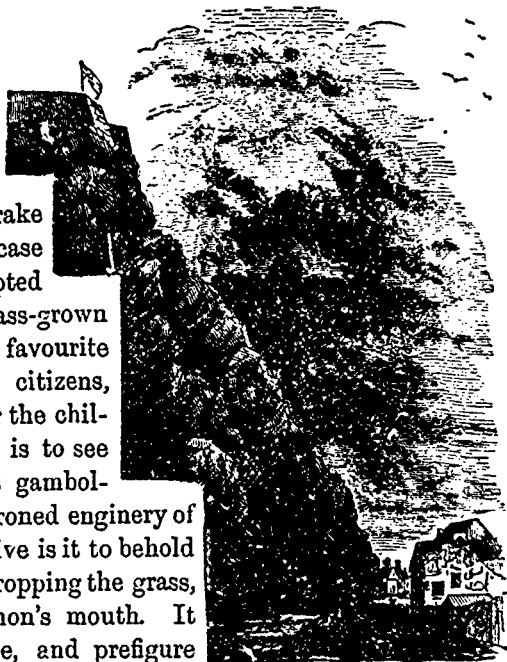


triangle, the two sides of which are formed by the rivers St. Lawrence and St. Charles, while the base of the triangle is formed by the Plains of Abraham, west of the city, on which was fought the battle whereby Quebec was wrested from the French in 1760. The river fronts are defended by a continuous wall on the very brow of the cliff, with flanking towers and bastions, all loopholed for musketry, and pierced for cannon. The west side, toward the level plain has, or rather had, for much of it has been demolished, a triple wall, faced with masonry, running zig-zag across the plain, with deep, wide trenches between; the inner wall sufficiently higher than the others to allow the heavy cannon which it mounts to rake the entire *glacis* in case of assault or attempted escalade. These grass-grown ramparts are now a favourite promenade for the citizens, and play-ground for the children. Beautiful it is to see the little innocents gamboling among the dethroned enginery of war. Very suggestive is it to behold the peaceful lamb cropping the grass, even from the cannon's mouth. It seems to anticipate, and prefigure the time, when the wolf shall lie down with the lamb, and a little child shall lead them.



CAPE DIAMOND.

But not ever was it thus! Where now the quiet sunlight sleeps, like the calm smile of God, once flashed the "red eye of battle." Where now ripples the light laugh of innocence, and the prattle of childhood, once resounded the rush of hosts and the clash of arms, the blast of the bugle, and the snort of the war-horse, the groans of the dying, and the wailing for the dead, and loud and solemn over all, the deep and deadly diapason of the cannonade.

The story of the battle which transferred half a continent from