

## QUEBEC.

BY HIS EXCELLENCY THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

O FORTRESS City, bathed by streams  
Majestic as thy memories great,  
Where mountains, floods, and forests mate  
The grandeur of the glorious dreams,  
Born of the hero hearts, who died  
In founding here an Empire's pride ;  
Prosperity attend thy fate,  
And happiness in thee abide,  
Fair Canada's strong tower and gate !

May Envy that against thy might  
Dashed hostile hosts to surge and break,  
Bring Commerce, emulous to make  
Thy people share her fruitful fight,  
In filling argosies with store  
Of grain and timber, and each ore,  
And all a Continent can shake  
Into thy lap, till more and more  
Thy praise in distant worlds awake.

For all must drink delight whose feet  
Have paced thy streets, or terrace way ;  
From rampart sod, or bastion grey,  
Have marked thy sea-like river greet  
The bright and peopled banks that shine  
In front of the far mountain's line ;  
Thy glittering roofs below, the play  
Of currents where the ships entwine  
Their spars, or laden pass away.

As we who joyously once rode  
So often forth to trumpet sound  
Past guarded gates, by ways that wound  
O'er drawbridges, through moats, and showed  
The vast St. Lawrence flowing, belt  
The Orleans Isle, and sea-ward melt ;  
Then past old walls by cannon crowned,  
Down stair-like streets, to where we felt  
The salt winds blown o'er meadow ground.

Where flows the Charles past wharf and dock,  
And Learning from Laval looks down,  
And quiet convents grace the town,  
There swift to meet the battle shock  
Montcalm rushed on ; and eddying back,  
Red slaughter marked the bridge's track :  
See now the shores with lumber brown,  
And girt with happy lands that lack  
No loveliness of Summer's crown.