

MONDAY 30TH MAY 1859.

*On board the Steamer 'Quebec' 7:30 P.M.*

S—— and I are on our way to the ancient capital of Canada, whose name this fine vessel has appropriated. We have left the city of Montreal some distance behind us, and are speeding through the clear waters of the Saint Lawrence smoothly and quietly towards the old town of Sorel, which is our first stopping-place. As we sit upon the upper-deck of the steamer, and gaze around us, a charming prospect meets our view. It is not splendid, or grand, or even strikingly picturesque, for the low, flat shores and the scattered islands, that hereabouts stud the water-way, can scarcely lay claim to any of these epithets, but there is something inexpressibly attractive in the quaint, little French villages, with their red-roofed, white houses, and their bright, tinned church-spires, glittering in the last rays of the sinking sun—something so suggestive of peacefulness, and quiet, rural happiness, in these little groups of cottages, fringing the river-bank, that the eye rests on them with a peculiar pleasure difficult to describe, yet somewhat akin, I imagine, to the feeling of relief afforded by the appear-