

which perhaps it took for thistles. At last—it was on the first day of July—there came a change. The New Dominion had been proclaimed, not uninaugurated by Sherbrooke beer, the gallant Lennoxville infantry had fired their feu-de-joie, when on a sudden, whether animated by political enthusiasm, or influenced by some of those *motus animorum* which Forbinger, in his Notes to Virgil's Georgics, considers to be common to the brute creation, and to have something of a prescient or prophetic power, the donkey, hitherto serenely ranging Mr. Wall's field, suddenly kicked its heels in the air, and at full speed disappeared—we know not whither! There was a sign, a *σημειον*; and beholding it we exclaimed, "The thought that has been seeking for utterance within us has found voice! *we also will go.*" The only donkey in Lennoxville had disappeared, the only animal of that kind that we had seen during our sojourn in Canada. It was a manifest "leading," and we packed up, and on the morrow took tickets for Montreal.

The route along the G. T. R., once one gets beyond the shaky Sherbrooke rails, is unusually varied and charming. On each side are well-cleared farms, and houses which are not only comfortable, but prettily built, and the river St. Francis, beautiful, but useless, because too shallow to be navigable, accompanies the line almost to Richmond. Farewell, oh pleasant river, wandering through the hills and the maple wood, bath and mirror of the yet unscared wood-nymph and naiad! not again shall we float on thy breast in the cool summer evenings, not again shall we troll through thy wave, endeavoring to persuade the hungry pike that a bit of silver spoon, with a hook at the end of it, is a small fish, suitable for their supper. But we approach the great city; with a crash and a darkening we enter the marvellous bridge tunnel. It is a sensation very like that of travelling for the first time on the underground railway in London.

The Montreal cab is a light vehicle, easier and airier than the cabs in a cold country. We have driven to our hotel, and ask incontinently for dinner; but, alas, the regular mealtime has long since sped, and after long awaiting in a fine room adorned with cut-glass chandeliers and mirrors, a funeral repast of half-cold meats is set before us.

Is it Tupper who sings, in his lately published second part of Proverbial Philosophy (which we have not seen, and do not wish to see), touching dinner, and the absence of dinner?

A dinner is a thing of delight, a well-spring of joy and gladness,
Howbeit as among men, so also among dinners, there be diversities;
Therefore, oh dinnerless one, murmur not against him who hath dined,
For even in the family circle, when people dislike their relations,
The soup hath been mixed with strichnine, the potatoes have been white with arsenic,
So that he that eateth is in agony, and sendeth quickly for the Doctor,
Being sure to die, if the Doctor is out, or being at home hath not got a stomach pump.

One evening and one day's sojourn in Montreal is pleasant to us, who have

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