

There is scarcely a foot here which is not historic ground, which is not consecrated by well-established fact or tradition, to the memory of deeds of heroism, of instances of undying piety and faith. The daring explorers of half a continent, European heroes of martial strife and strategy and their dusky chieftain allies, noble matrons and self-sacrificing missionaries, whose doings live for ever in the burning pages of Parkman, Lever, Charlevoix and Casgrain, have left behind them here monuments of their zeal for the cause of religion and fatherland, or immortalized the ground which once they trod, the soil for which they fiercely contended, the spot where first they planted the symbol of their religion, or the dust which they reddened with their blood. The old walls of the city are covered with historical ivy. And the tourist who would think nothing of spending weeks in less healthful localities and less hallowed associations and surroundings, will often be satisfied that he has done Quebec when he has cast a hurried glance at the Plains of Abraham and the Monument to Wolfe, and driven rapidly over streets rendered historic by the blood of heroes and martyrs, the red man's daring deeds and the carefully preserved traditions of the historian and the novelist. Often in laying out the plan for a summer trip extending over several days and perhaps weeks of time, will he begrudge a couple of days to the city and environs of Quebec, in his apparent anxiety to get back to the heated sands of New England watering-places, or the din and confusion of the large centres of American civilization, with their attendant bustle and heat and ten-story hotels.

A cursory glance from Dufferin Terrace, of the magnificent view which spreads itself around and below, sometimes satisfies him that he has thoroughly familiarized himself with scenery such as is seldom equalled and never excelled, which forms the subject of many a noted and wonderfully painted canvas, and upon which eminent