

of peace to the savage tribes beyond Lakes Huron and Superior, on the head waters of the Mississippi, and in the frozen regions of Hudson Bay.

It was long the rendezvous of the *voyageur* and *courreur de bois*, of the trapper and trader, those pioneers of civilization, and the *entrepot* of the Hudson Bay Company, that giant monopoly which so long asserted its supremacy over a territory nearly as large as the whole of Europe.

Many are the thrilling traditions of raid and foray on the infant colony and mission, of the massacres, captivities, and rescues of its inhabitants; many are the weird, wild legends many the glorious historical recollections clustering round the grand old city. Memories of Jacques Cartier and Champlain, and Maisonneuve and Frontenac, and D'Iberville and Montcalm, and Wolfe and Montgomery, and many another gallant hero, fill our minds as we gaze upon the scene. No city in America, and few cities in the world, have been so often besieged and taken and retaken as Quebec.

The prominent feature in the topography of Quebec, is Cape Diamond, rising perpendicularly to the height of 300 feet above the Lower Town, crowned by the impregnable citadel, whose position and strength have gained for the city the *sobriquet*—the Gibraltar of America. Like a faithful sentinel, it stands the warden of the noble river flowing at its feet, waving in lofty triumph over its head the red cross flag of England.

The cliff on which the city stands is somewhat the shape of a triangle, the two sides of which are formed by the rivers St. Lawrence and St. Charles, while the base of the triangle is formed by the Plains of Abraham, west of the city, on which was fought the battle whereby Quebec was wrested from the French in 1760. The river fronts are defended by a continuous wall on the very brow of the cliff, with flanking towers and bastions, all loopholed for musketry, and pierced for cannon. The west side, towards the level plain has, or rather had, for much of it has been demolished, a triple wall, faced with masonry, running zig-zag across the plain, with deep, wide trenches beneath; the inner wall sufficiently higher than the others to allow the heavy cannon which it mounts to rake the entire *glacis* in case of assault or attempted escalade. These grass-grown, poplar-shadowed ramparts are now a favourite promenade for the citizens, and playground for the children.