



QUEBEC—ST. JOHN'S GATE.

afterwards upon our minds that tender play of color and brightness, so to speak, which is called among the Alps the afterglow. To ramble 'mid its narrow streets and old decrepit buildings, to make a cursory inspection of its battlements, to rove among the effete guns of the Grand Battery, to saunter in and out the old city gates, to mount again for the twentieth time to the promenade of Dufferin Terrace—to feel ourself irresistibly drawn to this grand rendezvous—far above the distracting rabble and *canaille* of the lower town—these were factors calculated to affect the senses of the most unobservant. Those who have scanned from the bastions of its gray citadel the environments of the ancient capital; or watched with never tiring eyes the St. Lawrence wind its tortuous course between steep banks in the dim distance; or observed the far away hills of New Hampshire, which the eager guide never fails to point out from the old rickety *diligence*; or caught sight of the white mist from Montmorency rising high into the air and forming a lacy veil to the blue Laurentians far beyond, can never fail to associate the most pleasant memories, the happiest of reminiscences about this ancient city. Quebec—ever old, yet always new. Quebec—about which volumes of verbiage have been written, and concerning which unending chapters must continue to be penned while man is influenced by things beautiful and romantic, or while literary aspirants continue to give the world the benefit of their impressions. Old patriotic Quebec, where in revolutionary times

"France's sons, on British soil,  
Fought for their English King,"

driving back the invader when every other post had capitulated. Quebec—the abode of romance, the habitation of patriotism, the haunt of picturesqueness and historic beauty—what an impressive frontispiece it would make to the mediaeval volume! Older and more quaint than many parts of France, for the revolution wiped out much of the grand past of the motherland, and, in comparison with Quebec, left her approximately modern. Of greater interest to the historian to-day than any other

world of babble, the continental boast of whose people is that they do not sleep at all.

#### The Mackenzie River Eskimos.

THE Mackenzie River Eskimos differ in many respects from those of the country east and west of the Delta. They are larger, more warlike, and more treacherous and suspicious, but they seem in many ways a fine, intelligent race. They are skilled in metal working, and more industrious and provident than most native tribes. Those of the Mackenzie River have their homes on the Bay, and live in comfortable houses made of the driftwood which the river brings down from above. Indeed, the great stream is like a fostering-mother to these people. It furnishes them with material for houses, sledges, tent-poles, and fuel. By extending the limits of the forest almost to the shores of the sea, it attracts the fur-bearing animals nearer their homes, and its waters supply them with whitefish, herring and inconnu. They are thus better nourished, and life is not so difficult as for those on the more barren stretches near Point Barrow and far to the eastward. Perhaps these conditions also favor a more warlike disposition, for it

spot on this continent, because the great battles for supremacy in the new world were fought at its gates. Of more traditional moment to Canadians than any other portion of this Dominion; for does not all of Canada's past centre round this storied rock? Long will Quebec linger in the memory of the visitor as a place of dreams and sentimentality—charming rarities, indeed, seldom found nowadays in this conventional nineteenth-century

is certain that the River Eskimos have always borne an unenviable reputation. They are more difficult to deal with, moreover, than the Indians. No credit is allowed them at the post, for they would always be dissatisfied and would claim more than was their due. A trade is always effected on the spot, or, if an Eskimo does not see what pleases him, he will carry off his skins until another time. In trading he will not hand over his whole pile of furs, as the Indians do, to be counted and value given as the buyer selects the articles wished, but he holds on tightly to his property, watchful and suspicious.

In winter the Eskimos live in their driftwood houses, but as the spring approaches and the time for hunting seal draws near, they move far out on the ice-floes. There they build circular huts of blocks of snow, as the eastern Eskimos do, and live in them until the thawing of the snow brings the shelter down around their ears. When the spring fairly sets in, they go up the streams to the hunting grounds to shoot reindeer and the wild fowl. Once a year only they come to trade at the post. Quite a large number had waited for some days for the boat, but, tired of the delay and wishing to be off on their summer hunt, most of them had left the fort only a few days before our arrival.

Many whales are found in the vicinity of the Bay, and one killed in the latter part of the short summer will insure comfort to all the inhabitants in the vicinity.—*Elizabeth Taylor in OUTING.*



A STREET SCENE IN LOWER TOWN, QUEBEC.