whirlpool" is indeed a striking, but a dismal scene. Visit it, gentle reader, by

twilight if you would know what the poet means by the "Hell of waters."

Independently of the scenes we have thus rapidly mentioned, there are many points of interest well worthy of the tourist's notice, and which a few days' stay at the Falls will afford him an opportunity of visiting. Among others, we refer to the Suspension and Railway Bridges, a couple of miles below the Clifton House. The latter in particular is a wonderful triumph of the skill of man—and the mere view of a train of cars with the steam-engine passing over the gorge from shore to shore, at a height of three hundred feet over the immense river beneath, is something almost appalling. Thousands will cross, and cross in safety; but we believe no man will do so, for the first time at any rate, without experiencing feelings akin to fear; at all events the boldest will breathe more freely when on *terra firma*. A close inspection of the prodigious strength of this colossal work, and the scientific principles upon which it has been constructed, will remove all grounds for reasonable apprehension; still the position of the traveller, passing in mid-air over such an abyss, where the slightest accident would be instant destruction, will produce, reason or no reason, in most men's minds—at least "a sensation." The drives in the neighbourhood are varied, such as to Chippewa, Lundy's Lane and Queenston Heights, all points which have an historical interest from the events of the War of 1812; the last particularly has a mournful interest, both to the British and the American, as the place where the

brave and good Brock fell in the arms of victory. A magnificent monument has recently been erected to mark the spot where the hero fell, the original monument having been partially destroyed by gunpowder in 1840, by a miserable miscreant named Lett. From the summit of this noble column the tourist may survey the whole scene of the battle, and an extended prospect of a magnificent country—now the abode of peace and plenty.

At the mouth of the river he may see the British fort and the red cross banner floating in the breeze. On the opposite side the star-spangled flag of young America waves over the batteries of the republic. In the month of October, 1813, when the sun shot its morning rays upon the autumn tinted leaves of the forest, both flags half lowered on the staffs lamented, the one a fallen chief, the other a fallen foe—the soldiers of our country in sorrow and tears bore the body of their beloved hero to his grave of honour, but the solemn minute guns which accompanied the sad procession were fired, gun for gun, as well from the American as the British Artillery. Both nations may be proud of such events as this, which, though the most striking example, is by no means the only one of the noble feelings which actuated both, even mid all the harsher features of a deadly struggle. Let the Englishman visit Plattsburgh—Portland—Boston, he will find the warriors of his country there resting in honoured graves. Halifax and Portsmouth will show to the American, monuments raised by foemen's hands to his gallant countrymen who sleep beneath, yet not in a foreign land, but in the land of

their fathers. These are but sad reminiscences—yet where war is the theme, they are the pleasantest that we can offer ; and they, the remembrances of noble acts and generous sympathies, are all that we would care to remark of a struggle between mutual friends—the two great civilizing powers of the globe.

Hitherto we have treated our readers, as some of the old Roman writers treated their heroes ; we have laid out work enough for many days, and quite forgot that during that time rest, sleep and food were necessities of existence. All, however, may be found in luxury and abundance in the many spacious and well conducted hotels on either side of the river. We decidedly recommend the Clifton House to the tourist, not as being better than the International, the Cataract, or the other houses on the American side, for we know their extent of accommodation and comfort ; but because of its situation, offering at all times from its spacious galleries a most magnificent view of the Falls. And it is something, that, when fatigued with walking or driving, one can, while enjoying rest, still gaze on the sublime scene.

To reach the various points of attraction which we have partially enumerated, carriages, and loquacious if not well-informed drivers, are in waiting at the different hotels from early morn to late in the evening. But before starting make a bargain with your Jehu, or the conclusion of your excursion will be unpleasant. If you pay a just price, Jarvey will growl and perhaps be insolent, and if you pay to his satisfaction, you may retire to rest with the

pleasing consciousness of having been *done brown*. In fact, these gentlemen, the drivers, like all others whose gains must be made in a few months, have only one mode of charging for their services, and that is to extract from their victims just as much as they can stand. Tourists, to them, are but pigeons to be plucked. It would be unfair to restrict our remarks to the carriage-drivers, in fact they are no worse than a dozen other sets of men who infest the Falls with museums, nick-nacks, daguerreotypes, &c., &c., to exhibit or sell to the stranger. All look upon him as fair game, and we cannot move in or around the place without paying for something—or rather nothing.

The Falls to Hamilton.

To leave the Niagara Falls—for now that we are beginning to growl, we may as well be off—the traveller will start from the Suspension Bridge, The route westward is by the Great Western Railway, which, from this point to Hamilton, runs through a beautifully undulating country. There are several points of interest on the way: the chief place of note, however, is St. Catherines, one of the most rapidly improving towns in Western Canada, if we except London. It is located on a rising ground, and commands a fine view of the Welland Canal, and surrounding country for a considerable distance. St. Catherines owes its prosperity to its close proximity to the Welland Canal, and the Great Western Railway. It was not long since lighted with gas. Its mineral springs have be-

come the favorite resort of tourists in search of health. The town of St. Catherines presents much business activity, particularly in flour-mills, brewing and shipbuilding, also supporting two newspapers. It has a population of about six thousand. The Niagara District Bank has its head quarters in St. Catherines, which possess besides several Bank Agencies.

Leaving St. Catherines the railway passes through an old settled district, probably the wealthiest in the Western Province. A new hotel is being erected on the village plot of Ontario, within a few miles of Hamilton, which is estimated to cost £5,000. The view of Lake Ontario, which is obtained from the cars, presents nothing of interest until reaching Hamilton, where the first object seen to the right is Burlington Canal, as it is called, but which is rather a broad, deep cut through a singular neck or sand-bank which formerly separated Burlington Bay from the lake. The cut is barely half a mile in length, and is one hundred and eighty feet wide, with a depth sufficient to admit the largest class of vessels that navigate the lakes. Through this canal, steamboats enter without any stoppage, as there is no lock. At the head of this lake, or as it is termed Burlington Bay, stands the flourishing town of

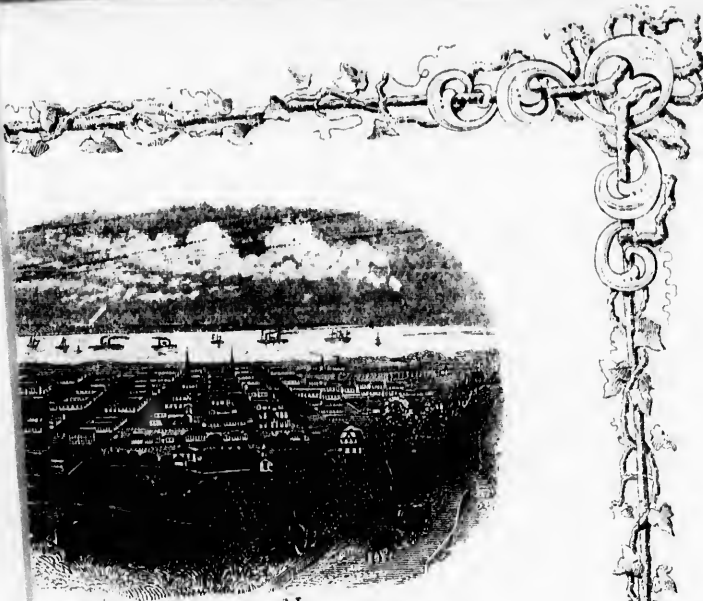
Hamilton.

The City of Hamilton is one of the most beautifully situated places in Canada, with a fine background rising gradually from the bay. Its situation in a commercial point of view leaves nothing to be desired. At the head of

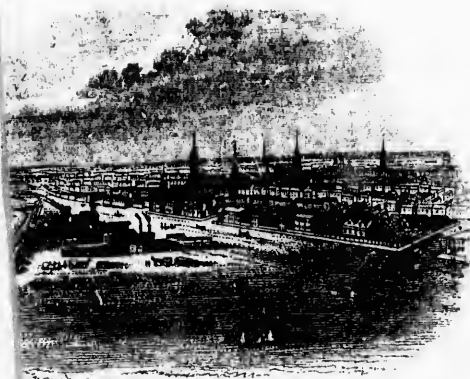
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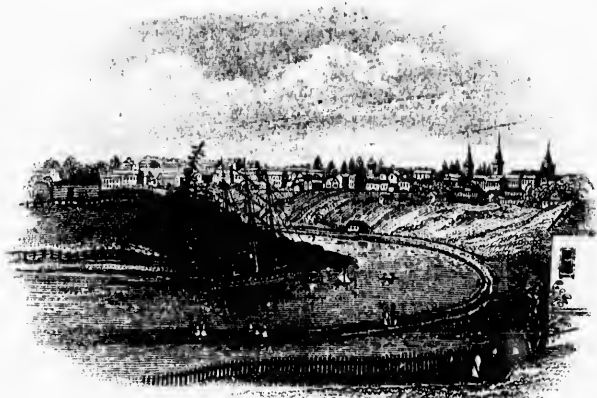
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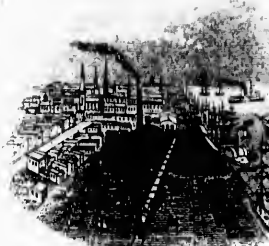
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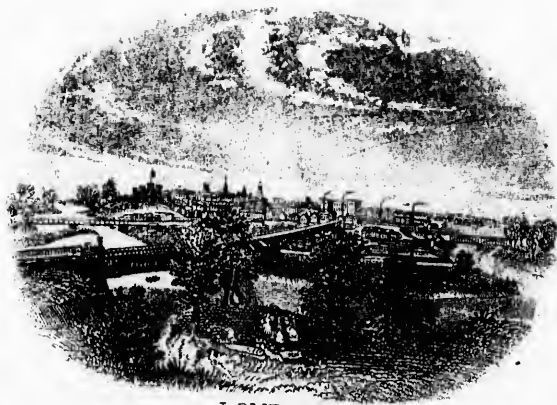
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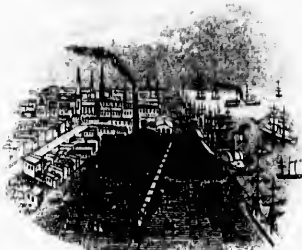
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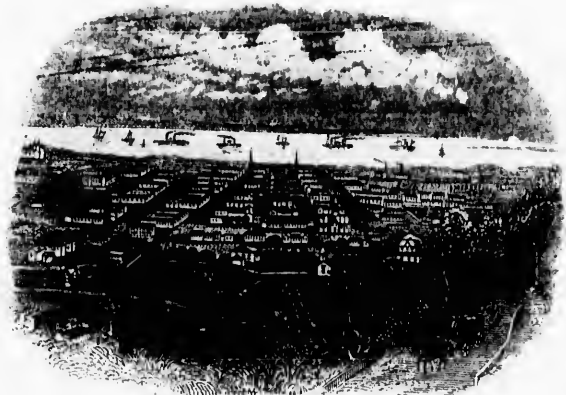
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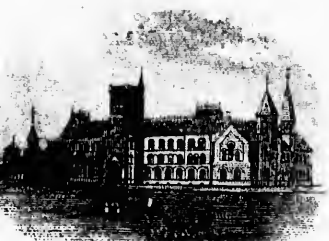
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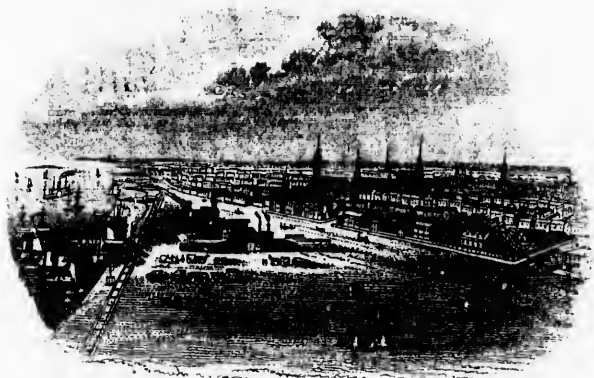
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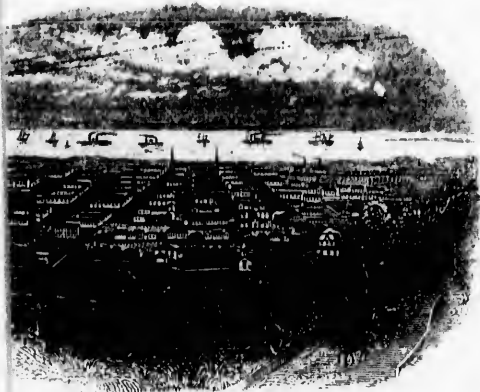
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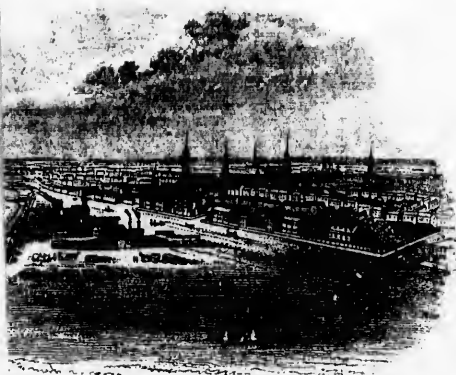
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Lake Ontario, with which it communicates by the Burlington canal, above mentioned, it is the inland place of import and export for one of the finest and most extensive agricultural districts on the continent, and, as a natural consequence, is rapidly rising in importance. In 1845 it contained only six thousand five hundred inhabitants, now it numbers upwards of twenty thousand, having thus more than trebled its population in ten years. The streets are wide and well laid out, while the beautiful freestone, of which the houses are built, gives the whole an appearance of beauty and solid wealth rarely equalled. Indeed, some of the more recently built stores have an appearance of palatial elegance which we have never seen surpassed.

The completion of the Great Western Railway within the last year has added another sure element of greatness to this rising and beautiful city; placing it in rapid communication with the many thriving towns in its rear, as well as with the far west by Detroit, and by the Suspension Bridge at Niagara with the whole system of railway communication in the State of New York. The wharves, machine-shops and station of this railway, on the bay, are on a very extensive scale, and most substantially executed at an enormous expense,—an expense, however, which the great trade on the road fully justifies the foresight of the directors in having undertaken. Indeed, though only in its first year of operation, it is already found inadequate to the growing demands of the trade, and a double line of rails is about to be laid down, while, at the same time, the communication by railroad to Toronto, and thence by the

Grand Trunk to Montreal and Portland, will complete its communications, at all seasons of the year, with the seaboard and the Lower Provinces. Thus happily placed the ambition of the good people of Hamilton may well look forward to the day when their city shall be the queen of Canada West—which is in reality the aim of their efforts. It supports five newspapers. In the neighbourhood of the city there are numerous fine drives. Among others we would recommend the tourist to visit the mountain in rear of the city, from which a magnificent panoramic view is obtained of the bay, Lake Ontario, and the surrounding hills which skirt the head of this lake, to the rear and west of Dundas, forming a picturesque and romantic landscape not to be excelled. Hamilton is not only of great importance as a commercial city, as the outlet to a vast agricultural country to the West, and depot for the millions of bushels of wheat and barrels of flour collected on its wharves, but its extensive foundries, carriage establishments, and various other manufactories, render it one of the most flourishing cities in Western Canada. Five miles further westward, in a valley adjacent to the Great Western Railway, lies the manufacturing town of Dundas, and which is also connected with Hamilton by the Desjardin Canal.

Leaving Hamilton in the morning for Toronto by either of the fine steamers that now ply on this route, the traveller reaches his destination in about two hours and a half—the distance being only forty-five miles. The boats on their trips sail pretty near the Canadian shore,

and a good view is afforded of a country of great beauty, though without any marked features of natural scenery to attract notice. There are, however, seen, in succession, the towns or villages of Wellington Square, Oakville, and Port Credit. In the neighbourhood of the last there is an Indian reserve, belonging to the Missisagua Indians, extending for one mile on each side of the river Credit. Their village was built by Government in 1825. They have a Methodist chapel and a school attached, besides a warehouse at the Port. It is gratifying to mention that the Indians here possess £1350 of the stock of the company that built the harbour at an expense of £2500, which might be so improved as to be rendered capable of affording refuge for any number of ships.

·The Falls to Toronto.

Travellers desirous of leaving the Clifton House at Niagara Falls for Toronto direct, may take the Erie and Ontario Railway, which is fourteen miles long, for the town of Niagara. Thence they have opportunities twice a day by the elegant steamers *Peerless* and *Zimmerman* to embark for Toronto. The time occupied between the Falls and Toronto is usually about an hour and a half.

Toronto

is at present the largest and most populous city of Western Canada. The people of the place themselves say that ere long it will be the largest city in British America.

Hamilton, which they call the ambitious *little* city, disputes this boast, and asserts that that honour is for their rising community. In the meantime, both of them have to catch Montreal, which is by no means inclined to wait for them in the race of progress. Be that as it may, the progress of Toronto has been, and continues to be, very great. Not quite sixty years ago, only two Indian families resided on the place where the noble city now stands and grows. In 1793, however, Governor Simcoe observed the favourable situation, and commenced the town which was then called York, a name which, for various obvious reasons, (among which the soubriquet of "Little York" or "Muddy Little York" was not the least influential) was, at the incorporation of the City in 1834, changed to Toronto—signifying in the Indian language, "The place of Meeting." In 1817 the population was only twelve hundred; in 1830, two thousand eight hundred and fifty; in 1850, twenty-five thousand; and now, in 1855, it amounted to forty-five thousand and upwards. Whatever the future may effect, it is in the meantime, in all respects, the capital of the Western Province. In situation, as a harbour, it is perfectly protected by a long tongue of land running out and forming a natural breakwater between the bay, which it encloses, and the sometimes angry sea of the lake. The bay is lined nearly its whole length by wooden wharves, which, unfortunately, are the property of private individuals and injurious to the appearance of the place, as well as insufficient for the commerce of such a city. This will

probably soon cease to be the case, and harbour accommodation, more in accordance with the wealth and trade of the western capital, will be provided. The site of the city is nearly level from east to west, and has nothing attractive so far as natural beauty is concerned, but it rises gradually to the north to from eighty to ninety feet above the level of the bay. The streets are wide and regularly laid out, the principal ones running parallel to the lake, and intersected at right angles by streets opening to the water and running inland, forming so many channels by which cool breezes have free access to all parts of the town. The buildings are good, and even handsome; though brick, unfortunately, is the only material that can be had, except at such an expense as to prevent private proprietors from using stone. It is, nevertheless, with its gardens and public buildings, an exceedingly elegant and well laid out city—well paved, well lighted with gas, but as yet poorly supplied with water.

Since the disturbances in 1849, which ended in the burning of the Parliament Houses at Montreal, the Legislature meets, at Toronto and at Quebec alternately every four years. Last year commenced Toronto's quadrennial honours; but that a system so absurd should continue is of course out of the question, though *when* it may finally end its wanderings is a moot question. The principal public buildings, several of them built of a very beautiful freestone, are St. James' Cathedral (English), the Catholic Church of St. Michael, the University of Toronto, the St. Lawrence Hall, and Market,

the Parliament House, Osgoode Hall (the Lincoln's Inn of Upper Canada,) the Court House, the Post Office, the Mechanic's Institute, the Exchange, Knox's Church, the Normal and Model Schools, besides a number of large and handsome City Schools, Trinity College, Upper Canada College, Lunatic Asylum and the Jail.

All these buildings are worthy of the notice of the intelligent tourist, and we particularly recommend a visit to the Provincial Normal and Model Schools. To the former of these, the Province at large is greatly indebted for the number of admirably trained instructors of both sexes, who are annually sent forth, the good effects of whose teaching are already felt throughout the whole of Canada West.

We refer the reader, however, for a more particular description of Toronto and its environs, to a work about to be published, by Mr. Armour, of Toronto. It has been got up with great care, and will satisfy the most curious as to the number, extent, and appropriations of all the public buildings in the city.

At Toronto, the tourist, who has accompanied us from Niagara, will meet with other travellers who have come direct without touching at Hamilton, as well as with many who, commencing their tour in Canada from Windsor, opposite Detroit, have passed over the Great Western Railroad to Hamilton, and thence to Toronto by a branch which will be opened ere these pages issue from the press. By this road the stranger passes through what has been with justice called the garden of Canada. Beginning at

Windsor, a village at present of only five hundred inhabitants, and directly opposite Detroit, the road passes Chatham, London, Ingersoll, Woodstock, Paris, and Dundas to Hamilton, in all a distance of one hundred and eighty-six miles, and thence to Toronto, a distance of forty-five miles.

London.

Of the towns above mentioned London, is the largest, containing a population of twelve thousand inhabitants. It is beautifully situated on the River Thames, and being in the heart of one of the richest agricultural countries in the world, is destined to become also a city of great importance. Besides its present advantages, it will, ere a few months are over, have railway communication with Port Stanley, Goderich, Guelph and Toronto—the first on Lake Erie, the second on Lake Huron. There is no place in Western Canada which has improved in a greater ratio than London. It is one of those inland situations in the heart of the *very best* farming districts in the Province. It is nearly in the centre of the western peninsula of Canada, than which a richer and more productive soil does not exist on the American Continent. It may be said to be comparatively a new place and a new country, and yet the market of London teems with all the substantial blessings of life. In 1820 the present site of the city of London was a wilderness, in which the red man, the wolf, and the deer roamed at large undisturbed. By the influence of civilization it is now a flourishing and

populous city. It already contains a number of splendid buildings, amongst which are a beautiful Town Hall, an excellent Market-House, several large Hotels, numerous Churches, amongst which is a beautiful gothic structure belonging to the English Church, with a chime of bells, the only one in Upper Canada—they can be heard for miles round the city, reviving the endearing recollections of the settler's boyhood.

London is, like Hamilton, Toronto, and indeed all the rising towns of Canada, laid out in wide streets and remarkably well built. Unmistakable evidence is everywhere presented of its flourishing state. About three hundred new houses are, while we write, in course of erection. Being the centre of a rich agricultural district there is a large trade carried on in wheat and other produce, while in various manufactures it is making rapid progress—several iron foundries are in successful operation, and to one of them an extensive boiler-making establishment has been added; and there are grist mills, brewries, tanneries, carriage factories, and other important works, all apparently profitably engaged. London is a port of entry, so that, among other advantages which its trade enjoys, goods may come direct through the United States under bond. So rapidly has the commerce and trade of the town developed itself that no fewer than five agencies of the principal Provincial Banks have been established; four newspapers, enjoying a good share of public support, are carried on; and the public and private seminaries for the education of youth enjoy a good reputation. The climate is remarkably salubrious.

We might direct the tourist's attention to other places on this route, Chatham and Woodstock in particular; but he will be more forcibly attracted by the rich and beautiful appearance of the country through which he passes, and thence easily understand how so many large and opulent villages and cities are presented to his observation—cities whose influence, in a commercial point of view, is increasingly felt not only in Boston and New York, but in the most distant markets of the world, for, owing to the riches that can buy and the facilities for transit, the necessaries and luxuries of the world are to be found in abundance in this yet barely opened country.

Toronto to Collingwood.

Returning to Toronto, where we have now congregated our readers from so many different quarters, we must in mercy to the hotel-keepers, if for no other reason, start our friends on their eastward wanderings; but not till we suggest a trip to the north to such as have the leisure and desire to see a little of the country in its original wild beauty. This opportunity is now offered by the Ontario, Simcoe and Huron Railway, which runs in a northerly direction, a distance of ninety-six miles, to the newly founded town of Collingwood, on Nottawasaga Bay. On this route the country, as far as Lake Simcoe, of which a good view is obtained from the cars, is well settled, and the soil is generally excellent; but after passing Holland's Landing, the road is almost entirely through the forest. Collingwood itself is rather a town in *esse* than in actual

existence ; but from its situation, and the new trade now opened up, there cannot be a doubt that, ere five years are over, it will reckon its inhabitants by thousands, and that long before the stumps have vanished from its streets, it will claim rank as a city. The railway has been only opened within the past year, and already the number of travellers passing by this route for Chicago and Milwaukie, give full employment for four large steamboats, which daily ply to these places, besides two other boats which trade to Sault Ste. Marie, at the entrance of Lake Superior. In fact this route is rapidly growing in public favour, as will be easily understood, when it is mentioned that the saving of distance from New York, Boston or Portland *via* Oswego, Toronto, and Collingwood to Chicago or Milwaukie, is no less than four hundred miles, with a saving of time, money and personal fatigue in proportion. These advantages have already crowded the road with passengers and freight—the latter, owing to the operation of the reciprocity treaty, increasing to a degree utterly unlooked for. The distance from Toronto to Collingwood is accomplished in four hours, and, if the reader will consult the map, he will perceive that the tourist or emigrant bound for the Far West has, in this brief time, cut off from his journey the whole tedious voyage up Lake Erie, Detroit River, Lake and River St. Clair, with all the lower half of Lake Huron. The immense advantages of the road are thus summed up by the lively and observing correspondent of an American paper, the *International Journal* :—

"The Collingwood route is *the result of Canadian enterprise*. It opens up a pathway to the West, over Canadian territory, avoiding the tedious route round the Lakes, securing expedition, a reduction of expences and increased comfort—facts of no little importance to shippers, emigrants, and pleasure parties. Goods from the eastern cities, marked via Oswego, will at that port have the attention of the Company's Agent, Mr. James N. Brown, who is always on the spot, to prevent delays, and secure expedition; a systematic arrangement has been established, to secure dispatch, over the entire route. Families emigrating west will also appreciate the importance of this route, while tourists travelling for pleasure, must note its unequalled attractions, 'as, (to quote a good authority) night travel on the entire line will be performed on steamboats luxuriously furnished, and the day-light passed amidst the sublime scenery of the Great Lakes, embracing the Straits of Mackinaw, the Manitoulin Islands, Sault Ste. Marie, and the Million Islands of Georgian Bay. The Branch route connecting with Lake Superior, gives access to all the hitherto little explored magnificence of that region."

To the foregoing remarks, which point out the natural elements of wealth and progress in a new country, we add a few extracts from one of a series of articles in *Blackwood's Magazine*, attributed to the pen of Mr. Oliphant, late Secretary to Lord Elgin—a gentleman whose graphic style renders his writings particularly interesting. It will be observed, however, that he tra-

vels only a part of the road by the railway, which in fact was not finished at the time of his visit in 1854. To those inclined to see a little rough life and the wild sports of the Canadian rivers and lake shores, the articles in *Blackwood* will be found exceedingly interesting —meantime we present the reader with one or two specimens from this author's pages.

Leaving Toronto, he says :

“ I have seldom seen a more smiling, prosperous-looking district than that through which we passed on our way to Lake Simcoe. Substantial farm-houses, with neat well-built offices, were planted in the midst of orchards and gardens, and afforded presumptive evidence that their thriving occupants had reaped many rich harvests from the acres of waving corn-fields through which we sped, and upon which not even a stump was left to remind the railway traveller how short a time had elapsed since the solitary Indian was the only wayfarer through the silent and almost impenetrable forests that then clothed the country. Now, there is little to distinguish it from many parts of England. Snake fences are certainly not so agreeable a feature in a landscape as hedge-rows, and there is an unfinished look about the cultivation, and a want of economy of land, which would probably scandalize an English agriculturist. However, although land has become very valuable in most of the counties of Upper Canada, it is not yet so precious as to call for an exercise of the same ingenuity for rendering it elastic which is practised in our own country.

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"In two hours and a half we reached Grasspoint, a village upon the shores of Lake Simcoe, where a small steamer was waiting to convey us to Orillia. The lake is studded with islands, and well settled, though the scenery is nowhere striking. A channel so narrow that it is spanned by a bridge connects Lake Simcoe with Lake Couchiching. Passing through it, we wind among wooded islands until we reach the beautifully situated settlement of Orillia, containing a church and number of neat white houses and stores, altogether a perfect specimen of a backwood village in rather an advanced stage."

From Orillia, the author with his companions, four in number passed in two birch bark canoes down the Severn, a distance of about sixty miles, to Georgian Bay and thence to Collingwood by steamer. The river is navigable only for canoes, and, except by sportsmen, is as yet rarely visited.

"In our eyes, its solitary character and the romantic scenery on its banks were its principal attractions. Having reduced our luggage to the smallest possible dimensions, and put our fishing-tackle into good order, it only remained for us to make ourselves comfortable by spreading a quantity of plucked fern and juniper branches at the bottom of our canoes. B. and I reclined sumptuously in one, with about as much accommodation as a ship's hammock would afford to two moderately stout individuals. However, as we were less likely to upset by being so closely jammed together that we could scarcely move, we became reconciled to our position between Bonaquum

("Thunderbolt"), who knelt at the bows and paddled, and his brother Kabeshquum ("Triumphant"), who steered. The other canoe contained Captain A—, whose experience in such expeditions and knowledge of the Indian character and language were most valuable—and Babehwum ("Snow-storm"), whose son, as an exemplification of the effect of civilization over the elements, called himself simply John Storm. As the wind was fair, we rigged our blankets upon sticks cut for the purpose; and, with all sail set, we glided rapidly on, sometimes threading our way through narrow channels, past low wooded islands, until in about two hours we found ourselves upon the green waters of the Severn.

"Lake Simcoe is the highest of the Canadian lakes, having an elevation of seven hundred feet above the level of the sea. The scenery at the point of *debouchure* was very beautiful. Masses of rich variegated foliage clothed the banks, and bent over until the river rippled among the leaves. Often dark shadows reached across it, or were chequered by sunbeams glancing through the branches upon the clear and singularly light-coloured water. As we proceeded, we exchanged for the calm surface of the lake, and the islands which seemed to rest on its bosom, rock and rapid, until at last the torrent became too tumultuous for our frail canoes. Meantime we had not been engaged only in enjoying the beauties of nature, we had adopted the usual mode of trolling in this part of the world with copper-spoons, which, twisting rapidly through the water, formed a bright and attractive bait; so that, upon

arriving at the first portage, we congratulated ourselves upon the prospect of lunching off half-a-dozen black bass, weighing from two to five pounds each; while the Indians were engaged in culinary preparations.

"We were up before daylight on the following morning, and, after a good fish breakfast, were again on our way. I had scarcely thrown in my trolling-line, when it was nearly jerked out of my hand by a most unexpected and violent tug. A bark canoe is not the most convenient place from which to play a large fish; and in my inexperienced eagerness I hauled away pretty steadily, bringing to the surface with some difficulty a fine maskelonge, weighing at least twenty-five pounds. He came splashing and plunging up to the side of the canoe, and I had lifted him out of water when the hook gave way, and I lost as fine a fish as I ever had at the end of a line. However, I was consoled soon after by taking some fine pickerel, weighing from five to eight pounds each; and before luncheon hooked another maskelonge, when B., profiting by experience, was ready with his gaff-hook, and jerked him most scientifically into the canoe, much to the delight of the Indians. Though not nearly so large as the first, he was a respectable fish, weighing about eighteen pounds. The scenery in the place was bold and rocky, the banks often lofty and precipitous, and the current always strong, with an occasional rapid. We lunched at a portage, which we were obliged to make in order to avoid the falls of the Severn, which are about twenty-five feet in height, and surrounded by fine scenery. There are rapids above and

below the falls, so that the difference of level between the upper and lower banks of the portage is not less than fifty feet."

We regret that we cannot make room for more extracts from these interesting "Notes on Canada and the North West States," but we do the next best thing by recommending the articles themselves to the perusal of our readers, and in addition offer the following remarks of a late traveller on

Lake Simcoe.

"In our recent visit to Toronto we accepted an invitation from the agent of the Ontario, Simcoe and Huron Railroad to visit Lake Simcoe. The running of the trains and the steamer on the lake is so arranged that the citizens of Toronto can leave town in the morning, enjoy a most delightful sail around the lake and return home in the evening. Preferring to take matters a little more leisurely, we left Toronto for Barrie on Friday evening at half past three o'clock. The first thing that surprised us was the amount of travel going over the road. It was not the evening for the passengers to take the steamer for Milwaukie and Chicago, and yet there were four large cars filled with passengers. Their appearance and conversation showed them to be farmers and business men who had visited Toronto during the day on business and were returning after their days traffic.

Barrie is a fine thriving town situated at the head of Kempenfelt Bay, the western arm of Lake Simcoe.

There is an excellent hotel there kept by a fine specimen of a Canadian Boniface. When the heats of next summer are upon us, we know of no place we would sooner recommend to our citizens for a summer retreat for a few months than Barrie. The air is pure and bracing, the water excellent, the fishing and hunting all that could be desired and Barrie needs only to be known to become a crowded summer resort. During the past summer a very fine steamer, the *J. C. Morrison*, has been built, more especially to accomodate the pleasure seekers from Toronto and others cities. There is also some trade around the lake which she is designed to accommodate. The lake itself is a perfect gem "of the purest water" surrounded with forests, with here and there an island reposing upon its quiet bosom.

It is some fifty or sixty miles long by thirty wide, and taken all in all, is said to be one of the most beautiful lakes in North America. As our noble steamer bore us along we could not help imagining its quiet waters vexed by the trade of the Northwest if the Georgian Canal should hereafter make it a highway for the commerce of the West. If it should be constructed so as to pass vessels of a thousand tons burthen, scores of steamers will pass through this beautiful lake bearing to and from the seaboard the immense traffic of the upper Mississippi Valley. The steamer *Morrison* is commanded by Capt. Fraser, who is well worthy of the important position with which he is entrusted.

Our trip north ended at Orilia, a snug little town at the foot of the lake.

The railroad from the lake to Toronto crosses the ridges, and we wonder not that those who have passed over it regard the project of constructing a Ship Canal from Lake Simcoe to Toronto as wild and chimerical. For some reason—a good one no doubt—the railroad is not located up the valley of the Humber and across the low ridge found between it and the Holland by Mr. Tully. The route for the canal is west of the railroad.”

Toronto to Kingston.

Returning from the backwoods and wild scenery of the North, and having enjoyed the rest and luxuries of a night at Russel's Hotel, we resume our journey to the East on board of one of the comfortable Lake steamers. On this voyage, as before, the vessel keeps the Canadian shore, to use the nautical expression, “well on board,” so that the fully settled country, with its cleared farms and cheerful houses and barns, passes like a panorama before the eye.

The pretty town of PORT HOPE has a good harbour, though no great depth of water, and having also excellent water power, it promises to become of considerable manufacturing importance; even now its hydraulic power is made available for the machinery of numerous extensive mills, breweries, distilleries, cloth, iron and leather manufactures. In addition to these a large trade in lumber has, of late years, sprung up for export

to the United States. Its present population is upwards of three thousand. The trade with the United States is also rapidly increasing, not only indeed from it, but from all the ports along the lakes in Upper Canada, and from the Lower Province, as will be seen when we come to speak of the Ottawa and the St. Maurice. Port Hope is about sixty-five miles from Toronto, and seven miles further down lies Cobourg, which has a remarkably fine appearance from the lake.

The Town of COBOURG is built upon a gently rising ground, on a dry gravelly soil, and is exceedingly healthy. Its present population is nearly five thousand. Here are the most extensive cloth manufactories in the Province, —there are also considerable manufactures in iron, leather and marble, with mills, breweries and distilleries— and the general business activity of the place is great. The country in rear is rich in all the productions of agriculture, besides iron, marble and timber. It has daily communication with Peterboro' by railroad, thirty miles, where a large lumber business is carried on. The principal buildings in Cobourg are the Jail and Court House a little way out of town, and the Victoria College, which was established in 1842, by Act of the Provincial Legislature, with power to grant degrees in the arts and sciences. Although built under the direction of the Wesleyan Methodists, it is entirely free from sectarianism.

At Port Hope or Cobourg we would recommend such as are disposed to see the country, to leave the boat and take the land journey thence through a fine country, to the

head of the Bay of Quinté. This is a most singular arm of Lake Ontario—commencing nearly at Kingston, and running in a zig-zag course, between fertile and beautiful banks for eighty-miles, it nearly rejoins the lake at its western extremity, and forms the beautiful peninsula of Prince Edward. Sometimes this remarkable bay contracts its waters into channels scarcely a quarter of a mile in breadth, and again suddenly opens out into broad lake-like basins. The shores are thickly settled, and in many places the situations are of great beauty. Several fine streams discharge their waters into the Bay, of which the Trent, after a winding course of nearly one hundred miles from Rice Lake, is the principal. By this river a very large quantity of both sawn and square timber finds its exit—chiefly supplied from the chain of lakes whence the Trent takes its rise, of which Rice Lake is the principal. BELLEVILLE, TRENTON and PICTON are the principal towns on the Bay of Quinté. Though the two first named in particular are but of very recent growth, they already contain respectively six thousand and one thousand five hundred inhabitants. Belleville, situated on the River Moira, where it discharges itself into the Bay of Quinté, is favourably situated for trade, and promises to be a place of great importance. It already manufactures and exports to the American market large quantities of lumber. It is laid out in wide straight streets, and commands a beautiful view over the bay, and the surrounding country, and is one of the most picturesquely situated as well as handsomely built towns in Upper Canada.

On the top of a mountain near Picton, on the remarkable peninsula of Prince Edward, there is a lake which, according to the popular idea, cannot be fathomed, and is said by others, professing to be well informed, to be on the same level with the bed of Lake Erie, which would make its depth, provided its surface be on the level of the surface of the same lake, about three hundred and fifty feet.

At Tyendenaga, on the north-east of this bay, there is a very interesting settlement of Mohawk Indians, who separated from their nation in the State of New York about 1784. In 1793 they received from the Crown a large grant of land. In 1820 they surrendered nearly one-third in exchange for an annuity of £450. In 1835 they made a further surrender in trust to be disposed of for their benefit; so that their possessions do not now exceed sixteen thousand eight hundred acres. They live for the most part on detached farms scattered over the reserve. They have about fifteen hundred acres cleared, and about five hundred under tillage. There have been some instances of successful industry among them. A chief, named Hill, left by will at his death a few years ago considerable possessions to particular members of his family, who are at this day in full enjoyment of them. One of his sons, who is Catechist to the Missionary, recently built a wharf and commenced business as a general trader among his brethren, in partnership with a white man. They possess stock and agricultural implements corresponding to their progress in husbandry. They were Christians long before their arrival in Canada, and were presented with a

service of plate for communion as far back as the reign of Queen Anne. This they look upon with great respect, and the chief, in whose custody it remains, is always well pleased to exhibit it to the traveller. They are attached to the Church of England, and, their place of worship having become too small for the congregation, they some years ago erected a commodious stone church, the expense of which was defrayed out of their own funds. A Missionary was first appointed in 1810 by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. Their late excellent Missionary reported that during his incumbency they had made a gradual advance in morals, piety, and industry. They support a school-master out of the produce of certain small rents, which they receive and manage themselves. Their number is about four hundred. It is highly gratifying to the Christian philanthropist to mark such progress among the descendants of the ancient proprietors of the American soil.—Between the Peninsula of Prince Edward and Kingston lies AMHERST ISLAND, so called after Lord Amherst, one of the Generals in command of the British forces in 1760 when Canada was transferred to Britain. It was originally granted to Sir John Johnson for military services. The Earl of Mountcashel now owns the principal part. The land is very good, and the tenants are in comfortable circumstances.—It is worth remarking *here* that the real settlement of Upper Canada took place in 1783 at the close of the first American war. At that time many inhabitants of the United States, who had adhered to

Britain during the unfortunate contest, sought refuge within Canada. As they were generally in a very destitute state, the Government treated them liberally, and afforded them the utmost possible compensation for their losses and sufferings. With this view the whole land along the St. Lawrence above the French settlements to, and around, the Bay of Quinté, was formed into townships. The settlers were termed the *United Empire* (U. E.) *Loyalists*, and besides an ample supply of land, received farming utensils, building materials, and subsistence for two years; and every member of their families, on attaining the age of twenty-one, had a donation of two hundred acres.

From Mr. Oliphant, the author we have already quoted so freely, we make another extract descriptive of the Bay of Quinté:—

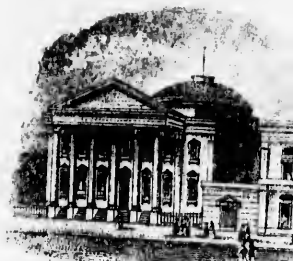
“The tourist would do well to spend a day in visiting Belleville. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the singularly-formed Bay of Quinté. For eighty miles he follows the windings of this magnificent sheet of water, at every turn disclosing some new charm: now past well-cultivated shores swelling gently back from the water's edge, where settlers, long since attracted by the beauty of the situation, the fertility of the soil, and the convenience of water-carriage, have planted themselves, and where comfortable farms, well-stocked orchards, and waving fields of grain, attest the existence of a large and thriving population, and add to the attractions of nature the agreeable accompaniments of civilised life; now a deep bay runs far into the interior, and the numerous white sails

with which it is dotted are certain indications that at its head there is a prosperous town ; while occasionally lofty wooded banks rise abruptly, and give a bolder character to the scenery. I ascended one of these, to visit a singular tarn about two hundred feet above the level of the bay, called the Lake of the Mountain. It has no known outlet, and is only separated from the brow of the hill upon which it is situated by a ridge a few yards across. From this narrow ledge a singular view is obtained. Upon the one hand, and on a level with the spectator, the little lake lies embosomed in wood ; upon the other, he looks down upon a labyrinth of devious channels, forming part of the eccentric Bay of Quinté, and intersecting in every direction a richly diversified country, sometimes gleaming behind maple woods bright with autumnal tints, sometimes encircling extensive clearings. Certainly Prince Edward's county, on which this lovely spot is situated, is highly endowed by nature ; and the U. E. Loyalists, who made it their home, displayed unexceptionable taste."

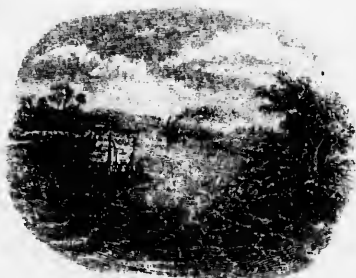
Resuming the journey by steamboat down Lake Ontario from Cobourg, the tourist's attention is first arrested by the City of Kingston, distant from Toronto one hundred and sixty-five miles, and one hundred and ninety-eight from Montreal. Here we shall meet those who separated from us to take the route by the way of the Bay of Quinté and Belleville,—from which town steamboats, in all respects comfortable and well appointed, leave for Kingston every day. And we must not dismiss



KINGSTON.
U.W.



BANK OF MONTREAL.

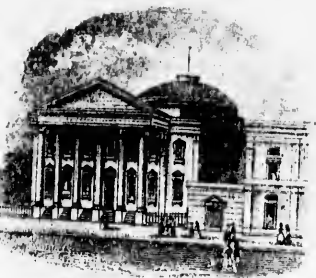


LONG SAULT RAPIDS.

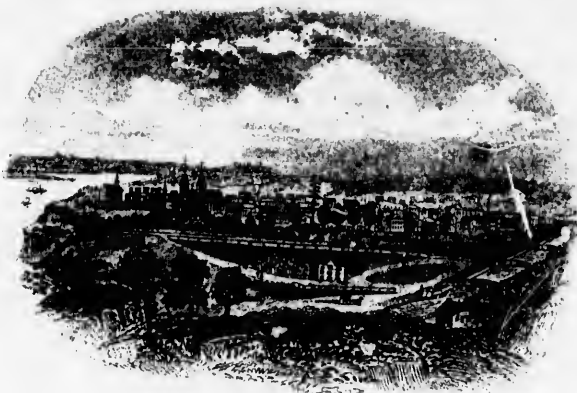


THE THOUSAND ISLES





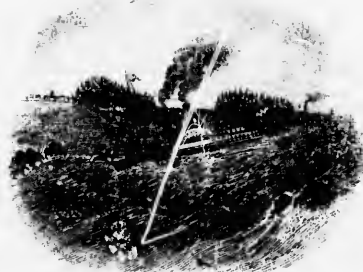
BANK OF MONTREAL.



OTTAWA.
C.W.



THE THOUSAND ISLES.



LA CHINE RAPIDS.



KINGSTON.
C.W.



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this part of our subject without again recommending a sail on the Bay of Quinté as one of the most interesting pleasure excursions which the Canadian waters afford. However, here we are, from all routes, met at

Kingston.

This city, although perfectly modern in its appearance, is associated with the earliest history of North America, its advantageous situation both for trade and defence having at once attracted the attention of the French discoverers. It is indeed remarkable that from Tadousac up the whole line of lake and river navigation to the far west, down from the sources of the Mississippi to New Orleans, these able navigators and engineers selected, with unerring judgment and foresight, the best points for settlements or trade throughout this immense and then unknown region. Kingston originally was occupied as a small fort under the name of Cataragui, for the purposes of the fur trade with the Indian tribes. To the English of the Colonies, now forming the United States, it was better known as Frontenac, and was the scene of more than one siege ere it passed with all Canada into the power of Great Britain. From Frontenac, where the opposite shores were a wilderness, many of those bloody expeditions set out, which, sometimes penetrating through tracks only known to the savage Indians, fell like a thunder clap upon the settlements as far south even as the present City of Albany; and to revenge their inroads, the warlike fathers of our American brothers in their turn, with amazing persever-

ance and courage, often appeared before the walls of the old fort. Nor is it without interest we mention that Washington, the father of the Republic, gained his first experience in these frontier wars, and though perhaps never actually engaged under its walls, distinguished himself in repulsing an army which, a few weeks before, had been armed and equipped from Fort Frontenac. Kingston however, as Kingston, was only founded in 1783, and as late as 1830, was spoken of by Bouchette as the "largest and most populous town of Upper Canada;" having at that time, according to the same author, a population of five thousand five hundred souls. Though possessing many advantages which gave promise of future greatness, it has been far outstripped by other towns farther west, and now contains in 1855 only fifteen thousand—a rate of progress, great in the eyes of Europeans, but by no means satisfactory to the American or Canadian. Nevertheless, Kingston is a thriving city, and if not rapid, in comparison with Toronto or Hamilton, its progress is steady and secure—a progress which the construction of the Grand Trunk Railway, and its immediate vicinity to the States, not to speak of the increase of its back population, will doubtless tend greatly to augment. The point of greatest interest to the stranger will be the fortification of Fort Henry, on a hill to the eastern side of the entrance of the Rideau Canal. This is a strong place, and together with two Martello towers off the town, protects the harbour very efficiently. A battery to throw red hot shot defends the city, and on the eastern

part of the harbour, are fortified barracks, and the Navy Yard—the latter entirely unused, and the former occupied by a detachment of the Canadian Rifles. At this place the navigation of the River St. Lawrence properly commences, and the passengers are transferred from the lake steamers into a class of vessels drawing less water, and calculated to run the rapids as well as pass through the canals below. The harbour is well protected, and is the best on the lakes, there being good anchorage for ships drawing eighteen feet water close to the wharves. This was for many years the principal depot of the Royal Navy, but now, except for the existence of the forts and the barracks, which show what it was and might be again, the place bears as peaceful an aspect as any other town on Lake Ontario.

The principal local industry of Kingston is shipbuilding, in which department there is a great deal done, chiefly of course in lake craft and steamers, though Capt. Gaskin, of Kingston, and Mr. Hayes, of Toronto have recently set the example of building ships, which, after descending the St. Lawrence and making the voyage to England, are now engaged in the foreign trade of Great Britain. The tonnage of steamers and schooners owned in Kingston is upwards of seven thousand. There are two Marine Railways, one for hauling out vessels of three hundred tons, and the other for hauling out river boats and barges. At Portsmouth Harbour, a little to the west, lies the Provincial Penitentiary, a visit to which, and inspection of the internal arrangements, will not dis-

appoint the traveller. It is a large stone building, surrounded by a high and most substantial stone wall with towers at the corners. The arrangements are so complete that escape seems impracticable, but on one occasion the ingenuity of a captive found means of breaking through the solid walls, and effected a final escape. Blacksmiths, cabinet-makers, carpenters, shoemakers, tailors, &c., are busily employed in different workshops. The silent system is pursued except in necessary intercommunication at work. Perseverance in good behaviour entitles in remarkable cases to a discharge some years before the expiration of the term of confinement. It seems that there are not a few instances of convicts becoming inmates again but a short time after receiving their liberty; so irresistible is the force of habit, when subjected once more to temptation. The cells are so arranged that each keeper has a great number of prisoners, apart from each other, completely under his eye in his round, and can at all times ascertain, without being perceived, what is going on. The west wing of the Penitentiary, formerly used for military prisoners, has been fitted up for criminal lunatics, and accommodation is provided for seventy-four patients. The arrangement for lunatics within the Penitentiary is however a temporary one, and it is intended to build a permanent Lunatic Asylum to accommodate a hundred and fifty patients, upon land, which overlooks the Penitentiary, and which was selected by Lord Sydenham, when he was at Kingston, as the site for the proposed Government House. Near the Penitentiary are baths and mineral springs, which have

been much frequented. In the neighbourhood is an extensive brewery and distillery. Its forges and machine shops are among the largest in Canada. It has also a large foundry and shop for the manufacture of locomotives. Kingston returns one member to Parliament.

The University of Queen's College, situated at Kingston, was founded by Royal Charter of Her present Most Gracious Majesty, 16th October, 1841, and is supported by Parliamentary grants, and endowments contributed by private liberality. It comprises Faculties of Theology, Arts, and Medicine, and has a staff of eleven professors. The College, which is a large and handsome building, is on a rising ground fronting the lake. It has a library, philosophical apparatus, and museum. From its central situation, and the reputation which this University, as a seat of learning, has acquired, the number of matriculated students attending it is annually increasing. In the session of 1854-55, eleven graduated in arts, and eleven in medicine. The College School is taught in a separate building in the City, and is very efficiently conducted. The University of Queen's College, though the educational institution of the Scottish Church in Canada, is open to students of all denominations, without distinction, exclusion or preference of any kind, and individuals of all denominations have attended, and from year to year attend it. No test is required either on admission, or on graduation; and while those entrusted with its management have ever held that the youthful mind ought to be imbued with those great doctrines of Christian principle, and practice, in which all

are agreed, there has never been the slightest interference with the denominational peculiarities of any.

Besides Queen's College, Kingston enjoys the benefit arising from its being the head quarters of various other educational establishments, such as the College of Regio polis, (Roman Catholic) the Grammar School, Queen's College Preparatory, and the Common Schools. There are fifteen Churches belonging to different denominations of Christians.

In 1853 the opening of a Railroad from Cape Vincent, (U. S.) (opposite to Kingston) to Rome, where it connects with the general railways of the United States, has tended much to develop the resources of Kingston and the adjacent country.

Lake Ontario.—American Shore.

Before descending the St. Lawrence and bidding farewell to lake Ontario, for the sake of the tourist who may prefer to steam along the American or Southern shore of the Lake, we shall furnish a few particulars. From the outlet of the Niagara at the Fort of that name to the boundary line 45°, the entire *littoral* is in the State of New York, and comprises in succession the counties of Niagara, Orleans, Monroe, Wayne, the northern corner of Cayuga, Oswego, Jefferson, and St. Lawrence. The last along its entire western frontier, and a half of Jefferson County, are bounded by the River. From Fort Niagara to the mouth of the Genesee River in Munroe County, a distance of about eighty-five miles, the coast

presents an almost undeviating level under the primeval brush-wood, relieved by a few scattered clearances.

Should the tourist on ascending the Genesee to Carthage, which is the port of ROCHESTER, resolve upon visiting this city, he will find enough to engage and gratify his curiosity till he resumes his journey by the next steamer. The road for a mile from Carthage has been excavated to the depth of from sixty to eighty feet, and in some parts overhangs the rugged banks of the river to an equal height, so that the stranger on his return, as he is borne along in the omnibus, from its peculiar construction making a regular alternation of jolts from side to side, notwithstanding the romantic scenery cannot help yielding to an uncomfortable impression of danger. An Englishman in 1810, having penetrated many miles into the bush, was struck with the water advantages which the Genesee afforded, and selected for his loghouse a portion of the locality which the wide-spreading Rochester now fills up. Some idea may be formed of its astonishing progress from the fact, that the population, which in 1825 was 5,271, and in 1840 20,191, amounts now to about 45,000. This large commercial and manufacturing town owes its greatness mainly to the "water privileges" which the proprietors on the banks of the Genesee here possess. For a considerable way above the Upper Falls, the banks are on both sides surmounted by a great variety of mills. Its proximity to Lake Ontario, and the passage of the Erie Canal through its principal streets, contribute materially to its prosperity. A frontage on the river fetches a high price, as from the

nature of the situation a supply of water from the canal or race can in many cases be rendered available twice or thrice. The aqueduct, by means of which the Canal crosses the river, is eight hundred and four feet long, contains ten acres, and is finished off in a most substantial manner. The vast produce of the Genesee Valley, which stretches sixty or seventy miles, and is unsurpassed in fertility even on this Continent, is conveyed thither by the Genesee Canal, and thence to Albany, &c. The passage of the great Erie Railroad has contributed its share. The Upper Falls are about one hundred feet in height, and, though much diminished in effect by buildings, still present a magnificent view. In their waters the fool-hardy Sam Patch, buoyed up by one successful plunge in them on a previous occasion, as well as by two at Niagara Falls, in making a second leap, perished in presence of a vast concourse of spectators. The streets of Rochester are wide, and well laid out, containing many first-rate private and public buildings. Of these we may mention the courthouse, jail, arcade, and observatory, upwards of a dozen of churches, and about six hotels, &c., &c. The Mount Hope Cemetery in the vicinity vies in extent and appropriateness of design and scenery with those of Greenwood near Brooklyn and Laurel Hill at Philadelphia. The water-power of the two falls is estimated as equal to one thousand nine hundred and twenty steam-engines of twenty horse power. Calculated according to the cost of steam power in England, the annual value of this water would amount to nearly ten millions of dollars. A large

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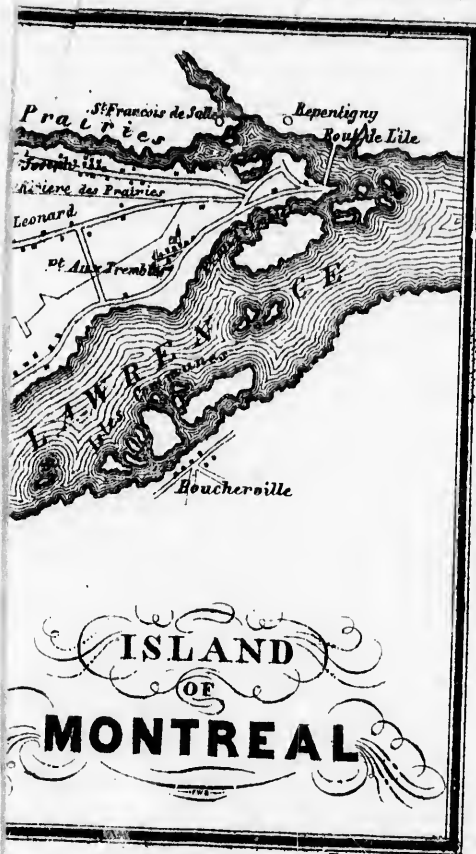


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ISLAND
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capital is also invested in cotton and woollen mills, iron-works, tanneries, &c., &c.—OSWEGO, the principal commercial port on the American side of the Lake, is pleasantly situated at the mouth of the river of that name. The principal part of the town is on the western bank, and has a neat and stirring appearance. On the opposite bank are some large mills, and here terminates the Oswego Canal from Syracuse, distant about thirty-eight miles, and the Railway from the same place. About half-way betwixt Carthage and Oswego is Great Sodus Bay.—At the eastern extremity of the Lake, on the south side of Black River Bay, lies in a very sheltered situation SACKETT'S HARBOUR. This was the naval station of the United States on the Lake during the last war with Great Britain. In May, 1813, Sir George Prevost effected a landing with one thousand men, but hastily re-embarked without accomplishing his purpose. The Navy Yard is a conspicuous object upon landing.—About twenty miles north of Sackett's Harbour, French Creek enters the St. Lawrence. Here, in the beginning of November 1813, General Wilkinson embarked at the head of seven thousand men with the view of descending the St. Lawrence and attacking Montreal, expecting to be reinforced by troops from Plattsburg. Six days thereafter an engagement took place near Williamsburgh on the Canadian shore, when the Americans were worsted. On the arrival of the army at St. Regis, disappointed in his expectation of a reinforcement, General Wilkinson retired to French Mills, and encamped there for the

winter. This place was subsequently named Fort Covington, in memory of General Covington who fell at the battle of Williamsburgh.

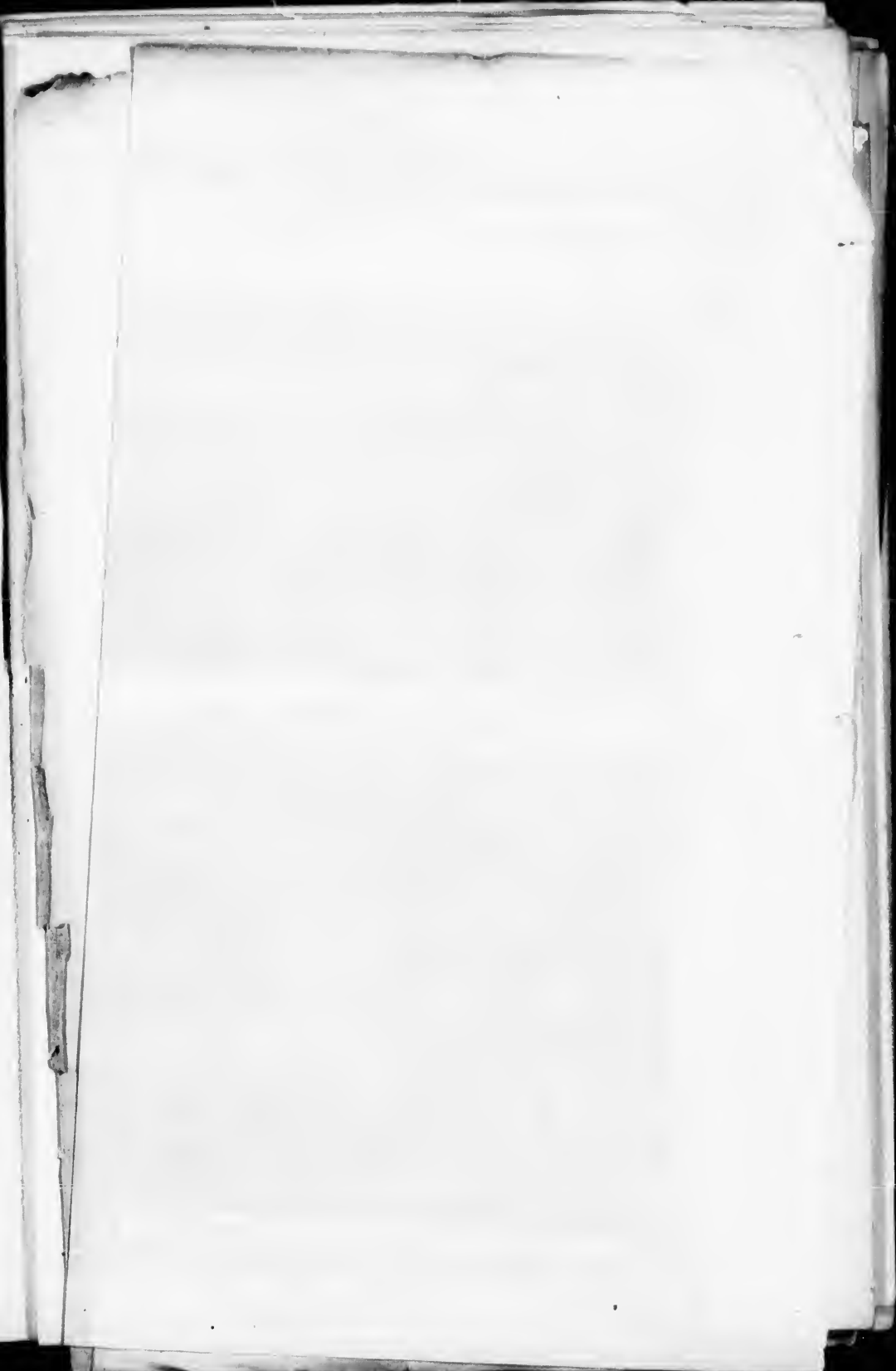
Kingston to Montreal.

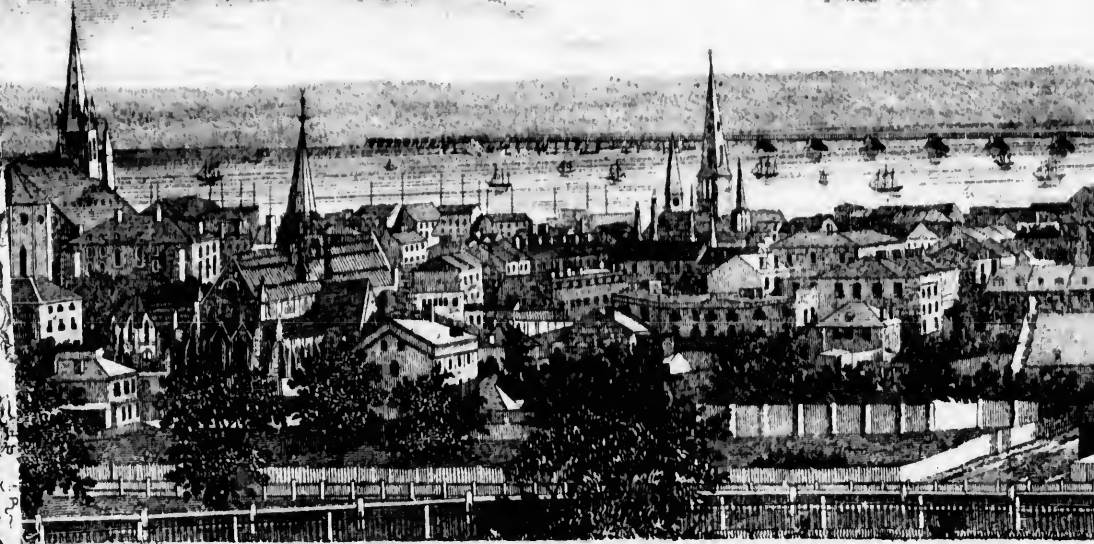
Opposite Kingston lies a large island, called Wolfe's Island. It is well settled, having upwards of six thousand acres under cultivation. The stream, which in the course of a few miles issues from the Lake, is now for the first time called the St. Lawrence; and its channel so expands, and becomes so full of islands, that it obtains the name of the "LAKE OF THE THOUSAND ISLES." The sail through those islands has ever been looked forward to by the tourist as one of the most interesting parts of Canadian or American scenery, and is indeed a voyage through an enchanted sea of ever-changing beauty. On approaching the islands it seems to the spectator as if the vessel steered her course towards the head of a landlocked bay which barred all further progress—coming nearer, a small break in the line of shore opens up, and he enters between what he now discovers to be islands, and islands which are innumerable—now he sails in a wide channel between more distant shores, again he enters into a strait so narrow that the large paddle boxes of the steamer almost sweep the foliage on either side as she pursues her devious course—now the islands are large, miles in circumference, and again he passes some small as a lady's work table, shaded by a single tiny tree occupying the handful of earth which represents the "dry land." On all, the trees grow to the

water's edge, and dip their outer branches in the clear blue lake. Sometimes the mirage throws its air of enchantment on the whole, and the more distant islands seem floating in mid-heaven—only descending into the lake as a nearer approach dispels the illusion, and when the rushing steamer breaks the fair surface of the water in which all this loveliness is reflected as in a mirror—to quote the words of poor Warburton, “the eye does not weary to see, but the head aches in even writing the one word—beauty—wherever you steer over this sweet scene beauty—beauty still.” To see, and really enjoy and appreciate the charms of the Lake of the Thousand Isles, one ought to visit it in a small boat, and spend many days amid its labyrinths; but we are on board a steamer, and must be content with the passing glance which her rapid and noisy course affords. An hour, or less even, and we are through,—the Islands and the mighty Ontario are left behind, and we now emerge into the majestic river, though not to disappointment, for all is grand and beautiful still. The lake we are just leaving will be remembered as the scene of the exploits of the notorious Bill Johnson and his daughter, during the insurrections of 1837–8. A better place for a bold robber to lurk cannot be fancied, and though his character and that of his daughter are too well known for romance writers of the present day to attempt the theme, doubtless the poet and novelist of a future time may easily find the materials for another *Lady of the Lake* or *Rob Roy* in the adventures of the robber and his virago daughter.

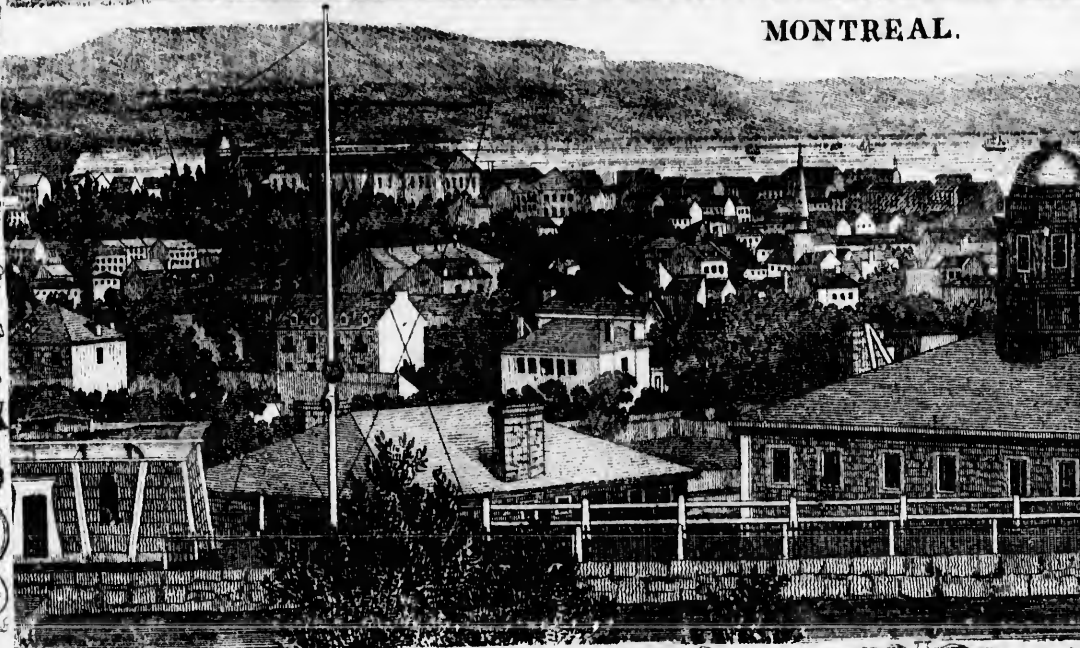
On both shores of the river the traveller observes the settlements of the farmers, with towns and villages on the banks; we shall notice these immediately, but, as we are fairly in the stream, let us sail on without halting. The traveller, as he looks on the river from time to time, will soon remark that the current gains strength, eddies begin to sweep round in wide circles, and the upheaving surges, gently at first but angrily as you proceed, boil and roar around and beneath your vessel—on she goes faster and still faster—look ahead, the white-crested breakers meet your eye; while you look, you are in the midst of them, and again you are out into smoother but still rapid water. In this way you pass down the upper rapids—the Galops, Point Iroquois, and some others which do not strike you as anything remarkable. But now the water becomes again agitated, and boils and roars as it rushes down the Long Sault. Look forward to the wheel-house, two men are there now instead of one—look aft, a tiller has been shipped to aid the wheel, and four brawny fellows man it, and in perfect silence watch the signals of the pilot, who, with fixed eye and gathered brow, scans the white torrent through which he must steer his fearful course—a tiller rope parted—a rudder band carried away—a flinching eye—a mistaken signal—a wrong turn of the wheel—and before you lies a destruction quick as thought, inevitable as doom. But the gear is good—pilot and crew staunch and steady—*away*, and you are in the breakers! Look to the land—the high banks are flying past and are gone ere you can mark their aspect—look to the water, it is writh-

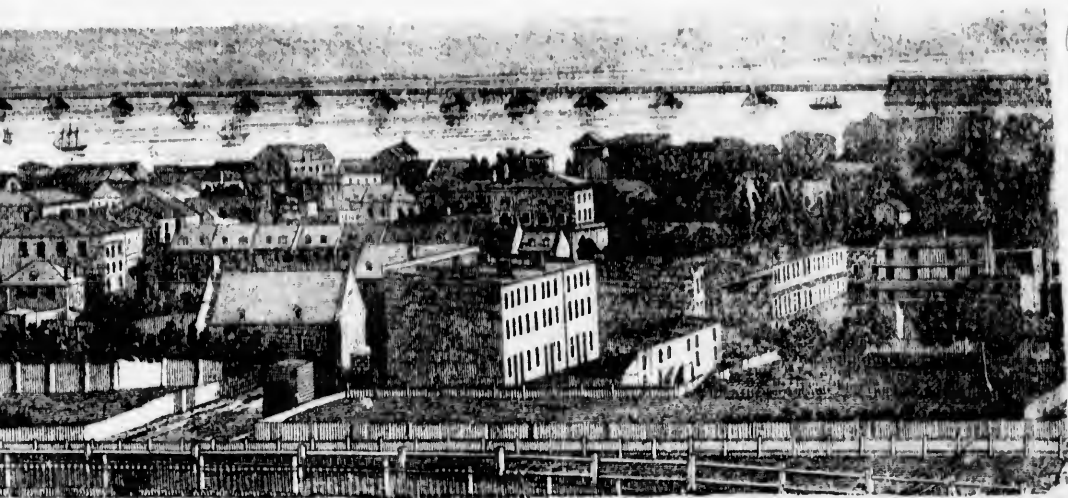
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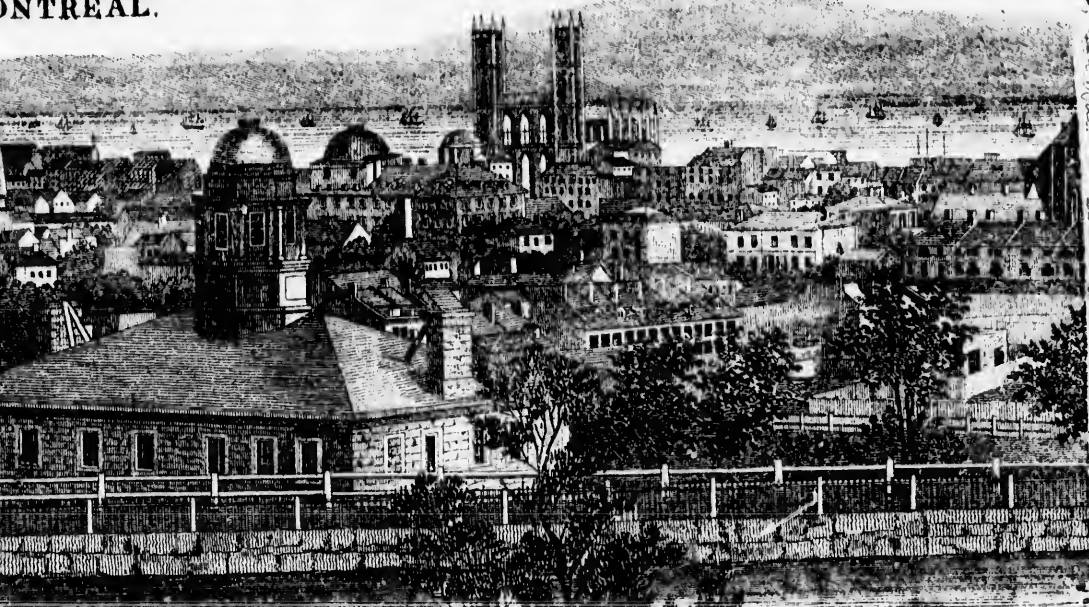


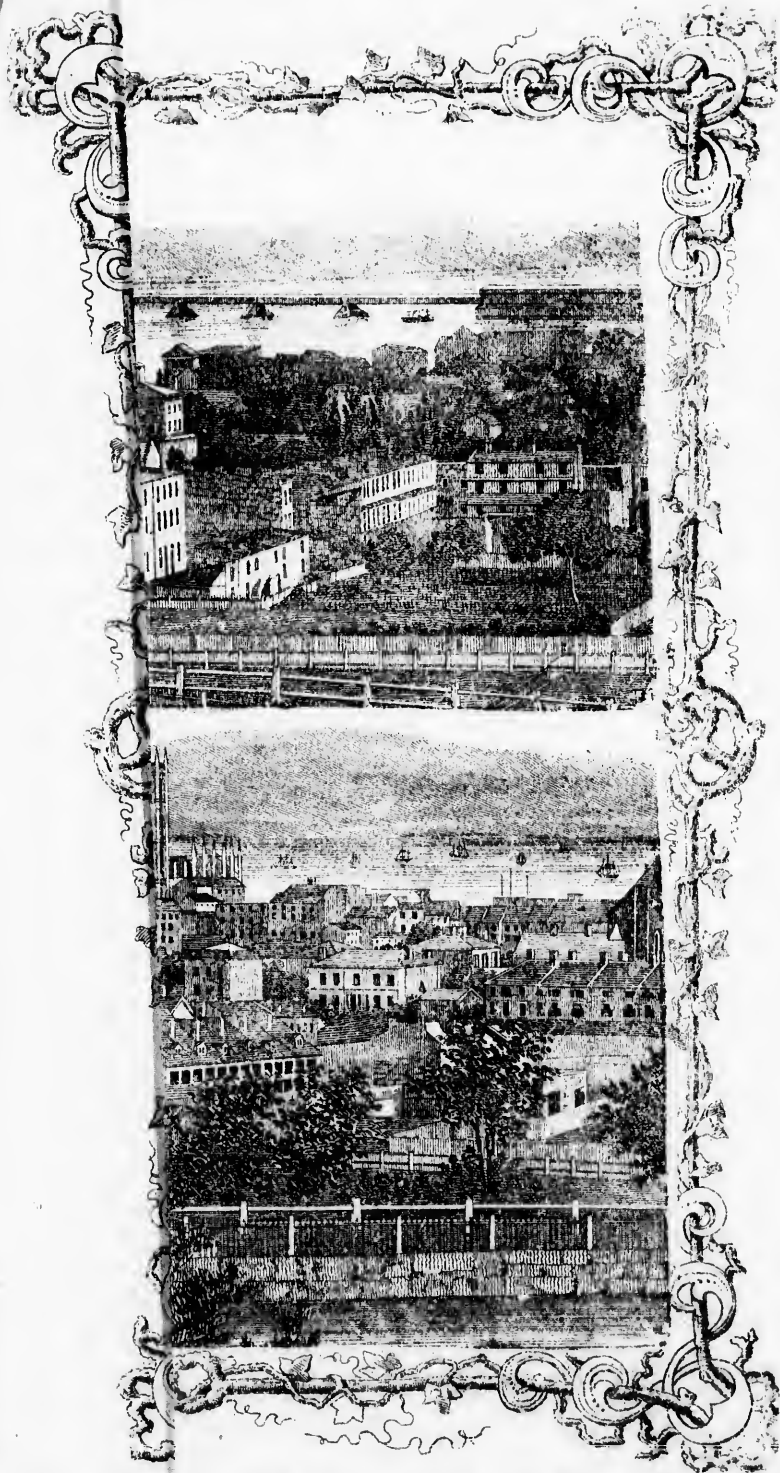
MONTREAL.





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ing and roaring over the jagged rocks which, in rapid succession, arise around and almost touch your ship as she is flung down the terrible descent—look to your shipmates, the crew and the passengers are alike silent, or point in dumb show to the objects that strike the attention! Look, ahead—before you, in the very course on which you steer, lies a rock bound islet, the full torrent rushes with frightful force and volume against it, and on it you too are borne as if to certain destruction; but, just when you might expect to feel the crash of rending timbers, the dividing current catches the vessel under her forefoot, she heels down under the shock—in an instant her bow is swept into a new direction, the threatening rock is under her stern, the island is passed. Gentle reader, the danger is over—and so quickly that, ere you could read our feeble description, the exciting race is run—you have performed the feat of “shooting the Long Sault,” and, on the calm bosom of Lake St Francis, you may endeavour to comprehend what, in the rapid itself, you had barely time to look upon. While amid the raging torrents your hear nothing, see nothing, feel nothing but the boiling flood that roars and breaks around and over your vessel, but ere the eye had learned to comprehend what it gazes on, the rapid is run—the danger—the excitement, are passed away like a “dream of the night.” And thus from rapid to lake, from lake to boiling current, and from current to rapid again, you pass through Lake St. Francis, the Coteau, the Cedars, the Cascades, Lake St. Louis, and finally, the Lachine Rapids, below which, and after a day’s journey of

no little variety and excitement, you are landed on the magnificent wharves of the commercial metropolis of Her Majesty's American possessions.

But though we have made such a gallop down the river, which, by the way, we could hardly help, we must now make a more leisurely journey, and introduce our readers to the various points of interest which present themselves from Kingston downwards.

GANANOQUE, at twenty miles below Kingston, is the first place that the steamer touches at. It is a pretty and thriving village of one thousand inhabitants. Twelve miles below stands BROCKVILLE, the County Town of Leeds and Grenville. It has a population of nearly, or perhaps quite five thousand, and is one of the best built towns in Canada West; the streets are broad, regularly laid out, and the houses chiefly built of stone, of which there is an abundant supply of a beautiful kind. It contains, besides a Court House, seven Churches, all substantial buildings of the stone alluded to,—and is a place of busy industry; having an extensive foundry and engine manufactory, with saw and flour mills, and manufactures of cloth, axes, &c., to a very considerable amount. The Grand Trunk Railway passes through the town, and adds another element to its causes of prosperity. From this place an excellent road communicates with the town of Perth, which lies north from it at a distance of forty-five miles. The country in rear is well settled and rapidly improving. Brockville returns a member to parliament. Five miles further down is the village of Maitland, built

on the site of an old French Fort, and seven miles below lies PRESCOTT, from which are seen the windmill, and the blackened and ruined houses around, the scene of the wretched attempt at invasion by Schultz and his gang of sympathisers in 1838. There is no recollection of glory to qualify the details of that miserable affair, where, after a short and hopeless resistance, the leader and his followers were made prisoners. Justice was satisfied with his life alone, which he justly forfeited as a mere brigand and murderer—crimes in his case utterly inexcusable, for he was a man both of birth and education. Prescott was at one time a place of considerable importance, but the construction of the Rideau Canal removed all its trade to Kingston, and for many years its appearance was desolate in the extreme. Now, however, a new impulse has been given to its progress by the opening of the Railway to Bytown, recently named Ottawa City, and the opening of the Grand Trunk Railway. The situation of the village is naturally very pretty, but the effect is sadly marred by the numerous tanneries, breweries and distilleries which are built along the water's edge, with their rears and out-houses to the river. Immediately opposite at a distance of two miles, is seen the beautiful and thriving town of OGDENSBURGH, with which there is constant communication by steam ferry-boats. From what we have said the reader will easily see that a bright future again opens up for Prescott. Steamers for the American side of Lake Ontario and the Canadian side, touch daily both in their upward trips and those downward to Mon-

treal, while passengers for Boston and New York, or Bytown, Toronto, or Montreal, have railway trains for each of these places. At present the population is only two thousand five hundred; but this must very soon be doubled and trebled. The railways will be mostly used in winter, or by travellers coming from the east, for in summer the run down the rapids is, we imagine, fast enough for any man who can be satisfied with any thing short of telegraph speed.

Between Prescott and Dickenson's Landing, at the head of the Cornwall Canal, a distance of thirty-eight miles, are passed, in succession, the villages of Matilda, Mariatown and Mculinette. The scene of the battle of Chrysler's Farm, will be pointed out a little below Mariatown—here the American forces experienced a severe defeat in the last war. At CORNWALL, which is situated at the lower entrance of the canal of that name, it will be worth while for the traveller to take a look at the locks, which, from their size and solid construction, are very remarkable. The canal is eleven and a half miles long, and has seven locks of magnificent size. In this distance the Long Sault is surmounted by westward bound steamboats and other lake craft. To avoid repetition we may mention here that this, with the Beaubarnois, Lachine, and one or two shorter canals, all constructed on the same great scale, completes the great chain of artificial water communication between Montreal and Lake Ontario, while the Welland Canal unites the last named lake with Lake Erie—a chain of canals unequalled in the world.

The town of Cornwall is well laid out, and has a pleasant situation. It returns a Member to the House of Assembly, has a population of two thousand, and a newspaper. The French inhabitants formerly called this place "Pointe Maline," from the difficulty they experienced in ascending this portion of the river with their *bateaux*.— Opposite to Cornwall lies the Indian village of St. Regis, where line 45° strikes the St. Lawrence, and forms the boundary between Lower Canada and the State of New York, intersecting, also, the tract of land which is the property of this body of Iroquois, numbering in all about one thousand, and about equally British and American. There is a large stone church, which was erected upwards of fifty years ago at their own expense. The Government maintains a French Canadian missionary, who resides permanently at the village, and devotes his whole time to the tribe. A great portion of the service consists of singing, of which the Indians are passionately fond. The men procure a precarious subsistence chiefly by hunting, and the women employ themselves in making mitts and moccasins from the skins of animals that have been killed during the winter, and in manufacturing splint-baskets and brooms. After passing the Canal the St. Lawrence widens into one of those beautiful expanses, called Lakes, which tend not a little to impart variety to the course of this majestic river. Lake St. Francis is forty miles long. About half-way down the lake on the left hand stands the village of LANCASTER, close to the boundary line between the West and East Provinces.

Here the loyal Glengary Highlanders raised a large *cairn* or pile of stones (a memorial occasionally erected for warriors of old Scotland) in honour of Sir John Colborne, now Lord Seaton, formerly Governor General. A considerable island, called Grand Isle, lies a little below the east end of the Lake. In order to open up a communication between this Lake and the next expanse, called Lake St. Louis, which is twenty-four miles in length, the Beauharnois Canal has been constructed by the Provincial Government. It is eleven-and-a-quarter miles long, and has nine locks.—The St. Lawrence, on emerging from the Cascades, receives a great influx of water from the Ottawa, and their combined waters form the expanse of Lake St. Louis, at the western extremity of which is the Isle Perrot, and along the north shore is the Island of Montreal, which is about thirty miles in length. For some distance below the junction the brown waters of the Ottawa roll unmixed with the clear stream of the St. Lawrence. At the outlet of the Lake on the right is the Iroquois settlement of Caughnawaga, or “The Village of the Rapids,” in allusion to those that lie a little below. It was granted for their benefit by Louis XIV, in 1680, and enlarged by Governor Frontenac. These Indians in summer chiefly subsist by navigating barges and rafts down to Montreal, and in winter by the sale of snow-shoes, moccasins, &c. They are Roman Catholics, and sometime since rebuilt their church, which is handsome and substantial. They behaved nobly during the disturbances of 1837 and 38, and since that period have received

special marks of Her Majesty's favour. On the left bank stands LACHINE, the central situation of which bids fair to ensure its growth and prosperity. Here is the residence of Sir George Simpson, Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, and of the staff of officers in charge of this, the principal post of the company. Hence emanate the instructions, received from head-quarters in London, for the different posts throughout the company's extensive territories. Towards the latter end of April in each year a body of the company's people along with experienced *voyageurs* leave this port in large canoes, called *maître-canots*, in which their chattels and packages are transported *via* the Ottawa and a tributary on the left to Lake Nipissing, whence is the descent by the Rivière des Français in Lake Huron. On reaching Fort William on the banks of Lake Superior the large canoes give place to others of a much smaller description, constructed for more convenient transshipment across the numerous *portages* between the different posts of the company. At Caughnawaga is the depot of the Montreal and Plattsburgh Railway, lying opposite to the village of Lachine;—between the two shores, a steam ferry-boat runs summer and winter, as here the river never freezes. From Lachine the distance to Montreal is nine miles—the rapids are here surmounted by another canal, cut at a heavy expense. A railway also joins the two places, and although steamers generally descend the great rapids, yet passengers sometimes land here and are carried to the city by the cars. On leaving the wharf, if the traveller will look to the west,

he will observe the open lake, on which he has just passed, stretching away in a noble expanse of water, no land bounding his westward view. The followers of Jacques Cartier on arriving at this point, two hundred years ago, deceived partly by their own hopes, and partly by the descriptions which the Indians gave them of the great seas above, imagined that they now looked upon a route which was to conduct them to China, and exclaimed, *La Chine!* Hence, according to tradition, the origin of the name still borne by the village.

Here the stranger will at once feel that he is in a foreign land, among a strange race, for although a great proportion of the people are English, still the masses are French, speaking their own language. Churches, houses, everything wears a different aspect; but we shall remark this more as we proceed, and now hasten on to Montreal.

Montreal.

From its favourable situation and fertile soil, Montreal early attracted the attention of the French discoverers who visited and marked it out for settlement under the famous Jacques Cartier. This occurred in 1535—upwards of three hundred years ago. Even at that time, it was found occupied by the Hurons who had a village here, and a tolerably large space of cleared land around, on which they raised Maize or Indian Corn, and some kinds of vegetables referred to by Champlain. It was not, however, until a century later, that a city was projected and laid out, which on the 15th August, 1642, was placed under

the protection of the Virgin Mary, and named Ville Marie—which it retained for many years, but long forgotten under its present name taken from the Mountain, at the base of which it lies.

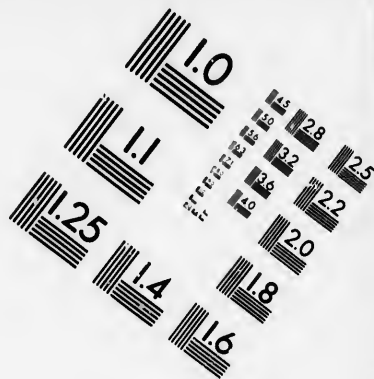
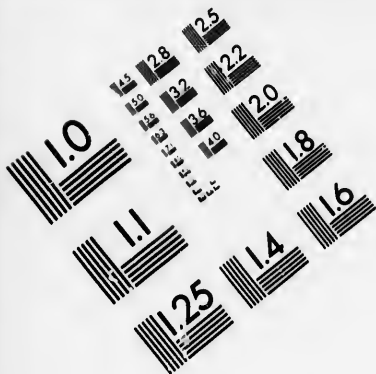
The Island of Montreal is formed by the St. Lawrence on the south, and a branch of the great Ottawa on its northern side—at each of the eastern and western extremities the waters of these rivers meet and complete its insular formation. The Island is thirty-four miles in length, by about ten at its greatest breadth, and, with the exception of the Mountain which gives its name to both the town and the island, is nearly level, and one of the most fertile districts of the Province. The whole of this valuable tract of land belonged, and in a great measure still belongs, to the Priests of the Seminary of St. Sulpice who derive an immense revenue from it—but, under the law of commutation, passed a few years ago, the land is gradually becoming freed from the Seigniorial burdens. On the south side of the Mountain, facing the River, along which it extends nearly two and a half miles, is built the flourishing city, which, though not the Seat of Government at present, is in point of population and wealth as well as in position, the capital of the Province of Canada. Situated at the confluence of two of the the mightiest rivers in the world, and having a free communication with the ocean, though in reality ninety miles above the influence of the tide and upwards of three hundred miles from salt water—it possesses all the advantages of a sea-port; and as the Lachine rapids forbid any further ascent by sea-going

ships of any size, it soon became a commercial emporium, destined to increase from year to year as the developing greatness of the territories along the Western Lakes and the Ottawa shall call for new and greater facilities for trade. At present, as may be supposed, its imports and exports are greater than at any other British American port—the value of the former in 1854 being close upon 12,000,000 of dollars and of the latter about 2,500,000 dollars, and employing on an average 4500 vessels of all kinds. The city, which is built in a somewhat irregular form, is laid out in straight streets, all the public buildings, and indeed, all the private dwellings and stores of any pretension, are constructed of a beautiful lime-stone, bearing much the appearance of the celebrated Aberdeen granite. At present, in the outskirts and back streets, many houses of wood are still in existence, but since the great fire in 1852 a Bye-law of the Corporation requires all new houses to be built of stone or brick—so that in the course of a few years, decay and improvements, with fires, accidental or otherwise, will have probably swept away all of wood that remains.

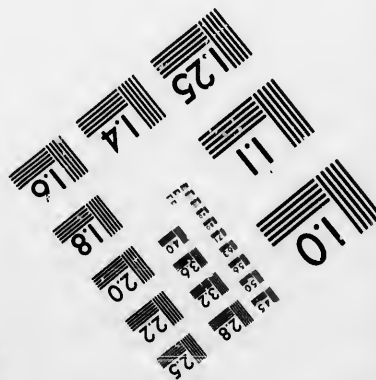
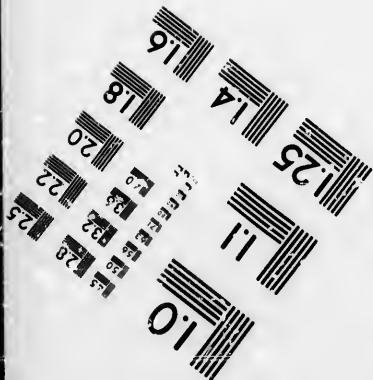
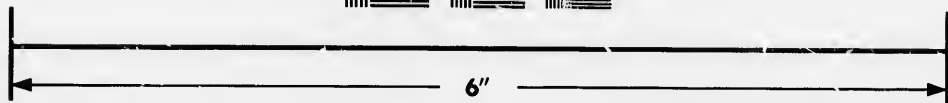
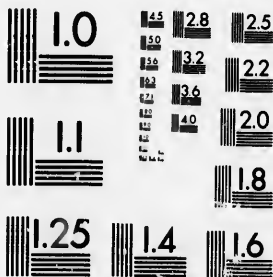
In Montreal and its environs, the traveller will find much to interest him, and if he will accompany us in a couple of promenades, we shall endeavour to point out to him all that is most worthy of remark—beginning at the St. Lawrence or Donegana's Hotel, from one of which we shall start to visit the Catholic Parish Church, best known to strangers as the French Cathedral. The great size of this building certainly constitutes its chief claim

for observation. It is of what is called the perpendicular Gothic style of the architecture of the middle ages, and is entirely destitute of ornament: nevertheless, it is both grand and simple, and is, we believe the largest church of any kind on this continent, or at all events in North America. The main entrances are from the front, facing on Place d'Armes, and between two square towers, forming with the doors the front of the building. The towers are two hundred and twenty feet high, that to the west is always open, and a good stair-case leads to the top. The ascent is well worth undertaking, for from the summit a complete view is obtained of the whole city and surrounding country—the former lying at the spectator's feet, and enabling him to count every street, lane, and garden, in the place. The interior is not striking, except for size. One or two of the shrines may attract attention on account of the quantity of silver displayed in candlesticks, and figures of our Saviour on the cross. The spaces between the confessionals and over the altar are covered with paintings of Saints and Martyrs, shining with varnish and bright colours, but none possessing much merit. If the stranger happens to be present on a fête day, when the church is filled, he will see it to the best advantage—for, calculated to contain without crowding ten thousand persons, such an immense assemblage within one building for solemn worship and accompanied with the striking ceremonies and pomp of the Roman Catholic church, is indeed an imposing sight. This church boasts the possession of a magnificent set of bells, one of





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which weighing thirteen tons is hung in the western tower, and is the largest bell in America. Thus the Parish Church or Cathedral, if not very attractive in point of beauty of architecture or paintings, is remarkable as the largest church, having the largest congregation, and the largest bell in the New World. Under the church, the entire space is occupied by a cemetery—in which the more wealthy of the Roman Catholics are interred. At present, however, these interments are discouraged, as the new cemetery lately opened, of which we shall speak hereafter, is justly considered a more appropriate and more beautiful resting place.

Adjoining the Cathedral is a handsome stone building, at present only finished to the extent of half the proposed plan. This is the Seminary of St. Sulpice. In this building is transacted all the parochial business, and also the secular affairs connected with the very valuable property belonging to the body. A certain number of the gentlemen of the order find very full employment in these duties—and we may add that the liberal and exceedingly polite manner in which they conduct their money transactions have earned for them the gratitude of hundreds, and kind feelings from all who ever have had occasion to treat with them. As the name denotes, the institution is chiefly for educational purposes—and among others, the College is the principal establishment which they support. The buildings used for the College are still in Foundling Street; but the wants of the town and other causes, such as better air and a finer situation have induced the priests

of the Seminary to commence a new College in the outskirts of the town, on the high ground which was formerly in part occupied by the Catholic burying ground. There, temporary but very extensive brick buildings have been erected, and are now occupied by the Director and Professors with the pupils, both lay and ecclesiastical. The staff of the College consists of a Rector, four Professors, and eight Tutors. The course of study is eight years, and embraces Classics, Rhetoric, Belles Lettres, Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, as also the preliminary training of those intended for the Church. Besides this the principal establishment, the Seminary have schools for instruction in the more ordinary branches of education, both in the city and neighbourhood, at the sametime liberally aiding other Catholic educational and religious institutions—and even aiding in the material improvement of the city by an advance of \$100,000 for the Portland and Montreal Railroad, at a time when difficulties of no ordinary kind seemed to threaten the suspension of this, the first link in the now all but completed Grand Trunk Railway of Canada.

On the opposite side of the square, or Place d'Armes, are the Bank of Montreal and the City Bank. The first is a beautiful building of the Corinthian style, and was erected at a cost of \$100,000. The fluted columns and florid capitals with the other ornamental work of the front are deservedly admired as specimens of sculpture, and are almost, if not altogether, the work of French Canadian masons—though this is by no means the only proof of their skill which we shall point out as we proceed. The

design of the Bank of Montreal was furnished by Mr. Wells, of this city, Architect, under whose superintendance the building was erected. The City Bank is a substantial building, and well adapted for the purpose for which it was erected. The square, which till of late was an open space of ground covered with rubbish, is now tastefully enclosed, planted with thriving trees, and laid out into flower beds.

Leaving the Place d'Armes we shall turn down a narrow street, passing along the east side of the church, from which perhaps, quite as well as from the front, an idea may be formed of its large proportions—continuing down this street we shall emerge on the wharves. These, the people of Montreal are justly proud of, as the most substantially built of any similar work in America. Commencing at a point opposite the market-house they extend up to the entrance of the Lachine Canal, a distance of about a mile and a half, forming a broad roomy space for carts and carriages, with docks, jettys, and basins, interspersed, and giving great accomodation for shipping of all kinds—yet not enough, as the increasing commerce of the city from year to year calls for great additions to the docks. The carriage way is backed all its length by a high wall of very solid masonry, supporting the higher ground on which the city is built: on the plateau above runs another wide street parallel with the wharves, and along this street are built, besides the market-house and barracks, a continuous line of lofty stone stores facing the river. This, both in a commercial and scenic point of view, is

decidedly the most interesting part of the city. In the foreground, are the wharves, the docks, and shipping; beyond, stretches the St. Lawrence expanding towards Laprairie into a great lake—to the west, the river is shut in apparently by Nun's Island, to the east, by that of St. Helens, both covered with magnificent maple, birch and hickory trees. On the opposite side, the low fertile land of St. Lambert and the County of Huntingdon stretches away till the view is bounded by the high hills of the Townships and the State of Vermont. Immediately opposite the city may be seen the wharf of the New York and St. Lawrence Railway Company, with its buildings and machine shops, and below Nun's Island are seen several of the gigantic piers now in course of construction to receive the Tubular Bridge intended to span the St. Lawrence, and which, when completed, will be one of the wonders of the world. Confining ourselves in the meantime to the city, let us walk along the upper wall of the wharves to the Bonsecours Market. This is a magnificent pile of building in the Doric style erected at a cost of \$280,000, and is said to be the finest market house on this continent. On the basement story are extensive accommodation for the sale of fish, vegetables, fruit and pork, and a range of ice-houses for those who occupy the different stalls; in the story above, which is entered from St. Paul Street, there on a level with it, are the stalls of the butchers, all well lighted and aired, with a wide promenade between the two ranges. Above this story are the offices of the Corporation, and Council Chamber, which

occupy the half of this story; the other half is a large concert and ball room, capable of containing four thousand persons comfortably seated. If the stranger has been deterred by the fatigue of ascending the tower of the Cathedral, we should recommend him to mount to the dome of the market-house, which is easily done, and from which the view of the river and St. Helen's Isle is exceedingly beautiful.

From the market place we may now proceed by Place Jacques Cartier to the Court House, remarking as we go that this place, until a few years ago, was disfigured by a long low range of sheds occupied as a market. These are now happily removed; and, the whole being planted, will ere long add another ornament to Montreal. At the head will be seen a column erected to the memory of England's greatest naval hero, Lord Nelson. Time and the severity of the winter have injured the bas-reliefs on the four sides of the pediment; but even now they are worthy of an examination for their beauty of design and conception. It is not creditable to the citizens that this monument should be permitted to remain so long in its present dilapidated state. Crossing Notre Dame Street is the Court House, which was only finished last spring.

Though the architecture and plan of this building have been much criticised, it is nevertheless an imposing pile, and is one of the most striking objects in the city. It has cost about \$200,000—a sum which is raised by a tax on all the proceedings had within its walls, aided by what is collected from tavern-licences in the District of Montreal.

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Thus the unlucky litigant, in addition to the loss of his suit is compelled to pay part of the cost of the building wherein he, of course, believes he has met with injustice,—*he* at all events cannot be expected to admire it. The ground plan is three hundred by one hundred and twenty-five feet, and seventy-six feet in height. On the ground floor are vaults for the records, all fire proof, the Keeper's rooms and Office of the Clerk of the Peace, &c. On the two upper stories are five Court Rooms, Judges' Chambers, Advocates' Library, Prothonotary's and Sheriff's Offices—all of spacious dimensions and handsomely finished. As some one or more of the courts, civil or criminal, are almost always in session, a visit will amuse the stranger from the curious mixture of French and English in which the proceedings are carried on, for though all the Judges and nearly all the lawyers speak both languages, yet each addresses the Court for the most part in his own, so that to the visitor ignorant of French it is a scene of Babel-like confusion.

It would weary our friends were we to ask them to read a particular notice of all the other public buildings of Montreal, and, therefore, we shall content ourselves by merely enumerating the principal and indicating the streets in which they are situated, in order that those who are so disposed may know where to find them. Besides the Parish Church or Cathedral, the Catholic churches are St. Patrick's at the west end of Lagachetiere Street, occupying a commanding position, but, though very conspicuous, possessing no great architectural attractions;

the Bishop's Church in St. Denis Street, a very handsome structure, erected since the great fire of 1852, the old building having been at that time destroyed with about a third of the city ; the Recollet Church, in Notre Dame Street ; the Bonsecours Church, near the large market ; and St. Mary's Church, in Griffintown. There are also chapels attached to all the Nunneries, and in some of these are to be found fine paintings. Of Nunneries there are three. The Grey Nuns, on Foundling Street, founded in 1692, for the care of lunatics and children. The Hotel Dieu, founded in 1644, for the sick in general. Both of these institutions are exceedingly well managed, and independently of the good the sisters do within their own walls, their devoted kindness to the sick out of doors is beyond all praise and has been often heroically shown in times of cholera and ship fever, on which occasions many of these ladies have sacrificed their lives in the cause of their suffering fellow-creatures, without distinction of nation or creed.

The third is the Black or Congregational Nunnery in Notre Dame Street, founded in 1659. Here, the sisterhood devote themselves to the education of young persons of their own sex. The education afforded is of a very superior description.

The stranger who desires to see any of the Nunneries ought to apply to the Lady Superior for admission, which is rarely refused to respectable people, and the utmost politeness is invariably shewn to visitors, though, from their number at certain seasons, the patience of the gentle Nuns must be often sadly tried.

Street, a very handsome building, destroyed by fire in 1852, the same year as the destruction of the old market, in Notre Dame Street, the large market ; There are also several in some of these nunneries there are several in Notre Dame Street, founded in 1720. The Hotel is a very general. Both of them are managed, and independent of their own walls, the doors is beyond what is shown in times of fire as many of these are the cause of their destruction of nation or

General Nunnery in Montreal. Here, the sisterhood of young persons is of a very

the Nunneries of the Mission, which is the utmost of the utmost, though, from the cause of the gentle

We have already mentioned the Seminary and its College, but besides this, independent of ordinary schools, there is a large new College in Bleury Street, under the charge of the Jesuits. This institution is much lauded, and has already risen to great favour with the Roman Catholic population.

The Protestant Churches worthy of notice are St. Andrew's Church in Beaver Hall, a beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture, being a close imitation of Salisbury Cathedral in England, though of course on a greatly reduced scale. This, with St. Paul's Church, in St. Helen Street, are in connection with the Established Church of Scotland. The Episcopalian Churches are, the Cathedral or Christ's Church in Notre Dame Street, St. George's Church in St. Joseph Street, St. Stephen's in Griffintown, Trinity in St. Paul Street, and St. Thomas' in St. Mary Street. Various other denominations of Christians have Churches—the Wesleyans, a large and very handsome building, in St. James Street, and also others in Griffintown and Montcalm Street ; the Independents two, one in Gosford Street and one in Radegonde Street. This last was the scene of the sad riot and loss of life on the occasion of Gavazzi's lecture in 1852. The Free Church has also two places of worship, one in Coté Street, and one in St. Gabriel Street—besides these there are the American and the United Presbyterian, the Baptist, and the Unitarian Churches, a small Jewish Synagogue, the last named being classical in design.

The other most conspicuous public buildings are the

Bank of British North America, the Commercial Bank, the People's Bank, the Odd Fellows' Hall, the Mechanic's Institute, and the Post Office, all in Great St. James Street; and all buildings of a plain and substantial character, well suited for the various purposes for which they have been built. Between St. Paul Street and the River stands the Custom House, a neat building put up about twenty years ago, on the site of an old market place. In St. Sacrament Street, which the stranger will not find without a guide, is the Merchant's Exchange and Reading Room. This latter is a very large and comfortable room, and fully supplied with English and American Newspapers and Periodicals—the use of which is thrown open to strangers upon a simple introduction by any member. If the architecture of the Exchange has any claim to merit, and we do not say it has not, the situation in one of the narrowest streets in the city completely prevents its being seen. In addition to these we may mention the General Hospital in Dorchester Street, and the St. Patrick's, also in the same street, but at the west end of the town; McGill College, beautifully situated at the base of the mountain, and the High School Department of the College in Belmont Street, but the two last claim a less cursory notice.

McGill College owes its endowment to the munificent bequest of the late Hon'ble. James McGill, an opulent merchant of Montreal, who, in the year 1814, bequeathed the property of Burnside, on which the College is built, together with £40,000, for the advancement of learning

in Lower Canada. The delays of the law and various unforeseen circumstances prevented the proper application of this bequest until a very few years ago. Now, however, it is in full working order, and under very able management, and already exercises a highly salutary influence on the youth both of the city and Province,—an influence which must increase as its benefits become known and felt.

The management of the affairs of the College is under the Governor General, as Visitor, and ten Governors; and the various branches of a liberal education are under the direction of a large staff of Professors and Lecturers, at the head of whom stands J. W. Dawson, Esq., well known for his scientific attainments both on this Continent and in Europe. The course of education is embraced within four long sessions, beginning on the 10th September and ending on the 1st of May in each year, and is conducted on the principle of lectures and examinations on all the branches of the Faculties of Arts, Law and Medicine, in each of which degrees are granted.

Connected with the College is the High School, under a Rector and four Assistants for the Classics and the other ordinary branches of education, together also with teachers of French and German, Drawing and Music, and a Preparatory School for the younger pupils.

The basis of the education offered in this College is broad and liberal, every thing of sectarian or party spirit being ignored within its walls. Its advantages are open and equal to all classes, and as a stimulus to ex-

erion, twenty-five free scholarships have been created to be bestowed as the reward of superior attainments, We could add much that might be interesting as to the advantages of this rising institution, but our limits forbid us entering further into detail. We may only remark that strangers are cordially invited to visit the University and the High School in connection with it, when every means will be furnished to enable them to judge for themselves of the facilities and advantages offered by both institutions.

Independent of the educational establishments, Protestant and Catholic, which we have mentioned, and also of the various private schools in the city, we may mention the Natural History Society, the Institut Canadien, the Mercantile Library Society, and the Mechanics' Institute—all designed for the promotion of learning among the various classes of society.

We have already referred to the Lachine Canal, and pursuing the subject, we recommend the stranger to visit the locks and basins at the point of junction with the harbour, where he will find much to admire in the solid and massive works there constructed. Continuing along the canal beyond the city proper, he will first remark a great number of buildings of somewhat extensive size, put up for manufacturing purposes, and deriving their motive power from the canal. Though manufactures have been but lately introduced, already all the water power that the canal can afford has been taken up, and people now look for the means of making available the immense capabilities

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of the Rapids of the River St. Lawrence above the City. Though there is nothing new in these manufactories, their number and variety are satisfactory proofs of what a few years will develop in this branch of industry. Turning from the canal to the river, the Station of the Grand Trunk Rail-way is reached, and from thence a short walk leads to the commencement of the Victoria Bridge, and from the embankment running out into the river may be seen some of the gigantic piers already finished, and several now in course of construction, to receive the iron tunnels on which the railway is to be laid. If possible, these should be visited to enable the mind and eye to understand, from the Titanic size of the stones and erections, the force of ice that science thus calculates upon defying. This monstrous structure will be over a mile and three quarters in length, or 9437 feet, and will rest on twenty-four piers, and two solid abutments. It will be on the tubular principle, such as the Britannia Bridge, across the Menai Straits. The principal span, that over the deep or ship channel, will be of the extraordinary length of three hundred and thirty feet, and at an elevation of sixty feet over the summer level of the water, sufficient to allow of the largest lake craft or steamer to pass under without striking even a Royal. The total cost is estimated at \$7,500,000; an immense expenditure, doubtless, but which is perfectly warranted by the great benefit which the bridge will confer upon the whole railway system and trade of the Province.

From the abutment whence we have examined the works above described, the stranger, before turning towards the town, would do well to drive out a distance of a mile or so further to the Engine-House of the new Water Works. This undertaking has been constructed by the city at an expense of \$800,000, and is only now finished. The water from the river, immediately above the rapids, is conducted by a canal five miles long to a basin or settling cistern, where two large wheels, thirty-six feet in diameter, play upon two force pumps, which drive the water through iron pipes for about three miles to a double reservoir immediately behind McGill College on the mountain.

These reservoirs are well worthy of a visit, were it only for the view of the city and surrounding country, afforded from the stone embankment. Strictly speaking, there is but one reservoir, divided for convenience of cleaning into two by a solid stone wall, and capable of containing 20,000,000 of gallons. These basins have been cut entirely from the solid rock, of which the mountain is formed,—the rock itself forming three parts of the oval shaped basin; the rest, or that part next to the city, being built of huge solid blocks of the same rock joined with Roman cement. Thence, at an elevation of upwards of two hundred feet above the river, the water is conducted throughout the whole city, and in the utmost abundance and purity, besides having this great advantage that the elevation from which it flows will force it over the level of the highest houses in the town beneath. The utility of this in cases of fire is self evident.

We have now pointed out all that is worthy of notice in the city itself, but there are various points of interest in the neighbourhood, which we must invite our tourist to visit. And first we may note the Mount Royal Cemetery, about two miles from the town on the northern slope of the mountain. From the high road leading round its base a broad avenue through the wooded hill-side ascends gradually to the cemetery, which is entered through a large gate before the house of the superintendent. At present, the broad avenue we have mentioned, ends at the gate of the Protestant Cemetery, but as the adjoining ground is occupied as a Roman Catholic Cemetery, it is intended that the road shall be continued till it meets the highway near Cote des Neiges, and thus form an exceedingly beautiful drive round the shoulder of the mountain. The Catholic Cemetery was only opened in the spring of last year, and though a good deal has been done, it will be some time ere the grounds are thoroughly laid out. The visitor, after continuing up any of the various carriageways and walks which intersect the grounds of the Protestant Cemetery in all directions, finds himself in a wooded valley or rather basin, opening towards the north, and shut in on all other sides by the mountain. A few years ago this was entirely covered with trees and underwood, with the exception of an old clearing of about twenty acres. At present one hundred and twenty acres are enclosed and laid out into one of the most romantic and secluded burying grounds in the world. Let us pass by the walks leading upwards remarking as we go the many tasteful and affectionate

memorials of the dead around us, until we reach the summit of the mountain itself, which from this side is easy, and let us survey the lovely picture stretched out before us. At our feet lies the city of the dead—a city that, though founded but yesterday as it were, already numbers its tenants by thousands. The whole interior area is laid out into carriage drives and narrow footpaths for pedestrians through the trees; these last have only been thinned out and removed to such an extent as to give the whole the appearance of a park—beneath and among the trees are the graves and burying places of the citizens. Many of these are handsomely enclosed and planted with flowers and evergreens—others merely marked out by the low mound that rests upon the bosom of the poor or forgotten dead. Beyond lies a wide level country, dotted with the white cottages and farm buildings of the *habitans*, with the Ottawa rolling its dark waters through the plain, and separating the Island of Montreal from the Isle Jesus. For a great distance the eye dwells upon cultivated farms till the clearings are lost and bounded by a desert of primeval forest, as yet untenanted save by the deer and bear, and seldom disturbed except by the few hunters who, at certain seasons, invade these solitudes in pursuit of such game. Turning to the south, the city is seen stretching its length along the St. Lawrence, here spread out in all its brightness and grandeur, its glad blue waves sparkling and dancing in the sunshine, and bearing on its bosom the hundred sails of its schooners, steamers, and ocean ships, batteaux of the Canadian, and canoes of the Indian.

Navigation here offers illustrations of its every phase from the first rude effort of the savage to the floating palace of the transatlantic steamer. On the opposite or southern shore, with the Village of Laprairie and the Railway Stations at St. Lambert and Longueuil in the foreground, stretches away another wide extent of cultivated country—with the Mountains of the Eastern Townships, Vermont and New York lifting their summits in the distance, and bounding the view of the spectator. All around, the prospect is most varied and most striking; but that which will be the most impressive is the contrast between the cities of the living and the dead. Separated by the mountain ridge on which we stand, there we look upon the houses of the rich, the cottages of the poor, churches, markets, quays, railways, busy streets, thousands of active men, each fulfilling his destiny in his ephemeral existence; and here lie in silence the dead—they who built that city, those churches and markets—they who lived, and prayed, and toiled there, all rest here in peace now that their race is ended. But we may now go—still, stranger, look once more around on all the glorious landscape—you may travel far, and you may have seen much that is lovely in other lands; but you can seldom see so bright, so varied, so gay, and yet so sad a scene as this upon which you now gaze.

Descending by any of the various roads we have alluded to, the visitor may again enter his carriage at the gate, and finish his excursion by a drive round the mountain, which will well repay the time, and, entering

the city by the Monkland's road, will pass through what may be called the new town. This drive will give him an opportunity of seeing the greater number of the villas of the wealthiest classes of the city, and so form some idea of the taste of its inhabitants. Monklands he will pass on his left, as he descends the westerly part of the mountain. This was formerly the abode of the Governor of the Province; but since the days of Lord Elgin it has not been honoured by the sunshine of Vice-Royalty, and is now occupied as an educational establishment for young ladies, under charge of the Nuns of the Congregation. Before re-entering the city on the left will be seen a large pile of buildings in course of erection. This, with the ground surrounding, belongs to the Seminary of St. Sulpice, and is known as "the Priest's Farm." An old fashioned building stands here, with a high wall surrounding it, and entered by a broad gate flanked by two Norman towers, which give a quaint and ancient look to the whole, and which, in spite of the elegance of the modern building, we confess we should be sorry to see lost; although, it is said to be the intention to remove it, whenever the new structure is completed.

Besides this excursion, the tourist will find his trouble well repaid by a visit to the Sault-au-Recollet, which are a series of rapids at the northern side of the Island, on the branch of the Ottawa called La Riviere des Prairies. Here, besides the beauty of the scenery, he may see the rafts from the Ottawa making the descent—an exciting exploit both to the spectators and crews—though from the

extreme rarity of accidents we must conclude that the skill of the voyageurs has taught them to avoid any real danger.

We must now hurry on our journey, having perhaps detained our readers too long while pointing out the beauties of the Queen City of Canada. We shall, therefore, conclude our remarks by one or two observations of a purely statistical nature.

The stranger will, ere he has been many hours in the city, see that the inhabitants represent, in very unequal numbers, the two kingdoms of Great Britain and France. According to the last census in 1851-2, the total population of the city was given as fifty-seven thousand seven hundred and fifteen, and is now we may safely say sixty five thousand or more. According to the same authority the inhabitants of French origin were twenty-six thousand and twenty; Irish, Catholic and Protestant, eleven thousand seven hundred and thirty-six; Scotch three thousand one hundred and fifty; English two thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight. In these figures, so far as the classification of nationalities is concerned, we have no great confidence, and, moreover, the proportions are rapidly changing by the greatly increasing numbers of the Anglo-Saxon part of the population—an increase which will in many years tend to equalise the two races.

In Montreal are published twenty-five newspapers and other periodicals, of these five are French for twenty-six thousand people of that origin, and twenty English for the eighteen thousand who speak that language—a disproportion which we would anxiously desire to see lessened.

Before continuing our journey to the East, we must again pause to point out the various features of attraction offered by a trip on the River Ottawa, of which we have lately so often spoken.

The Ottawa.

This river, and the vast fertile territory which it drains, has hitherto been, in a great measure, abandoned to the operations of the lumberman, and the comparatively few farmers who have followed his steps; but, latterly, its capabilities as an agricultural country have gradually attracted a greater degree of attention, which the proposal of connecting its waters with Lake Huron and the far West will greatly increase. Of the magnitude of the river, the riches of its banks, and the beauty of the scenery, we cannot better speak than by making use of the excellent Report lately made by a Committee of the House of Assembly on Railways.

“The length of the course of the Ottawa River is about 780 miles. From its source it bends in a south-west course, and after receiving several tributaries from the height of land separating its waters from the Hudson’s Bay, it enters Lake Temiscaming. From its entrance into this lake downward the course of the Ottawa has been surveyed, and is well known.

“At the head of the lake the Blanche River falls in, coming about ninety miles from the north. Thirty-four miles farther down the lake it receives the Montreal River, coming one hundred and twenty miles from the

north-west." Six miles lower down on the east, or Lower Canada bank it receives the Keepawa-sippi, a large river which has its origin in a lake of great size, hitherto but partially explored, and known as Lake Keepawa. This lake is connected with another chain of irregularly shaped lakes, from one of which proceeds the River du Moine, which enters the Ottawa about a hundred miles below the mouth of the Keepawa-sippi, the double discharge from the same chain of lakes in opposite directions presents a phenomenon similar to the connection between the Orinoco and Rio Negro in South America. The Keepawa-sippi has never been surveyed, but on a partial survey of the Lake from which it proceeds, it was found flowing out with a slow and noiseless current, very deep, and about three hundred feet in width; its middle course is unknown, but some rafts of timber have been taken out a few miles above the mouth. It is stated in the Report, from which we quote, that there is a cascade at its mouth one hundred and twenty feet in height; this is a fable; the total descent from the Lake to the Ottawa may be one hundred and twenty feet, but there is no fall at the mouth of the river.

"From the Long Sault at the foot of Lake Temiscaming, two hundred and thirty-three miles above Bytown, and three hundred and sixty miles from the mouth of the Ottawa, down to Deux Joachim Rapids, at the head of the Deep River, that is for eighty-nine miles, the Ottawa with the exception of seventeen miles below the Long Sault, and some other intervals, is not at present

navigable except for canoes. Besides other tributaries in the interval, at a hundred and ninety-seven miles from Bytown, now called Ottawa, it receives on the west side the Mattawan, which is the highway for canoes going to Lake Huron, by Lake Nipissing. From the Mattawan the Ottawa flows east by south to the head of Deep River reach, nine miles above which it receives the River Du Moine from the north.

“ From the head of Deep River, as this part of the Ottawa is called, to the foot of Upper Allumette Lake, two miles below the village of Pembroke, is an uninterrupted reach of navigable water, forty-three miles in length. The general direction of the river in this part is south-east. The mountains along the north side of Deep River are upwards of a thousand feet in height, and the many wooded islands of Allumettes Lake render the scenery of this part of the Ottawa magnificent and exceedingly picturesque—far surpassing the celebrated Lake of the Thousand Islands on the St. Lawrence.

“ Passing the short rapid of Allumettes, and turning northward, round the lower end of Allumettes Island, which is fourteen miles long, and eight at its greatest width, and turning down south-east through Coulonge Lake, and passing behind the nearly similar Islands of Calumet, to the head of the Calumet Falls, the Ottawa presents, with the exception of one slight rapid, a reach of fifty miles of navigable water. The mountains on the north side of Coulonge Lake, which rise apparently to the height of fifteen hundred feet, add a degree of

grandeur to the scenery, which is in other respects beautiful and varied. In the Upper Allumettes Lake, a hundred and fifteen miles from Ottawa, the river receives from the west the Petawawee, one of its largest tributaries. This river is a hundred and forty miles in length, and drains an area of two thousand two hundred square miles. At Pembroke, nine miles lower down on the same side, an inferior stream, the Indian River, also empties itself into the Ottawa.

“ At the head of Lake Coulonge, the Ottawa receives from the north, the Black River, a hundred and thirty miles in length, draining an area of eleven hundred and twenty miles; and nine miles lower, on the same side, the River Coulonge, which is probably a hundred and sixty miles in length, with a valley of eighteen hundred square miles.

“ From the head of the Calumet Falls to Portage du Fort, the head of the Steamboat navigation, a distance of eight miles, are impassable rapids. Fifty miles above the city the Ottawa receives on the west the Bonnechère, a hundred and ten miles in length, draining an area of nine hundred and eighty miles. Eleven miles lower, it receives the Madawaska, one of its greatest feeders, a river two hundred and ten miles in length, and draining four thousand one hundred square miles.

“ Thirty-seven miles above Ottawa there is an interruption in the navigation, caused by three miles of rapids and falls, to pass which a railroad has been made. At the foot of the rapids, the Ottawa divides among islands

into numerous channels, presenting a most imposing array of separate falls.

“ Six miles above Ottawa begin the rapids terminating in the Ottawa Chaudière Falls, which, inferior in impressive grandeur to the Falls of Niagara, are perhaps more permanently interesting, as presenting greater variety.

“ The greatest height of the Chaudière Falls is about forty feet. Arrayed in every imaginable variety of form, in vast dark masses, in graceful cascades or in tumbling spray, they have been well described as a hundred rivers struggling for a passage. Not the least interesting feature which they present is the Lost Chaudière, where a body of water greater in volume than the Thames at London is quietly sucked down, and disappears under ground.

“ At the city of Ottawa the river receives the Rideau from the west, running a course of a hundred and sixteen miles, and draining an area of thirteen hundred and fifty square miles.”

The City of Ottawa is perhaps situated more picturesquely than any other in North America with the exception of Quebec. The view from the Barrack Hill, embracing, as it does, in one *coup d'œil* the magnificent Falls of the Chaudière, with its clouds of snowy spray, generally spanned by a brilliant rainbow; the Suspension Bridge uniting Upper and Lower Canada; the River above the great Falls studded with pretty wooded islands, and the distant purple Mountains, which divide the waters of the Gatineau from those of the Ottawa, is one of the most beautiful in the world.

The City of Ottawa, now containing about twelve thousand inhabitants, sprang up, about thirty years ago, from a collection of shanties inhabited by the laborers and artificers employed by the Royal Engineers to construct the Rideau Canal.

This Canal was intended by the Government of England to be a means of communication between the Lower St. Lawrence and the Lakes, in case the communication on the front should be interrupted. The canal was designed by Colonel By, of the Royal Engineers, and the present City of Ottawa was named Bytown, in memory of its founder, until, about a year ago, the inhabitants petitioned the Provincial Parliament to change the name.

The canal is a splendid specimen of Engineering skill, and the masonry of the numerous locks is generally admired for its finish and solidity. Eight of these locks rise one above another directly in the centre of the city, the canal being crossed by a handsome stone bridge, just above them. The canal in fact divides the city into two parts, the Upper and Lower. A large part of the Upper Town is comprised in what is called the Barrack Hill, on which is a small barrack for troops, and some store houses, the property of the Imperial Government; there is here a parade ground of several acres, and the summit of the hill from which is to be seen the beautiful view which we spoke of before, is one of the finest promenades in the world. A few very simple fortifications on this hill would make the City of Ottawa almost as impregnable as Quebec.

Within the last few years a small hamlet has sprung

up near the Suspension Bridge, in consequence of the abundant water power existing there, of which several enterprising persons have availed themselves to erect saw-mills. There is also here a very large iron foundry and machine manufactory.

Here also are the slides, erected by the Government, for the passage of timber, in order to avoid the great Fall, over which the pieces of timber used to be precipitated singly, to be again collected below at great trouble and loss. Throughout the whole summer, from morning to night, the "cribs" of timber, each manned by three or four hardy raftsmen, may be seen darting down these slides, while, from the lofty summit of the Barrack Hill, the huge rafts, gay with bright streamers floating from their many masts, may be seen on the smooth dark bosom of the river, the golden coloured timber flashing in the sunbeams.

In the Lower Town are the principal mercantile establishments; the Court-House and Jail; the Roman Catholic Cathedral; the Bishop's Palace; a Nunnery, to which the General Hospital is attached; and a Roman Catholic College; the Protestant Hospital; the Terminus of the Prescott and Ottawa Railway, and the steamboat wharf; among the objects well worth seeing in this part of the town is a steam saw-mill of great size recently erected by Mr. Aumond.

In Central Ottawa are the Town Hall, the Post Office, Telegraph Office and News Room, to which is attached a Library and Museum, the latter containing some very interesting geological specimens.

In Upper Ottawa are the Episcopal Church and the office at which all the business connected with timber cut on the lands of the Crown is transacted.

The Banks of Upper Canada, British North America, Montreal, and Quebec, have agencies in the city.

During the summer months steamers run daily on the river between Ottawa and Montreal, and between Ottawa and Kingston, by the way of the Rideau Canal; a railway train leaves the city every day at eight o'clock, A. M., for Prescott, where those passengers who intend to go to Montreal change into the cars of the Grand Trunk line, and so reach Montreal at four P. M.

Travellers who wish to proceed further up the river can take a carriage or omnibus for Aylmer, a pretty village about nine miles from Ottawa, between which place and Aylmer there is an excellent turnpike road, where they will find a steamer which takes them to the Chats; from this there is a railway for about two miles; they then proceed by another steamer to Portage du Fort; here waggons are used for a short distance, and another steamer takes them to Pembroke, and again another from that point to Deux Joachims, where for the present navigation ceases for any thing larger than a canoe.

The City of Ottawa, in years to come, when the increasing wealth of the inhabitants permits them to build generally with the beautiful pale grey limestone of the neighbourhood, will be a very handsome town, for the streets have been laid out with great regularity, and are very wide, while, if the Barrack Hill is retained by the

Government, and judiciously improved at the expense of the city, the inhabitants might have a beautiful park for purposes of health and recreation.

The neighborhood around the city, and the city itself, are remarkably healthy; the water is excellent, and provisions are plentiful, cheap, and good.

Immediately below the City of Ottawa the River Rideau discharges into the Ottawa, falling gently over the edge of a limestone precipice like a beautifully transparent "curtain" of water, from which resemblance its name has been derived; the fall is divided into two portions by a small rocky island which adds greatly to the picturesqueness of the scene. The Rideau Falls are best seen from a boat. This river has a course of about one hundred and sixteen miles, and drains an area of thirteen hundred and fifty square miles.

"A mile lower it receives from the north its greatest tributary, the Gatineau, which, with a course probably of four hundred and twenty miles, drains an area of twelve thousand square miles. For about two hundred miles the upper course of this river is in the unknown northern country. At the farthest point surveyed, two hundred and seventeen miles from its mouth, the Gatineau is still a noble stream, a thousand feet wide, diminished in depth but not in width.

"Eighteen miles lower down, the Rivière au Lièvre enters from the north, after running a course of two hundred and sixty miles in length, and draining an area of four thousand one hundred miles. Fifteen miles below it,

the Ottawa receives the North and South Nation Rivers on either side, the former ninety-five and the latter a hundred miles in length. Twenty-two miles further, the River Rouge, ninety miles long, enters from the north. Twenty-one miles lower, the Rivière du Nord, a hundred and sixty miles in length, comes in on the same side, and lastly just above its mouth it receives the River Assumption which has a course of a hundred and thirty miles.

“ From Ottawa the river is navigable to Grenville, a distance of fifty-eight miles, where the rapids that occur for twelve miles are avoided by a succession of canals. Twenty-three miles lower, at one of the mouths of the Ottawa, a single lock, to avoid a slight rapid, gives a passage into Lake St. Louis, an expansion of the St. Lawrence above Montreal.

“ The remaining half of the Ottawa's waters find their way to the St. Lawrence by passing in two channels behind the Island of Montreal and the Isle Jesus, in a course of thirty-one miles. They are interrupted with rapids, still it is by one of them that all the Ottawa lumber passes to market. At Bout de l'Isle, therefore, the Ottawa is finally merged in the St. Lawrence, a hundred and thirty miles below from the city of Ottawa.

“ The most prominent characteristic of the Ottawa is its great volume. Even above the town, where it has to receive tributaries equal to the Hudson, the Shannon, the Thames, the Tweed, the Spey and the Clyde, it displays, when unconfined, a width of half a mile of strong boiling rapid, and when at the highest, while the north waters are

passing, the volume, by calculated approximation, is fully equal to that passing Niagara, that is double the common volume of the Ganges.

“ Taking a bird’s-eye view of the valley of the Ottawa, we see spread out before us a country equal to eight times the State of Vermont, or ten times that of Massachusetts, with its great artery, the Ottawa, curving through it, resembling the Rhine in length of course, and the Danube in magnitude.

“ This immense region overlies a variety of geological formations, and presents all their characteristic features, from the level uniform surface of the silurian system, which prevails along a great extent of the Ottawa, to the rugged and romantic ridges in the metamorphic and primitive formations which stretch far away to the north and north-west.

“ As far as our knowledge of the country extends, we find the greater part of it covered with a luxuriant growth of red and white pine timber, making the most valuable forests in the world, abundantly intersected with large rivers, fitted to convey the timber to market, when manufactured.

“ The remaining portion of it, if not so valuably wooded, presents a very extensive and advantageous field for settlement. Apart from the numerous townships already surveyed and partly settled, and the large tracts of good land interspersed throughout the timber country, the great region on the upper course of the western tributaries of the Ottawa, behind the red pine country, exceeds the State of New Hampshire in extent, with an equal climate

and superior soil. It is generally a beautiful undulating country, wooded with a rich growth of maple, beech, birch, elm, &c., and watered with lakes and streams affording numerous mill-sites, and abounding in fish. Flanking on the one side the lumbering country, which presents an excellent market for produce, and adjoining Lake Huron on the other, the situation, though comparatively inland, is highly advantageous.

“In the diversity of resources, the Ottawa country above described, presents unusual attractions alike to agricultural and commercial enterprise.”

Returning from the trip up the Ottawa, we shall once more embark upon the sunny St. Lawrence, henceforth better known by the inhabitants on its banks as *La Grande Rivière*. This the tourist, it is to be regretted, must do in the afternoon, on board of one of the large and comfortable steamboats daily, or rather nightly, plying to Quebec. For the first hour or two he will have a view of a country entirely different from any thing he has yet seen. Both banks are low and uninteresting in a scenic point of view, but covered with the neat white-washed cottages of the French Canadian peasantry, built so closely to each other as to suggest the idea of a continuous village on either bank; with here and there a thicker grouping of houses round the Parish Church. Darkness, however, soon closes the view, and the traveller only knows that he is rapidly borne along on the now united and smooth waters of two of the mightiest rivers in the world. Glorious in the full blaze of day, yet, we

think, grander and more sublime when beheld under the subdued light of a summer's moon.

On the voyage the steamer stops twice, once at the Village of Sorel, at the mouth of the Richelieu, and again at Three Rivers, about half way to Quebec. The former place, though in early times a station of great importance, and the scene of many bloody struggles in the Indian wars, is now nothing but a quiet Canadian village, giving little sign of being affected by the busy life that animates and improves the rest of the country. Of Three Rivers the same might be said until a few years ago, since which time a good deal of activity has been caused by the opening up of the great timber country in its rear, on the banks of the St. Maurice, which here falls into the St. Lawrence. A visit to the Falls of Shawinegan, about thirty miles up this river, will be found interesting, and as it may be accomplished in one day, we shall pause and accompany the tourists who choose to make the trip. As the steamboat reaches Three Rivers at about eleven o'clock at night, of course supper and bed at an excellent inn, close to the wharf, must be our first thought. In the morning, as soon as daylight appears, we must start in a waggon with a couple of Canadian ponies driven tandem for the Gris. This, which in French means free stone, is the site of very extensive saw mills, built upon the River St. Maurice. The mills, the manager's house, and a few cottages for the labourers, constitute a small and perfectly isolated community. On the road, which is by no means good, and entirely through a forest of stunted trees, the Forges or

Iron Works will be pointed out. This is a very old establishment, having been founded and put into operation many years before the conquest. An excellent bog ore is found in abundance in the surrounding country, and iron of a very superior quality is produced. A village or hamlet surrounds the works, the inhabitants of which are French, but different in their appearance and dialect from the rest of the people, having come originally from a different part of old France. At the Gris the tourists can engage Indians to convey them, in bark canoes, to the falls, a distance of about six miles. This mode of conveyance will be new to most of our lady friends; but let them embark without fear for there is not the slightest danger, and the novelty will only enhance the pleasure of the excursion.

On leaving the Gris a turn of the river shuts out all view of civilized life—both banks are covered with fine forest trees, unbroken save by a shanty or two of some pioneer of the waste. The river is broad and still, and over the whole a deep silence reigns, which the quiet motion of the light canoe and the taciturn Indian guides do not in the slightest degree disturb. After an hours paddling the river opens out into a beautiful bay-like expanse, with a beach of very fine white sand, on approaching which, the noise of the yet unseen falls strikes on the ear. And although we have come here to see the falls, we cannot help thinking that the quiet, lovely, and utterly wild scene around us at this point, is that part of the day's journey which will rest longest on the memory of the beholder.

Landing opposite the beach just mentioned, a short but rough walk across a point of land, brings us out of the bush in front of the Falls, and a scene of wild beauty suddenly displays itself. The spectator from the point which we have chosen is enabled to see the river above, rapid but scarcely broken, suddenly dash over the precipice by three distinct channels formed by the banks and two huge rocks which raise their backs above the foam throwing aside the angry torrents on either side, which descend into a boiling and fearfully disturbed cauldron about a hundred and fifty feet below—the tremendous force with which the immense body of water rushes at our feet producing an effect on the mind impossible to describe. Over shelving beds of black trap rock we may easily descend, amid clouds of spray and almost stunned by the roar of waters, to the very edge of the gulf and survey the whole. After Niagara these falls sink into insignificance, but the comparison will be an after thought, the scene now before us is sufficient to fill the mind for the time with its wild and savage grandeur. Here too nothing of civilized existence recalls the wandering thoughts to the dull realities of every day life. No mills suggest commerce and the cares of busy toil—no sellers of curiosities which are not curious—no gay ladies and their attendant dandies provoke a smile or break incongruously on nature's beauty. Man has done nothing here to mar the picture and, though but a few miles from the busy haunts of trade, one feels here isolated and alone in the boundless desert in the presence of nature in her grandest aspect. We

know not how long our description may remain true, the settler's axe may soon be heard ringing through the woods, and the spirits of the flood will flee to remoter regions. Now, at all events, the wildness of the scenery forms one of the chief attractions of Shawinegan.

Returning to the canoe our Indians will soon convey us to our waggon, and thence we return to Three Rivers. and if we have given our fair companions a long and perhaps fatiguing day's journey, we are sure the unwonted pleasure will be long remembered, and the picture of the falls in the wilderness—the Red man's wilderness still, will often recur to the imagination in future years, when perhaps the desolating hand of improvement shall have tamed down the savage beauty of the scene. But we are again on board the steamboat, where we shall not disturb you till daylight, when we must be up betimes to see the approach to Quebec.

As the steamboat nears the ancient fortress, the appearance of the country changes greatly from what it was farther up the river. Both banks are now high and in many places broken into deep wooded ravines. The north bank rises precipitously from the river, forming for many miles a deep escarpment, on the summit of which, stretching back, lie the Heights of Abraham—not now a half cultivated plain, as in the days of Wolfe, but thickly dotted with the country-houses and gardens of the gentlemen of Quebec. Carrying the eye along the elevated banks, the land suddenly breaks and forms a bold headland; this is Cape Diamond, and there stands the Citadel frowning

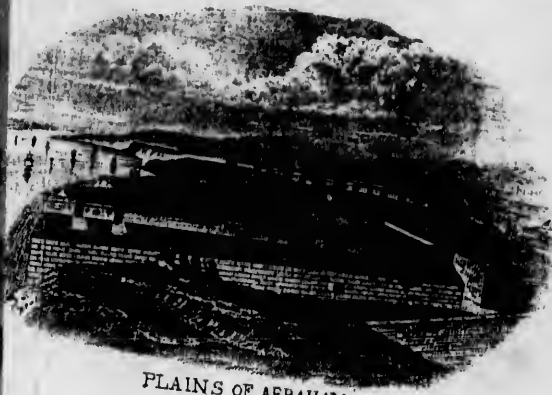
down on the river which its guns command, and there floats the ancient flag of England in the morning breeze—beneath lies the city, only as yet partly seen, and at the base of the rocky promontory lie the thousand ships which here seek the cargoes that Canada's inexhaustible forests supply.

Quebec.

The appearance of Quebec cannot fail to suggest many recollections to the stranger who looks upon its walls for the first time, for, though it is not the oldest settlement of the French colonists, all the most striking events of Canadian history are associated with its foundation and growth. Here, in 1535, Jacques Cartier first landed at the Indian settlement of Stadaconna, and here, nearly eighty years after, Champlain settled, making Quebec the future capital of New France. A capital which in 1629, or twenty years after, was taken by Captain Kirk with a fleet of three small ships, from a population starving and devoid of muskets even for its small garrison. Here too fell the young and brave Wolfe, and his equally brave antagonist Montcalm. And here fell Montgomery in his desperate attack at night in the midst of a snow storm—which, ere daylight broke, had covered in his cold winding sheet the stricken brave who had fallen in the rash attack. All these things have passed away—the frowning fortifications preside over peace and busy commerce, and of the many hundreds of ships now lying in her roads and at her wharves, all are peaceful merchantmen receiving their

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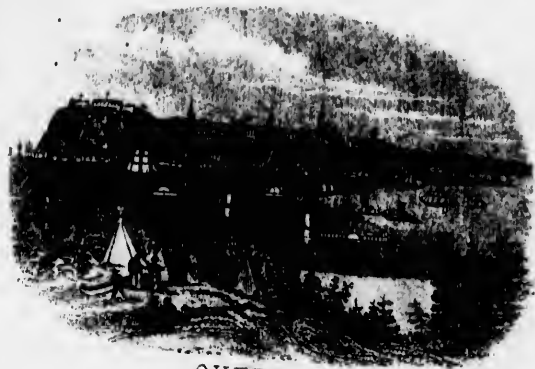
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PLAINS OF ABRAHAM.



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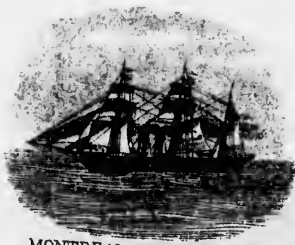
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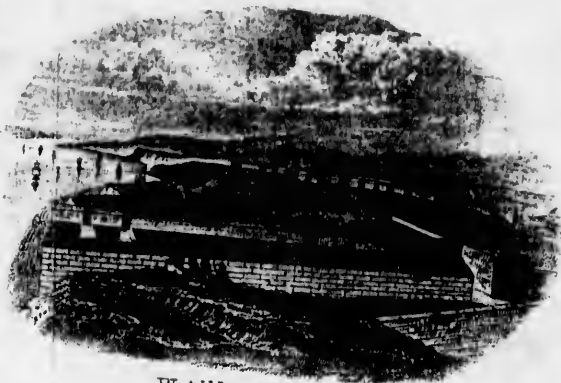
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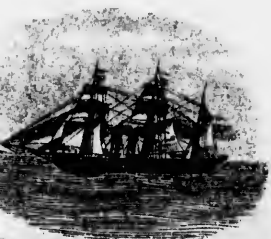
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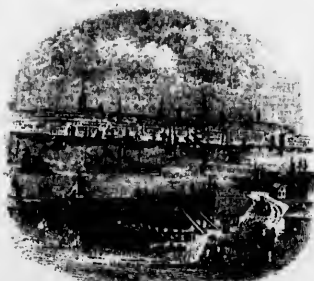
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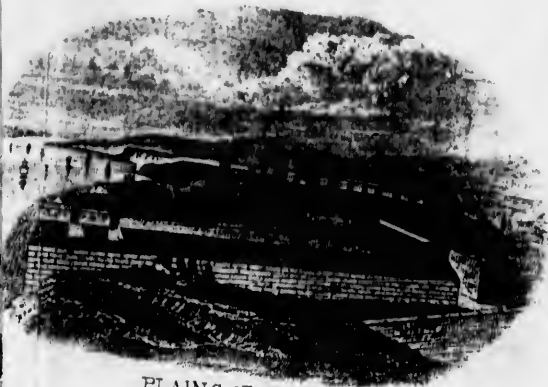
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STEAMERS TO LIVERPOOL.



PORTLAND U. S.
Terminus
GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.



PLAINS OF ABRAHAM.



PORTLAND U. S.
Terminus
GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

loads of timber from the far away Ottawa. But let us disembark and climb the steep ascent to the Upper Town.

We would recommend the stranger, as soon as he finds himself in readiness to proceed from his lodgings for the purpose of enjoying the scenery of Quebec and its environs, to visit in the first place the Citadel, and place himself near to the flag staff. His interest will be more completely gratified, if he be accompanied by an individual conversant with the surrounding localities and their associations. The Citadel, which surmounts the summit of Cape Diamond, is three hundred and fifty feet above the River, and includes about forty acres. This fortress, admitted as unequalled by any military work on this Continent, and as second to few of the most celebrated fortresses in the Old World, has been frequently and appropriately called the "Gibraltar of America." Hence is commanded a *coup d'œil*, which American and European travellers have pronounced unsurpassed in the New and Old Worlds. The view embraces the opposite banks of the majestic river for forty miles up and down, backed by extensive plains receding to lofty mountains in the distance, the Island of Orleans between its shores, and on either hand the lovely village of Pointe Levi and that of Beauport, whilst the Great River and the St. Charles unite in forming the magnificent basin, on whose bosom vessels of every size are continually floating. Here the position of the City, on the tongue of land formed by these rivers, is well seen. The Cape is composed of dark-coloured slate, in which are found in veins, quartz crystals, sparkling like *diamonds*, and hence

arose the name of Cape Diamond. A walk along the ramparts above the Esplanade is a delightful promenade. Hence the eyes rest on the small group of hills, forming the portal to the wilds which are trodden only by the feet of the Indian hunters as far as Hudson's Bay—the lower range of mountains forming a boundary to civilization in this direction. The St. Charles is seen to most advantage at sun set, when its shores, studded with white buildings, are illuminated by his declining rays, as they momentarily rest on the chain of hills above the beautiful Valcartier. —The Obelisk to the memory of Wolfe and Montcalm stands on the Promenade between the gardens attached to the Castle. The Earl of Dalhousie, when Governor General, originated the erection of this monument, and contributed handsomely to the subscription fund. Captain Young, of the 79th Highlanders, prepared the design. For the benefit of those who do not understand the Latin language, we subjoin a translation of the two inscriptions. “ This monumental stone to the memory of the illustrious men, Wolfe and Montcalm, was laid by George, Earl of Dalhousie, Governor-in-Chief over all the British Provinces in North America ; a work neglected for many years (what is there more worthy of a gallant general ?) he promoted by his influence, encouraged by his example, and favoured by his munificence. 15th November, 1827, George IV. reigning King of Great Britain.” “ Military prowess gave them a common death, History, a common fame, Posterity, a common monument. In the year of our Lord 1827.” It is not devoid of interest to record here,

that, when the foundation-stone of this monument was laid in presence of his Excellency, the Governor-in-Chief, the Lord Bishop of Quebec, the Chief Justice, the Committee of Superintendence, and a large assemblage of Ladies and Gentlemen, the ceremony derived a peculiar interest from the presence of Mr. James Thompson, one of the few survivors (supposed to be the sole one in Canada) of the gallant army, that served under Wolfe on the memorable 13th of September, 1759. This veteran, then in his 95th year, walked with the party that accompanied the Earl, and leaned on the arm of the officer, whose chaste and appropriate design for the monument was adopted. The venerable man, having been called upon by the Governor to assist as a Free Mason in the ceremony, with a firm hand gave the three mystic strokes with the mallet on the stone. He has since paid the debt of nature, having died on the 25th of August, 1830, in the 98th year of his age. He was for a long time Overseer of Works in the Engineer Department of the Garrison. He was born at Tain, the county-town of Ross-shire in Scotland; and, having come to this country in General Wolfe's army, was at the capture of Louisbourg in Cape Breton Island, and in the unsuccessful affair near Montmorenci Falls. He also took part in the defence of Québec against the attacks of the American Generals, Arnold and Montgomery, in 1775. When his remains were conveyed to the grave with military honours, the band and firing party were furnished by the 15th Regiment, the senior corps in garrison, which by a singular coincidence happened to be one of those which formed the army under Wolfe.

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The traveller might now descend through the Place d'Armes to the Seminary Gardens.—The English or Protestant Cathedral is one of the handsomest modern edifices in the City. It was consecrated in 1804. The communion plate is very magnificent, and was presented by King George the Third. His Majesty also presented the books for Divine service—the altar-cloth, &c. The spire, which is one hundred and fifty-two feet above the ground, and covered with tin, from the church standing on nearly the highest ground in the city, is a very conspicuous object at a great distance. Within is erected a handsome monument of white marble to the memory of the late Dr. Mountain, first Bishop of Quebec, who procured the erection of the building. Beneath the altar are interred the remains of the Duke of Richmond, Governor-General of these Provinces, who died of hydrophobia in August, 1819. A few other handsome monuments adorn the walls. On the north side of the Church, there stood, since Quebec was a city, a huge elm-tree, one of the aborigines of the forest. It was blown down during a squall some years ago. Within the enclosure stands the Rectory, in which the Bishop of Quebec reside; a small chapel is attached. There are besides four chapels of the Church of England within the Parish of Quebec, viz.—that of the Holy Trinity, St. Matthew's or the Free Chapel, St. Paul's or the Mariner's Chapel, and St. Peter's. The Church and Convent of the Recollets or Franciscans were formerly situated near this spot, having been destroyed by fire in 1796. On a part of their grounds the Church

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stands. This order is now extinct in Canada.—The Court-
 house, which is a large modern structure of stone, contains
 on the ground-floor apartments for holding the Quarter
 Sessions and other inferior Courts, offices of Clerks of the
 different Courts, &c., &c. Above there is a spacious
 chamber, in which are held the Superior Court, Criminal
 Court, the Court of Appeals, and the Admiralty Court.
 There are also offices for the High Sheriff and other
 magistrates, and a room for occasional Militia Courts-
 martial. It occupies, like the English Church, a part of
 the site on which stood a monastery and church of the
 Recollets, which were destroyed by fire in 1796.—We
 shall now briefly allude to such public edifices as seem
 worthy of notice from their antiquity or interesting asso-
 ciations.—The Castle of St. Louis was built shortly after
 the city was fortified with solid works, and comprised four
 acres, once fortified ; but the great extension of the works
 rendered the walls superfluous, and they were allowed to
 go to decay. Here was the residence of the Representa-
 tive of the Crown, while Quebec continued the Seat of
 Government. The Castle was entirely consumed by fire
 in 1834. The site is laid out for a promenade, from which
 a most extensive view of the surrounding country may be
 obtained. It is called Durham Terrace.—The largest
 religious edifice is the Roman Catholic Cathedral. It
 was built under the auspices of the first Bishop of Quebec,
 and was consecrated in 1666 under the title of the
Immaculate Conception. It is two hundred and sixteen
 feet long by one hundred and eighty in breadth, and stands

on ground belonging to the *Fabrique*, or Church land. It is divided into a nave and two aisles. At the upper end of the former is the grand altar; and in the side aisles are four chapels, dedicated to different saints. It is dedicated to Notre Dame de Victoire, and can accommodate about four thousand persons. Adjoining the Cathedral stands the Seminary, forming three sides of a square, and occupying with its attached buildings a large space of ground. It was founded and endowed in 1663 by Monseigneur de Laval de Montmorency, first Bishop of Canada. During his life-time the buildings were twice burnt, to the ground. Having resigned his Bishopric, he passed the last twenty years of his life within the Seminary. This institution was originally intended for the instruction of the Catholic Clergy exclusively. The early regulations have long ago been set aside; and students of the Catholic persuasion, intended for any profession, are instructed in the different branches of literary and scientific knowledge, on paying the trifling sum of 5s. annually for defraying incidental expenses. Pupils are boarded at the very moderate charge of £12 10s. yearly. The establishment is divided into two branches, distinguished as the Grand and Petit Seminaire. The course includes Latin and French, Mathematics, Belles-lettres, Moral and Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Chemistry, Drawing, Music, &c., &c. Besides the requisite domestic apartments, such as dormitories, refectories, &c., it contains halls for the senior and junior classes, and residences for the Superior Directors, Professors, and different masters. These in-

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cumbents receive no emoluments, as they consecrate them-
selves *gratuitously* to their arduous labours. The Insti-
tution only guarantees "food and raiment" in sickness and
health. The annual exhibitions are most interesting, and
are attended by crowds of the respectable citizens, and
parents and guardians of pupils from a distance. The
Catholic Bishop resides in a large cut-stone house in rear
of the Cathedral. It was built in 1849, and has accom-
modation for upwards of one hundred of the Clergy,
many of whom have frequent occasion to visit Quebec.
In the Bishop's ante-chamber are suspended the portraits
of his twelve predecessors. The chapel contains the best
collection of paintings, (by eminent masters of the French
School) in this country. The Library contains upwards
of nine thousand volumes; and there is a valuable collec-
tion of philosophical instruments, besides fossils, minerals,
Indian curiosities, &c., &c.—The Ursuline Convent, and
Church of St. Ursula, are neat structures, surrounded by
large productive gardens. This establishment was founded
in 1639 by Madame de la Peltrie, for the purpose of ex-
tending the benefits of education to the young females of
the Colony. Pupils have resorted thither from the United
States, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward's Island. At
present (1849) three hundred and sixty-eight are receiving
a superior education. It contains a Superior, fifty Nuns,
and six novices, who give instruction in reading, writing,
and needle-work. They are very assiduous in embroidery
and other ornamental works, especially for ecclesiastical
vestments. Considerable prices are obtained for their

fancy-work, and by this means, and the produce of the gardens, the revenue of the community is increased. The Convent has been twice destroyed by fire, in 1650 and 1686. It is worthy of honourable notice, that on both occasions the unfortunate outcasts, to the number of fourteen and twenty-five respectively, were most hospitably sheltered for the space of three weeks under the roof of the *Hospitalières*, or Nuns of the Hotel Dieu. Within the precincts of the Convent are interred the remains of the gallant Marquis de Montcalm, who was mortally wounded in the eventful battle on the Plains of Abraham in 1759. Lord Aylmer, when Governor-in-Chief, caused a marble slab with an appropriate inscription to be erected to his memory in the Chapel. The Chapel, contains about a dozen paintings which may be examined on application to the Chaplain. Those within the Convent are not open to the public. This establishment is usually visited by strangers, who, on making application to the Roman Catholic Bishop, will receive the necessary introduction or permission.—On the arrival of Jesuits in Canada in 1635, they erected a suitable habitation, the destruction of which a few years afterwards made way for their spacious Monastery. It was forfeited on the suppression of that order, and at the conquest was regarded as Crown property. It was formerly surrounded by gardens, which were then destroyed and converted into a place of exercise for the troops. The citizens with much regret saw felled to the ground the stately trees, yet untouched by decay, that had been the primeval tenants of

the site at the foundation of the city.—The elegant building formerly denominated the Bishop's Palace, standing on an elevated spot, is very conspicuous, and originally had a chapel connected therewith. The Bishop having accepted an annuity in lieu of it, the Government fitted it up for the accommodation of the two branches of the Legislature, by whom it continued to be used for their sessions for many years until it was destroyed by fire.—The Quebec Library, a valuable collection of books numbering upwards of six thousand volumes, was for several years in this building. It was founded in 1779 during the administration of General Haldimand, who liberally contributed one hundred volumes of valuable works towards its formation. This building contained also the Museum of the Literary and Historical Society, which was founded in 1824, and united in 1829 to that for the Promotion of Arts and Sciences. The Mineralogical and Botanical collections are said to be valuable.

The Artillery Barracks, which form a range of stone buildings upwards of five hundred feet in length, roughly constructed, but very substantial and well arranged, were erected before 1750 for the accommodation of troops by which the garrison was re-inforced, and were then distinguished as the *Casernes Nouvelles*. Besides quartering the artillerymen, they contain an ordnance-office, storehouses, workshops, and an armoury. The armoury which occupies several apartments, contains, in a state of complete repair and readiness for immediate use, small arms of every description, sufficient for the equipment of twenty

thousand men. The admiration of strangers is excited by the fanciful *coup-d'œil*, which is presented by the display of the arms in various designs and emblematical devices.

Among public places in the Upper Town we may mention Durham Terrace, and the Esplanade, the latter being the chief theatre for military exercises. A little to the west of Hope-Gate stands the building once occupied by the brave Marquis de Montcalm, now divided into three private residences. It is only remarkable now as having been the residence of the French General, whose fame has been perpetuated with that of his antagonist Wolfe.

In St. Anne's Street is St. Andrew's Church in connexion with the Scotch Establishment. A Minister of that Church is believed to have officiated to the Presbyterians since the conquest in 1759. It is ascertained that "an apartment was assigned by the King's Representative in the Jesuits' College as a place of worship for the members of the Scotch Church" previously to 1767, and was occupied as such without interruption till 1807, when Colonel Brock, commandant, requested the congregation to remove on the shortest notice, as it was found necessary to appropriate the apartment to the accommodation of the troops. In November the congregation removed to the lower room of the Court-House. In November of 1808, his Excellency, Governor Craig, granted the lot of ground on which the present Church now stands. It was opened in November, 1810, by the late Rev. Dr. Spark, who died in 1819. In 1821 it was found inadequate for the accommodation of the members, when the

Earl of Dalhousie was pleased to grant an additional space of ground, on which the present enlarged church, which was completed in 1824, and a comfortable manse for the Minister, now stand. The Church accomodates thirteen hundred sitters.—In St. Francis Street stands St. John's Church, previously a Congregational Chapel. It was erected in 1816. In 1830 the Congregation, having conformed to the doctrine, discipline, and laws of the Church of Scotland, received the ministrations of a Minister of that church. At the disruption of the Scottish Establishment, a majority of the Congregation connected themselves with the Free Church of Scotland. It is now occupied as a Temperance Hall, where the Sons of Temperance hold their meetings, the congregation of the Free Church having since built a beautiful gothic edifice, called Chalmer's Church, in St. Ursule Street, which will be long remembered as the scene of the Gavazzi's Riots. The Wesleyan Methodists have two Chapels, one in St. Stanislaus Street, (erected in 1850), a plain but beautiful edifice in the Gothic style, the interior of which is tastefully fitted up, a fine organ has also been introduced—the other in St. Louis Suburb, is called the "Centenary Chapel."

The Lower Town extends along the base of the precipice on the summit of which the Upper Town is built. The site is almost entirely the creation of human industry, having been gained by excavation from the base of the precipice, or redeemed from the River by building out into its waters. The towns are connected by Mountain Street, which was formerly almost impassable for carri-

ages. Foot passengers avail themselves of the shorter passage, popularly known as the *Break-neck Stairs*. The wharves are very extensive, and are generally carried out upwards of two hundred yards into the River. The Chapel (*Secoursale*, i. e. in aid of the Parish Church), standing in the Square, is of great antiquity, as it was built and used as a church before 1690. In that year Sir Wm. Phipps in attempting to capture Quebec was defeated; and the *Fête* of *Notre Dame de Victoire* was instituted for annual celebration in this church on the 7th of October. After the shipwreck of the English fleet in 1711, which was regarded by the inhabitants not only as a second victory but as a miraculous interposition in their favour, the church received its present name of *Notre Dame des Victoires*, that both events might be commemorated at once. We may here notice the other Roman Catholic Churches, viz.: that of the Congregation, on the hill leading from the Esplanade and St. John's Gate, and that in the populous suburb of St. Roch. The former is perfectly plain in the interior, while the latter is well finished and has several paintings. Among them is one of Bishop Plessis, a great benefactor to this Church. Another has also been erected in St. John's Suburbs, equal in size to the Cathedral. St. Patrick's occupies an area of one hundred and thirty-six by fifty-two feet. Its corner stone was laid in the fall of 1831, and it was opened for religious service on the first Sabbath of July, 1833. The steeple is well proportioned, and stands one hundred and twenty feet from the ground to the ball sup-

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The Quebec Exchange, a commodious edifice of cut stone, was erected in 1828-9, and has answered the sanguine expectations of the proprietors. The second-floor is "where merchants most do congregate," and is devoted to the Reading-room, which is admirably conducted; the upper part contains the rooms of the Board of Trade, and the Telegraph Office.—The Quebec Bank, which was established in 1818 and incorporated in 1822, occupies the lower story of the handsome edifice built by the Quebec Fire Assurance Company, whose office is on the second story.—In this part of the Lower Town are the Branch Agencies of the Bank of Montreal, Bank of British North America and Montreal City Bank.—The King's Wharf, which is appropriated to the purposes of Government, has on it extensive stores belonging to the Commissariat Department, which were erected in 1821. Here land and embark the officers of the Army and Navy, the troops, &c.—The building formerly used as a Custom House adjoins on the west. Nearly opposite to this there anciently stood a barrier, where the two ways diverge, one to the steps leading to the Upper Town, and the other to the Harbour. Close to this spot Montgomery was killed as above mentioned, 31st December, 1775.—At some distance beyond, (about two miles) is Wolfe's Cove where the intrepid leader, from whence it derives its name, succeeded in ascending the Cliff, and in forming his army in battle-array on the Plains of Abraham.—The Marine

Hospital was erected for the reception of sailors and others landing in Quebec afflicted with disease. It is supported by a tax of one penny a ton levied on each vessel arriving from Sea, and a proportion of the tax upon Emigration. It stands on the bank of the River St. Charles, nearly opposite to the spot where Jacques Cartier first wintered in 1535. The ceremony of laying the first stone was performed by Lord Aylmer, Governor-in-Chief, in May, 1832. It was opened in July, 1834. Its estimated cost was twenty-three thousand pounds or ninety-two thousand dollars. The exterior is of the Ionic order; and the proportions are taken from the Temple of Muses on the Ilissus near Athens. The first story contains Catholic and Protestant Chapels with apartments for officiating Ministers, apartments for Housekeeper, Steward, and Nurses, wards for sixty patients, besides two kitchens, store-rooms, baths, &c. The principal story contains the large Entrance Hall, apartments for the Medical Officers, their Examining Rooms, and Operating Theatres, besides a Museum, and accommodation for sixty-eight patients. The third story contains apartments for the chief nurses, and wards for one hundred and forty patients. The upper story is appropriated as a Lying-in-Hospital for thirty-four patients. The attics will contain sixty; so that there is accommodation for three hundred and sixty-two persons. Each story is supplied with cold, hot, and vapour baths. In the basement are cellars, kitchens, laundry, &c. The entire premises contain an area of about six acres, laid out in gardens and promenade grounds for convalescents.

In the month of May and June of 1845, at an exact interval of four weeks, Quebec was visited by two most calamitous fires. So rapid and extensive was the destruction that nearly one-third of the population was rendered houseless, and the entire suburbs of St. Roch and St. John's reduced to ashes. About sixteen hundred buildings, of which twelve hundred were dwellings, were destroyed. The total loss was estimated at eight hundred and seventy-five thousand pounds or five millions and five hundred thousand dollars, of which about one hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds or five hundred thousand dollars was insured. About forty lives were lost. This awful conflagration was arrested mainly through the noble exertions of the 43rd and 89th Regiments, then composing the Garrison, and of part of the Royal Artillery. The appeals of the Committee of the Quebec Relief Fund were nobly responded to, not only by the Mother Country and the Sister Provinces, but by the Colonies generally and by the United States. A sum, amounting, we believe, to nearly one hundred thousand pounds, was thus raised, and the sufferers were enabled to rebuild their houses in many instances in a more substantial manner than before. The Corporation enjoined the use of bricks and stone instead of wood for the walls, and of tin instead of shingles for the roofs.

Having brought under the Tourist's notice the principal features within the city of Quebec that seem worthy of his attention, we propose now to accompany him in a few excursions to the surrounding country. A morning's

ramble to the Plains of Abraham will not fail to recal historical recollections and to gratify a taste for beautiful scenery. On leaving the St. Louis Gate, let the Traveller ascend the counterscarp on the left, that leads to the *Glacis* of the Citadel; and hence pursuing a direction to the right, let him approach one of the Martello Towers, whence he may enjoy a beautiful view of the St. Lawrence. A little beyond let him ascend the right bank, and he reaches the celebrated Plains of Abraham near the spot where General Wolfe fell. On the highest ground, surrounded by wooden fences, can clearly be traced out the redoubt where he received the fatal wound. He was carried a few yards; the rear and placed against a rock till he expired. It has since been removed. Within an enclosure lower down and near to the road is the stone-well from which they brought him water. The English right nearly faced this redoubt, and on this position the French left rested. The French army arrived on the Plains from the right of this position, as it came from Beauport and not from Quebec; and, on being defeated, retired down the heights by which it had ascended, and not into Quebec. In front of the Plains from this position stands the house of Marchmont. It is erected on the site of a French redoubt that once defended the ascent from Wolfe's Cove. Here landed the British army under Wolfe's command, and, on mounting the banks, carried this detached work. The troops in the Garrison are usually reviewed on the Plains.—The Tourist may farther enjoy a beautiful ride. Let him leave by St.

Louis Gate and pass the Plains, and he will arrive at Marchmont, the property of John Gilmour, Esq. The former proprietor, Sir John Harvey, went to considerable expense in laying out the grounds in a pleasing and tasteful manner. His successor, Sir Thomas Noel Hill, also resided here, and duly appreciated its beauties. The view in front of the house is grand. Here the River widens and assumes the appearance of a lake, whose surface is enlivened by numerous merchant-ships at anchor, and immense rafts of timber floated down from various parts of the Upper Province for shipment to England, timber being one of the principal exports from the Canadas. On leaving Marchmont he will pass some beautiful villas, whose park-like grounds remind one of England, and from some points in which are commanded views worthy of a painter's study. Among these villas may be mentioned Wolfesfield, Spencer Wood, and Woodfield. The last was originally built by the Catholic Bishop of Samos, and, from the several additions made by subsequent proprietors, had a somewhat irregular, though picturesque, appearance. It was burnt down, and rebuilt in a fine regular style. It is now the residence of James Gibb, Esq.

In this neighbourhood is situated Mount Hermon Cemetery. It is about three miles from Quebec on the south side of the St. Lewis Road, and slopes irregularly but beautifully down the cliff which overhangs the St. Lawrence. It is thirty-two acres in extent, and the grounds were tastefully laid out by the late Major Douglass, U. S. Engineers, whose taste and skill had been pre-

viously shewn in the arrangement of Greenwood Cemetery, near New York. A carriage drive upwards, of two miles in extent, affords access to all parts of the grounds, and has been so arranged as to afford the most perfect view of the scenery. The visitor, after driving over the smooth lawn-like open surface, finds himself suddenly transferred by a turn of the road into a dark avenue of stately forest trees, from which he emerges to see the broad St. Lawrence almost beneath him, with the City of Quebec, and the beautiful slopes of Point Levi in the distance.

Many beautiful monuments now adorn the grounds, some of which are from Montreal and some from Scotland, but the great majority are the productions of Mr. Felix Morgan, of Quebec, and do great credit to his taste and skill. Many of them are beautiful and costly structures of Italian marble.

A neat Gothic Lodge at the entrance of the grounds, contains the office and residence of the superintendent. In the former a complete plan of the grounds is kept, every separate grave being marked upon it with its appropriate number, so that at any future time, on consulting it, the exact spot of interment can be ascertained, and the Register which is also kept affords information, respecting the places of birth, age, and date of death. A large vault, perfectly secured with iron doors, has been constructed for the purpose of receiving bodies, during the winter when immediate interment is not desired; and it is contemplated shortly to erect a suitable stone chapel in the Gothic style, the plans and specifications of which have been prepared.

On leaving this lovely spot, the ride continues through the woods on the edge of the banks rising from the shore. On the south side are distinguished the embouchures of the Etchemin and Chaudière pouring in their tribute of waters. At Pointe aux Puisseaux the road leads down to Sillery Cove. The view from this point would afford an excellent composition for the brush of the landscape-painter. Before reaching the ascent to the villa of the late Mr. Macnider is an old stone house, formerly inhabited by the heroine of "Emily Montague," near which are the ruins of what was once a large stone chapel. Such visitants as are unacquainted with this novel will find in it a faithful picture of the manners and condition of the Colonist when Canada first became a British colony. A mile beyond is the villa of Kilgraston. Hence the Tourist, instead of returning by a road conducting through a wood into St. Louis Road for Quebec, will do better by continuing his ride to the Church of St. Foy, from which is seen below the St. Charles gliding smoothly through a lovely valley, whose sides rise gradually to the mountains and are literally covered with habitations. The villages of Lorette and Charlesbourg are conspicuous objects. Before entering the Suburb of St. John, on the banks of St. Charles stands the General Hospital, designed, as the name implies, for the disabled and sick of every description. Charlevoix says that "it is the finest house in Canada, and would be no disparagement to our largest houses in France; the Fathers Recollets formerly owned the ground on which it stands. M. de St. Vallier, Bishop of Quebec, removed

them into the city, bought their settlements, and expended one hundred thousand crowns in building, furniture, and foundations." The first ecclesiastics in Canada were Recollets, four in number, brought out by Champlain in 1615. Their original habitation, consisting of a small lodge and seminary, was on the spot where the General Hospital now stands. It was commenced before 1620. In 1690 the Recollets were induced to remove to grounds where the Episcopal Church now stands. This foundation was at first under the charge of the Sisters of the Congregation, but in 1692 under that of the *Hospitalières* or Nuns of the Hotel Dieu; from which community it received its Superior and twelve professed Nuns. In 1701 the Nuns of the General Hospital were made a separate and independent community. At present it is governed by a Superior, at the head of fifty Nuns and a few Novices and *Postulantes*. The appearance, external and internal, is regular and pleasing. The male patients are lodged on the ground-floor, and the females in that above. The Nuns are distinguished for the manufacture of Church ornaments and for their skill in gilding. The produce of their works is added to the general fund of the Institution, whose support is chiefly drawn from the revenue of the landed property that has been granted to it from time to time. The deficiency is sometimes supplied by grants from the Provincial Parliament. A neat chapel is attached to the establishment. On the opposite side of the road are two houses, one of which was appropriated to the treatment of persons labouring under insanity, who

have since been removed to the Government Lunatic Asylum at Beauport, and the other as a dwelling-house for servants employed in a farm belonging to the establishment.

A day's excursion to Indian Lorette and Lake St. Charles would gratify, we doubt not, many a Tourist. It will be necessary to leave by six o'clock, A. M., and to take provisions for the day. A calèche is the best conveyance for the trip. After leaving the Palace Gate, the site of the former Intendant's Palace is passed. M. Bigot was the last Intendant who resided in it.

The most pleasant road to Lorette is along the banks of the St. Charles. On arriving at the village, the best view is on the opposite bank. The fall is in the foreground, and the church and village behind. The villagers claim to be descended from those Hurons, to whom the French Monarch in 1651 gave the seigniority of Sillery. In the wars between the French and English the Hurons contributed much to the success of the former, as they were one of the most warlike tribes among the aborigines of this continent. At present they are a harmless quiet set of people, drawing only part of their subsistence from fishing and hunting. A Missionary is maintained by Government for their religious instruction, and the schoolmaster belongs to the tribe. Here may be purchased bows and arrows, and moccasins very neatly ornamented by the squaws.

On arriving at Lake St. Charles, by embarking in a double canoe, the tourist will have his taste for picturesque mountain scenery gratified in a high degree. The lake is

four miles long and one broad, and is divided into two parts by projecting ledges. The lake abounds in trout, so that the angling tourist may find this spot doubly inviting. On the route back to the city the village of Charlesbourg is passed. It is one of the oldest and most interesting settlements in Canada. It has two churches, one of which is the centre of the surrounding farms, whence they all radiate. The reason for this singular disposal of the allotments arose from the absolute necessity of creating a neighbourhood. For this purpose each farm was permitted to occupy only a space of three acres in front by thirty in depth. Population was in these days scanty, and labourers were difficult to be procured. By this arrangement a road was more easily kept up in front of each farm, and it was the duty of every proprietor to preserve such road. Another advantage was the proximity of the church, whence the bell sounded the tocsin of alarm, whenever hostile attempts were made by the Indians, and where the inhabitants rallied in defence of their possessions.

In this place we are desirous to acknowledge our obligations to the labours of Alfred Hawkins, Esq. whose "Picture of Quebec with Historical Recollections" we cordially recommend to all Travellers and others, who would possess themselves of a work replete with minute information on the previous history and present condition of this Province. We take the liberty of presenting our readers almost *verbatim* with the following interesting extracts, and thus conclude our notice of the ancient Capital of Canada.—The approach to the

Citadel, which is nearly two hundred feet higher than the ground on which the Upper Town is situated, is by a winding road made through the acclivity of the *Glacis* from St. Louis Gate, and commanded everywhere by the guns of the different bastions. This leads into the outward ditch of the ravelin, and thence into the principal ditch of the work, built on both sides with walls of solid masonry, and extending along the whole circumference of the Citadel on the land and city sides. The main entrance is through a massive gate of admirable construction, called *Dalhousie Gate* in honour of the Earl of Dalhousie, who succeeded the Duke of Richmond, as Governor-in-Chief of these Provinces, in 1820. Within are the Main-Guard-rooms for a detachment and an officer, who are relieved every day; and in front is a spacious area used as a parade-ground, or rather an enlargement of the ditch formed by the retiring angles and face of the bastion. This is a splendid work, presenting a most august appearance, and combining strength and symmetry with all the modern improvements in the art of fortification. In the face of this bastion are loopholes for the fire of musquetry; on the top are embrasures for cannon. The loopholes serve also for the admission of air and light into the casemated barracks within for the troops composing the Garrison. They are commodious and well adapted for comfort and safety, being well ventilated, and proof against fire and missiles of every description. On the top of *Dalhousie Bastion* is an extensive covered way, or broad gravel walk, with embrasures for mounting cannon, com-

manding every part of the Ditch and Glacis, and every avenue of approach to the Citadel. From this elevated spot is obtained an extensive and delightful view of the surrounding scenery, forming a panorama that competent judges have pronounced not inferior to the celebrated Bay of Naples. An equally magnificent view is obtained from the summit of the Cavalier, at the eastern extremity of the Citadel, and also from the Observatory on its western point towards the Plains of Abraham. Within the Citadel are the various magazines, store-houses, and other buildings required for the accommodation of a numerous Garrison; and immediately overhanging the precipice to the south, in a most picturesque situation looking perpendicularly downwards on the River, stands a beautiful row of buildings, containing the mess rooms and barracks for the officers, their stables and spacious kitchens. The fortifications, which are continued round the whole of the Upper Town, consist of bastions connected by lofty curtains of solid masonry, and ramparts from twenty-five to thirty-five feet in height and about the same in thickness, bristling with heavy cannon, round towers, loopholed walls, and massive gates recurring at certain distances. On the summit of the Ramparts from Cape Diamond to the Artillery Barracks is a broad covered-way or walk, used as a place of recreation by the inhabitants, and commanding a most agreeable view of the country towards the west. This passes over the top of St. John's and St. Louis Gate, where there is stationed a sergeant's guard. Above St

John's Gate there is at sunset one of the most beautiful views imaginable. The St. Charles gamboling, as it were, in the rays of the departing luminary, the light still lingering on the spires of Lorette and Charlesbourg until it fades away beyond the lofty mountains of *Bonhomme* and *T'sounonthuan*, present an evening scene of gorgeous and surpassing splendour.—The city, being defended on the land side by its ramparts, is protected on the other sides by a lofty wall and parapet, based on the cliff and commencing near the St. Charles at the Artillery Barracks. These form a very extensive range of buildings, the part within the Artillery-Gate being occupied as barracks by the officers and men of that distinguished corps, with a guard and mess room. The part without the Gate is used as magazines, storehouses, and offices for the Ordnance Department. These buildings were erected by the French before 1750 on the site of others which had formerly stood there. They are well secured against fire, and are nearly six hundred feet in length by about forty in depth.—Immediately adjoining the Artillery Barracks, and connecting the works on the left with their continuation along the St. Charles, stands Palace-Gate, having a guard-house attached on the right. This has lately been rebuilt, and is the most classical and beautiful of the five Gates. Though perfectly strong for all purposes of defence, it has an airy and light appearance, not unlike in design the gates of Pompeii. It stands at the northern extremity of Palace Street, which was so called from leading to the Intendant's House or Palace, which formerly stood on the

beach of the St. Charles outside of the Gate, on the site of the present Queen's Wood-yard. This building was destroyed during the siege by the American troops under General Arnold in 1775. From Palace-Gate the fortifications are continued along the brow of the cliff overlooking the mouth of the St. Charles until they reach Hope-Gate, a distance of three hundred yards. A broad and level walk divides the outward wall from the possessions of the community of the Hotel-Dieu. The wall near Hope-Gate and Guard-house is loopholed for musquetry. At Hope-Gate commences the gradual elevation of the ground which terminates at the eastern point of Cape Diamond: Beyond the Gate the wall is continued until it reaches a point opposite St. George Street and the store house at the angle of the Seminary Garden. Here it reaches the perpendicular cliff *Sault au Matelot*, or *Matelot's* (Sailor's) *Leap*, so called from a favourite dog of that name that there fell over the cliff, on part of which Champlain commenced his first settlement in 1608. From this eminence the Grand Battery, mounting a range of heavy guns carrying balls of thirty-two pounds, commands the Basin and Harbour below. In front of the Grand Battery, which extends to the Bishop's Palace, and where the escarpment of the cliff is nearly three hundred feet above the water, the stone parapet is but a few feet high. The black artillery, as Professor Silliman observes, "look like beasts of prey crouching and ready to leap upon their victims."— Close to the Bishop's Palace, long used as the place where the Provincial Legislature met,

is Prescott-Gate with its Guard-house. Under its arch is the principal avenue to the Lower-Town by Mountain Street. It is protected by powerful defences, and by works which connect it on the right with the former Castle of St. Louis. Here the stone-rampart forms part of that ruin, and is supported by buttresses built upon the solid rock, and immediately overlooking the Lower Town, at an elevation of more than two hundred feet. To the south-west side of the Castle is the Government Garden, one hundred and eighty yards long by seventy broad, within which a small battery commands part of the harbour. In front, the fortifications are continued three hundred yards, until they reach the foot of the *Glacis* or acclivity towards Cape Diamond, crowned at that point by the Round Tower and Flagstaff. The extent of the Ramparts towards the land-side, from the south-west angle of the citadel to the cliff above the St. Charles, is stated to be eighteen hundred and thirty-seven yards. Within this rampart is the Esplanade, a level space covered with grass, between St. Louis and St. John's Gates. Here are mounted the several guards on duty at the Citadel and other public buildings each forenoon, except Sabbath, at eleven o'clock; and here occasional parades of the Garrison take place, particularly on the Queen's birth-day. The circuit of the Fortifications enclosing the Upper Town is two miles and three quarters; the total circumference outside the ditches and space reserved by Government, on which no house can be built on the west side, is about three miles. Generally speaking, the City

may be said to be entirely surrounded by a lofty and strong wall of hewn stone, constructed with elegance as well as with regard to durability. The castellated appearance produced by the battlements, ditches, embrasures, round towers and gates, adds much to its grand and imposing effect from without. There are five Gates, opening in different directions to the country, the suburbs, and the Lower Town. Towards the south-west are St. John's and St. Louis Gates, protected by out-works of great strength and powerful combination. Through the latter is the road leading to the Plains of Abraham and the Race-course. On the left of this road, on the brow of a slight ascent about halfway to the Race-Stand, is one of the four Martello Towers erected at different distances between the St. Lawrence and the St. Charles. On these are mounted cannon to sweep the undefended plain below; and they are so constructed that, if taken by an enemy, they can be easily laid in ruins by the shot of the Garrison, while on the side facing the Plains they are of immense thickness. Through St. John's Gate passes the road to the populous suburb of that name and to the beautiful village of St. Foy. Palace-Gate and Hope-Gate open to the St. Charles and the Lower Town. Prescott-Gate is the principal thoroughfare to the Lower Town, and notwithstanding the steepness of the ascent, heavy burdens are conveyed up with comparative ease by the small, but hardy, horses of Norman breed, which the carters generally employ. Hope Gate and Prescott Gate are called in honour of the Lieutenant Generals and

Commanders-in-Chief, Henry Hope (1775) and Robert Prescott (1796-9).—Having made the circuit of the Fortifications, it seems necessary to notice the different barracks and military buildings for the accomodation of the troops composing the Garrison. Besides those contained within the Citadel and the Artillery Barracks, the spacious building in the Market-Place, formerly the College of the Jesuits, has long been occupied by the Queen's troops under the name of the "Jesuits' Barracks." The principal entrance is from the Market-Place, opposite the French Cathedral. To the left of this entrance is a large door opening into a hall. Here is the room set apart for the Garrison Library, the property of the military, containing many valuable books and maps. A little beyond the Gate is the Barrack-office, newly opposite to the Scotch Church.—In the Place d'Armes, opposite to the Court-House, is the Commissariat Office.—About halfway between this and St. Louis Gate is a building on the left, occupied as quarters for such officers of the Garrison as do not reside in the Citadel, in rear of which is the spacious mess-room.—At the end of an avenue or court leading out of St. Louis Street is the Military Hospital, a building completely provided with every necessary appointment.—Adjoining to the St. Louis Gate, and fronting to the Esplanade, is the Royal Engineer Office; and in the rear are the spacious yard and workshops of the Royal Sappers and Miners, a detachment of which corps is always stationed in Quebec. The officers of the Royal Engineers have charge of the fortifications and of all mili-

tary works.—The Government Laboratory is on the right hand of the road leading to the Citadel, opposite to the Royal Engineer Yard, and stands on the site of an old powder magazine, close to which the remains of General Montgomery were interred on January 4th, 1776. The following elegant peroration is from the pen of Professor Silliman, who visited Quebec in 1819 :—

“ Quebec, at least for an American city, is certainly a very peculiar place. A military town—containing about twenty thousand inhabitants—most compactly and permanently built—environed, as to its most important parts, by walls and gates—and defended by nnumerous heavy cannon—garrisoned by troops having the arms, the costume, the music, the discipline, of Europe—foreign in language, features and origin, from most of those whom they are sent to defend—founded upon a rock, and in its highest parts overlooking a great extent of country—between three and four hundred miles from the ocean—in the midst of a great continent and yet displaying fleets of foreign merchantmen in its fine capacious bay—and showing all the bustle of a crowded sea-port—its streets narrow, populous, and winding up and down almost mountainous declivities—situated in the latitude of the finest parts of Europe—exhibiting in its environs the beauty of an European capital—and yet in winter smarting with the cold of Siberia—governed by a people of different language and habits from the mass of the population—opposed in religion, and yet leaving that population without taxes and in the full enjoyment of every privilege, civil and religious. Such are the prominent

features which strike a stranger in the city of Quebec !”

The Tourist will of course visit the Fall of Montmorenci, and, if an admirer of nature in her lovely grandeur, may be induced thereafter to extend his excursion to the Falls of St. Anne (a distance of upwards of twenty miles from Quebec), which many travellers have pronounced unsurpassed in any quarter of the globe. For this purpose he will leave the City by passing over Dorchester Bridge across the St. Charles, whence he will pass along pleasant cottages and handsome villas to the village of Beauport, in which is conspicuous the Church with its three spires. The admirably managed Lunatic Asylum for Eastern Canada is situated close to the village. Before reaching the Mills a road on the left leads to the hamlet of Bourg Royal at the base of the mountains. Two miles beyond are the remains of an old French chateau with a scanty clearance embosomed by the forest. It was built by a French Intendant or Governor for his mistress. Notwithstanding the seclusion of the spot his wife discovered the secret, and found means to have her rival poisoned. The *habitans* superstitiously consider the spot as haunted by the spirit of the unhappy one. During General Wolfe's siege the ladies of Quebec took shelter here, and were undiscovered. In the neighbourhood of the Fall the geologist may find not a little to interest him. The Fall is nearly two hundred and fifty feet high, thus greatly exceeding the Falls of Niagara. It was named by Champ'ain in honour of his patron, the Duke de Montmorenci, prime

minister of France. The mansion-house, close to the Fall, and commanding the best view of it, was built by General Haldimand, who was the last Governor of the Province of Quebec from 1778 to 1791. It was afterwards occupied by the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, and is now in the possession of G. B. Hall, Esq., the proprietor of the extensive saw-mills at the foot of the Fall. Near this place Wolfe made his first attempt, and was repulsed with the loss of seven hundred Hessians. On the opposite side of the wooden bridge thrown across the Montmorenci, stands a house for the reception of travellers, whence is an excellent view of the Fall, as it embraces the village of Beauport and the city of Quebec. Another good view is from the top of the aqueduct, by which the water is conveyed for nearly a mile to the Mills. The Old Mill has ten saw-gates containing seventy saws, and eleven circular saws. The New Mill has two saw-gates with forty saws, and three circular saws. The extraordinary appearance, called the *Natural Steps*, is worthy of attention. It may be remarked as an object of interest to the naturalist, that, when the St. Lawrence is frozen below the Fall, the level ice becomes a support on which the freezing spray, descending as sleet, forms a stupendous deposit, and gradually assumes a conical form of great dimensions towards the close of winter. These dimensions vary in each season according to the quantity of spray which the water produces. In 1829 the cone attained the height of one hundred and twenty-six feet, the highest it has been ob-

served to attain. The face of the cone next the Fall presents a stalactitical structure, occasioned by the dashing of the water against it. The whole is tinged with an earthy hue, which is no doubt derived from the very minute particles of the bed of the Montmorenci conveyed with the spray into the atmosphere. The formation of this cone may serve to explain the mode in which *glaciers* have been formed. It is manifest, that, were the supply of frozen spray never interrupted by an increase of temperature, as is annually the case, the cone's dimensions would incessantly increase. If the cone rested on an inclined plane instead of a horizontal base, the enlarging bulk and increasing weight would at length cause its subsidence to lower levels. As the portion thus deposited would continue to receive accessions from above, a permanent frozen mass would be the result, and the cone would become a *glacier*. Professor Forbes treats of this subject in a most interesting and scientific manner in his "Travels in the Alps."—A Suspension Bridge is erecting immediately over the Falls, which will add greatly to the effect of this charming scene. It is unnecessary to enumerate the variety of features in Canadian scenery which may induce the Tourist to loiter on the road between Montmorenci and St. Anne. At this season of the year groups of Canadians of both sexes may be seen busily employed in *hackling* or beating flax. On most of the farms there is raised a quantity sufficient for the consumption of each family. Indeed the stranger cannot fail to have observed, that the country population is chiefly clothed in home-

spun woollen cloth and coarse linen, although English broad-cloth and Irish linens may to a limited extent be displayed on Sabbaths and fête-days. Chateau Richer, one of the very few ruins in Canada, belonging to the Seminary, is interesting from historical associations. Its environs afford abundant sport to snipe-shooters. Two miles beyond the Chateau it is worth the Tourist's while to devote half an hour to the Falls of La Puce. The Church of "La bonne Ste. Anne" has long been an object of interest from the miraculous cures said to have been wrought on the visitors to the shrine. The walls display crutches and other helps to suffering humanity, with which the halt and the lame were enabled to dispense, and which they left as memorials of the efficacy of their faith in the power of the Saint! In connection with St. Anne it may be stated that pigeons in vast numbers yearly visit Canada, when the inhabitants not only get an ample supply for their own subsistence, but send such numbers to market that in Quebec they are sold at as low a price as a shilling per dozen, and sometimes even at a less rate. The parishioners of St. Anne are much spoken of for the successful means which they have adopted for killing and taking alive thousands of these birds; and the stranger on enquiry can learn the method, by which the sportsman seldom fails to bring down all the pigeons as they settle on the loftiest trees, and how, by means of perpendicular nets and poles managed by pulleys, whole flocks are entrapped. Two miles beyond the village of St. Anne, at the Toll-bridge on the river of this name, the Tourist

may be comfortably accommodated, and will meet with civility and kindness. Hence he can procure a guide to the Falls, which are situated about three miles further on. The ascent commands extensive views of Quebec and the surrounding country. After continuing his journey for a mile and a half on a level but rather rough and wearisome path through a forest, the Tourist suddenly descends and finds himself enclosed in a rocky and wooded valley, through the centre of which rushes the St. Anne, and, forcing itself through a narrow chasm of the rocks at an angle of forty-five degrees, continues to roar and tumble to the River below. We cannot afford space here for a description of the variety of awfully grand and imposing scenes, which a visit to these magnificent Falls will present to the Tourist's view. Suffice it to say, that the time slips unconsciously away, and, surprised by the information that he has been on the spot for hours, he at length reluctantly turns away, consoling himself with the reflection that he can never efface the sublime picture from his mind.

The Tourist should next cross from Quebec to Pointe Levi, with which a steam-ferry-boat keeps up a constant communication, with the view of visiting the Falls of the Chaudiere, distant about eight miles. On ascending the bank, and from different points along the entire road to the mouth of the Chaudiere, he will be gratified with imposing views of Quebec and its shipping, and surrounding scenery, including the Isle of Orleans, the Fall of Montmorenci, and the Plains of Abraham. Several neat villas adorn the road, in which citizens of Quebec re-

side during the summer season. At a short distance beyond Lauzon, the seat of Sir Henry Caldwell, which is in a charming situation, you cross the Etchemin by a wooden bridge. At its embouchure is a large causeway leading to this gentleman's mills, an establishment well worthy of inspection. Thereafter the left side of the road is overshadowed by lofty rocks till it reaches the Chaudiere, which is crossed by a ferry. Three miles beyond is a new road to the left, by pursuing which for a mile, availing yourself of a guide, who may be procured hard by, you will reach this celebrated Fall. Although yielding in grandeur to Niagara and Montmorenci, it possesses features more interesting than either. The river, in its course of one hundred miles over a rugged bed full of rapids and falls, is here narrowed to a width of between three hundred and four hundred feet, and is precipitated over a height of about one hundred and thirty feet, preserving the characteristic features of its *boiling* waters till it mingles with the St. Lawrence. Hence it has received the appropriate name of *Chaudiere* or *Caldron*. Instead of descending in one continuous sheet, it is divided by large projecting rocks into three channels or cataracts, which however unite before reaching the basin below. A globular figure is imparted to the descending volumes of brilliant white foam, in consequence of the deep excavations of the rocks, and the clouds of spray produce in the sunshine a most brilliant variety of prismatic colours. The dark green foliage of the dense forests that overhang the torrent on both sides, forms a striking contrast with its snow-white

foam. If the Tourist should be so minded, on returning half way to Pointe Levi, he may visit the Falls of the Etchemin by taking the road to his right. On returning to Pointe Levi, he may find time to walk to Aubigny Church, and wander for a while amongst the glades in front of it. In recrossing the St. Lawrence, the Tourist may be reminded of the striking contrast which the winter season presents here on land and water. Then the river is generally choked up with broken fields of ice exhibiting an endless variety of fantastic appearances. The *habitans* cross in canoes, and are frequently obliged to haul and push them forward among the blocks of ice. It is a rare occurrence for the ice to be quite firm between Quebec and Pointe Levi. When this is the case a sort of jubilee is indulged in, and persons are seen enjoying themselves in every direction by sleighing, sliding, skating, curling, &c. A ready communication betwixt both shores then takes place, as the track marked out by means of pine-branches as beacons, forms a road, over which hay, fire-wood, and other bulky articles are transported in *traineaux* or sledges. A similar laying-out of roads takes place on the taking of the River at all the important thoroughfares, as in front of Montreal, Three Rivers, &c. The channel between the Isle of Orleans and the North Shore is frozen over annually, when the produce of that fertile spot can be conveyed to market.

Thus far we have brought our companions, and various are the scenes of interest we have visited with them, but we fear with many our fellowship will cease at the wharves

of the ancient city; yet we trust that a large "balance," to use an Americanism, will still continue their journey East, for a voyage to the Saguenay and the Lower St. Lawrence offers temptations that ought not to be resisted. Formerly this voyage was only made by the young and the hardy, for no means existed of reaching it except in fishing schooners or open boats. Now, things are entirely changed, steamboats, well fitted for the work, leave Quebec twice a week, and ere this summer's navigation closes probably daily. In any of these the trip may be made in perfect comfort and even luxury. For what these inducements are and how the time may be spent, we avail ourselves of the description of one of last years voyages, furnished by a gentleman equally capable of appreciating and describing the scenery through which he passed.

Trip to the Saguenay.

"The Saguenay River can only be visited by tourists when there happens to be a steamboat put on for that excursion especially, which is generally once a week, from Quebec during the summer months. You leave in the morning at seven o'clock; and passing down the St. Lawrence, put in at several places for passengers, which gives an opportunity of seeing the *habitans*, and the old fashioned French settlements of St. Thomas, River Ouelle, Kamouraska, and many others, together with Orleans Island, Crane Island, Goose Island and the Pilgrims. The north and south shores of the river are thickly studded with parish churches, having spires of tin

which glitter in the sun like shining silver ; these, and the whitewashed farm-houses, form two objects characteristic of Lower Canada. By sunset you arrive at River du Loup. The water is quite salt, and the river, expanding to the breadth of twenty miles, gives it the appearance of an open sea ; and it is much frequented as a sea-bathing place.

“ Here you remain all night on board, so as to be ready for an early start at dawn, when you stretch across for the north shore, steering for a great gap in the mountains. This is the mouth of the Saguenay, one of the most singular rivers in the world ; not a common river, with undulating banks and shelving shores, and populous villages : not a river precipitous on one side, and rolling land on the other, formed by the washing away of the mountains for ages. This is not a river of that description. It is perfectly straight, with a sheer precipice on each side, without any windings, or projecting bluffs, or sloping banks, or sandy shores. It is as if the mountain range had been cleft asunder, leaving a horrid gulf of sixty miles in length, and four thousand feet in depth, through the grey mica schist ; and still looking new and fresh. Fifteen hundred feet of this is perpendicular cliff, often too steep and solid for the hemlock or dwarf oak to find root ; in which case, being covered with coloured lichens and moss, these fresh looking fractures often look, in shape and colour, like painted fans, and are called the pictured rocks. But those parts, more slanting, are thickly covered with stunted trees, spruce and maple, and birch, growing wherever they

can find crevices to extract nourishment: and the bare roots of the oak, grasping the rock, have a resemblance to gigantic claws. The base of these cliffs lie far under water, to an unknown depth. For many miles from its mouth, no soundings have been obtained with two thousand feet of line, and for the entire distance of sixty miles, until you reach Ha Ha Bay, the largest ships can sail without obstruction from banks or shoals, and on reaching the extremity of the bay can drop their anchor in thirty fathoms.

“The view up this river is singular in many respects, hour after hour, as you sail along, precipice after precipice unfolds itself to view, as in a moving panorama, and you sometimes forget the size and height of the objects you are contemplating, until reminded by seeing a ship of one thousand tons lying like a small pinnacle under the towering cliff to which she is moored; for, even in these remote and desolate regions, industry is at work, and, although you cannot much discern it, saw-mills have been built on some of the tributary streams which fall into the Saguenay. But what strikes one most, is the absence of beach or strand, for except in a few places where mountain torrents, rushing through gloomy ravines, have washed down the detritus of the hills, and formed some alluvial land at the mouth, no coves, nor creeks, nor projecting rocks are seen in which a boat could find shelter, or any footing be obtained. The characteristic is a steep wall of rock rising abruptly from the water; a dark and desolate region, where all is cold and gloomy; the mountains hidden with

driving mist, the water black as ink, and cold as ice. No ducks, nor sea gulls sitting on the water, or screaming for their prey. No hawks nor eagles soaring overhead, although there is abundance of what might be called 'Eagle Cliffs,' No deer coming down to drink at the streams, no squirrels nor birds to be seen among the trees. No fly on the water, nor swallow skimming over the surface. It reminds you of

"That lake whose gloomy shore
Sky-lark never warbled over."

Two living things you may see, but these are cold blooded animals; you may see the cold seal, spreading himself upon his clammy rock, watching for his prey. You may see him make his sullen plunge into the water, like to the Styx for blackness. You may see him emerge again, shaking his smooth oily sides, and holding a huge living salmon writhing in his teeth; and you may envy the fellow faring so sumptuously, until you recollect that you have just had a hearty breakfast of fresh grilled salmon yourself, and that you enjoyed it as much as your fellow creature is now enjoying his raw morsel. And this is all you see for the first twenty miles, save the ancient settlement of Tadousac at the entrance, and the pretty cove of L'Ance a l'Eau, which is a fishing station.

"Now you reach Cape Eternite, Cape Trinité, and many other overhanging cliffs, remarkable for having such clean fractures, seldom equalled for boldness and effect, which create constant apprehensions of danger, even in a calm, but if you happen to be caught in a thunder-storm, the

roar and darkness and flashes of lightning are perfectly appalling. At last you terminate your voyage at Ha Ha Bay, that is, smiling or laughing Bay in the Indian language, for you are perfectly charmed and relieved to arrive at a beautiful spot where you have sloping banks, a pebbly shore, boats and wherries, and vessels riding at anchor, birds and animals, a village, a church, French Canadians and 'Scottish' Highlanders, and in short, there is nothing can remind one more of a scene in Argyleshire. You have now come upon a more level and productive region, where trees grow to some size, where saw-logs can be got, where saw-mills can be erected, where agriculture can be carried on, where excellent wheat is raised, and heavier crops of clover and meadow grass than can be found in more southern parts, and where plenty of vegetables can be raised in gardens. In short, from this spot to the Ottawa river, in rear of the group of mountains which bounds the north of the St. Lawrence, there lies an extensive valley of excellent land, much better than what is on the borders of the river, and with a climate somewhat milder, and this valley will by degrees be cultivated and support a million of people. The day is now half spent, you have been ashore, looking through the village, examining into the nature of what appears a very thriving settlement, the inhabitants seem to be all French and Scotch, understanding each others language, and living in perfect amity. You hear that Mr. Price, of Quebec, is the gentleman to whom all this improvement is due. That it is he who has opened up the Saguenay country,

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having erected many saw-mills, each the nucleus of a vil-
lage, and that a trade in sawed lumber is carried on to
the extent of one hundred ship loads in the season. The
river is navigable for ships as far as Chicoutimi, about
seventy miles from its mouth. An extensive lumbering
establishment is there, and the timber is collected in
winter through all the neighbouring country as far as Lake
St. John, which is fifty miles further up, and is the grand
source of the Saguenay.

“After having seen and heard all this, you get on board,
weigh anchor, pass again down the river, reviewing the
solemn scene, probably meet neither vessel, boat nor
canoe, through all the dreary way, and arrive at the
mouth of the river in time to cross to River du Loup,
where you again find a safe harbour for the night. Next
day you again pass up the St. Lawrence, stopping for a
short time at Murray Bay, a beautiful grassy valley on
the North Shore, surrounded by wooded mountains, and
much frequented by Quebec families as a bathing place.
You arrive at Quebec in the evening, thus taking just
three days for your excursion at an expence of about \$12.”

Quebec to Richmond by Railway.

Having thus visited the Ultima Thule of Canadian
scenery—having seen all that the St. Lawrence can offer
from the sublime Niagara, with its beauties lying amid
civilization and civilized life, to the wild and stern shores
of the Saguenay, the tourist may now fairly turn his face
homeward, and we shall, with his permission, accompany

him yet a little way on his journeying, as in fact our routes are the same at least to Montreal. This we suggest doing by railway. A steamer carries us across from Quebec to the Station of the Grand Trunk Railway Company, at Hadlow Cove, where wharves, engine-houses and a turntable have been constructed at a great expense, and of a very durable description. At first the road keeps along the banks of the river as far as Point Levi Mills, where it commences an ascent to what is called the Gap, by a fifty feet gradient three and a-half miles, and thence to the Chaudiere, of which we have already spoken. The point of crossing is only a short way above the falls, thus rendering a visit to them much more easy than hitherto, though we still describe the old route for those who prefer a smart trot behind a fast Canadian pony and a good view of the country and its people, to the rapid and view destroying railroad-car. The railway bridge is of iron, resting on nine piers, and to all but the traveller, who cannot see much of it, is an object of great attraction.

The road is through a country that, for the greater part, is thinly settled, yet the intelligent observer will remark that the land is of a superior quality nearly throughout, so that in a few years a large population will soon occupy it. As it is there are only two or three villages on the whole route, Somerset, Stanfold and Danville being the most thriving. At Richmond, ninety-six miles from Quebec, the road joins the Portland and Montreal branch—distant from the latter seventy miles. At Richmond the company have built a very comfortable station-house, with engine-houses, workshops, &c., or on a scale.

At this place the cars from Montreal to Portland meet those we have just arrived in from Quebec, and keep the "track clear." We shall go back to Montreal to meet and bring along those of our friends who may have stopped short there.

Montreal to Richmond by Railway.

Travellers going South have the choice of three routes, one by the St. Lawrence and Champlain Railroad, another by the Montreal and New York Railroad, *via* Plattsburgh, whence passengers are conveyed by steamer to Burlington, where they have a choice of routes, and the third by the Eastern Townships to Portland. If the first is preferred the ferry steamboat must be taken to St. Lambert, immediately opposite the city, where the cars await the passengers—starting twice every day. If the second, cars are taken to Lachine, thence across the St. Lawrence to the Indian Village of Caughnawaga, and from that by rail to Plattsburgh. The route by Portland is by far the most interesting, and, though less known as yet, is rapidly rising in the estimation of the travelling community. And assuming that our friends will follow our advice, we shall embark in the steamer for the Longueuil Station, three miles below the town, and taking another view of the lovely Island of St. Helens, join the cars for Portland.

The road proceeds through a dead level country, thickly settled by Canadians, whose white-washed cottages and long strips of land, with straight rail fences, gives a curious and by no means pleasing aspect to the landscape. The

first break on the monotony is the arrival at the Richelieu River, a broad and clear stream, connecting Lake Champlain with the St. Lawrence, into which it falls at Sorel. The cars go slowly over the large bridge which spans the river, and the traveller gets a beautiful view both up and down—looking upon one of the most fertile districts of Canada ; naturally, at least, fertile—for the impoverishing system of culture unfortunately pursued by the *habitans* has nearly exhausted the soil. It would be unfair, however, not to state that a great improvement begins to manifest itself in this respect, so much so that we venture to say, if the march of improvement goes on for ten years at the rate it has down for the last five, the valley of the Richelieu will again become the granary of Lower Canada, a land flowing with milk and honey.

A mile or so after crossing the bridge the cars stop at St. Hilaire Station. Immediately below the road is seen the fine residence and grounds of Major Campbell, late of the 7th Hussars, a Scotch gentleman, owner of the Seignior of Rouville. To the right is seen the Mountain of Belœil, one of those singular hills of which several rise suddenly from the perfectly level country lying between the Vermont Mountains and the St. Lawrence. To the top of this mountain there is a good road, and from the summit a superb view is obtained of the Richelieu, the St. Lawrence, and the entrance to Lake Champlain. In a basin near the top is a singular little lake of deep, clear, and cool water. The distance from Montreal being so little, a trip to visit the mountain and the lake is a

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favourite Saturday's amusement for the good people of the city, and the tourist, whose time permits, will find a few hours stay here by no means unprofitably spent. And if he chooses to delay longer he will find every comfort in the Hotel at the foot of the mountain, for which accommodation the public is indebted to Major Campbell. Around this place the traveller will see many symptoms of the agricultural improvement above alluded to, and this mainly owing to the example of the gentleman we have just named, whose exertions to introduce improvement in system, breeds of cattle, seeds, &c., among his *censitaires*, are above all praise.

From St. Hilaire the cars proceed through the same level country to St. Hyacinthe, and on the route there is nothing to remark—every house and every farm so nearly resembles those just past, all through the seignories, that if we could be set down after a dream in any one part of the country, it would be impossible for him to tell whether he was near Chambly, Sorel, Nicolet, or any where else—all through, as the writer overheard a witty *Curé* say, we have *une maison, un four, un petit pont—une maison, un four, un petit pont*—a house, an oven, a little bridge—a house, an oven, and a little bridge, and so on forever. St. Hyacinthe, however, offers a change. This is as nearly as possible a purely French village, or rather town, and is a remarkably clean thriving place. True it does not double its population every five years, and most true the inhabitants are almost all natives of the place, unlike some of the western cities where no native over ten years

old can be found. Still St. Hyacinthe is an active bustling little town with its three thousand cheerful Canadian inhabitants. There is a College and an excellent one—a Nunnery, several large Churches, a Court House and Jail. There is also an excellently supplied Market, and one or two capital Hotels with civil and obliging hosts who do not make long bills. In the neighbourhood are many excellent gardens and orchards.

The train immediately on starting crosses the Yamaska River by a handsome bridge, and in a few minutes we find ourselves in the bush—through which for a distance of thirty miles the road runs. Now a few settlers break the solitude with their clearings; but still except at the stations of Upton, Acton, and Durham, little has been done to clear away the ancient forest which formerly divided the Seigniories from the Eastern Townships. About eight miles after leaving the Durham Station, after descending the inclined plane between the two banks of a deep cutting, the cars suddenly rush out into the valley of St. Francis, crossing the river by a beautiful bridge full fifty feet above the dark water below. We are now into an entirely different country—the level fields, narrow farms, straight fences, and white-washed cottages, are changed for a rolling and hilly country, with rough clearings, stumps, frame-houses, and all sorts of shaped fields, with snake or straight fences as the case may be. With the country we have changed the people. A few minutes ago we heard nothing but French, and saw nothing but the grey coats and blue caps of the light hearted

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speakers--now all is English, with the staid business like men of our race about the Station at Richmond, for here we are at Richmond again ready to join our friends from Quebec.

Richmond to Gorham Station by Railway.

The view from this place is exceedingly pleasing, above the station is seen the village of Richmond on the same side of the river, with its College on the hill, and the new Court-House on the other side, while immediately opposite is the pretty little village of Melbourne. Between runs the St. Francis, here a broad but shallow river. All around is a well cleared and well farmed country, both banks sloping down to the clear water. From Richmond the country is much as we have described all the way to Sherbrooke. At Brompton Falls the cars stop at the St. Francis Mills. These have been built only three years ago by an enterprising firm from Maine, and it is said are the largest and most complete saw-mills in Canada, probably in the world. The dam turns the whole river to the various flumes, and gives motion to ninety upright saws, with several circular saws and machinery for cutting laths, boxes, rails, rollers, &c. The mills are lighted by gas, manufactured in a gasometer adjoining, but so far removed as to obviate all danger from fire--which is further guarded against by a series of pipes and force pumps, which can in a few minutes deluge the whole building, and are worked by the water power.

Although built in 1854, already a thriving village is

built around the mills. The timber is cut around the head waters of the St. Francis, and the quantity got out every year may be judged of if the passenger will keep his eye from this up to Sherbrooke on the river, which is literally covered, a distance of eight miles, with floating pine logs.

Sherbrooke is the next place reached, and is the capital of the Eastern Townships. It is a place of some importance, and rapidly increasing—its present population is over three thousand. The town is situated on the St. Francis and is divided into two parts by the River Magog, which descends by a succession of falls in a considerable body of water, offering great facilities for manufactories. Many such establishments already exist; but the property in the falls being in the hands of the British American Land Company, who will only lease the water power for a term of years, of course enterprise is checked, and the town of Sherbrooke is greatly injured by this wretched policy. It is in spite of this great discouragement that the town increases as it does. As it is there are iron-foundries, saw and grist mills, with pail, woolen, and other factories on the river. There is also a Court-House, Jail, Episcopalian, Independent, and Catholic Churches, with a well conducted Academy.

The town is built upon a hill, and from the high ground the view up and down the valley of the St. Francis is exceedingly fine, for, though the land in the immediate vicinity is rough and broken, the country around is rich and the soil generally excellent. From this place a good road now leads to Lake Memphramagog, distant fourteen

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miles. A trip to this lake is one every way interesting, the scenery being equal, and by many thought grander, than that of Lake George. The fishing is also excellent, particularly in the month of May, when an excellent fish, called the lake trout, is taken, weighing from ten to twenty-five pounds weight. A steamboat plies all summer for tourists. And though the road spoken of is newly opened, a journey to see the scenery of Memphramagog, and ascend the mountain called the Owl's Head, is becoming every day more and more a favorite.

Leaving Sherbrooke by Railroad, you arrive at Lennoxville in Ascot, distant three miles south of Sherbrooke, a beautifully situated village in the valley of the Massawippi, at its junction with the St. Francis. In this delightful village is situated Bishop's College and the Grammar School in connection with it. These institutions are admirably managed, the terms of tuition and board are moderate, and the situation is both beautiful and healthful. A depot is established here for the convenience of the large and thriving settlements to the eastward. From this point, an excellent carriage road leads in an easterly direction through the fine Township of Eaton, settled now some thirty years, and thence to the new settlements of the British American Land Company in Bury and Lingwick. Eaton possesses two pretty villages, having each a comfortable country inn, and distant twelve miles from Lennoxville, with which they have daily communication by stage, affording one of the pleasantest drives in the Eastern Townships. A stage

communication is also had thence through Bury to Lingwick, a distance of twenty-two miles beyond which extend the vast territory of unconceded lands of the Crown, including the Lakes St. Francis and Megantic Mountain whose summit is supposed to be the highest point in the Townships. Excellent trout and other fine fish are caught in almost all the streams and lakes, which every where abound in this wild region. This is now also one of the few districts in which the Moose Deer is to be found in any considerable numbers. Very many of these, the largest and noblest of Canada's wild animals, are taken both in winter and summer, and although the manner of hunting them at the different seasons varies very materially, it affords at all times animating and exciting sport.

Returning to Lennoxville, the Railroad leaves the valley of the St. Francis, proceeding up that of the beautiful Massawippi, and at the distance of five miles enters the valley of the Coaticooke, at the northerly limit of the Township of Compton; and thence up the western slope of this valley through the centre of the last named Township, and near the easterly line of Barnston, to the Province Line, a distance of twenty-eight miles from Lennoxville.

In Compton, the Railroad passes near the village of Waterville in the north part of the Township, and about two miles west of the centre—the former is a thriving place, having a foundry, grist and saw mills. The other is an older place, and being in the centre of the Township,

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near the summit between the Coaticooke and Moe's River Vallies, commands a beautiful and varied prospect. This Township is watered by the Coaticooke and Moe's Rivers, which have a parallel course through it of about three miles apart, affording numerous mill sites in their course. The country between these rivers, is moderately elevated, chiefly settled and well cultivated. The valley of the Coaticooke is broad and beautiful, affording a wide extent of alluvial meadow grounds. Two excellent carriage roads pass from north to south through the Township, one of which is continued through Barford and Hereford to the Province Line, at the head of the Connecticut. The drives in this Township afford a great variety of fine scenery and are truly delightful. The traveller desirous of enjoying these, or visiting the Townships of Hatley and Stanstead, should leave the cars at the Compton depot. From the latter place, continuing by rail, at the distance of about six miles, he reaches the north east part of Barnston. There is here an excellent water power, with grist and saw mills and a well kept country inn. A good carriage road leads from this village into the heart of the Township, to another pretty village. Barnston is one of the best settled of the Townships, with excellent roads traversing it in every direction. Having now reached the Province Line, the tourist must retrace his steps to the Compton depot, for the purpose of reaching Stanstead and the Magog Lake. Leaving this, he first reaches Charleston Village in Hatley, distant five miles, passing through a beautiful country,

from some elevated points of which he will be constrained to pause and admire the rich scene spread out before him, which includes the bold Highlands or the west shore of the beautiful Massawippi Lake, the north end of the Green Mountain range on the west shore of the Magog Lake, some twenty-five miles distant, while the picturesque and broken outline of the Orford and Megantic mountains are seen in the far distance.

From Charleston Village, a road of fourteen miles leads through part of Barnston direct to Stanstead Plain, within a mile of the Province Line, passing through a delightful country, affording fine views of the Massawippi Lake and adjacent country.

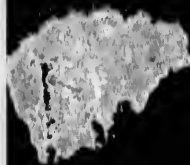
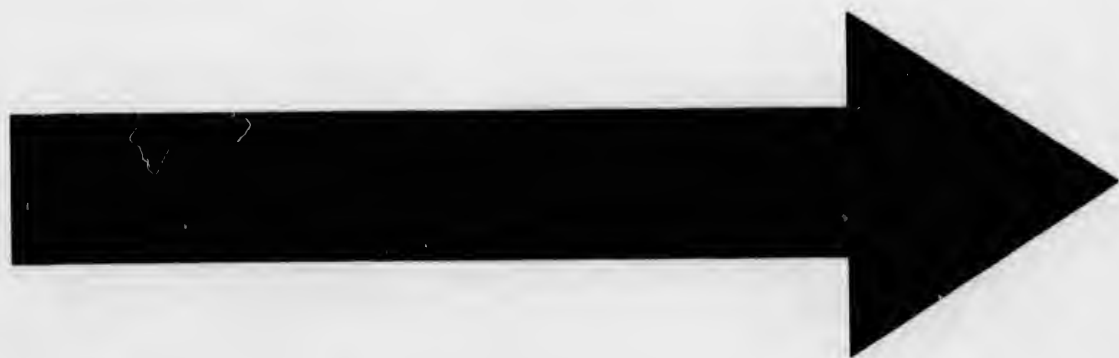
The Township of Stanstead was one of the earliest settled in the country, and is the most populous and wealthy; excellent roads thread it in every direction, along which are every where found schools, churches, mills, and well stocked and cultivated farms. It also possesses three very considerable villages, that at the Plain being the largest; the next at Rock Island, on the Province Line, possesses an excellent water power and is a place of note for its commerce and manufactures; the last, Georgeville, situated on the shore of the Magog Lake, and embosomed in hills, is one of the prettiest imaginable, when viewed from the Lake. It is now the general resting place of the throng of travellers, who annually visit the Lake and neighbourhood, which may justly be termed the Switzerland of Canada. This Lake is from twenty-five to thirty miles in length, by a width of two, and runs several miles

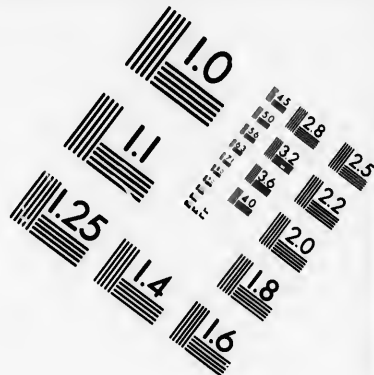
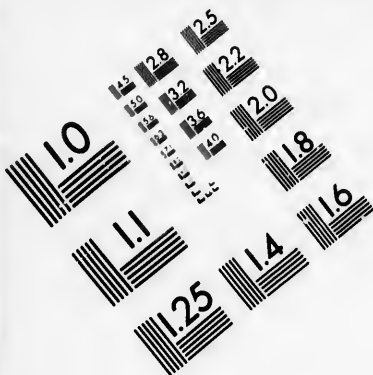
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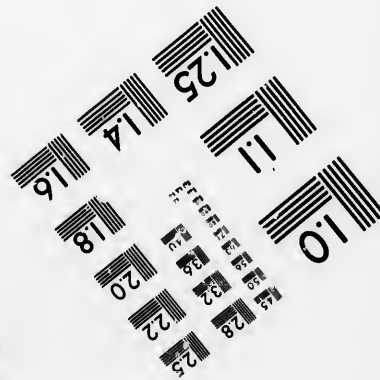
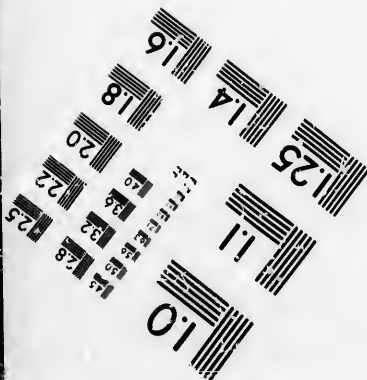
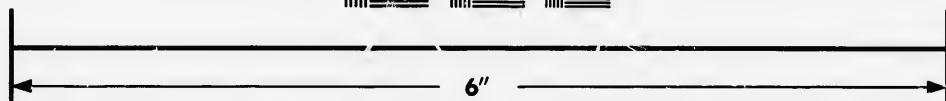
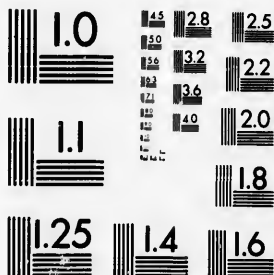
into the adjoining State of Vermont. A steamboat, "The Mountain Maid", has been placed on its waters, running daily between Newport at its head in Vermont, and Magog at its outlet. No tourist should omit taking a trip on this Lake, nor making the ascent of the Owl's Head, a mountain five thousand feet high, on its western shore, at the base of which he will find comfortable accommodation at the Mountain House Hotel. From Georgeville there is a steam-ferry which crosses to Bolton shore, from which conveyance may be had by a tri-weekly line of stages through Bolton, Brome, Dunham and Stanbridge to St. John's, about sixty miles. The places last named, are fine Townships containing several villages, and a large agricultural population.

Having thus in a cursory and imperfect manner introduced the traveller into the most settled and best cultivated of the Eastern Townships, (a great portion besides being still covered with the primeval forest), a few observations upon the character and capabilities of the country generally, may not be deemed irrelevant. The climate is similar to that of Montreal, and considerably milder than that of Quebec. It is eminently salubrious and entirely free from ague, intermittent fever, and other epidemics which prevail in some parts of Western Canada, and the adjoining States; and it should be mentioned, as evidence of the purity of the air, that while the Asiatic Cholera has repeatedly raged with extreme virulence in all the surrounding countries, not a single case has occurred in the Eastern Townships.





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The general appearance of the face of the country is most beautifully picturesque; the land rises in gentle swells for miles together, the uncleared portions clothed with maple, beech, and birch, and other hard woods, while the vallies are generally timbered with hard wood and evergreens mixed, or with evergreens alone. In every direction are found plentiful rivulets of the purest and clearest water, which, uniting in the course of a few miles, form large brooks, and thus afford every convenience for the erection of mills, &c., and also afford the angler abundance of sport. Interspersed through most of the Townships are found beautiful Lakes, varying from one mile to thirty, and filled in most cases with delicious fish.

The general soil of the uplands in the Townships is a light loam, easily worked, and yielding good returns for the labour of the farmer; while in the lowlands, and along the shores of the stream are extensive alluvions, which, when cleared, are chiefly used as meadow land, and produce extraordinary large crops of hay.

The whole country is particularly favorable for grazing, and the beef and mutton fed on the pastures of the Townships are fully equal to any in Canada.

Leaving the Boundary Line, we pass up the Coaticooke River through the town of Norton to the Norton Pond, which lies partly in Norton and partly in Warren's Gore. Thence crossing the summit between the waters which flow northerly directly into Canada, and those which run westerly into Memphramagog Lake, we pass by Phering River, through a corner of Morgan Township into

Wenlock, to Island Pond lying in Wenlock and Brighton. This has been selected for the point of junction of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence and the St. Lawrence and Atlantic Railways. The route from the Boundary to within a few miles of this point is through the forest, and the beauty of Island Pond and the adjacent section of country seems still more striking from the contrast which is presented. The Pond is about two miles in length and three quarters of a mile in breadth, bordered by farms and beautiful natural scenery. No point could have been chosen for this junction possessing greater advantages than this. The depot grounds are spacious, and buildings commodious, and the lands in the vicinity are susceptible of a high degree of cultivation. This must become a favorite resort of pleasure-seekers, as the Pond is amply stocked with trout and pickerel, which here seem to have laid aside their old family feuds, and to have increased and multiplied time out of mind. The forest in the vicinity abounds in game, worthy the attention of sportsmen, and it will probably be many years before the shriek of the all conquering locomotive will have entirely driven the moose, the bear, and the deer, into retreats still more secure. Leaving Island Pond, we pass along Spectacle Pond, so called from its supposed resemblance to a pair of spectacles, and thence passing by level or gently descending grades through Brighton, Brunswick and Bloomfield, a distance of fourteen-and-a-half miles, we reach the Connecticut River, the boundary between the States of New Hampshire and Vermont. This portion of the route is

also through a continuous forest, though a passable carriage road runs through Connecticut to a point some miles above Island Pond on the Phering River, and also down the Clyde (which rises in Island Pond) to Derby and the west. Soon after leaving Spectacle Pond, the line crosses the summit between the waters flowing into the St. Lawrence, and those which seek the Atlantic by the way of the Connecticut River. The West branch of the Nulhegan has its source just beyond this summit, and the line follows the stream to its embouchement into the Connecticut. At this point, there is an extensive water power judiciously improved. A mile below is a large mineral spring strongly impregnated with sulphur and iron. Crossing the Connecticut River by a substantial bridge of two spans of one hundred and sixty feet each and thirty feet high, we reach the broad fertile meadows of Stratford. The road now passes along the bank of the river for ten miles, being, for the greater part of the distance, out of sight of the comfortable farm-houses which stand on the high table at the foot of the mountain range which skirts the valley. The scenery here is beautiful, quiet and pastoral in its character, and ever varying. Stratford Hollow is seven miles below the Connecticut Bridge. The Bog Brook flows through the village, affording sufficient water power for the wants of the people in the vicinity. Following the river to a distance of three-and-a-half miles below this point, the line passes the ridge between the valleys of the Connecticut and Upper Ammonoosuc River through very heavy cutting. We are now in the

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town of Northumberland, and entering the winding and narrow but picturesque and beautiful valley of the Ammonoosuc. The Northumberland station is two miles from the Connecticut River, and one hundred and twenty-two from Portland. There is an excellent hotel close at hand, where the comfort of the sojourner is the first object of the enterprising proprietor. This is a very important station, as the highly cultivated farms lying between Northumberland and Lancaster, on both sides of the Connecticut River, send here, of their abundance, things new and old for the Portland market. Lancaster, the shiretown of Coos county, lies on the Connecticut ten miles below the station. It is a beautiful and flourishing village, where almost every trade is represented, and whose business with Portland contributes largely to the support of the road. Northumberland village in New Hampshire, and Guildhall in Vermont, delightfully situated opposite each other on Falls of the Connecticut, are three miles below the depot. Leaving Northumberland, we cross the Ammonoosuc by a bridge of one hundred and twenty feet span and thirty feet high, and thence the line follows the river through Stark, Dummer, and Milan, to its head waters, Ammonoosuc Pond, a distance of twenty-three miles,—now running close to the river, the base of the embankment, washed by its waters,—now leaving it to find its way across the spurs of the hills by a route less circuitous than that of the stream. Just before reaching the Pond, the river is crossed by a bridge forty feet high. This portion of the route affords many fine views of the famous Stratford Peaks.

We now come to the summit between the Connecticut and the Androscoggin waters, which is passed with a grade of sixteen feet to the mile, and soon cross Dead River which we follow to Berlin Falls, where it empties into the Androscoggin. The Line itself, for most of the distance between Northumberland and Berlin Falls is through the forest, but there are farms all the way within a short distance of the Railway, and carriage roads running parallel with its course. The only station in this distance is at West Milan, which also accommodates Dummer Bridge, a little hamlet a mile below the station.

Berlin Falls village is at the head of Dead River, just at the top of the Falls. Situated in the midst of the wildest scenery, offering the greatest inducements to sportsmen and lovers of the beautiful, and possessing a comfortable and convenient hotel, it has already become a favorite place of resort. Great quantities of lumber for the Portland market is annually manufactured at this point, and at the mills on the Androscoggin, a short distance above.

Leaving Berlin Falls, the line descends five miles by a gradient of forty-five feet per mile to the valley of Moose River, which empties into the Androscoggin from the South West. This portion of the route affords several magnificent views of the principal peaks of the White Mountains. Crossing Moose River, near the mouth of which is a large hotel, we reach the White Mountain station house in Gorham, delightfully situated on the delta, between the Androscoggin and Peabody River.

Gorham station house is five miles from Shelburne, ninety-one from Portland, and two hundred and five from Boston. Before reaching it, the track crosses Peabody River—runs along the valley of the Androscoggin and Peabody Rivers—and gives a good view of many small hill tops.

The hotel itself is the chief object of interest here, and one which is like to attract the more immediate attention of the traveller. It is in full view on the right hand side, and very unlikely to be mistaken or overlooked. This house is a three story edifice, erected by the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad Company. It stands in the valley of the Androscoggin and Peabody Rivers—in a clearing of between two and three hundred acres. The scenery on all sides is closed up by mountains. Those in front are un-named: the long ridge in its rear is known as Mt. Hayes. The building is one hundred feet front and fifty feet wide, with an ell of equal height one hundred feet long. Piazzas embrace three sides of it. It has a dining room, eighty-five feet long by thirty feet broad—drawing rooms, parlors, reading and smoking room, bathing rooms, &c.—in all one hundred and sixty-five rooms and is capable of accommodating two hundred and fifty guests. The sleeping rooms are carpeted and furnished, provided with stoves and ventilators. It is a most thoroughly built edifice and admirably adapted to the purpose for which it was built and is used. The White Mountains are not visible from the hotel, although it is but ten miles distant from the summit of Mount Washington. Five minutes walk,

however, in almost any direction bring them into view. In order to visit them, a ride becomes necessary to Bellows' Farm : and a most interesting ride it is. The distance is seven miles—over a good and hard road in the valley of Peabody River. Carriages leave the Gorham House daily for this place, and private carriages, which are preferable, can be obtained. Immediately after crossing the river from the Hotel, the road plunges into the shadow of hill-tops that block out all objects beyond them. Only at intervals, for the first two miles, can any sight be obtained of the loftier peaks that are in advance. But the drive is magnificent even here. Old trees skirt the roadside and hang over it—partially concealing, partially revealing the beautiful waters of the river that runs side by side with the road. About half way between the hotel and Bellows' Farm is a deserted house in the midst of a clearing—where, in past time, a man, more bold than wise, tried to support himself, and failed. There is also a venerable saw-mill near by : but the dam has been swept away, and the saw hangs idly in its frame. Aside from these, and an occasional rabbit that may hop across the road, or partridge flying from intrusion, there are no signs of life, present or past, on the road we travel.

The Glen House at Bellows' Farm stands on a plain of about one hundred acres in the valley of Peabody River. The mountains are directly in front, nothing intervening to obscure, in any degree, their giant forms. On the extreme left is Mount Washington. On both wings of the loftier summits are the tops of innumerable lesser elevat-

tions, so confused and crowded together as to render their description impossible. Behind the house is a long, irregular rise, called "Carter Mountain." There is not, probably, any spot, on either the eastern or western sides, where a finer view is obtained of the great peaks than from here: and it must, from this circumstance alone, soon become a very important spot for mountain travel.

The White Mountains.

Those who are desirous of ascending the Mountains, having driven to the Glen House, will there find a very choice selection of ponies and saddle-horses ready for the expedition and experienced guides to accompany them.

For a description of the ascent, we avail ourselves of the lively pen of the gentleman to whom we are indebted for a description of the Saguenay.

"After breakfast, the bracing morning air putting us in high spirits, the party who have made up their minds to ascend the mountain, are gathered in groups around the piazzas, in close consultation. Six horses, with side saddles, for the ladies are led forth; and twelve, with high peaked saddles, for the gentlemen, besides a few choice chargers, which the worthy landlord reserves for the heavy weights. Most of the horses are French Canadian ponies, sure footed, enduring little animals, of fourteen hands, which make excellent palfreys for scrambling among the rocks. From time to time the party cast glances at the mountain which towers overhead, for, from this point, you can see the extreme summit, and begin to have some idea of the dif-

difficulties about to be encountered. The hearts of the ladies do not fail, and of course the gentlemen must follow. Draped in long habits and hoods, armed with strong leather gauntlets, reaching to the elbow, and riding whips, they appear, girt for the feat, and mount their horses boldly.

“ It is only poor mamma whose heart fails her, who has no longer any charge of her daughter, who has committed her, for the first time, to push her way through the tangled woods and slippery paths of this rugged world. She is determined, however, to do her duty to the last, as far as she can do it, and mounting to the upper piazza, and applying herself to the telescope, follows with anxious eye the merry party as they dash down the sloping lawn towards the river, cross the rustic bridge, enter the shady wood, and disappear from view.

“ She pauses for a little, and in her impatience turns her telescope towards a precipitous cream coloured ledge, which she knows the party must climb. It is a short spur of the mountain, composed of huge masses of felspar. At its base, a silvery wood of leafless trees, a patch of stunted birch, partially burned, the trunks and branches blanched with winter frosts and summer suns, and much of the shining bark still remaining, produces a most singular effect. Be not impatient, my dear madam. It will only take the party two hours to arrive at this point. The wood through which they are passing is shady and romantic, no doubt. Rocks of granite, newly rent asunder, with rich veins of mica, lie scattered all around. Mossy trunks of trees may lie across the path, over which their willing

little steeds carry them with a bound. Refreshing rills of water trickle down the rocks. The horses wind, in single file, around the spiral path, often escarped deeply, into the steep sides of the mountain, for narrow is the road, and sometimes marshy, the trees inclining overhead. Silently, and slowly, they wend their way, all fully occupied in guiding their horses through the crooked path. No clatter of hoofs is heard, only the rustling of withered leaves. No voice except an exclamation when some fair rider has performed a daring feat. For who can willingly talk when obliged to do so at the pitch of his voice? Be not uneasy, my dear madam, you see all is going well. Only one thing can happen in these little woodland journeys, and that is not very serious. A horse, in struggling through the swampy ground, may burst his saddle girth. In such a case a lady may, most assuredly, fall into the mud. But as there is usually a gentleman riding in rear, he, rather than such a mishap should occur, jumps off his horse, and dashing into the swamp, receives the lady in his arms, just as she is on the point of touching the ground. He gently bears her to a mossy bank, and the horse is led out to firm ground, the saddle more securely adjusted, and the rider mounts again nothing daunted. And now I may as well describe the most approved method of mounting on horseback.

“The lady, without hesitation, having made up her mind to it, places her left foot, the smaller and *bien chaussée* the better, in the right hand of her squire, he stands at the horse's head, his left hand holding the reins. The lady,

then, her left hand on his shoulder, her right on the saddle, is poised in the air like a bird, and finds herself, without exactly knowing how, securely seated in her saddle. This, although a long operation in describing, is really the work of a moment; and is the safest and most effectual way of mounting on horseback, for the horse is kept steady, and cannot advance until the rider is securely seated.

“ And now, if you apply yourself again to the telescope, you will see the whole cavalcade emerging from the leafy greenwood, and entering the leafless silvery wood. The horses, no longer in single file, have room to canter in pairs. And now, among the foremost, you may observe a dappled gray, draggled with mud, on which is a lady gaily chatting to a cavalier. That must be your daughter. Her horse, it is, who has been in the mire; and that is the very gentleman who kindly bore her to the mossy bank: you must return him thanks for his great attentiou.

“ Poor mamma drops her telescope, a tear of reproach glistens in her eye; I have mistaken the phial, and been pouring the waters of bitterness into the wounded spirit, instead of the balm of consolation. For the first time she perceives the maternal sceptre gliding from her gentle hand, and it is hard to bear. And now, finding ourselves very much out of place in this situation on the upper piazza, let us fly across and see how the party are occupied at the foot of the precipice.

“ The gentlemen have alighted to breathe their horses. They have loosened their saddle girths; are fumbling with their cigar cases; and stroll about, viewing, with wonder,

the singular leafless silvery wood, which covers the plateau on which they stand. An inaccessible gulf is on one side ; an apparently insurmountable precipice on the other. Where is the path ? While ruminating and puffing, we are surprized to see the ladies charge at the precipice as if riding a steeple chase. The mountain air has put them in high spirits, and they seem to fear no danger. The horses scale the cliff as if climbing up a zigzag flight of stairs. You see them pass overhead, bearing their light burthens, and, as they successively reach the summit, their outline appears against the sky. *Your* horses, gentlemen, cannot carry you up this ledge of rock. You must allow them to climb with empty saddles. You must follow on foot, as best you can ; the heavy men stopping frequently to get breath, as they toil laboriously up the long ascent, pretending that they merely loiter to enjoy the view.

“ At last, arrived at the top of the ledge, above the region of trees and grass, there being nothing but masses of shivered rocks, you fancy yourself near the summit. But all high mountains are deceptive in this respect, for, as you pass on, crest after crest appears to view, and you think the labour of guiding your horse interminable. The animal begins to utter hollow groans, as only the unwilling horse can do, when urged to jog along where footing is hard to find. At last, however, you see the very last cone, rough with fragments of huge rocks ; either, they have been showered down from heaven, or the outer crust of the mountain is shivered to shreds by the action of the frost. No water-worn boulders are here, all looks fresh,

with ragged edges, newly broken. And here let us pause a while to learn from the guide a melancholy tale.

“There is a rude house, built of rock, on the summit of the mountain. I had to remain for shelter all night, the evening being too tempestuous and cloudy to descend. Next morning we went out at day break to see what damage the storm had done. We were astonished to see a man struggling towards us, frantic with despair. He could not speak, he could hardly walk, benumbed with cold and grief. He led us a little way down the hill, where you see that cairn of stones. Here, we found, as within a tomb, two young girls lying. One, quite cold and dead, and stiff, the other nearly so. It appears, that the evening before, a gentleman and two ladies had left the glen house after dinner, intending to walk to the top of the mountain, to remain all night, for the purpose of seeing the rising sun,—too great an undertaking at any time, but especially so without a guide, and night approaching. Enthusiasm gave them strength, and enabled them to climb up the ledge. That was too much for one, the youngest. Her strength began to fail. It was too late to retrace their steps. They cannot stop here, they must proceed. Still two miles of rugged ascent. Storm and clouds came on; darkness, and driving sleet. The track no longer seen. Drenched to the skin, they toiled their weary way in an exhausted state over a trackless waste of loose rocks. How they dragged themselves along, sinking with weakness? How they reached within a short distance of the top; where relief and shelter might have

been found, and without knowing that help was so near? How they lay down in despair under this heap of stones, and how they passed the night? it is not to be told. Misery and fear had deprived them of their senses. We may throw a veil over it. A ragged shoe was found, a glove, a torn handkerchief covered with blood, wound round a wounded foot; dumb witnesses of the cruel agony of that night, as well to the victim, as to the survivors.

“ At length we arrive at the very summit, and seat ourselves in a little amphitheatre of rude pillars. Having ascended from the east, we wish to have a view towards the west. We therefore cast our eyes into the adjacent valley. Far below us, stretches a long spur of the mountain, running about eight miles towards the west, with a height of four thousand feet, and a deep valley on either side. And now we hear a solemn, psalmlike dirge; the hum of many voices, rising from beneath. It reminds us of the ancient Covenanters performing their worship in the depth of the hills, far out of the reach of their persecutors. The music is slow and solemn, but it is not the chant of the Covenanter, it is an anthem of the English Church commencing—

O! all ye works of the Lord
Bless ye the Lord
Praise and magnify his name for ever.

O! ye mountains and hills
Bless ye the Lord
Praise and magnify his name for ever.

Most appropriate and touching in such a scene. And

now the Kent bugle is distinctly heard, leading the choir of well toned voices, for all join in the simple and sublime chaunt.

“ We now perceive, winding around a bare promontory, and creeping along the crest of a cliff, a line of thirty horses, which, at this immense distance, appear like insects on a mole-hill,—near and more near they approach, one by one, like pilgrims, threading their way ; sometimes riding on the summit of the hills ; sometimes creeping along the face of the precipice. At length they arrive at a lonely tarn, called the lake of the cloud, over which hangs a perpetual mist. Here they halt a while, walking their horses into the water to quench their thirst and refresh their limbs, for now they are near to the crest of mountain, at which they are preparing to make a vigorous dash. This part of the ascent is remarkably steep and rugged, much more so than the route by which we ascended, and we lose sight of the party altogether, until their horses are again seen, after the space of an hour, tottering along, one after another, on the extreme summit. And now, a party of some forty, all strangers to each other, have met together, to dine on the top of the mountain.

“ We are hungry enough, and may therefore enter the hotel. But where is it ? We see nothing like a house ; can it be this heap of stones, piled rudely together, and which I really had taken for the extreme mountain top ? It must be so, for here is a door ; and you observe that the roof, and in fact the whole house, is moored across and across with heavy chains, fastened to iron rings deeply

imbedded in solid rock. You enter, and the inside is in keeping with what you have already seen. Bare walls of rough granite, the interstices filled with smaller stones, and the crevices of these again filled with gravel and moss, for where can clay or earth be found here for such a purpose.

“ All this is very characteristic, very appropriate, and in very good taste ; and we should be sorry to see any alteration made, further, than to enlarge the accommodation if necessary. It is like the Ark, stranded on the top of Mount Ararat. The windows look like port holes, and through them you have a peep at the surrounding country, like to a picture set in a rough frame. If further ornament is required, why not have a few rough granite pilasters, rich and sparkling with brilliant mica, ornamented lustrous minerals, and curious shells, and the mosses which grow so profusely in the adjoining valleys. And should you require further ornament, why not have horns of the moose, the red-deer, the skins of bears, otters, and wolves, and other trophies of the chase, which tell the history of the surrounding neighbourhood? But, to hear of a wooden hotel, preparing to be erected, with gay piazzas, or verandas supported on Ionic pillars, all painted white, and with green venetian blinds ; bowling alleys, and billiard rooms ; all very suitable and picturesque in the valley, but most inappropriate here. We trust the time is distant when such innovations may be projected, and if attempted, that the tempests and lightning, which reign here in triumph, may hurl them from their foundation, as the walls of Jerusalem were overturned by earthquakes.

“ And now, having enjoyed an excellent dinner, we prepare for our descent, and I am greatly tempted to join that party with the Kent bugle, who turn to the west. There is a nice hotel there, full of good company, and it is only ten miles distant. And here we can further explore the rough country, and admire the variety of hill and valley.

“ We commence, with great caution, the descent from the summit, allowing the horses to find their own way down the headlong path. We have a pleasant ride along the crest of the mountain spur, where we can occasionally canter, the ground being comparatively smooth, and beyond the range of wood or tangled shrubs. We sometimes start a flock of grey plover, sometimes meet a solitary bee, a butterfly, a few stalks of thin grass, and the slender harebell, hanging on its wiry stalks, and on our path we meet with nothing else. To be sure, if we look below into the deep valleys, from the face of the precipice along which we are creeping, we see them rich with vegetation, thick with wood, which has not yet felt the stroke of the axe, for so far inaccessible to the industry of man. Nothing but wild animals inhabit here, the bear, the wolf, and the panther. No cottage, nor log-hut, nor domestic animal is seen on any side, nor hum of patient industry. At last we arrive at the extremity, where the mountain ends in a peak jutting abruptly into the plain below. Our guide takes his horn and plays merrily “ the Huntsman’s Chorus.” We have come again on the region of woods; we plunge into them and descend by a steep arduous path, for a distance of three miles.

“The wood meeting overhead, we see nothing but our own cavalcade, and at last, suddenly, and unexpectedly, debouche into a lovely lawn, on the opposite side of which appears a handsome and cheerful looking hotel, the balcony filled with company, looking out curiously for our party, who straggling along, one by one, seem completely worn out with the day's exploit, and ready for supper and a sound sleep.”

And now, gentle reader, our wanderings together are closed. Since we doffed our cap to you at Niagara, and bade you welcome to Canada, we have shown you much of our fair land—we have travelled by the steam-horse and the steam-ship, the proud trophies of modern science, and we have not feared to invite you to trust yourselves with the red man in his frail canoe. We have seen the cities and the wigwams, the past and the present of the land. We have seen the mighty St. Lawrence from her prodigious birth amid the thunders of Niagara, till lost in the still mightier ocean. We have seen much that is lovely, much that is wild, we have seen nature in all her moods, and we trust that our journey has neither been devoid of pleasure or profit. Here, at the foot of the greatest mountains of North America, we wish you a kind farewell.

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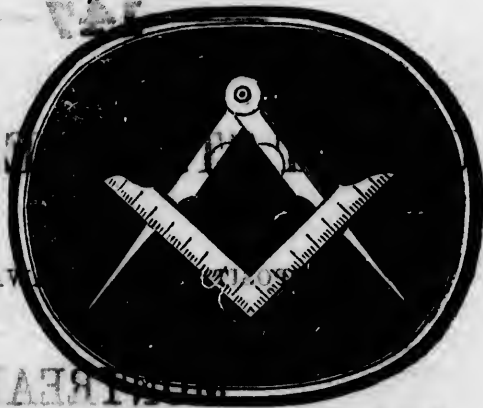
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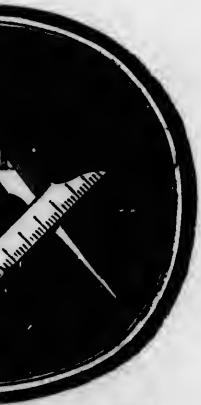


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