

Review of the Times.

In these melting days of summer, when the prominent thought of everybody who can obtain time for relaxation, is to seek for repose and quiet, it will be well to leave the exciting topics of the politician, and dwell upon some aspects of the "times" which are more suitable to the season. Few things are more remarkable, as indicating the progress of Canada, than the extent to which provision for summer recreation has been developed of late years. It is not many years since there was scarcely a possibility of it, and, consequently, no arrangements for it. Seaside hotels were an unknown luxury. A visit to Portland or Boston could scarcely be paid, when it would have taken nearly a week to get to them. Steamers there were in abundance on our lakes and rivers, and well they were used for general travelling purposes, but beyond a journey by this mode to Upper Canada, or perhaps to some point on the Lower St. Lawrence, recreative and summer travelling was limited indeed. Then we got through the summer as we best could. Now, we have, in every part of the country, the most abundant provision for summer enjoyments. Seaside resorts abound below Quebec, easily accessible by rail or steamer, and the savage and strange grandeurs of the Saguenay are as open now as the way to Toronto. If the tourist wishes to lengthen the journey, there is ample opportunity of doing so by a visit to the shores of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, abounding as they do in picturesque beauty, while in Cape Breton there are solitary wilds, mountainous and grand, penetrated by salmon-stocked rivers, and affording as ample opportunity for the study of the picturesque as the mountains and valleys of North Wales. The beautiful lake scenery of our Eastern Townships is now available for those who love quiet and retirement, and only a little farther on we

are within reach of the White Mountains of New Hampshire, the Green Mountains of Vermont, and the beautiful region bordering Lake Champlain. Westward we have the Valley of the Ottawa, the upper portion of which is so well worth a short visit, and the Thousand Islands, too, now have every convenience for the comfort of families visiting them, and their singular wildness, in the midst of hotels, railways and steamboats, lends a charm which is difficult to describe. On the shores of Lake Ontario several hotels have lately been erected for the convenience of summer visitors, of which a very charming one at the mouth of the Niagara River, commanding a magnificent view of Lake Ontario, is worthy of particular mention. But it is in the regions north of Toronto that the most remarkable developments have taken place. The chain of romantic lakes which border the water-shed of Lake Huron are all studded with pretty retiring places, where one may enjoy again the charms of Nature in her primitive wildness, and realize the days, only a few years back, when the solitude of the waters was only disturbed by the paddle of the Indian's canoe. The railway and the steamboat, however, have penetrated to spots that seemed sacred to silence and simplicity, and on the shores of one of the most beautiful of inland lakes (Lake Couchiching), close to an Indian settlement, has arisen a hotel, which now has two railway stations at its very doors, besides a landing place for steamboats. The great inland sea of Huron was formerly scarcely traversed in its north-eastern borders, except by a solitary schooner now and then, or by canoes picking their way along the shore. Now, several lines of steamboats are traversing its rock-bound waters, and these now have pushed their way to the farthest extremity of Lake Superior.