

bion. It seems to have been a fine old custom for gentlemen of Quebec, out of a pure spirit of courtesy, to call on strangers at an hotel and show them such civilities as were in their power. The two gentlemen who called on us were the Hon. John Neilson* and Mr. Richardson, of St. Roch's. We were most agreeably received by them. I have never forgotten their pleasant manner and conversation. They were both elderly men in comparison with us, but that seemed to make no difference. They talked to us with the experience of age and the kindness of true gentlemen. The Hon. Mr. Neilson in the afternoon conducted us on a tour round the walls of the city, pointing out the places of historical interest, and explaining the great events that had been connected with them. One remark of his sticks in my memory, he said: "Quebec is impregnable. No hostile army could lie before it in winter, and no power on earth could keep the British fleet out of the St. Lawrence in summer." We had a delightful day of it, our first one in Quebec.

Next day my friend and I visited the Plains of Abraham, where we gazed with sympathy at the rude stone obelisk graven with the ever momentous words: "Here died Wolfe, Victorious." We drank of the spring of water which had cooled his dying lips. We drank it like sacramental wine to his glorious and immortal memory. We visited the Cathedrals, English and French, and on Buade Street gazed up wonderingly at the tablet of the Chien d'Or on the facade of the old Philibert House. I asked, but found no one able to tell me its origin or meaning. The clever historian of Quebec, Sir James LeMoine, had not yet written the "Maple Leaves," nor opened those mines of golden romance, poetry and history for the use of future writers and the delectation of generations of readers in times to come. I did not think that day that I should ever help to solve the mystery of "The Golden Dog."

We visited the old market** opposite the French Cathedral and

* Hon. John Neilson, M. P. for the County of Quebec 1818—1834, born at Donald, Scotland 17th July, 1776, died at Dornald, Cape Rouge, 1st February, 1849. As editor of the Quebec Gazette for years he was styled the Nestor of the Canadian Press, Delegated by Parliament, on three occasions the bearer of Canadian grievances to the King and Imperial Parliament, he closed his long and honored career amidst general regret, and was interred in the burying ground which was given by himself to the Presbyterian Church, at Valcartier, a settlement sixteen miles from Quebec, in the prosperity and progress of which he had always taken a deep interest. John Richardson, a leading merchant of Quebec, owned mills in the suburb of St. Roch. Richardson Street was called after him. J. M. L.

**Removed about 1843.

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