

in Latin, and very lengthy, contrasts unpleasantly with the simple words that we read this morning on the battle-ground, and forcibly suggests how little real harmony there is existing between verbiage and grandeur in such cases.

SUNDAY 5TH JUNE 10 A M.

We left Quebec at five o'clock yesterday evening in the same fine vessel that took us down, and arrived at Montreal early this morning—regretting that our pleasant tour was at an end, but rich in the remembrance of six most grateful and delightful days. *En route*, we stopped at the old French town of Batiscan, on the left bank of the St. Lawrence, near the mouth of the Batiscan River ; but the night was dark, and we could not see much of the place. During this trip I have seen more of the French Canadians than I ever did before, and I can truly say that I have not, elsewhere, met with such clean-looking villages, or such a polished and happy peasantry. Even the poorest among them keep their houses and farms in good order, and, at all hours, when we passed through their villages, the inhabitants were respectably and neatly dressed. The men and boys invariably touched their hats to us when we met them, and even the young children observed this polite and pleasing custom.