

on board, and soon after reached Cornwall, where we were destined to pursue our course by land for Prescott, a distance of fifty miles, and which it was intended we should accomplish before night. I had travelled in coaches and in waggons, but here a vehicle was in waiting which might be termed a *cross-breed*. It partook both of the waggon and the coach, and was most incommodiously distinguished by the absence of a door, the window forming the only mode of effecting our "exits and our entrances." A short distance from Cornwall we were brought up, in some very heavy road, by the splinter bar giving way; an accident which, considering that we had to send back to the town for aid, was repaired with marvellous celerity. It soon became evident, however, from this delay, and the general aspect of the road, a heavy clay floated by rain, that we should not sleep at Prescott; and it was some consolation to learn that one of the best kept taverns in Canada awaited us about midway. The part of the country in which we now were appears to be a good agricultural district. The soil varies from a heavy clay to a lighter description, in some places inclining to sand, and would seem to be exceedingly well adapted for a sheep stock. In the States of New York, and in Canada, a fine stool of white clover is always ready to start up when the land is tolerably clean, and left to rest.

Our route for the most part lay near the river, and the same beautiful scenery (rapids and romantic islands) continued in succession to claim our notice and regard. Farms, pretty well cultivated, enclosed by "*worm*" fences of split rails, comfortable houses, and fine orchards, were everywhere frequent, and fancy could revel on many a spot where the eye of taste would find little difficulty in laying out a noble domain. Our road was now every mile getting worse, and the wooden bridges across brooks and ravines appeared to my unpractised eye to be almost impassable. My fellow-travellers, however, (an amiable young lady included) testified neither surprise nor alarm, and, of course, it did not become me to complain. The planks of the bridges were frequently so loose, so rotten, and so crazy, that I am yet at a loss to conjecture how our bulky machine and the four high-mettled steeds escaped without falling through. A sufficient supply of stone for repairs lay along the road side,