

part of the heights, and as we crossed over the bridge, we looked down on the deck of a little steamer which lay at the bottom of the deep cutting. The railroad then winds away over the heights towards Toronto.

We saw a machine worked by steam for cutting through gravel or earth, which has been nicknamed the "Irish Navigator." It was rather a compliment to the sons of Erin than otherwise, for it seemed to get through a vast deal of work very rapidly.

Burlington Heights would seem to be a beautiful situation for building on, but, unfortunately, no water is to be procured there. A sanguinary conflict took place here between the English and Americans in the last American War. We walked over the ground where the slain lie buried. A few simple tombstones still remain to mark the spot. Subsequently it was used as the burying-place of the neighbourhood; but the stern iron conqueror of the desert will soon obliterate all remaining traces of the tombs and their mouldering occupants. My companion waited most patiently while I took a sketch looking up at Dundas, and another down the bay.

Dundas Lake is full of wild rice-fields; the stems of the plants are some ten or a dozen feet long, and grow in water of that depth, so that they have the appearance of islands. Innumerable wild-fowl come here to feed when the seed is ripe.

The lake is known by the name of Cootes' Paradise. A Major Cootes came here many years ago, and being a devoted sportsman, was so delighted with the abundance of game, that he built himself a hut and a canoe, and defying ague and malaria, spent his days and nights on the lake in killing ducks. He lived here for many years