

LONDON, March 5th, 1795.

Dear Sir,

You say that you would not trouble me for an account of Canada, if there were any modern publications on the subject, and that it is only from the dearth of information, that you are induced to trespass on my time. Believe me that no man is so welcome as yourself to whatever portion of it, I shall appropriate to you for this purpose.

How far I shall be successful in the attempt to amuse or instruct you is uncertain. Of one point however you may be persuaded, that I shall not voluntarily mislead your judgment.

You, who are acquainted with my temper and disposition, will naturally suppose that a projected voyage to Canada would be to me a source of much satisfaction,—here the troops of Britain had enterprized with success,—here Wolfe had perished in the arms of victory, and here the influence of a Johnson, devoted to the cause of his country, had impressed on the savage mind a bias hostile to the enemies of England. To some men the scene of such transactions would be uninteresting, not so with your friend, to traverse the plains of Abraham would be, I felt, to move on *modern classic ground*.

I have ever admired the sentiments of Johnson in his Hebrides,—far from me, and from my friends be that apathy, which can proceed indifferent and unmoved, over any ground which has been distinguished by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. When this happens, I have ever thought that such minds want tone.

The natural beauties of Canada, we have all been accustomed to admire from report. From early youth, we have been in the habit of giving it credit for extensive tracts of wood and water, diversified in prospect and fashion, as though nature, everywhere else serious, had reserved this country to unbend herself in frolic, one while binding its waters in a continuity of frost, and another, precipitating whole seas from a cataract.

I sailed from Liverpool, on the 9th of August 1792 for Quebec, and after experiencing some perils of water, we made the land of Cape Breton. This island forms the southern entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, which is bounded to the north by part of Newfoundland. The intervening distance is about 60 miles. Navigators