

on the right, over Esquesing, Trafalgar and Nelson, to where we could see the mountain ledge jutting in upon "the Head of the Lake."

On the west side of the Township, the ledge is much more precipitous, and on this account as well as its being broken by the valley in which the river Credit descends, there are many more points from which extensive views can be had than on the east side; for it is to be remembered that while the face of the mountain is covered with timber, often of a gigantic height, it is impossible for a person to get a view of the country below until he has reached a cliff that elevates him above the tops of the trees immediately in front of him.

But although the edge of the mountain in the east is not so precipitous as in the west, the scenery is still striking. The gradual slope of the face of the mountain is broken into numerous little hills, among which the pathway winds, sometimes along the side of declivities almost too steep for a horse to keep his footing, and sometimes by the banks of little lakes, or mountain tarns, embosomed by the hills in basins of an acre's area, some of them almost unfathomable, and their quiet waters dark with the thick and overshadowing boughs of the forest.

Again, at the upper corner of Caledon, towards the corner of Adjala, there are some fine views away to the north east, afforded by the deep valleys formed in the mountain by the head waters of the river Humber.

Mono is the next township to the north of Caledon. A ridge of high land runs across this township, nearly in an east and west direction, about a mile or two up from the head of Caledon. From this ridge which may be called the back-bone of the country as it is the highest point of land in all this region, there are some very beautiful views away to the north towards Lake Huron. The head waters of four of the principal rivers of the country have their rise here on this ridge within a few miles of each other. On the north side of it, the head waters of the Nottawasaga rise and run along its base for a number of miles to the eastward before turning north to Lake Huron. On the west end of it rise the head waters of the Ouse or Grand River, running into Lake Erie; and on the east end of it those of the Humber running into Lake Ontario. It is on the south side of this ridge that the head waters of the Credit take their rise. One part of them comes from the west corner of Mono and the corner of the adjoining township of Amaranth, being principally small streams issuing from beautiful springs amongst the little

sandy hills, and joining together run towards the east. Another part comes from the east corner of Mono and runs along the base of the ridge towards the west, at one place forming a beautiful lake of about 150 or 200 acres in extent, and little more than half a mile from a considerable branch of the Nottawasaga flowing to the eastward on the north side of the ridge. These two head branches of the Credit, coming from the east and the west unite at the head of Caledon, and, receiving other branches in their course, flow down the west side of the Township in a valley gradually deepening until it comes to the declivity of the mountain where the river has several perpendicular falls, and the scenery is of the wildest and most romantic kind. The approach to "the Falls" is on the west side of the river; and the first thing that strikes is the immense height and size of the mountain on the opposite side, towering up in awful grandeur; and though it is clad with the loftiest pines and hemlocks, the tops of these, rising from behind one another in many a successive course, appear diminutive as shrubs in contrast with the mountain on whose side they stand. Here the Credit takes several perpendicular leaps of 8 or 10 feet, and one of 30 feet or more, and then rushes furiously down the bottom of a wild, deep, and rapidly descending ravine, dashing, roaring and foaming among the huge masses of rock which at every point obstruct its impetuous progress, till, at length, it issues in a wide and deep valley on the level of the country below, where it receives a large branch from the westward, the junction being known in the neighbourhood by the name of "the Forks." Through the openings in the mountain formed by these valleys, there are many grand views stretching away through the country. The banks are here mostly perpendicular precipices, so that in the neighbourhood of "the Forks" a person may go for a mile or more without finding a place to go either up or down. In some places, projecting points of the precipice, have been torn from the main body from top to bottom, and stand a considerable distance apart, like colossal columns, crowned with a luxuriant growth of forest timber, forming a more gorgeous capital than the eastern orders of architecture ever knew. In other places immense masses of freestone have tumbled headlong to the bottom, and he piled up below in the wildest confusion overgrown with moss and dwarf trees.

That there is no romantic scenery in the country, and that it is a dead level, has been so often repeated, that it is at length pretty generally believed. There is, however, abundance of grand