

and seared body, a monument of desolation, in the surrounding waste, threatening whenever the wind whistled round its branchless trunk, to fall and take vengeance on the passer-by for the wrongs done to it by his fellows—these were the *natural* beauties of the spot. Nature had done but little for the locality, and that little had been so distorted by the hand of man as to be perfectly hideous. Nor, where his inventive faculties had fuller play, had he been much more successful; two wretched log huts were the sole habitations, with the exception of a tall gaunt, two storied dwelling, which rejoicing in the name of *Hotel*, reared its shabby-genteel figure, emblazoned with numerous half-glazed, uncurtained windows, above its plebeian brethren, and with a very ludicrous, self-sufficient swagger, made a melancholy attempt to look aristocratic and comfortable.

Indeed, beyond felling a few trees, and erecting these houses, nothing had been done to redeem the place from its primitive wildness and discomfort.

The springs themselves were surrounded with bog and mire, and even at times entirely overflowed by, and lost in, a small creek passing through the ravine in which they are situated.

Such was the condition of the Caledonia Springs in 1836, when they came into the possession of Mr. William Parker, the present proprietor. In the summer of that year Mr. P. commenced operations by erecting a house for the reception of himself and family, and opened out his field of action by removing the timber, stumps, and other obstructions.