

head so far backwards as to be painful to his organization, with trunks which require fathoms of line to span them; oaks of the most gigantic form; the immense and graceful weeping elm; enormous poplars, whose magnitude must be seen to be conceived; lindens, equally vast; walnut trees of immense size; the beautiful birch, and the wild cherry, large enough to make tables and furniture of.

"Oh, the gloom and the glory of these forests, and the deep reflection that, since they were first created by the Divine fiat, civilized man has never desecrated them with his unsparing devastations; that a peculiar race, born for these solitudes, once dwelt amidst their shades, living as Nature's woodland children, until a more subtle being than the serpent of Eden crept amongst them, and with his glittering novelties and dangerous beauty, caused their total annihilation! I see, in spirit, the red hunter, lofty, fearless, and stern, stalking in his painted nudity, and displaying a form which Apollo might have envied, amidst the everlasting and silent woods; I see, in spirit, the bearded stranger from the rising sun, with his deadly arms and his more deadly fire-water, conversing with his savage fellow, and displaying the envied wealth of gorgeous beads and of gaudy clothing.

"The scene changes—the proud Indian is at the feet of his ensnarer; disease has relaxed his iron sinews; drunkenness has debased his mind; and the myriad crimes and vices of civilized Europe have combined to sweep the aborigines of the soil from the face of the forest earth. The forest groans beneath the axe; but, after a few years, the scene again changes; fertile fields, orchards and gardens, delight the eye; the city, and the town, and the village spires rise, and where two solitary wigwams of the red hunter were once alone occasionally observed, twenty thousand white Canadians now worship the same Great Author of the existence of all mankind."

In drawing a comparison between the present mode of travelling between Kingston and Montreal, and comparing it with the Durham boats of former times—which, he informs us, "was neither invented by, nor named after Lord Durham; but was as ancient as Lambton house, itself." He laments most feelingly over the loss of some fine wine and a cask of West India ration rum, sucked dry by the French Canadian voyageurs, and goes on to tell a good story of a witty auctioneer, well remembered in Kingston.

"I know the reader likes a story, and as this is not by any means an historical or scientific work, excepting always the geological portion thereof, I will tell him or her, as the case may be, a story about ration rum.

"There was a funny fellow, an Irish auctioneer at Kingston, some years ago, called Paddy Moran, whom all the world,