

as a beef-steak ought to be, but never is in this country—potatoes infamously cooked—eggs fried and overdone in grease—a saucer or two filled with preserved apples, embrowned in the same eternal maple sugar—a few other fruits, such as raspberries, currants, &c., spoiled in the same manner—a couple of large plates of potted butter, with huge particles of salt oozing from them like drops of hoar frost from a damp wall—cheese resembling hard prepared bees' wax, and tasteless and tough as leather,—let the stranger, I repeat, imagine this galimatias of eatables, he must not forget to add huge slices not of crisp, but soddened toast, and he will know what sort of a breakfast or supper he may expect to find in Canada, should he ever be induced to travel through it. Sometimes a fowl is added to what they pertinaciously insist upon calling "supper," if you partake of it after one o'clock in the day, but which you, having only breakfasted, may incline to regard as your dinner; and this, if plainly roasted, is passable enough, but I confess that I never saw a piece of beef, (for they have no joints) or mutton, or veal, placed on one of those "country inn" tables that was not smothered in grease, and altogether most uninviting in appearance.

While in Toronto I had again the honor of dining with the amiable family of Sir George Arthur, and on the following evening the pleasure of attending a very brilliant ball given by the Chief-Justice Robinson, whose *savoir vivre* not less than whose *savoir faire* ever render his parties the most agreeable that are given by any private gentleman in Canada. I moreover again dined, for the third or fourth time since my arrival in the province (and I had passed but little of the interval in Toronto) with the truly hospitable Colonel Jarvis, the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, to whose son, now in the Canadian Rifles, Lord Morpeth was indebted for preservation from death by drowning, during his excursion with Colonel Jarvis in 1843 to the Manitoulin Islands. This gentleman has, like the Chief Justice, an amiable and promising family, and he who likes good dinners, good wines, and a cordial welcome, may dream of something worse in his philosophy than passing an evening in the domestic circle of the gallant Superintendent.

I had now travelled more than three hundred and seventy miles by land, and being heartily sick of the unavoidable jolting over rocks, ruts, and roots of stumps, which had presented themselves in multitudinous profusion, determined to escape at least that portion of the land route which lies between Toronto and Hamilton—a distance of forty-five miles—and to cross the Lake Ontario, which was now beginning to be navigated between those two points. Waggon, ponies, baggage, master, and tiger, were therefore, on the fifth day of their arrival in Toronto, duly shipped or rather *stamped* on the deck of the *Britannia*, which in a few hours carried us across the lake to Wellington Square, the ice in the bay not permitting us to reach Hamilton, the usual place of landing. The captain charged me what I thought was, according to the rates of steamboat travelling in the country, rather an exorbitant sum, namely, seven dollars, nor did he make any deduction when he found the state of the bay at Hamilton was such as to compel him to land his passengers at least six miles from that place. Indeed this part of the journey, yet to be performed before reaching Hamilton, was the worst of the road.

Leaving Hamilton at an early hour on the following morning, I passed along several miles of a macadamized road, and through an extremely fertile country to Brantford, where I purposed stopping for a day or two. The view from the high bank on which this town is built, overhanging as it does the Grand River, is exceedingly beautiful. The small stream which bears this imposing name, waters a broad, rich, and winding valley, hemmed in by lofty ridges of an arable, yet wooded land, which give to the whole a picturesque character not to be equalled in Upper Canada. Nor has the beauty of this scenery, amid which were cradled the infant years of Brandt, immortalized by Campbell in his *Gertrude of Wyoming*, and the favorite resting place of the present remnants of the once renowned and warlike Six Nations, of which he was their head, been wholly lost sight of by those whose more refined taste might be supposed to lead to the selection; for in this part of the country, as well as the neighborhood of Woodstock, in the Oxford District, which adjoins, reside some of the most really aristocratic, because really well born, families of the colony,—the Vansittarts, De Blaquieres, Winnietts, Lights, &c.

From Brantford to London, distant about seventy miles, the traveller passes through an exceedingly rich tract of land, lying principally in the Oxford District. About five miles beyond Brantford, while pursuing the route I did to London—for there are two roads—one's dormant recollections are suddenly awakened, by tumbling upon what you are told, on enquiry, is Paris, a small village of some half dozen houses, which lies at the foot of a deep declivity, it required no little dexterity on my part to cause my ponies to decent in safety. The valley reached, I found myself once more on the Grand River, and at a point where I could command a view to my right. Confined and shaded as the river was between its high and precipitous banks, it reminded me of certain portions of the Ebro. Crossing a plank bridge there, and urging my ponies up a long and winding ascent, I observed for the

first time a feature which is peculiar to this part of the country,—namely, that the woods, instead of partaking of the character of the dense forest, usually impetuous from overgrown brushwood, resembled rather an English park, so open were the tall oaks and beeches, and so wholly unhampered by creeping vegetation or rotting logs. This is a character so dissimilar to that of the Canadian forests generally, as to be worthy of especial remark. It applies chiefly to the banks of the Grand River, which are so high as to be almost mountainous, and is attributable in a great degree I presume to the comparative sandy nature of the soil. In one only other instance did I remark this, and that was on subsequently entering London; but this distinguishing feature was on a much more limited scale.

In London, the capital of the county of Middlesex, which is upwards of five hundred miles from my original point of starting, I remained some days under the hospitable roof of Colonel Hamilton, the sheriff of the London district, who, on hearing of my arrival, insisted that my horses should be removed from the inn to his own residence, a short distance without the town.

London may be said to have grown out of the woods, within the last quarter of a century, and reminds the traveller of Captain Basil Hall's description of Rochester. It is literally a city of stumps, for many of the houses are surrounded by them, and the barracks durable, neat, and well-finished, although constructed in an incredibly short space of time, and affording accommodation for a couple of regiments (a regiment and a wing, with a detachment of artillery, usually composing the strength of the garrison), may be said to have been erected in the very heart of a forest of stumps. The river Thames winds its silvery and serpentine course around at least three-fourths of the town, to which it may be said to form the boundary, and has a very imposing-looking court-house built on an elevation overhanging the prettiest part of the stream. The effect of the whole, verdant as are the sloping banks, is in pleasing contrast with the opposite extremity of the town, where the ground is flat, and where the defacing excrescences I have named so principally prevail.*

After the delay already named I again recommenced my journey, but had not proceeded far on my way before I found myself in a position which had nearly brought my travelling adventures to a close. Hitherto, and since the day of my first series of disasters, my ponies had conducted themselves quietly enough, for I had made it a rule, each morning on starting, to see that their harness was in good order, and their collars well brought up to the end of the pole, so that on descending a hill there might arise no danger of whiplash or splinter-bar from again touching their heels. On this particular morning, however, I had neglected this precaution, and was not aware until it was too late to remedy the evil, that the pole-straps had not been buckled sufficiently short. I had advanced some miles from London, and was driving at a smart trot, the ponies seeming to feel all the beneficial effect of their rest, when I came suddenly on the rise of a steep hill. Before I could check the horses they had turned the brow, and the waggon was upon their heels. Restraint was out of the question. Again they set off at full speed, and at a glance I perceived the imminent danger which awaited me, if I should suffer them to continue their course, for at the bottom of the descent the road made a sudden turn, so that there was almost a certainty of the horses dashing forward in a straight line, and carrying the waggon over an angle of the small bridge, and into the ravine it overhung. I had once before been in a position of similar trying difficulty, where presence of mind alone saved me from destruction, and this circumstance, to which I shall presently refer, coming vividly upon my memory, suggested the course I should adopt. This was to upset the waggon before it could reach the point of greatest and seemingly unavoidable danger. Even, therefore, while the excited animals were going at a speed, which the heavily-laden waggon, pressing forward on their haunches, rendered it impossible to check, I saved the reins in such a manner that I compelled them to quit the road and dash the vehicle against a projection on one side of the bank between which it ran. The collision was fearful, and the waggon was so instantaneously upset, that I found myself lying on my back a few feet from the vehicle, almost before I was aware that what I had sought had been effected. That I had not been killed, falling as I did, was certainly marvellous, yet so far from this, and so little inconvenience did I suffer, that I was on my feet in a few seconds afterwards, endeavouring to ascertain the extent of injury which had taken place. A few feet from me lay my unfortunate tiger, with his face downwards, and apparently without sense or motion. A dreadful presentiment that he was dead came over me, and, with a beating heart, and with a check that I felt to be blanched, I approached and turned him over. He, too, was very pale, but although I soon found that although he moaned a good deal on being touched, and complained of a violent bruise in his stomach, that he was much more frightened than hurt. I gave him a few drops of brandy from my flask, which had escaped unbroken, when his color returned, and he was enabled to rise and assist in collecting the pack-ages, which were strewn upon the road. The waggon was lying on its side, and the ponies were standing as quietly where it had been overturned and checked, as if nothing of the kind whatever

* The greater part of this place has since been destroyed by fire, and rebuilt.