

Literature and Science.

—The queerest and quaintest town in the continent is the rock-throned, cannon-girt city of Quebec. It has none of the commonplace, rectangular characteristics of most American cities. Built on a mighty rock, on one of the greatest water-ways in the world, it is surrounded by natural barriers or precipitous cliffs, and by wall and parapet, buttress and breast-work that make it more perfectly fortified than, perhaps, is any other city in the world. Inhabited by a people, the majority of whom differ in language, custom and religion from the people that nominally rule them—crooked streets and narrow lanes, picturesque with the varied architecture of three centuries; contact of new and old everywhere; seventeenth century residences, thick-walled, dormer-windowed and many-gabled, crowded upon and overshadowed by great piles of modern iron-columned business houses; carts of the same clumsy designs and heavy material as were those used by the Breton peasants hundreds of years ago, alongside of light and graceful carriages of the latest design: the hoarse sound of an excursion on steamer's whistle and the rattle of the railroad cars mingling with the chimes of church bells—bells that were cannon in days of old and that once boomed out the thunders of war in louder tones than those in which they now call men to worship of the Prince of Peace.

Yes, an old and *outré* place is this, and columns and columns could be filled with a description of its many interesting features. Away up here, I sit on Dufferin Terrace, a broad esplanade, perched more than half way up the side of a gigantic rock, that is crowned with the greatest of all the citadels over which floats the Red Cross of England. Looking down far below, I see the great tide of the mighty St. Lawrence, sweeping around the promontory, freighted with crafts of all sizes, from the small canoe to the great man-of-war. Here, close inshore, a three-decked passenger steamer is going to Montreal; over there is a big ship bound for Liverpool with timber, and beyond is the United States man-of-war Galena, carrying the only American flag to be seen, except the one that floats over our own craft yonder under the shadow of the cliff. Down, 200 feet below, by the water's edge, are houses, on the roofs of which one could drop a pebble; crazy old houses, weather-beaten and stained by the hand of time, are most of them. It was along that narrow beach below, that in a snowstorm many years ago Montgomery came to meet Arnold and make joint attack on the city; but through the blinding snow came a bullet from this ledge up here, and Montgomery never met Arnold. Ah me! what romance and what tragedy have this great rock and that wide river been the scene of. What memories of strife and bloodshed and great men's names come to me as the twilight shadows the waters.—
J. Anthony Knox.