

to the hour and minute on the dial at which the first train leaves. The railway traverses the State of Maine in a northwesterly direction, gradually ascending till it reaches the White Mountains of New Hampshire, after which its course is downward till it reaches Montreal, in all about 300 miles. The country in the State of Maine, as seen from the cars, does not arrest the attention. There are no large towns, and the numerous villages are quite like villages in Nova Scotia, the houses being of wood, though perhaps whiter and of more fanciful patterns. The soil seems very light and sandy, especially near Portland, and such as would be more welcome to plasterers than farmers. Nova Scotians would hardly be at the pains to cultivate it. It is cultivated, however, and looks very well, and a well-dressed comfortable-looking people live on it in great peace and happiness, enjoying the well-earned fruits of their own industry and the Saxon pluck and perseverance of their ancestors.

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

After a six-hours' ride and crossing the Connecticut River upwards of 200 miles from where it empties into Long Island Sound, the train rushes in among the finest mountain scenery, which I have looked upon in America.* The rail runs along the bases of very beautiful and romantic mountain heights. These mountains do not at all resemble the mountain ranges of Scotland, with their continuous, wild and rocky masses, forming "Scotland's northern battlement of hills." The White Mountains resemble a succession of large distinct mounds, conical and running up to a great height. Some of them are much higher than any mountain in Britain or any other in America east of the Rocky Mountains. Mount Washington is in elevation above six thousand feet. The little conical hills of Earlstown occurred to my mind: as I looked upon these remarkable heights, which attract tourists in search of pleasure or health in large numbers. The people here had a little of the vigor and freshness of mountaineers. On the whole this part of my sight-seeing was delightful; but then it must be remembered that every Scotchman is discontented and miserable until he gets his eye on something in the shape of a mountain.

LOWER CANADA.

On entering the Lower Province of Canada, the traveller is struck with the improved appearance of the soil and the people. Nature has done more for this Province than the State of Maine. The soil is dark and rich looking, as if formed into a mould by ages of decaying vegetation. The trees are larger, as if receiving a more generous support from the soil. Whether because they are more recently arrived from Europe, or because they enjoy a better country and climate, the people present a fresher and more

robust look. It might be a mistake, but I imagined, that they had the advantage even of the people of the Lower Provinces in this respect.

The railroad runs through a very fine and diversified country; till it reaches Montreal. It crosses three considerable rivers, the St. Francis, at Sherbrooke, the Yamaska at St. Hyacinthe, and the St. John at St. Hilaire. The towns are many of them large and the population thickly settled. In the districts of St. Hyacinthe and St. Hilaire the inhabitants are French in origin, appearance, speech and manners. At the stations they are to be seen chattering and laughing with the utmost vivacity, as if they had not a care in the world. In passing through St. Hyacinthe the rail rests in one place upon an absolute level and runs in a perfectly straight line till it loses itself in the distance. The soil is deep dark and regular. It was once the garden of Canada, till 200 years of bad French farming took the heart out of it. The houses of the French settlers might be seen at a distance of half a mile on each side of the line running along in an unbroken row, for ten miles at one place. There was an appearance of comfort and contentment, but no thrift. The houses were high in the walls, high in the roofs, great in length, small in breadth and perforated with little old-fashioned windows. They had an awkward look and carried the mind back to the building fashions prevalent in France about 200 years ago, when the forefathers of the present generations left the domains of sunny France. They were settled under seigniors upon a feudal tenure and this feudalism is still apparent in their agriculture, their religion and their inflexible adherence to ancient fashions. They are a little more successful and enterprising here than in other parts of America, and there is great need of a mixture of Scotch and English settlers to infuse new energy into their existence and change the face of affairs. Here there are everywhere to be seen fine churches and chapels, and the Pope's affairs are in a much more flourishing condition than in the city of Rome.

THE VICTORIA BRIDGE.

After crossing the St. John River and traversing the county of Chambly, the broad St. Lawrence appears in sight, backed by the shining roofs and spires of Montreal. Ere the latter city can be reached, however, the deep and rapid stream of one of the great rivers of the globe must be crossed. Several American railroads connect the States with this city, but they terminate on the southern bank, their freight and passengers being conveyed across the river in steamers. The object of the Victoria Bridge was to secure an unbroken communication in winter and summer for the trains running on the Grand Trunk. The result has been one of the greatest triumphs of commercial capital and enterprise, and the greatest modern achievement