

of obtaining salt and whisky, displayed infinite address in his endeavours to ascertain whether Mr S. belonged to the States or to Canada, that he might square his demeanour accordingly. The scenery was frequently magnificent; and game of all kinds, bear, deer, geese, ducks, &c. was in profuse abundance; the birds were actually so fat with feeding upon the wild rice, it being then the month of September, when it becomes ripe, that they frequently burst on falling to the surface.

The rapidity with which the great rivers are descended, produces a change of climate approaching to enchantment. A gentleman, who had been frozen up in the western country when engaged in the fur trade, weary of inaction, caused his canoe to be cut out of the ice, and getting into the Mississippi, within *eight* days from leaving his winter quarters, was pulling ripe cherries.

I left Montreal upon Saturday morning, the 23d of April, in the steam-boat John Molson, named after its respectable owner, who was himself on board. The ice upon the quay had been converted into mud, and I was thankful to embrace the vociferous offer of a habitant to convey me in his little cart to the vessel, a distance of about a dozen yards, through which I must otherwise have waded knee-deep. We left Montreal at nine; the day was fine for the season, and the voyage proceeded prosperously and agreeably. The scenery of the river is, upon the whole, rather tame, and, except in some places, too expanded to be picturesque, until we approach Quebec, where the boldness of the banks counteracts in the landscape the effect of the width of the river. Neat churches and neat spires are frequent on both banks. Sorel is the first stopping-place, about forty-five miles below Montreal. The river Sorel or Richelieu here falls into the St Lawrence. There is a small town, fort, and government house, but nothing worthy of particular remark. Our cabin party was a very pleasant one, and, as we discovered most opportunely after dinner, that it was St George's day, we behaved to evince our loyalty by some extra drafts upon the steward. In the evening we stopped to take in wood at Trois Rivieres, a small town, about half-way, being ninety-six miles from Montreal and eighty-four from Quebec. The John Molson was a delightful boat, almost entirely free from that noise and