

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

LETTERS.

ON BOARD THE PARISIAN.

JUNE 22ND, '95.

Dear H.:—

So far, so good, I thought I had better seize the opportunity of writing to you, while the ship is steady, myself ditto.

It is very amusing to watch all the people talking away, laughing and joking, and then to try and imagine what the scene will be like a few days hence.

We did not retire till very late last night, but breakfast is not till half past nine, so there was lots of time for a morning nap.

What pokey little holes these state rooms are! We had such a time at first. My trunk was under my sofa, but Mrs. K.'s trunk was too high to go under her berth, so it had to be left in the middle of the floor. You can imagine how much room there was left. It is better now, for both the K.'s trunks are outside at the end of the hall, and we can turn around comfortably without knocking our shins.

I awoke before the ship left Saturday morning, and was very thankful afterwards that I did, it saved me from a rather early bath. Our port hole was left open the night before, and after the ship moved off the sailors evidently proceeded to wash the deck, for a sudden splash of water in the region of my face roused me in a hurry, and the port hole was closed just a little more quickly than it was opened. The washing process occurs every morning, so I will have to make a point of being prepared.

JUNE 23RD.

Weeks and months seem to have passed since this letter was started, strange is it not how long the days can be drawn out. We had a delightful time yesterday after we reached Quebec. Dr. W. took us

for a drive after dinner.

Our drive carried us around by the Governor's Gardens, through some very quaint old streets, up hill, down hill, in fact we seemed to be driving over hills the whole time. When we reached the Citadel, we descended from our chariots, entered the inner gate, and with a gallant young officer as escort, inspected that wonderful old place which has stood against so many sieges. You would hardly wonder that it did, everything is so massive. We stood for a while on the King's Bastion, the highest part of the Citadel, and saw a view which is said to be unequalled in America. It was beautiful, below us was the city with its funny little houses and streets, the latter are so narrow they look more like lanes, or some so steep it seemed almost impossible for the horses to climb them. To the left is Dufferin Terrace, where Montmorency fell, and farther beyond that, is Chateau Frontenac.

In front is the River bordered with the mountains, and the white villages of St. Charles' Valley. It was a little hazy, but once in a while the sun would break through the clouds, and shine on the hills, making the view even more beautiful than it would have been in the glare of the hot sun. Among the other places of interest were the Monument to Wolfe and Montcalm, the Duke of Kent's residence (father of Queen Victoria), Plains of Abraham and the Monument erected on the spot where Wolfe fell, the Cardinal's Palace, about the ugliest place in the city, the French and the English Cathedral, Grand Battery, and last but not least the Parliament Buildings.

We had an extra nice cabman, and he drove us right in front of the Buildings, so we could see the Statues.

I really believe I learnt more Canadian history that afternoon