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With history, however, of a feebler race and their inheritance. As a Highlander, I can scarcely help looking back on the remote past without some degree of regret when I see so complete an obliteration of many things as they used to be, *lang syne*. It is not agreeable to one who was "to the manor born," to see the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood" invaded by Cockney sportsmen and drawling tourists, together with a host of dyspeptic invalids or idlers, in pursuit of improved health, or to drive away *ennui*, whose appreciation of the stern beauties of Glen Almond or Glen Ogle is of the faintest; or who could drive through the lovely and romantic straths of the Tay and the Earn unmoved, or indifferent to all but creature comfort. When I think of these same scenes, as I knew them long ago, and view them as they now are, and observe the consequences, I feel inclined rather to accept the changes as the inevitable, than admire them for their own sake.

We must now bid farewell to Europe for a time, and see what has been done on the western side of the Atlantic within the last forty years. In the early part of the month of July, 1837, just forty years ago, I landed for the first time in Canada, at Montreal; whence after a protracted journey of about a week, by the course of the great St. Lawrence, and Lake Ontario, I got to the end of water communication and landed at Hamilton. Travelling, so far, had been done with comparative ease, except when "portages" had to be made over the rapids of the river, which were bad enough in all conscience. The hostelries, moreover, although wanting in many conveniences, were *passable* enough in most respects. But the perils of the road, from Hamilton westward, had not yet been encountered, and little indeed had I the remotest conception of the "Slough of Despond" I was to pass through, notoriously known as the Grand River Swamp. In a two-horse waggon, innocent of springs, after two mortal days of struggling through bottomless mud, and jolting and tumbling in and out of ruts, which gaped on every side, the village of Woodstock was reached; having thus accomplished with pain and grief a distance of fifty miles. But the land I had selected to occupy lay nine miles from Woodstock, to which I was informed there was a road; the same road (called so surely in irony), leading through the woods, being to my then inexperienced eye, almost or quite imperceptible. Bad as was the main highway, there was at least a wide open space without trees or stumps; but here the stumps stood firm and fast as they did before the axe had done its work; the swamps were bridged over, *corduroy* fashion, by the stems of the trees themselves; and the bridges across the streams had been engineered and constructed, in the primitive style and with the most primitive of instruments—viz. "an axe and an auger." And the dwellings those roads led to were as primitive as the roads themselves. Huts built of huge logs dovetailed at the four corners; in size generally about 20x15 feet; lathed and plastered inside, and the chinks between the logs stuffed with moss and chips without, constituted the dwellings of the landed proprietors. Such was the condition of things generally nearly over the whole surface of the