

household was alarmed ; search was made, but no clue to the murderer discovered. A variety of reports were circulated, some tracing the deed to the late Intendant's wife, others alleging that the avenging mother of the *métisse* was the assassin. A mystery, however, to this day surrounds the deed. She was buried in the cellar of the castle, and the letter C engraved on a flat stone, which, till within the last few years, marked her resting-place. The chateau at once fell into disuse and decay ; and a dreary solitude now surrounds the dwelling and the tomb of that dark-haired child of the wilderness, over which green moss and rank weeds cluster profusely. Such is the legend of Chateau-Bigot.

The Hotels in Quebec, of which the St. Louis and Russell's are the principal, are very good, and moderate in their terms ; carriages are easily procured anywhere, and street cars have lately been introduced into the city. The principal buildings are the Custom House, the Marine Hospital, the Parliament Buildings, and the different gates, which were formerly the only entrances to the city. To SPENCER WOOD, the residence of the Governor-General, is a very pleasant drive, and the view thence is magnificent.

THE STE. FOY MONUMENT stands in an open field, on the brow of a cliff, from which the view is beautiful in the extreme, and is reached after a five or six minutes' walk from the Ste. Foy Toll-gate, through an avenue bordered on either side by handsome villas, and fine gardens, and half-shaded by over-arching trees. As you turn towards the monumental pillar, you have before you the valley of the St. Charles, along which the populous suburbs of St. Roch and St. Sauveur are gradually making their way. Beyond the limit of the level ground, the hills rise up terrace-like, bright with verdure, and rendered still more attractive by the endless succession of villas, farm houses, and villages, which dot the rising ground at intervals, until they are lost in the distance, far away behind Lorette and Beauport, where