

There is an American now building his house on Lake Joseph in the midst of a dense bush, mostly evergreens—hemlocks and pines. He is determined, I hear, that not one shall be cut down ; he will hardly let daylight in. His only outlook is to be a kind of small arbor at the top of a large tree, to which you climb by a ladder if you want to see the lake. I am afraid if his wife is anything like our friend Mrs. Carrington she won't see it very often ; but we will hope she is nimble and thin.

At one place we called at on our return, a private residence, there was a row of fair damsels standing on the edge of the wharf in bathing costume chanting one, two, three, before taking a dive all together into the water. The arrival of our boat stopped the pretty play, but we saw them resuming their fun before we were out of sight.

The summer cottages were, many of them, very pretty, and nearly all of them with gardens in front, bright with blossoms, flowers evidently being cultivated in preference to vegetables by their fair owners.

A settler who is the happy possessor of a greenhouse told me that he is fairly besieged in the early summer by ladies wanting geraniums and other plants for their gardens. It is difficult to carry plants a long distance, and there are generally so many necessary things to be brought that flowers stand a poor chance of being remembered.