

der, and without further preamble, I shall inform you this paper is designed to convey (not their results) but my actual observations made in a tour up the Ottawa River, in the year of our Lord 182 .

I shall commence my journey at the good city of Montreal, the previous part having been performed by those *light-elements*, wind and steam, could not be expected to present any thing of *weight* sufficient for detail. And as is usual with other journalists I shall introduce my courteous readers to my fellow-travellers, in order as I met with them; their remarks will furnish the dish I now present. This is a duty the superior investigating feeling of the age requires. In good olden times our forefathers could read a journal—a novel—or even a play—and enjoy the state and incidents which brought about the plot, without enquiring into the birth, figure and dress of the characters,—but now the times are altered; the new novels Tales of My Landlord, Galt's Stories, such as Andrew Willie, with many others, have changed all this. Now, it is not what your Dramatis Personæ perform which will satisfy the greedy *grex humanus*—they must know all and every thing; nay, in some instances, their craving appetite will not be satisfied unless the writer ascends the garret, among the musty family records, of his heroes, and gives their genealogy, since the Flood of Noah, and as much earlier as possible. The modern writer has a still more laborious duty to perform,—to satisfy his reader, he must describe the face, figure, and complexion of his characters; yea, the very cut and fashion of their habiliments, and what part of them they first put on,—every movement, they go through, and the way in which they perform it. The fashion of introducing this last part of description derives its origin from Bonaparte, who, in describing the graces and elegance of Josephine, his quondam empress, says, she was elegant "*en se couchant*." As I am to travel a new road, I shall adopt a somewhat new method; and beg leave to introduce to my readers no less a personage than myself. I was born,—but stop,—what have you, reader, to do with my birth;—birth and parentage are incidents I possess in common with all mankind. My education is of little consequence to others. It has enabled me to beguile many an hour of its tediousness, and in detailing my plan of study,—you have all the information respecting it, which you shall get. My person is a more tangible object—neither tall nor short—equally remote from the rotundity of the alderman, and the tenuity of a scare-crow—indicates good health with a sound constitution. My face, that mirror of the mind, I must describe by its effects—and although my mother doubtless thought me a pretty boy, none else could ever apply that epithet to me in justice. But *probatum est*—my face has appeared in a nursery without terrifying the juvenile tenants—and at a ball or a tea-party, without exciting any unusual emotion. In disposition I have far more of the laughing than crying tendency within me—"farther the deponent sayeth not." On my arrival at Montreal I fixed on a tavern near the river for my residence, *pro tem.*; and fully bent on the further prosecution of my journey, began by making enquiries as to the mode of conveyance by my intended route. I learned that the packet-boat, as it was termed, would leave Lachine next day; and that I would have to hire a carriage to go to the last men-