

"History is everywhere around,—she rises from the ramparts replete with daring deeds, and from the plains equally celebrated for feats of arms, and she again exclaims 'here I am.'"

Quebec is divided into the Upper and Lower Town, the ascent from the latter being by a very steep and winding street through Prescott Gate. The site of the Lower Town may be regarded as almost entirely the creation of human industry, having been gained by excavation from the base of the impending precipice, or redeemed from the river by building out into its waters. The wharves are, generally speaking, carried out upwards of 200 yards into the river.

Skirting the bank of the St. Charles, called by Jacques Cartier Port Ste. Croix, a continuation of Lower Town is called St. Roch, from which, in a circuitous manner, the city ascends to the very border of the Citadel and the Ramparts, the principal access being through Palace Gate. The city is remarkably irregular, and the streets extremely narrow, following the example of all the old French towns; but, from the massive walls and antiquated appearance of many of its buildings, its appearance is picturesque and romantic. Here and there flights of steps lead the passenger from one street to another, reminding the tourist forcibly of the streets in the islands of Guernsey or of Malta. The fortifications cover an area of forty acres, and beneath them are many spacious and gloomy vaults for the reception of ammunition and stores during a time of war. The tourist, with proper introductions, or if a foreigner, with a note from his Consul, will find no difficulty in obtaining a pass from the military authorities to view them, and will be well rewarded with the sight. The finest prospect that can be enjoyed in the city is obtainable on the ramparts, and though at the signal house a higher altitude can be obtained, yet to lean upon the balustrade of "the platform" in the promenade, just below the Citadel, and gaze over the Lower Town, where the hurry of business is going on, and