



## UNDER THE KING'S BASTION

A Romance of Quebec.

Serial Story written for the Canadian Home Journal

by

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### CHAPTER I.

"AFAR Quebec exalts her crest on high,  
Her rocks and battlements invade the sky.  
And proud Cape Diamond towers above  
them all,  
With aerial glacies and embattled wall,  
Till on the highest point where birds scarce rise,  
The flag of England floats amid the skies."

"PITTSBURG, 25th May, 1899.

"MY DEAR FRED.—It was my intention to run up north this summer and have a look at the improvements in the old city, of which I have heard a great deal lately: but business obliges me to sail for Europe immediately, so I must postpone the pleasure till next year.

"However, Mrs. Fortescue, an old friend of mine, with her niece, intends visiting Quebec, and it occurred to me to ask you and your mother, who is always so kind and hospitable, to call on them and give them a few hints on the sights, as they are both complete strangers in Canada. You would confer a great obligation upon me if you could comply with this request, for I am afraid my change of plans has rather interfered with theirs, as I had offered my service as *cicerone*.

"*Apropos*, my boy: I don't know if you are still fancy free, but if so, it might not be a bad spec', as we say, to bestow a little friendly attention, for Edith Darrell, besides being a thoroughly nice girl, has about \$5,000 a year in her own right; though her old aunt is preciously careful of both her and it, and is constantly running away from suitors with questionable motive. In fact, that is why she is leaving town so early, if I am not mistaken. They will arrive some time next week, and put up at the Chateau Frontenac. . . ."

With the rest we have no concern.

This letter was addressed to Fred Clifford, Esq., St. Louis Street, Quebec, and he was reading it as he strolled on Dufferin Terrace, the beautiful and far-famed promenade of Quebec. He was not thinking, however, of the beauty of the scenery, with which familiarity had bred entire disregard, if not contempt. He was taking into consideration, far more seriously than the writer intended, the suggestion concerning the lady with the \$5,000 per annum. He came to the conclusion that she should share it with him, if his endeavor, aided by certain outward attractions of person and manner, could persuade her to do so. He was urgently in need of money at that moment, besides which, being a young man of expensive tastes, and rather above supplying them by either mental or physical labor, he had been searching for an heiress for some time, and had never wasted much attention on penniless maidens in case of raising false hopes in their innocent hearts. "It won't be my fault if she goes home unengaged," was his last reflection, accompanied

by the underlying conviction, that apart from the money, the misfortune would be hers. And then he went home to dinner to announce his friend's request to his mother.

### CHAPTER II.

A week or so later, in the early morning, an elderly lady and two young girls stood on the deck of one of the steamers which run nightly between Montreal and Quebec. With-



FIRESIDE THOUGHTS.

From photo by Clay in Stone Harris.

in an hour the latter city would be reached, and they had risen betimes to lose nothing of the beauty of the approach, which is, perhaps, more imposing here than from the lower part of the river.

Meanwhile the morning mist was lifting from the broad and noble St. Lawrence, the banks on either side emerging gradually from the blue distance, and disclosing dark belts of woods, lines of rocky beach which rose into rugged cliffs on the left bank, white farm houses with brightly painted roofs, scattered thickly among the trees, white green and

white and brown lines running in all directions, denoted the confused network of fences that separate field, garden, and farm from each other and the high road. Here and there the sun gleamed on the crosses of Roman Catholic village churches, whose tin-covered steeples every few miles indicated another parish. The air was clear and pure; spread over all the land was the fresh greenness of the early June; and the whole wide landscape, the sparkling river, and distant purple mountains were canopied by a cloudless, brilliant Canadian sky.

"That is Cape Rouge, so called from the red cliffs all along here; and in a few minutes you will see on the left the basin of the Chaudière River," said the smiling Captain, hurriedly passing by; and twenty minutes later, as they rounded a point from which rose another graceful glittering spire, one of the girls exclaimed: "Oh, look, auntie, that must be Quebec!" And there, four miles away, the north shore swept out into a bold promontory, terminating in the "ram-pired rock," crowned with its line of fortifications, above which a red speck marked the English ensign, and at its base tiny houses clung to a narrow strip of shore, just out of reach of the water, which bathed their foundations.

As the boat steamed along, away up on the cliffs appeared handsome villas surrounded by parks, then a queer old Martello tower perched up against the sky; and there 333 feet above the steamer, towered in solemn grandeur the mighty "Fortress Key of Canada."

"Oh, this is really magnificent!" said the girl who had spoken before; and her admiration was worthily bestowed, for the first sight of Quebec must produce a memorable impression on any visitor. Not only is it, from the commanding situation and picturesque surroundings, one of the most beautiful places in the world, but the historic associations render it easily first among the cities of the Western Hemisphere. Quebec is unique in North America as the "walled city," ranking as a fortress with Gibraltar and Ehrenbreitstein, and as the theatre where scenes of stirring history have been enacted, where an empire was lost and won, where "armies battled, and where heroes died."

Her name is indelibly written on the page of war and glory. Five times besieged, she still looks calmly over the vast domain which has beheld so many changes, since first Jacques Cartier, gazing at the great lone rock, exclaimed, "*Quel bec!*" The foes who plotted to capture her, the armies that battered at her gates, have all passed across a greater and more mysterious river than the one she knows; and still, proudly and defiantly, she rears her head aloft, fearless of all perils, and, let us hope, never more to be disturbed by the rude storm of war, which has beaten upon her so fiercely.

Amidst the bustle of disembarking, our tourists had time for only a glance at the quays and embankments in front of the city, and soon found themselves hurried through