

M. Phillibert, a merchant of the city, in the days of Intendant Bigot. It was, a few years ago, the chief entrance to the City Post Office. Connected with it is the following curious story :—M. Phillibert and the Intendant were on bad terms ; but under the system then existing, the merchant knew that it was in vain for him to seek redress in the Colony, and determining at some future period to seek redress in France, he contented himself with placing the figure of a sleeping dog in front of his house, with the following lines beneath it, in allusion to his situation with his powerful enemy :

“ Je suis un chien qui ronge l'os,
En le rongant je prends mon repos—
Un jour viendra qui n'est pas venu
Que je mordrai qui m'aura mordu.”

This allegorical language, however, was too plain for Bigot to misunderstand it, and, as the reward of his verse, poor Phillibert received the sword of an officer of the garrison through his back when descending the Lower-Town Hill. The murderer was permitted to leave the Colony unmolested, and was transferred to a regiment in the East Indies, but was pursued thither by a son of the deceased, who, meeting him in the streets of Pondicherry, avenged his father's death.

The environs of Quebec are highly interesting, and we will take a few of the most prominent in turn. *Chateau-Bigot*, some five miles north of Quebec, an antique and massive ruin, standing in solitary loneliness in the centre of a clearing, at the foot of the Charlesbourg mountain, is well worthy of a visit. Those who wish to go there, are strongly advised to take the cart-road which leads from Charlesbourg Church, turning up near the house of a man named Charles Paquet. Pedestrians will prefer the other route ; they can, in this case, leave their vehicle at Mrs. Huot's boarding-house, a little higher than the Church, and then walk through the fields, skirting during the greater part of the road a beautiful brook. But by all means let them take