

those of Montreal, often meet about the heads of these rivers, and encroach on each other's territories so much that it creates great disputes among them; what is more, they encourage the Indians to commit outrages on each other, and strive who buys best. Towards the close of the evening we came up to a small canal cut in a narrow neck of land to avoid the opposite rapids that almost surround it.

The boats stopt at the canal¹ all night, and I and my servant pushed on for two miles further, and slept at the house of a Yanky loyalist, who had a fine large farm with a considerable deal of flat cleared land about it. I now passed all the French settlements, and entered that occupied by British and American loyalists; and though it is but eight years since the first tree was cut down in this district, they do not fall much short of having as much of the land cleared as the French who have been more than a hundred years in possession. The cause of this immense difference in the industry of the people, I suppose to be more owing to the tenure of the land, than to laziness on the part of the French and industry on that of the British and American loyalists. The former was given out, as already observed, in large districts, to French nobility, who feued out in small portions such as they could clear of it, and no other would be taken; the latter on their own properties, who could not subsist without using every exertion of industry for the first years, were impelled by a necessity which the others were not subjected to.

Next morning I proceeded by the river side through a close inhabited country, until I came to a point of land where the boats were obliged to unload, and the goods carted for some miles, to avoid rapids, in which the battoes could not be towed when loaded. Here I found that the Canadians had made free with a bag of biscuit Mr. John Fisher, merchant in Montreal, gave me, and a fine roasted Goose a Mr. John M'Arthur had sent with me, so that I had to provide myself with provisions as I went along for the future. I travelled all this day on foot, and slept at a lieutenant Fraser's, who had charge of another short canal² cut through a point of land like that formerly mentioned. Opposite to this place called the Cedars, is a large island in the river used as a place of confinement for several American prisoners taken last war. From this island some of the prisoners were daring enough to swim down and across this immense rapid to a point of land below it, at three-fourths of a mile distance: some of them were taken after landing, and others drowned in the attempt.

From lieutenant Fraser's I proceeded to the foot of the river Raisson, where an Italian Count³ on his return from Lake Superior, was encamped. He had three tents, some baggage, provisions, and a crew of ten or twelve Canadians in one birch canoe, the largest I ever saw of the kind. This small river is closely settled for the space of twenty miles, mostly by Highlanders; and in many parts seven concessions deep, as they are called here, (*i.e.* seven farms deep, the one behind the other. This is reckoned a very fine settlement; the soil extremely rich, and the average of the produce in grain twenty fold. I put up at the house of a Mr. M'Donald formerly from Ardnabee in Glengarry.

On the 10th set out from the Raisson about two hours before day-light; breakfasted at the reverend Mr. Beaton's,⁴ also a Scotchman, and from thence went to the house of a Captain John M'Donald⁵ who was then finishing a new house said to have cost him £1300 Sterling. Here I fell in with a Captain Archibald M'Donald⁶ of the Long Saut. Captain John M'Donald pressed me much to stay that night, but as the boats were likely to get a-head of me I could not. Captain Archibald M'Donald being upon his way home, he and I travelled in company. We put up that night in the house of Lieutenant Miles M'Donald,⁷ at a place formerly called New Johnston, but now Cornwallis. Here the stance of a town is lined out, and the place is very central for that purpose, being nearly midway between Kingston and Montreal, situated on a broad level point of land, where the river takes a sweep and forms a bend or an obtuse angle; the country is closely inhabited, and the farms to the eighth or ninth concessions back; the soil deep, fertile, and not difficult to clear. Mr. Miles M'Donald was from home at a new farm he was clearing, and Mrs. M'Donald, when I informed her who I was, recollected to have seen me in the house of Captain M'Donald of Morar, her father, with whom and family I had the honour to be on the most friendly footing. This lady received me with every mark of politeness and attention, which was the more gratifying to me, as she was the daughter of my particular friend, and universally allowed to be a most amiable as well as elegant woman. I was further told she was allowed to be the most elegant woman that appeared at the assemblies in Montreal the preceding winter. Mr. Beatty, who was then but lately married to a sister-in-law of hers, entertained Captain M'Donald and me with much hospitality with Port and Madeira wines, and kept us up very late or rather early. I have hitherto seen no punch drank in this country.

Next morning we bid adieu to the family and proceeded on our journey. Called at several houses on the way; the owners of which, Captain M'Donald said would clear that fall £200 of his farm mostly in wheat. This part of the country is improving very fast, and will soon be in a very flourishing state. Dined at a Colonel Gray's,⁸ a Scotchman, who had served in his younger days in the Dutch service,—himself a hoary-headed little man, and his wife a large fat Dutch American lady. Stopped and drank tea at Captain M'Donald's, who pressed me much to stay that night, but having yet some hours of daylight I could not think of waiting; on which he