

catastrophes consequently are of very seldom occurrence.

The road from Liverpool to London—a distance of about 200 miles—runs through one of the finest parts of England; although of England as a whole, it may be said that it is a great garden.

It is not much exaggeration to say that, as compared with it, the best cultivated parts of Nova Scotia, as Cornwallis, or the Annapolis Valley, seem not unlike portions of partially reclaimed wilderness. Every square foot of soil under cultivation is made to do its utmost in producing, so that England, though a small place comparatively, yet does much towards feeding its own population.

There is in England, at the present time, a growing feeling in favor of the repeal of the law of primogeniture, the effect of which is to keep the land of the country in the hands of comparatively few.

Many think that it would be better for the country as a whole, if the land of the kingdom were subjected to a process of sub-division, and the number of land-owners correspondingly multiplied. There can be no doubt this would bring greater prosperity and contentment to many of the agricultural peasantry; but it is not so clear that the same amount of land would hereby be made to produce more than it does now. In France, where the law obliges the father to divide equally among his sons the land he leaves to them, it appears that for the same amount of acreage the produce is less than in England. This holds true more particularly of such articles as beef, butter and cheese, for the production of which a considerable acreage is required—more, at least, than is offered in many parts of France, where the farms have been so divided and sub-divided from generation to generation, that now they consist only of narrow strips of land not more than eight or ten rods wide, in which sheep and oxen can be pastured or fattened only on the smallest scale. In the farming districts of England, fat oxen may sometimes be seen feeding in fields in which the grass is almost up to their bellies; in this country

it would perhaps be thought that they had broken into the mowing, but there it is the normal state of things and creates no surprise.

In these provinces, however, it cannot be said that farms are too small. In the majority of cases, if farmers owned less land, or attempted to cultivate less, they would reap a larger profit from their labor. Many of them seem to be land-poor, as the saying goes,—poor from the very effort of keeping it fenced.

The ever-changing scenery which passes like a panorama before the eye as the cars roll along towards London, is very beautiful. One can never tire of beholding it. The disfigurement of pole-fences, so common in these more wooden parts of the world, is never seen; but neatly trimmed thorn hedges take their place. Trees also largely serve the purpose of ornamentation, and to this end are variously disposed,—standing in some places wide apart, in solitary beauty; in others, in long straight rows, or sweeping in graceful curves around the base of a hill or the bend of a river; in yet others, in clumps of less or greater size upon the more commanding elevations,—the green fields coming cleanly up to them on every side. I have observed, too, that the very brooks are not always allowed to flow sprawling about in every direction, but are made to go where irrigation is most needed, and are transformed here and there into artificial ponds and cascades.

Well, it was through a country thus highly cultivated and beautiful, and thickly dotted with villages and manufacturing towns, that I took my first ride by rail in England, finding myself at its termination in

LONDON.

And with what words shall I attempt a description of this mighty city—mightier even than Nineveh or Babylon of old? “I have often amused myself,” says Boswell, the biographer of Johnson, “with thinking how different a place London is to different people. They whose narrow minds are contracted to a consideration of some one