

me thither, I could scarcely have said but that I was still in Nova Scotia, so like in every particular are the two. The social habits of the people, the state of agriculture, the amount of commerce, closely resemble the same in Pictou County. Dalhousie and Campbelltown have yet scarcely reached the dimensions of Pictou and New Glasgow, but seem in a fair way soon to do so. The features of the country also partake of the character of this, though they excel in grandeur. The hills are higher, more rugged and more abrupt in their ascent. Above Campbelltown the scenery resembles that of the Clyde; below it bears more likeness to that of the Forth. The Clyde is grand: the Forth is beautiful. There are two churches in Dalhousie—one belonging to the Church of Scotland, the other to the Free Church, besides places of meeting of less note. Campbelltown also possesses a compact little church in which the members of Church of Scotland meet to praise their God.

From Dalhousie, I sailed by the "Lady Head" to Quebec. The massive stone buildings here, reminded me of dear old Scotia. The citadel on the rising ground lead me to think of the castles of Edinburgh and Stirling; and the associations of war, with the heroic names of Wallace and of Wolfe, crowded on my memory. The old town of Quebec is surrounded by heavy fortifications, entered by four massive gateways, reminding one that in days gone by physical force alone gave liberty space. From the top of the citadel, a view is obtained of the country for many miles round. It is fine in the highest degree, equalled only by the view obtained from Stirling Castle, which, however, is said to be the finest in Britain. The view from the Green Hill, or Fraser's Mountain in this county, stands not far behind either, with these exceptions, it is the finest view of the kind I have ever seen.

The French predominate in and around Quebec. Their nature is seen here to contrast strangely with the nature of the Irish. Their natural dispositions have often been said to be very similar. It is said of Pat, that he succeeds and advances every where but in old Ireland, whereas the French seem to succeed nowhere but in France. The primitive conveyances in which you may get yourself conveyed through the town for hire, and which they call 'calashes,' are a strange nondescript sort of machine, half-way between our common cart and what in this country is called a 'Fly.' The steam ferry boats are of the most ancient model, as if the production of thirty years ago. The agriculture of the French is in the same backward condition. It is only where the British have the ascendancy that progress is marked, and only where the farmer is a Scot that luxuriant crops are seen. The soil around Quebec is of a hard stony nature, producing good crops when trenched and freed of stone; and in its na-

tural state, affording good roads. There is one congregation of the Church of Scotland in this town, a wealthy flourishing people presided over by one of the most eloquent of Canadian preachers—Dr. Cooke.

The Railway to Montreal passes for the most part through uncleared land, to the South of the St. Lawrence, travelling thus, had no good opportunity of seeing the country. The site of this city is beautifully sloped to the River, while behind it, rises a cluster of lovely hills, from whose tops magnificent views of the city and surrounding country are to be had. Here, there are signs of more advanced civilization than in Quebec, though here the French predominate. Some of the business stands are not bad miniatures of the great London thoroughfares. 'Calashes' are unknown here, yet but few carriages which boast of four wheels are to be had. The conveyances here, called 'cabs,' give one the idea of a sedan chair hoisted high on two wheels. Inside sits the passenger, in imminent danger of being pitched out through the window at every jostle of the frolicsome vehicle, while the driver, perched on the top, clings to his seat with wonderful tenacity. The soil in this quarter begins to show more of a loamy nature, and agriculture seems to be a more profitable occupation than around Quebec.

To the West of Montreal, the soil becomes still more clayey with a mixture of sand in it, and produces abundant crops of wheat. Here the farmers in some instances can boast of substantial stone and brick houses, but generally speaking, wood is the stand by as with us, for houses, barns, fences and fire. At intervals of from ten to twenty miles all along the banks of the St. Lawrence, and on the shores of Lake Ontario, villages of no small importance are rising. Kingston has already attained the name of a city, and with its colleges and schools of art, promises to become the seat of learning in Canada. As we proceed westward, the country becomes more level and the soil more fertile. To the west of Toronto, it assumes the appearance of the lowlands of Scotland or the flatter parts of our own county. Here begins the great granary of Canada, famed for its extensive and abundant wheat crops.

Toronto is quite a British town. The true British 'cab' is every where to be had, in which you may be comfortably carried to any part of the town. The streets are wide, the houses of the newest styles, commodious, and built chiefly of stone. The extensive agriculture of the west, gives to this town an unflinching and remunerative trade. From all I could learn from farmers and others, I concluded that the name of a great wheat country is attained by these districts more from the extensive and numerous fields of wheat, than from any extraordinary yield per acre. I heard of no district, where the soil could equal acre per acre, the growing capabilities of the British soil. Nor could I gather proof that on