fertile, but a great proportion of the farms extending between the two places, a distance of about eighteen miles, being the property of French Canadians, who are proverbial for their dislike of innovation, the country presents an unbroken uniformity which palls upon the eye of the traveller. For instance, along what is called the *Petite Cote*—although I confess I never could discover the slightest undulation of ground which can fairly entitle it to the appellation of a hillock or even a slope—a series of some twelve miles occurs, where the farm-houses, altogether of wood, some clap-boarded, others of squared logs, and very few of them painted, are chiefly constructed near the edge (for it cannot be called the bank) of the river; while each farm, forming a strip intersected by the high road, which passes near the front of each dwelling, runs for about a mile and a half to the rear, and is there bounded by interminable, or at least hitherto unexplored forests. Formerly these houses stood within a few score yards of the river, but those inundations having, in later years, occurred, to which I have alluded in a former part of this volume, and while treating of the immense body of Canadian water, the occupiers were obliged to move their houses some hundred yards farther back. I could not at first, while passing a *locale* well remembered, and much frequented in my boyhood, account for the position of most of these habitations, until told that they had been removed for the reason just named. This operation, almost unheard of in Europe, is one of very common occurrence in America. By means of pullies, ropes, chains, rollers, levers, oxen, horses, and a score of pairs of human hands, a frame house of ordinary dimensions may be moved to any given point within a reasonable distance, and, along good roads, in an incredibly short space of time, and without injury or accident. Indeed it is by no means uncommon on issuing from your residence in the morning to find the street darkened by the shadow of a house advancing towards you in in a way that recals the idea of the Burnham wood on its march for Dunsinane. The following embraces the adventures of a house at "sea:"—

Opposite to Sandwich, and about three miles below Detroit, stands the handsome and commodious dwelling of General Schwartz, which was removed from the latter place, not by land, but by water. A large raft was constructed for the purpose of receiving it, and on this, properly secured, it was directed towards its future *locale*. The novelty of a house moving along the water—perhaps the first since Noah's ark—of course excited a good deal of curiosity among the people, and the occasion was one of jubilee among the immediate friends of the family. All went smoothly enough until they got opposite to the intended point of disembarkation, when suddenly they who conducted the raft found themselves in the midst of a strong current, which, despite of their exertions to extricate the cumbrous machinery, carried them rapidly by, and lodged both ark and raft on the sands of Fighting Island, about three miles lower down the river. Although a few hours would have sufficed to transport the house to its destination, had not the rapid current interposed to thwart the efforts of the people in charge, it took upwards of a month, and infinitely more labor, to get it back against the stream to the desired point. And now the white building, with its neat verandah and green shutters, stands as tranquilly and innocently in the midst of its inviting grounds, approached through a winding parterre of sweet-smelling flowers, in the arrangement of which the cultivated taste of the beautiful Miss Schwartz is everywhere perceptible, as though it had never been guilty of a coquetish flight, or wantonly tempted the dangers of the deep.

The partial cultivation of the land, which I have stated to form the characteristic of the French Canadian farmer in the west, is not confined to the small section of country I have named. For many miles beyond Sandwich, and considerably higher up again on the River Thames, which is separated from Detroit by the Lake St. Clair, the farms have the same uniformity and limitation of aspect; and even on the American shore, where hundreds of French Canadian families had been settled before the Treaty of 1763, when the country was ceded to England by France, the same system prevails. Thus, it results that much excellent land is left untilled, and, indeed, wholly lost, from want of inclination or capital to put it in such a state as would render it productive. And these observations apply, as far as the inhabitants of French origin are concerned, nearly as much to Lower Canada as to the Upper Province. There is something of simplicity, however, about the houses of these people, which in a great degree compensates for the absence of that solidity which is observable in the building of the English Canadian farmer, and if all things else were wanting to create an interest in them, their love of flowers, as exhibited to the passenger from almost every window in a Canadian house, and their fondness for the geranium in particular, would assuredly produce that effect. I trust the day may never arrive when either the French language or the French Canadian people will become as remembrances of the past.

As the western part of Canada is, from the richness of its soil and comparative mildness of its temperature, even in winter, considered superior to the eastern section of the Province, so is the country, from the commencement of the shores of Lake Erie to the termination of those of Lakes Huron and St. Clair, so far superior to that which immediately surrounds it, as to have obtained for it the designation of the "Garden of the West." Everything flourishes here in an abundance and perfection that is unknown in the colder latitude of the East; and fruits of the most delicate kinds, such as peaches—nectarines—the green-gage—grapes, &c., here obtain a size and lusciousness which one would scarcely expect to find out of a tropical climate. The pear-tree grows to a very great height, and the fruit is exquisitely mellow, while the apple offers a variety not to be equalled in any country in the world. But nothing more proves the genial nature of the climate than the production, within its bosom, of the tobacco, which is grown very abundantly in this part of Upper Canada. Even the maple-tree of the forest, from which the *habitans* extract their sugar, yields a sap more plentiful, and delicate, and refined, than the same invaluable wood does in other parts of the province.

Then again, as a game country, it is almost without equal. Partridges are abundant. Bevies of quail are more like flocks of chickens feeding round the skirts of the wood, and in the vicinity of farm yards; and the snipe is so common in the marshes that a sportsman need not travel out of a direct line to enable himself to bag, in the course of a morning, as many couple as he can well carry home. The woodcock abounds during the months of July and August, and one has only to cross the water into Michigan to find the prairie hen, which is nothing less than the grouse of Europe. Except with this bird, which is nearly as large as a barn-door fowl, and which, from its lazy flight, it is almost a sin to kill, and with the snipe which, as in Europe, frequents the more open grounds, the sporting is at the best indifferent. The partridge is never to be found in a stubble field, but on the margins of very small rivulets which intersect the woods, and where the osier and the willow afford them cover, and a particular berry supplies them with food. A pointer or a setter is here of no use, for as the cover is dense, the best shot can only be a random one, the sportsman necessarily firing more at what he *hears* than what he *sees*. The dog most prized by the Canadian sportsmen for partridge shooting is a small cocker, which, where the object is simply to secure the bird, is invaluable. Whenever the animal turns up a covey, he begins to bark and runs after them as, frightened at the noise, they seek the shelter of some tall tree. The dog still pursues, and stopping where they have alighted, looks up into the tree and increases his furious barking. His master, guided by the sound, then comes up, and it is said that it often occurs that, when taking the lowest bird first, he has been enabled to bag the whole covey, for the attention of the frightened partridges being engrossed by the dog, it takes no heed of its destroyer, and consequently becomes an easy prey. It is somewhat remarkable that the principal game in America bears a relative physical proportion to the grandeur of its inanimate nature. For instance the prairie hen, which in every respect resembles the grouse at home, and the quail does the partridge, while the snipe and woodcock are if any thing rather smaller. The pheasant is not a native of Canada. Colonel Prince, some years ago, had them brought, at a good deal of risk and expense, from England, and introduced them into the woods adjoining his own grounds; but they were speedily shot down, and sold chiefly in Detroit. This breed is now extinct.

Independently of the more legitimate sporting, there is wild turkey shooting, deer shooting, and duck shooting—the latter in great abundance in the spring and autumn seasons of the year. Fish are plentiful enough, but with the exception of the white fish, the most delicate of the finny tribe in the West, and the salmon trout which frequents the smaller streams, there are none which can be compared with what are obtained on the coast; and as for sporting, one never thinks of killing a fish *a la* Walton unless it be in the case of the small salmon trout above named, which affords some resemblance to its European brethren. The markets are supplied with fishes taken principally with the net and spear, and which, in Upper Canada, may in addition to those I have named above, be confined to the following,—the maskinonge, the sturgeon, the codfish,(these three, the largest caught, and something in size, and the two latter in taste, somewhat in flavor and firmness, like the tunny, which is taken off the western coast of Spain), the pickerel, the pike, the black-bass, the white-bass, the sucker, the shad, the eel, the perch, and the rock-bass. These, if I mistake not, embrace the whole of the fishes of the Upper Canada waters.

The maskinongé, although large, is exceedingly delicate, but what obtains general preference as an article of food, is the white-fish, which, albeit resembling it in size and color, is very different in flavor from the white bass. It inhabits the western waters only from Lake Ontario upwards, and is distinguished from the other finny tribes in this peculiarity, that the farther you proceed westward, the more deliciously flavored is the fish. Thus, for instance, the white-fish of Lake Erie is superior to that of Lake Ontario—that of Lake Huron to what is found in Lake Erie, while in Lake Superior, the farthermost point, the fish is to be had in its fullest perfection. The white-fish is taken with a seine, chiefly in the autumn, when they migrate to and from various points like the herring. They are cut open, cleaned, placed flat, with the back downwards, in a barrel—a little salt is sprinkled over each

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]