

vast wastes of forest verdure ; mountains silent in primeval sleep ; river, lake, and glimmering pool ; wilderness oceans mingling with the sky. Such was the domain which France conquered for civilization. Plumed helmets gleamed in the shade of its forests ; priestly vestments in its dens and fastnesses of ancient barbarism. Men steeped in antique learning, pale with the close breath of the cloister, here spent the noon and evening of their lives, ruled savage hordes with a mild, parental sway, and stood serene before the direst shapes of death. Men of a courtly nurture, heirs to the polish of a far-reaching ancestry, here, with their dauntless hardihood, put to shame the boldest sons of toil."

Of all this mighty empire of the past, Quebec was the undisputed capital, the fortress, the key-stone.

It would be a curious study to place in juxta position the impressions produced on Tourists by the view of Quebec and its environs—from Jacques Cartier, the discoverer of Canada, down to William Howard Russell.

Champlain, La Potherie, La Hontan, Le Beau, Du Creux (Creuxius), Peter Kalm, Knox, Silliman, Ampère, Mrs. Moodie, Anthony Trollope, Sala, Thoreau, Henry Ward Beecher, have all left their impressions of the rocky citadel.

"The scenic beauty of Quebec has been the theme of general eulogy. The majestic appearance of Cape Diamond and the fortifications, the cupolas and minarets, like those of an eastern city, blazing and spark-