

when they knew the place as *Stadacona*. Quebec, quaint, picturesque and drowsy, the theatre of numerous romantic and momentous historical dramas, with her crenelated fort, loop-holed for grim-looking old guns, fat with pyramids of shot and shell, what a world-wide notoriety is hers! And how uncommonly cheek-by-jowl are the useful and the interesting features of Cartier's city; for below are the crowded marts of commerce, vast beaches, and within a few feet a fleet of "Great Easterns" might float in safety.

Quebec, really founded in 1608 by Champlain, is to-day divided into the Upper and Lower Towns, which form a triangle, of which the Plains of Abraham are the base and the rivers St. Lawrence and St. Charles the sides. Fittingly called "the key of the St. Lawrence," it is situated on an irregular

plateau. The old, or Lower Town, which lies wholly without the walls, has narrow, dirty, steep streets. The ascent from the Lower to the Upper Town, which crosses the line of the fortifications, is by a winding street and flights of steps. The streets in the latter, though narrow, are clean and tolerably well kept. The Upper Town is strongly fortified, and includes the citadel of Cape Diamond, which, with the fortifications, cover over forty acres and are about

three miles round. In addition to these defences, the approach to Quebec from the Plains of Abraham is protected by four Martello towers. Looking up to the brave old flag floating proudly over all, what memories of stubborn fights and the changeable fortunes of war are recalled! How one is carried back to the stirring times of 1629, 1632, 1759, when the stronghold was changed

back and forth from power to power, until in 1763 the white flag finally gave way to the Union Jack—to that autumn night in 1759 when the gallant Wolfe, on the eve of his romantic death and victory, and impressed with the solemnity of the moment not less than the possibilities of the morrow, spoke of Gray's beautiful elegy. "I would prefer," said he, "being the author of that poem to the glory of beating the

French to-morrow;" and while the cautious dip of the oars into the rippling current alone broke the stillness of the night, he repeated

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

A large part of the city within the walls is taken up with the buildings and grounds of the great religious corporations. Over the remaining irregular surface not covered with



WOLFE'S MONUMENT.