

gates were erected. In 1775, Capts. Gordon and Mann, R. E., had drafted a plan for a temporary Citadel. In 1779, it was begun by Capt. Twiss, R. E. In 1793, Capt. Fisher reported it had gone to decay and applied at headquarters for plans to protect St. Louis and St. John's gates.

Shortly after his arrival in Canada, Lord Dufferin selected this very airy post for his summer holiday home, after each Parliamentary recess. A noble terrace and ballroom were since added; Princess Louise, one of Queen Victoria's fair daughters, and her consort of the lordly house of Argyle, occupy it at the present moment. Let us not intrude, at this late hour, on the privacy of these cultured city guests. H. R. H. may possibly, at this very instant, be engaged in painting, from the Prince's Feather Bastion,—a gorgeous Canadian sunset—just as the sun god is giving his last kiss to the green groves of Levis and dropping an expiring ray on the chasm of placid waters 350 feet below, pushing their wavelets to the ocean, whilst Lord Lorne is revolving in his own mind, the best means to secure long life and success to his pet creation, the Royal Society of Canada.

Art and Literature, stalking hand in hand, is this not a winsome sight for you and me, my dear poet?

But to revert to our grim, casemated citadel, who now will write the garrison chronicles of the hundred and one dashing British regiments, previously quartered there?

They too, had their days of scares and dire alarms, in 1837-8, when those rank rebels, the *Chasseurs Canadiens*,* meditated mischief and were only, as they later on pretended, prevented by a bright moon, from creeping up, under the veil of night to surprise the sentries and take possession of the impregnable fortress, to which had been removed for safe-keeping, the speciee of our Canadian Banks. If success—

*To a stalwart old *chasseur* of 1837-8, I am indebted for the form of the oath taken. The candidate for initiation was admitted in a room, then blindfolded and made to kneel between two men, one of whom held a pistol to his ear, the other pointing a poniard to his heart. The form of oath was then read. The candidate swore to keep secret the proceedings of the *Patriotes*, in the approaching rising, consenting to have his throat cut if he failed. The bandage was then removed and the oath signed.

(For further particulars, see p. 252-3 of "Picturesque Quebec.")