

# QUEBEC.

## HISTORICAL AND BEAUTIFUL.

### The Mecca of American and Canadian Tourists

"Give me the land where the ruins are spread,  
And the living tread light on the graves of the dead;  
Yes, give me the land of the wreck and the tomb;  
There is grandeur in graves, there is glory in gloom.  
For out of the gloom future brightness is born,  
As after the night comes the sunrise of morn."

While Canada is yet too young a land to have ruins and ancient monuments, yet her history of three centuries bristles with names and deeds that cast a flash of glory upon her past. The record of that period seems written in the stones and carved into the rock of her glorious old city—Quebec. Nature has been prodigal of her splendors and attractions in and around the ancient city; man's hands have done much to embellish and fortify the noble fortress; and the shades of heroes and heroines hover around the place, as even the sea gulls that circle around the rugged breast of Cape Diamond.

Next year—1908—will witness the celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of Quebec, by Samuel de Champlain. No doubt the events of that great demonstration, which will bring together representatives of every element in Canada, as well as others from the United States, the British Isles, and from France, cannot fail to be worthy of the historic commemoration. It is, therefore, a most opportune moment, for such an organ as The Trade Review, to revive some of the memories that cling to old Quebec and to tell of the changes that three centuries have brought about.

#### ITS PICTURESQUE SITE.

Not Naples, with its calm and lovely expanse of water, and its semi-circle of hills; not Dublin, with its wonderful bay, its towering headlands and its background of Wicklow mountains; not Athens, seated amidst the ruins of the Acropolis, and gazing out, beyond the Pirens upon the tideless Aegean, dotted with the ever renowned "Isles of Greece," not any view that nature presents for human contemplation and admiration, can surpass in exhaustless beauty the scene from "Old Quebec."

Standing upon the terrace, that hangs or stretches above the Lower Town, and forms a magnificent promenade for the tourists who frequent the world-renowned "Chateau Frontenac," one gazes upon a panorama of the richest variety and most attractive combinations. Two hundred feet below winds the grand flood of the St. Lawrence, broadening out to em-

brace the verdant Isle of Orleans, in the distance. One hundred feet above towers the frowning citadel, that mighty military structure on the summit of Cape Diamond, that has gained for Quebec the title of " Gibraltar of America."

Yonder, beyond the stream, on whose bosom float the vessels from all corners of the earth, and the tiny ferry-boats ply their puffing traffic from shore to shore, are the heights of Levis, crowned with a mass of irregular buildings and marked by spires that point heavenward and catch the first rays of the rising sun. Far down, to the left, and almost opposite the Isle of Orleans—

"Through yonder mountain crack'd and smoldered by volcanic fire, sings Montmorency's cataract—fit chord for such a granite lyre."

From Montmorency, back along the north shore, as the eye ranges, the long village of Beauport extends its narrow length, while far behind the blue Laurentians roll up their hills upon hills, until they blend with the horizon. The St. Charles steals down from the northwest and empties into the St. Lawrence, while along its green valley the suburbs of the city meet the white highways that lead to Charlebourg and Ancient Lorette. Nearer still are the hilly, winding, narrow streets, along which are huddled together the buildings of twentieth century construction and countless structures that tell of the centuries that are gone. All this and much more may be seen from the terrace. Morning, noon or evening the promenade is delightful beyond words to tell. But this is only a panoramic view of the surroundings of Quebec. To examine them in detail you must drive out along the St. Foye or St. Louis roads, take excursions to the Indian village of Lorette, go down to Montmorency and Ste. Anne de Beaupre, on the electric railway, or visit Chateau Richer, Beaumanoir and the other lovely spots where the traditions of stirring events in the early history of the Colony still linger.

Since the introduction of electric light, wonderful transformations have taken place in the world. On a summer night, when the swarms of

lights along the Levis Heights may be said to dazzle, and, in the depths of the St. Lawrence, like stars they are reflected, when the schooners, ferry-boats, yachts, ocean steamers, propellers, and other vessels move hither and thither, like floating palaces of light through the darkness, possibly Venice—in its days of glory—could alone be compared to the picture. But words are vain to describe the natural beauties, the artificial attractions of the Ancient Capital. It is absolutely necessary that you should visit Quebec—and that during the summer months.

The yearly increasing rush of American and European tourists has become remarkable in a degree. Trains from all directions, ocean steamers, and above all, the palace boats of the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company's line, are daily and nightly loaded with passengers, pleasure-seekers, tourists coming to enjoy that grandest of all trips on this continent; and Quebec is ever the objective point.

#### ITS HISTORICAL MEMORIES.

In 1533, when Jacques Cartier first ascended the St. Lawrence, his practised eye detected the natural beauties, and above all, the natural strength of the majestic cape, whereon to-day the citadel of Quebec is seated. At its base he pitched his tent and held communication with the aboriginal tribes. Sixty-five years went by and Quebec, as a city and a fortress, became a reality.

To conciliate contending parties in France, after the edict of Nantes, and the expedition of the Norman Saint Chauvin, Henri IV granted a commission to a young, but brave and tried soldier, Samuel de Champlain, of Brouage. In 1603, we find this gifted man, with Dupont-Grave, teaching Indians at Tadoussac. In 1608 he laid the foundations of the city of Quebec, and began a work, the greatness of which, in Canadian history, will be evidenced in the celebration of next year's ter-centenary. It was 1615 before Quebec had any missionaries, but in that year Recollets and Jesuits appeared upon the scene. In 1632, a wealthy nobleman, Rene Rostaing, eldest son of the Marquis de Gamache, entered the Jesuit order and dedicated his fortune to the establishment of a college at Quebec. But the taking of the city by David Kirk prevented for a time the commencement of the work. However, before the summer of 1635, the foundations were laid, and thus began the oldest educational institution on this continent; it being one year older than Harvard.

On Christmas day of that year, the noble soul of Champlain went to its certain reward. He had laid the foundations of the city and had equalled the commencement of what may be styled the most historical building of Quebec.

Where stands the City Hall of to-day,—just across the square from the old Basilica, and bounded by Anne street, on the one side, and by Fabrique street on the other—stood the