

## P R E F A C E.

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IN the month of July, 1836, the Author, with the service companies of his regiment, landed at Quebec after a long voyage, rendered tedious from the crowded state of the ship. In a transport of eight hundred tons seven hundred souls were huddled together,—a number greater by far than is allowed even to vessels carrying out emigrants; and, but for the judicious arrangements of the commanding officer, malignant disease must have been the result.

A view of the magnificent river St. Lawrence, however, at once put an end to the monotony of the voyage and the general grievance. Here and there the little white dwellings of the Canadians were to be seen skirting the shores of that noble stream, while the back-ground presented impenetrable forests, truly picturesque in their early autumnal tints.

So sublimely beautiful was the approach to Quebec that it seemed nothing could surpass the splendour of the view; but so much has already been written touching Canada and its romantic scenery, that it would be futile if not vain to attempt a description.

The Views and accompanying Notes are published by particular request of friends; and, if acceptable to others, the Author's object will be more than attained.