

telegraph wire, which he reached by standing upon the parapet-wall of a bridge. I lectured him severely on his crime, administering at the same time, with my stick, some forcible arguments against its repetition, as on public grounds I felt bound to do.

The morning was so cold that we were glad to wrap ourselves closely in our plaids, when, bowling away through wood and fell, we got into ecstasies with the inexpressible brilliancy and variety of the lovely hues in which the trees were clad. They can scarcely, we agreed, properly be called autumnal *tints*, for that conveys the idea of the presence of the original green. Now the great wonder to our eyes was the intense and entire redness of the red, the purity of the pale gold, the richness of the apricot colour, the brilliancy of the rose, and the depth of the crimson. Withal a great many of the trees were still green — some dark, and others with the light, cheerful hues of spring, so that the effect of the blended colours was perfect. Every turn of the road brought us to some new combination, some scene more beautiful than the last; and yet, lovely as were the woods, they fell infinitely short in fairy-like, romantic beauty to some we afterwards travelled through beyond Hamilton. Poets may sing of the beauties of Canadian forests in autumn, painters may attempt to represent them, but by gazing on the reality alone can a true idea be formed of their extraordinary appearance.

We had ordered the driver to take the road through St. Catherine's, in order to see a series of locks on the Welland Canal, by which a very considerable elevation, called the Mountain, is surmounted. The stone-work of these locks is of the most magnificent description, built to endure till the cliffs of Niagara give way, and an