

The bason of Quebec is very extensive, and capable of containing 500 sail of the largest ships. The tides are sometimes very rapid, and flow thirty miles above the town, where the water is fresh, but apt to affect the health of strangers.

Leaving Quebec, and proceeding up the river about two miles south-west, we see the steep ascent, and that narrow path, which leads to the plains of Abram, at the back of the city, where the great battle was fought which decided its fate, and where the immortal Wolfe breathed his last, after overcoming every obstacle of art and nature, to ensure victory to his country, and a never-fading glory to himself.

The tide flows thirty miles above this place, to Point au Tremble, where it is in some degree stopped by a bed of rocks, that are visible at half ebb, and extend above half way across the river, which cause many dangerous eddies, and the tide to run
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