

May 6th. With a steady gentle breeze and the ship under easy sails, expecting every instant to make the land, as we were then and had been all the morning running parallel with the shore, a man, being sent up to the mast head, made known at last about four o'clock in the afternoon the joyful news that land was distinctly visible upon our larboard quarter, bearing west and north-west. This was hailed with delight and satisfaction by all on board, and every eye was immediately directed to that quarter until at length arising above the horizon the shore was seen by all. It proved to be the highlands of Neversink, part of the coast of New Jersey. This was the first part of America that I had ever seen. We sailed alongside the shore till about twelve at night, when we laid to, fired our swivel, and burnt blue lights for the purpose of bringing a pilot to us. After waiting a few hours one came, and carried us safely into Sandy Hook, when we cast anchor.

It was an unpleasant misty morning and about the middle of the day, it came on to rain, but notwithstanding these untoward circumstances we all thought that the land and houses, the Island of Staten on one side and part of Long Island on the other, the trees and shrubs just appearing in their spring array, the fruit trees breaking out into full blossom, never had been more beautiful and verdant, or so pleasing and interesting before. In the course of the day, which was the 7th May, our vessel lying about three or four miles from the city of New York, a steamboat came alongside and carried all those that were ready and willing on shore. Our ship did not get into dock until the next morning.

I had no time for making observations upon first landing as the rain poured down in torrents, obliging me to steer directly for the nearest inn or hotel. In the latter part of the day the weather cleared up, the sun came out, and I immediately proceeded to take a stroll through some parts of the city. I was much disappointed with the appearance of the streets, for they were pretty generally covered with a thick mass of dirt, mud, and filth. A bad custom they have also of placing casks, packages, and all kinds of goods, upon the pavement in front of the shops or stores as they are here called, scarcely leaving sufficient room for the public to pass.

(To be continued).

THE MEADOW MOUSE OR VOLE.

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Perhaps among the smaller mammals, few are known so well, at least superficially, as the common meadow mouse or vole (*Microtus*), the form common to and occurring over Ontario entire, being *Microtus pennsylvanicus*. The voles are widely distributed and offer