

Jail,—a stone structure of great strength, surmounted with a diminutive tower, admirably adapted for astronomical pursuits. From its glistening cupola, Commander Ashe's Provincial Observatory is visible to the east. A lofty red fence, surrounding the western portion of this Tolbooth, may be seen from the St. Louis Road. It invests the abode of crime with a sanguinary aspect. During the middle ages, when great criminals were frequently flayed alive, this blood red circumvallation might have been mistaken for the bleeding hides of murderers, heretics, sorcerers and witches. It has ever, in my mind, been associated with a warning to erring humanity. Beware of the red* Fence!

I was forgetting to notice that substantial building, dating from 1855—the Ladies Home. The Protestant Ladies of Quebec, have here, at no small expense and trouble, raised a fitting monument, where the aged and infirm may find shelter, food and raiment. This, and the building opposite, St. Bridget's Asylum, with its fringe of trees and green plots, are decided ornaments to the *Grande Allée*.

The Cholera burying ground of 1834, with all its ghastly memories of the Asiatic scourge, through the taste and liberality of our Irish brethren, has assumed quite an ornate, a respectable aspect. At the angle of DeSalaberry Street, on the *Grande Allée*, may yet be seen one of the stones which serve to mark the western boundary of the city, opposite the old Lampson Mansion. Here we are at those immortal Plains—the Hastings and Runnymede of the two races once arrayed in battle against each other.

Let us allow W. D. Howell, the brilliant writer of "Our Wedding Journey," to sum up the ground we have just gone over :

"The fashionable suburban cottages and places of Quebec, are on the St. Louis Road, leading northward to the old battle ground, and beyond it ; but these face chiefly to-

* Since these lines were written, the red has disappeared under a coat of whiteish paint.