

The Yankee in Quebec.

Scarcely a spot in this old city but what could 'a tale unfold.' Come, Rube, what on the list do you want to do first?" "Well, in this case," said I, "since the 'last' cannot be 'first' as it is too far out for to-day, let's change the programme and see

The Citadel.

The sentinel at the gate must have known the Colonel, for he sent four or five of his picked men along, to see that he (the Col.) did not carry off any of the ordnance, that being all there was in sight to carry, but the men were sent all the same, and they very courteously showed us about. I never was good at detailed, description, and I don't propose beginning on the Citadel. For that matter, however, there's nothing to describe, but a barren, flat, rocky expanse of some 40 acres, walled in, with 200 soldiers to show tourists around, during the day, and have a good time at the Terrace Concerts with the girls, in the evening.

There wasn't a single incident, until we reached that little cannon where the guides all stop and the spokesman clears his throat, throws out his chest, strikes an attitude, and tells you, pompous like :