

might think it was London itself, so great had grown the trade of our port.

I had friends there—my own family is not so bad—and an attendant took us up to the noble Long Room, where the great dinners and entertainments are given. Then we passed out under the arcades and again through the busy press of merchants. I described some of them, and told to what an amazing extent their operations had grown, how they bought furs and skins from the most distant Indians, even from those around the furthest of the Great Lakes, how they carried on a fine trade with the West Indies, and what a traffic passed between us and England, and how we had even begun to build ships.

"Can you show such merchants as those in Quebec?" I asked of M. de St. Maur, making no effort to conceal my pride in our city's opulence.

"No; but we can show better soldiers," he replied, with some dryness, as in truth he had a right to do, since the French, on the whole, had been beating us most lamentably.

But he had no criticism to make upon the noble spire of St. George's Chapel, which, I hear, will compare very favourably with the great spires of Europe, and of which we are justly proud. Moreover, I long enjoyed the acquaintance of its rector, that distinguished and pious man, the Rev. Henry Barclay, who married the daughter of Anthony Rutgers.

I also showed them our first engine-house, which was thought to be a marvel in its way, very few people