

TRAVELS

IN

LOWER CANADA.

UNDER the impressions hinted at in my prefatory remarks, at three 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, 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