

continent of America, the quaintest. * * * It is a populated cliff. It is a mighty rock, scarped and graded, and made to hold houses and castles which, by a proper natural law, ought to slide off from its back, like an ungirded load from a camel's back. But they stick. At the foot [of the rocks, the space of several streets in width has been stolen from the river. * * * We landed. * * * *

"Away we went, climbing the steep streets at a canter with little horses hardly bigger than flies, with an aptitude for climbing perpendicular walls. It was strange to enter a walled city through low and gloomy gates, on this continent of America. Here was a small bit of mediæval Europe perched upon a rock, and dried for keeping, in this north-east corner of America, a curiosity that has not its equal, in its kind, on this side of the ocean. * * * *

"We rode about as if we were in a picture-book, turning over a new leaf at each street! * * * * The place should always be kept old. Let people go somewhere else for modern improvements. It is a shame, when Quebec placed herself far out of the way, up in the very neighbourhood of Hudson's Bay, that it should be hunted and harassed with new-fangled notions, and all the charming inconveniences and irregularities that narrow and tortuous streets, that so delight a traveller's eyes, should be altered to suit the fantastic notions of modern people. * * *

"Our stay in Quebec was too short by far. But it was long enough to make it certain that we shall come back again. A summer in Canada would form