

men, and thus was I conveyed to the house of a kind relative. The houses there have no far-off resemblance to those in the suburbs of Montreal, though in number they are very deficient; the population of the town is not above 30,000. The houses are built of whinstone, for which purpose the rocks in the vicinity require to be blasted with gunpowder, as the chisel is useless where the stone is so hard. Then the houses are plastered up with lime, and painted white, red, or yellow as each one may think good, while the green Venetians, and the many gardens and trees interspersed, convey an idea of coolness that is infinitely refreshing. For my part the first view I had of the place reminded me of an Eastern story. Corridors and trellis-work hung with vines, with the beautiful fruit in full perfection. Tulip trees, magnolias, bananas, drooping with a weight of fruit, and gracefully waving its slender branches, the beautiful Dahlia bending under its load of snowy flowers. There the days and nights are nearly of equal length, and I must say I enjoyed the social gathering to tea by the lamp light, (for there are neither coals nor gas,) and the cheerful evening spent together in Music, Chess, or work and talk. Moonlight walks in the garden, or along the levada, the water courses which cover the hills in all directions are so named, were at times a pleasant variety, where some lively friends joined us in our walk.

The climate in winter is cool and pleasant; at times too cold for houses where there are neither fireplace, nor fires except an apparatus of the rudest kind in the kitchen for cooking. It is composed of large hollow stones with a hole at the top, on each hole rests a pap, and the stones rest on a hearth both high and large. The oven is likewise a hole in the stone wall, heated by means of brushwood thrown inside, which is taken out ere the meat is enclosed, and a lid covers it to keep in the heat. Wood and broom are used to put under the pots, when cooking, at other times the fire is put out.

Montreal, 24th July, 1854.



### THE HARVEST-MOUSE.—(*Mus messorius*.)

The Harvest-Mouse is the smallest of the British quadrupeds; so small is it, that a full-grown one weighs no more than sixty-five grains. It is a lively, active, playful little creature; its eyes are dark; its general color is a delicate reddish fawn; but the under