

stopped long enough to land us and our luggage on the wharf, where we availed ourselves of the use of the omnibus, and so in a few minutes arrived at Colonel Alexander McLean's a day sooner than we were expected. Fortunately the house is large, for Vice-Chancellor and Mrs. Mowat, from Toronto, were also there on a visit, forming altogether a very agreeable party.

We drove, and we walked, we laughed, and we talked, for, though Cornwall is one of the oldest towns in Western Canada, it has never been famed for its enterprise, so that it contains no public buildings or parks, nor yet, though there is plenty of water power, are there any manufactories. Lately a pottery has been established, which of course we explored, and were very much amused to see lumps of clay, simply by the movement of the hand converted into jars and bowls. Almost every resident in the place owns the house in which he resides, and each house is surrounded by trees, some so completely that they can hardly be seen, which, together with the perfect quiet that prevails, gives the place a pretty but lifeless appearance; but if a few Montrealers were to go up and build summer residences on the side of the river, where the view is really beautiful, and the boating and fishing good, they would perhaps infuse a little life into them, and help them to mend their ways, which at present