

Above there, rises immovable and dark, the forest of Blois. You are shewn the road which leads to Loches, terrible for so long a time. They show you the road which leads, or rather did lead to Valencay, when that man lived, of so much spirit, whose every word was received with a smile—even when that word was big with a revolution. From these charming heights the landscape surpasses description. Imagine something immense, the mountain passed over with the swiftness of an arrow, at your feet the valley filled with light and shade, the whole length of the Loire, that fantastic mirage bordered by those high poplars, through which those magic distances are half-perceived. At this moment contemplation rules the hour; in vain are you urged to remark the difficulty of the curves, the work of the embankments, and even those abutments of beautiful stones which give so much consistency to the road; you are entirely devoted to the spectacle which transports you, soul, heart, mind—everything.

It is so beautiful this bank of the Loire! On each side, above, below the shore, count the villages, the chateaux, the old houses, half hidden in their old French hedges. A short time only and these beautiful shores will be united to the railway by numerous foot bridges. In the river you still see passing one or two steamboats. Merely to see them dragging themselves painfully along in these difficult waters, we understand that their last day is come. One revolution conquered by a more powerful revolution. The boat throws out in the distance its last smoke, which whitens as it disappears.

Suddenly on this road filled with happy and poetical accidents, on this road which goes under the open sky without plunging once into the shades of a tunnel, we find—Amboise! It is true Touraine; there lived, reigned, fell the true Guises. Charles VIII and the poet Commise were borne in this old city. And we forget *The Romance of the Rose*, the poet Jean de Meung and his continuator Jean Clopinel. The two together made a celebrated poem. But of a dullness! The Loire deserved something better than that.

A hundred casks of wine are sent every year to whoever will drink them, from this city of Amboise,—and whatever this wine is, connoisseurs prefer it to all the allegories of Jean de Meung or his comrade Jean Clopinel.

If the wine of Guine is the Clos-Vougeot of Orleans, the wine of Vouvray is the wine of Touraine. This sparkles and even dances in the merry glass, this wine of Vouvray, it has a pleasant and sprightly flavor, it is drunk even in Paris. The vines disappear, and with the wine, the vintagers. We cross an admirable bridge thrown over the river, at Mont Louis—a bridge of twelve arches of twenty five metres height! It is a masterpiece of art, of taste, of difficulties overcome. Do not go so swiftly, gracious Heaven! Here we are in the most beautiful part of Touraine, look! This silver river, followed, preceded, surrounded by verdure—it is the Cher; these two roads which diverge from this point like the branches of an immense fan, the Bordeaux road which is going to pursue its course is begun; it is afterwards the road from Tours to Nants; scarcely finished, a new route begins, and now what part of the kingdom of France will not have its passage to bring it into contact with Europe and the world? The termination is worthy of the point of departure! The port of Tours is almost as large as the Champ de Mars. Having it in his power to indulge his taste for noble things, the government architect has constructed a very light and elegant arcade, as a specimen of the buildings soon to be finished. This inauguration had nothing official, as I have told you, but our whole passage was a fete; a happy population came to meet the train, the Mayors, as we passed, joined this assembly, paying attention to the smallest details; the Mayor of Blois accompanied us to Tours, and at Tours the first magistrate of the city came to receive the guests of the rail road. Complete hospitality! Grand music! Flowers and joy! We entered Tours as people do who are not expected so soon, and whom they are very happy to receive. You know how beautiful this plain is. These two rivers, the Loir and the Cher,—fertilize and embellish it; the quays, the promenade, the fine houses, the gardens, the cathedral, worthy to be united to Notre Dame d'Orleans; the Palace of Justice, here is where-with to make a beautiful and extensive city, especially now when with one hand it touches Paris, and with the other Bordeaux! There father Rapin, there Destouchers, that comic poet of such firm good sense, were born. Over these plains Charles Martel passed, driving the Saracens before him. Old memories.—But a certain historical distance does not injure these spectacles of modern genius, the conqueror of time and space. We look at what is to come, we look at what has been, and we are glad to find so much cause for pride and joy.

We greatly needed an hour's repose, and this hour was well employed. A sumptuous breakfast awaited us. The hero of the day and the fete, Mr. McKenzie, was placed between General Schneider and the Duke de Mouchy. M. de Mouchy first gave the King's health, which was received with the enthusiasm to which pacific conquests are so favorable. Then followed the health of Mr. McKenzie. In a speech full of tact and good sense, he returns thanks to the government of this country, who had so generously accomplished such a beautiful work. "Gen-

tlemen," said the English engineer, "England has never made any thing so beautiful; she could not make any thing better. It is in this way that your government builds for glory; with us, we build for the dividend." At this same time all justice was rendered to the contributors to this great enterprise, to M. Drogillard, who furnished the rails, M. Hallette, whose establishments at Meung furnished a part of the material. In their turn the French workmen all obtained the merited acknowledgment. They were found, what they are in effect, full of courage, intelligence, zeal. The section of the road from Amboise to Tours was confided exclusively to French workmen. The whole section from Orleans to Amboise was made by French and English laborers, in proportion of one Englishman to five Frenchmen. The distance from Orleans to Tours, one hundred and forty kilometres, was passed over in three hours and thirty three minutes. The return was made a little more rapidly, viz: in three hours and ten minutes: we arrived at the very moment the train from Orleans to Paris was taking its departure. And here I am, thanks to the steam which has impelled me, thanks to the steam which is about to seize upon these light leaves, recounting to you, at the end of the day, this fabulous journey of one hundred and twenty leagues accomplished—and related the same day.

Extract of a Memorial addressed to His Excellency Sir William Macbean George Colebrooke, Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick, by the Promoters and Provisional Board of the Halifax Quebec and Montreal Railway Company, dated

LONDON, 17TH JULY, 1845.

"That a Public Company is now in course of being set on foot in London for the purpose of constructing a Line of Railway, which shall connect the Provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Canada, by a direct Line of Steam Communication, commencing at Halifax and proceeding to Quebec and Montreal, with power progressively to extend the same Westward to the Pacific Ocean, form Branches, and purchase and improve Lands upon the Line.

"That it is most confidently expected by the promoters of this great national undertaking, that it will receive the cordial support of all Her Majesty's subjects on either side of the Atlantic, who are in any way interested in the Trade, Commerce, and intercourse between Great Britain and the British North American Colonies.

"That Mr. Mc'Grigor, of the Board of Trade, in his valuable work on British America, published in 1832, mentions that the late Mr. Mc'Taggart, an Engineer employed on the Canals of Canada, and therefore little liable to the reproach of countenancing visionary speculations, was of opinion that Steam Boats would go up the Saint Lawrence from Quebec to Lake Superior ere three years from that time; that they may pass through the Notch of the Rocky Mountains, and be locked down the Columbia to the Pacific Ocean; and that the Town of Nootka, on the Sound of that name, from mere advantages of situation, is likely to become as large as London, as the Trade between it and the Oriental World would become wonderfully great in a short space of time; and that when the Steam Packet Line is established between Quebec and London, as it soon would be, we may come and go between China and Great Britain in about two months.

"That when Mr. Mc'Taggart made these observations he did not foresee that the application of Steam to purposes of intercourse on Railways would come into such rapid and universal use, but his opinions are cited as being entitled to much weight from his practical knowledge of the regions lying to the Westward of the Great American Lakes.

"That the following paragraph, bearing upon the same subject, has recently appeared in the Newspapers of the United States, viz:

"A gigantic project.—The Washington Correspondent of the Augsburg Universal Gazette, in speaking of a new Railway Line lately projected in the United States, gives the following particulars of the proposed undertaking:—"The treaty with China has made us aware of the necessity, not only of competing with the English in the Commercial Towns of the Celestial Empire, but of outstripping them altogether. In the same proportion as the European States are giving more and more the preference to the ancient route to India, and the Mediterranean is becoming the medium of the European Trade with Asia, so we must exert ourselves to make the Great Ocean subservient to our purposes, and this is to be done by a connection of the Atlantic with the Great Ocean. A proposal of this kind has already been submitted to Congress, and I hasten to communicate to you its principal outlines. Mr. Whitney, one of our most enterprising New York Merchants, proposes the construction of a Railway from the Western shore of Lake Erie to the navigable part of the Columbia River, in the Oregon Territory, to become the future medium of the American European Trade with China. The length of this Railroad would be 2,750 English miles, and the expenses of its construction are estimated at \$50,000,000, it would be finished within the period of 25 years. Eight days would be sufficient to reach from New York the farthest end of the Railway; the Columbia River would be navigated by Steam, and Steamers from its mouth would reach within 25 days Canton, Ningpo, or Amoy. The Harbour of Amoy is considered as the best, and to it the Steam Navigation would be directed. The trip from New York to Amoy would thus only take about 30 days, and