

"I rubbed my eyes to be sure I was in the nineteenth century, and was not entering one of those portals which sometimes adorn the frontispiece of old black letter volumes. I thought it would be a good place to read Froissart's Chronicles. It was such a reminiscence of the Middle Ages as Scott's Novels.

"Too much has not been said about the scenery of Quebec. The fortifications of Cap Diamond are omnipresent. You travel 10, 20, 30 miles, up or down the river's banks, you ramble 15 miles among the hills on either side, and then, when you have long since forgotten them, perchance slept on them by the way, at a turn of the road or of your body, then they are still with their geometry against the sky.....

"No wonder if Jacques Cartier's pilot exclaimed in Norman-French *Que bec!* ("What a peak!") when he saw this cape, as some suppose. Every modern traveller uses a similar expression.....

"The view from Cape Diamond has been compared by European travellers with the most remarkable views of a similar kind in Europe, such as from Edinburgh Castle, Gibraltar, Cintra, and others and preferred by many. A main peculiarity in this, compared with other views which I have beheld, is that it is from the ramparts of a fortified city, and not from a solitary and majestic river cape alone that this view is obtained... I still remember the harbor far beneath me, sparkling like silver in the sun,—the answering headlands of Pointe Levi on the S. E.,—the frowning Cape Tourmente abruptly bounding the seaward view