

breakfast; especially, as the temperature of the air—notwithstanding the immediate proximity of summer—was so exceedingly low, as to make it feel almost cold. Accordingly, having consigned our luggage to the guardianship of a sturdy porter, we walked up to Russell's Hotel, in Palace Street; and, in due time, were provided with an excellent breakfast, and all necessary information regarding the best mode of reaching our destination.

About ten o'clock we crossed the river to the pretty little town, which stands directly opposite Quebec, on the promontory called Point Levi. According to Bouchette, it was laid out in 1818, by Sir John Caldwell, and named Aubigny in honour of the then Duke of Richmond; but that title has long since passed away, and the more ancient designation, by which the old French village had been known for so many years, is now completely reinstated. Its site is lofty, and, from the river-bank close by, there is to be obtained a most glorious view, unequalled of its kind, perhaps, in the whole world. Far and wide, the eye roams over a vast extent of country, presenting every variety of feature, and combining, not only most of the characteristics of scenic grandeur, but those of marvellous loveliness as well. The majestic river, sweeping its blue and crystal tide between bold and imposing shores; the frowning batteries of Cape Diamond, three hundred and fifty feet above the surface-level of the water; the beautiful and romantic old city, with its battlemented walls and glittering spires; the mountain-ranges in the distance; smiling and rich valleys, green as emerald, and chequered with picturesque farm-houses; the