

## CHAPTER II.

### THE WALLS OF QUEBEC.

COUNT DE LA GALISSONIERE, accompanied by his distinguished attendants, proceeded again on their round of inspection. They were everywhere saluted with heads uncovered and welcomed by hearty greetings. The people of New France had lost none of the natural politeness and ease of their ancestors; and, as every gentleman of the Governor's suite was at once recognized, a conversational, friendly even to familiarity, ensued between them and the citizens and *habitans*, who worked as if they were building their very souls into the walls of the old city.

"Good morning, Sieur De St. Denis!" gayly exclaimed the Governor to a tall, courtly gentleman, who was superintending the labor of a body of his *censitaires* from Beauport. "'Many hands make light work,' says the proverb. That splendid battery you are just finishing deserves to be called Beauport. 'What say you, my Lord Bishop?' turning to the smiling ecclesiastic. "Is it not worthy of baptism?"

"Yes, and blessing both: I give it my episcopal benediction," replied the Bishop; "and truly I think most of the earth of it is taken from the consecrated ground of the Hôtel Dieu—it will stand fire!"

"Many thanks, my Lord!"—the Sieur De St. Denis bowed very low—"where the Church bars the door, Satan will never enter, nor the English either! Do you hear, men?" continued he, turning to his *censitaires*, "my Lord Bishop christens our battery Beauport, and says it will stand fire!"

"*Vive le Roi!*" was the response, an exclamation that came spontaneously to the lips of all Frenchmen on every emergency of danger or emotion of joy.