

years ; of doing a great many nonsensical things which are happily never realized.

Toboganing is another fine amusement of Canada in Winter. The tobogan, or Indian sled, is made of two thin strips of pliable wood, from eight to ten feet long, joined together, and united by brackets of wood. The front part is turned up, like the dashboard of a sleigh ; use makes its bottom as smooth as glass. It is steered by one person, who sits at the stern, by means of two small pieces of wood, or his hands. The favorite resorts of toboganists are the splendid ice-cone at Montmorenci, which is formed by the spray of the Falls, and is sometimes one hundred feet high ; the fine hill of Fort Henry at Kingston ; Côte des Neiges hill at Montreal, and other hills which I am not well enough informed about to mention. Let us fancy ourselves on the latter hill, for we know more about it ourselves : First of all, seat the ladies—an indispensable part of all Canadian amusements in winter ; recommend them to sit tailor-fashion, tuck in their dresses—lady toboganists should not wear hoops—and seat yourself as pilot. All ready ? Fire away ! A little shove and off we go, slowly at first but soon at a “break-neck pace,” the trees and fences seeming to be running a race up the hill ! Isn’t it dreadfully exciting ! The novice holds his breath. “Oh ! if we should meet a horse as we dart across that street !” It would be bad for the horse, methinks ! But what if we did : if it would only stand we must all lie back, and the pilot will steer us under its belly ! It has actually been done more than once. But on we go ! Now we dart like an arrow over a crystal-ice-covered part of the hill, or shoot over the *cahoes*, while the old French *habitant* going to market stares at us with astonishment, and exclaims his usual “*Mon Dieu !*” On we go, tearing and dashing along like “highway comets,” while the very life blood goes quivering and thrilling through our veins with sympathetic excitement. And here’s the foot of the hill ! A swift ride of over a mile—wasn’t it fine ! Nature is an accomplished macadamizer, and gives us glorious hills to slide on, and unequalled roads to ride on.

Another amusement of Canada in Winter is ice-boating, which is greatly in vogue about the shores of Lake Ontario. The ice-boat is a paradoxical contrivance : a triangular floor, mounted on large iron skates, and rigged with masts and sails. A skate at the stern is worked with a tiller—this is the helm. These boats are made to hold five or six persons, lying down, and “wear” and “tack” precisely the same as an ordinary sailing yacht. Five miles have been done by these boats in four minutes.

Canada in Winter is famous for its game of every size. Moose-hunting is a great sport, and the season, which closes on the first of February, never passes without a great deal of fine venison being brought to the