

### *The Yankee in Quebec.*

your vision reaches to the mountains of Maine, sixty miles away. This whole scene is one vast circular

#### **Panarama of Peace.**

Close your eyes and wander back for nearly four hundred years, and the panorama vaguely blends itself into one of war. There in the harbor you see slowly sailing in, "the first arrivals from the sea"—time 1635—three small ships, under Jacques Cartier, *La Grande Hermine*, *La Petite Hermine* and *L'Emérillon*, and as the time creeps on, you may see hostile fleets in this broad expanse of water, pouring their solid shot into the battle-scarred city, whilst almost at your very side stands a Frontenac or a Montcalm, answering back solid shot, in defiance. Look, look in any direction, where you will, on land, are marchings and counter marchings, storming and beating back, until you seem to be in the midst of

#### **One vast Battle Field.**

You open again your eyes, go out among the people, and lose all belief in prenatal influence, for a more amiable, peace loving people, I have never met, than these children of a race, born, and nurtured through centuries of war.

"Colonel," said I, as soon as I could get back to the present, "this one morning amply repays