

GRIMSBY SCENERY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES ON THE HUDSON."

With the exception of the world-renowned Falls of Niagara, few localities in Canada have greater natural attractions than the country surrounding the little village of Grimsby. True, its renown is not very wide-spread, for it is a place of little commercial importance; but those who visit it, whencesoever they come, speak loudly in its praise.

Let me invite my readers to a ramble with me in this vicinity.

Here we are at the depot, and our train has hurried away, leaving us to pursue as best we can, our trip in search of the beauties of Canadian scenery.

The village itself presents little of interest, but yonder mountain, rising up boldly near it, at once arrests our attention. To climb that steep must be our first achievement. It is not a mountain, properly so called, but a prominent part of that great and singular escarpment which may be traced from the Manitoulin Islands of Lake Huron, around the head of Lake Ontario, and far into the State of New York. At Hamilton it forms the well-known Burlington Heights, famed as the seat of a military camp during the war of 1812. At the Niagara river it is known as the Queenston Heights, also still more celebrated on account of the gallant bravery of Sir Isaac Brock; which is commemorated by a suitable monument.

At Grimsby the "mountain," as it is popularly called, is about three hundred feet high, and is almost a perpendicular elevation. As we approach it on this hot July morning, how attractive look its leafy coverts, for its sides are densely crowded with tall trees, that almost totally exclude the burning rays of the sun. We must climb however to yonder summit that we may feast our eyes upon the view it presents.

Various kinds of vegetation, peculiar to the woods, lie under our feet, and make us wish it was the season when wild flowers abound, that we might search for some new species to add to our Herbariums. As we near the top the ferns become very abundant, and especially are we delighted to find some very beautiful specimens of the lovely Maiden Hair (*Adiantum pedatum*), so universally admired wherever found. Now the ascent grows more and more difficult, and we must drag ourselves up this well-worn pathway by the roots and branches of fir and cedar trees that grow out among the rocks. But now at last we have reached the top. A few steps more, and we stand gazing upon the beautiful view below us.

Of course it is by no means so grand as the view from the Catskill Mountains on the Hudson, which embraces an area of nearly 4,000 square miles, and parts of four States, nor is it at all to be compared in sublimity to the views among the magnificent Alps of Switzerland,