

of seed-time. The Canadian April is inferior to the sweet April of England, with its sunshine and its showers; but then the buds begin to swell, and towards the close are ready to unfold. During the beginning of May the leaves suddenly burst from confinement, and clothe the forests in their liveliest attire. Nature now strives amain, and before June the grass may almost be seen to grow. But one charm is wanting, and is sadly missed by the native Briton in America. There is no music in the sky—no chorus in the grove. The birds are mute in comparison with the feathered songsters of England. No lark—no linnet—no blackbird—no thrush—no nightingale—no robin, but by name. Chirp, chirp, chirp; and but little of that.

The summer of Upper Canada is spoken of pages 181, 393, and 401: the autumn is equal, if not superior to that of England; and the months of November and December are certainly so. The first two weeks of November are generally delightful. The ruddy sun shines through a close and hazy atmosphere, delightfully warm. This period is called the Indian summer*.

Upper Canada can now communicate with the ocean by her own grand outlet. In three years hence she will have a good water conveyance and a kind welcome by New York; and within the limit of my own far-spent existence, steam-boats may be regularly trading between Lake Erie and the Mississippi. Hail, times of peace to man! Once quit of tyranny and long established power—the power from ignorance alone endured!

I have coloured the most desirable parts for settlement in America with pink and green. I should have spread the green all over Virginia, Kentucky and Missouri, but for

* It has been ascribed to the burning of the grass along the banks of the Mississippi; hundreds of miles of rank prairie grass, I have been told, is sometimes in a blaze. My opinion is not made up on the question.