

saw no person. After tacking about ten days in the Gulph, we got into the River. Here we took our pilot on board. At the lower extremity of the Isle of Orleans, we had land on both sides in view, and small farm houses at intervals. On the 25th of August we had a fine prospect of the Fall of Mont Morrancie, distant about eight miles. In its fall over the precipice, it resembled snow falling from the roof of a house in a thaw. Having passed Point Levy village and church on our left, we immediately got a view of the City of Quebec on our right hand.

This city, when viewed from the River St Lawrence, a mile distant, wears a most romantic appearance. The hill, or rather the rock, upon which that part of the city fronting the river is built, is so rugged and steep, that the houses appear as if standing one upon the top of another.

The spires of the different churches, which overtop the other buldings, being neatly covered with tin plate, immediately catch the eye as it rolls over the promiscuous whole. The astonishing height of the rock—the strong fortifications, with the guns pointing in every direction, these on one hand, with the thundering cataract on the other, strike the surprised stranger with awe. At noon we cast anchor opposite the Lower Town, and went ashore; having been seven weeks and four days from Scotland, and eight weeks from Greenock.