

without parapet or rails, were indications of a new country advancing so rapidly that alone time can be found to finish the portion of works deemed absolutely necessary.

We drove on through well-cultivated land till we came to Grimsby, another neat and pretty village, seventeen miles from Hamilton, standing close under lofty and wooded heights, putting us in mind of many picturesque places we had seen in Germany. While our horses baited, by the advice of a gentleman, an engineer engaged on the railway, we walked through the remains of the forest for a mile till we reached the shores of the blue lake. The evening had become very pleasant, and, as we sat watching the placid scene, the calm lake, the yellow shore, the tall forest-trees, through the stems of which the rays of the setting sun cast alternate lines of light and shade, while not a sound was heard but the scarcely perceptible ripple of the water on the sand, we felt a soothing calm steal over us more refreshing after the ceaseless boom of Niagara, and—to descend from Pegasus—the rattle and jingle of the windows.

While waiting at the inn for our horses to be put to, a spectacle somewhat unexpected in that quiet little peaceable village made its appearance. A big gun, with an officer and a party of artillery-men, marched through the street and halted just before us. For a moment I thought another rebellion had broken out, or that an army of Synpathisers were on their march to the frontiers, till I recollected the ceremony to take place the next day of laying the foundation-stone of a monument to General Brock, and rightly conjectured that the gun was to be most harmlessly employed in firing a salute on the occasion. As all the world was going there, and we heard that it would prove an interesting spectacle, we