

government, and climate, in quitting the metropolis of the United States for that of the British provinces.

It was now but the eighth day from my leaving Philadelphia, and there was a chance that I might reach Quebec on the ninth (July 8th,) the current of the St. Lawrence being often so powerful, that, when the wind favours, this passage of 170 miles is sometimes made in seventeen hours, in sea-phrase ten knots an hour, arriving at Quebec, in summer-time, by sunset the same day.

VOYAGE DOWN THE ST. LAWRENCE.

I was not now in luck, if I may be allowed the phrase, or to speak with becoming dignity of a voyage upon the St. Lawrence, the wind was right a-head, and blew strong from the north-east, with occasional squalls of rain through the day and the following night; and I was glad to come off with two tedious and wearisome nights, spent at sea, to all usual intents and purpose, of seafaring life, such as incommodities of every kind, apprehension of danger, disinclination to stir hand or foot, and irremediable delay. But I am anticipating events, and ought, perhaps, to have kept the reader in that happy state of suspense under which we usually advance to the most dangerous or disagreeable adventures, without apprehension or reluctance.

First, then, of the first. After passing the night under an incessant trampling and rummaging overhead, the boatmen being at work all night, stowing away heavy freight, and clearing the decks of luggage, for the steam-boats of the St. Lawrence are as much used for the conveyance of freight as of passengers, I awoke an hour or two after day-light, some leagues below Montreal.

The great church of Varennes, with its two steeples, was distinctly visible, together with the isolated mountain which rises near Boucherville, in the midst of surrounding plains: but every other object was at such an immeasurable distance, for river scenery, that I was much disappointed of the boasted appearance of towns, and villages, and scattered hamlets, upon the banks of the St. Lawrence—said to exceed so far, in use and beauty, the scanty improvements upon the North River.

It is true the occasional spires of the parish-churches would be necessarily beautiful, if, as they are described by fanciful travellers, (fatigued by the repetition of substantial mills and meeting-houses in the United States,) they were actually seen peeping over trees and woods: but the trees are all cut away round Canadian settlements, and the unvarying habitations, stand in endless rows, at equal distances, like so many sentry-