

bush resounded with German songs. On the following morning, I reached the graded road to Buffalo, which led through a continuous succession of farms and was travelled by a kind of stage coach. I had returned to the cultivated part of the country. The farmer here grows a great deal of wheat, which succeeds very well, and also oats and barley; particularly, however, Indian corn, although this crop does not in the north arrive at the same perfection as in the south. The cobs were small and most of them that I saw had yellow grains.

About thirty miles from the city, I came across a cattle dealer from the United States, who was returning home. He was a friendly man, and I made up my mind to travel the thirty miles to Buffalo with him, for company's sake. It did not take long for us to become acquainted with each other. He was driving home two huge fat oxen out of Canada to the United States; and at the same time was riding a terribly lean horse. Nevertheless, he very hospitably invited me to take turns with him on his *Rosinante*, as he himself would like to walk a little.

Riding would not have been amiss—for there was a fine rain falling and the roads had become very slippery—if the good man had not tried to make a deal for the horse I was riding with everyone he met—he was even willing to give it in trade for two cows. It certainly must, many a time, have looked comical enough when the miserable beast upon which I was riding was offered "dirt cheap" to those who passed or met us.

When he had walked himself tired, he got on and I walked. He had in his pocket a book containing some sort of most touching tragedy; and every time he got himself settled firm in the saddle, he took it out and began to declaim, holding the book in

his left hand while he gesticulated with the right, in which he at the same time carried the long ox-whip. At each of the somewhat vehement movements occasioned by the powerful parts of the tragedy, movements made with the right arm and therefore with the whip, the whip brought so much discomfort to the oxen that these poor creatures, who always kept their eyes fixed on the lash, shied back, and only a "Shoo Buck! Oh! Oh!" which often interrupted very prosaically his pathetic tones, would bring the horned and involuntary hearers back to their duty.

On the evening of the 11th November, I came for the second time to the Falls of Niagara, and was now enabled to look in wonder upon their magnificence and grandeur from the Canadian side also.

From that point the way winds up to Lake Erie—and this makes a splendid way to travel. The street itself is smooth and dry, on the left the glorious broad Niagara river shaded by the dark primeval forest, on the right one fine farm after another with the most beautiful orchards—it is an enchanting sight. The distance which we thus travelled seemed to me but a few steps. Some miles from Buffalo we boarded a ferry worked by horses over the Niagara river, and were soon again in the United States.

What I saw of Canada shows me that it is—at least in these parts—a beautiful and fertile country, with a salubrious though very cold climate. And it is on account of this extreme cold that I would never select Canada for a place of residence, not even in Upper Canada lying furthest to the south. The land produces splendid grain; but still not much can be made of sheep and swine-raising, as the numerous wolves attack these animals, unless the farmers are willing to pay more attention to their flocks and herds than to let them run wild.