

fortifications are crowded the quaint mediaeval streets and dwellings, built generally of stone, two or three stories high, and roofed, like the public buildings, with shining tin. The five original gates in the city wall were removed some years ago, but new ones of a more ornamental character have taken their place. Kent Gate, named in honour of the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, is situated in St. Patrick Street. St. Louis Gate and St. John's Gate are both in St. John's Street. The old market Square, in the centre of the Upper Town, is surrounded by more or less striking buildings. On the east is the Basilica (formerly the Cathedral), a stone building capable of seating four thousand persons. The interior is richly decorated, and contains several original paintings of great value by Vandyke, Caracci, Hallé and others. Here are the remains of Champlain, the founder and first governor of the city. Adjoining the Basilica, on the north, are the Laval Seminary and University, the latter being especially worthy of attention. The museum of zoology contains one thousand different birds and seven thousand insects; the library includes over eighty thousand volumes; and the picture gallery is the oldest in Canada. Lying to the north of the market square is the Ursuline Convent, founded in 1639, in the parlour of which are some fine paintings by Vandyke, Champagne and others. The remains of Montcalm are buried here in an excavation made by the bursting of a shell within the precincts of the convent. The Hotel Dieu, near the Ramparts, was founded in 1639 by the Duchess D'Aiguillon, and the half-hundred sisters minister gratuitously to some ten thousand patients annually. The Post-office, the Parliament, and Departmental Buildings, and the new Court House, will command a passing glance. A picturesque stairway—Champlain Steps, or Côté de la Montague—running off Mountain Hill Street, leads to the venerable church of Notre Dame des Victoires, erected in 1690 on the site of Champlain's residence. In fact, the whole city is brimful of quaint old and bright new buildings, the former rich with historical associations, the latter bearing testimony to the spirit of advancement which has of late

years partially taken possession of the municipality. The Custom House, occupying the very apex of the point upon which Quebec is built, and the ship-building yards on the St. Charles river are also "show places" of which the inhabitants are very proud.

INTERESTING ENVIRONS.

The loquacious Jehu who drives the traveller to the Plains of Abraham will put his "fare" down alongside a little monument erected on the spot where Wolfe expired, near to the well from which water was procured to moisten his parched lips. The inscription on the monument is eloquent in its brevity: "Here died Wolfe victorious." Driving on from this classic spot through the leafy shade of Spencer Wood, on returning to the city the historic heights where General Murray won one and lost another battle of the plains in 1760 may be seen, as may the bronze statue presented by Prince Napoleon Bonaparte in 1855 to commemorate the fierce struggles. The antiquated one-storey house where Montmorency was laid out, near the hotel, the Ursuline Convent—founded in 1641, and containing some splendid paintings—will repay a visit. Indeed, the city which Richelieu fondly hoped would one day become the capital of a Northern Mexico, teems with interesting associations, and to the imaginative is a veritable poem in masonry. The strange tortuous streets, the dark *culs de sac*, the weird-looking older houses, seem to be silently eloquent of a memorable past. If, after feasting the historic soul, one sits in a contemplative mood, in the cool of the evening, on Dufferin Terrace, inhaling the refreshing breezes of the St. Lawrence there again he sits on classic ground, for that charming promenade stands on the buttresses and platform formerly occupied by the Château of St. Louis, built by Champlain in 1620—a building which did duty as fortress, prison and Governor's palace until it was destroyed by fire in 1834. The terrace commands a scene of surpassing beauty. Looking over the low-lying town, on one side are the fortified bluffs of Point Lévis, and on the other the St. Charles river winds away up its peaceful valley. The white