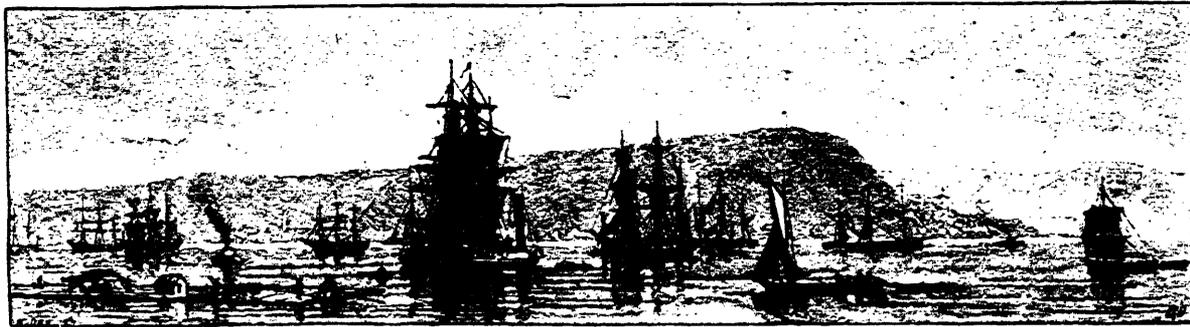


# PICTURESQUE CANADA.



## QUEBEC.

### HISTORICAL REVIEW.

OUR work begins with Quebec. Rightly so. Canada has not much of a past, but all that it has from Jacques Cartier's day clusters round that cannon-girt promontory; not much of a present, but in taking stock of national outfit, Quebec should count for something;—indeed, would count with any people. We have a future, and with it that great red rock and the red-cross flag that floats over it are inseparably bound up.

The glowing pages of Parkman reveal how much can be made of our past. A son of the soil like Le Moine, who has an hereditary right to be animated by the *genius loci*; whose Boswell-like conscientiousness in chronicling everything connected with the sacred spot deserves all honourable mention, may exaggerate the importance of the city and the country, its past and its present. But truer far his extreme—if extreme it be—than Voltaire's or La Pompadour's, and their successors' in our own day. The former thought France well rid of "fifteen thousand acres of snow," with an appreciation of the subject like unto his estimate of those "*Juifs misérables*," about whose literature the world was not likely to trouble itself much longer when it could get the writings of the French *Philosophes* instead. The latter heartily agreed with him, for—with Montcalm dead—"at last the King will have a chance of sleeping in peace." To us it seems that the port which for a century and a half was the head-quarters of France in the New World, the door by which she entered and which could be closed against all others, the centre from which she aimed at the conquest of a virgin continent of altogether unknown extent,