

in three years; the buckthorn (*Rhamnus catharticus*) grows with great rapidity, and has the advantage of forming a very thick hedge, and one which, from its medicinal properties, the cattle will not nibble at.

"Upper Canadian farmers are constantly abusing the climate of Lower Canada, but in the neighbourhood of Quebec there are luxuriant hedges for miles round and beautiful clumps of trees of every variety."

No. III.

"LONDON, C. W., Sept. 1856.

"MY DEAR WYNDHAM,

"I have been spending a few weeks in this fine portion of Canada, and am much delighted with all I have seen, and see from day to day. I have not confined myself to the beaten track, but have wandered about beyond the regions of stage-coaches and crowded streets. While I continue to grumble at the absence of all taste for floriculture, at the abundant evidences of the most inconceivably-primitive state of farming, the utter ignorance, practically, of draining, or irrigation, still there is progress!

"You cannot imagine the painful silence which pervades the 'bush.' I have walked hundreds of miles at different times alone, and for hours together I never saw a living creature in the shape of an animal, a bird, or a butterfly. Yet there are many, and beautiful, and rare specimens of all to be found in Canada. Once now and then a *Vanessa Antiopa* would cross my path—then, perchance, the scarlet tanager, *Tanagra rubra*, and the beautiful meadow lark, *Alauda magna*, would delight the stranger for a moment with a sight of their beautiful plumage. We have, among other rare birds, the white-winged crossbill, *Loxia leucoptera*.

"I suppose, however, the taste and the search for these beautiful objects will arise among us one of these days. I know throughout Upper Canada only one English gentleman, Mr. Cottle, of Woodstock, who takes any interest in ornithological pursuits and investigations.

"It will be hardly possible for

'You gentlemen of England
Who live at home at ease,'

to realize what has to be done and is doing here. That nearly **FORTY MILLION ACRES** should have been brought into gradual and productive cultivation—that the immemorial forest should have given place to the waving cornfield, the laden orchard, the pretty village, the thriving town, the stately city—that the placid lake should bear on its broad bosom