

the Grand Trunk Railway Company, command of the railway approaches to the city. It is about a mile and a quarter long, and cost nearly 7,000,000 dollars. The *Bonsecour's Market and City Hall*, a fine building, costing about \$350,000: The *Court House*, with its law library containing upwards of six thousand volumes, and *Nelson's Monument* opposite: The *English Episcopal Cathedral*, a perfect specimen of Gothic architecture: The *Jesuit Church*, *St. Patrick's Hall*, and the *University of McGill College*, with its museum, and many other fine private buildings, will interest the tourist, who should also drive round the Mountains and visit Mount Royal Cemetery; and must by no means omit Lachine, nor fail to "shoot the rapids," before leaving Montreal. Every morning, a train leaves Bonaventure Station, at 7 o'clock, connecting with a steamer at Lachine, which starts immediately, shoots the rapids, and, passing under Victoria Bridge, is back at Montreal at nine o'clock. From Montreal we give three routes by which to start upon our journey; one via the splendid steamers of the Richelieu Company, to Quebec; another via the Grand Trunk Railway, to Portland; and the third via the Vermont Central Railway to Boston. But we shall first take those who wish to go via Quebec, and then return and go by rail.

THE RIVER.

The Richelieu Company own two boats, the *Montreal* and *Quebec*, which run between those cities every night, except Sunday, while navigation is open. These steamers compare most favourably with the famous New York "Sound" boats, and are really the floating palaces of the Dominion. The first stopping place is *William Henry* or *Sorel*, an island, forty-five miles below Montreal; then we pass *Lake St. Peter*, twenty-five miles long and nine wide. *Three Rivers*, situated at the mouth of the River St. Maurice, is the next calling place, and is the "half way house" between Montreal and Quebec, being ninety miles from each; it is one of the oldest towns in Canada, having been settled in 1618. *Batiscan*, one hundred and seventeen miles below Montreal, is the last place the steamers call at before reaching Quebec. The immense timber rafts on the river are a most interesting feature of the trip. Each have a shed built for the men, and often they rig up sails; and are sometimes grappled together, forming a floating island of timber, half a mile wide and a mile long, and the voices of the happy, hardy occupants, are often heard upon the water, singing some of their Canadian boat songs,—the music, in the still hour of a summer's night, having a charming effect. At Quebec, endless numbers of these rafts are seen, preparing for shipment to all parts of the world. The scenery along the river is pretty, comprising many French villages, with their picturesque little churches, on either side: as we near Quebec, the shore suddenly becomes bold and high, and we are pointed out the rugged path by which the Highlanders and other