

back woods, but we should scarce hold it fair, I guess, to produce a hedge alehouse or a Highland *clachan* as fair samples of what travellers are to expect in journeying through Britain. Many were the friendly admonitions, too, which I received before leaving home, anent certain little vampyres, the terror and the torment of weary travellers. Now, whatever may have been the lot of others, I am bound to state, that I only encountered this species of annoyance once, and that was in our own good city of Quebec. The scenery at Campbell's tavern is fine. Deer are frequently seen, and Mr C. described with some interest the capture of two very fine ones lately, in the act of swimming from an island in front of the house.—The following morning proved rainy until after breakfast, when it cleared, and we proceeded cheerily on our route. We were now in the Matilda district, which I consider a favourable situation for settlers, who are able and inclined to purchase farms already made. The soil appears in general of a light description, probably well suited for sheep. We had the river for the most part in view, with wooded islands of infinite beauty. In some places the clearing of the land has been effected by fire, and when a forest of tall blackened masts occasionally presented themselves in a bay or behind a headland, bearing a very tolerable resemblance to a crowded dock, the mind's eye was led to anticipate the period when such may be actually realized in the commerce of this noble stream. Nothing particular occurred in our day's ride. The lumbering article of yesterday was exchanged for two light waggons, the road was better, and we reached Prescott in good time for dinner. This is a town of some size, but does not at present appear to be in a very flourishing condition. Directly opposite in locality, and I suspect also in prosperity, is Ogdensburgh, in the State of New York, to which we resolved upon a trip after dinner, as the steam-boat which was to convey us to Kingston had not yet arrived. We found a convenient steam-boat at the ferry, which in a few minutes landed us in the States. Ogdensburgh was formerly called Oswegatchie, the name of a powerful stream falling into the St Lawrence, and from the capital and taste of Mr Parish, and other proprietors, is fast emerging from a village to become a bustling town. After inspecting some extensive saw-mills, we returned to Prescott,