

rouche, stopping here to talk with the *habitans*, there to gather a curious plant, or secure a mineral, or admire a lovely sunset, without feeling afraid of "the bell," suits our taste—we do not like hurry—to a nicety. Then the admirable scope one has for contrivance,—in cases where a wheel happens to come off in "an unfrequented road,"—the tales, and incidents, and witticisms each bring forward for the general benefit, the innocent disenchantment from the formalities of city life, make up the agreeable features of these pleasant journies, and contribute wonderfully to exhilarate the mind and body.

We started one fine morning to drive to Chambly, a pleasant village, about seventeen miles from Montreal. The city and its suburbs stretch a long distance down the river, nearly to the ferry which we were to cross, opposite to Longueuil. It was early, and the hum of activity had not filled the city which was still reposing, save here and there a market-cart moved over the pavement, forerunner of the swarms of human beings soon to pour out of the houses, and fill the streets. Some where hid away in our temperament is a touch of the moralising spirit; for we never look around a large city, and try to comprehend the number and employments of its inhabitants, than thoughts of the eternal future of all these heirs of immortality, fill us with pain—a pain which is increased when we transfer our thoughts from an individual place to the whole world, with its masses, and masses of living, accountable human beings, all hurrying onward through life as a fast flowing stream pours ever into the ocean. But to return to our ride; we reached the ferry just in time for the first boat, and were soon landed on the opposite side of the river, and our horse snuffing the pure morning air as it came laden with the odor of the meadow blossoms, started off at a brisk rate, and we soon found ourselves out of the neat little village of Longueuil, and on a broad plank road, admiring the cultivated farms on either side of us, or looking at the distant trees on the road side. The country here is so level that we could see a great distance, and the view ends in a distant vista, where trees and houses appear to meet. Neat farm-houses are scattered along the road, and usually appended in true national taste is the pretty little flower garden, with its roses and geraniums, and many sweet-scented plants. The houses are not large, or built with any great view to conve-