

We had a rather long passage down the St. Lawrence by the steamer running on to a raft in the dark night. Not much damage was done, but much blue swearing and delay occurred before the Lady Colborne got again under way. We arrived at Quebec very late; after eleven o'clock at night. The steamer had not been expected at that hour. The telegraph did not exist in those days to send word of her coming. The night was very dark, no lights were on the streets, and no hacks or caleches were in waiting to forward travellers to their destination.

My friend and I had been advised in Montreal to go to Page's Hotel on the Esplanade. We did not know the way to Page's, but got a vague direction on the wharf, and started to find it as best we could. We trudged up Mountain Hill and came to Prescott Gate, where a guard of soldiers was stationed. They allowed us to pass without difficulty, but we were soon hopelessly lost in the dark streets beyond. We met a young man, a real gentleman, such as we found many in Quebec at that time. We told him our dilemma, and asked the way to Page's, and he courteously offered to pilot our way thither. He led us to the door of the hotel, and bidding us a kindly good night, left us. I never met him again, but I have retained a warm corner in my heart for that polite young gentleman ever since.

We entered the hotel and asked for lodgings and supper, but to our great disappointment were told that the house was full, and they could not take us in. They directed us, however, to go to the Albion Hotel on Palace Street, where we might find accomodation.

In not the best of humors we again traversed the dark streets, but found our way at last to the Albion* Hotel, about midnight. We were well received there, however. They prepared for us a good supper and we went comfortably to bed to sleep the sleep of care-free young fellows, tired, but not hungry.

Next morning we woke at the reveille of gun fire and of drums and bugles from the Citadel and Jesuits' Barracks, and got up to admire and sniff the bright sky and balmy breeze of a Quebec summer morning. We enjoyed the good breakfast they gave us at the Albion, after we had run down to Hope Gate and the Ramparts to see the glorious spectacle of the river and the distant mountain scenery of the incomparable city of Quebec.

In the forenoon we were called upon by a couple of gentlemen of prominence in the city, who had heard of our being at the Al-

*The old Albion Hotel, for years the leading hostelry of Quebec, under the management of Mr. Lazare Trudelle, became the Victoria, and was destroyed by fire December 14, 1902.