

CHAPTER XXXI.

Feelings on entering Canada—State of Society—Emigrants—Scenery, &c. on the St. Lawrence—Architecture—Wilful Errors on Education in Convents.

DISAPPOINTMENT is the first feeling of a traveller on entering Canada by this route. There is no scenery, and he soon feels as if there were no inhabitants, that is, none in whom he can take interest. The country is flat, and miserably cultivated; and you have positive evidence, on every side, that the people ought to be sent to school an age or two, and laughed at or provoked personally in some manner to induce them to build decent houses, keep them clean, root out the thistles and plant corn, cut down militia poles, and erect school-houses—and allow the soil to produce food for man and beast, for which it seems perfectly willing; take courage, indulge hopes of rising, and set themselves about it. It is bad enough for the New-Englanders to be for ever "guessing," and "contriving," and "tinkering," and "fixing," I know; but it is a good deal worse to do neither. I ached to put some of the people I met, old and young, into the hands of a certain district school-master, the greatest tyrant I ever knew. It seemed to me that ignorance had in their case assumed the symptoms of so terrible, so fatal a disease, that I would have volunteered to put on his thumb-screws and borne him out in any of his severest measures, if there were any hope that so he might get a morsel of knowledge into any crevice of their whole brains. "Raze it, raze it to the foundations," I exclaimed, at the sight of the great fabric of public ignorance which is reared among these active and amiable people.

Montreal Mountain is in sight just before you for miles before you reach the river; and you have little else to