

or to the whole British North American provinces". By a strange coincidence the three maritime provinces, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, were at the same time considering a union among themselves and had arranged to meet at Charlottetown on the 8th of September of the same year for the purpose of considering the terms on which such a union could be formed. The government of Canada, taking advantage of this state of feeling in the Maritime provinces, appointed a delegation to visit Charlottetown for the purpose of suggesting a larger union, to include Upper and Lower Canada. The larger proposition was very favorably entertained and the Charlottetown Conference accordingly adjourned to meet at the city of Quebec on the 10th day of October following.

The place of meeting was wisely chosen. The City of Quebec had been the scene in former years of many Conferences and meetings for the consideration of public questions. There the old French *Gouverneurs* and *Intendants* held Court with not a little of the gaiety and glamour of Paris and Versailles. There the Council of State formed after the Conquest, adjudicated upon all matters concerning the good government of the new colony. There the first simulacrum of a Parliament established under the Constitutional Act of 1791 sought with feebler purpose to speak for the people of Quebec, and there, after the retreat from Montreal on the burning of the Parliament Buildings in 1849, Parliament met to wrangle over French domination, and political patronage, and Clergy Reserves, and the woes and wrongs of all who had no share in the offices and emoluments of government. A place, certainly, of many meetings, hostile and friendly, national and local, historical and revolutionary. Let us recall one of these as it affords a striking contrast to the conference now being held. It is the meeting of Saxon and Gaul in mortal struggle for the possession of the strongest military outpost of France.

My story brings us back a little over a hundred years. Quebec was then as now, the Gibraltar of America, rugged and apparently impregnable, beetling high over the placid St. Lawrence. Since her foundation stone was laid by Champlain in 1608 she was the pride and glory of her citizens, and the envy of all the energies of France. To take Quebec was to complete the conquest of French America, for beyond her walls there was nothing to intercept the invader. But William Pitt the Great Commoner and War Minister must not be defied. British valour must be called upon to scale those heights, silence the guns of His Most Christian Majesty and write in blood, if need be, the title deed of her surrender. On the morning of September the 13th, 1759, the invader and the invaded met in the dim twilight, not for conference as the two races are meeting now, but for battle. It was a meeting of fire and blood and fury. Both leaders staked their lives on the result and lost. With the consecration of the