

Has not each thoroughfare its distinguishing feature—its saintly, heathenish, courtly, national, heroic, or burlesque name? Its peculiar origin, traceable sometimes to a shadowy—a remote past? Sometimes to the utilitarian present. What curious vistas are unfolded in the birth of its edifices—public and private—bristling with the memories of their clerical, bellicose, agricultural or mercantile founders? How much mysterious glamour, is necessarily shed over them by the relentless march of time—by the vicissitudes inherent to human affairs? The edifices, did we say? Their rise—their struggles, their decay, mayhap their demolition by the modern iconoclast—have they no teachings? How many phases in the art of the builder or engineer, from the high-peaked Norman cottage to the ponderous, drow-y Mansard roof—from Champlain's picket fort to the modern citadel of Quebec?

The streets and by-ways of famous old-world cities have found chroniclers—in some instances, of rare ability: Timbs, Howitt, Augustus Sala, &c., why should not those of our own land obtain a passing notice?

Show us on American soil, a single city intersected by such quaint, tortuous, legend-loving streets as old Quebec? Name a town, retaining more unmistakable vestiges of its rude beginnings—of its pristine, narrow, Indian-haunted forest paths?

In fact, does not history meet you at every turn? Every nook, every lane, every square, nay even to the stones and rocks, have a story to tell—a living record—a tale to whisper of savage or civilized warfare—a memento to thrill the patriot—a legend of romance or of death—war, famine, fires, earthquakes, land and snow slides, riot, &c.?

Is it not to be apprehended that in time, the inmates of such a city, might become saturated with the overpowering atmosphere of this romantic past—fall a prey to an overween-