Taken from Memory. Lancy jr.

QUEBEC.

From the Plains of Abraham.

SKETCHES

OF

LOWER CANADA,

HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE;

WITH THE AUTHOR'S RECOLLECTIONS OF

THE SOIL, AND ASPECT;

THE

MORALS, HABITS, AND RELIGIOUS INSTITUTIONS,

OF

THAT ISOLATED COUNTRY;

DURING

A TOUR TO QUEBEC,

IN THE MONTH OF JULY, 1817.

BY JOSEPH SANSOM, ESQ.

MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY,

AUTHOR OF LETTERS FROM EUROPE, &c.

Most National Habitudes are the Result of unobserved Causes and Necessities. GRAY.

NEW-YORK:

PRINTED FOR KIRK & MERCEIN.

1817.

TO

DE WITT CLINTON,

GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK,

THIS

WORK

IS

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED;

AS A TOKEN OF ESTEEM,

FOR THE SERVICES, WHICH HE HAS RENDERED,

TO THE

SCIENCE, AND LITERATURE,

OF

HIS COUNTRY.

PRELIMINARY OBSERVATIONS.

It is of importance that neighbouring Nations should be acquainted with each other, that they may form a just estimate of one anothers *friendship*, or *enmity;* and, for this purpose they should see, as much as possible, with their own eyes; not through the medium of partial, or interested, Observers; by whose wilful, or designing misrepresentations, Governments are often led into fatal errors, in estimating the temper, or the resources of each other.

Who can suppose that if England—the self-styled *Mistress of the Ocean*, had not been deceived by the disparaging Narratives of superficial Travellers (happy in the gratification of National prejudice, at the expense of truth) she would have inconsiderately provoked an unnecessary struggle, in which her gallant Navy for-

feited the reputation of nautical invincibility, in the eyes of all Europe?

We have hitherto had no accounts of Canada written by American Travellers. We have only seen our next Neighbours, through the magnifying glasses of superficial Observers; who inverted the telescope, when they contemplated Independent America; and we have accordingly no information, upon which we can rely, of the sentiments of the People, or the comparative situation, and future prospects of that Country. We know not whether the French, in Canada, are to be dreaded, as Enemies; or conciliated as Friends.

The Author of the following Work, when it was *put* to press (after having been hastily written, from penciled memorandums, during a fortnights stay at Ballstown and Saratoga) had no idea of any thing more than a simple Narrative of a Journey, during which some interesting circumstances had unexpectedly occurred; and the title, printed on the first page, is accordingly "A Trip to Canada." But the Composition insensibly assuming a more historical and scientific form, in going through the

press, amidst the Libraries of NEW-YORK, it was decided, in a Literary circle, at DR. HOSACK'S, that the scope of the Work demanded a more elaborate designation: and the title has been accordingly varied to that of "Sketches of Lower Canada, historical and descriptive;" the discrepancy of which, with the *style* and *matter* of a Book of Travels, may possibly be excused by the Learned; in favour of the obvious occasion for more general views of Society on the AMERICAN Continent, than have hitherto obtained, either at home, or abroad.

NEW-YORK, Sept. 20th, 1817.

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A

TRIP TO CANADA.

UNDER the impressions hinted at in my prefatory remarks, at 3 o'clock P. M. on the 30th day of June, 1817, I stepped on board of the Bristol Steam Boat, at Market-Street wharf, with a portmanteau containing nothing more than was absolutely necessary, a cane in my hand, and Thomson's Seasons in my pocket; but no other companions excepting such as I might meet with in the public conveyances, who may be not inaptly considered the Tourist's Family, as the Inn is said to be the Traveller's home.

We reached Bristol in due time and in perfect safety from moving accidents *by fire or flood*, notwithstanding the really terrifying explosions that have lately happened on board of these accommodatory conveyances, I having purposely avoided the superior expedition which is promised by the Steam Boat Etna, for the sake of ease and safety, under the graduated force of what is called the lower pressure, for whose secure operation we are indebted to the late ingenious Robert Fulton of New-York.

We started immediately from Bristol in the York Stage, one of the six or seven passengers being a Creole from New-Orleans, who had already travelled in similar conveyances, fifteen hundred miles an end.

We lodged at Princeton that night, entered the Steam Boat Sea Horse at

Elizabethtown-Point, and landed at New-York time enough to dine at the City-Hotel, a place of entertainment, little, if at all, inferior to the London Tavern, or the Red House at Frankfort, so much and so justly celebrated by European Travellers.*

* Before entering Brunswick, or between that ancient town which preserves so much of the neatness and formality of its primitive Inhabitants, and the delightful village of Newark, which has been so often selected as the temporary residence of involuntary Refugees of quality, from different parts of Europe; as the driver lingered along the sands of Jersey, we passed by one tavern, the sign of *the Union*, and stopped to water at another under the same patronage. These people are great admirers of *union*, it would seem, said one of our company. Yes, replied I, they are so fond of *union* that they di-vide it. We had come on so very slowly, for the last few miles, that one had proposed to put *a snapper* upon the driver's whip, as we waited for him without quitting our seats; and, he staid so long at the bar while the people of the house were sitting down to meat, that another suspected he was going to breakfast there, and we should have to wait till he was done. That would be an unlucky *snap* for us, said I. He however presently came out again, and we drove off at an accellerated pace; but, it was not long before we *snapped* one of our jack-springs, and we were fain to crack our jokes with less merriment the rest of the way.

NEW-YORK.

I SHALL not stop to describe the Bay of New-York, nor to make comparisons which might lead me to Naples, or Constantinople, though neither of those places *unite* the various advantages of sea and river communication; and they must therefore yield, in point of convenience, to the American Emporium—whatever superiority they may possess in expanse of water, or diversity of objects——the rich inheritance of a hundred ages.

The Islands in the Bay of New-York, having been stripped of wood, are not very ornamental, and one of them, which has been fortified, obstructs by a massy tower, the view which was formerly enjoyed of the entrance called the narrows, through which whole fleets could be seen on their first entering the

Bay, and before they approached the Basin; where alone they are now visible to a Spectator on the Battery —a promenade of health and pleasure always crowded of an evening with the familiar intercourse of Youth and Beauty amid the retiring Sons of business and care. The shores of Staten Island, and even those of the North River are too distant to admit the charm of distinct variety, but those of Long-Island, as they stretch along toward the sound, are beautifully variegated with hills and valleys, woods and cultivated fields, near enough to gratify the eye with ideas of rural tranquillity, even from the busy Quays of a Sea Port Town.

But as an Admirer of Architecture, I cannot pass without notice the City Hall, for the costly magnificence of which we are probably indebted to that National taste for the substantial, which

induced the Dutch Ancestors of our New-York Burghers to erect, at Amsterdam, a Fabric, *upon piles*, which is justly ranked among the first Public Edifices in Europe.

The principal front, and two sides, are of white marble; the back-front, and the basement story, of free stone, of a reddish cast; both of which are found in quarries within a hundred miles of the spot.

This noble Structure is two stories high, and it is ornamented with a Portico of eight columns, each hewn out of a single block, fifteen feet in length; and Pilasters of the Ionick and Corinthian orders are carried round the building, with their appropriate entablatures—all executed in marble.

The second Story shows nineteen windows in a row—the number of In-

dividual States at the time it was finished. Thus tacitly marking the date of its erection. The five intercolumniations in the entrance, correspond to as many arcades, which open upon the Portico for egress and regress—like the arched doors, of equal number, belonging to its prototype in Holland.

One of the fronts of that building (I cannot remember which) has a figure of Atlas supporting the Globe—Admire this happy emblem of Dutch patience and perseverance.

The New-York City Hall is two hundred feet long—eighty deep, in the projecting wings, which enclose a flight of twenty steps, sixty or eighty feet in length, for they are returned at the sides. It is sixty feet to the eaves, and the roof is surmounted by a Cupola, ornamented with coupled columns,

and a Statue of Justice, with her suspended scales, at a height of ninety feet from the ground.

In this Cupola a light is kept every night, by a watchman who cries the hour, from this elevated situation; and gives the alarm in case of fire.

I shall not describe the interior of this superb edifice, with its Circular Hall, and double Stair Case; with its columns, its balustrades, and its Dome. The Picture Gallery, or Hall of Audience, hung with portraits of the Governors of New-York, and the Presidents of the Union. Or the Council Chamber; glittering with gold and scarlet: As I am not *quite* satisfied that so much splendour is consistent with practical Republicanism; and we know that the Town Hall of Amsterdam has been *already* converted into the Palace of a Sovereign.

In short, I am sufficiently superstitious in political omens, to dread the inference (however unlikely it may be thought—every where—but *at Washington*) that *where there are Palaces, there will be Princes.*

But I can take a view of Broadway, without turning aside, as it is my road to the Hotel I put up at:

This beautiful avenue comes in strait for a mile, lined on both sides with every variety of Public and private Buildings—Churches, Halls, Houses, many of which are ornamented with taste; Shops, in which every necessary, and every luxury of life are displayed, with elegance and splendour. After it has passed the *Stadt House* above mentioned, which by the way is now sadly obscured by ragged trees which entirely prevent a front view—They might be

readily exchanged for a neat clump or two, at distant intervals, leaving from the street an uninterrupted view of the Structure in different directions.

The Street now winds to the left, and gradually widens until it opens upon the water, after forming a triangular plot which is railed in with an iron balustrade, and once exhibited a Statue of King George. This was removed at the Revolution—but the pedestal remains, and it is hoped that it will not be long before the liberal and patriotic Citizens of New-York shall replace the historical Monument with—*another* GEORGE—far better entitled than the former to the veneration of Posterity.*

* Of the extent and accommodations of the superb Inn before mentioned some idea, may be formed, by the sum which has been just laid out upon furnishing, and fitting it up, for the use of the present Tenant. It was not less than thirty thousand dollars, and he pays for it the liberal rent of ten thousand dollars a year.

THE NORTH RIVER.

NEXT day I took my passage for Albany in the Paragon, or the Car of Neptune, I forget which—but any of the

Family Parties are provided for in a distinct part of the Establishment, with the use of elegant drawing rooms ; and Public entertainments are given, occasionally, in apartments of magnificent dimensions, on the principal floor: but at the *Table d' Hote* the fare is excellent, and ahundred Persons sit down there every day, in the summer season ; when New-York becomes the grand thoroughfare between the South and the North, during the stated migration of the Gentry of the Southern States, toward the more salutary regions of New England, and the Canadian Provinces, where the heat of summer is comparatively temperate, and to a Southern Constitution highly invigorating.

Here the Scotchman of Detroit, and the Frenchman of New Orleans, from the borders of Lake Huron and the Banks of the Mississippi—when at home not less than two thousand miles apart, meet each other half way, upon common ground, as American Citizens, professing allegiance to the Constituted Authorities of the same Republic.

And the Occupant of central woods and waters here shakes hands and interchanges sentiment and information, with Brother *Sailors ;* who seek a livelihood upon the eastern coasts of the Atlantic, penetrate every nool and corner in the Baltic, or the Mediterranean, or doublingeither CAPE ransack the Antipodes for objects of Commercial enterprise.

Steam Boats of the North River are justly entitled to either of these proud appellations.—Since they proceed—not, *wind and weather permitting*, like all anterior Navigators: but *against* wind and tide, at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour. And they are not exceeded in one of their dimensions—that of length by a Ship of the Line.

We left the dock about 5 in the evening, and the next day, about noon, as I was leaning over the prow, and contemplating alternately the moving landscape on either hand, and the water over which we were imperceptibly gliding, I perceived something forward that looked like slender spires, at the head and foot of a distant hill. It was Albany, and by 3 o'clock we stepped ashore again, one hundred and sixty miles north of the Capital, which we had quitted but twenty-two hours before.

The distance, I am told, has been run down the stream, in seventeen hours; formerly an uncertain voyage of three or four days, or a week or two, according to the state of the winds and tides.

A few miles before we reached Albany, we met the Chancellor Livingston, said to be the finest boat on the River. She looked indeed very gay upon the water. We passed each other with the most animating rapidity, and the adverse motion of two such vessels, *breasting the surge*, in a narrow part of the river, made a sensible concussion of the waves, from shore to shore.*

* On my return, a month afterward, this same vessel, the Chancellor Livingston, which had just brought up two hundred Passengers, in nineteen hours, was in course, to go down the stream. There had been a freshet in the river, which is here about three hundred yards over: yet this fine ship (one hundred and fifty-seven feet long) seemed to require the whole space to turn in, as she swung round from the wharf, in majestic evolution, and when she began to

The influx of multitudes on board these boats, arriving in crowds, on foot, and in carriages; their punctuality of departure, which often leaves lingerers upon the wharf, to follow, as they can, in boats, which are always ready to put off after them; together with the unvarying steadiness of their progress, admitting of the most entire independence, and the most unobstructed observation—whether of moving life, perpetually flitting before your eyes; or of

descend the stream, which was now unusually rapid, her motion seemed to sway the river, and command the current. The wake of a ship measuring five hundred tons, and proceeding at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour (for we reached Hudson, which is thirty miles, in two hours and three-quarters) soon spread itself from side to side, and produced a visible agitation upon both shores of the river.—The sea-boats which ply in Long Island Sound sometimes make thirteen knots an hour; but one is accustomed to flying at Sea, and the receding shores of a river give a stronger sensation of rapidity, by the comparisons which they afford with the apparent motion of stationary objects. She cost one hundred and ten thousand dollars, and sometimes makes for her owners fifteen hundred dollars a trip.

the face of Nature, ever calm and majestic, yet alternately rising and receding in perpetual variation, keep the mind in a state of animating excitement.

A constant change of Company is perpetually going on, in this *little world.* Some getting out at every great town, or noted landing-place, and others coming in; but all this is managed with little or no delay of the moving Ark, by merely slackening her course, and lowering a boat, which discharges her burthen with astonishing dexterity, and—to me, terrifying speed.

There is another circumstance of communication with the adjacent shores, which takes place occasionally—Nothing is wanted but an exchange of papers, for instance—A boat puts off from the shore, and at the same instant, another

boat quits the vessel. They meet, as it were on the wing, for the speed of the Steam Boat is not now at all impeded to favour the operation, and it takes place between the passing Watermen, in the twinkling of an eye.

The animating bugle gives notice of approach, and the bell rings for departure. Every thing concurs to create bustle and interest. People of the first consequence are often among the Passengers; amidst whom they can lay claim to no peculiar privilege, or accommodation. The only exception is in favour of the Ladies; who have a cabin to themselves, where Gentlemen are not permitted to intrude.

By-Laws are enacted for the preservation of order, and the forfeitures incurred are scrupulously exacted.

There were no persons of particular note on this voyage, nor any of those amusing characters styled great talkers —one or more of whom is generally to be found in all companies, who voluntarily, and *ex mero motu*, take upon themselves the task of entertaining the silent part of their species.

On a former occasion, I had been highly diverted by a Son of Chief Justice *Jay*—himself a limb of the law, to enforce the laws and usages of the Steam Boat, with all the affected formalities of legal process. Under his humorous arrangement, the offender was put to the bar. Witnesses appeared, and Counsel, on both sides, pleaded the merits of the case—not to be sure with all the gravity and decorum which are laudably observed in cases of *high crimes and misdemeanors*; but with sufficient acuteness and pertinacity. What

was wanting in solemnity was made up in laughter, and I remember young Jay kept the quarter deck in a continual roar.

I have ever since regretted that I did not preserve a sketch of his opening speech, which was introduced with all the precision of serious argument.—Several Persons of note were then present. I recollect particularly Governor LEWIS. Some of the MORRISES from Morrisania, and the Lady of a former Governor of South Carolina.

Ferry boats, propelled by steam, and so constructed that carriages drive in and out, at pleasure, may be observed at every large town on the North River. These convenient vehicles are likely to supersede the use of bridges, on navigable waters. They are in fact a sort of *flying bridge*, with this advantage

even over the numerous and costly Structures of that kind, which now span the broad surface of the Susquehannah, in the interior of Pennsylvania. They do not require such expensive repairs, and they may be secured from the effects of sudden floods: but what is of far more importance, they present no obstruction to the stream, and are no hindrance to navigation.

The Shores of the North River, sublime as they are, where the Allegheny mountains must have crossed from west to east, before the lofty chain was broken through, to admit the passage of the River (the sight of which is unfortunately lost to Travellers by the Steam Boats running through the Narrows in the night) owe much of their interest and beauty to the superb Seats of the LIVINGSTONS and the CLINTONS, some of which overhang the water, at an imposing elevation. Spectators

from these mostly line the bluffs, at the passage of the Steam Boats, which seem to electrify every thing within their sphere. And the antiquated Mansions of the SCHUYLERS and VAN RENSSELAERS, in the vicinity of Albany, are beheld with historic recollections, as the places where General BURGOYNE, and his principal Officers, were quartered, until they could be exchanged, after the memorable defeat at Saratoga.

FROM

ALBANY TO LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

THE next day after our arrival at Albany was the 4th of July; and the good Citizens of Albany were preparing to celebrate the Declaration of Independence—not as Weld ridiculously represents, from the information of his Host, as if they rejoiced against the grain; regretting in their hearts the protection of Great Britain: but with

all the zeal and fervour of heart-felt exultation, for the incalculable advantages of National independence, and emancipation from a Foreign yoke.

But I was now become earnest to reach Canada.

I had intended to take Ballston on my way, for the benefit of the Mineral waters, for which that place, and its vicinity have become so celebrated, since Sir William Johnson was conducted hither by the Indians in the year 1767, to drink the water of the Rock spring for the removal of the gout to which he was subject. But my mind I found was now too much engaged in the ultimate objects of pursuit to admit of turning aside, at this period of the journey.

So, finding myself in time for the next Steam Boat, on Lake Champlain, at 10 o'clock, instead of going to hear

a historical oration from some patriotic Burgher of *Platt Deutch*, descent, I took my seat in another Stage Coach; lodged, I forget where; and reached White-Hall, about noon; an hour or two before the putting off of the Steam Boat for St. Johns, the first town, or rather village, in Canada.

By the way this Whitehall is not a Royal Palace, nor even a Gentleman's Seat; but a small post town at the mouth of Wood Creek. It is the same that was called Skeensborough (Query, why change the name?) when Weld wrote his ingenious comparisons between Canada and the United States, and fearlessly quoted General Washington, as his authority, for the palpable falsehood that the musquitoes of this place would bite through the thickest boot—The musquitoes have since utterly vanished—stings and all; and they would have been quietly forgotten,

together with the fire flies, and bull frogs, and supposed rattle snakes of other Transatlantic Peregrinators, in American Wilds, if it had not been for this contemptible story—preserved, like bugs in amber, by their unaccountable conjunction with the pellucid name of WASHINGTON.—Rattle snakes are already so rare in America, that I, who have travelled thousands of miles in our back country, never met with but one of them; and no doubt they will become in another century as scarce, as snakes are said to be in Ireland, through the interference of St. Patrick; though the fact may very well have happened, without a miracle, since Ireland has been peopled for thousands of years, and every Peasant has a hog or two, to whom snakes are a favourite repast.

But before I take boat, let me recall the village of Schagticoke, which was

passed on the road, somewhere about midway—the never enough celebrated *berg* or *dorff* from which the Cervantic genius Knickerbocker, in his incomparable History of New-York, derives his pretended pedigree. The scattered houses of which it consists are built in nooks and crannies round the yawning gulf of a roaring cataract, which descends, between jutting rocks, and craggy pines; with as many twists and turns, and as much of spray and splutter, as the never to be forgotten work itself proceeds under its characteristic motto;

> Die wahrheit die in dunster lag,
> Da kommt mit klahrheit an den tag.*
>
> The truth which late in darkness lay
> Now breaks with clearness into day.

Or perhaps better:

> Truths which lay hid in darkest night
> My pen shall bring again to light.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

To return to the Steam Boat, on Lake Champlain, though it is greatly inferior, in size, and accommodation, to those on the North River; (at least so was the boat which conveyed me, but a new one has just commenced running, which is said to excel *them* in elegance and speed) yet it will bear a comparison, even with the English Post Chaise, or any other mode of easy and rapid conveyance; in despite of Dr. Johnson's *ipse dixit*, that *life had few things better to boast than riding in a post chaise*—because if I remember right, *there was motion or change of place without fatigue;* since to these agreeable circumstances the Steam Boat adds the conveniencies of a tavern, of which Johnson was so fond, and the advantage of a bed at night, without loss of time.

The Creek, as we call such waters, or to use the English phrase, the river, winds round broken crags, shagged with fir trees, for many miles, before it becomes more than just wide enough for the Steam Boats to veer round in. Yet in a gloomy cove, near the harbour, sufficient space has been found to moor the five or six sloops of war that were taken from Commodore Downie upon this Lake.

Toward evening we entered Champlain Proper. The Lake gradually widened to an expanse of fifteen or twenty miles, and the sun set, gloriously, behind golden clouds, and mountains of azure blue, whose waving outline, at an elevated height, was finely contrasted by the dark stripe of pines and firs, that here lines the unvarying level of the western shore.

The solemnity of the scene was heightened with indistinct ideas of Burgoyne's disastrous descent in 1777—of the melancholy fate of the first Lord Howe in the year 1759, and of anterior scenes of massacre and horror which rendered the sonorous name of Ticonderoga terrific to our peaceful Ancestors—after passing the *ruins grey* of this dilapidated fortress (the French called it elegantly Carillon from the hub-bub usually kept up there in time of war) and those of Crown Point (called by them Fort la Chevelure or the scalping place) a barbarous denomination which the English melted down into *Crown* Point, still indicative of the same savage practice.

I awoke in the night under these solemn recollections; and the morning star was shining in, with perceptible reflection, at the little window of my birth. It is now peculiarly brilliant,

and I was forcibly impressed with a sense of God's providence, for the benefit of his creature Man, especially when travelling upon the waters, when his journeys must be pursued by night, as well as by day.

And here let me observe, that during travel, the spirits are renewed, as well as the body invigorated. The energies of the mind, so often latent, through inactivity, are called into action, by dangers and difficulties, which it requires unremitting watchfulness to steer through, or to shun; and the habitual inattention under which, safe within the walls of cities, an accustomed face is beheld without notice, and a next door neighbour passes by unknown, is necessarily exchanged for the active exercise of observation and inquiry.

In another point of view too, occasional journeys, especially into Foreign

Countries, creating a total change of scene and habits, may be said to lengthen the sense of existence, if they do not actually prolong life. So many changes of habit occur, and such a variety of unusual circumstances takes place, that the recollection of a few months, passed abroad, seems equal, in the memory, to the lapse of years, spent in the unvarying monotony of home.

The sublime operations of nature, which are rarely attended to amidst the incessant occupations of domestic care, force themselves upon a Traveller's observation, disengaged as he is from the daily concerns of common life.—He now feels his dependence upon the varying atmosphere, and remarks, perhaps for the first time, the subservience of the celestial luminaries to the occasions of life.

When the moon rises to illuminate his path, as the sun sets in the west, which it does with such evident *co-operation*, whenever the moon is at full; he can hardly fail to be touched with admiration, and gratitude, at the splendid provision of which he stands so much in need.—He can but feel, with conscious elevation, the dignity of his being, as a creature of God, when,

> Seas roll to waft him, suns to light him rise;
> His footstool earth, his canopy the skies.

Yet is there ample occasion, on the face of Nature, for humbling considerations of the littleness of Man, and all his works, in comparison of the wide spread surface of the planet we inhabit. Inadequate must needs be the ideas of a Man who, confined for life within the streets of cities, has never seen an extensive horizon, or beheld those majes-

tic features of the Earth, a Mountain, or a Lake—No Man that has not travelled a day's journey on foot, nor ever lost his way in trackless wilds, when spent with hunger and fatigue, can have a competent idea of the spaces that intervene between town and town, sometimes between one human habitation and another.

We must have seen a good deal of the Globe we inhabit to form any just notion of the overwhelming extent of its surface in proportion to the pigmy race, to whom animal nature has been subjected, by the Creator of all things. And after all the imagination is unavoidably confounded, amidst the boundless sands which occupy the internal parts of Africa, and Asia. It has often revived my own humility to span their extent upon the maps in my study. And when I compare the desert of Zaarah, for instance, with the Island of

Great Britain, and perceive that in its vacant spaces there would be room for ten such islands, with all its Millions of civilized Inhabitants, I am ready to exclaim, with Job—

> Lord! what is Man, that thou shouldest set thine heart upon him?
> And that thou shouldest visit him every morning,
> And try him every moment?

Having passed Burlington, the Capital of Vermont, in the night, next morning, after breakfast, we were called up to see the British flag flying at Illinois (Isle aux Noix as the French call it) and his Majesty's crown over the gate way, at the stairs leading to the officers' house; a handsome building, with rather a phantastic air, from being built of squared logs painted in alternate stripes of white and grey. Green Varandas as light as gossamer, in the centre, and at each end. The whole surmounted with a heavy pediment, and a

tinned Cupola, the openings of which are glazed to make it a comfortable look-out.

I observed nothing particular in the fortifications at Illinois; but a sweet little Cottage struck my eye, as we passed, connected with a string of convenient out houses, a little garden before them, running to the water's edge, with covered seats, of elegant simplicity; in which, in all probability, some British Officer, and the fair Companion of his voluntary exile, indulge their recollection of happier auspices, and a forsaken home.

As we ran by the place, a boat put off to exchange papers, with three young Marines, in Scotch bonnets, and trim uniforms, to whom our Captain threw a rope; but so little dexterous were they in managing it, that they had like to have overset the boat, before they

reached us. They were however insensible of their danger, and I remember one of them showed a very fine set of teeth, as he laughed, with the Bystanders, at his own absurdity.—

Enough—perhaps too much of Illinois.

By noon we reached St. Johns, of which still less may serve, and we did but drive through it for La Prairie.—A considerable town on the St. Lawrence, nine miles above Montreal.

The rest of the Company, among whom were several Ladies, from Carolina, crossed directly over, in a drizzling rain; but I, being no longer impatient of delay, as this is a considerable town, of long standing, with a large French Church, and other public establishments, stayed over night; and slept, though it was midsummer, under

I know not how many blankets, in a bed close hung with worsted curtains, in flaming red.

I was now ready to doubt whether it *ever* was what *we* call *hot*, in Canada; but I had occasion afterward to change my mind, upon that score, as well as some others, as will be seen in due time. Rapid Travellers are apt to be hasty in forming their conclusions, of which in course plodding Critics take notice, at their leisure; without making one grain of allowance for the innumerable perplexities, and contrarieties, through which we have to pick our way, in the research of truth.

Next morning the sun glittered upon the tinned spires and plated roofs of Montreal, many of them being sheathed with sheet iron. I was told that the passage, by water, was tedious, and

that a waggon would convey me much quicker to the ferry opposite the town. I went on accordingly to Longeuil, and crossed over from thence, in a canoe, which was managed by two diminutive Canadians, with Indian paddles.

MONTREAL

shows from the water like an old country Sea Port, with long ranges of high walls, and stone houses, overtopped here and there, by Churches, and Convents; with something that resembles a continued Quay, though it is nothing more than a high bank, to which large vessels can lie close enough for the purposes of loading and unloading; in consequence of the unusual depth of water at the very edge of the current, which sets close in shore from an opposite Island, and a string of rocks and shoals, which obstructs it on the opposite side.

I took a hasty dinner, glanced at the Public Buildings, which I had seen before, and walked the streets till night; when the principal avenue, in which is the Cathedral, was lighted up, before dark, in the English manner, the twilight being almost as long here, as it is there. I then took up my lodging on board the Steam Boat, for Quebec, which was to sail next morning at 3 o'clock. For I had now a mind to see in how short a time one might make a total change of Religion, language, Government, and climate, in quitting the Metropolis of the United States, for that of the British Provinces.

It was now but the 8th day from my leaving Philadelphia, and there was a chance that I might reach Quebec on the 9th (July 8th) the current of the St. Lawrence being often so powerful, that, when the wind favours, this passage of 170 miles, is sometimes

made in seventeen hours, in sea phrase ten knots an hour, arriving at Quebec, in summer time, by sunset the same day.

VOYAGE

DOWN THE ST. LAWRENCE.

I was not now in luck, if I may be allowed the phrase, or to speak with becoming dignity of a voyage upon the St. Lawrence, the wind was right ahead, and blew strong from the North East, with occasional squalls of rain, through the day, and the following night; and I was glad to come off with two tedious and wearisome nights, spent at sea, to all usual intents and purposes, of seafaring life, such as incommodities of every kind, apprehension of danger, disinclination to stir hand or foot, and irremediable delay. But I am anticipating events, and ought perhaps to have kept the Reader in that happy state of suspense, under which we

usually advance to the most dangerous, or disagreeable adventures, without apprehension, or reluctance.

First then, of the first. After passing the night under an incessant trampling, and rummaging, overhead, the Boatmen being at work all night, stowing away heavy freight, and clearing the decks of luggage : for the Steam Boats of the St. Lawrence, are as much used for the conveyance of freight, as of Passengers. I awoke an hour or two after day light, some leagues below Montreal.

The great Church of Varennes, with its two steeples, was distinctly visible, together with the isolated mountain, which rises near Boucherville, in the midst of surrounding plains: but every other object was at such an immeasurable distance, for river scenery, that I was much disappointed of the boasted appearance of towns, and villages, and

scattered hamlets, upon the banks of the St. Lawrence—said to exceed so far, in use and beauty, the scanty improvements upon the North River.

It is true that the occasional spires of the Parish Churches would be necessarily beautiful, if as they are described by fanciful Travellers, (fatigued by the repetition of substantial Mills and Meeting Houses in the United States,) they were actually seen peeping over trees and woods: but the trees are all cut away round Canadian settlements, and the unvarying habitations, stand in endless rows, at equal distances, like so many sentry boxes or soldiers' tents, without a tree, or even a fence of any kind to shelter them; instead of being irregularly interspersed, as with us, among fields and woods, surrounded with every variety of domestic accommodation, and collected, every ten or twelve miles into hamlets, or trading

towns, of which there are fifteen or twenty, upon the North River, whilst there are but four, in the like space, upon the River St. Lawrence, including Quebec and Montreal.

These circumstances admit of no comparison, between the two rivers, and the improvements on their banks, in point of interest or effect. Still less with those of the Delaware, from Trenton to New Castle, where, in less than half the distance, beside innumerable farm houses, and country seats, we have the cities of Trenton, Burlington, Philadelphia, and Wilmington; and the beautiful towns of Bordentown, Bristol, Chester, and New Castle; together with a like number of inland villages, in distant perspective; literally surrounded with orchards and gardens, and frequently ornamented with modest spires, or rather cupolas; which are not to be

sure so favourable to display, half concealed as they are by neighbouring woods.

Yet this is the only point of view, in which any comparison at all can be supported between the two Countries: for it is only on the banks of its rivers, that Canada pretends to any population, or improvement, whatever; whereas with us the cheering

——————— Tract and blest abode of Man,

is scattered, more or less, over the whole surface of the soil, by hardy Adventurers, who are not afraid to quit their native hearths, in quest of the most distant establishments. And we have inland towns little inferior in population to the Capital of Canada.

It is but fair to observe, however, that the mode of settling upon the River St.

Lawrence, seems pointed out by Nature, in this region of perennial snow. It would have been difficult for Inhabitants, far removed from each other, to have kept their roads open in winter; and they must have passed the season, like so many bears, sucking their paws, if they had been separated from each other by hills and hollows: but, in many places, the banks of this mighty stream would seem to have been formed, by its waters, into different levels, running parallel with its course. Upon these levels, the First Settlers found it convenient to establish themselves, in lines, whose communication could be readily preserved.—

At the island of Kamouraska some distance below that of New Orleans the appearance of the neighbouring heights is said to indicate unequivocally that the bed of the St. Lawrence was there once at a much higher level

than that which it now occupies, a circumstance which corroborates the presumption that these ridges have been originally formed by the ancient current of the river.

THE TOWN OF WILLIAM HENRY.

We came too about 10 in the morning, at the town of William Henry, on the right bank of the River Sorel, which forms the outlet of Lake Champlain; for the purpose of taking in wood, of which article there is a very rapid consumption, on board of Steam Boats.

As we approached the wharf, all the people in the place seemed to be taking post at the landing. Among the foremost came puffing a good humoured looking mortal, genteelly drest, of that description of bipeds that are said to laugh and be fat. He is currently known, it seems, by the name of Sir John Falstaff, and thus, like his proto-

type, of facetious memory, *if he be not witty himself*, he is oftentimes *the cause of wit in others.*

Sir James Sherbrooke, the Governor General of both the Canadas, has a seat near this place, where he spends the summer months. He is now here, and I think we were told that Lady Selkirk was there, on a visit, from the dreary confines of Hudson's Bay.

This is but a small town, yet here is both a Catholic, and a Protestant Church. I entered the former, while the business of the boat was expediting; and found the aisles crowded with children, saying their catechism, in a style of tedious rotation, which afforded a striking contrast to the compendious methods of the Lancasterian plan.

At the door I bought of a little Girl a penny worth of molasses candy, for

which I put into her hand *two* coppers, saying I did not want any more, and she should have them *both:* but so competently had the principle of honesty, or independence, been impressed upon her memory (under the unpromising system above mentioned,) that she ran after me, with the odd penny, crying, "Tenez Monsieur! Voici votre copper."*

Beggary is unknown, I find, in Canada, and thieving is said to be very rare.—I afterward learned, that it is no uncommon thing for the English inhabitants to receive again, from the hands of the Father Confessors, money which has been stolen from them, without their knowledge, carefully lapped up; with a request to *take it again, and ask no questions.*

* Stop, Sir; here's your penny.

THE LAKE OF ST. PIERRE.

Passing through the Lake, and among the woody Islands of St. Pierre, the weather being hazy, we almost lost sight of the main land; and when it again came in view, we were still tantalized with the perpetual repetition of house after house, or rather hut after hut (for the Log hovels of the *Habitants*, square hewn, and neatly white washed, as they are, even to the roofs, which are clap boarded, and sometimes thatched, with a species of long grass, which grows on some of these islands, called l'herbe-au-lieu, or wild grass are little bigger than huts,) in which it frequently happens that two or three generations of Canadians pig together, preferring the pleasures of ease and fellowship, to all the advantages of independence and exertion. When necessity absolutely obliges a swarm of

them to quit the parent hive, it is not to seek an establishment, where land is cheap, for the future settlement of themselves and their children; but to subdivide the original patrimony, and run up another hovel, a few hundred paces distant, upon the same unvarying line, which was traced out by their remotest Ancestors, when they were obliged above all things, to consult their safety from the irruptions of the Savages.

THE TOWN OF THREE RIVERS.

Towards evening we stopped for an hour or two off the town of Three Rivers; there being no wharf for vessels to come too at, although this has been a place of trade more than one hundred and seventy years; and it was once the seat of the Colonial Government—so indifferent are the Canadian French to matters of mere accommodation. Churches and Monasteries are the prin-

cipal features of the place, when seen from the water. One of these, that of the Recollets, is overshadowed by gigantic elms.

There were Indian canoes along shore, this place being yet frequented by the Aborigines of the North and West, with skins and peltry, which they bring with them, many hundreds of miles; having their whole families on board of these fragile conveyances.

Dun night, and driving rain, drove us below; and the next morning we were still thirty or forty miles from Quebec; having narrowly escaped the necessity of coming to anchor, by the wind's abating in the night.

During breakfast time, we passed near the Church of St. Augustine Calvaire, which stands entirely exposed, upon a naked beach.

The mountains here begin to rise, and produce more interesting scenery. The country in view having before been invariably flat. About 9 o'clock we came in sight of the heights of Abraham, on the left, and those of Point Levi, on the right; between which were fifteen or twenty sail of Merchantmen, and Ships of war, riding at anchor; the island of Orleans appearing, in the back ground of this interesting picture.

We rapidly passed Wolfe's Cove, and were brought too, with admirable dexterity, at a wharf of most inconvenient height; for the tide rises, in this wild channel, from eighteen to twenty-four feet.

Here, and for half a mile round the precipice, which consists of a black slate, there is but just room for one narrow street. The rock is almost

perpendicular, till near the top; and as you look up from the water, to the stone wall, which caps the summit of the hill, with projecting bastions, you wonder what prevents the ponderous masses from coming down upon your head.

GENERAL MONTGOMERY.

In this dismal ditch, where it first became exposed to a strong battery, which has been since taken down, on the 31st day of December, fell General Montgomery, and his Aid-de-camp, M'Pherson, at the very first fire from the fort; and their disheartened Followers were easily made prisoners, after a hopeless conflict. The snow being then four feet thick upon the ground.

Yet I was told, upon the spot, by a Canadian Burgher of confidential ap-

pearance, who said he was in the place, at the time of the attack; that the town might have been taken, by surprise, if General Arnold had pushed his opportunity, when he first reached Point Levi; instead of waiting for the Commander in Chief, who was then coming down the St. Lawrence. In the mean time the Citizens had recovered from the panic into which they had been thrown, by so unexpected an event. Sir Guy Carleton had thrown himself into the town, and the favourable moment for the attack was irretrievably lost.—The unfortunate General was interred by the British Commander, upon one of the bastions of the citadel, with what are called the honours of war.*

* My Informant, an old Man, and a native Canadian, had in his youth been under the Falls of Montmorency, that is to say, within the tremendous concavity between the rock and the cataract, reverberating with incessant thunder, and dripping with perpetual spray; and he had often jumped down into the circular basins, of unusual magnitude, worn, in the solid rock, from whence the name of the River

QUEBEC.

ALMOST perpendicularly over the place where MONTGOMERY fell, on the very brink of the precipice, which is

Chaudiere; which now pursues its foaming course at a distance far beneath these indubitable indications of the anterior elevation of its waters. They differ in nothing but their size from the well-known perforations which were observable at the Falls of Schuilkill, before the progress of improvement had obliterated all remains of those curious appearances. I embrace this opportunity to record that such things *were* within five miles of Philadelphia, that it may not be utterly forgotten that such interesting phenomena had ever existed. Nor can I forbear to put the question which they suggest, why may not these aqueous perforations be as well admitted to prove that the Globe is not of a date exceedingly remote (at least in its present form) as the contrary can be inferred from the various layers of lava round Mount Etna, by the periods of whose decomposition the Canon Recupero could read the history of the earth, and discover, with un-misgiving presumption, that

> He that made it and revealed its date, to Moses
> Was mistaken in its age.

The largest of these perforations, which have any where been observed would not have required more time for its production, with the assistance of circulating pebbles, than is allowed by the Sacred Historian.

here not less than two hundred feet high, in lieu of the ancient Fort or Chateau of St. Louis, which name, *by courtesy of England*, it yet retains, is erected the Government House, the apartments of which are occupied by the various offices of the Civil and Military Departments, acting under the orders of the Governor General of British America; the Provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia being included under his command. But his residence is in a convenient building, on the opposite side of the square.

The lower town, from which we have not yet regularly ascended, is a dismal congeries of the most wretched buildings, rising, in *darkness visible*, amidst every kind of filth, between the rock and the river; which is said to have washed the very base of the promontory, when Jacques Cartier first sailed by the craggy spot. I quitted the nar-

row confines, with the alacrity of a Fugitive, escaping from the confinement of a prison; (though here,

In dirt and darkness hundreds stink, content)

by a long flight of steps, ending in slope after slope; down which trickles perpetually the superfluous moisture of the upper town; the streets of which, in wet weather, are rinsed, over the heads of the luckless Passenger, by those projecting spouts which are so common in the antiquated towns of Germany.

The upper town, at a height of one hundred and fifty feet, from which it overlooks the lower; and shows the shipping so perpendicularly below, that you think you could toss a biscuit into them, from the ramparts, is completely fortified with walls and gates, and all the other inconveniencies of a garrisoned town; such as sentinels on guard,

at every avenue, &c. &c. independently of the citadel, which, with its outworks, of considerable extent, occupies an elevation two hundred feet higher.

The Cathedral, and the Seminary for the Clergy, together with the Jesuits College, opposite, now converted into a barrack for the troops; who make its once tranquil walls resound twice a day with the animating sounds of Martial music—the bugle—the fife—and *the spirit stirring drum.*—These extensive establishments, all originally devoted to religion, together with the Hotel Dieu, as it is called, after the name of a similar institution in Paris, being a hospital for the sick, and the single Sisters who attend them; the Monastery of the Recollets, now taken down, to make room for more useful edifices; and the Convent of the Ursuline Nuns, with other Religious Establishments, and their courts and gardens, occupied at

least one-half of the ground, within the walls; leaving the streets narrow, irregular, and invariably up hill and down; a circumstance which must render them singularly inconvenient in frost and snow.

Such is the famous City of Quebec, for the acquisition of which

GENERAL WOLFE

willingly devoted his life, in the year 1759; the only memento of which circumstance, upon the spot, is a wooden figure of the celebrated Hero, in his broad skirted coat, with slashed sleeves, painted red, standing in a niche, at the corner of a street; in the attitude of commanding the decisive action, which for ever separated Canada from the dominion of France.

It is called St. John Street, and it leads to the Gate of St. Louis, whence

through I know not how many covered ways, protected by a like number of salient angles (I may very probably be incorrect, in the terms of fortification, never having made the science of destruction my particular study) it finally disgorges the weary Passenger, thwarted by recurring obstacles, upon the open air of the adjacent common.

We are now upon the Plains of Abraham; yet the ascent continues sufficiently to cover the scene of action, from the fire of the batteries. Turning round when you arrive at the summit, and looking down the river, between the two steeples of the Catholic and Protestant Cathedrals, you have what I thought the most interesting view of Quebec, because it embraces in the same *coup-d'œil*, the principal objects in the vicinity. Overlooking the basin which is six miles wide, you behold the Island of Orleans, stretched out before

you, till it terminates in undistinguishing haze, whilst on the left you have the north coast, rising gradually into distant mountains, from which the river Montmorency precipitating itself into the St. Lawrence, is all but seen, through a grove of firs, and the view terminates abruptly in the perpendicular Promontory of Cape Tourment, which is two thousand feet high, and therefore may be distinctly seen at the distance of thirty miles. On the right you have the rocks of Point Levi, and behold the shipping in the harbour, at an immense depth below. Imagine the effect of this whole fairy scene, connected as it is by the broad surfaces of the River, which is seen again upon the edge of the horizon, winding round the stupendous Bluff above mentioned, in its course toward the sea.

The field of battle lies a mile further west—The common remains bare, and

uncultivated; and a little to the left of the road to Montreal, you perceive a large stone, near which the General fell. It may be easily distinguished by the repeated efforts of British Visitors to possess themselves of the minutest specimen of this monument of National prowess, to carry home with them, as relics, on their return to England.

It is a whitish granite, of a finer grain than usual.

This interesting spot has been devoted to History, not by an English Professor of the Fine Arts; but by our Countryman West, who considers himself acting patriotically as a British subject in celebrating any event, which is counted honourable to the British arms, that had occurred before the Revolution, which established the Independence of his country.

The French Governor of Quebec, M. de Montcalm, fell likewise on the field of battle, yet such is the injustice of Mankind to those who seek

——the bubble honour, in the cannon's mouth,

that the Man, who died in the defence of his Country, is never mentioned with applause, because unsuccessful; whilst the victorious Invader of a Foreign shore is puffed to the skies by the meretricious trumpet of Fame.

I sat up my head quarters, to adopt the military phraseology, that prevails here, at the Union Hotel, in the *Place d' Armes* or Parade; intending from hence to make excursions into the Country, at my leisure; Malhiots Hotel in St. John's Street is said to be the best House of entertainment at Quebec; but I generally find the second best, in this case, best suited to the indulgence of my desultory habits.

At this place I met daily, at dinner, while in town, a shrewd English Agent or Commissary; a man of mature age, universal information, and a cold, calculating temperament; and a young Canadian from the Country, who was studying Law at Quebec. The cool headed Englishman occupied the head of the table, with the strictest observance of the customary forms of politeness; but amidst the reciprocation of formal civilities took care to maintain a prudent reserve: but the vivacious Frenchman attached himself to me, immediately, with the most engaging frankness. This is not the first time I have had occasion to remark the mutual attraction and repulsion, which takes place between total strangers, on sitting down together, for the first time, at a Public table; nor yet to observe the preference which the French every where discover for the American character. It was as good as a passport

when I was last in France; and an application under that name was respected by Sentinels on guard, when permission was generally refused to others. "Vous "êtes Americain! Entrez Monsieur,"* and Commandants who received me with all the sternness of official authority, have softened their manner, as soon as I called myself an American.

I thought my young Friend an Englishman, so well did he speak the language; and I afterward understood that he had renounced the French, from his childhood, and now spoke it so ill, that he declined conversing in it, even when he learned that I spoke French myself.

In the perpetual ebullitions of his vivacity, he *put me to the question* a great deal more than is agreeable to me; but I could not find in my heart to discoun-

* Are you an American? Walk in, sir.

tenance his volubility, or discourage his wish to be serviceable to me, in the objects of my pursuit.

Accordingly when I left Quebec, I was furnished by him with a list of the post houses on the road; accompanied by notes of the inns, and other information, highly useful to a Traveller by land. But this was not enough to satisfy his assiduity, I must have letters of recommendation to no less than four Gentlemen of his acquaintance, in the different towns I should pass through, though I professed, with my usual bluntness, very little expectation of delivering any of them.—And there was one to his Grandmother at Machiché—but I will not anticipate the amusing visit to which this afterward gave rise.

I recollected some of the sprightly sallies of *Monsieur Gugy*, with the intention of putting them upon paper;

but so much of the effect of that volatile spirit

> Whence lively wit excites to gay surprise,

unavoidably evaporates in repetition: and so much of its pungency depends upon attending circumstances, which cannot be conveyed by the pen, that I shall not risque the attempt; lest it should discredit the convivial powers of my young Friend, whose esteem I should be very unwilling to forfeit.

One retort, however, which took place, when the cloth was removed, between the two ends of the table, was *National*, and I shall therefore preserve it. The sober Englishman was asked to mention a historical subject, upon which the Student might exercise his talents for composition, during the recess. He proposed "The Rise and "Progress of the most extensive Colony "upon the Globe"—Not Botany Bay,

sure, said I.—"No, no," interrupted *Monsieur*, "it shall be the Decline and "Fall of Quebec."

On another occasion, the American Revolution being in question, the cause was on all hands allowed to be just: "Nay," said they, "the British Govern- "ment itself has virtually acknow- "ledged it, in granting, by Act of Parlia- "ment, to the Canadian Provinces, the "only privilege, which the leading Pat- "riots at one time contended for, that of "*not being taxed, without their own consent.*"

My young Friend would gladly have accompanied me to the Religious Houses; but to such places I always choose to go by myself. One of my earliest visitations was to

THE HOTEL DIEU,

where a Superieure and twenty-seven Sisters take care of the sick poor, of

both sexes, who are lodged in separate wards, and furnished, by them, with every thing necessary. The Sisters however, having a good deal of leisure on their hands, being themselves almost as numerous as their Patients, employ or amuse, themselves, in making ornaments for altars, and embroidering, with fruit and flowers, a variety of trinkets, such as pocket books, and work bags; which visitors take home with them for presents to children, or mementos of their journey. They are made of the thin, smooth, and pliable bark of a tree, which is common here, (the French call it Boulotte) it will bear writing on as well as paper, the ink not spreading in the least. I brought away a specimen of it, from the Falls of Montmorency, which I intend to present to Peale's Museum.

I introduced myself to one of the Nuns, whom I met in the passage. (She

was dressed in white linen, very coarse, with a black veil, pinned close across the forehead, and thrown back upon the shoulders) by asking permission to see their chapel.—" Asseyez vous, Mon-" sieur, un petit moment."* There was a window seat at hand. " Je vais " chercher une de mes Sœurs, pour nous " accompagner."† It seems they are never allowed to go any where without a Companion, which is the reason they are always seen abroad in pairs. She returned immediately, with another Sister, who saluted me with apparent pleasure.

They introduced me to the door of the Chapel, but went not in themselves. The Sisters having a private place of devotion appropriated to them, along side, they never enter the Public Chapel, when it is frequented by others.

* Sit down one minute, Sir.

† I am going for one of my Sisters to accompany us.

I soon returned to them, finding nothing interesting in the Building, though it seems it was founded in 1638, by the Dutchess d'Aiguillon; who sent over three Nuns of this order, from the Hospital at Dieppe, on the establishment of this charitable Institution. It contains but two pictures worth attention. They are large pieces, without frames, by good French Masters, leaning against the walls of the side Chapels, as if they had never been hung up. The subjects I remember were the Visitation of St. Elizabeth, and the Dispute with the Doctors of the Law.

The two Sisters had waited for me in the Sacristy, behind the Chapel. They seemed gladly to embrace the opportunity for a few minutes conversation, with a stranger. I was curious about their regulations. "Vous n'avez "donc pas de Communauté chez vous,

"Monsieur."* We had not any. I was from Philadelphia. "Cependant," said one of them, "on en a a la Louisiane. "Mais ce n'est pas si loin. Voilà la "raison apparamment."† Did they permit women who had once been married, to take the veil? "Oui Monsieur, Si "elles n'ont point d'enfans. Cela pourr-"oit les distraire. Et d'ailleurs elles doi-"vent plutôt s'occuper à élever leurs "Enfans.—Il y avoit dernièrement Ma-"dame une telle qui vouloit faire pro-"fession: Mais Monseigneur l'Evêque "a dit qu'il étoit plutôt de son devoir "d'élever ses Enfans, que de soigner les "Malades."‡ Having once entered the

* Have you no Communities in your Country, Sir?

† Yet they have them in Louisiana: but that is not so far. That must be the reason.

‡ Yes Sir. If they have no children—That might divide their affections; and beside, they are bound in duty to bring up their children. It is but lately that Madame Such-a-one wanted to enter the House; but my Lord Bishop told her that it was rather her business to see to the education of her children, than to take care of the Sick.

House, were they obliged to perpetual residence?—" Apres un an et demi de " profession l'on ne peut plus sortir, " Jusques là il est permis de se retirer " (laughing) Combien y a t-il de gens ma- " riés, Monsieur, qui voudroient bien re- " noncer au mariage, si cela se pouvoit, " après un an et demi de noviciat?"*—Assuredly, said I—a great many.—But I took the vow of matrimony, twenty years ago, and have never had occasion to repent my obligation.

THE CATHEDRAL OF QUEBEC.

I NEXT went to see the Cathedral, which is a plain rough building, on the outside, with a handsome Steeple, as usual, covered with tin.—It is erected on one side of the great door.—Within,

* After a year and a half of trial, they are no longer permitted to withdraw. Until then they are at liberty to do so. How many married people are there, who would gladly renounce matrimony, after the experience of a year and a half?

this Church has much of the imposing effect of European Cathedrals, arising from great length, and lofty height.

I was struck with the rich carved Wainscot of the Choir; much in the style of that of Notre Dame, at Paris. Over it four Corinthian columns support an arch, in scroll work. Upon this rests the globe, on which stands a Figure of the Redeemer, in the attitude of benediction, holding in his left hand, or rather leaning upon a ponderous cross; rays of glory emanating from the body on all sides. This part is painted white, and the whole work is admirable, both in design, and execution; as well as the open work of the Bishop's throne, and the Stalls for the Canons; but the sculptured Pulpit, and the Statues, in the Choir, are painted and gilded, in a gaudy style, unworthy of notice, or description.

The Sacristan now accosted me, observing my peculiar curiosity. He was a hard headed veteran of the Church, with all his features settled into that imperturbable insensibility, which is naturally contracted by beholding, without interest, or regard, the perpetual flux and reflux of the tide of human life at the doors of a Catholic Cathedral, where every period of existence from the cradle to the grave is in continual rotation.

I had myself seen that morning the different ceremonies of a Christening, and a Burial; nothing was wanting but a marriage to complete the whole history of life: and that I am told often takes place, contemporaneously, also.

I asked him whether the Church was not a hundred and fifty feet long?—He said it was one hundred and eighty-six. He had measured it himself. It

is ninety wide, and the middle aisle, which is divided from the side aisles by massy arcades, is at least sixty high.

In what year, said I, was the Church erected? "Monsieur, il y a environ cent "cinquante ans. Je ne saurois vous "dire le jour même."* But the carved work in the Choir is not of that age. (It is of some rich wood not yet much darkened by time) "Cest que l' Eglise "a eté brulée il ya environ cinquante "ans."† The Pulpit, said I, was probably saved from the wreck. (It is of Gothic construction, and grossly painted, in colours.) "Non, Monsieur, Rien ne fut sauvé Tout est à neuf."‡ Was the beautiful carved work of the choir made in this Country? "Oui, Monsieur, ç'a été "fait par un de nos propres Canadiens,

* Sir, it is about one hundred and fifty years old. I cannot tell you to the very day.

† No, for the Church was entirely burnt down about fifty years ago.

‡ No, sir, nothing was saved; every thing is new.

" qui a fait le voyage de France exprès " pour s'en rendre capable."* Was that Lewis XIII, or Lewis XIV, that stood on the right hand of the altar? (A Marshall of France, perhaps Montmorenci, on the opposite side.) "Non, Monsieur, " ce nest ni l'un ni l'autre. C'est—C'est " —*Le Louis des Croisades.*"† It is then Lewis the IX, or St. Lewis, said I.—" Eh " oui, oui, Monsieur, vous avez raison. " Mais comment l'avez vous reconnu " pour être roi?"‡ By the crown and sceptre. "Oh! bin,"§ said the old Sexton, (who appeared to have, till that moment overlooked his kingship, and considered the canonized Lewis, as nothing more than one of the Saints of the Choir—it being not uncommon to

* Yes sir, it was made by one of our Canadians, who went over to France on purpose to qualify himself for the work.

† No sir, it is neither of them. It is—It is—the Louis of the Crusades.

‡ Yes, yes, sir; you are right—But how did you know him to be a King?

§ O! true.

crown the figures of saints in Catholic Churches.) "Les autres d'alentour," continued he, "sont St. Pierre, St. Paul, "St. —— He could not recollect the "name of the third—it was the Marshall "of France. St. —— Vous sentez bien "que nous ne les croyons pas les verita-"bles Saints mêmes; mais seulement "leurs representants."* O yes, yes, I understand it.

THE CHAPEL OF THE URSULINES.

Next morning I went to the Chapel of the Ursulines, in the expectation of seeing the Nuns, at their devotions: but in that I was disappointed. An old Priest was saying mass, at a magnificent altar—the Tabernacle uncommonly splendid. Corinthian Columns —gilded Statues—a bishop on one side,

* The others round are St. Peter St. Paul St. —— You understand that we do not take them to be the very saints themselves, but only their representatives.

and a Queen on the other. (Probably Ann of Austria, the Mother of Lewis XIV, as this institution was founded in 1639.) St. Joseph with the Child in his arms, over head. Seraphs are reclining in the angles of the pediment, and Cherubs spread their wings above, and below, the niches. Bas reliefs of Apostles, and Evangelists, with their appropriate emblems, occupying the pannels of the pedestals. All this in the finest style of the Age of Lewis XIV, both sculpture, and architecture.

This rich Chapel may be eighty feet long, forty wide, and forty high. It is now dark with age, though it has always been neatly kept, by the piety of the Nuns, and has therefore suffered nothing else from time.

On the left is a side Chapel hung with Gobelin tapestry, (probably a Royal present, as Lewis XIV, kept that ma-

nufactory in his own hands for such purposes.) On the right is a large arched grate, with a black curtain drawn behind it, through which the Nuns were occasionally heard, hemming, and coughing; for this was a silent mass. I now despaired of seeing the particular objects of my curiosity: but presently the curtains were drawn, from within, and discovered the Nuns, kneeling, in their black dresses, with white neckkerchiefs.—This was at the moment of the elevation of the Host. And no sooner was it over than the curtains were closed again, and the slender Audience seemed to be left behind, to receive the "Dominus vobiscum,"* and coldly respond "Amen."

The paintings in this elegant Chapel are chiefly unmeaning representations

* The Lord be with you.

of celebrated Sisters of the order, in attitudes of adoration, or beatification —on their knees—or in the clouds. There is, however, upon these venerable walls a historical representation of The Genius of France, just landed upon the shores of Canada, from a European vessel, which is seen moored to the rocks. She is pointing to the standard of the cross, at the mast head; and offering, with the other hand, to a female Savage, the benefits of religious instruction; which she receives upon her knees. Wig-wams, children, &c. are seen in the back ground.

This Conventual Institution, probably the most strict in North America, short of the Vice-royalty of Mexico, owes its rise to the piety and self-denial of a rich young Widow, who devoting herself to religion, upon the death of her Husband, chose Quebec for her

retreat, as a place of seclusion from the world.

THE GENERAL HOSPITAL AND THE WHITE NUNS.

The General Hospital, which is beautifully located, in a retired situation, on the banks of the little River St. Charles, about a mile westward of the town, now only remained to be explored.

I walked that way, one evening, when all nature wears an aspect of tranquillity, and invites to meditation, or repose.

It is the most regular of all the religious edifices of this place, and remains, without alteration, or addition, as it was originally founded by its beneficent Patron, M. de St. Vallier, the second Bishop of Quebec, who endowed it, I believe by will, in the year 1693, for

the relief of the aged and infirm. They are attended by thirty-seven Sisters, under the direction of a *Superieure*, or Lady Abbess.

This extensive Building forms a hollow square, two stories high; and the front next the town has a venerable appearance of antiquity, with its high pitched roof, and broad portals at each end, under the protection of St. Joseph, and the Virgin (if I remember right) in their respective niches. Fortunately I did not enter it, at this time, but sauntered about the lonely environs of the place, thinking upon the melancholy absurdity of those human inventions, and traditions, by which God is robbed of his honour, so to speak, and his Son Jesus Christ, is, as it were, superseded by Joseph and Mary; as if the heaven-born Saviour were yet under the tutelage of earthly Parents.

I say, fortunately, because this circumstance brought me here a second time, but a few minutes before a procession took place, which was the most impressive thing of the kind I ever saw in Canada.

I had passed through the lower ward, into the Chapel, attended by one of the Patients, who told me on my giving him something *to discharge him*, that there was going to be a procession of the Nuns that afternoon, agreeably to the rules of the Founder, which enjoin, it seems, the formal visitation of the altars, in the respective wards, to be performed by the Sisterhood, in full habit, at certain set times in every month.

I bade him bring me word, when the procession was coming, and applied myself to the perusal of two broad tablets, upon the walls, which narrated

in French verse, the style and title—the talents and the virtues, of

JEAN BAPTISTE LE CHEVALLIER,
DE ST. VALLIER,

who had been two and forty years bishop of Quebec, when he founded this beneficent Institution, and was here interred, at the foot of the altar.

I had not near finished the verses, which had no particular merits of their own to recommend them, when my Attendant returned, in haste, to tell me that the procession was forming. As I re-entered the ward, at the upper end, the Sisterhood were coming in at the other. They were preceded by a Lay Sister, bearing a silver crucifix. She was evidently in her noviciate, having only the white veil, which was pinned across her forehead, and fell loose upon her shoulders. The rest had all *black*

veils, of the same description; but the dress of all of them was white, with large open flannel sleeves, a small cross depending from the neck.

The cross bearer was the handsomest woman, or rather, she was the only handsome woman, I had seen in Canada —very fair—but tall, without colour, and her unusual height was set off to advantage by the little girls, that carried lighted tapers, on either side of her. But there was something, even in her downcast eyes, which failed to convince me, that the fair proselyte had voluntarily drawn the lot of a Recluse. They all three took their station on one side, directly opposite to where I stood, while the Superior. between two Sisters, bearing, with both hands, a ponderous Image of the Virgin, approached the altar; and, kneeling down before it, was imitated by all the Sisterhood, as they followed her, in pairs.

They remained for some minutes in this uneasy attitude, singing aloud,

Virgo piissima! Ora pro nobis!
Mater dolorissima! Ora pro nobis! &c. &c.*

the Catholic Spectators on their knees responding with zealous vociferation,

Domine exaudi nos!†

THE LEGISLATURE OF CANADA.

The Legislature of Canada holds its sittings in what was once the Bishop's Palace, a Building which has been long allowed to be applied to other uses, by the now humble Bishops of the See, who are content to reside in the Seminary, among their clergy; and the old Chapel has been handsomely fitted up, by Government, for the accommodation of the Legislature.

* Most pious Virgin! Pray for us. Most painful Mother! Pray for us.

† Lord, we beseech thee to hear us. Or, as it stands in our Protestant Liturgy, *Good* Lord, we beseech thee to hear us

I walked into it one day, with permission from one of their Secretaries, who was writing in the Antichamber.

The Speaker sits, as at St. Stephen's, in a high backed chair, at the upper end of the room, surmounted by his Majesty's arms. The Members sit upon benches, without desks. It will be recollected that our Delegates in Congress occupy armed chairs, and every Member is provided with a desk. Which arrangement is best adapted to the various purposes of discussion, and deliberation, I shall not venture to opine; as it is, evidently, one of those questions upon which *much may be said on both sides.*

The Proceedings in this miniature Parliament, for so it is called, take place in both languages; though I perceived by the names of the actual Members, which hung up in the lobby, that

few of the Representatives are now French.

The debates are said to be sometimes very animated; but they are more frequently personal, than political: The Crown having a veto upon all their proceedings.

After various changes, in the system of government, had been adopted and rejected, in the vain expectation of reconciling the customs of France, with the laws and usages of England, in the year 1792, all the benefits of the British Constitution were extended to this part of the Empire; and the Province of Canada was divided into two separate Governments; a Legislative Council, and Assembly, being allotted to each. But both of them were placed, together with the lower provinces of New-Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, under the control of the same Governor General.

PEDESTRIAN EXCURSION TO THE FALLS OF MONTMORENCY.

My curiosity being now nearly satisfied, at Quebec, I sat out, by myself, on a pedestrian excursion to the Falls of Montmorency, about eight miles north east of that City.

On crossing the River St. Charles, I found myself in a muddy plain, or bottom, of black mould, mixed with sand; through which I with difficulty picked my steps, for a mile or two; after which the rising ground became stony and rough.

On the left I passed two or three large old French Mansion Houses, very long in Front, but shallow. They wore the appearance of desertion, and decay; but the Church of Beauport, on the right, with its two steeples, and a

comfortable college for the Priests, looked in good repair, I envied them nothing however but a small grove of trees, on a projecting knowl, through which they had laid out a gravel walk. It terminated at an oaken table, with seats for study, or reflection; from which tranquil spot the Fathers could see Quebec, without any intervening object, but the majestic river, and the shipping in the harbour.

About noon I reached the river Montmorency, which is crossed by a bridge, a little above the Fall. Having overlooked the foaming torrent from a grove of Firs (The French call them elegantly Pinettes) I crossed the bridge, and dined, or rather would have dined, at a small Inn, on the other side. But I found the brown bread was totally unpalatable to my pampered appetite, and nothing else, but eggs, were to be had.

A quiet nap however refreshed me—I forgot the want of dinner; and in the afternoon I went round the hill, on the lower side of the Falls. I saw them, on the way, to much better advantage than before; pouring, in an unbroken sheet of foam, into the abyss below; and, descending to the beach, I approached the thundering cataract, near enough to be sprinkled with the spray; and to satisfy myself that the height of this celebrated fall has been much over-rated. It does not in reality exceed, if it even equals the Gigantic Falls of Niagara, in the smallest of their dimensions, I mean that of height.

Heriot calls it two hundred and forty-six feet, which is about a hundred feet beyond the truth; and yet he must have viewed it, with attention, as he gives a beautiful view of Montmorency.

The bank over which it rolls, consists of a lime slate, in horizontal strata, of

various thicknesses, connected together by occasional veins of fibrous gypsum.

The rocks of Montmorency have received little injury, or rather impression, from the course of the water; which does not appear to have receded many feet from what must have been its pristine situation, at the period of Noah's flood—perhaps long before: for I am one of those geologists who, with Professor Cuvier, of the French Institute, do not believe that the face of the earth was much, if at all, materially, changed, at the time of the Deluge; the waters of which might rise to the height mentioned in scripture, and withdraw their covering, without leaving any more permanent marks of their irruption, than the mud and slime which they would naturally deposite.

It falls upon a flat rock, which bears no marks below the present basin, of having ever been more worn by the

waters, than it is at present; and the adjoining banks are within a few hundred feet of the great river, to which they descend almost perpendicularly.

These circumstances disprove the fond presumption, so lightly adopted by Schultz, and others, that the Cataract of Niagara; which now pours over a perpendicular wall of similar rocks (as no doubt it has done from the beginning, and will continue to do, to the end of time) has receded, from a distance of, I forget how many miles, below; wearing away the solid rock, at the rate of so many inches in a year.

This groundless hypothesis is accompanied with sage calculations of how nearly this prodigious wear and tear can be kept within the limits of the Mosaic Chronology; and how much more time—looking forward with fearful expectations, will be sufficient to wear

through the remaining bed of the river, and let out the waters of Lake Erie, to deluge the subjacent plains!*

* The rocks of Montmorency afford ample confirmation of the comparatively recent date of the present state of things, according to the Mosaic Chronology; as it is evident from the proximity, or rather juxta-position, of this Cataract to the River St. Lawrence, into which it falls almost perpendicularly, in connexion with the unworn surface of the flat rock, on which it falls, (every where but at the existing basin) that these waters could not have continued so to fall for any very long period of time, without having worn away the rocks over which they pour, in a much greater degree, than they have yet done.

I consider these Falls as affording palpable proof of Professor Cuvier's opinion, in his Theory of the Earth, "That, by a careful examination of what has taken place, on the surface of the Globe, since it has been laid dry, for the last time, and its continents have assumed their present form, (for the learned Professor traces the formation of the rocks and mountains, through gradual, and successive, changes, both of composition, and position, at least in such parts as are somewhat elevated above the level of the ocean) it may be clearly seen, that this last Revolution, and consequently the establishment of our existing Societies (in other words, the creation of the Human race) cannot have been very remote. Accordingly, it is obvious to remark, that among the bones [of animals] found in a fossil state, those of the Human species have never yet been discovered." Several of those specimens, which had passed for remains of that kind, Cuvier examined, with attention, and that able Naturalist declares, that not a single fragment, among them, had ever belonged to a Human skeleton.

A truce to speculation—Let us return to acknowledged realities.

By going round the mouth of the river, and ranging the flat rock, which forms its level bottom, I got within the influence of the spray; and, turning from the sun, was gratified with the aerial splendours of a circular rainbow; which formed around me a perfect ring, or halo, of the prismatic colours.

I now followed the course of the beach, down the shore of the St. Lawrence, as far as the little Church of Ange Gardien, (not less than three miles) and was by that time weary enough to have accepted a humble lodging, in one of the neighbouring cots: But I did not feel inclined to *solicit* admittance, while I could possibly *command* accommodation, at an Inn.

I therefore stopped at a house to inquire the road, where an old Woman,

and her Daughter, were weaving, in a large room, which apparently answered all their purposes, as there were several beds in it.—Whilst I was taking her directions, the Priest of the Parish came in, with that peculiar air of unconcern, approaching to apathy, which is so observable among the Clergy in Canada. Upon the Priest's sitting down, the good Woman laid aside her shuttle, and brought in a mug of beer; which she set *between us*, with rustic civility—not offering it to *either*.—His reverence was not inquisitive, and I was not loquacious, under the fatigue of my journey; so I soon rose, and took my leave. I have since regretted that I had not taken the opportunity of some professional information: but one has always something to regret; and

The eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing.

There was no tavern, he said, for two leagues; but there were good Houses

upon the road; and they were accustomed to exercise hospitality. That is to say, in this Country, they would receive Travellers, and take pay for their entertainment.—Hospitality implies, in Canada, nothing like the disinterested kindness of the Quakers in Pennsylvania, which has been lately sketched, with such glaring colours, in Galts' Life of West; nor yet does it indicate the liberal welcome of the Gentleman Farmer, of Maryland, or Virginia, to whom the company of an intelligent Stranger is such an acceptable treat, in those isolated situations, that he is recommended from house to house, by way of conferring a favour; and he may live among the neighbouring Gentry, at free cost, as long as he chooses.

I continued my progress, by cottages and hamlets, mills, and water-falls, till I came at last within ken of the expected place of repose: but its wretched appearance so disheartened me, after

walking fifteen miles, in expectation of a place of shelter, that I had, at last, a great mind to have begged a night's lodging in the neighbourhood. I actually knocked at one door for that purpose; but the People within answered as if they had retired to rest, (it was now between nine and ten o'clock) and I reconciled myself as well as I could to the brawling of Watermen, who were to put off as soon as the tide served, which would be some time before midnight, for Quebec. The Landlady (one of the coarsest women I have ever seen) had some tolerable wine, as it happened, so I ordered a pint of it, and declined having any thing else for supper. I threw myself, in my clothes, upon the wretched bed that was made for me; and next morning I turned out, as early as possible, after swallowing a couple of raw eggs, the only eatable I could stomach, in this squalid abode.

The Peasants of Canada have got the disagreeable habit, so common in Europe, of never telling their price. Ce que vous voulez Monsieur (What you please sir) is the universal answer, even at professed Inns, in unfrequented places. But I must say they never asked me for more than I gave them, whatever it was; and they always appeared to be perfectly satisfied.

Yet there are no beggars in Canada, any more than in the United States. The Stranger is no where importuned for money, or disgusted by the shameless display of natural, or acquired deformity, with which European Roads and Cities universally abound. Whilst I was at Montreal, a street Beggar arrived from Europe: upon taking his stand in the Public square, he was soon noticed by the Police, and clapped up in a place of confinement, till he should learn to respect the customs of the Country, and betake himself

to some honest means of obtaining a livelihood.

I was much annoyed, however, by the little whiffet dogs that run out upon Passengers from every hovel, barking till they are out of sight. I often admired the patience of the Postillions—but they are probably fond of it. Noise seems to be here the general passion. Church bells are perpetually ringing out, drums beat twice a day, in the principal towns, making the streets resound with the tattoo, or the reveillé; and in the country whole dozens of little bells are constantly jingling upon the harness of every caléche.

Before I turned about, I examined the ruins of the Franciscan Convent which had been burnt by General Wolfe to dislodge its Inhabitants, whose influence prevented supplies from being brought him by the neighbouring Peasantry, and the Chateau, as it was called, (I conjecture

from its having been originally a Seignorial Mansion House or Gentleman's seat) was never allowed to be repaired.

The neighbouring Church called Chateau Richer, from this castellated mansion (whose walls are yet perfectly sound, though they have been so long dismantled) was built in 1638; and it is now undergoing a thorough repair.

The whole Island of Orleans may be seen from hence; but its apearance is uninteresting, on so near a view; from the monotonous style of the settlements, house after house, at equal distances, and so much alike, that you cannot distinguish one from another.

The French Settlements do not extend above fifty miles below the Island, though they are sprinkled along, as far as the Harbour of Tadoussac, on one side, and the town of Kamouraska on the other;

from whence downward, in a space of hundreds of miles, nothing is to be seen, on either hand, but mountains covered with brush wood, and rocks, grey with the moss of ages, over, or beside, which, innumerable streams, and rivers, seem to gush, or roll, in vain.

In this gigantic River, the water is brackish, no farther than the lower end of the Island of Orleans; and the tide flows no farther than the lake of St. Pierre; yet the white Porpoises are frequently seen to pitch in the basin of Quebec; and Whales occasionally ascend, as far as the river Saguenay.*

* The impetuous torrent of the Saguenay, is a curiosity of the watery element, little, if at all, inferior to the thundering Falls of Niagara. The banks are naked rocks, which rise from one hundred and seventy to three hundred and forty *yards*, above the stream; whose current is at once broad, deep, and violent. In some places, falls of fifty or sixty feet cause it to rush onward with inconceivable rapidity. It is generally from two to three miles wide, to a distance of one or two hundred miles from its mouth, where it is suddenly contracted by projecting rocks to the width of

On my return toward Quebec, I proceeded more leisurely than I had done, in coming down; and now found time to admire the beautiful plants, or rather vines, which were occasionally to be seen, hanging from the lintel of an open window.—The windows in Canada, opening on hinges, from side to side, instead of being hung with weights, to rise, and fall, as with us. These vines, it seems, are called

one mile only. At the place of its discharge, attempts have been made to sound its depth, with five hundred fathom of line, but without effect. At two miles up, the bottom is indicated at one hundred and thirty or forty fathoms, and seventy miles from the St. Lawrence it is still from fifty to sixty fathoms deep.

Its course is very sinuous, owing to innumerable projecting points, contracting its width, from either shore. Yet the tide runs up it for seventy miles: and the ebb, on account of these obstructions, is much later than it is in the great River; in consequence of which at low water, in the St. Lawrence, the force of the Saguenay is perceivable for several miles, after its current has been absorbed in the broad bosom of the former; which is here twenty or thirty miles wide.

Just within its mouth, is the harbour of Tadoussac, which is well sheltered, by surrounding heights, and furnishes anchorage for any number of vessels, of the largest size.

fils d'araignée, or spiders threads, from the singular delicacy of their tendrils.—They are suspended in small pots, which the earliest leaves soon cover, so as completely to conceal the vessel which contains them. The plant then pushes forth its pendent strings of sprigs and flowers, green, red, and blue, the clusters of which seem to be growing in the air.—Frequently single pots of pinks, marigolds, and other flowers, occupied the sills of the windows, in the meanest cottages; and gave them, more than any thing within, an appearance of domestic enjoyment.

As I walked along, the Men had generally turned out to mend the roads, much rain having fallen latterly, and the surface being full of holes rooted up by the hogs. I asked one grey headed Man, how old he was. He told me he was eighty-one.—"Ah Monsieur," added he, "J'ai vu bien de

"la misére, au monde."* I quitted him with the obvious remark, that such were generally those that lived the longest.

In the yard of a large grist mill, through which the road passed, I sat down to rest myself, among the work people, who were employed at their different occupations, I soon perceived that one of them noticed me, particularly; and I was just going to continue my journey, to avoid interrogation, when he asked me with more responsibility, than his appearance indicated; if I would not walk into the house to rest myself. I assured him, I was very well, where I was. Then he would have me to come in, and take a cup of tea: for the French have learned to love tea, in America, though they have forgotten the receipt for *soupe maigre.* I civilly declined the offer, wishing to reach

* Ah! Sir, I have seen a great deal of misery, in my time.

Beauport, by dinner time, where I knew I might lay by, for the day, at a tolerable Inn.

I now jogged on, without any farther adventures, to the inhospitable Inn at Montmorency, where, however, the children now brought me plates of wild strawberries, for which I paid them, to their hearts' content. These Canadian strawberries are so very small, that I did not always think it necessary to pull off the stems, but ate them sometimes, by handfuls, stems, and all. Here they had been picked clean, and were served up to me, like a delicacy, which they really are.

Knowing this was no place to dine at, I went on, after a nap in my chair, and reached Beauport, as the Family were sitting down to table. So I dined with them, as I could, upon salt fish, without eggs: for it was meagre day. The

bread, however, was now eatable, for there is a baker in the village.

Next morning, instead of returning to Quebec, I concluded to cross the Country to Charlebourg; dined there, after stopping at the Church, where I was glad to shelter myself from a drizzling rain; and in the afternoon proceeded to

THE INDIAN VILLAGE OF LORETTO

but was obliged to stop, by the way, under a friendly roof, while a smart shower refreshed the air. It cleared up before night, and I readily found the village, by the direction of the Steeple.

The Canadian Loretto takes its name from a representation of *the Holy House*, on its way, through the air, from Beth-

lehem, in Palestine, under the conduct of Angelic guardians; which the Catholic founders of this Indian Church, whose zeal will, at the present day, be readily allowed to be more conspicuous, than their judgment, have placed over the altar.

This, may I be permitted to observe, by the way, is little better than initiating the Hindoos, in the Christian faith, by explaining, or rather attempting to explain, the mystery of Election and Reprobation, by an arbitrary election of *Some*, and rejection of *Others:* Whereas, the *election* of which *the Scriptures* speak (although in some parts, they are *hard to be understood*—and the Unlearned wrest them *to their own destruction.*)—The *Election* of Grace, is *universal*, being *in Christ*, the Seed of Jacob, the Second-Adam—the quickening Spirit; and the rejection or *reprobation*, is of *Esau*, a figure of the first-born, or *natural Man*—not in

Some; but *All.* For it is a literal truth, that *Flesh and Blood cannot inherit the Kingdom of God.* We must be *born again.* We must, actually, *put on Christ;* or we shall never be saved by him: for he came to save his people *from* their sins—*not* in them.—*Know ye not, that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be Reprobates?*——"These are hard sayings," said the Jews,—"Who can bear them?"

Perhaps these Children of Nature had better have been left to "the Great Spirit," whom their Fathers *worshipped,* however *ignorantly;* and their intuitive belief in, "the Land of Souls," than to have been thus impressed with one of the idlest impositions of ancient superstition.

The village consists, besides the Church, which appears now to be much neglected, of forty or fifty square houses, standing separate from each other, with

spaces between, which serve both for streets and yards, to the listless Inhabitants. Some young Men were lounging about. A girl, as fleet as a fawn, frolicked round them, occasionally, and the children were at some noisy play.

These simple People are of the Huron Tribe, and they have long been civilized, or rather naturalized, among the French in Canada. They have lost their native habits of contempt for labour, and fondness for war; and now live, much in the Canadian manner, though they preserve the Indian dress, as less constraining to their limbs.

They occupy about two hundred acres, I was told, of their own; but depend, more willingly, upon the precarious chances of hunting and fishing; having recourse, when those fail them, to hiring themselves out, for bread, among the neighbouring Farmers.

Under such circumstances they are fast forgetting the traditions of their Ancestors, which are no longer preserved by belts of wampum ; and renewed, by periodical revival, during the solemnities of a Council fire.—Even the song, and the dance, are now only taken up, at distant intervals, to the monotonous sound of Yo ! He ! Waw! in perpetual repetition, to gratify the curiosity of European Visitors, with the ferocious attitudes, and frantic gestures, of triumphant massacre.

The next day, being the Sabbath, I should have gone to Church, with the Indians; but there was to be no service; and I should have staid to dinner, with my host; but there was no meat in the house: so I concluded to go to the French Church, half a mile distant; after visiting the Falls of St. Charles, called by the Natives *Cabir Coubat*, to express the abrupt turns which the

river here makes, as it descends, with a shrill concussion, through narrow tunnels which it has worn in the rocks, till it loses itself to the eye, amid overhanging pines.

On the road to Church, the peasantry were collecting, in great numbers. They were decently, but coarsely clad, in jackets and trousers of grey coating; and the youth were amusing themselves with harmless sports, till the bell rung for mass, for there was to be no sermon; the Priests finding it easier to perform their accustomed rig-ma-role of the Mass; than to task their ingenuity with the composition of a discourse, adapted to the uninformed situation of their Parishioners; who are thus, literally, left to *perish for lack of knowledge.*

We had what is called High Mass, that is to say, the ceremonies of the

Mass were accompanied with singing: They are sometimes performed in apparent silence, the Priests alone uttering certain parts of the ritual, in a low voice, not designed to be heard by the Congregation. And there was much smoaking of incense, and sprinkling of *holy water*, a practice so very puerile, that it is difficult for a Protestant to behold it, without a feeling of contempt for the operator.—

But the rehearsal of a language, that has ceased to be spoken, ever since the decay of the Roman Empire; and which therefore involves a period of at least fifteen hundred years, is a solemn commentary upon the lapse of ages.

I consider this perpetuation of a *dead* language (however absurd it may appear, in practice) as an *unbroken* link, in the chain of history; that attaches, with irresistible conviction, the *New* Tes-

tament Dispensation to that of *the Old;* and I reverence it, in the order of Providence, as I do the Jews; that peculiar People—*prepared of the Lord*, for *the introduction, into the World*, of his *only begotten Son;* by whose Genealogies, and Prophetic annunciations, (however unwittingly, on their part) we are assured of the birth of THE MESSIAH; which was to be (I appeal to *Moses*, and *the Prophets*) *before the kingdom should depart from Judah*—before *the Daily Sacrifice should be taken away*—and whilst it was yet possible, to trace the descent of *the King of Israel*, from the *House of David*, and *the Tribe of Judah.*

And if the true Believer cannot but contemn the mummery of superstition, engrafted by Priestcraft upon Primitive simplicity; it may yet excite his wonder, that the decayed Fabric of Christianity should have stood the shock of reformation; and been restored in the Pro-

testant Professions to new life and vigour.

The rocks which compose the chain of mountains, which forms an immense amphitheatre behind the village of Loretto, and terminates in the Promontory of Cape Tourment, consist, I am told, of a quartz of the colour of amber, sometimes white, with a black glimmer, and a few grains of brown spar. Not far from the point of the Cape, there is said to be a considerable Lake, upon the summit of the mountain.

I was now nine miles north of the St. Lawrence, upon a commanding elevation, from which there is an unbounded view of the great river, in its course toward the ocean; of the heights of Quebec, and its glittering roofs and spires, whose reflection is too powerful for the eye, even at this distance; of the

Island of Orleans; of the Southern Coast; and, far beyond all, of the long chain of Mountains, which separates Canada from the United States.—

Nothing can be more sublime than this uninterrupted view of one of the greatest Rivers in the World, it being five miles wide, where it is unequally divided by the Island of Orleans, which is upwards of three hundred, from the sea.

You trace the channel as far as Cape Tourment, a bluff nearly perpendicular, which rises to a height of two thousand feet, and is distinctly visible, in its majestic outline, at the distance of forty miles; abruptly terminating, to the eye, the dim seen mountains, that bound the horizon, at an unknown distance, for at least as many leagues, allowing to the ravished eye, at one

protracted glance, a softened view of the tremendous precipices,

> Which pour a sweep of rivers from their sides;
> And, high between contending Nations, rear
> The rocky, long, division.

I now set out, in good spirits, for Quebec, refreshed myself at Charlebourg, and reached town as the bells were tolling for seven o'clock, the hour at which the Churches are closed. Here I supped deliciously upon fresh Salmon, after the poor fare I had met with, in the country, and I listened, again, at nine o'clock, to the penetrating trumpets, by which the hour of retirement is sounded every night.

THE FIRST BISHOP OF QUEBEC

was a Montmorency, of the noble House that has furnished so many Dukes and Marshalls of France, in the most bril-

liant periods of the French Manarchy. I must have somewhere seen his epitaph; though I cannot now recollect where: but the celebrated Falls we have just visited, were probably called after him; and, if so, he may be said to have a more splendid monument, than any of his illustrious Ancestors. How much more durable! Since those were probably overturned in the fury of the Revolution, whilst the resplendent Cataract, *faithful to its trust*, will perpetuate the name of the good Bishop, to the end of the world.

Quebec is subjected to frequent rains by the neighbouring mountains, which arrest the clouds in its vicinity; and it has little to boast of, in summer, though the days are very long, from its high northern latitude, (46. 55.) The sun now rises about 4 o'clock, and sets about 8.—The winter is allowed to be the season of enjoyment here.—

A sufficient stock of meat and poultry is killed, when the cold sets in, which it usually does in November, continuing without intermission till April; and sometimes encroaching upon May. The snow then usually lies upon the ground from four to six feet deep. The meat, as well as every thing else, that is exposed to the cold, instantly freezes; and it is thus kept, without further trouble, till it is wanted.

As the snows fall, the Inhabitants turn out to keep the road open, that their intercourse with their neighbours may not be impeded. The air is constantly serene and healthful; the nights are illuminated with the Aurora borealis; and the time is spent in giving and returning visits, between town and country. Dancing parties are frequently formed, by the young people, at one another's houses; and the gay scene is at its height, when the great river

freezes over, as it sometimes does, from side to side. The Island of Orleans is then accessible, and every body turning out upon the "pont," as they call it, on skates, or else in sleds and carrioles,

The then gay land is maddened all to joy.

Spring at length opens, suddenly; the ice breaks up, with tremendous crashes; and vegetation follows, with surprising rapidity, as soon as the surface of the ground is clear of snow.

Such they say, is occasionally, the extremity of the cold, that wine freezes even in apartments heated by stoves, the pipes of which are conveyed through every room. Brandy exposed to the air will thicken to the consistence of oil; and the quick silver of thermometers condenses to the bulb, and may possibly congeal, for even Mercury freezes at 39 degrees below the beginning of Fahrenheit.

Heavy snows come in October. During November they sometimes continue falling, for weeks together; and when the cold at length purifies the atmosphere, the moon-light nights are almost as brilliant as the day: for the sun cannot rise very high, between eight in the morning, and four in the afternoon; and the full moon, reflected by the snow and ice, is bright enough to admit of reading the smallest print.

The roads which would have been utterly impassable had they not been kept beaten, as the snows fell, and marked across the undistinguishing waste by pine bushes, stuck in from space to space, now harden to the consistence of ice, under the runners of the Carrioles; which seem to flit, in air, as they whirl along the impatient Passenger (muffled up in furs, till nothing appears but the tip of his nose) at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles an hour.

One of the amusements of winter is to go a fishing upon the ice. For this purpose large openings are made, in certain places, which the fish are known to frequent. The broken ice is piled up, arch wise, to shelter the fishermen from the wind; and the fish, coming hither for air, are easily caught, especially at night; when the Men use lights, and sometimes kindle fires; which attract the fish to the circle, and produce a singular effect, at a distance, through the hollow masses of transparent ice, the angles of which glitter, on your approaching them, as if they were hung with diamonds.

Notwithstanding this extraordinary frigidity, Canada lies in the same latitude with the smiling Provinces of old France. The greater degree of cold upon the New Continent, must be attributed to the land stretching away to the vicinity of the Pole, with little intervening sea; and expanding

at the same time very far to the west.—The whole range of winter winds, therefore, from N. E. to N. W. passing over but little sea to divest them of their rigour, gather fresh cold, in traversing immense tracts of snow and ice.

The Episcopal Cathedral, a handsome building, erected at a great expense (I believe of Royal munificence) upon the spot once occupied by the Convent and Cloisters of the Recollets, or Franciscan Friars, is now undergoing a reparation which marks ostensibly the peculiarities of the Climate.

This Structure is of Grecian Architecture (Ionick, if I remember right) finished with the broad entablature, and low pediment, prescribed by the rules of that order: but its flat roof has been found incapable of supporting the weight of snow, which annually rests upon it; and

to render the building tight and comfortable, it has been found necessary to spoil its elegant proportions, by raising the roof, at least ten feet higher.

The Steeple of this Church, though on a smaller scale, is evidently modelled from that of Christ Church, Philadelphia, which is the handsomest structure of the spire kind, that ever I saw, in any part of the World; uniting in the peculiar features of that species of architecture, the most elegant variety of forms, with the most chaste simplicity of combination. It is allowed by all Foreigners to do great credit to the taste and talents of the Architect, [*Robert Smith.*]

Quebec is much nearer *to Boston*, than it is *to Halifax*, or *St. Johns*. By the route of the Chaudiere, and the Kennebeck, it is no more than three hundred and seventy miles *to the capital of New*

England; but it is not less than six hundred and twenty-seven to *that of Nova Scotia*, by the road which was traced by General Haldimand in the year 1783, to St. Johns in New Brunswick, thence crossing the Bay of Fundy to Halifax; but it is even now barely practicable; stretching for the most part, across uninhabited desarts.

By Craig's road, which was cut by the command of Sir James, when Governor General, in 1809, toward the American frontier; but which remains still unfinished, it would be only two hundred miles *to Hallowell*, a town on the Kennebeck, from whence that river is navigable to the sea. It is but seventy miles from the out settlements on the Kennebeck, to the French posts on the riviere du Loup, a branch of the Chaudiere—the country between, mountainous and rugged, but intersected by rivers and streams.

I now prepared for my return, by land, resolving to take the caléche, the Canadian post chaise, that I might have the better opportunity of seeing the Country, and observing the manners of the People; though I had been almost discouraged from the attempt, by apprehensions of imposition from the post masters and postillions, whom I supposed to be no better than their Brethren in Europe; and the certainty, that this mode of conveyance would cost me at least twice as much, as a passage in the Steam Boat; the fare on board of which, up the river, is but twelve dollars, including every thing, (ten dollars down.) Passengers are also provided for in the steerage, on board of these boats, at one-quarter of the price.

I left Quebec with a confirmed opinion, that, although its citadel, reputed the strongest fortification in America,

with its hundreds of heavy cannon, and its thousands of well-disciplined troops, might possibly, in future wars, between the two countries (which Heaven avert) fall a prey to American enterprise, and intrepidity; yet the conquest would cost infinitely more than it could be worth; and must be with difficulty maintained, against the re-action of the greatest Naval Power on earth, to whose approaches by sea it must ever remain accessible.

I say not the same of Upper Canada, whose Population is, or will be, essentially American; and whose attachment to the Government of Great Britain must inevitably yield to the habits, and opinions, of their Continental neighbours. In short, I may venture to predict, with little apprehension of controversy, that by the next competition between England and America, if it be not very hastily brought on, Upper Ca-

nada will be nearly Americanised. Montreal itself will have become to all efficient purposes an American town; the French population there, will gradually assimilate, or disappear; unless, indeed, French Canada should be consolidated by National Independence; and the eventual boundary of Lower Canada will probably be the Sorel, on one side, and the St. Maurice, on the other;* leaving to his Majesty of Great

* This is a line of demarcation, not merely superficial; but which has been traced out, for hundreds of miles, by navigable waters; whose course, from North to South, is marked by a perceptible variation of soil and climate.—There is a difference of six weeks, in the opening of Spring, between Montreal (where the seasons do not differ materially, from the meridian of Kingston) and the petrifying Winter of Quebec. There is at least half that difference between the Island of Montreal, and the Eastern side of the Rivers above mentioned; and I shall venture to say it, (however imaginary the fact may seem) that an observant Traveller, in ascending the St. Lawrence, can hardly fail to mark the variation, in the looks and manners of the People; as soon as he crosses this line, by the wide ferry, which appears to traverse the mouths of three rivers; an illusion occasioned by two Islands that here divide the St. Maurice, into three different Channels.

Britain and his Successors, the sterile and inhospitable shores, that stretch—

To farthest Lapland and the frozen Main.

Canada is as costly a feather in the Royal cap, as any other of the Imperial trappings; and why should Republicans volunteer their services to prevent its being paid for beyond its value?

Yet, if the useless expenditure of Men or Money—if the unnecessary waste of Thousands of the former, and millions of the latter, should ever be allowed to enter into the calculations of Courts, and Cabinets.—If, in short, it had been *ever* known, that Nations, or rather Ministers, should voluntarily relinquish Power, when once obtained, by whatever means, or for whatever purpose; I should not think it *altogether* hopeless to recommend it, as the policy of Britain, in case of another War,

with America, *to relinquish* Upper Canada; and *leave the French to their own government*, as an Independent Nation: withdrawing all future protection and support from their North American Provinces; excepting those of New-Brunswick, and Nova-Scotia, with their dependencies; which, being on the sea board, may be easily defended, *if ever they should be attacked;* and which would continue to afford to Great Britain all the benefits she ever drew, or could expect to draw, from the possession of Canada:—An acquisition which became worse than *useless* to England, from the moment of the Declaration of Independence, by her adjacent Provinces, now the United States.

Her gigantic Navy would preserve its nursery—the Fisheries of New-Foundland; the Territories of New-Brunswick and Nova-Scotia could be maintained, without the enfeebling strain of

perpetual exertion; and Canada would be no longer, what it must ever be, while it remains a British Province—a *bone to pick*, between England and America—or a *shell* for the lot of *either Party*, while *the oyster* is *thrown away* between them.

Let not these ideas be rejected, with contempt, as *altogether* visionary, (however unpalatable they may be in England.)—Trans-atlantic dominion can *never* be perpetual in the heart of the American Continent—however long, or however cheaply, it may be maintained, upon the peninsula of Nova-Scotia; in the secluded recesses of New-Holland; (though they embrace *another Continent*) —in the *West*-Indies; or in the *East*.—

As soon as the *native* Population of Upper Canada (and *soon it will*, in a clime, and upon a soil, whereon the principle of life is evidently susceptible

of its utmost vigour) becomes sufficiently numerous to make self-government, (the natural right of all distinct associations of Men) convenient, and desirable; all the power of Britain cannot delay the event; whenever *another* FRANKLIN shall arise, at Toronto, or on the borders of the Lakes; to enlighten the minds of his Countrymen, with Political truth; and direct their efforts towards the acquisition of National Independence.——

How much *wiser* then would it be (to say nothing of humanity, *Christianity*, and so forth—since those principles are not allowed to obtain, among *Nations*, who, *individually*, profess their obligation) to permit *the course of nature* to take place, *without a struggle?*—Natural Parents take delight in the Independence of their Offspring. Will Mother-Countries, as they proudly call them-

selves, *always* insist upon *the perpetual subjugation* of their Colonial Progeny?

This, if I may be allowed to dilate the figure, is acting the part of a *Step-Mother*—who has but an equivocal claim to Filial obedience.

Upper Canada, or British America, is proudly stretched by English Geographers, from the shores of the Atlantic, to the Southern Ocean; and the boundless pretension serves to colour, with *red*, upon the map of the world, a great part of the Northern Hemisphere, until it whitens at the Pole. But *Upper Canada, Proper*, or that part of it which is at all likely to be inhabited during the present Generation, is a fertile Territory, lying under a temperate sky, of about equal dimensions with the State of New-York, which already contains a Million of Souls; and upon which it

bounds, both *above* and *below* Lake Ontario, for a space of one or two hundred miles.

This extensive tract is *isolated*, by Nature, between the Ottawa River, a branch of the St. Lawrence, and Lake Nipissing, with its outlet, called French River, emptying into Lake Huron, on the North; the broad expanse of Lake Huron, on the North and West; and Lakes Erie, and Ontario, toward the South.

Upper Canada presents a solecism, in politics; as well as a paradox, in geography. An *Island*, or at least *a Peninsula*, in the heart of *a Continent:* Its prosperity, as a Nation, will be *its ruin as a Province. The stronger it grows*, the weaker it will become, as a Dependency of Britain.—Let her beware of enumeration—David was under a delusion when he numbered Israel.

I would not be counted an Enemy of England, because I tell her unwelcome truths. I am a Friend to Britain; and have ever been proud of my descent, from the first Nation upon Earth.

This *isolated* Territory, or if you will, Peninsula, at a distance of a thousand miles from any Sea, is now settling—*not with English;* but with *Americans*, who pass into it by thousands, through the ample isthmus which separates Lake Erie from Lake Ontario—and a Man must *shut his eyes*, not to see the *inevitable* consequence.——

It appears, from history, that in the year 1629, the infant Province of Canada was taken from the French by the English: but it was then held in little estimation, (as it would have been in 1759, if it had not been a security for the peace of the adjacent Provinces) and, three years afterward, the unprofitable possession was restored to its

rightful Owners.—The British Crown (it was worn by Charles I.) was *then*, it seems, *wise enough* to *relinquish Canada*, as an acquisition *not worth the expense of maintaining ;* and if it should eventually do so again, by its own act, the deed will not be without a precedent.

If Canada was then *worth* less than it is now—How *much less* did it *cost ?**

RETURN TO MONTREAL BY LAND.

I WAS a little fretted upon leaving Quebec, at the unexpected demand of the *Poste Royale*, which has been care-

* *Charlevoix* says, with amusing simplicity, that the French King would not have reclaimed *La Nouvelle France*, considering it as a Possession that was a burthen to the Crown, (*the advances exceeding the returns*) but for the sake of being instrumental in converting the Natives to Christianity ; a deed which was in that age thought no less meritorious, than had been, in the days of Lewis IX. that of dispossessing the Infidels of the Sepulchre of Christ. [See vol. I. p. 173.]

fully transferred to Canada, by the brethren of the whip: but no other imposition did I suffer, till I reached Montreal. Every Post Boy took his established fare, one-quarter of a dollar per league, and looked for no gratuity. The two first Postillions had no whips. Not one of them swore at their horses, invariably managing the obedient animals with nothing more than, "Marche donc!" There was no liquor at the Post Houses, not even where they professed to entertain Travellers, for the Police regulations are here very strict, against unnecessary tippling houses; and instead of calling for something to drink, at every stage, the Post Boys invariably sat down, and smoked a pipe, in familiar conversation with the People of the house.—One of them was deaf—of course, he was silent; but the next hummed a tune, with incessant volubility; and a third—*whistled, as he went, for want of thought.*

At St. Augustine, whose church is at the bottom of a hill, along the summit of which runs the road, there stands what is here called a Calvary; that is, a crucifix, as large as life, elevated upon steps, railed in, and covered overhead, with a bell shaped roof, surmounted, as are most of the simple crosses, with a cock; not as a late Traveller has supposed *in remembrance of Peter's denial* of his Lord; but as the symbol of patriotism.

At a place called Sillery Cove, in this vicinity, the Jesuits erected a chapel, and other buildings, as early as the year 1637, for converting the Natives to Christianity. They had arrived from France but twelve years before. The ruins of this edifice still remain; and in Sillery Wood; where the Algonquins, the ancient allies of the French, against the Iroquois, or Five Nations, had a large village; there still remain some of the tumuli of these native

Inhabitants of the forest; and their mementoes, cut upon the stems of trees, may yet be traced by the curious Observer.

My Post Boys scrupulously lifted their hats to every body we met, whether man, woman, or child, but that kind of obeisance to the crosses would appear to be now dispensed with, for there was but one Postillion out of twenty or thirty that appeared to take any notice of them whatever—Perhaps the service may have been commuted for a mental Ave Mary, in consequence of the ridicule to which that ceremony exposed them from British Travellers.

POINTE AUX TREMBLES.

At the little village of Pointe aux trembles, where there is not only a Church, but a small convent of Nuns, the Parson

of the Parish was strolling through the village, with a book under his arm—to show that he was not absolutely

Occupé a ne rien faire.*

Among the half dozen hovels of the place, was a lodging house under the pompous designation of *l' Hotel Stuart.*—I had seen a tavern among the dirty lanes of the lower town of Quebec, which was kept by a *Valois;* and a petty grocery, hard by, under my own proper names, both first and last, with the variation of a single letter in the surname; to which I was now indifferently reconciled by finding myself in such company.

I am in the habit of observing the names upon signs, they are often curiously appropriate to the occupations of the Parties —What think you for instance of *Burn-*

* Engaged a doing nothing. [Boileau.]

op for a baker? Sometimes they afford genealogical traces, and hints of National history. I have often been amused in New England with the names of ENDICOT and CODDINGTON—the posterity of former Governors, metamorphosed into Shop keepers, and Tailors; and in a suburb of Montreal, unconscious of the honours of illustrious descent, I observed a *Rapin* on one side of the way, and a *Racine* on the other. One was a petty Grocer, the other a Shoemaker, who had probably never heard of the Historian or the Poet.

It was at this place that General Arnold, after ascending the Kennebeck, against its rapid current, from the sea coast of Maine, and crossing the White Mountains, where they are interrupted by the impetuous torrent of the Chaudiere, (appearing, like a vision of enchantment, in the eyes of the *bons Citoyens* of Quebec, who would as soon have expected an arrival from the Moon up-

on the opposite peak of Point Levy) formed a junction with General MONTGOMERY, who, having possessed himself, almost without resistance, of the Castle of Chamblee, and the Town of St. Johns, had entered Montreal, in triumph, and descended the St. Lawrence to this point —SIR GUY CARLETON fleeing before him in a boat with muffled oars. Thus scouring in a few weeks, the whole Province of Canada, to this short distance from its Capital. MONTGOMERY had a Regiment of Canadians in his train, for the French Peasantry had, at the breaking out of the war, refused to arm against their Neighbours, and were disposed to favour the American cause; notwithstanding it appeared among them in the equivocal guise of successful invasion.

The Postillion that conducted me to the river Jacques Cartier was quite a humourist. He replied to my first inquiries about the state of the Country:

"Monsieur, Cest le pays le plus aimable.
" pour la misere, que vous trouverez nulle
" part. On travaille beaucoup pour gag-
" ner peu. Oh! cést une occupation que
" la vie, ici, Je vous en assure. Nous
" avons un petit bout d'été et donc, tout
" de suite, la gelé, qui vient toujours à la
" St. Michel [the 29th of September]
" Quelque fois pendaant la Récolte même.
" Toujours avant la Tous Saints,"* [the 1st November.]

I asked him his age, thinking he might be about sixty.—" Monsieur, J'ai qua
" rante ans, juste."† I told him I was fifty. " Mais vous avez l'air plus jeune
" que moi. Et comme vous avez de
" l'embonpoint! Je pense que vous

* Sir, it is the most charming country for misery, that you shall find any where. We work a great deal to earn a little.—Oh! Life is an occupation, here, I assure you. We have a little bit of summer, and then directly comes frost; which happens always by St. Michael's day. Sometimes in harvest—Always by All Saints.

† Sir, I am forty years old.

" devez venir de Boston ? Les Boston-
" nois sont tous de gros hommes (He
" was himself a little fellow of five feet
" three) Vos chevaux aussi sont grands.
" Les nôtres sont petits, petits. Mais
" nous les faisons aller a toutes jam-
" bes."* (We were now descending a hill, at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour, I thought at the imminent risque of our necks.) " Comme les
" hommes de notre pays, l'on est ob-
" ligé de fair plus q'on ne peut."†

I inquired how the French liked the English ? " Comme ça ! Messieurs les
" Anglois," were very brave, generous, and so forth. " Mais ils ne sont pas
" polis, comme les François. Quelque

* But you look younger than I do ; and in what good case you are. I think you must be from Boston. The Bostoners (a general term here for Americans) are all big men. Your horses too are large. Ours are very, very, little : but we make them lay leg to it.

† Like the men of our country, they are obliged to do more than they can.

" fois aussi ils ne sont pas de bonne hu-
" meur. Ils se mettent en colêre sou-
" vent sans savoir pourquoi."*

Were the Canadians content under the British Government? " Oh pour " ça, oui! l'on ne sauroïent être mieux." " —Y a t il loin, Monsieur, d'iei à Phi- " ladelphie?"† Answer, two hundred leagues. " C'est bien loin.—Mais ce " doit être un bien beau pays."‡

We had by this time reached the little River Jacques Cartier, so called from the first explorer of the Saint Lawrence, who wintered here in 1535, on his return down the river. It here dis-

* Pretty well—but they are not polite like the French. Sometimes they are fretful. They often get angry, without knowing why.

† Oh yes, for that matter. We could not be better.—Is it far from here to Philadelphia?

‡ That is a great way—But it must be a very fine country. [The word Philadelphia is here synonimous with Pennsylvania.]

embogues itself between steep banks, with a rapid current.

I was set over this wild ferry, in a small canoe, just before dark, and had to find my way, with my baggage in my hand, as well as I could, up the opposite hill. (Its rugged heights had been fortified to oppose the descent of the English in the year 1760.) I was received, however, at the Inn (one of the best on the road) as well as if I had arrived in a coach and four.

I inquired after the Salmon Leap, for which this river is famous. They had just begun to appear. Two had been caught at the Falls that morning; but they had been sold. For how much? Three-quarters of a dollar apiece.

Salmon have been caught here weighing from thirty to forty pounds.

They are impatient of the heat, which prevails in the great river, at the time of their arrival, and dart eagerly up the cool streams of the smaller rivers; with a view to deposit their spawn, in places of security. When a rapid, or cataract, obstructs their passage, which is often the case, in Canada, they will leap ten or fifteen feet at a time, to get over it; and these powerful fish are sometimes seen struggling with insurmountable obstacles, against which they will leap six or seven times, if as often thrown back into the adverse current.

Upon my expressing a wish to have some Salmon for breakfast, the Men said they would go out in the morning, and try to catch one for me. By the time I got up they had brought in a fine one, weighing twelve or thirteen pounds.

I breakfasted, with an excellent relish, and passed lightly through *Cap Sanié*, *Port Neuf*, and Dechambault; observing a large old Mansion house, upon the right; upon the left, a grove of trees, near a small Church.

At the River St. Anne there was a large Church, unusually situated, fronting the water. As I crossed a wide ferry, a groupe of Indian boys were amusing themselves on the shore, half naked, a wig wam near.

At Battiscan, another large River, not many miles from this, there was an Indian encampment. Several comfortable wig wams stood close together. The Females belonging to this tribe, very decently dressed, in their fashion, were industriously occupied, under the trees; while children of all ages were playing upon the beach.

The men, I was told, were out a hunting. They catch Beaver, Otters, Raccoons, Opossums, and other wild animals, such as Hares, Rabbits, Deer, and sometimes Bears;—upon which, together with Fish from the river, such as Sturgeon, Salmon, Pike, Perch, &c. they often feast luxuriously, while the inactive Canadians are sitting down to scanty portions of bacon and eggs. [See the Appendix, No. I. for a particular account of the Beaver of Canada.]

Of the feathered game, with which these woods and waters abound, in their season, I may mention Wild Geese, an endless variety of Ducks, Wood-Cocks, Plover, Quails, Wild-Turkeys, Heath-Hens, Wild-Pigeons, in inconceivable abundance. The Eagle, the Stork, and the Crane, are not unknown in Canada, though rare, these noble birds sedulously

keeping themselves out of danger, in unfrequented wilds.

During my progress, I was frequently amused with the simple naivété of the Post Boys, one of whom was only twelve years old; but had already driven several years.

"Comment vas ton Pere? Barrabie,"* said one of them to a boy that followed us, on horseback, apparently for the pleasure of company.

"Je veux boire un peu d'eau,"† said another, as he stopped short at a spring by the road side, without leave or licence.

"Si vous vous voulez aller plus vite, "passez avant,"‡ said one that was re-

* How is your Father? Barrabie.
† I will take a drink of water.
‡ If you want to go faster, drive on.

turning empty, to the boy that was driving me, and whom we had quietly followed at his own paces, for some time.

"Pour quoi courez vous à pied?"—said another, to a little fellow that was running after us, for his own pleasure. "Montez derriere."*

Observing larger barns than usual, as I advanced, and a good grazing country, though the cattle looked very small and lean, (there were but few Sheep in the whole route,) I asked my Man whether they had begun to mow, in those parts. It was near the borders of Lake St. Pierre. "Non, Monsieur," said he, "Cela ne "se fait jamais avant la St. Anne,† [the 26th of July.] Every thing goes by Saints here. I now observed frequent patches of flax, barley, and oats; but very little wheat, or corn.

* Why do you run a foot? Get up behind.

† No sir. We never mow before St. Anne's day.

Toward evening we approached

THREE RIVERS;

and I was now obliged to take boat, or rather to seat myself upon straw, in the bottom of a canoe, to be ferried over the mouth of the St. Maurice, a stream that flows from the north east, some hundreds of miles; by which the Savages, in the vicinity of Hudson's Bay, formerly descended to this Town, in great numbers.

As we landed upon the beach, there was a boat ashore, from a vessel from Glasgow. It was interesting to one who had been in Scotland, to see the Sailors, with their blue bonnets and plaids.

In the town, which has nothing extraordinary in its appearance, there is, or

rather was, a Monastery of Recollets, and a Convent of Ursulines. The Monastery has long been converted into a Jail; and the Convent, having been burnt down a few years since, and wholly rebuilt, has lost the *prestige* of antiquity; though it was founded in 1677, by the same good Bishop that endowed the one at Quebec, for the education of young Women, and an asylum for the Old and sick.

A young Girl from the States, (as the American Union is familiarly called here) brought up a protestant, had taken the veil, in this Convent, a few days before I was there.

There is a Superieure and eighteen Nuns here; but I was disappointed of seeing them, at matins, by that invidious curtain, which I have already had occasion to reprobate.—Nothing was to be seen but an old Man, prostrating

himself before the altar. I was struck with something unusual in his manner, as he rose from his knees, and passed out into the Sacristy.—It was the Abbe DE CALONNE, brother to the Prime Minister of that name, who took refuge here during the French Revolution; and who now, it seems, thinks himself too old to return to France, even to behold the restoration of *the Throne*, and *the Altar*.

As I returned to the Inn, I met an old man of whimsical appearance, with a large cocked hat, flapped before. I inquired who it might be, and was told that he was a Man in his *hundred and fourth* year—that he had been a singular humourist—was still fond of his joke, and always made a point of flourishing his cane, whenever he met a woman; whether this was a freak of fondness, or aversion, I neglected to inquire.

There are here several Jewish Families of the names of Hart and Judah. They are said to be no less respectable than the Gratz's of Philadelphia and the Gomez's of New-York. The Father of the former, when he first came hither, could have bought half the town, for a thousand pounds, and thought it dear. But, property is now becoming valuable. It lies on the right side of the St. Maurice, as respects the United States; being on the road to which, is here reckoned *a recommendation to Lands on sale. A new Jail and Court House*, are erecting, and cross roads are laying out into new townships, now settling, in the Neighbourhood, with disbanded Soldiers.

I got all this local information from two of his British Majesty's Civil Officers; with the exception of *the recommendation* above hinted at, (I picked that out

of a newspaper.) These Gentlemen introduced themselves to me as King's Counsel, and Recorder (if I remember right) during my evening's ramble from the Inn—excused their freedom, as being happy to see a new face, and insisted upon the pleasure of accompanying me round the town.

The former was a young Gentleman of a refugee Family of the name of Ogden, originally of New York—The latter, a Canadian, of Scotch descent. He led the way to his own house, ordered wine and water; and pressed me earnestly to consent to dine with him, next day. He took me for an Englishman just landed at Quebec, and deprecated any fresh disputes with America.

The Commissioners for settling the boundary line between Canada and the United States were said to be setting up opposite claims to the vacant terri-

tories; which it was observed could not be worth disputing about; but that each party on such occasions must appear strenuous for the rights of his Country. The People here wish for nothing more than the establishment of the line, upon the height of land which separates the streams which run into the St. Lawrence, from those which run southward; and it is devoutly to be hoped that this definite barrier, will not be exchanged for a line of demarcation, less strongly marked by nature, as the northern limit of the United States—the preservation of which is of infinitely greater importance to the peace and welfare of the two Countries, than the possession af a few millions of useless acres, on one side, or the other.

The Commissioners are collected, it seems, at St. Regis, some distance above Montreal, where the ideal line

strikes the St. Lawrence, and from thence proceeds westward, up the middle of the river, and through the great Lakes Ontario, Erie, Huron, and Superior, to the unexplored Lake of the Woods.

St. Regis is an Indian village—a sort of neutral region, where the contending Parties will be likely to spend a good deal of time; as Ambassadors use to do, in disputing for the honour of their respective Principals.

In a shop window of this unfrequented place, I saw again, with renewed interest, a Caricature of the Fall of Bonaparte; with which I remember to have been particularly struck, when the event was recent, in the British Metropolis; where this species of *substantial* wit is carried to its utmost perfection. It is not understood at Paris; where the spirit of satire

evaporates in a transient pun, or a temporary distich.

The little Ravager of the World appears on the left of the scene—on the right is ATLAS, with his Globe. A label issuing from the mouth of Bonaparte exclaims: "De Prusse be mine. De "Russe be mine! All the world will be "mine!—If you will only hold it up a little "longer, Monsieur ATLAS!" *No, no*, replies the sturdy Bearer of the World, in vulgar English, *I'll be hang'd if I do.* Since you wont let it alone, Master Bony, you may carry it yourself. And as the grim Colossus launches the monstrous burthen upon the little Conqueror, (who kicks up his heels, to save his bacon, with ridiculous earnestness) his principal Generals Marmont, Massena, and the rest, with characteristic levity bid their old Master, "Good Night!"*

* This ludicrous Caricature, reminds me—perhaps not inopportunely, of a serious Representation of the great

Near Three Rivers is an Iron Foundery, which has been worked ever since the year 1737; and the castings produced there are uncommonly neat. The

NAPOLEON, which was re-published in America, after the first Fall of the Tyrant: and before his temporary Restoration. I remember it was on board the ship, in which I sailed for Europe, in the spring of 1815; and it had been the subject of my contemplation but a few days before we were surprised, in the British Channel, with the *incredible* intelligence, that Bonaparte was *again* upon the throne of France —

It is a Bust of the Emperor, seen in profile, with his hat on his head, and a star upon his breast:

THE HAT

Represents the Prussian Eagle, who has settled upon Napoleon's head, and ceases to struggle for release—his neck being twisted round, to form, with his crest and beak, a Cockade for the Conqueror of the Earth—*hitherto invincible*.

THE FACE

is ingeniously made out, in every feature, by the Victims of his insatiable thirst for glory—the contours of their naked limbs forming, without distortion, the physiognomical traits of the unfeeling Despot.

THE COLLAR, which is red,

typifies the effusion of blood, occasioned by his ambition for universal dominion.

THE COAT

is interlined with a map, representing the Confederation of the Rhine; on which are delineated, particularly, all those places where Napoleon lost battles.

ore, it seems, lies in horizontal strata; and near the surface. It is found in perforated masses, the holes of which are filled with ochre. This ore is said to possess peculiar softness and friability. For promoting its fusion, a grey limestone is used, which is found in the vicinity. The hammered iron from these works is pliable and tenacious, and it has the valuable quality of being but little subject to rust.

THE STAR, on his breast,
is *a Spider's Web*, whose threads are extended over all Germany.—

But, in THE EPAULETTE,
is seen——THE HAND OF THE ALMIGHTY—descending from the North, and—with a finger—leading the unconscious Spider—to that destruction which awaited him—among *the Snows* of Russia: For it was neither the Coalition of 1813; nor yet that of 1815: but *the retreat from Moscow*, that annihilated the power of the Tyrant, and *dispelled the charm* with which he was impiously attemping to bind the destinies of Europe.——

WHOSE *powerful breath?*—from Northern Regions blown,
Touches the Sea; and turns it into stone!—
A *sudden* desart spreads, o'er *Realms defaced;*
And lays one-half of the Creation waste?

The Country is here very flat, and the soil a fine sand, mixed with black mould. The neighbouring woods abound with elm, ash, oak, beech, and maple, of which sugar is made in sufficient quantities, for Home consumption; and those beautiful evergreens, the white pine, the cedar, and the spruce, are here indigenous in all their varieties.

No sooner had I quitted the town of Three Rivers, than I perceived indications of being on the road to the United States. I am sorry to say it, they were not all of them favourable to American morals: but there was now less bowing, and more frequent intercourse; yet the Inhabitants continued to make themselves easy, without the trouble of sinking wells, in consequence of their convenient proximity to the water; and they still appeared to hold

what we esteem—*necessaries*, as unnecessary as ever.

At Machiché, I delivered the letter from my young Friend at Quebec, to his worthy Grandmother. I found the old Lady in a retired situation, half a mile from the road. She was delighted to hear from her Grandson; who, it seems, had been out of health. She pressed me to stay to dinner—to drink something, at least; and sent for the young Gentleman's Brother, to detain me. He presently came in, with his dog and gun. They resembled each other very much. They had both been in the army, I was told, but their corps had been disbanded. She should make a point of letting her Grandson know, that I had done him the honour to call upon her.—

I must have detained the Postillion half an hour, but he showed no signs of

impatience, and never asked me for any remuneration, though he had had the trouble of opening gates, &c.*

On approaching the Riviere du Loup, I asked him if we crossed it in a boat. "Non pas, Monsieur! Il y a "un pont *superbe!*"† I figured to myself a model of architectural symmetry —something like the *superb* elevations, which have been thrown over the Schuylkill, and the Delaware.—It was a plank causeway, with a single rail on each side, to prevent accidents.

Here I would have dined, having sedulously made choice of the best of two Inns for that purpose, but could not

* I find from Bouchette that the Seignieury of Gros Bois, or Yamachiche, was granted in 1672, to the Sieur Boucher; and is now the property of Louis Gugy, Esq. the eldest brother of my Quebec Friend. The territory belonging to this manor is low and flat, near the Lake; but the neighbouring Settlements look thrifty and comfortable.

† No—There's a superb bridge.

eat the "ragout de Mouton, et de "veau," that was already "tout pret,"* when it was set before me, so completely had the meat been deteriorated in the cooking—*Allons !—Patience.*—I took up my hat and walked over to the Church. It is under the patronage of St. Anthony, who stands over the portal, with the holy Child in his arms. Now I can bear to see *St. Joseph*, with his adopted Son, in his hand: but to see the Babe of Bethlehem, in the arms of St. Anthony, or any other saint in the Calendar, is too much for my spirit of toleration; and, I will say, it reminds me of nothing better, than, going *from Jerusalem to Jericho*, and *falling among thieves.*

By the way St. JOSEPH, a saint scarcely ever heard of, or at least ungraciously overlooked, among us heretics, in

* Ragout of Mutton and Veal—all ready.

the United States, is the patron of Canada; and the Virgin Mary must be something more than mortal, at least "Sin peccado concebida,"* as the Spaniards say.

I continued my route, by a strait road, over an extensive flat, between large fields of wheat and barley; (soil a light reddish earth, a little sandy) and crossing the Maskinongé, by a handsome bridge, truly in the American style; which appeared to have been just finished, to the admiration of the neighbourhood, who were gathered about it in crowds, as we passed; I entered the town of Berthier, which consists of one long street, or rather row of houses fronting an arm of the river, which here flows round an uncultivated Island; upon which Horses are suffered to run wild, until they are wanted by

* Conceived without sin.

their owners; a Canadian practice which is supposed to have deteriorated the breed, at least in point of size.

A number of these beautiful animals were now to be seen, sporting themselves at large, with phantastic gambols. Now collecting, in droves, as if for purposes of sociality, or combination—Then coursing each other, over the plains, in every variety of pace and attitude. Perfectly happy in the absence of *cruel* Man.

Horses, however, are much better treated in Canada, than they are in the United States; where, to our shame, be it spoken, these generous Animals, to whose labours we are so much indebted, and who are as docile to our wills, as they are serviceable to our occasions, are often hardly used by Carters, and Stage Drivers; and sometimes shamefully abused, in the wantonness of

power. I have often wished that some protection could be extended, by the Magistrate, to prevent their unnecessary sufferings. And surely, it must be in the power of Stage Owners to prevent their teams from being injured, as they often are, by the dangerous and fool-hardy competition of headstrong and unfeeling Drivers.

The soil is here rich, (a fine vegetable earth, upon a substratum of strong clay.) It is well cultivated, and the prospect of an abundant harvest is now very promising.

The road kept its course, along the side of the great River, and I lodged this night, upon its bank, at a lone house, near La Noraye.

Observing a good many young People about, I asked my Landlord, (who took me on next morning himself, and was a sedate, substantial Farmer,) How

many children he had. Nine was the answer. Some of them married. "Ah! "Monsieur," said he, "Cèst terrible "comme les familles se grossissent "ici."* I remarked the favourable appearance of the grain. It looked well this year, he said, but the last season the crops had been very scanty, particularly *below Three Rivers*, where I had already observed, that the true climate, soil, and manners of Canada Proper, or Lower Canada, appear to be marked by a definitive line.

"Avez vous la disette quelque fois, a Philadelphie, Monsieur?"†

This simple question, at such a distance from that favoured soil and climate, where the annual enjoyment of plenty is too familiar to be remarked, excited in my breast the most lively

* Ah, Sir, it's terrible to think how families increase here.

† Have you the scarcity sometimes at Philadelphia, Sir?

sensations of gratitude to Heaven; bringing to mind the unmerited superabundance, with which we have been uninterruptedly favoured, from the first settlement of our "happy land."

Two Caléches now approached us, at a rapid rate; the first of them, with two horses, which is very uncommon in Canada, and between its broad and lofty ears sat a well fed Ecclesiastic. It was the Curate of Maskinongé, returning from Montreal, where he had been with a neighbouring brother of the cloth (who was reading as we passed him, or appearing to read, without ever raising his eyes from his book) to pay his devoirs* to the Bishop; who was about going on a visit to Quebec.

We now entered a beautiful oak wood, extending for half a mile, on both sides of the way. Expressing my

admiration of this grateful shade, (this being the only wood through which the road passes between Quebec and Montreal; though an unbroken forest bounds the horizon, at no great distance, the whole way;) I was assured that "Tous les Généraux et les Messieurs, "Anglois l'admiroient infiniment."*

It belongs to a Seigneurie, of which we saw the manor house, called La Valterie, on quitting the road. We stopped hard by, at a decent Inn, about which a few isolated silver pines had been judiciously preserved; and, in the garden, were some of the finest roses I have ever seen. On alighting, I ran to treat myself, for a moment, with their delightful smell, and was politely invited to help myself to as many of them as I chose to take: upon which I stuck

* All the Generals, and the English Gentlemen, admired it prodigiously.

one of them into my button hole ; and rode into Montreal, with this rural decoration, as the Peasants here frequently do, with flowers stuck in their hats.

From this enchanting spot, (for it was on a gentle eminence, from whose airy brow an open green descended to the river; which was now sparkling at its foot, with the cheerful play of morning sun beams ;) I was taken forward in a style of the same pastoral simplicity, by a delicate looking youth, whose manners, and appearance, resembled nothing more remotely, than the audacity of a European Postillion.

A stage or two before, I had been conducted by a boy of eleven years old ; who told me he had already driven three, and must therefore have begun to hold the reins, at the tender age of eight years. I could but congratulate myself on the child's having had some

years of practice, before he took charge of me. Immediately on our arrival at the next stage, he was saluted by a Chum, in the most affectionate manner imaginable ; and the two Boys went off together, arm in arm, like two Students at College, instead of Professors of the whip.

Now, however, taking boat at St. Sulpice, to cross over to the Island of Montreal, I fell into the hands of a surly Fellow, the only Post Boy on the whole route, who had ever been out of humour with his horse, or showed the least signs of dissatisfaction with *himself*, or *any thing about him ;* though both horse and chaise, at the Post Houses, *below Three Rivers*, had often looked as if a puff of wind might have blown them both away ; and I often thought what a show the antiquated harness, and long eared vehicle, would have made for the *finished* Coachmakers of Philadelphia.

On this passage, an elegant Mansion House presents itself at some distance, to the right; and a new Tavern, in the neat, two story, low roofed, American style, is beheld, with pleasing anticipations, by the returning Columbian.

It is, I believe, or rather was, an appendage of the new Bridges, which were constructed, over the different branches of the river, that here separate the adjacent Islands from the main land; and which were intended, eventually, to supersede this tedious ferry, by connecting Montreal, on the north side, with the adjoining shore.

But the Projectors of this laudable undertaking had forgotten to consult their climate; or to obtain security from *the Great River*, as the Indians expressively call it. Accordingly, after serving the intended purpose, through the

following winter, they were carried off *bodily* by the ice, when *the roused up river** swept away every obstacle to his passage, in the spring.

This idea of bridging the St. Lawrence, even where approaching Islands invite the attempt, is for the present totally abandoned. Yet I have no doubt that it will be tried again, and that with success; when adventurous New-Englanders shall have taken that ascendency at Montreal, which the Scotch have hitherto enjoyed.

The Ferrymen here vented their passions, as watermen seem to be every where, particularly apt to do, in scurrilous provocatives. Every other word was *Foutre*, or *Diantre*; and every thing that thwarted their humour was bête! and bougre! and sacré mâtin!

* Thomson.

We met nothing on the road, after we reached the Island, but a solitary caléche or a market cart, or a foot passenger, at distant intervals, as we drove forward, five or six miles, by a country Church, and a Tavern. It was the sign of the Three Kings, which is here a favourite emblem, as well as in Germany; though the Eastern Sages are here so ludicrously transmografied, that I did not at first recognise the allusion.

MONTREAL.

As we entered the town, it had become very hot. I was disappointed in the comforts of the French Hotel, to which I had been directed—Did not think it worth while to change even for the Mansion House, late the residence of Sir John Johnson—Tired myself almost off my legs with perambulating the streets, and lanes—Suffered excessively with the heat, (to my conviction that it *might* oc-

casionally be *hot* in Canada) And would have set out, immediately for New-York, if I should not have been too early for the next steam boat.

The thermometer was now, on the 19th day of July, at ninety-six degrees of Fahrenheit; Reaumur was quoted, at an ale house, where I stopped for refreshment, at twenty-eight and three-quarters, which answers to ninety-seven of Fahrenheit, a degree of heat at which spermaceti melts, and, at the next elevation of the scale, ether boils.

In the evening, however, I cooled myself delightfully in a floating bath, that is moored off Windmill Point; and the next morning my spirits were restored, by writing home, and making the necessary preparation for my approaching departure, which was to be the next day: the weather having in the mean time become very cool and pleasant, after refreshing

showers; a change which I had predicted at the table d hote, from the very extremity of the heat, agreeable to the well known remark with us, that extreme weather seldom lasts longer than three days. But I did not find that the opinion gained confidence. It appeared to have heretofore escaped observation; nor did any one notice the fulfilment of the prediction, but myself, when it took place; as it usually happens with voluntary prognostications.

But a French Confectioner, at whose house I called, occasionally, had known the thermometer at Pondicherry as high as a hundred and two. He was a man of observation, and remarking my full habit, he recommended me to drink Lisbon Wine, rather than Madeira, because Lisbon will bear the sea, whereas Madeira will not, without a powerful admixture of brandy. This it seems is usually infused, immediately after the fermenta-

tion takes place, and before it is refined with isinglass. But the operation is often performed in England. Whence the term, London particular Madeira; as it will bear the short voyage to that cold climate; but, if sent pure to the neighbouring hot countries, it would infallibly turn sour. It is regularly brandied, it seems, more or less, according to the climate it is to go to.

He drank himself nothing but Port, Claret, and the Spanish Wines, which will all bear the sea, without the pernicious intermixture of Cogniac. It is thus, says he, a Frenchman will live in a hot climate to a hundred years; whilst Englishmen, who persist in drinking Madeira, between the tropics, die accordingly at sixty.*

* This Adventurer had been in the campaigns of Moreau, upon the Rhine. From thence to the East Indies. Thence to the United States; where he had married; and was now lately transferred to Montreal, for the benefits of Catholic

I now gave myself time to visit the Religious Institutions of Montreal, which are no less numerous and extensive than those of Quebec; though they are far less interesting to a Southern Visitor; having mostly lost that venerable appearance of antiquity, which characterizes those of the capital. I say mostly, because there is one antiquated exception, which I shall proceed to designate, while its chilling effect is still fresh in my recollection. It is

THE CHURCH AND MONASTERY OF THE RECOLLETS

in the outskirts of Montreal. Nothing presents itself to the street but the dingy facade of the Chapel, and the outer walls

communion. His name was *Girard*, spelt exactly as it is by his Countryman, that eminent Merchant, who has raised, in Philadelphia, a fortune of I know not how many millions; and is now sole Proprietor of one of our principal Banks; and Owner of half a dozen Indiamen.

of the Cloisters; which are still overshadowed by coeval elms; though the precincts have been given up to the use of the Troops in garrison, ever since the decease of the last surviving Incumbent. Only the Chapel, and the school rooms on one side of it, have been reserved for religious purposes. The great door is accordingly no longer opened; but I obtained admission at the wicket, by the favour of a Lay Brother; who had been sent for from the country, to retain possession of the premises, upon the demise of the last of the Friars. He, poor soul, is content to wear, alone, the cowl of the order, to gird himself with a rope, and walk barefoot, in solitary singularity. The good Monk, informed me, with a face of unconscious simplicity, that he was labouring to *restore* the Church. (Il travailloit à la *restaurer.*) He did not, however, accompany me in; and I found that his *restorations* consisted in some tinsel lamps, which he had hung up before the altar;

but—*their lights were gone out.* I found the walls dark with age, and dreary with neglect, and desertion.

This chapel is very lofty, in proportion to its other dimensions, which are not great. The windows are at a height of twenty feet from the floor; and the dingy intervals were hung, neither with crucifixes, nor Madonnas, but with ecstasies of St. Francis, and prostrations of Petrus Recollectus.

Pursuing my walk into the country, more sensible than ever of the cheerfulness of open air, and day light, I soon came across the General Burying Ground, which is by a late law of the British Government, without the town; none but the Priests being now allowed to be buried in the cities of Canada, the health of which was supposed to have been endangered by the multitudes of bodies, which were formerly

crowded together, in confined places, insufficiently covered over.

Here was a Chapel, and a Corpse House, the one was recommended to the particular care of St. Anthony, by an inscription over head, (St. Anthoine priez pour nous*) and the other had upon its folding doors the *memento mori*, which makes so little impression upon callous Survivors, "Aujourdhui pour moi, demain pour vous."†

A mile further on, I marked the castellated mansion of the Seigneurie, which belongs to the Seminary of this place. It has all the peculiarities of an old French Chateau. There are round towers on each side of the gate way; which are said to have been fortified in the ancient In-

* St. Anthony, pray for us.

† To-day for me, to-morrow for you; or, in other words, so often repeated upon moralizing tombstones,

As I am now, so you must be,
Prepare for death, and follow me.

dian wars, and loop holes are still discernible in them, at a secure elevation.—For there was an Indian village at this place, when the French arrived, in 1640, the displacing of which was an early cause of sanguinary conflicts.

Directly back of this curious specimen of the specious inconveniencies of antiquated abodes is the isolated Mountain, which rises abruptly in the plain of Montreal. Its summit is still covered with thick woods: but the descent upon the other side is highly cultivated, and beautifully picturesque, being thickly strewed with villages and spires, interspersed with wood and water.

At a considerable height on this mountain may be seen, from the streets of Montreal, a large house, with wings, of hewn stone; and a monumental Pillar appears, in the woods behind it. The House was built, it seems, some years

ago, by the oldest Partner in the Firm of Mc. Tavish & Mc. Gillivray, (a Scotch House,) long the principal Proprietors of the North West Trading Company.—Mc. Tavish died, whilst the House was building, and his Nephews, the Mc. Gillivrays, declining to finish the House, erected this Monument to his memory. There is nothing remarkable in the inscription; but the column itself is a striking memento of the uncertainties of life.

The Heirs of the Estate prefer spending it in the City, and have built themselves fine houses in the eastern Suburbs; where they are said to keep hospitable tables, especially for their Countrymen from Scotland, of whom such numbers have resorted hither, ever since the Conquest, that Montreal, originally French, was in danger of becoming a Scotch Colony, before it began to be over-run by the still more hardy, and more adventurous Sons of New England.

NORTH WESTERN TRADE.

From the village of La Chine, which is situated at the upper end of the Island, Merchandise intended for Upper Canada, together with military Stores, and presents for the Indians, are embarked, in flat-bottomed boats, to proceed up the St. Lawrence: but the Fur Trade is carried on, by the North West Company, through the Ottawa, or Grand River, by means of birch canoes. These are made so light that they may be easily carried up the banks of rapids, or across necks of land. Of these carrying places, there are reckoned no less than six and thirty, between Montreal and the New Settlement on Lake Superior, called Kamanastigua. Accordingly, the wares to be sent out are put up in snug packages; and the return of Furs comes back in solid

packs, which the *Voyageurs* carry on their backs at the different portages.*

About a thousand persons are supposed to be employed in this occupation, who, spending most of their time at a distance from home, contract habits of idleness in the midst of hardships; and become so attached to a wandering and useless life, that they rarely establish themselves in society.

The fare of these poor fellows is of the meanest quality, being mostly no-

* The canoes employed in this trade, are about thirty feet long, and six wide. They are sharp at each end; the frame is composed of slender ribs, of some light wood, which are covered with narrow strips of the bark of the birch tree, about half a quarter of an inch in thickness. These are sewed or stitched together, with threads made of the fibres of certain roots, well twisted together. And the joints are made water tight by a species of gum, that adheres firmly, and becomes perfectly hard, when dry. No iron work is used in them, of any description, not even nails. When complete, these fragile barks weigh no more than five hundred pounds.

thing better than bear's grease and Indian meal, which is made up into a sort of broth, requiring little cookery; and they beguile the tediousness of their progress with songs to the Virgin, the solemn strains of which, in the darkness of night, when *different parties* of these poor Pilgrims *overhear each other*, have a very impressive effect, amid these desert wilds. When I have occasionally heard them, myself, they reminded me of *Christian overhearing Faithful*, when they were passing, unknown to each other, through *the valley of the shadow of death.*

The distance from Montreal to the upper end of Lake Huron, is nine hundred miles, and the journey usually consumes three weeks.

A number of the Men remain all winter in those remote, and comfortless regions, employed in hunting, and pack-

ing up skins. That of the Beaver, is, it seems, among Indians, the medium of barter. According to usage immemorial, ten Beaver skins are given for a gun; one, for a pound of powder, and one, for two pounds of glass beads.

The River Michipicoton, one of the thirty or forty streams, which supply Lake Superior with its chrystaline waters, interlocks the territories of Hudson's Bay; and it has been the scene of frequent disputes about property, and jurisdiction, between the Subjects of the same Prince (carrying on the same traffick, in that remote corner of the Globe) under the authority of different patents from the Crown. The Hudson's Bay Company, it seems, are compensated for the hardships of their frozen Colony, by its superior readiness of access; which enables them to undersell the tardy *Voyageurs* of the North West Company; who are obliged to

make their way up the Rivers, and across the Lakes of Canada.

THE FOREIGN TRADE OF CANADA

is chiefly confined to the different Ports of London and Glasgow, for the various Articles of British Manufacture; and to the West Indies, for the productions of the tropics; a solitary ship or two being now and then dispatched for the Brandies, Oils, and Wines of the South of Europe; for which they return Lumber, Furs, Wheat, and Flour, Beef and Pork, Pot and Pearl Ash; some Horses and Cattle, Hemp and Flaxseed, Ginseng, and Castor Oil, &c. Ship building is also carried on at Quebec, to a considerable extent: but the Balance of trade would be much against Canada, if it were not for the sums annually expended by Government, upon fortifications, and the payment of the Troops.

In the year 1795, at which time wheat and flour commanded unusual prices in Europe, no fewer than one hundred and twenty-eight vessels arrived in the St. Lawrence, from Foreign parts, amounting to nineteen thousand tons, and navigated by upwards of a thousand men. A still larger exportation of grain (much of it, *by the way*, received from the neighbouring States) took place in 1799, and the three following years. The quantity of flour shipped in 1802, was thirty-eight thousand barrels; and the wheat is said to have exceeded a million of bushels.

EXPENSES OF GOVERNMENT.

The Colonial Revenues that year, amounted to *thirty-one* thousand pounds, and the expenditures of Government exceeded *forty-three* thousand; so little profitable is the Sovereignty of Canada to the Kingdom of Great Britain.

So much for Civil Government. The Military Peace Establishment, about five thousand men, can hardly be supported at a less expense than two or three hundred thousands sterling. Extraordinaries, such as erecting new Fortifications, the repair of old ones, allowances for waste and peculation, with other incidental expenses, may be one or two more hundreds of thousands. But, in time of war, when the latter items are always increased beyond all calculation, or credibility, (witness *our own experience*, during the late war) the sums laid out upon Canada must amount to at least as many millions. To say nothing of the naval armaments which protect, and the transports which convey, fresh Troops, across the Atlantic.

It is to these circumstances, mainly, that Canada owes her apparent prosperity. She fattens on the wealth of Britain; and the most refined policy would dictate to the United States to leave the

unprofitable possession to burn a hole in the pockets of its Possessor.

As for Upper Canada, it is in fact, an American Settlement—the surplus population of the State of New-York; and it will, sooner or later, fall into our hands, by the operation of natural causes, silent but sure; or if *we* should become *too wise* to extend our unlimited territory, a powerful Colony of American blood, must in time, become an independent Nation; and will naturally be to us an amicable Neighbour.

Hitherto the ships employed in Foreign Commerce, have persisted in ascending the great River to Montreal; in spite of the currents, rapids, rocks, and shoals, which opposed their course, and rendered it as difficult and dangerous as the open sea. In some instances, when the winds, likewise, have been unfavourable, they are said to have been as long getting up this part of the

river, as they had been in crossing the Atlantic; I have myself seen a fleet of sixteen sail, stemming the current, in sight of Montreal, for hours together, without advancing a furlong.

But the invention of Steam Boats is likely to produce a total change in the system of Trade. There are already three of these Boats running, whose principal object is freight; and a fourth has just been finished, of the burthen of seven hundred tons. These Boats will, it is supposed, eventually, supersede the necessity of sea vessels ascending higher than Quebec; where they will probably, in future, unload their cargoes, and take in the returns. One vessel, however, may perhaps be allowed to keep the run, as long as she lasts. She was built on purpose, for this difficult navigation, and draws but twelve feet water, though of five hundred tons burthen, having made the

tedious voyage, successively, for one and twenty years.

Sabbath day now occurring, for the third time since I entered Canada, and probably the last, I took the opportunity which I had before sought, without success, to attend morning prayers at

THE CHAPEL OF THE DAMES NOIRS

a charitable Institution, which was founded by the piety of a Duchess of Bouillon, in 1644. I now found the Sisterhood sitting, or rather kneeling, in a long oratory, ranging on the left, with the Church of the Hospital; and, through an open window, they could be seen as I approached it, in long prostration, before the altar.

The Church was crowded with a motley Congregation of the meanest looking people that can well be imagin-

ed, (I speak not of dress, for they were decently clad, but of person, and countenance.) Being naturally a physiognomist, I could not help remarking the various kinds and degrees of weakness and simplicity, which were strongly marked upon their features. There was not one face among the hundred, that was lighted up with any indications of refinement, sensibility, or reflection. The Priest himself was little better than his flock; and I could not forbear the ready comparison of *the Blind leading the Blind;* though, I dare to say, they were, every one of them,

Much too wise to walk into a well.*

I looked over one of their books, and found that they were reciting what is called the office of the Virgin; among the innumerable clauses of which, I was

* Pope.

soon disgusted with that sacrilegious one of

Dei genitrix intercede pro Nobis :*

as if we were not expressly told, in the Scriptures of Truth—the written word, that *Christ* himself stands *at the right hand of the Father, making intercession for the sins of the world ;* and that *there is no other name given under heaven, by which we can be saved, but the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth.*

The changes were rung, however, at the same time, upon

Dominus—Domine—Domino ;†

and before the audience were dismissed, we had the Dominus Vobiscum from the Priest; with the response from the

* Mother of God! Pray for us!
† The name of the Lord.

People, (whether they understood it or not)

Et cum spirito tuo.*

which was followed by

Oremus.
In Sœcula Sœculorum—
Amen.†

The perpetual repetitions of the Catholic ritual, have certainly a stupifying influence upon the human mind; inasmuch as they occupy the place of reflection, if they do not even exclude it: yet I have no doubt but that many good People have found their way to Heaven through this By-path, in the long course of seventeen hundred years, from the early corruption of Christianity; and I copied with pleasure, from the walls of this benighted

* And with thy Spirit.

† Let us pray—for ever and ever. Amen.

cell, the following modest and edifying inscription:

Cy git
venerable Demoiselle,
Jeanne Lebel,
bienfaitrice de cette Maison;
qui, ayant été Recluse
quinze ans,
dans la maison de ses pieux Parens,
en a passé vingt,
dans la retraite qu' elle a faite ici
Elle est décédée
le 3 d 'octobre
1714
âgée de cinquante deux ans.*

* Here lies
that venerable Lady,
Jeanne Lebel,
a benefactress of this House;
who having been a Recluse,
fifteen years,
in the House of her pious Parents,
passed twenty,
in the retirement of this place.
She deceased
the 3d of October,
1714,
aged fifty-two years.

I remember nothing else particularly in this Chapel; but that the great window, opening into the Nuns' oratory, was glazed, instead of being grated, and no curtain drawn; so that the Sisters could be seen, by the Audience, at their own altar. There was a picture of some Catholic Missionary among the Heathen, St. Francis Xavier, or some other legendary pretender to apostolic zeal, holding up a crucifix, by way of preaching THE CROSS—not surely *that* which was *to the Jews a stumbling block, and to the wise Greeks foolishness:* for *that* was declared to be nothing less than *the power of God, and the wisdom of God, in all them that believe, and obey, the Gospel.*

THE GREY NUNS.

FROM this place I went to the Grey Sisters, or General Hospital, which is a little way out of the town. This Chapel

is richly ornamented by the piety of the fair Devotees; and it has this interesting peculiarity, that the arched entrances of the cross aisles are unincumbered, either by grates, or doors; and the corresponding windows, run down to the floor; so that you see, through them, the burying ground, on one side; and a flower garden on the other, in which pinks and poppies, with yellow lilies, and other showy flowers, unite, very happily, with the golden hues of the altar, the crucifix of which is of ivory, in producing a rich glow of solemn colouring; reminding the Traveller of the vivid reflection, from painted windows, in the Gothic edifices of the north of Europe.

These Sisters have the care of the Lunatic, as well as the Maimed, and the Infirm. A heavy task it seemed to me: but they appeared to show me every thing with pleasure; partly at least, we may

suppose, (without discrediting any sentiment that excites to *love and good works*) arising from self-approbation. I declined entering the Lunatic ward, the sad objects of which are, I think, *every where*, too freely exposed to Public view; and would gladly have omitted that of the aged and infirm; but I could not so readily get clear of my Conductress, to whom I had given something for the Orphan Children (Enfants trouvés) who are received here, without inquiry, or objection.

I asked the Sister who had the superintendence of this department, (a chatty old woman, who seemed determined to hold me a while in conversation,) whether her Patients ever lived to a great age.—She said, not often; but that one had died, lately, aged ninety-eight, and another, some years ago, at a hundred and ten. I asked if they were natives of Canada. "Non Monsieur c'etoient des

"Francois. Les vieux Francois ont de
"bons estomacs."*

Thus I found the ancient prejudice that old countrymen born, live longer than the native Americans, prevails here, as well as with us. Because for many years it was observed that there were more instances of old people who were born elsewhere, than of such as were born in America. Although it is obvious, that as *the first-Comers* were not born here; but came over from the European Continent, most of them at mature age, there could not *at first*, in the nature of things, be so many natives, dying of old age, as there would be of old country born:

Yet with us, in Pennsylvania, be it remembered, that the first child born of English Parents lived to be eighty-five. Several of our natives' born, have since

* No sir, they were Frenchmen. The old French have excellent constitutions

turned a hundred. These, it has been observed, have been chiefly women.—But one is now living, at the town of Beaver, on the Ohio, who was born in New Jersey in 1686, within a very few years of the first settlement of the Province. Well, therefore, might our Patriarch FRANKLIN say, when, during his long Agency at London, he was pressed to tell whether People lived as long in America as they do in England, "I do not "know—for the first Settlers are not all "dead yet."

The most frequent instances of longevity may now be observed to occur in the most old settled parts, such as Virginia, and the New England States; and for this plain reason, that it is there that there were most children, to take a chance for it, a century ago. The comparative numbers of old people, in any country, is not to be made upon the population of

those countries, *when they died;* but *when they were born.* It is well known that whilst most of the towns in the Old World have increased but little, within the period of a long life, the oldest towns in America have doubled, and quadrupled some of them ten or twenty fold.

It appears by the London Bills of mortality for thirty years, viz. from 1728 to 1758, that out of seven hundred and fifty thousand deaths, which took place in that city, there were two hundred and forty-two persons who had survived their hundredth year. This is something over one for every three thousand, which was more than half of the whole number of Inhabitants in Philadelphia, a hundred years ago. If therefore, the Philadelphia Bills now show two centenarians in a year, (which they invariably do) it is sufficient to place us on a similar scale with the City of London. And if that proportion

is greatly exceeded in Russia according to the annual Bills for that extensive Empire. Let it be remembered that large deductions may be safely made from the accounts furnished by the illiterate popes and papas of a Nation, the interior of which is yet but half civilized; and which, a hundred and fifty years ago, was little likely to be very correct about births, and dates.

Let us hear no more, therefore, of the groundless presumption, that people live longer in Europe than they do in America.—It is not the fault of our climate, nor our soil, if we do not live as long here as in any part of the world; though *the general participation of the luxuries*, as well as of the necessaries of life, may oftener prevent, with us, the natural term of existence, among that class of people—the hard working Poor, which most frequently, in all countries, arrives at the utmost period of human life.

THE CATHEDRAL OF MONTREAL.

I now went to the Cathedral, which has been lately new fitted up, gilded and painted, in the most glittering style imaginable.

This building is neither so long, nor so high, as the Cathedral of Quebec, and it makes a very plain appearance, outside, standing as it does, in the middle of the principal avenue, which leads round it, on the north side, across a Public square. But no expense has been spared, upon the interior, nor has any idea of Christian simplicity been suffered to check the exuberance of fancy, in the decorations of the choir.

I found the tribune of this Church particularly offensive to my orthodoxy, as the great Crucifix does not occupy its proper station (Can it be possible that it should have been *removed* to a

side aisle, where it now stands?) in the centre of the Tribune, the appropriate situation, which it invariably retains, in our Philadelphia Chapels (which, by the way, are a good deal new-modelled by the benefit of surrounding observation and example) to make room for a Statue of the Virgin—not as usual, with the Child in her arms, which could alone countenance the impropriety: but in the elegant contours of a Grecian female (It might pass as well for a Juno or a Ceres) standing in a niche above the altar; whilst Corinthian columns, fluted in green and gold, and surmounted with curved scrolls of the same glittering materials, support over her head a crown, richly gilt.

Is not this *worshipping the creature, more than the Creator?*—Yet, we are told, that *the Lord, our God, is a jealous God;* who *will not give his glory to another, nor his praise to graven images.*

Alas! that the Professors of the *first* Christian Church—instead of, *leaving those things that were behind*, and, *going on unto perfection*, should fall short of the ancient Jews, under the shadowy Dispensation of the Law. They were forbidden to *make unto themselves the likeness of any thing in heaven, or upon earth—to worship it.* There was accordingly (we are told by St. Paul—a Hebrew proselyte, of the tribe of Benjamin) nothing contained *in the Ark of the Covenant* (beside *the Tables of the Law*)—save *a pot of manna*, and *Aaron's rod, that budded*, in the presence of Pharaoh; which things were preserved for a memorial, to succeeding Generations, of the wonders which the Lord had wrought, in Egypt, for the deliverance of his chosen People. And, to this day, the Jews have nothing in their tabernacles, but a Copy of the Law; which is produced, before the People, every Sabbath-Day; not to be worshipped; but merely to be commemorated, and obeyed.

This Cathedral is dedicated to *Notre Dame*, rather than to God Almighty, and the perpetual recurrence of *Ave Marias* all over the building, shows indeed too plainly that this is a Temple dedicated, *in the first place* to the Virgin Mary—in *the second* to Jesus Christ.*

* It is truly and excellently spoken of Seneca, says Lactantius: "Consider the majesty, the goodness, and "the adorable mercies of the Almighty: His pleasure "lies not in the magnificence of temples made with "stone; but in the piety and devotion of consecrated "hearts."

And in the book that this same Heathen Philosopher wrote *against superstitions;* treating of those who worshipped *images*, St. Austin observes, he writes thus: "They "represent the holy, the immortal, and the invisible Gods, "with the basest materials, and without life or motion, in "the forms of Men."——"All these things," continues the ancient Sage, "a wise man will observe, for the law's "sake, more than for that of the gods; and all this rabble "of Deities, which the superstition of many ages has "gathered together, we are in such manner to adore," says Seneca, (*darkly*, as one who could yet only *see men as trees*) "as to consider their worship to be rather matter of "custom, than of conscience."—How much farther did this enlightened Heathen penetrate into the nature of spiritual worship than those who venerate images? or at least

Even St. Peter, WITH HIS KEYS, has been here obliged to give way to the *exclusive pretensions* of the Virgin—None but Saints of their own making have been able to stand the too powerful competition here. (They worship the work of their own hands—that which their own fingers have made.) In the side chapels, opposite to the altars of the favourite Divinity, the curious Stranger may find a *St. Francis*, or a *St. Anthony*, in garments of sack-cloth—gaunt

make use of such representations, in Christian Churches, as the means of heightening religious fervour!

But Christians have no occasion for *Heathen* authorities against *outward* Temples, and *symbolic* worship. "For the "Lord God," said David, "dwelleth not in Temples, made "with hands"—Not surely then in a *consecrated Host*, at the command of a *sinful* Priest—to bring forth, as a God; or to put away, as a thing of nought. "What house will ye build "me, saith the Lord? or, where is *the place of my rest?*"

Yet this was the same munificent Potentate, that *prepared*, before his death, for the House, that was to be built *in Jerusalem*, for *the God of Heaven, a hundred thousand talents of gold; and a thousand thousand talents of silver; and of brass and iron, without weight, or number.*

and ghastly; who have been permitted to pay their obeisance to the incarnation: but every close, and every open compartment, throughout the aisles and galleries, of this—I will not call it, *Christian*, Temple, exhibits the name (must I say, of the idol of its adoration?) in the following device of devout ingenuity; in which, in a single cipher, are interwoven the letters M, A, for the name of *Maria*, and V, for the attribute of *Virginity*.

——Apropo of KEYS—I do not myself regret the absence of the Prince of the Apostles, as they call him at Rome.—I think St. Peter has kept the keys of *Heaven's Wicket** long enough, since

* Milton.

they were *first* given, not to *him*, as a Man—subject, as the history abundantly testifies, to *like passions* with his Fellow Creatures: but to *the Revelation* which *he had received*, in common with other Believers. And his Successor, like the dog in the manger, will neither *enter in* himself, nor suffer them that would.

But Pius VII with all his briefs, and his bulls, (even if they should again be seconded by the thunder of the Vatican) cannot prevent *the candle*, which has been lighted by THE BIBLE SOCIETIES, from being put *upon the candlestick*—no more to be hid, *under a bed*, or *under a bushel.* —THE SCRIPTURES OF TRUTH, will at length, be circulated, throughout *the habitable globe;* and there will be, if I may be allowed the comparison, a *second* preaching of the Gospel—*among all Nations.*

In this dark Cathedral (I speak of spiritual darkness, for this Church is as brilliant as a ball-room) the trade of auricular confession is more extensively carried on, than in any Gothic edifice I ever was in; and I have been in many of them, in my time, in the most bigoted countries in Europe. I suppose there are not less than twenty Confessionals around the walls, at which Penitents are occasionally seen ringing the bells, to call their favourite Confessors to the seat of judgment; and Priests, in their white vestments, are to be seen pacing the aisles, to answer these incessant requisitions, every hour in the day.

This magnificent Edifice was now crowded to overflowing—not with the Populace merely, many of whom, having no seats in the Church, stood bare headed about the door, or kneeled upon the steps, it being impossible for them all to get in. But the Choir was lined

with Priests and Chanters, in white—the Black Nuns were there—and the Grey Nuns were there, (though they have all Churches of their own to go to)—Nay, I found my old Monk assisted here, instead of attending to his *restorations* at the Recollets, making a grotesque appearance; amidst glittering gew gaws, in his coarse gown and hood—which was thrown back, to discover his *shaven* crown.—In short, it seemed as if the Hierarchy had mustered all its forces,

> *Black*, *white*, and *grey*, with all their trumpery;
> *Cowls*, *hoods*, and *habits*.

There was, however, a Sermon, to countenance this universal assemblage, which was declared by an old Woman, that sat next me, (between one pinch of snuff and another) to be, *un beau Sermon!* But I shall not give myself the trouble to report any part of it; for next morning,

seeing a Catholic Catechism, in a Bookseller's window, I asked to look at it; and returned it, with evident indignation, as soon as I came to the following passage, which is worthy of the intolerant spirit of the darkest ages:

Demande. Ya t'-il plusieurs Eglises Catholiques?

Reponse. Non. Il n'y a de catholiques que la seule Eglise Romaine. Hors de laquelle il n y a point de salut.*

Demande. Que faut il donc penser de ces autres Societés qui se nomment Eglises, et ne professent pas la même fo que nous? ou ne sont pas soumises aux mêmes pasteurs?†

* Question. Are there several Catholic Churches?

Answer. No. There is no Catholic Church, but that of Rome—Out of which there is no salvation.

† Question. What must we then believe of those other Societies which call themselves Churches, and do not profess the same faith with us? or are not subjected to the same Pastors?

Reponse. Elles sont des institutions humaines, qui ne servent qu' à egarer les hommes, et ne sauroient les conduire à Dieu.*——

But let me not involve myself in darkness till I become myself uncharitably blind.—Adjoining to this Cathedral is the extensive Edifice called the Seminary, which was here instituted in the year 1657, by the Abbé Quetus, and a deputation of Teachers from the celebrated Brotherhood of St. Sulpice, at Paris.

The present Superiors of this noble Institution, with other Clergymen, particularly of the dignified class, are said to be men of great learning, and exemplary piety; who confine themselves, with the most self-denying strictness, to

* Answer. They are human Institutions, which serve to lead Men astray, and can in no wise direct them to God.

the exercise of their religious duties; and lead irreproachable lives: deprived as they are by their stations, of the inestimable comforts of female society.

This Seminary of learning is chiefly designed for the education of the Priesthood: but others are admitted into this *truly* Catholic college; even Protestant Children, from whom conformity is not exacted. To this excellent Institution is attached an extensive garden, with shady avenues for air and exercise; which I regret not having seen, as I have since understood that the Teachers are not merely accessible, but politely attentive to Strangers, who wish to survey the Establishment, or to prosecute, in its academical groves, botanical researches.

MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS.

The City of Montreal has thriven surprisingly, within a few years, and

now contains as many Inhabitants as Quebec, say twelve or fifteen thousand.

There has been, and in time of peace, will continue to be, a great influx of Americans, chiefly from the New-England States, who are winding themselves into all the most active and ingenious employments. Episcopal and Presbyterian Chapels, or Meeting Houses, have long been established here; and of late the Methodists—those *pioneers of reformation*, have broke ground, within the precincts of the Catholic Church—*one and indivisible*, as it is!

The relations of Trade increase daily, between this place and the United States; and such is the course of exchange, that the notes of our principal Banks circulate freely in all the towns of Canada. The Merchants of Montreal are now, however, about establishing a Bank of their own, with a

capital of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling, something more than a million of dollars. This will have a tendency to limit the circulation of Foreign paper, and promote domestic improvement, as well as facilitate the operations of Trade: though the exports from hence are chiefly confined to Wheat and Flour, Peltry, Lumber, &c. received from Upper Canada, or the United States.

If the vicinity of Montreal is less wildly magnificent, than that of Quebec, it is far more luxuriant and smiling. Here wheat and rye seldom fail to reward the labours of the Husbandman, (however ill directed they may be) though the summers, even here, are found too short to encourage the cultivation of Indian corn; and Peaches will scarcely ripen, without sheltering walls. Plums, Apples, Pears, are likewise much better here than at Quebec;

and the berry fruits, particularly Currants, Raspberries, and Strawberries, from foreign stocks, are produced as large, and some of them as fine, as they are with us.—The cultivated Gooseberry is much larger, the general coolness of the summer favouring its growth, by retarding its maturity.

There is here a Society of Florists, who gave premiums, whilst I was at Montreal, for the finest specimens of Ranunculuses, and Carnations.

As many (weekly) papers are already published, both in Montreal, and also at Quebec, in the English language, as in the French; and it is evident that the former, will gain the ascendency *here*—perhaps at no distant day.

The streets of business, and especially the shops, have the snug look of an English town; and it was amusing to

see how exactly the Young Men, of any figure, were in the London cut.

The British Officers, I am told, do not mix much in society, with the Natives of Canada; yet Military manners prevail here, as well as at Quebec: The Rabble flock, in crowds, to Regimental parades; and even Women, of any appearance, make a point of stepping to a march.

Before I quit Montreal, I shall not do justice to its Public Edifices, without mentioning, as a handsome Structure, the Government House, for the administration of Justice, &c. with the King's Arms, in the pediment, elaborately executed in Coades artificial stone. A new Jail of appropriate construction—accompanied by that eye-sore to American feelings, the *Whipping Post;* and a Naval Pillar (which has been unfa-

vourably placed, in front of the latter) intended in honour of Lord Nelson.

NELSON'S PILLAR.

This beautiful Memento (I recollect nothing superior to it in England, where, to be sure, they are not remarkable for Public Monuments any more than ourselves) stands upon an elevated Pedestal, upon the front of which is a suitable inscription, in which is not forgotten the Hero's last order, "Eng-"land expects every Man will do his "duty." On the two sides, in circular compartments, are represented, in the boldest bas reliefs (of the composition before mentioned) the horrid scenes of Ships sinking to the bottom of the deep, or blowing up into the air, as they occurred at the Nile, and off Trafalgar. In that of the fourth side is represented the Crown Prince of Denmark, who is seen submitting to Nelson's lawless re-

quisition, at the moment when, it is said, that Victory was turning against the Conqueror.

The shaft of this Pillar is fifty feet high. Upon its capital stands the Admiral, who makes, it must be allowed, but a very sorry figure in Statuary, with his arm in a sling; but his Lordship leans, with peculiar propriety, upon the remains of a broken mast; and the base of the Column is a well wrought cable.

This Monument is injudiciously placed, in the common Market place, instead of the Place d'Armes, or the Parade upon the boulevards; at one end of which are two very fine new Houses of hewn stone, and in the neighbourhood new streets are laying out, which will greatly modernise the town, and connect it with the adjacent Suburbs; from which it was formerly very

inconveniently disjoined by the ramparts, which are now dismantled.

THE PEASANTRY OF CANADA.

The Peasantry in Canada, (by which term I hope *Lower* Canada will be always understood in these sketches) that is to say, the great body of the People, is in a state of ignorance, but little exceeding the simplicity of the Indian tribes, in their neighbourhood, and of poverty almost as little removed from a state of absolute want : yet

> Patient of labour, with a little pleased,

they are perhaps as happy, as their more polished Neighbours; and certainly they are more harmless, and less discontented :

> No fancied ills, no pride created wants,
> Disturb the peaceful current of their days.

Relieved from the horrors of Military conscription, and feudal tyranny; pinning their faith upon the Priest's sleeve. These simple People are literally satisfied with *their daily bread;* and leave the morrow to provide for itself

No more—Where ignorance is bliss,

(says the Poet) and I shall not now stop to controvert the position,

'Tis folly to be wise.

In point of morality and devotion, the French in Canada may be compared to the Swiss and the Scotch in Europe; though far behind the former, in industry, and the latter, in ingenuity, and enterprise. Infidelity is unknown among them; and the passion for Military glory almost extinct, as well as that thoughtless gaiety, which distinguishes the French in Europe, no longer enli-

vened by the exhilarating wines of the Mother Country:

> Those healthful cups which *cheer but not inebriate,*

as Cowper elegantly said of the English beverage—tea.

So great is the change of manners and principles, which has followed, in two centuries, an alteration in the overruling circumstances of climate, and government.

National pride, in its proper sense, as confined to the Country which gave us birth, is scarcely felt in Canada; where every sensation of National glory reverts to the forgotten History of a distant land; and the Government that is obeyed, per force, is foreign to the People; and they can have no sentiments in unison with the objects of its ambition.

A Canadian is ready to admit the superiority of the American character; and shows nothing of French partialities, save in the display of the *Gallic* Cock, which is perched upon the spire of every steeple, and upon the top of every cross; together with the sun, the flower de luce, and other (degraded) emblems of the French Monarchy; which British policy has wisely permitted these harmless People to retain, as long as they were content to let go *the substance* of National Independence; and grasp—*a shadow.*

Even in person and countenance they are perceptibly altered from their European Ancestors: The Canadian Peasant is not so tall as the native Frenchman; neither is he so well shaped, or so comely in feature, as his Progenitors. He is also browner by many degrees than the Natives of France.

From this marked example, it would appear, that National peculiarities may be formed, by the operation of imperious circumstances, in far less time than is required to change the colour of the skin, by the influence of climate; and we need be at no difficulty to admit the gradual origin of the variety of complexions, in the Human race: Since a change of feature and person can be so soon brought about, in a Colony of Europeans, thus completely separated from the Parent Stock.

The French tongue, however, has been very little deteriorated in Canada. The Peasantry coming from different Provinces, left their respective allotments of the "Patois de chez nous" behind them, in the land of their Ancestors; and their Posterity now speak but one language, which is very tolerable *French:* though not to be sure, like the *English* of America, as pure

and perfect as the chastest dialect of the Mother Country; although spread over an inhabited surface of ten times its extent.

And here let me warn the British Reader, that whenever an English Traveller, in America, undertakes to amuse his Countrymen, as Weld has sometimes done, with pretended conversations of American Peasants, delivered in bad language, it is of *his own manufacture*—bad English is not coined in the American Mint.

There appears to have been but very little emigration from France since the year 1660, when the Province was already comparatively well peopled; and it was about the same time, in the following century, that the Canadians yielded their independence to the ascendency of the British arms; since

which there has been far more connexion and intercourse between France and the American Provinces of British origin, than between that powerful nation and her own descendants.

Thus the deterioration of pristine vigour, that it was possible for a few centuries to produce, in National character, has been in this instance completely exemplified.

In North America a colonization originally gradual, and progressive, together with the incessant intercourse of Commerce and curiosity, has admitted of so little variation of National character and appearance, that the Englishman of the United States is not now to be distinguished in form or feature—in temper or intellect, (excepting certain shades of difference which I shall not now undertake to de-

fine) from the Englishman of Europe: And the *two* branches *from the Parent stem* may now be considered, with infinitely more propriety in the light of *elder and younger* Brothers, established in different countries, than in the fancied relationship of parent and child; which, if it was true of our Ancestors a hundred years ago, is no longer so, of the two separate Races which have since sprung from the same Parent Stock.

A hundred years hence; when obsolete pretensions have been forgotten; and jealousies, and prepossessions, shall be no longer remembered; it will be the proudest boast of Britain, that *she planted the Colonies* of North America: and the dearest title of the United States, that their Progenitors came from Old England.

To an American from the United States, the smallness of towns so noted,

and so long established as Quebec, and Montreal, is inconceivable, and scarcely credible to the observer. I could myself with difficulty believe, that the population of the latter is now estimated at but fifteen thousand, of the former, at no more than twelve; numbers, which might have been roughly computed by the English, at the time of the Conquest. Still less can we imagine how the population of the Country, which at that period, was estimated at seventy or eighty thousand, should have little more than doubled itself since, although sixty years have nearly elapsed; a period in which the standing population of the United States has more than trebled itself. I speak not of the rapid reduplication of the *New* States, which arises from emigration, and takes place at the expense of the *Old*.

In the year 1706, the people of New France were estimated at thirty thou-

sand. At the Conquest, fifty-five years afterward, they were variously computed at seventy, and at ninety, thousand Souls. If the latter was the true number (which I very much doubt) they can have little more than doubled since: for on the peace of 1783 an account of them was taken, by order of the Government; and the whole amount, including the English, with the French, was only one hundred and thirteen thousand. There were at the same time ten thousand Loyalists established in Upper Canada.

If therefore the French Stock has doubled itself, since the year 1760, it is as much as can be inferred, from the data given above. Taking the mean number (80) for a basis, it's double will be a hundred and sixty thousand, which is probably not far from the truth: for I cannot adopt the flattering estimate of common computation, by which the present Inhabitants of Lower Canada are raised to the

suppositious amount of two hundred and fifty thousand. [See the Appendix No. II.]

There are many circumstances, in Canada, which control the energies of life; beside occasional scarcity, and the long absence of the Voyageurs; preventing the natural tendency of new Colonies to *increase and multiply*.

The extreme heats of the climate, though not lasting, enervate the body; and its extreme cold chills the blood, and has a benumbing effect upon the powers of the mind. Frequent Festivals, or Holidays, introduce habits of idleness, and relaxation. The lands are held by Military tenure. The Occupants are liable to the teazing claim of quitrents, and the unseasonable exaction of Military service. At every transfer of property the new Purchaser is bound to pay one-fifth to the Seigneur, and in case of war the land

holder is liable to serve without pay. In short, under the *Ancien Regime*, every Peasant was a Soldier, and every Seigneur an Officer; and although the Natives are now excluded from the King's Troops, the Creoles are enrolled in the Militia, and are still called out, occasionally, without fee or reward. Accordingly the frequent may-poles, to be observed on the road sides, do not mark, as at first sight I fondly imagined they might have done, the circle of a village dance, where the Sons and Daughters of Poverty might forget their wants, in their enjoyments; but the superintendence of a Serjeant, or a Captain of Militia, as the rallying point of duty, in cases of alarm.*

* By the ancient custom of Canada, Lands *en fief*, or *en roture*, were held immediately from the king, on condition of rendering fealty and homage, upon every accession to the Seignorial property, and in the event of a transfer, by sale, or otherwise, except in the line of hereditary succession, they were subject to the payment of a quint (one-fifth) of the purchase money.

The Tenanciers, or holders of lands, *en roture*, were sub-

Most of those who cultivate the soil can neither read nor write, of course they know nothing of the advantages of composts, or the rotation of crops; by which the means of life are so cheaply multiplied by intelligent Agriculturists. And before Quebec was taken by the English, all the manure produced in its stables was regularly thrown into the river.

ject to the payment of a quitrent, which was generally accompanied with some trifling gratuity, such as, a pair of fowls, or a bushel of wheat. They were also bound to grind their corn at the *Moulin banal*, or the Lord's mill, where one-fourteenth part is taken by way of mouture, or toll, for grinding; likewise to repair highways, and to open new roads, when directed so to do, by the Grand Voyeur, or Supervisor of the District.

The Lords were also entitled to a tithe of the Fish caught within their domains, and might fell timber wherever they chose, for necessary purposes.

Lands held by Roman Catholics, are farther subject to the payment, to the Curates, of the twenty-sixth part of all grain produced upon them; also to occasional assessments for building and repairing Churches, parsonage houses, and other church occasions.

The remainder of the located lands are held in free and common soccage, from which is made a reservation of two-sevenths, one of which is appropriated to the Crown, and the other to the maintenance of the Protestant Clergy.

Another check to population remains to be mentioned (*though last, not least.*) It is the law of celibacy to which the Priests and Nuns are prescriptively subjected; and to whose mortifying restrictions, however unnatural, there is no reason to doubt their scrupulous conformity.

HISTORY OF CANADA.

If I have said little of the early history of Canada, it is because little is to be said; yet the Reader of these loose hints may be curious to know, when the first Settlements took place; and under what auspices they were established. I shall briefly transcribe the meagre Historians of Canada; I say *meagre*, in point of facts; for both La Hontan, and Charlevoix are insufferably verbose; and the ponderous Quartos of the latter, may be called any thing but *meagre*.

The Island of Newfoundland, that inhospitable waste of naked rocks, and

barren mountains, which lies at the mouth of the River St. Lawrence, and which is supposed, notwithstanding its immense extent, to have never had any aboriginal Inhabitants; none but wandering Eskimaux from the neighbouring Coast of Labrador having ever been observed there; was first discovered by John Cabot, a Venetian Adventurer, under the patronage of Henry VII. of England. But no advantage whatever was derived from this discovery, until after the lapse of half a century, when the French Navigators began to frequent these seas for Fish; and the two Nations long enjoyed, without molestation from each other, the privilege of drying Cod on the shores of this Island, by prudently occupying the one the southern and northern—and the other only the Eastern coast.*

* The Banks of Newfoundland, so called, are strictly speaking, a submarine mountain, of great extent, no where covered with less than twenty fathom of water, and varying from that depth to sixty and upwards. It is ascertained, by soundings, that there are vast quantities of shells, upon

It was in 1523 that Francis I. king of France, commissioned John Verazzani, a Florentine, then in his service, to make discoveries (which were then considered in the same light as Conquests) in America. He sailed from Dieppe, and returned to Dieppe the same year; and this is all that is now known of his first voyage.—In 1525, however, he set sail again, ranged the Coast of America, from South to North; and, having touched at Newfoundland, returned as before. He now prepared to plant a Colony in North America; and sailed from France for that purpose; but was never afterward heard of.

these banks, and immense multitudes of fish, of various sizes, which serve for nourishment to the Cod, which is so much prized in Europe. This, it seems, is one of the most voracious of Fish. Both glass and iron are often found in its stomach, which, by the provision of nature, has a power of inverting itself, and thus disgorging its indigestible contents. Their number is apparently inexhaustible, seeing that two or three hundred vessels have been annually freighted with them, for the last three centuries, without any apparent diminution.

The River St. Lawrence, one of the largest bodies of fresh water on the surface of the Globe, received its name from Jacques Cartier, who, in the year 1535, had ascended the River, as far as the place where Montreal now stands, in the vain hope of finding a nearer passage to China; the fruitless research which so long engrossed the attention of European Navigators; with a small ship or two, from St. Maloes, a sea port of France, upon the coast of Brittany.

That magnificent monarch, Francis I. still occupied the throne of France: but that Prince being engaged, at home, in perpetual conflicts, with his formidable Rival, Charles V. of Spain, from this period, until the beginning of the following century, no effectual attempts were made, by Europeans, to form a settlement in Canada.

When *Jacques Cartier* arrived at the island called by him Montreal, from the singular mountain which there rises, in solitary majesty, over the present Town; they found there an Indian village, or rather, a fortified town; since the fifty cabins, of which it was composed, were surrounded by a triple row of palisades. It was called Hochelaga, and it was under the command of a Chief, whose name has not been preserved, so far as I know.

Although Jacques Cartier appears to have been prevented, either by discouragement, or inability, from returning to take possession of Montreal; yet in 1541 Francis de la Roque, Seigneur de Roberval, a Nobleman of Picardy, having been endowed by the King with the unlimited powers of Viceroy of Canada, set sail, with no fewer than five small vessels, for New France; where he planted a Colony, at the head of

which he placed Cartier, who had accompanied him; and went back to France to prosecute the interests of the new settlement at Court.

On his returning the next year, with fresh recruits, he met, opportunely, his new Colonists, off Newfoundland, returning home, in despair of relief. He readily persuaded them to return; and this enterprising nobleman made afterward several other voyages, in prosecution of his favourite settlement, before the last unfortunate embarkation, in 1549; when he was lost, at sea; upon which the Colony was broken up; and with this unfortunate event terminated the first attempts at colonization upon the river St. Lawrence.

The protestants of France, unlike those of England, appear to have been little disposed, in this age, to expatriate themselves, for the sake of the free ex-

ercise of their religion: being headed at home by Men of quality, and influence, who for a long time maintained a successful stand against the power of the Crown, and the intolerance of the Clergy. Yet about this time Coligni, then admiral of France, and afterward remarkable for suffering martyrdom in the tumultuous massacre of St. Bartholomew; with the permission of Charles IX, over whose weak mind he appears to have enjoyed great influence, notwithstanding his religion, attempted a settlement in Florida; for the retreat of the Calvinists, or Hugonots of France. But these unfortunate Emigrants were not long afterward indiscriminately murdered, by the Spaniards, under the express directions of the gloomy tyrant, Philip II.

In the year 1598, the Marquis de la Roche, a Nobleman of Brittany, was again commissioned as Viceroy. His Colonists were Convicts from the

French prisons; and he left them behind. to perish upon the isle of Sable; being prevented from returning to their relief by untoward circumstances; in consequence of which, he is said to have died of grief.

Other attempts to people Canada, continued to be made, from time to time; but they were all equally unsuccessful.

Champlain (the *future* Father of the Colony) came over, for the first time, in 1603; and returned to France the same year. But in 1604, the Sieur de Monts, a Calvinist, obtained permission from Henry IV. to exercise his religion in America; obliging himself, oddly enough, to promote the Catholic faith among the Savages. His object was the Peltries of Canada, which had now become an important branch of commerce.

He established his company upon the coast of Acadie, now Nova Scotia, where he found a rich soil, covered with gigantic woods, and abounding with game of every description.

It was in the year 1608 that Samuel de Champlain, an enterprising and intelligent Merchant, of the town of Dieppe, in Normandy, who had been for some years engaged in the above mentioned traffic of Furs, resolved upon establishing himself, permanently, in the New World.

Henry IV, the Prince so long idolized in France, as the only favourite of the People, in a long line of Sovereigns, now swayed the sceptre, in his native Country; but it does not appear that that easy, and amiable, Monarch, gave himself any concern about the claims of his crown, upon the unknown regions of the North. The kingdoms

of Spain and Portugal had been fortunate in their American Acquisitions. They had discovered mines of gold and silver sufficient to tempt their cupidity, across half the globe: but even England had not yet established Colonies, for the sake of Commerce; and it is not to be wondered at, that the French, who despise the useful, but unostentatious pursuits of trade, in comparison of the fancied glories of war and conquest, should see nothing attractive in a country, which opened to them no prospects but those of honest, and industrious thrift.

When Champlain surveyed the banks of the Great River, for the choice of a suitable situation, for his infant Colony, it is asserted, upon the authority of tradition, that when they came in sight of the lofty Promontory, that reared its head between the two rivers, St. Lawrence and St. Charles, some of his Attendants cried out, at the first sight of

this abrupt, and imposing eminence, Quel bec! and the bold Adventurer is said to have immediately adopted this exclamation, in his native tongue, as the future name of his projected town.

No later than the next year we find Champlain, under the romantic notions of honour, which then prevailed, in Europe, imprudently engaged in an Indian war. He found the Algonquins of the vicinity of Quebec, and the Hurons of the fertile Island since named Montreal, at war (according to the immemorial custom of neighbouring Savages,) with the Iroquois, a powerful confederation on the western border of the present States of New-York, and Pennsylvania.

The Indians of North America, a generous, and intelligent, Race of Men, would seem to have required the excitement of war and bloodshed, in default

of the active pursuits, and ingenious occupations, of civilized life, to preserve them from sinking into the torpidity of indolence; rather than for the indulgence of the brutal passions of anger and revenge. Can the European Sophist assign as plausible a reason for the frequency of wars, among civilized Nations? Much less among professing Christians—fighting under *the same banner—professing* to obey the same spiritual Commander? Since the plea of aggression can never be good, *on both sides;* and even in *defensive* wars, which are mostly held to be justifiable, *on the principle of necessity*; that system (no less prudent than humane, I refer to universal experience) is sure to be abandoned, *with all its advantages*, as soon as opportunities occur for retaliation, or reprisal.

In the spring of 1609 he headed a large Party of the Savages (the name seems to be now not unappropriate) who were

going against the Iroquois, upon the great Lake, to which the French Adventurer, then gave his own name. They penetrated into the lake, by the river since called the Sorel; and Champlain remarked that the fertile Islands of the Lake were full of Roebucks, Deer, Elks, and other wild animals, particularly Beavers, who absolutely swarmed in those unfrequented retreats, wherein they had never been disturbed by the restless avarice of Man.

The two Parties met, accidentally, upon the Lake; but it seems the Indians of America were not accustomed to fight on the water; though they were such perfect masters of the paddle, that the Descendants of the most polished Nation in Europe, have never yet made any improvement upon their canoes for river navigation.

They landed, upon this occasion, on the Eastern shore, where they fought with

bows and arrows, the only missile weapons of which they were then possessed. The French fusees soon decided the fortune of the day; and the Iroquois fled, with terror, after a few discharges; which were accompanied with the loss of many of their Leaders, cut down by the unerring aim of the European rifle.

Only two years afterward Champlain went again, on the same idle expedition; now soothing his conscience with the fond imagination, that it might be a means of spreading the knowledge of the cross; and procuring the *future* establishment of a permanent peace. The Algonquins, or rather the French, for the victory was gained by their fire arms, were now again victorious.

In 1615, "Like a true knight errant "of the woods and lakes," says Charlevoix, (from whose authority I derive the ancient history of Canada) *Cham-*

plain was inconsiderate enough to make a third of these marauding expeditions, to please his Savage Neighbours, the Hurons of Hochelaga. He now received several wounds from the Iroquois; who had by this time recovered from their surprise, at the novel instruments of warfare, adopted by their enemies; and the Hurons retreated, with great loss; carrying off their wounded, in a sort of wicker baskets, constructed for that purpose.

Only two years after this, so little popularity had Champlain gained among his more immediate Neighbours, by his imprudent courtesy, these same Allies of his had plotted to rid themselves of the New Comers; and the timely discovery of the plot, alone prevented its execution.

Thus was the Colony of New France immersed in ruinous contests, with the

Natives, from its very first establishment; and we need look no farther to account for its retarded progress, and protracted population, at the end of half a century.

But, in justice to the Indians of North America, let it never be forgotten, that they every where received the New Comers, with open arms; and, while they conducted themselves peaceably, entertained no ideas of repulsing, much less of exterminating the Intruders:

Accordingly when William Penn laid the foundation of his Colony, in peace and friendship; the *only* treaty, it has been wittily observed by Voltaire, that was *not ratified by an oath*, and that *never was broken;* a Peace of eighty years was the happy consequence: and when it was at length infringed, in the prosecution of European quarrels, the peaceful Followers of Penn withdrew from a

Government, which could no longer be administered, without the use of the sword.

In the year 1620, the Marshall de Montmorency purchased the Viceroyalty of New France, of his brother-in-law, the Prince of Condé, (only brother to Lewis XIII.) who had caused himself to be invested with the proud title of Viceroy of New France; apparently without the least intention of interesting himself in the affairs of the Colony.

The Marshall appears to have slighted the bauble, as soon as it had gratified his vanity, parting with it in 1623, to his nephew Henry de Levi, Duke of Ventadour, in the same ignoble manner in which he had acquired it. From the surname of this Nobleman, it will be remarked, comes the name of Point Levi. It is, I believe, the only memento

of his administration that can now be traced in Canada.

In the next year (1624) the powerful league of the Iroquois, made a general attack upon the French Settlements, in the hope of exterminating the obnoxious Intruders: but they were repulsed, with great slaughter.

The Duke de Ventadour was a Devotee of the fashion of the times, (Charles V. had but a little before strove, in vain, to shroud his royal temples in the cowl of a monk, and to bury imperial solicitudes in the oblivion of a cloister.) He only wished for the Viceroyalty of Canada, as a means of facilitating his views for the conversion of the Savages: for which purpose he engaged the Jesuits, that sect of the Catholic Church which was, at its first institution, remarkable for application, zeal, and talent; so many of whose Members, apparently

denying the honours, the interests, and the pleasures of this life, were afterwards selected, by the Sovereigns of Europe, as their Prime Ministers, or bosom Counsellors.

In 1625 (I mark the epoch, with exactness, because I consider it as a date of the first importance, in the history of Canada) the Duke sent over three Fathers and two Brethren, of that distinguished order.*

During all this time, viz. from 1608 to the period of the arrival of the Jesuits, Champlain appears to have rarely remained above one, two, or at most, three years, at a time, in America, al-

* When the possessions of the Jesuits fell to the British Crown, a few years since, on the demise of the last incumbent, (for the Jesuits in Canada were protected from the general proscription which awaited them in Europe) they were valued at an income of ten thousand pounds sterling a year. The whole was appropriated by the British nation, with its usual munificence, to the establishment of Public Schools.

though the affairs of the Colony always went ill in his absence.

The next year, however, (1626) three more Jesuits arrived from France, with a number of industrious mechanics; and now, says Charlevoix, "Que-" bec began to assume the appearance " of a town: for till then it had been " but a fortified trading house, and it " was not considered, at home, in any " other light."

In 1627, another form was given to the government of New France, by Cardinal Richelieu; the Duke de Ventadour gave up his Viceroyalty, and the affairs of Canada were afterward managed by a Company of Merchants, with the Cardinal at their head; until the next wars between France and England, and the clashing interests of their respective Colonies, rendered a military Commander indispensable.

The first Missionaries, in Canada, appear to have been men of eminent piety, and zeal; whose labours were wonderfully blessed among the Hurons; though their well-meant exhortations were rejected by inimical Tribes; and many of the zealous Fathers in time of war, suffered martyrdom for *the profession of their faith.**

The superannuated Survivors of this early period of simplicity and devotion (it was considered as the golden Age of Canada) have always been venerated as the Patriarchs of New France. Some of them were yet alive, though bending

* Among other affecting instances of conversion, which then occurred, among the Savages, so called, an old Chieftain is mentioned, by Charlevoix, of a hundred years of age; who had been baptized, by the Jesuits, but a little before his death. He said, in his last illness, with great tenderness and self-abasement: "Seigneur! Jai commencé "bien tard, a vous aimer!" Lord! I have be gun to love thee, very late.

beneath the weight of years and services, when Charlevoix made his first visit to the New World; and their memory is still preserved in Canada, with apostolic veneration.

In the year 1629, under the pretence afforded by the siege of Rochelle, an English fleet, said to be conducted by a French Protestant, who was inimical to the Colony, attacked, and easily made themselves masters of Quebec; at a time when the infant settlement had reduced itself, by its own mismanagement, and the failure or neglect of its harvest, to a state so nearly approaching starvation, that they could scarcely refrain from opening their gates to the enemy, as their deliverer from the still greater evil, with which they had been threatened. The transient Conquest was, however, restored, by amicable compromise, between the two Sove-

reigns, at the treaty of St. Germains, in 1632.*

In the year 1635, died SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN, who has justly been deno-

* There is something so exquisitely artless, in Charlevoix's account of the different manner in which the English Settlers treated the Indians, from that by which the French had gained the affections of their savage Neighbours, that I cannot forbear transcribing it, for the amusement of the Reader—" The English, during the little time in which they " had been masters of the Country, had not known how to " acquire the good will of the Savages: The Hurons never " appeared at Quebec, as long as the English remained " there. The other Tribes that resided nearer to the capital; " many of whom, on account of particular causes of dis- " satisfaction, had openly declared against us, on the ap- " proach of the English Squadron, showed themselves after- " ward very rarely. All were disconcerted, when, upon " taking the same liberties with the New Comers, which " they had been accustomed to do with the French, they " perceived that such manners gave offence.

" It was still worse, some time afterward, when they saw " themselves driven out of those houses, with blows, where, " till then, they had entered as freely as into their own ca- " bins. They accordingly kept at a distance from the " English habitations; and nothing afterward more strongly " attached them to our interests, than this difference of " manners and disposition, between the two Nations." [Vol. I. p. 179, Paris Edition 1744]

minated the Father of New France. This circumstance cast a damp upon the joy occasioned by the restoration of the Colony, to its original governors; that was heightened, a year or two after that event, by a general sickness among the Hurons; which had well nigh swept away the Indians of Canada, by a bloody flux. The French, it seems, were seized by the same disorder: but to them it was not fatal; whether owing to the difference of their constitutions, or the different manner of treating the complaint.

The Court had early forbidden the Protestants to go to New France, and it does not appear that any of that long persecuted People ever established themselves permanently, on the banks of the St. Lawrence; but upon the Revocation of the Edict of Nantz, toward the close of this century, a considerable body of those humble and devout Professors of the

Christian faith, who might say with St. Paul: "After the way which they call "heresy, so worship I the God of my "Fathers;" took refuge in the then Province of New-York, where their Posterity have become numerous and respectable.

In 1642 the Hollanders of Manhattan are mentioned as furnishing the Iroquois with fire arms, and spiritous liquors, and from this period, which appears to have terminated the golden age of Canada, we read of nothing for twenty years; but wars without, and conspiracies within; and the whole history of New France is but a tissue of attacks, and reprisals; of missions, received, or rejected; of dissentions between the civil, and ecclesiastical, authorities.

To these calamities were added those of famine and pestilence, under the effects of which we can scarcely wonder, considering the temper of the times, that *voices were heard upon earth, and portents*

appeared in the air. There were eclipses of the sun, and halos round the moon. Strange lights were seen to traverse the country, in the day; and globes of fire gleamed among the shades of night. Witches, however, do not appear to have ever haunted Canada, though they were not unheard of, at this period, in France.

All these things were considered as manifest intimations of the wrath of God; and such was indeed the situation of the unhappy Colonists about the year 1660, that they did not dare to leave the forts, without an escort; and during some time the Sisters of the two Nunneries, in the outskirts of Quebec, used to retire into the city, every night, for safety. The harvest could not be gathered in, and serious thoughts were entertained of abandoning the Settlement, and returning to France. Seven hundred Iroquois kept Quebec, all summer, in a state of siege. The next year, however, these people (it seems they were not inveterate ene-

mies) sent a flag down the great river, with proposals of peace, demanding, as the only condition, the residence of a Missionary among them. The proposition was gladly embraced by the humbled Colonists; and they now set themselves to repair the losses which they had sustained, by neglecting to cultivate the arts of peace, rather than those of war.

In the year 1663 there were several shocks of an Earthquake, which are said to have been felt throughout New England, and New Holland. The Earthquake would appear to have been real; though its effects are evidently exaggerated by the credulous Historian, since, though *the houses were shaken from side to side*, none of them fell down; and in *the yawning chasms which were seen to open in the bosom of the earth*, no person appears to have perished.

But all these supposed indications of the wrath of that merciful Father, and

all gracious Benefactor, who causeth his sun to shine upon the righteous and the wicked, and sendeth rain alike upon the just, and upon the unjust, were now at an end: a new epoch commenced under brighter auspices; and

In 1663, the King (Lewis XIV.) took the Government into his own hands. His Majesty sent out the Marquis de Tracy as Viceroy of New France; the old Trading Company before mentioned, relinquishing the privileges, which had turned to so little account in their hands, to a new Association, called the West India Company, which was modelled by the great Colbert.

It was in the year 1671, that the first discovery was made by rambling Voyageurs, of the existence of that great river in the West, which was destined for the future outlet of an industrious (perhaps immense) population, by the Gulf of Mexico. It now only served to

confirm the ambitious views of France for the subjection of North America.

In 1672 arrived the Count de Frontenac, as Governor General; who built fort Cataraqui, now Kingston, at the entrance of Lake Ontario. But the haughty manners of this Nobleman gave universal umbrage in America, and he was recalled by his Royal Master in 1682. He returned again, however, in 1689, with renewed powers, the French king then entertaining the project of possessing himself of the more fertile Province of New-York; a design which appears to have been prevented, at the time, by an irruption of the Iroquois; and afterward prudently abandoned.

In the summer of 1690, before the Count's arrival, the Five Nations had attacked Montreal. They landed at La Chine, twelve hundred strong, and

sacked all the Plantations on the Island. The French at the same time had been obliged to abandon Cataraqui, and the neighbouring Indians, were with difficulty prevented from joining the Iroquois, by the personal influence of the Sieur Perot, then Governor of Montreal, to whom they were strongly attached. New France is said to have been on this occasion reduced almost as low, as it had been in 1663, by a concurrence of similar circumstances.

In the year 1690, a joint invasion of Canada was concerted between New England, that was to attack Quebec by sea, and New-York, that was to invest Montreal by land. Major Peter Schuyler commanded the party sent from New-York, having been joined at Albany by a body of Indians, some of whom were now always enlisted in every quarrel between their European Neighbours. He penetrated as far as the

Prairie de la Madeleine, where he was repulsed by the Count de Frontenac, who was there posted, with a large body of French and Indians. The fleet destined to attack Quebec, consisting of thirty sail, fitted out in the Ports of Massachusetts, was commanded by Sir William Phips. Arriving before the town on the 5th of October, Sir William summoned the Count de Frontenac, who had by this time returned from Montreal, to surrender the place. In the chronicles of the times *the pompous message* is said to have received *an insolent answer*. Upon this he landed, a few miles below, thinking to take the town by storm: but he was so warmly received by the French Commander, that he was fain to re-embark, in the night, leaving behind him all his baggage and artillery. The fleet now cannonaded the town, but with little effect; and being driven from their moorings, by stress of weather, Sir William retired, in disor-

der, on the 12th of October, under the necessity of avoiding the approach of winter. Several of the Ships of this unfortunate Squadron were blown off to the West Indies, as they endeavoured to make the coast of New England; and some of them were wrecked in the Bay of St. Lawrence, or never more heard of. Sir William himself did not arrive at Boston, with the shattered remainder, until the 19th of November.

Quebec had been, for the first time, regularly fortified, in the summer of 1690, and was thus enabled to resist a formidable attack, which it would have been utterly unable to withstand, had it taken place but a few months before.

The English and Dutch Settlers, upon the more favourable coasts and rivers to the south, had now become sufficiently populous and powerful to stimulate the Iroquois or Five Nations, [See

the Appendix No. III.) to commence hostilities upon the French, during the frequent wars which have been always taking place between those two powerful and warlike Nations.

The early emigrations were principally from the Northern coasts of France, which would seem to be one of the reasons why no Protestants engaged in this Colonial adventure, the great body of the Protestants of France being situated on the coasts of the Mediterranean; whilst the migrations from England were almost entirely confined to Dissenters from their National Establishment; a circumstance which has probably had no small share in producing the various fortunes of the respective Colonies.

The Society of Jesuits had been among the first to locate and improve

the Island of Montreal, which they founded agreeable to traditional record, by the express command of Lewis XIV. as far up the great river as it was possible for ships to sail. They were followed in 1657 by the Abbé Quetus, and the brotherhood of St. Sulpice.

From this time, till the Conquest of Canada by the English, which occurred in the year 1759, there continued to take place, at distant intervals, repeated incursions, on both sides, between the French and English Provinces, as likewise that of the Dutch, with various degrees of success, or rather of disappointment and disaster: for the French never gained any ground upon the neighbouring frontier, and the hardy Sons of New England had more than once invaded Canada, to as little purpose, or rather worse than none; particularly in the year 1711, when Admiral Walker was cast

away in the Bay of St. Lawrence, with a fleet of ships intended to co-operate in another attack upon Quebec; before General Abercrombie, at the head of fifteen thousand Men, was repulsed (in 1758) by the French and Indians, at Ticonderoga; a formidable out post at the confluence of Lake George and Lake Champlain —now far within the acknowledged boundary of the United States.

It was before this savage entrenchment, the remains of which may still be traced, by those who sail upon those inland waters, that the first Lord Howe lost his life. The same Nobleman, whose two Sons afterward acted so conspicuous, yet so negative a part, the one as Admiral, the other as Commander in Chief, in the struggle that soon afterward took place between the British Colonies, and the Mother Country, for Continental Independence.

In the following year General Wolfe succeeded in wresting Quebec out of the hands of the Marquis de Montcalm, who fell, together with the successful Invader, in the same bloody field. The Marquis is said to have replied, with characteristic magnanimity, when he was told that he had but a few hours to live—" So much the better !—I shall " not live to see the surrender of Que- " bec."

During the Revolutionary contest, in the year 1775, the American General Montgomery fell, in like manner, during a fruitless attack upon Quebec.—

And the British General Burgoyne in 1777, having descended Lake Champlain, and dissipated his mighty force, among the trackless woods, which then surrounded it on all sides, was fain, at Saratoga, to strike the Royal standard to that very undisciplined multitude

whom his fulminating proclamation from Illinois; for we are not the only People that are chargeable with similar rhodomontades, had begun with denominating Rebels and Traitors.

Five and thirty years after this event, in the year 1812, during another struggle between the same Parties, in support of National pretensions, the British Commodore Downie, with five or six sloops of war, was completely discomfitted by M'Donough, the American Commander, upon the same Lake Champlain; and the trophies of his victory, their dismantled hulks, still exhibit their black and battered sides, among the dark firs, and frowning precipices of Wood Creek.

Sir George Provost, who had penetrated to Plattsburgh, at the head of fifteen thousand men, precipitately retreating to St. Johns, upon this event,

taking place before his eyes, without his being able to do any thing to prevent the unexpected catastrophe.*

Such are the melancholy details of National Prowess, alas! that it should have been hitherto *in vain* for Moralists, Philosophers, and Poets, under the immediate sanction of THE PRINCE OF PEACE, the Captain of our salvation, to deprecate the unnecessary effusion of blood, in National quarrels.—

Ah! what more shews the vanity of life,
Than to behold the Nations all on fire,
In cruel broils engaged, and deadly strife;
Most Christian Kings inflamed by black desire,
With honourable Ruffians in their hire,
Cause war to rage, and blood around to pour;
Of this sad work, when each begins to tire,
They set them down, just where they were before:
Till for new scenes of woe peace shall their force restore.

* I say nothing of the turgid Manifestoes, and retrograde manœuvres of General Hull, or General Smythe, upon Canadian ground; and many other futile attempts on both sides to penetrate into each others borders—in pure bra-

THE ANCIENT NOBLESSE.

Of the ancient Noblesse of Canada, the Counts of Longueil and St. Lawrence have long been extinct; and the small remainder, being now deprived of the advantages of privilege and prepossession; and having no longer any other chance for the appointments of power and profit; but what they must derive, in common with their fellow subjects, from personal merit, are rapidly sinking into decay, or insignificance. Events which they are said to have accelerated, by their own inattention to qualify themselves for public confidence; and their neglecting to preserve their families from the supposed contamination of Plebeian intermixture.

vado—or on marauding expeditions, without end or aim—since they *all* terminated, *as usual*, in such cases, in the disgrace, or discomfiture, of the Invader; and served no other purpose than to add another lesson to the many already *forgotten* by disappointed Ambition, upon the *inevitable* mischances of *offensive war*.

Yet there still remain in Montreal, and at Boucherville, in dignified retirement, the noble Families of LAVIGNIERE, DE BEAU JEU, DECHAMBAULT, DE LA NAUDIERE, and others. And at Quebec are yet found the ancient Chevaliers de LERY.

The Baronies of PORT NEUF and of LONGEUIL, preserve, upon parchment, the obsolete titles of their ancient Lords; but those dignities no longer descend, with the estates; and they may be considered as virtually extinct, since the honours which they claim have not been derived from the British Crown.

I much doubt the correctness of my orthography, in these foreign denominations, but I have now no means of correcting it; having collected most of this local information, on Board the Steam Boat, in Lake Champlain, not from printed documents, to which I might

again recur, but from two Canadian Gentlemen, one of them a Father, and the other a Batchelor Brother, of reserved habits, but of *gentle manners, and affections mild.** They reminded me of Sterne's, "my Father and Uncle Toby," calculating the possibilities of his eldest brother Bobby's projected tour of Europe. For these two good souls were going, *all the way to Philadelphia*, to accompany *the hope of the Family* (a well grown youth, whom American Parents would have considered fully competent to the task of taking care of himself) on his way to take shipping for France; to perfect himself in the celebrated Schools of Paris, for the practice of physic. Which it seems is a profession less willingly embraced, in Canada, by youths of family or spirit, than that of the Law—Creoles having no chance for preferment in the Army.

* Pope.

They had heard the well-merited fame of our Penitentiary, and were solicitous to inform themselves of its details, as there is a probability that some, at least, of its beneficial provisions, may be adopted, in the new places of correction, and confinement, which are now erecting at Montreal. I told them what I knew of the system, and recommended them to apply to the benevolent Managers of that Institution, for the information which I know they will most willingly impart.

Thus the benevolent (may I not say, with reverence, the *godlike*) plan of correcting, with a view to reform, rather than punish, is generally extending itself, from Land to Land. May it one day pervade the World, and do away the barbarous custom of inflicting sanguinary punishments, in the face of day; with which the streets of the most

polished capitals in Europe, now shock the feelings of the American Traveller!

And here, being already in advance with my return, let me mention, with all due decorum, and attention to etiquette; as I intend to take French leave of my Reader, the moment we clear the Isle aux Noix; that as we passed by Champlain, the first American town, and port of entry, seven or eight fine Salmon were sent aboard—for THE PRESIDENT'S dinner; to be landed at Burlington, on the opposite side of the Lake; where his Excellency was expected to arrive that evening, with a numerous Suite, in his progress through the Eastern States.

I should not, perhaps, have thought it worth while to mention this important circumstance; as I think there has been, upon this occasion, rather too much of the parade of Royalty; but that I was

personally interested in the *regal* compliment.—We were allowed to take toll, for the delivery; and two of these princely Fishes were served up upon our own table next day.

They were displayed, in the highest style of culinary magnificence, by the Steward (whom I had put upon his credit to gratify the Passengers.) The Salmon were placed whole upon the dishes, as Dolphins are usually represented, in statuary; with their mouths bent inward, their backs elegantly curved, over their heads, and their forked tails spread upright.

To return to Montreal, when I was here before, I entered Canada at Buffaloe, the Indian village at the outlet of Lake Erie; got wet to the skin, at the Falls of Niagara; crossed Lake Ontario, in a sloop, for it was before the

convenient invention of Steam Boats had facilitated internal intercourse; took a batteau on the river St. Lawrence; stopped a night in the Lake of a thousand Islands; shot the rapids of the Great River, at the rapids of the Longue Sault, the Cedars, and the Sault St. Louis; and thus arrived at Montreal, by that protracted line of water communication, which, if we include the Mississippi, upon our western border, is hardly to be paralleled in the rest of the world; forming a line of internal navigation of little less than three thousand miles in extent, if we reckon from the Bay of St. Lawrence, to the Gulph of Mexico.

The powerful State of New-York is now tracing a canal across its western territories; which will communicate with the great Lakes, without the intervention of the St. Lawrence; and the

long-heads in the Canadian Provinces begin to apprehend the success of a plan almost too stupendous for the imagination to realize; which if it should be eventually effected, will in a great measure leave them *without* the main line of internal communication; and secure to superior enterprise and intelligence, the future benefits of the North Western Trade; sending the Peltries of Canada, by a shorter cut, to Europe.

I shall not attempt to describe the sensations of amazement with which I contemplated the Falls of Niagara, from the table rock; which trembled under my feet, whilst I listened, with eager attention, to the deep toned thunder, at its foot: but I cannot forbear describing, or attempting to describe, the alternate emotions of terror, and delight, with which I descended, in breathless silence, the Rapids of the Longue Sault, amid the threatening waves.

which curled around me, in every variety of foaming agitation.

The length of this glittering Rapid, to *the sublime and beautiful* of which, is by no means wanting, the accompaniment of *terror*, is estimated at nine miles, and the Batteaux usually descend it, in twenty minutes.

The Canadian Watermen mostly avoid the Rapids of St. Louis, by landing above them, on the Island of Montreal: but the American Raftsmen bid defiance to danger; and, in spite of yearly accidents, by which whole floats of timber, are sometimes shattered to pieces, and their Conductors instantly ingulphed by the waves; they persevere in shooting these dangerous currents. When their safety entirely depends upon their entering the Rapids, in a strait direction, the smallest deviation from which is inevitably fatal; and

whole masts of pine are seen immediately, upon the occurrence of disaster, rearing up an end, in the stream, or shivering to pieces, upon the rocks.

I now turn my face to the Southward, with renewed delight; crossing the Great River, in all probability for the last time, below the Island of *St. Helene;* on the banks of which a Mill is erected, which works eight pair of stones, by the mere force of the current; which is stopped a few yards above, and let out again a few yards below. I took the stage for La Prairie, near which place a crowd of horses and carriages were plunging, through mud and water, up to their middles, at the most imminent risque of life and limb. Because the provident Supervisors had unfloored the old bridge, to make use of the timbers, in constructing a new one, before the latter was fit for passengers. Thus, neither were now passa-

ble; and among other impatient Victims to the awkward arrangement, (which is given as a fair specimen of Canadian management) was the Collector of the Customs, at Montreal. He was in a light gig, with a powerful horse. The spirited Animal dashed and plunged, forward, till he was entangled among bushes, then stopped and looked round, with eyes full of meaning; shook his head at the vexatious burthen behind him; and, after a while, dashed on again, with headstrong rage—then stopped again in despair; and we left them both inextricably fixed in the bog; for no Canadian would lend a hand to relieve the *Collector*, who, it seems, has been very strict in the execution of his invidious office.

At La Prairie we changed horses, and drove rapidly across the flat uninteresting tract, that intervenes betwixt the St. Lawrence, and the Sorel; where

the Canadians have long talked, and will continue to *talk*, of cutting a canal between the two rivers, to approximate them to the United States. We stopped for the night at St. Johns.

Next morning the Steam Boat was not to sail till after breakfast, I therefore strolled out to a large unfinished Hotel, and a new English Church, hard by. The Projector of these buildings, I understood, was an enterprising *Yankee*, as Americans are called, *in contempt*, by the British in Canada, (though we consider it a cognomen at least as *dignified* as that of *John Bull*. Before the completion of his plans, this unfortunate Adventurer had broke, and run away; but he had left the Buildings behind him, and the Public must be considered as much *a gainer* by his exertions, as if he had not himself been a *loser* by it. What is this but a practical

illustration of the adage: "Private vices, "Public benefits?"

In the Churchyard, which appeared to have been used, as such, before the Church was erected, I noted, among the *frail memorials, erected nigh*, a stone which was inscribed, in English, for the English Language already prevails here, by a surviving Mother, to the memory of

THE YOUNGEST OF THREE BROTHERS,
who were all born,
On the 25th of November,
1786.
He died at the age of 23.

A humbler stone recorded the lamentation of an affectionate and faithful Wife, for

A COMMON SOLDIER
of the 49th Regiment;

proving that the constancy of female virtue, can withstand the corruption of a

Camp; while it alleviates the irksomeness of perpetual restraint, in the deleterious atmosphere of *indolence and vice*,* by the soothing endearments of conjugal attachment.

Many of the Officers in the Canadian Garrisons, and some of the Soldiers, it seems, are allowed to have their Wives, and domestic establishments. Those of the Officers are sometimes Ladies of rank, and quality; who have married for love, and accompanied their Husbands into *the Siberia* of Britain.

The bell of the Steam Boat was now ringing for departure, and I gladly ascended the deck, that was to convey me to Republican America; leaving behind me, without regret, the glittering paraphernalia of Priestly imposition, and all *the pomp, and circumstance*, of —Military parade.

* Sir Walter Raleigh.

May neither Church Establishments, nor Standing Armies, ever encroach upon the rights of conscience; or restrain the privileges of Political freedom, in that *more* genial climate, and *more* fertile soil, in which our WINTHROPS, and our PENNS, disseminated the germs of Civil and Religious liberty; which our FRANKLINS, and our WASHINGTONS, asserted, and secured.

FINIS

APPENDIX.

No. I.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE BEAVER, IN CANADA.

I AM unwilling to lay down my pen, till I have added some account of that sagacious and persevering animal, the Beaver. He is the proper emblem of Republican America, and was so adopted by FRANKLIN, in his designs for the Continental bills. His merits have been strangely overlooked by European Naturalists. They would have found him an exception to their favourite theory, that *Nature*, for some unknown reason, *has a tendency to belittle her productions upon the new Continent.*

In the deep recesses of Canadian forests, where the Beaver is undisturbed by Man, he is a practical example of almost every virtue: *Ask now*, said Solomon, *the beasts, and they shall teach thee.* The Indians were in the habit of prognosticating the mildness or severity of the ensuing winter, from the quantity of provision laid in by the Beavers, for their winter's stock.

The Beaver is a pattern of conjugal fidelity, and paternal care. Laborious, thrifty, frugal, honest, watchful, and ingenious. He submits to government, in the Republican form; for the benefits of political association; but is never known, in the most powerful communities, to make depredations upon his weaker Neighbours.

On the first arrival of Europeans, in Canada, the Beaver was found of the size of four feet, in length, and the weight of fifty or sixty lbs. but all Animals, hunted for their furs, or skins, have become much less, or rather have been prevented from becoming so large, as they were before the approach of civilized Man. He is now rarely met with of a greater length than three feet, or a greater heft than twenty-five to thirty lbs.

The back of this remarkable animal rises like an arc. His teeth are long, broad, strong, and sharp. Four of these, two above, and two below, are called incisors. These teeth project one or two inches, and are curved like a gouge. The toes of his fore feet are separated, as if designed to answer the purpose of fingers. His hind feet are fitted with webs, adapted to the purpose of swimming. His tail is a foot long, an inch thick, and five or six inches broad; it accordingly serves the purpose of a trowel, in plastering his dam.

Wherever a number of these Animals come together, they immediately combine, in society, to

perform the common business of constructing their habitations; apparently acting under the most intelligent design. Though there is no appearance indicating the authority of a chief, or Leader; yet no contention or disagreement is ever observed among them.

When a sufficient number of them is collected to form a town, the Public business is first attended to; and, as they are amphibious animals, provision is to be made for spending their time, occasionaly, both in, and out of the water. In conformity to this law of their nature, they seek a situation which is adapted to both these purposes.

With this view, a lake or pond, sometimes a running stream, is pitched upon. If it be a lake, or pond, the water in it is always deep enough to admit of their swimming under the ice. If it be a stream, it is always such a stream as will form a pond, that shall be every way convenient for their purpose; and such is their forecast, that they never fix upon a situation that will not eventually answer their views.

Their next business is to construct a dam. This is always placed in the most convenient part of the stream; the form of it is either strait, rounding, or angular, as the peculiarities of the situation require: and no human ingenuity could improve their labours, in these respects.

The materials they use, are wood, and Earth.—They choose a tree on the river side, which will readily fall across the stream; and some of them apply themselves, with diligence, to cut it through with their teeth. Others cut down smaller trees, which they divide into equal, and convenient, lengths. Some drag these pieces to the brink of the river, and others swim with them to the spot, where the dam is forming.

As many as can find room, are engaged in sinking one end of these stakes; and as many more in raising, fixing, and securing, the other ends of them. Others are employed, at the same time, in carrying on the plastering part of the work. The earth is brought in their mouths, formed into a kind of mortar, with their feet and tails; and this is spread over the intervals, between the stakes; saplings and twigs being occasionally interwoven, with the mud and slime.

Where two or three hundred Beavers are united, these dams are from six to twelve feet thick, at the bottom; at the top, not more than two or three.—In that part of the dam which is opposed to the current, the stakes are placed obliquely: but on that side where the water is to fall over, they are placed in a perpendicular direction.

These dams are sometimes a hundred feet in length, and always of the exact height, which will answer their purposes.

The ponds thus formed sometimes cover five or six hundred acres. They generally spread over grounds abounding with trees and bushes of the softest wood, Maple, Birch, Poplar, Willow, &c. and to preserve the dams against inundation, the Beaver always leaves sluices near the middle, for the redundant water to pass off.

When the Public works are completed, the Beavers separate into small companies, to build cabins or houses for themselves. These are built upon piles, along the borders of the pond.—They are of an oval construction, resembling a bee-hive, and they vary from four to ten feet in diameter, according to the number of families they are to accommodate.

These dwellings are never less than two stories high, generally three; and sometimes they contain four apartments. The walls of these are from two to three feet thick, formed of the same materials with the dams. On the inside they are made smooth, but left rough without, being rendered impenetrable to rain. The lower story is about two feet high, the second is formed by a floor of sticks, covered with mud, and the upper apartment terminates with an arched roof. Through each floor there is a passage, and the uppermost floor is always above the level of the water.

Each of these huts has two doors, one on the land side, to admit of their going out, and seeking

provision that way; another under the water, and below where it freezes, to preserve their communication with the pond.

No association of people can possibly appear more happy, or be better regulated, than the tribe of Beavers. The male and female always pair.—In September they lay up their winter's stock, which consists of bark, and the tender twigs of trees.—Then commences the season of love, and repose; and during the winter they remain within; every one enjoying the fruits of his own labour, without pilfering from any other.

Towards spring the females bring forth their young, to the number of three or four. Soon after the male retires to gather firs, and vegetables, as the spring opens; but the dam remains at home to nurse, and rear up their young. The male occasionally returns home, but not to tarry, until the end of the year: Yet if any injury should happen to their works, the whole Society are soon collected, by some unknown means, and they join all their forces to repair the injury, which has been sustained.

Whenever an enemy approaches their village, the Beaver who first perceives the unwelcome stranger, strikes on the water with his tail, to give notice of the approaching danger; and the whole careful Tribe instantly plunges into the water.—Let us

hear no more of the *half reasoning* Elephant! He is but a ninny to the Beaver of America.

The fur of this wonderful Animal, which is so much prized in Commerce, is an interior coat, there being a double growth of it, over all parts of the body, the outer and longer being of an inferior quality, while the inner, being thus preserved from air, and injury, is thick, fine, and as soft as silk —The sacks which contain the precious oil, used in medicine, under the name of castoreum, lie concealed, behind the kidneys.

They vary very much in colour. The most esteemed shade is black, and they have been found perfectly white; but the general colour of the species, is a chesnut brown.

In a state of nature, undisturbed by Man, this provident animal lives fifteen or twenty years, and prepares for several generations, adapting his dwellings to the increase of his Family.

No. II.

BOUCHETTE'S TOPOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTION OF THE PROVINCE OF LOWER CANADA.

After my sketches of Canada were written, and since the work was committed to press, I have met with a Book, which has been lately published, in

London, by the Surveyor General of Lower Canada, (Joseph Bouchette.) It is a Royal 8vo. of 640 pages, with a copious Appendix.

The work is professedly topographical, and in that department of science, is not without the merits of accuracy and minuteness; but in general views, and complicated estimates, it is so palpably erroneous, that I have not thought it necessary to correct either my statements, or my inferences, from such equivocal authority.

This Book, evidently calculated for the meridian of St. James's, is dedicated to the Prince Regent, by *special* permission. It speaks with supercilious impertinence of the War of the Revolution, as "the period of the Rebellion;" and describes every battle that occurred off the great Lakes, during the last National struggle, as highly honourable to the British Arms!——

As for the Prince, Qui vult decipi, decipiatur:* but the British Nation deserves to be informed, not only of—the *value;* but of—*the cost* of Canada. It is the whole drift of this splendid work (price seven Guineas) to countenance the Ministry, in their excessive expenditures for the support of Canada; and to persuade the People of England, that they are not altogether useless to the Nation. Industriously obscuring the momentous truth, that,

* If he chooses to be deceived, let him be deceived.

in *cherishing* Upper Canada, Great Britain is but sowing the seeds of *another* "Rebellion," for *another* WASHINGTON to gather.

English Canada, and French Canada, are two different things; the latter will probably be long defended by the poverty of its soil, and the severity of its climate, behind the insuperable barrier of its gigantic River, and the trackless wilderness, by which it is flanked.

To interest his Royal Patron, the Population of Lower Canada is carried, by I know not what ratio of preternatural increase, to a grand total of three hundred and fifty thousand! and the local, or sedentary Militia, including all Males, from sixteen to sixty, is pushed, it seems—by the Report of the Adjutant General, (who, no doubt, has substantial reasons for the amount of his return) to the formidable number of fifty-two thousand five hundred!—

So much for presumption—now for proof.—It shall be furnished by the Author himself.——

"In the year 1663," says he, "the Population "of Canada, or, as it was then called, *La Nouvelle* "*France*, very little exceeded seven thousand "souls." [p. 6.]

"In 1714, they could hardly number twenty "thousand souls." [p. 6.]

"In 1759, the Population may be estimated at "seventy thousand." [p. 7.]

"From this date," according to Bouchette, "the "prosperity of Canada has been progressive (the "loss of National spirit and subjection to Foreign "domination notwithstanding!) Some increase in "the Population," says he, "is accordingly ob-"servable: for in the year 1775, it amounted to "something more than ninety thousand." [p. 8.]

No great increase is made out *here*—only twenty thousand from '59 to '75, a period of time in which particular portions of the United States have nearly trebled their numbers.

But now comes the increase of the French in Canada: however tardy it had been from 1663 to 1714; and from 1714 to 1759; nay, even from the period of the "Rebellion" to the then present moment.—That is to say, between the years 1775 and 1814. "In the course of only thirty-"nine years (to use this credulous calculator's own words) a capitation [what capitation?] "shows an increase to have taken place from nine-"ty thousand, to no less a number than two hun-"dred and seventy-five thousand native Canadians, "Descendants of the original French Settlers. An "estimate," as the Author himself exclaims, in *amaze*, "which will be viewed, *with astonishment*, "by *every reflecting person!*"

But—Courage, gentle Reader, this *astonishing* calculation is purely anticipatory—at least half the number will vanish before the penetrating ray of

Truth.—Like "the Jail and Court-House at Trois "Rivieres," which this same *credible* witness calls, "handsome, modern, stone Edifices."—Whereas the walls of *the former* (when I was there, about two years after this description was published, for the satisfactiou of the good Citizens of London, as to the existing state of things in Canada) were raised at least *one story and a half high*, and may perhaps, be fairly roofed in, by this time——But the latter is literally—*a Castle in the air*, not a shovel full of earth having been then dug towards its foundation.

This magnificent work, however, besides being embellished with Views, and illustrated by Plots and Plans, is accompanied with a General Map of North America—from Lake Winnipeeg to the Island of Newfoundland, and from Hudson's Bay to *the City of Washington;* which is, *perhaps*, the most accurate, and certainly is the most elegant, representation of the innumerable Lakes and Rivers, contained within that circle, that has ever been delineated.

This beautiful Map is concentrated into two sheets: but there is another exhibition of *Upper and Lower Canada*, including the Provinces of New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, and *the adjacent parts of the United States*, which is diffused over ten sheets of super Royal, on a scale large

enough to bring out every cross road; to swell the sides of every particular mountain; and to trace the limits of every individual settlement, upon the long extended frontier between two jealous Nations. The motives for taking this bird's eye view of disputed boundaries, may be, at least, problematical: but the execution of it does infinite credit to the talents of "his Majesty's Surveyor General," as a draughtsman, and topographer.

No. III.

THE LEAGUE OF THE IROQUOIS OR FIVE NATIONS OF THE WEST.

The justly celebrated Confederacy of Five Nations, which existed, in the heart of the New Continent, when the first Migrators landed from Europe, was a powerful league, which had existed for ages, like that of the States of Holland, or the ancient republics of Greece; for the purpose of mutual defence, against powerful Neighbours; but without impairing the independent jurisdiction of any of its Members.

It affords a striking parallel to that potent and wide spread Confederation, which has since taken

place, among the succeeding Occupants of the same rich and well watered Territory; which is adapted, in an unexampled degree, to carry to their utmost limits, the active energies of civilized Man.

This aboriginal Association, which is entitled to more respectful notice, than has ever yet been allotted to it, in American History: but to which ample, though tardy, justice will be done by our future Poets and Historians (May it not be when too late to trace the features of their character, with the precision of which the interesting subject is yet susceptible!) then consisted of the MOHAWKS, the ONEIDAS, the ONONDAGOES, the CAYUGAS, and the SENNEKAAS.

Of these, the Mohawks, then situated on the fertile banks of the river which still bears their name, were considered as the chief Nation, or Tribe; but the great Council of the Confederacy assembled annually at Onondaga (I have myself seen the great Wig Wam, sixty or eighty feet in length, in which was kindled the council fire, before the dereliction of National Sovereignty, to the Congress of the United States, had dissolved the aboriginal union) on account of the central situation of that place, which rendered it convenient for the assembling of the confederated Tribes. [See Clinton's Discourse on the Red Men of America, delivered before the New-York Historical Society, in 1811.]

Of this powerful league, which is supposed to have once extended the terror of its arms, from the Gulf of Mexico, to Hudson's Bay, the Sennekaas are the only Tribe that is now numerous enough to be of any political importance. They are yet to be found, in large bodies, upon the eastern banks of Lake Erie; where the curious Traveller may still witness, at their occasional councils, all the striking peculiarities of the Indian character.

An old War Chief, called the Farmer's Brother, whose person and features are stamped with all the hardihood of Antiquity, is yet living; and the Chief Speaker, vulgarly called Red Jacket; but in his own tongue, with appropriate qualification, Tsekuyeaathaw, *the Man that keeps you awake*, may still be heard, occasionally, delivering orations that Cicero or Demosthenes would have listened to with delight. I have myself heard this native Orator speak, for hours together, at one of the last public treaties, that was held with this Tribe. His discourse was then taken in short hand. It was upon local policy, and therefore is now forgotten, though it went through the newspapers of the day; but some of his speeches, in reply to the solicitations of different Missionaries to the Sennekaa Tribe, to change the Religion of their Fathers, for the Christian Creed, have been often reprinted in our periodical Publications, and can only be read with

astonishment.—They elevate *the untutored Indian* far above Popes' elegant apology for that *supposed* ignorance, and imbecility, with which self-complacent Europeans have been pleased to designate the wild Man of America.

When Father Charlevoix, a learned Jesuit, first *assisted*, as the French say, at an Indian Council (for the gift of eloquence was not confined to the Orators of the Five Nations) he could not believe that the Jesuit, who acted as Interpreter, was not imposing upon the Audience, the effusions of his own brilliant imagination.

Yet Charlevoix had been accustomed to the orations of Masillon, and Bourdaloue; when those eminent Orators displayed all the powers of pulpit eloquence, at the funerals of Princes, upon the fertile subject of the vanity of life; but he confesses that he had never heard any thing so interesting, as the extempore discourses of an Indian Chief.

Even those who have had the enviable privilege of listening, in the British House of Commons, to

> The popular harangue, the tart reply,
> The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,

that flowed, spontaneous, from Burke, and Sheridan, and Fox, and Pitt, during the most splendid period of British oratory, have freely acknowledged,

that they never heard any thing more impressive, than an Indian speech; accompanied, as it usually is, with all the graces of unconstrained delivery.

J. & J. HARPER, PRINTERS.