

interest of no ordinary character for well-informed tourists. To the traveller, there are innumerable points and items vastly interesting and curious :—the citadel and forts of Cape Diamond, with their impregnable ramparts that rival Gibraltar in strength and endurance against siege; the old walls of the city and their gates, each of which has its legend of war and bloody assault and repulse; the plains of Abraham, every foot of which is commemorated with blood and battle; Wolfe's monument, where the gallant and brave soldier died with a shout of victory on his lips; the Martello towers, with their subterranean communications with the citadel; the antique churches, paintings, and all her paraphernalia, treasures, and curiosities that are religiously preserved therein; the falls of Montmorenci; the natural steps; Montcalm's house, and a thousand other relics of the mysterious past that has hallowed these with all the mystic interest that attaches to antiquity, great deeds, and beautiful memories. To see all these, a tourist requires at least two days' time; and surely no one who pretends to be a traveller, in these days of rapid transit, will fail to visit Quebec, the best city, the most hospitable place, and richer in its wealth of rare sights and grand old memorials, French peculiarities and English oddities, than any other city on this broad continent."

In the rosy days of his budding fame, the gifted Henry Ward Beecher discourses as follows, of the Rock City.

"Curious old Quebec!—of all the cities on the con-