

nience. It is quite common to see the oven or bake-house separate from the dwelling, and one oven suffices a whole neighborhood. Each family sends its own bread ready to bake at the general baking. Another peculiarity which we noticed on the road to Chambly, and which we have observed in other directions in Lower Canada, is the absence of shade trees around the dwellings. A few were nicely shaded, but considering the beautiful variety of trees in the country, we are surprised that so little attention is paid to those cheap and useful ornaments of the farmer's premises. However, we saw so much to admire in the waving grain, promising hay fields, and appearance of happiness and comfort, that we were inclined to say beautiful to everything, and above all to the glad sunshine which was drinking up the dew drops from the grass, and the blue sky draped so delicately and fancifully with the morning clouds, and the far off mountains, whose figures like immense castles stood out to remind us of fairy land. Poised over our heads, or alighting on the bough of a tree, sailing past in circles, or hopping on the fences, the birds with their solos and choruses put the climax to our enjoyment.

With a good horse seventeen miles are soon passed, and long before noon we found ourselves driving around the circular road to the village of Chambly. The river Richelieu, just at the foot of the rapids, widens into a large circular bay; making a grand sweep it returns to its usual size a short distance from the village. The road branches about a mile from Chambly, one part follows the direction of the river, and the houses are built on the banks with gardens sloping down to the water's edge. It is a beautiful spot, and we thought while looking at the broad bay where rafts of timber were floating, or boats making their way to unload, that Chambly was the most desirable place we had seen, combining, as we thought, the beauties of a lovely landscape with the activity of business. If we were interested in this part of the village, we were delighted with the view of the old stone fort; which, defying the waste of elements, still stands, though now only used as a store house; it put us in mind of Canada's days of genuine chivalry and romance, when from the port-holes of this old fort the cannon was pointed, and sweeping over the water, commanded the range of the bay and some distance back on the land side.