

## QUEBEC AND ITS ENVIRONS.



QUEBEC.

THERE is an air of quaint mediævalism about Quebec that pertains, I believe, to no other place in America. The historic associations that throng around it like the sparrows round its lofty towers, the many reminiscences that beleaguer it as once did the hosts of the enemy, invest it with a deep and abiding interest. But its greatness is of the past. The days of its feudal glory have departed. It is interesting rather on account of what it has been than for what it is. Those cliffs and bastions are eloquent with associations of days gone by. They are suggestive of ancient feuds, now, let us hope, forever dead. Those walls, long laved by the ever-ebbing and flowing tide of human life, are voiceful with old-time memories.

The prominent feature in the topography of Quebec, is Cape Diamond. It rises perpendicularly to the height of 300 feet above the lower town. It is crowned by the impregnable citadel, whose position and strength has gained for the city the *soubriquet*—the Gibraltar of America. Like a faithful sentinel, it stands the warden of the noble river flowing at its feet, waving in lofty triumph over its head the red cross flag of England.

The cliff on which the city stands is somewhat the shape of a