

WINTER SCENES

AN ICE BRIDGE.

It was in January, 1877, when, with a large crowd of people, I stood upon the Durham Terrace of the city of Quebec, and looked down upon the river St. Lawrence. The thermometer had that morning marked forty degrees below zero, and all around there was nothing but dazzling snow, covering city, plain, and mountain alike, while from the basin of the great river rose a mist which wholly concealed its bleak waters from view. What could induce human beings in such an extreme atmosphere to pace up and down the exposed promenade, which in summer commands a view unrivalled in the whole world? The formation of the ice-bridge was momentarily expected; the ferry steamers, whose traffic would be put a stop to by the ice-bridge, had been prevented from leaving their wharfs, under penalty of heavy fines and being fired into, by order of the authorities, were they to attempt to break it. Facing the bitter cold, all looked down upon the hidden stream, vigorously they walked the snow clad terrace, when suddenly a cry