

seeks to plant them out where their services may be required.

One of our latest lady writers is very enthusiastic on the subject of Quebec. I am sorry to say I cannot share in that enthusiasm, and I was by no means disconsolate that I could not stay to attend a convivial meeting to which I was invited by a French colonist, one of our fellow-passenger. I was soon tired of its dusty and narrow streets, and its pavements all made of boards, and its priests and nuns. There are no shops to look at worth speaking of, and the idea of riding in one of the *caleches* was quite out of the question. Nothing more rickety in the shape of a riding machine was ever invented. It seemed to me that they were sure to turn over as soon as you turned the corner. The *caleche* is simply a little sledge on wheels. As a sledge I fancy it is delightful, though by no means up to the sledges I have driven on the Elbe in hard winters in days long long