

bearing. Apples, pears, plums, cherries, and, in some parts of the country, peaches are grown abundantly. Nowhere does the apple,—king of fruits,—attain greater perfection of shape, colouring, and flavour, than in Canada. Many of our farmers are somewhat remiss in the matter of orchard planting, but it has been demonstrated that this is a fine fruit country, and even the grape ripens well in the open air. Other improvements have been made on the farm which we are supposing to have reached a state of completeness. The front fences have ceased to be of rails. A neat, ornamental paling or hedge, skirts the public road, and a tasteful bit of shrubbery environs the house and out-buildings. Altogether, there is an air of beauty and attractiveness about the scene, but recently so wild. The above illustration will give some idea of the appearance presented by a well-laid-out, and neatly-kept Canadian farm.

### MUSKOKA.

(To the Editor of the *Montreal Daily Witness*.)

MR. EDITOR,—My attention has been called to a paragraph which appeared in the *Montreal Witness* some time ago, headed "Cruelty of sending newly arrived Immigrants to worthless Free Grant Lands," where you have copied from the *Sarnia Observer*, an account given of a visit to Muskoka by a Mr. Simpson, where he describes the great poverty of an old couple from Paisley, Scotland. Now, as such statements are calculated to make false impressions, I beg leave to state a few facts in reference to that much admired and sometimes despised district.

I was the first settler in the township of Draper, having gone there on my arrival in Canada in May, 1861. Ever since that time, I have been closely watching the growth of this section, and my opportunities exceed those of a transient visitor; and for the benefit of your numerous readers, I beg to state that when I settled in Draper, there was not a soul living in, nor a tree cut in the following townships, viz: Draper, Macaulay, Stephenson, Oakley, McLean, Brunell, Monk, Watt, Humphries, Spence, &c.

Our nearest Post Office was the Severn Bridge, 21 miles distant, our nearest village and grist mill, Orillia, 35 miles off, and we had only one neighbour within ten miles of us; while now we have advanced so far as to have three grist mills, one oatmeal mill, and five saw mills. We have also four prosperous little villages, eleven post-offices with a daily mail from Toronto. There are clearances stretching for miles, with good barns and comfortable houses, and thousands of settlers.

Several churches and meeting houses have been built, and five ministers live in the neighbourhood, and work with a zeal worthy of their noble calling. We have day schools and Sabbath schools, and are well supplied with the means of Grace.

I admit there are some few cases of poverty here, but such is the exception not the rule. I know of no place in Ontario, considering the population, where there is less pauperism than in Muskoka, excepting Bridgewater and Garden Island; and the reason why there is not a single case of poverty in the above named places is, in my opinion, because the proprietors, the Hon. Billa Flint and D. D. Calvin, Esq., M.P.P., have prohibited liquor from being sold there.

The settlers of Muskoka, for the most part, are a highly intelligent and very industrious class of settlers; and it is strange that some visitors can only record a solitary case of suffering, and omit to relate that hundreds are comfortable and contented, happy and prosperous.

In the *New Dominion Monthly* for March, 1868, there is an account of "A Trip to Muskoka Lake," by the Rev. John Todd, D.D., of Pittsfield, Mass.,