

olden time, a special and peculiar interest centred round the 'Gates' of a walled city. The demolition of the Quebec Gates seems to have been decided upon without proper consideration. It is true that 'Decay's effacing finger' had left its mark, and that, in consequence of their narrowness, people were now and then compelled to tarry awhile when going out and coming in; but all with any respect for the past would have infinitely preferred suffering the inconvenience to losing these interesting mementoes of a bye-gone age. What we should have carefully and reverently preserved, we have ruthlessly destroyed. Outside of Mexico, the continent of America could show no such landmarks. These walls and gates were the chief antiquities of the New World.

The Jesuit barracks founded in 1633, as a college by the Jesuits, and subsequently made use of for military purposes, could, too, claim consideration on that score, but they, also, have been levelled to the ground. It was found that the walls were of a wonderful thickness and built as if intended to defy forever the ravages of Time. It is difficult to understand the motive for pulling them down, for no modern buildings have taken their place, and this historic ground is made use of, in this degenerate age, as a receptacle for the rubbish and filth of the city.

Surely, the fact that through the gates had passed Montcalm and Levis, and their own De Salaberry should have endeared them to the French, and that they had opened wide to Nelson, to Clarence and to Kent, ought also to have hallowed them in the eyes of the English. But no voice appears to have been raised to stay even the destruction of the gates. It is a wonder that the stones themselves did not cry out. When the stranger is in the city, Quebecers can no longer point to them with pride. What the Tower is to the four millions of London, so were the old historic walls, barracks and gates of

Quebec to the four millions of Canada. Would any one in England dare to suggest the pulling down of the Tower? The razing to the ground of the gates of a walled city in the Old World has generally been the work of an exasperated conqueror. In this case the sacrilege has been committed by ourselves. Does a wider way, do blocks of well-chiselled stone; does the skill of the architect—fashion he never so wisely—compensate for the destruction of what time had hallowed, and what were standing witnesses of French and English tradition? Posterity will judge. How this act of vandalism could have been at all countenanced by the poetic mind of the author of 'Letters from High Latitudes' is indeed a matter of surprise, and in the minds of the people of Quebec is the one reproach that clouds their grateful recollection of the magnificent hospitality and gracious courtesy of the Earl of Dufferin. The same want of sentiment with regard to our past appears to exist all over Canada. Certainly, Toronto has not much in the way of 'memorials' to boast of, yet its people made no effort to preserve the old Block Houses, familiar to many of the old inhabitants, and whose removal is already greatly deplored. The St. Louis and St. Foy roads of Quebec, well macadamized, almost as good as English roads—afford most enjoyable drives, and the country seats scattered along their length, beautifully laid out, and with every surrounding that money can buy and taste suggest, cannot but command admiration. Toronto has many houses in the Park, and elsewhere, of greater size and more ambitious architecture, but no such country seats. Senator Macpherson's 'Chestnut Park,' approaches them more nearly than does any other residence in that city.

I suppose 'Spencerwood', on the St. Louis and 'Bellevue,' as in the former owners' time, on the St. Foy, might be picked out as the representative places of Quebec.

Spencerwood, in which Lord Elgin,