the name of Monseigneur de Laval, the pious founder of its paren institution. Within its walls are educated the descendants of the old French *noblesse*, who form the aristocracy of French Canada, and who in Parliament, in the Church, and in the British army nobly maintain the prestige of the chivalrous nation to which they owe their origin.

As the steamer glides to her moorings under the shadow of the vast fortification, the student of history will "mark well her battlements," and is constrained to recall to memory the many stirring events which these walls have witnessed. Now, for over 130 years, the bugle notes so dear to the heart of the British redcoat have succeeded to the beat of the French drums, that marked the century and a half of Quebec's history preceding the eventful campaign of 1759. Only a few hundred yards to the west of the Citadel are the heights of Abraham, where the 2d and 3d battalions of the 6oth regiment (Royal Americans), shared with the famous 78th Highlanders and other British corps, under Wolfe, the honor of the victory that was so stubbornly disputed by the gallant Royal Roussillon and their equally brave comrades in-arms of the sister French regiments of Languedoc, La Sarre and Guienne, under the intrepid but unfortunate Montcalm.

The "Royal American," later the 6oth Foot, and now the King's Royal Rifles - a corps raised by the American colonists in 1755, and which has since become one of the most distinguished in Her Majesty's service - was with the dying Wolfe on that memorable occasion when he gave orders to intercept the retreat of the French army across the River Charles, which forms the northern boundary of the city of Quebec. By a singular coincidence, the River Charles at Boston, which, like its Quebec namesake, forms the northern boundary of a city fairly reveling in the wealth of its historical associations, was little more than a decade and a half later crossed by the redcoats, on that eventful day in 1775 of which Americans are so proud. And yet another coincidence remains to be noted: More than a century after its honorable service under Wolfe, this former Boston regiment was the last to march out of the chain gate of the Citadel when the imperial forces were withdrawn from Canada in 1871. The stories of the two historical cities of the continent are thus strangely linked; and it is not unworthy of note that it is to Francis Parkman, the cultured historian of Boston, that Quebec is indebted for the most picturesque and entrancing delineation of her own romantic past.

Hardly a stone's throw from the steamboat landing, at the foot of the precipice upon which stands the Citadel, the brave

Montgomer hanging Du the shade o erected to bearing the classic bea monumenti Notwiths

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