

vels only a part of the road by the railway, which in fact was not finished at the time of his visit in 1854. To those inclined to see a little rough life and the wild sports of the Canadian rivers and lake shores, the articles in *Blackwood* will be found exceedingly interesting—meantime we present the reader with one or two specimens from this author's pages.

Leaving Toronto, he says :

“ I have seldom seen a more smiling, prosperous-looking district than that through which we passed on our way to Lake Simcoe. Substantial farm-houses, with neat well-built offices, were planted in the midst of orchards and gardens, and afforded presumptive evidence that their thriving occupants had reaped many rich harvests from the acres of waving corn-fields through which we sped, and upon which not even a stump was left to remind the railway traveller how short a time had elapsed since the solitary Indian was the only wayfarer through the silent and almost impenetrable forests that then clothed the country. Now, there is little to distinguish it from many parts of England. Snake fences are certainly not so agreeable a feature in a landscape as hedge-rows, and there is an unfinished look about the cultivation, and a want of economy of land, which would probably scandalize an English agriculturist. However, although land has become very valuable in most of the counties of Upper Canada, it is not yet so precious as to call for an exercise of the same ingenuity for rendering it elastic which is practised in our own country.

“ In  
village  
steame  
studded  
is now  
spanne  
Couch  
islands  
ment o  
white  
a back  
Fro  
numbe  
a dist  
thence  
ble on  
rarely  
“ I  
scener  
Havin  
dimen  
only  
spread  
at the  
ously  
hamm  
How  
close  
becar