

lakes is met. Its banks are as a rule steep and fringed with tall woods. It was known by the name of Thames previous to the division of the Province; the Indian name, Cananocoui, means, I am told, "where the ash trees grow." Several fine sawmills have been erected along its course. This locality is celebrated for its healthful climate; this fact was well known to the Indians, who for generations past have been in the habit of bringing their sick here to recuperate.

About seven miles up this stream are, on both banks, quarries known by the name of "Marble Rocks." The stone of the east bank is pure white and brilliant; that on the west bank is of various shades of green, veined with black. The white marble is of great hardness—the best file hardly produces an impression upon it—while the green stone is quite soft; it can even be worked with a knife; the Indians make their "Calumet" or pipes out of it. Much talc is also found in this neighbourhood. Here also and about the inland lakes are found rich iron mines, which have been worked for some years back with success. Lead and lime has also been reported. At the other end (?) of this river is a redoubt, garrisoned by a few men; Colonel Stone owns there a "fourteen saw" mill.

"My Quarters at Cananocoui."—On the 27th of July, Major Heriot and three companies of the Voltigeurs were ordered to Fort George.* On the 29th I was sent to Cananocoui, in command of a *select* detachment, made up of the culls of the corps—the old, the halt, the incapables, the cripples—in short, an assorted lot of *invalids*. Voltigeurs invalids! These words coupled together are contradictory, bizarre and non-sense, I admit, but such was the case, and, to cap the joke, my redoubt was dubbed the Hospital!

Cananocoui is pretty and quite a picturesque spot—good fishing, good sport, nothing to do—all these things are delectable, yet time hangs heavy. I am weary and as unhappy as any man can well be. I am consumed with "*ennui*." Colonel S——, Captain B——, and D——, a tavern-keeper, are the swells of this place. I keep myself to my miserable quarters, and do not associate with these great people. Like the good Lafontaine of old, I sleep part of the day and do nothing the rest; hunting

*On the Niagara River.