

I have before told you that the winters in Canada are very severe. The ice is very thick, and when it becomes consolidated, the Canadians call it "The Pont," or bridge, and thus travel as securely and rapidly over it, as you would travel over London or Blackfriars Bridge in a cab. By this means the market people are enabled to dispose of their produce, and the severity of the cold affords at the same time both pleasure and profit. The winter is the season of social enjoyments, and a constant interchange of visits takes place between friends at a very great distance, by means of sledges, which, being lined with fur, afford every protection against the inclemency of the weather.

The universal custom of travelling at this season of the year in Canada, gives the country a very animated appearance. When the ice is not sufficiently even for the sledges to pass easily, they endeavour to remedy the defect by removing the inequalities, and if this plan do not succeed, they make a winding road (that is, they turn the road into another direction).

Quebec, my dear children, is the chief town, or capital, of Lower Canada. It presents nothing sufficiently remarkable to attract attention, the streets