

1857.—An unprecedented marine disaster this summer, threw a pall over our port. On the 26th June, 1857, more than 200 human beings, chiefly emigrants from Scotland, met a watery grave a few hundred yards from the shore, at St. Augustin, a short distance west of the actual limit of our port,—from the steamer *Montreal*, Capt. John Rudolf—plying daily between Quebec and Montreal.

The appalling catastrophe, was caused by fire, the raging element compelling the despairing passengers and crew to swim to the neighbouring shore, the steamer having grounded,—or be roasted alive. The city, among other well known citizens, had to deplore the loss of Mr. James McLaren, the respected Governor of the District Jail. I can yet vividly recall the livid corpses, 157 in number, strewn at one time over the Napoleon Wharf—awaiting the formality of a Coroner's inquest.

1860.—the 18th of August in the year of Grace, 1860, will be long remembered for its extraordinary display of bunting, and roar of ordnance amidst enthusiastic cheers, in the harbor of Quebec.

Though it had witnessed more than one imposing naval pageant, from the day now so distant of the arrival of the great Marquis of Tracy, to that of the landing in 1838, of the magnificent Earl of Durham, none more national, more inspiring in their effect, than the preparations, and spectacle attending the disembarking at Quebec of His Royal Highness, Albert Edward of Wales—Queen Victoria's eldest son—now our genial sovereign.

On the 14th May, 1859, an address had been unanimously voted, in Parliament, at Toronto, on motion of the Premier, then the Hon. George E. Cartier, seconded by the Hon. M. Foley, inviting Her Gracious Majesty, the Queen, to come in person or send a member of the Royal Family to Canada, to witness the progress of her great dependency,