

the desertion of soldiers, and keeping the peace along the frontier, has been more irksome than in quelling the rebellion. Those soldiers who have deserted to the States are said rarely to make good and thriving settlers; for they have been turned into such mere machines, into such creatures of routine, so exclusively trained for excellence in one art, that they want resources, and are singularly deficient in a virtue termed by the Americans "shiftiness," or the power of turning one's hand to anything and everything, for which the well-educated New-England coloniser is celebrated.

On our way back from Quebec to Montreal, I stopped at Three Rivers to make a geological excursion to the Falls of Maskinongé, about ten miles northward of the St. Lawrence. In the woods, near the beautiful waterfall, where the river forces its way through a narrow cleft in the gneissose rocks, I lost my way, and was attacked by myriads of mosquitos—the only occasion, owing to the unusual coolness of the season, on which I was annoyed by these enemies, so much dreaded here by the lovers of angling.

When standing on the wharf at Three Rivers, I conversed with the proprietor of a large estate in the Eastern townships, who complained to me that while crowds were passing up the river every week to remote districts, and sometimes returning disappointed, and even occasionally re-crossing the Atlantic, he and other farmers were unable to get hands. While he was speaking, a large steamer, with several hundred Scotch emigrants from Ayrshire, came alongside the wharf. They were only to tarry there one hour to take in wood for the engines. My companion