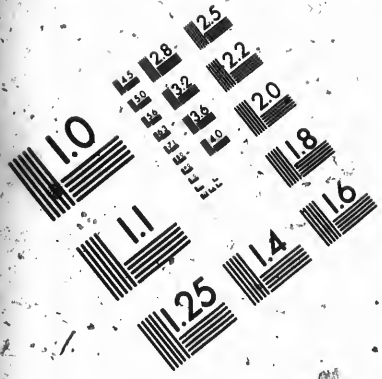

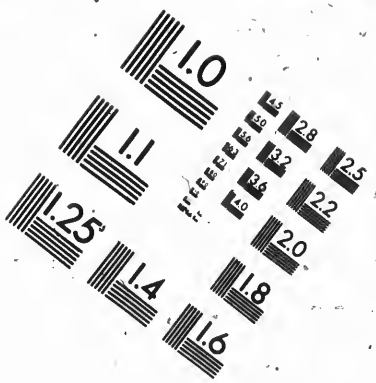

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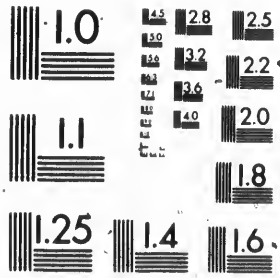

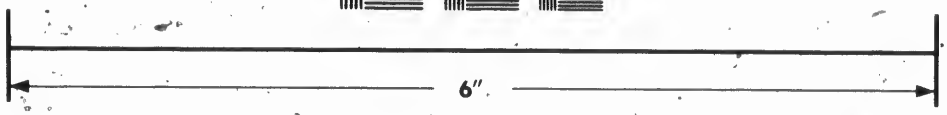

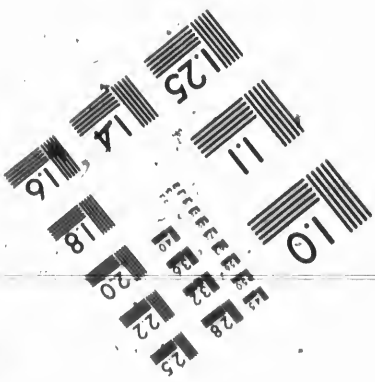

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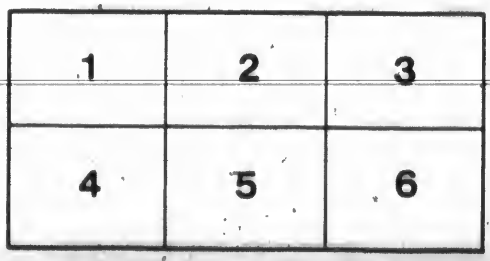


THE

ST. LOUIS HOTEL

GUIDE

—:TO:—

QUEBEC

BY

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

PUBLISHED BY

THE S. L. SWETT PUBLISHING CO.,

Temple Building, MONTREAL. | 1432 Broadway, NEW YORK.

BECAUSE

THEY OCCUPY THE SOIL HALLOWED BY THE HEROIC DEEDS OF

THE FIRST EUROPEAN INHABITANTS OF CANADA,

COLONIAL MASTERS OF HALF A CONTINENT,

FROM WHOM MANY OF THEM MAY CLAIM A LINEAL DESCENT;

AND

BECAUSE THEY HAVE FIVE TIMES HONORED ME

WITH ELECTION

TO THE

CITY COUNCIL OF QUEBEC,

I DEDICATE THIS BOOKLET

TO

THE ELECTORS OF ST. LOUIS WARD,

"LE PREMIER QUARTIER"

OF THE

OLD CITY OF CHAMPLAIN.

QUEBEC

"She gleams above her granite throne;
Her gray walls gird her ample zone;
She queens the North, supreme, alone."

SO sings the poet of the Sierras. And in introducing his inimitable picture of Quebec, he sounds for us the following melodious passage:—

"One enters upon the story and description of this wonderful city with great hesitation and a feeling of unfitness. For Dickens, LeMoine, Bancroft, Howells, and indeed a hundred of others have said great things of these battlements, cemented together by the best blood of centuries. Quebec is the storehouse of American history, and the most glorious of cities,—beautiful, too, as a picture."

And what Joaquin Miller found wonderful and glorious and beautiful in Quebec is just what tourists of every class and every land find equally so. She stands at the very threshold of this strong and impatient New World, in this age of progressive activity and enterprise, like a little patch of mediæval Europe, transplanted, it is true, upon a distant shore, but shutting out by her mural surroundings the influences that the whole of the surrounding continent has failed to exercise upon her.

Hard by the nineteenth century Niagara of relentless worry and bustle, yet apparently beyond the reach of that resistless torrent of commercial competition and turmoil of contention for financial supremacy, she continues upon the calm and even tenor of her peaceful way, unmindful of the disquiet and unrest prevailing without her walls. Time works few changes in Quebec. True to the traditions of her pious founders, she remains to this day the city of Champlain and Laval. The battlements behind which she remains secluded were erected by the religious fervor, missionary zeal and enduring fortitude of "the pioneers of France in the New World," strengthened by the language, the customs and religion of the "Old World, France," whence they sprung. Cemented further, as the American poet so beautifully expresses it, "by the best blood of centuries," these battlements have successfully defied alike the ravages of ruthless time and relentless foe. Her gates, thrown wide and hospitably open to peaceful visitors, have been defiantly closed in the face of invading foes, and even under the most adverse circumstances capitulation was only agreed to on condition that the peculiar fortifications of her people, erected by the devotion of their early leaders, should be perpetually maintained. It was this maintenance of their ancient ramparts that secured to England the allegiance of her French subjects in the New World, when her English-speaking colonists broke into open revolt. It secured to Britain the fortress of Quebec, and caused the repulse of the brave Montgomery. It stands to-day an apparently insurmountable barrier to the annexation of Canada to the United States, and elicited from a prominent French Canadian statesman the assurance that the last gun in defence of British sovereignty in Canada would be fired by a French Canadian. No Chinese wall was ever more jealously guarded or more remarkable in its effects upon the territory which it enclosed, than these peculiar old battlements of a comparatively modern city. "Progress," says Joaquin Miller, "has gone by the other way. No greasy railroad has yet come screeching and screaming up the heights that Wolfe climbed. She sits above the tide of commerce." The number and influence of her priests and churches, the wealth and dimensions of her conventual establishments, the piety and virtue of her people, the variety and extent of her educational institutions, the unexcelled beauty of her natural surroundings, the absence of commercial turmoil and competition, and the story of her glorious past, are alike the objects of her pride.

How Americans see Quebec.

AS a rule, American tourists do not see Quebec at all, not even those that visit the city for the express purpose of doing so. In a quaint little volume printed in 1831, by Thomas Cary & Co., and entitled "Quebec and its Environs," the author says:

"It is to be observed that our American friends unfortunately visit Quebec as the last lion in their tour, and generally disembark from the steamboat from Montreal, remain 24 hours, and then return without seeing anything except a cursory view of the city, whereas Quebec and the environs abound in the most romantic and charming views certainly not equalled in the Canadas, and to all admirers of the beauties of nature affording a rich treat." And what was true in 1831 is equally so in 1891.

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. 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 centers of American civilization, with their attendant bustle and heat and seven storey 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 artists have feasted their eyes day after day for months together. The city itself and its immediate locality have afforded new and varied treats at every turn, for several weeks at a time, to royal and noble visitors, such as the Prince of Wales, the late Duke of Albany, the Princess Louise, Prince George of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, the late Dean Stanley, Francis Parkman, Joaquin Miller, W. D. Howells, Archdeacon Farrer, the late Matthew Arnold, and many others whose names stand high on the roll of fame or of letters.

Quebec from Opposite Shore (1840).

Nor are Quebec's surroundings of less interest than the attractions of the city itself. European travellers have traced the greatest resemblance between the country, the houses and the members of the French Canadian peasantry and those of the old French Provinces of Normandy and Picardy. New lines of railway and colonization roads have opened up communication with chains of large lakes, wonderful in their picturesque scenery, and not less remarkable in the marvellous swarms and superiority of the finny tribes which inhabit them. Whether the tourist at Quebec be sportsman, naturalist or geologist, a little observation will place temptations in his way seductive enough to influence him to an indefinite prolongation of his stay. Audubon and Waterton in years gone by spent several weeks in and around Quebec, making a special study of the Canadian Fauna, and admirable public collections of stuffed specimens may be seen at Laval University, and in the museum of the High School. That well-known scientist, Sir William Dawson of Montreal, first President of the Royal Society of Canada, devotes special attention in some of his books to the peculiar geological formations and volcanic upheavals noticeable in the strata in the immediate vicinity of the city. Quebec makes no boast of modern achievements; and notwithstanding the beauty of design and construction exemplified in the residences of some of her leading citizens, she professes no architectural superiority. Her claims as a summer resort are, however, unsurpassed upon the continent of America. If these claims are brought more prominently to the notice of the tourist by means of this little book, in so successful a manner as to induce him to remain here for a sufficient length of time to investigate them for himself, the author knows that he may count upon his sincere and lasting gratitude.

Look on the vision awakened in the poetic mind of the brilliant author of "Roughing it in the bush," Mrs. Moody (Suzanna Strickland):—

"Every perception of my mind became absorbed into the one sense of seeing, when, upon rounding Point Levis, we cast anchor before Quebec. What a scene! Can the world produce another? Edinburgh had been the *beau ideal* to me of all that was beautiful in nature, a vision of the Northern Highlands had haunted my dreams across the Atlantic; but all these past recollections fade before the present of Quebec. Nature has ransacked all her grandest elements to form this astonishing panorama. My spirit fell prostrate before the scene, and I melted involuntarily into tears."

The late Henry Ward Beecher recorded his impressions of Quebec thus:—"Queer old Quebec! of all the cities on the continent of America, the quaintest. Here was a small bit of mediæval Europe perched upon a rock and dried for keeping, in this northeast 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."

W. D. Howells, the American novelist, thus records the emotions stirred in him by the contemplation of Quebec:—

"Montcalm laying down his life to lose Quebec is not less affecting than Wolfe dying to earn her. The heart opens towards the soldier who recited on the eve of this costly victory, 'the Elegy in a Country Churchyard,'—which he 'would rather have written than beat the French to-morrow,' but it aches for the defeated general, who, hurt

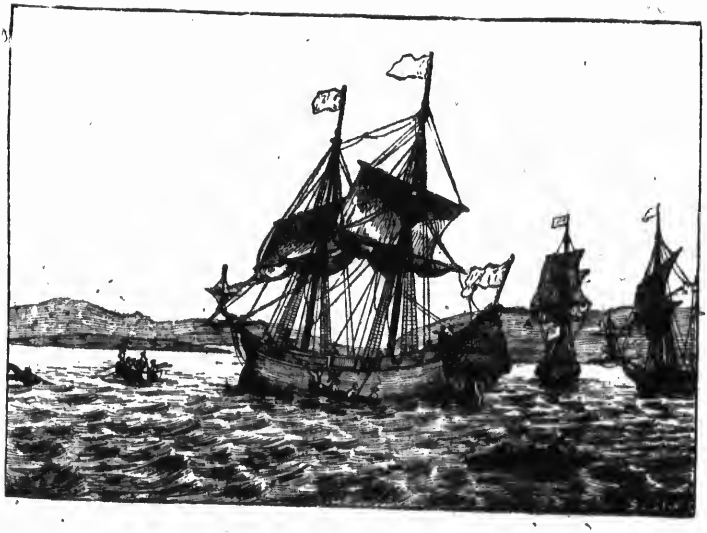
to death, answered, when told how brief his time was : ' So much the the better ; then I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec ! ' In the city for which they perished, their fame has never been divided."

Origin of the name "Quebec."

THE very origin of Quebec's name has been associated with legend by the chroniclers of her romantic past. Some of the derivations ventured by etymologists are as ingenious as they are fanciful. The word "Quebec" has been compared with the "Kepek" of the original occupants of the site, said to have been the expression of welcome used by them on the appearance at Stadacona of Jacques Cartier and his expeditionary force, in view of their hesitation to meet them, and which the Frenchmen considered as equivalent to their own Débarquez ! Others again have traced the origin of the name to the exclamation "Quel bec" ! (what a cape), attributed to a Norman sailor at his first glance of the rocky promontory. It is now all but universally conceded that the name is of Indian origin. It is first found in the writing of Champlain, who says : —"We came to anchor at Quebec, which is a strait of the river of Canada ;" and Abbé Faillon, commenting upon this statement adds : "This name, which in the language of the Micmac Indians, signifies 'straits' or 'narrowing' of a river (*rétrécissement*); and Champlain's manner of speaking, in calling Quebec, not the town yet to be built, but the locality penned up from the river, shows how utterly unfounded are the other interpretations imagined for the name of Quebec.

Charlevoix in his "Journal" addressed to the Duchess of Lesdiguieres, writes :—

"Above the Island (of Orleans) the river narrows all at once to such an extent, that in front of Quebec it is not more than a mile wide. It is this which has given to this place the name of Quebeio or Quebec, which in the Algonquin language signifies 'a narrowing.' The Abenaquis, whose language is a dialect of the Algonquin, name it Quelibec, which signifies 'that which is closed,' because from the month of the Chaudière by which river these Indians come to Quebec from the vicinity of Acadia, the Point of Levis, which laps over the Isle of Orleans, entirely hides the South Channel. The Isle of Orleans hides the North Channel, so that the port of Quebec appears (from Chaudière) to consist only of a large bay." According to Rev. J. M. Bellenger, an old missionary to whom the Micmac language was perfectly familiar, "Quebec" comes from the word "Kébéqué," which he frequently heard applied by his Indian guides to "a narrowing of the waters formed by two tongues or points of land protruding into them." Lescarbot and the Abbé Malo agree with Messrs. Charlevoix and Bellenger, and Parkman (1) is of opinion that the origin of the name can no longer be doubted.



Landing of Jacques Cartier at Stadacona.

Jacques Cartier's First Interview with the Indians.

The St. Louis Hotel.

BY far the largest, the most important and most comfortable hotel in Quebec is the St. Louis, which is managed by Mr. William G. O'Neill, late of the St. Lawrence Hall, Montreal.

It is *the* hotel of Quebec, built upon historic ground, having upon one side Montcalm's old headquarters, and upon the other the former town residence of Queen Victoria's father, the late Duke of Kent, when commander of the British forces in Canada. This latter structure is still known by the name of "Kent House." Quebec's most wonderful attractions are grouped about the St. Louis Hotel. Behind it is the Citadel, and in front the Basilica, the English Cathedral, the Ursuline Convent and the site of the old Jesuit Barracks. Dufferin Terrace, with its famous view of the St. Lawrence and surrounding country, is only half a minute's walk from the Hotel. The St. Louis has accommodation for 500 guests, and is the resort of all American tourists. It has recently been completely transformed and modernized throughout, being re-fitted with new system of drainage and ventilation, passenger elevator, electric bells and lights, etc.—in fact, all that modern ingenuity and practical science can devise to promote the comfort and convenience of guests has been supplied. Eli Perkins is only one of many who has written that the *menu* of the St. Louis Hotel is the finest in Canada.

Dufferin Terrace.

NOT more than a stone's throw from the St. Louis Hotel is Dufferin Terrace. It is an incomparable promenade and the pride of Quebec. It is a planked platform jutting out along the very brink of the cliff, where the southerly part of the Upper Town looks over and down towards the St. Lawrence, 182 feet below. It is 1500 feet long. There is not such another in the whole world. The original Terrace bore the name of Durham, after a former popular Governor General, and was only 250 feet in length. It was Lord Dufferin who suggested the prolongation that was made in 1879, and whose name it has since borne. The city paid the cost of the work, amounting to $13,000, and the plans were designed by Chevalier Baillargé, City Engineer. Unfortunately it has become necessary to condemn, as unsafe, and to close against the public, a small portion of this magnificent promenade, at the end that lies just under the Citadel. This is in consequence of the disastrous landslide that occurred from the face of the rock immediately below the end of the Terrace on the fatal night of the 19th of September, 1889. The rocky debris may be seen below, that in its fall crushed and buried seven or eight houses to a depth of twenty to thirty feet, hurling between fifty and sixty souls into eternity without a moment's warning.

What a matchless landscape bursts upon the delighted beholder from this magnificent Terrace! Forest, field and flood, the pale, soft blue of distant hills and the overhanging rock of the frowning granite Cape, sweetly undulating meadow slopes and the wild grandeur of yon rugged steepy cliffs, fertile fields bespangled with the neatly white-

(1) "The Pioneers of France in the New World," page 301, edition of 1883.

washed houses of comfortable Canadian farmers, and the broad bosom of the majestic St. Lawrence, heaving beneath the burden of gigantic greyhounds of the Atlantic, saucy little tugs, thrifty market steamers and white-winged ships of the Canadian timber-fleet.

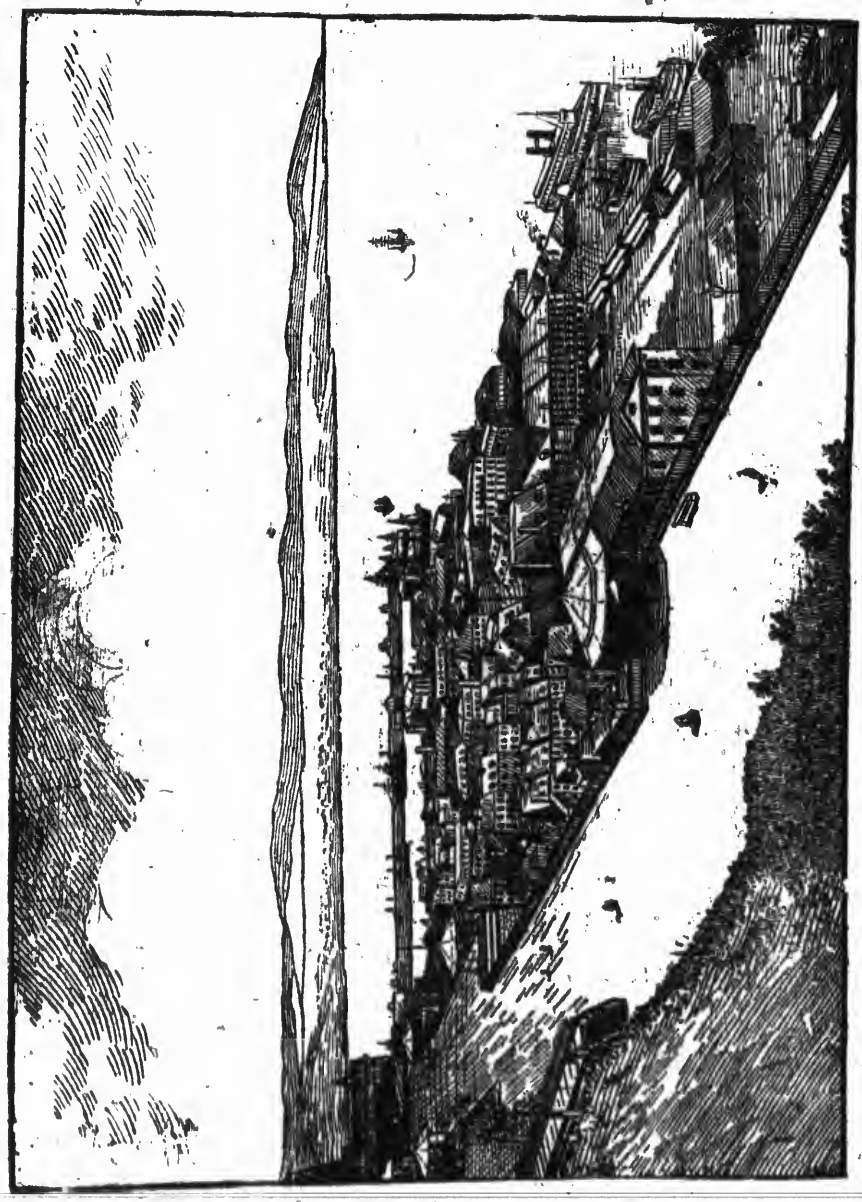
Nature has here indeed been most lavish in the distribution of her favors, and this Terrace and the Citadel above are the spots whereon to stand to view to the very best advantage one of the most brilliant combinations in the whole round of her kaleidoscopic wonders. Let us stand a while and feast the eye upon the unrivalled scene. Then we may climb the grassy slope of the Glacis which slopes down from the edge of the moat that separates it from the King's Bastion. We may reach the same coign o'vantage by ascending the flight of steps at the extremity of the Terrace. From no other standpoint in the old city may the tourist better view the remarkable panorama of scenic beauty stretching away out from the Gibraltar of America than from this King's Bastion in the Citadel of Quebec, whence rises the flagstaff that floats the emblem of Britain's sovereignty in this old French Province.

We are alongside of it now, with only a deep ditch between. The bold heights of Levis on the other side of the stream, the broad expanse of water looking towards the sea, with the picturesque Isle of Orleans stretching down from opposite the Falls of Montmorenci to below the saintly shrine of the miracle-working St. Anne, form a picture whose beauty is but seldom equalled and around which clusters such a stock of legendary lore and historic memories that the very air seems haunted by the spirits of dead saints and heroes. Nor is the setting unworthy of the picture. Those are the Laurentian mountains that form the deep blue background stretching away in the distance towards the north for nearly two hundred miles, and full of the interest excited by all far northern latitudes. Till within the last few years the interior of this mountain region had been practically an unknown land. Many of the secrets of these Laurentian mountains still remain locked within their own bosoms. Recent surveys have brought to light many interesting facts concerning them, hitherto veiled in obscurity, but they cover thousands of square miles of country which the foot of the white man has scarcely yet trodden.

We cannot cross the moat into the Citadel here, so will again descend to the Terrace. On fine summer evenings this promenade is the resort of thousands of citizens, always including a large representation of the youth and beauty of Quebec. Two or three times a week there is music on the Terrace, and on band nights it is thronged with fashion and gaiety. That is

The Governor's Garden,—

THERE on your left, a pretty little shady retreat, of which the principal attraction is the twin faced monument to Wolfe and Montcalm, erected in 1827 and 1828, in joint honor of the illustrious contending generals, who gained a common fame and met a common death. It was Lord Dalhousie, then Governor-General of Canada, who originated the sentimental and pretty idea of this dual monument, erected by the descendants of those who had met in mortal combat nearly seventy years before. The corner-stone was laid with masonic grand honors on the 15th of November, 1827, by R. W. Provincial Grand Master Claude Dénechaud, a French Canadian Freemason.



DUFFERIN TERRACE FROM CITADEL.

This monument is strictly classical in the proportions of every part. To the top of the surbase is sixteen feet from the ground, on this rests the sarcophagus, seven feet eight inches high. The obelisk measures forty-two feet eight inches, and the apex two feet one inch, making altogether sixty-five feet from the ground. The dimensions of the obelisk at the base are six feet by four feet eight inches, tapering conically to the apex, when the sides are diminished to three feet two inches by two feet five inches.

The following inscription, composed by Dr. Fisher, is carved on the front of the sarcophagus :

MORTEM, VIRTUS, COMMUNEM, FAMAM, HISTORIA,
MONUMENTUM, POSTERITAS DEDIT.

Which may be translated as follows :—

"Valor gave them a common death, history a common fame, and posterity a common monument."

On the rear is the following, altered from that which was inscribed upon the plate deposited with the foundation stone,

HUJUSCE
MONUMENTI IN VIRORUM ILLUSTRIUM MEMORIAM
WOLFE ET MONTCALM,
FUNDAMENTUM, P.C.

GEORGIUS COMES DE DALHOUSIE IN SEPTENTRIONALIS AMERICÆ PARTIBUS
AD BRITANNOS PERTINENTEBUS SUMMAM RERUM ADMINISTRANS :
OPUS PER MULTOS ANNOS PRÆTERMISSUM QUID DUCI EGREGIO CONVENIENTIUS ?
AUCTORITATE PROMOVENS EXEMPLO STIMULANS MUNIFICENTIA FOVENS.

A.D. MDCCCXXVII
GEORGIO IV BRITANNIARUM REGE.

Every foot of the land over which the Terrace is constructed is historic ground. Deeds of military prowess and daring seem still to hover in the air behind and below you on every side.

On the narrow ledge of land immediately below, and lying between the river and the base of the perpendicular rock, is built a portion of the Lower Town. The rock is so perpendicular and the strip of land at its foot so narrow that you must advance to the

very front of the Terrace to get a good view of the antique Lower Town. Narrow as is the ledge upon which it is built, it was at one time much narrower still, for a good portion of it has been reclaimed from the river.

The Fall of Montgomery.

FOLLOW with the eye the single narrow street that skirts around the foot of Cape Diamond, hemmed in by the river until it is compelled to hug the cliff for safety. That is Champlain street; and in that narrow pass, immediately below the Citadel, the brave Montgomery fell, mortally wounded, in the snow, at the head of his men, in his rash and daring attack upon Quebec on the night of the 31st December, 1775. He had hoped to surprise the battery that guarded the narrow pass, under cover of the night and of a heavy snow storm. His advance was seen, however, by the Sergeant in charge of the battery, who reserved his fire until the brave American and his little band were close to the muzzles of the guns. At the critical moment the word of command was given, and the cannon and musketry belched out an unexpected fire.

Montgomery was one of the first to fall, and all who failed to beat a precipitate retreat fell with him, literally mowed down by the irresistible grape that swept the narrow gorge. His frozen body was found next morning in the snow, and, later we shall visit the scene of the house, lately demolished, in which it was laid out, and the site of the grave in which for forty-three years it lay buried.

Church of Notre Dame des Victoires.

ALMOST directly below the north end of the Terrace where the cliff recedes further from the river, and the streets and houses grow thicker together, is the little church of Notre Dame des Victoires. The building was until lately as plain within as it is without. In commemoration of the defeat of the English invaders under Sir William Phipps in 169 , the fête of Notre Dame de la Victoire was established, to be annually celebrated in this church on the 7th of October; and after the shipwreck of the second English fleet of invasion in 1711, which the French colonists regarded as little if anything less than a miraculous interposition in their favor, the church received the name of Notre Dame des Victoires. During Wolfe's siege of Quebec in 1759, its roof and upper portion were destroyed by the fire of the Levis batteries. It was subsequently rebuilt upon the old walls, and during the year 1888 its interior was neatly frescoed.

Champlain's Old Fort.

THERE are any number of other historic recollections clustering around and below the Terrace. The large building immediately below old Durham Terrace, and a little to the south of the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires, is the Champlain Market Hall. On market days there may be seen in the neighboring square the picturesque spectacle of a number of *habitant* women—the wives of French-Canadian farmers, sitting selling the produce of their gardens and daireis, which is piled

in the boxes and bags by which they are surrounded. The several small steamers lying five and six abreast in two or three tiers at the market wharf are the market boats which brought the *habitant* women and their butter, eggs, onions and homespun cloth from their riverside homes and farms. Very near the present site of the market building there below, Champlain, the zealous crusader, the bold explorer, the founder of Quebec, erected his first building in 1608. It included a habitation, a fort and stores. Gradually the land surrounding it was cleared of trees and turned into a garden. One morning, while directing his laborers, Champlain was called inside by one of his men, who revealed to him a conspiracy amongst some of his followers to murder their commander and deliver Quebec into the hands of some Basques and Spaniards lately arrived from Tadousac. One Duval, a locksmith, was the author of the plot, and so prompt was the action of the founder of the little colony, that the conspirators were arrested the self-same night, and soon Duval's body was swinging from a gibbet, and his head, says Parkman, "displayed on a pike, from the highest roof of the buildings, food for birds and a lesson to sedition."

The next land that was cleared in Quebec after that of which Champlain had made a garden around his habitation was in rear of where we are just now standing looking down at the Lower Town. Let us turn around and walk a few feet toward the site. It is now covered by

The Place d'Armes,

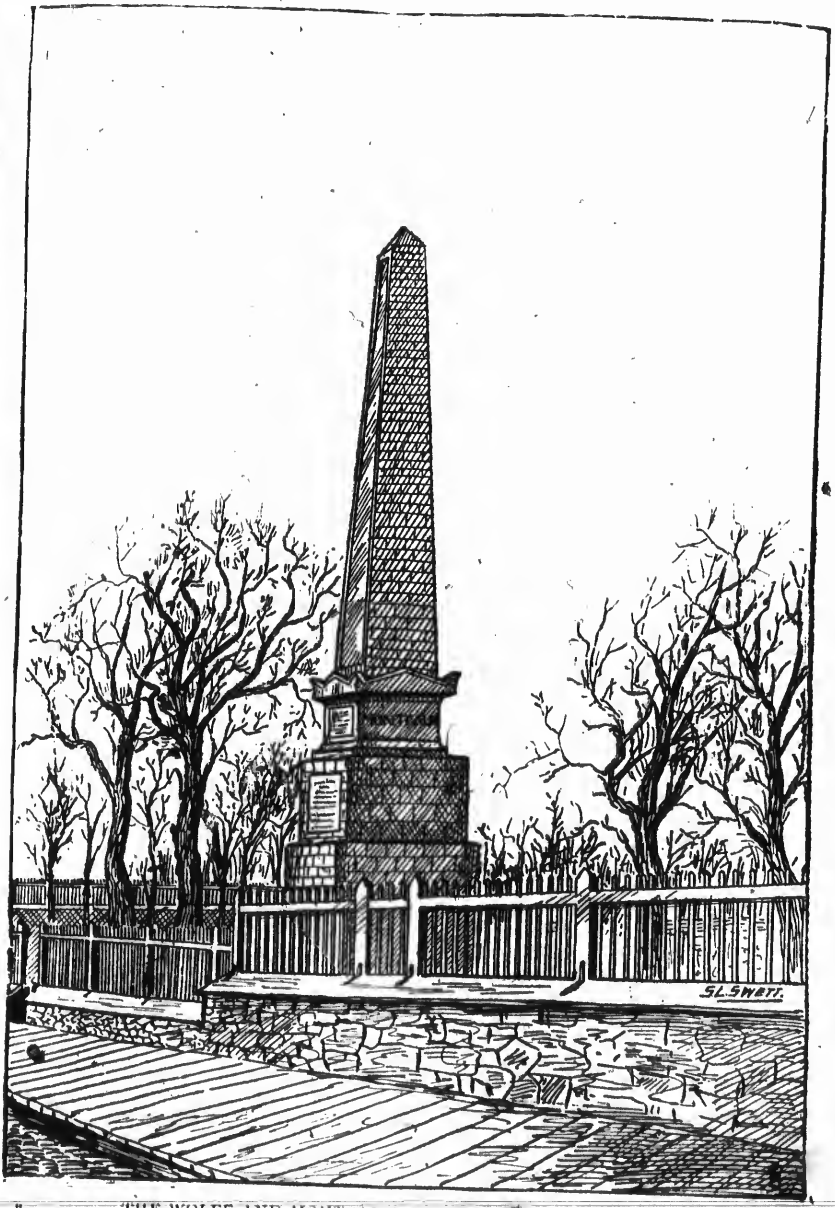
the little ring of green and trees, and gently-playing fountain and by the English Cathedral. On a portion of the land so cleared, Champlain erected the

Chateau St. Louis,

destined to be so famous in Canadian history. Its cellar still remains under the wooden platform of the present Durham Terrace.

We have just walked over it. Behind the Chateau was the area of the fort, now the Place d'Armes or Ring. Let us pause a little here, for we stand upon the site of the old fortress of Quebec, which was for over two centuries the seat of the Canadian Government, and during the various periods of its existence the scene of some of the most stirring events in the History of New France.

Often, in its earlier days, were its terror-stricken inmates appalled at the daring adventures of the ferocious Iroquois, who having passed or overthrown all the French outposts more than once threatened the fort itself, and massacred friendly Indians within sight of its walls. At a later era, when the colony had acquired some military strength, the Castle of St. Louis was remarkable as having been the site whence the French Governor exercised an immense sovereignty, extending from the mouth of the Mississippi river to the great Canadian lakes, and thence along their shores and those of the St Lawrence to the Gulf of the same name.



THE WOLFE AND MONTCALM MONUMENT in Governor's Garden

Those interested in further details of the old fort will find it fully described in the entertaining pages of Parkman. (1)

In 1690 the large hall of the Castle witnessed an exciting scene. An English fleet under Sir William Phipps had sailed up the river against Quebec. The Admiral sent a messenger ashore under a flag of truce to demand the surrender of the garrison. He was conducted, blindfolded, to the Castle, and when the bandage was removed from his eyes, he found himself in the presence of the Governor, the hauty, Count de Frontenac, and his brilliantly uniformed officers. He presented Phipps' written summons to surrender, and demanded an answer within an hour. Frontenac did not avail himself of the proffered delay. He promptly told the messenger to return to his master and inform him that he recognized no King of England but James, and that William of Orange was a usurper. Then being asked if he would give his answer in writing, "No," replied Frontenac, "I will answer your General only by the mouth of my cannon." And he kept his word. Phipps made an ineffectual attempt to bombard the city, but the guns from the fort poured shot into his vessels with a deadly aim, carried away his ensign, disabled some of his ships, and compelled him to beat so precipitate a retreat that his own vessel cut its cable and left its anchor behind it. (2)

After the British victory of 1759 and the consequent cession of Canada by the French in 1760, the English Governors resided in the Chateau St. Louis, and subsequently to 1791 it was occupied also by the Executive Council. In 1808, the Castle was considerably enlarged and repaired, and then measured 200 feet long by 40 broad. It was destroyed by fire in 1834, and Lord Durham caused the ruins to be removed, and built the first Terrace which was called after him.

The so-called Chateau, which until the month of March, 1891, stood on the edge of the Terrace to our left as we leave the promenade, was erected in 1784, by Sir Frederick Haldimand, Governor-General, as a wing of the old castle. It was occupied by the Laval Normal School up to the time of its demolition, to make way for the new palace hotel of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Let us walk around the northerly end of this building and the side which faces away from the river. Here in the old wall alongside the gate facing St. Louis street, was an old stone bearing a Maltese Cross and the date 1647. This stone was discovered in 1784 by the workmen engaged in levelling the yard in which Haldimand's Chateau was in course of erection. Mr. J. Edmond Roy, who has admirably summed up much that has been written on the subject, is of the opinion that in olden times the original Order of Knights of Malta intended to establish a priory in Quebec, and that Governor Montmagny, himself a Knight of Malta, laid the foundations of a house for the use of such priory in 1647, and had this stone prepared to insert in the walls. (3)

The late Mr. Willis Russell of the St. Louis Hotel, was the original promoter of the scheme or erecting on the site of the old Chateau, a modern palace hotel. The site is certainly one of the grandest that possibly could be imagined for a hostlery intended for the accommodation of tourists.

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(1) Old "Régime" in Canada, Page 419.

(2). An interesting account of Frontenac's parley with the messenger from Phipps, and the unsuccessful Siege of Quebec, in 1690, is to be found in Parkman's "Frontenac and New France." Page 264.

(3). *L'Ordre de Malte en Amérique*, by J. E. Roy, 1888.

In the early part of the century there was a Riding School near the present building, which was subsequently transformed into a theatre. It was destroyed by fire in June, 1846, during a panoramic performance, and from forty-five to fifty people perished in the flames.

The English Cathedral.

ON the site now occupied by the English Cathedral, adjoining the Place d'Armes or Ring, which alone separates it from Dufferin Terrace and the site of the old Chateau, formerly stood the ancient church and convent of the Recollets Fathers, which was destroyed by fire in 1796. Before the erection of a Protestant Church in Quebec, Protestant services were permitted at times by the Recollets Fathers, in their old church.

The British Government took possession of the grounds after the suppression of the Recollets Order, and at the suggestion of Bishop Mountain, the first Anglican Bishop of Quebec, whose See extended to the frozen ocean on the north and to the Pacific on the west, it erected the present Cathedral, which was consecrated in 1804. It is a plain though substantial structure in the Roman style of architecture, measuring 135 by 73 feet. It should be visited by tourists, not for its architectural beauty, but for the splendor of its mural monuments, chancel window and elaborate solid silver communion service. This latter, which is of exquisite workmanship, and cost £2,000 sterling, attracted numbers of visitors while on exhibition in London, where it was made by Rundell & Bridge. Together with the altar cloth and hangings of the desk and pulpit, which are of crimson velvet and cloth of gold, and the books for divine service, this communion plate was a present from King George III. There is in the tower a very sweet peal of eight bells of which the tenor bell is about 16 cwt. The church has an excellent organ and a dean and chapter, but neither surpliced choir nor ordinary cathedral choral services. The dean, Rev. Dr. Norman, is also Rector of Quebec, and resides in the Rectory situated in the Cathedral grounds. In the chancel is a large marble monument in memory of the Right Rev. Jacob Mountain, the first Bishop of Quebec, surmounted by the bust of the first occupant of the See, who procured the erection of the building. The chancel window is a memorial of the third Bishop of the diocese, the late Dr. Jehoshaphat Mountain. In both design and coloring it is considered one of the richest pieces of stained glass on the continent. The central portion represents the Ascension; the Baptism and Transfiguration being represented in the side windows. On the other side of the chancel from Bishop Jacob Mountain's monument is that to his successor, Bishop Stewart. Another marble slab commemorates the death of the Duke of Richmond and Lennox, while Governor-General of Canada, which was caused by hydrophobia, arising from the bite of a pet fox, in 1819, and whose body reposes in a vault beneath the church building. Other mural monuments are in memory of Hon. Carleton Thomas Monckton, fifth son of the fourth Viscount Galway, and great nephew of the Hon. Brigadier General Monckton, who succeeded to the command of the British Army upon the death of General Wolfe; of the late Lieut-General Peter Hunter, Lieut-Governor of Upper Canada and Commander-in-Chief of the forces; of Lieut. Baynes of the Royal Artillery, who lost

his life in the great fire of 1866, which destroyed a large portion of St. Roch's suburbs, and of Major Short, whose body was blown into fragments by a premature explosion of gunpowder while he was gallantly fighting a conflagration in the suburbs of St. Sauveur. Overhanging the chancel are the remnants of two old and tattered flags. These are the old colors of the 69th British Regiment of foot, deposited here in 1870, by Lieut.-Col. Bagot, on the occasion of new colors being presented the regiment on the Esplanade here, by H. R. H. Prince Arthur. These warlike standards were deposited in the Cathedral with elaborate ceremonial attended by a striking military pageant. This is believed to be the only Cathedral on the continent containing British colors. The Governor-General's pew is seen surrounded by curtains, in the north gallery, and here have worshipped at various times a number of members of the Royal Family of England. The pulpit has been occupied by numbers of leading divines, including the late Dean Stanley, Archdeacon Farrar, and several American Bishops. Both the Missionary Bishop of North Dakota and the learned historian of the American Episcopal Church, Right Rev. William Stevens Perry, D.D., Bishop of Iowa, preached here several times in the summer of 1890, a good portion of which they spent in Quebec. In addition to the magnificent linden trees ornamenting the Cathedral enclosure, there was a venerable elm upon the grounds prior to September, 1845, in which month it was blown down, and beneath whose umbrageous branches legend has it that Jacques Cartier assembled his followers upon their first arrival in Canada.

The Court House and Union Building.

OTHER noticeable buildings upon the Place d'Armes are the new Court House, immediately south of the Cathedral, one of the handsomest and most substantial of Quebec's modern edifices, and the old Union Building in the north-east corner of the square, now owned and occupied by Mr. D. Morgan, tailor and outfitter, but in 1808, and for some time afterwards, the *rendezvous* of the famous club of Barons. This Place d'Armes Square, which in the time of the French was called the Grande Place, was the scene of frequent military parades and a fashionable promenade. In 1650, the Huron Indians, who had been driven from Lake Simcoe, encamped here.

The Post Office and Chien d'Or.

TAKING leave for a while of the Place d'Armes and its wealth of historical associations and surroundings, let us turn the corner of the Union Building, to the north, for the brief space of a short block of buildings, until we come to Buade street, so called after Louis de Buade, Count of Frontenac. From each quarter of the compass at these cross streets, history and romance, the attractions of nature as well as those of art, acts of heroism and deeds of blood, relics of the past and rare historic treasures, the foot-prints of warriors, and the former surroundings of the early Jesuit missionary martyrs, stand beckoning us onward. Which way shall we take? We have left behind us Dufferin Terrace and Place d'Armes; in front is the palace of the Cardinal, and further on the [illegible] and Laval University. On our left are the

site of the old Jesuit Barracks, the Basilica of Quebec and some of the oldest residences in Canada. On the right, and close to us, is the Post Office Building, in the northern facade of which is the figure of a rather tame-looking stone dog, gnawing a bone. And thereby hangs a tale ; not to the dog alone, but to its entire surroundings. This is how it happened : And it came to pass under the French regime, that the proprietor of the old house that formerly stood on the site of the Post Office was named Nicholas Jacquin Philibert. Now, Philibert had some disagreement, some say, with Pierre Legardeur, Sieur de Repentigny, an officer who had been quartered in his house, according to other writers, with Bigot, the Intendant or Lord-Lieutenant himself. To revenge himself he placed this tablet in the front of his house, with the accompanying lines :

Je suis un chien qui ronge l'os,
En le rongeant je prends mon repos,
Un temps viendra qui n'est pas venu,
Que je mordray qui m'aura mordu.

which may be translated as follows :

I am a dog gnawing a bone,
While I gnaw I take my repose,
The time will come, though not yet,
When I will bite him who now bites me.

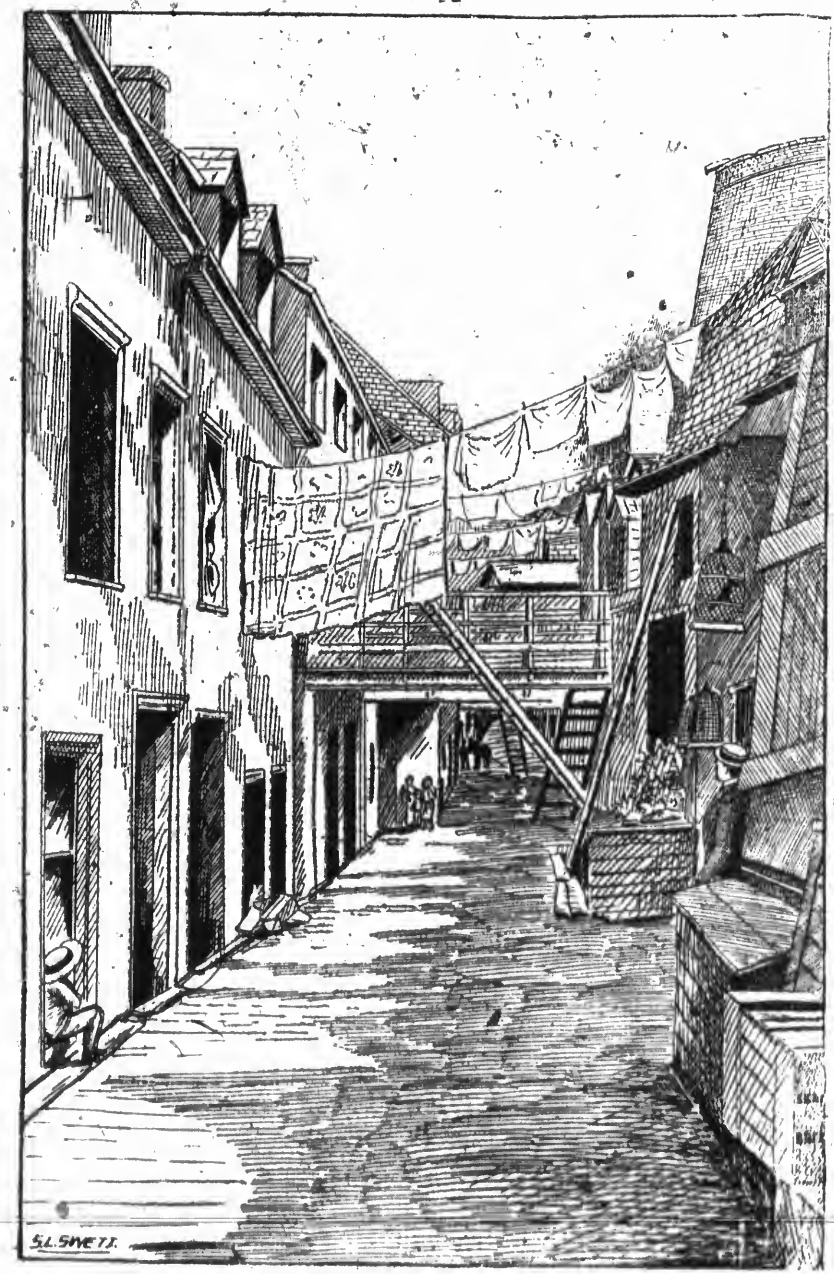
Wilder versions state that Philibert was assassinated by Legardeur, and that Philibert's brother or son pursued the assassin to Europe, and later to Pondicherry East Indies, and slew him. Le Moine has an interesting chapter on *Le Chien d Or* (1) which took its name from the facts that the sculptured figure of the dog seems always to have been, as now, in gilt.

F. Kirby of Niagara has woven around the warp of this tragic story, a marvellous romance of the time of Bigot, and introduced into it many of the leading characters that figured in Quebec, nearly a century and a half ago. (2)

H. R. H. Princess Louise, when in Canada, assured Mr. Kirby of the pleasure with which Queen Victoria had read his interesting historical novel. Before and for a long time after the siege of 1759, when Quebec fell into the hands of the British, the old building was used as a coffee house, while from 1775 to 1800, it was known as Freemasons' Hall, and the lodges in Quebec held their meetings there. The proprietor of the house in 1782 was Miles Prentice, himself a Freemason and formerly a sergeant in the 78th Regiment under Wolfe. He had either a daughter or a niece of remarkable beauty and in the bloom of youth.

The immortal Nelson, then the youthful commander of the "Albermarle," a frigate of 26 guns, conveyed some merchantsmen to Quebec in 1782, and was one of the habitués of Prentice's Hotel.

(1.) See "The history of an Old House in LeMoine's Maple Leaves, Quebec, 1873, page, 85.
(2.) The "Golden Dog," by F. Kirby.



SOUS LE CAP. (A Street of Quebec.)

The uture admirer of Lady Hamilton was so smitten with the young lady that he offered her marriage. His friends, however, succeeded in withdrawing him from the sway of a passion which threatened to destroy his career, and Miss Prentice became, later, the wife of a distinguished officer, Major Mathews, Governor of Chelsea Hospital, England. In the pages of "L'Album du Touriste," (1) is a reference to a sound cow-hiding, which the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV., received in this neighborhood, at the hand of an irritated father, whose daughter the Duke was in the act of following too closely.

But turn to the East. What a unique termination! It ends in a staircase! And yet it is not so unique at all in Quebec. Three or four other streets do the same. We shall scarcely have time to descend the stairs just now into Mountain Hill, so we will satisfy ourselves with the view to be had from their summit.

Feast the eye for a few minutes upon the magnificent scene of river and island, and shipping and opposite shore that forms the picture here spread out before us! And yet it is one of a hundred equally beautiful views to be had from various points of the heights of Quebec. That vacant space on the opposite side of the street surrounded by iron railings is

The Site of the Old Parliament House.

THE building which was here destroyed by fire in April, 1883, served as the studio of the artists of Confederation. Within its walls was moulded the form of that constitution which united in one Dominion the scattered North American colonies comprised between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, while securing to the people of each their own Provincial autonomy and self government in local affairs. This Parliament House was constructed in 1859 and 1860, at a cost of over $60,000, to replace the former one, also destroyed by fire. On a portion of this site was the first cemetery used by the early French settlers, and in a corner of this cemetery is supposed to have been the tomb of Samuel de Champlain, founder of Quebec.

Such, at all events, is the very reasonable conclusion to which Dr. Harper has arrived, after a minute investigation of the theories and writings on the subject of Abbés Laverdière and Casgrain, of Messrs. Cauchon, Drapeau and Dionne. The citizens of Quebec, under the presidency of Judge Chauveau, are about to erect a monument of Champlain at a cost of $30,000, upon the site of the old Chateau St. Louis, between Dufferin Terrace and Place d'Armes.

The Cardinal's Palace.

WE may now retrace our steps to the cross-roads, where we stood a few minutes ago, and continuing along Fort street, by which we left the Place d'Armes at the Union Building, and which was so called because it led from the Lower Town Landing to the Fort, we reach in about a hundred feet the entrance gates of the palace of the first Canadian Cardinal,—His Eminence Cardinal

(1) "L'Album du Touriste," by J. M. LeMoine. Quebec, 1872, page 45.

Taschereau, a large and handsome stone building. Quebecers will not soon forget the elaborate fêtes and ceremonial which marked in 1886 the conferring of the baretta upon His Eminence.

The throne room of the palace is a very handsome apartment, all its furniture and hangings being of Cardinal red. Protestants as well as Roman Catholics pay their respects to Cardinal Taschereau when he holds his receptions here, for in addition to the personal popularity of the Canadian Prince of the Church, his elevation to the cardinalate is considered by all Quebecers as a signal honor conferred by Rome upon Canada. Continuing on our way past the palace gates, we quickly arrive at

The Grand Battery.

HERE on the very edge of the cliff, overlooking the river, are mounted a long row of heavy guns. They are now of obsolete pattern, however, and would be of little service in action. The road is narrow and winding, and from it may be had a splendid view of the river and surrounding country. At intervals, too, platforms provided with seats have been erected. The grounds of Laval University are separated from the Battery by a high stone wall. The tourist will find much to interest him and delight the eye, by sitting and resting a while upon one of the Grand Battery Benches, if he has the necessary time at his disposal, before returning to the Chateau St. Louis for luncheon. He will be glad of the rest too, if he has taken us for a guide all morning, and must have spent a rather busy half day in seeing and examining what we have pointed out to him since he left his hotel after breakfast, *en route* for Dufferin Terrace. Breakfast is a good meal at the St. Louis, and the tourist is wise not to take it before he reaches the hotel. Notwithstanding this, there is a something in the air here—call it ozone, if you will—that no matter how late you take your breakfast will secure you a good appetite for lunch by one o'clock. If you have followed the directions herein so far contained, you may not have walked a mile in all, yet you have made good use of your time, and have the satisfaction of knowing that you have gained a wealth of historic and legendary lore, that no intellectual traveller of the present day can afford to be without.

The afternoon of the first day in Quebec cannot be better spent anywhere than in either the Basilica or Laval University, both of which are within five minutes walk of the Chateau St. Louis.

The Basilica.

THE construction of the old Cathedral of Quebec was commenced in 1647, and it was consecrated in 1666, by Monseigneur Laval, the first bishop of the colony. As early, however, as 1645, the French Governor, De Montmagny, and the inhabitants of the city had appropriated the proceeds of twelve hundred and fifty beaver skins to the building of the church.

The design of the chancel is in imitation of that of St. Peter's at Rome. This church superseded the chapel of the Jesuit's College, which was for some time used as the parochial church of Quebec. It was not till 1874 that the sacred edifice was raised

to the dignity of a Basilica. It has suffered much from fires occasioned by the storming of the city during the several sieges through which it has passed, but the foundations and parts of the walls are still the same, having now existed for nearly two and a half centuries. In the yard at the back of the presbytery adjoining the chancel, and immediately in rear of the Basilica, are still to be found the relics of the foundation walls of the chapel, built by Champlain in 1633, in commemoration of the recovery of the country the year before from the English, into whose hands it had fallen in 1629. This chapel was called by Champlain the "Chapelle de la Recouvrance," and was for the time being the parish church of Quebec. It was destroyed by fire in 1640. The founder of Quebec had erected a still earlier chapel in the Lower Town, in 1615, near where is now the foot of the Dufferin Terrace elevator, but it was destroyed together with Champlain's other buildings in the Lower Town, in the siege of 1629.

The Basilica is 216 feet in length by 108 in breadth, and is capable of accommodating 4,000 worshippers. It cannot boast of much external symmetry, and is distinguished rather for solidity and neatness than for splendor or regularity of architecture. Within, it is very lofty, with massive arches of stone dividing the naves from the aisles. There is, however, much more than its antique and internal beauty to attract the attention of tourists. It contains some of the most remarkable and valuable objects of art on the continent. Upon its walls hangs a rich collection of paintings, most of them by noted European masters, and invaluable as works of art. These were mostly secured by Canadian priests in France, after the Reign of Terror in 1793, in which the ordinances of religion were prohibited and the property of churches and monasteries, in Paris, confiscated and scattered. One, however, has a most remarkable history of its own. This is the magnificent canvas that hangs over the high altar and has for its subject the Immaculate Conception. It is supposed to be after Lebrun, if not the actual handiwork of the great Master.

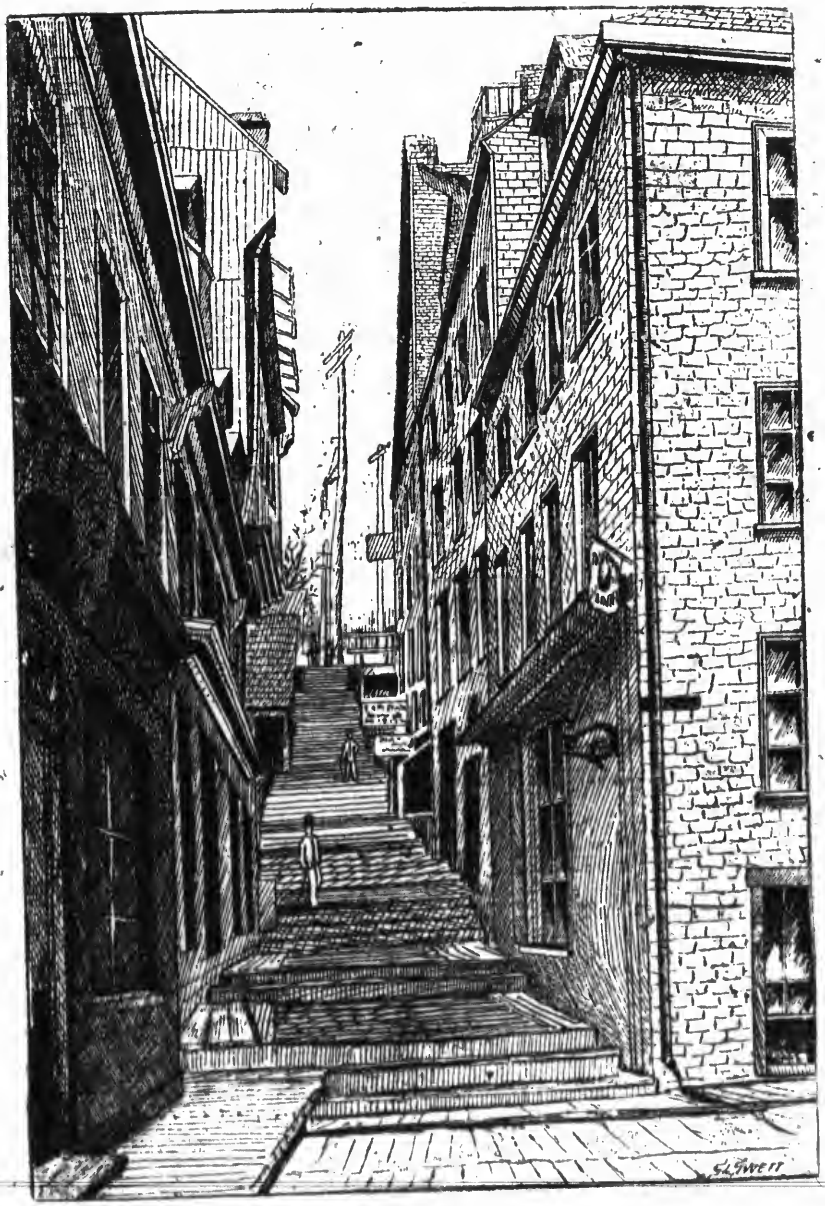
More than a hundred years ago it came into the possession of a family named Lemaistre, residing on the island of Guernsey; in what manner is now unknown, though it is supposed to have been captured from some French vessel, during a naval skirmish. At all events, it was considered of no great value, for it remained for a period rolled up in an attic room, which was used as a receptacle for old furniture, costumes of former days and other curiosities. Captain Lemaistre, the son of the proprietor, was, in 1770, in Quebec. Here he was Deputy Adjutant-General of the forces and secretary of the Lieutenant-Governor. When Lieutenant-Governor Cremahe was recalled to England, and succeeded by Lieutenant-Governor Hamilton, Lemaistre remained in Canada with the new Governor. His heart had crossed the sea, however, in the ship that took his old master home, having followed the pretty niece of Mr. Cremahe, Margaret Stuart, with whom he was desperately in love. Margaret was educated at the Ursuline Convent and while there abjured Protestantism, and was baptized in the convent chapel. Young Lemaistre had an intimate friend in a young ecclesiastic, then secretary to the Roman Catholic Bishop, Mgr. Briand, and to him he confided his secret. Mr. Plessis had heard the story of Margaret Stuart and the convent, and when the gallant young captain explained why he was so anxious to obtain leave of absence to visit England, his friend replied: "But Captain Lemaistre, I cannot wish you success in this matter unless you

become a Catholic?" and Lemaistre, who was naturally enough ready to promise anything just then, said that he would think about it. And so it happened, for Mgr. Briand was very friendly with General Haldimand, that Lemaistre obtained leave of absence, and upon reaching England was married to Miss Stuart. The honeymoon was spent in Guernsey, and one day, when ransacking the contents of the attic chamber, the bride came upon the religious picture. A wave of loving memory of far away Quebec swept over the young girl's heart, and she begged to be allowed to keep the canvas. It was 1793 when the Lemaistres returned to Quebec, and the picture was rolled up and taken with them. The Captain was now the Governor of Gaspé, but the office was a sinecure, and he took a house in Ste. Famille street in this city. In the meantime, the young secretary of Mgr. Briand, and future Bishop of Quebec, had been raised to the dignity of the priesthood, and in the spring of 1792 had been appointed curé of Quebec. Monsieur le Curé was naturally one of the first callers upon Captain and Mrs. Lemaistre, and the latter, producing the roll of canvas, asked his acceptance of the picture. "I will accept it gratefully," said the priest, "but not for myself, for another." It was framed and sent to him, and some days later he asked Captain and Mrs. Lemaistre to pass with him in the sanctuary of the Cathedral, and there, behind the high altar, he showed them their picture, saying, with one of his bright smiles, "It is better to give to God than to man."

Amongst the other paintings in the Basilica there is a Christ, but very different from the pictures of the Saviour with which the public may be familiar. This is the famous Van Dyck, and shows the Son of God on the Cross. It was painted in 1630, and presents a type of the best Flemish school. The collection in this church belongs to the lot of paintings which Abbé Desjardins secured for a song from the revolutionists of 1793, when the mob pillaged the churches and monasteries in their madness. Imagine Van Dycks, Fleurets, Blanchards, Lebruns, Marettis, Vignons, Restouts and Hallés dropping into a Canadian church for a few thousand francs? Two or three of these pictures to-day would bring the price, if sold at auction, which the whole collection cost. The rarest pictures in the city hang in the Basilica, and one may spend hours looking at them and contemplating the genius of their authors. Indeed, should one arrive at Quebec on a rainy day, the time could not be more pleasantly and profitably spent than by making the round of the picture galleries, all save the elaborate collection at Laval University being free to all. It would be better to reserve a fine bright day for Laval, for the pictures in that gallery should be seen by a good light. Catalogues of the pictures in the Basilica are furnished to visitors. The sacred vestments may be seen on application to the verger. They contain several sets presented to Bishop Laval by the great Louis XIV, including one set in beautiful and very valuable gold brocade. His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau frequently officiates in the Basilica in full canonicals.

The Seminary Chapel,

adjoining the Basilica is a handsome new edifice only completed last year, and replaces that destroyed by fire a few years ago with a number of valuable art treasures that it



BREAKNECK STEPS leading from Champlain Street to Mountain Hill, Quebec.

contained, including a Saviour by Lagrence and a representation of the Ascension by P. Champagne.

Both the Basilica and the Seminary Chapel face upon

The Old Market Square.

HERE in bygone days the French Canadian habitants' wives used to sit in their carts or sleighs, on market days, peddling out their farm produce to frequenters of the market, just as their successors do to-day on the existing markets outside St. John's gate and in Lower Town and St. Roch's. This old market dated back to about 1686, and in 1844 covered wooden stalls for the accommodation of butchers were erected on the portion nearest the Russell House, which was the site of the old Jesuit Church. They were torn down in 1877, when the new stone market building, called after Montcalm, was erected near St. John's gate. What a variety of scenes, tragic, gay, martial and religious has this old square witnessed!

Immediately opposite to the Basilica fenced off from the Market Place is the former site of

The Old Jesuit's College.

THIS famous establishment dates back to 1637, the year before John Harvard made his bequest to the university that now bears his name. Twelve arpents of land were here granted to the Jesuit Fathers, who had received as early as 1626, when Quebec contained but fifty souls, a gift of sixteen thousand écus d'or towards the intended structure, from a young nobleman of Picardy, Réné de Rohault, son of the Marquis de Gamache, who was about taking the Jesuit vows of poverty, chastity and obedience. The college was destroyed by fire in 1640. The new edifice which replaced it was largely rebuilt in 1720. In 1763 it was taken possession of by the British Governor Murray for the accommodation of troops, and was subsequently known as the Jesuit Barracks. When, in 1870, the Imperial forces were withdrawn from Canada, the property passed into the possession of the Canadian Government, and a few years later the building was declared unsafe, and ordered to be demolished. Yet, when the vandals came to destroy it, they had literally to use dynamite to overthrow it. It occupied the four sides of the Square, and revelled in immense corridors and gloomy passages, while impregnable vaults and cells abounded in the ground basement. The front portion of the ground has been purchased by the city corporation of Quebec, for the erection thereon of a new City Hall, while the rear part is to be occupied by a school building to be erected by the Christian Brothers. In 1888, Prime Minister Mercier passed an act through the provincial legislature, to compensate the Jesuits for the loss of this and other of their property in Canada, which had long ago been declared forfeited to the Crown. A good deal of bigotry and fanaticism was aroused throughout the country by this settlement, but though strongly urged to veto the measure, both the government at Ottawa and Lord Stanley of Preston, the Governor-General, declined to do so.

An Indian War Dance.

INDIAN alarms were frequent at Quebec between 1650 and 1660, and lively scenes more than once occurred as the Iroquois invaders sought to surprise the Fort, and drove into its shelter the Huron refugees that were encamped between it and the Jesuits' College. De Gaspé tells of an exciting scene he witnessed on the old market place on a Sunday afternoon towards the end of the last century. A number of Indians who were then encamped near Indian Cove, on the Lévis side of the river, landed in town, and ran so excitedly through the streets as to cause some inquietude to the commandant of the garrison, who immediately doubled the guards at the gates of the city and of the barracks. They wore but shirts and trousers, and hanging from the waists of many of them were human scalps, showing that they had participated in the recent war between the English and Americans. They were armed with tomahawks, their bodies were tattooed, their faces were painted in black and red, in which colors they appeared well determined to paint the whole town too. After dancing in small groups before the residences of the principal official personages, they finally assembled to the number of four or five hundred warriors, no women having accompanied them, and commenced their hideous war dance in front of the Basilica, where the fountain is now situated, just as the faithful were emerging from the church after vespers. First, there was the representation of a council of war, with harangues from their chief, then they marched around in single file after him, imitating with their tomahawks the motion of paddles propelling a canoe. The refrain of their song was, "Sahoutes! Sahoutes! Sahoutes! oniakerin ouatchi-chicono-ouatchie!" then at a signal of their chief, there was absolute silence, until a general sniffing in the air indicated that they felt the approach of the enemy. All at once the chief gave a frightful yell, which the others repeated in chorus, and darting amongst the spectators, brandishing awhile his deadly weapon, he seized hold of a young man, whom he slung over his shoulder, and ran back into the circle of his warriors. Then placing his supposed victim down with his face to the ground, the Indian knelt over him, and made as though he was removing his scalp, subsequently appearing to slit open his body, and with his hand as a ladle to drink the blood of his enemy. Some of the more distant spectators feared a tragedy instead of a burlesque, and shouted, "save yourself, my little Peter, they will skin you like an eel." With a dexterous movement and a shout of triumph, the Indian had quickly turned himself about, and drawn from his side a human scalp which he held aloft as a proof of victory, and which had been painted a bright vermillion to give it a more ghastly and natural appearance. Little Peter lost no time, on finding himself released, in dashing out of harm's way, and making his escape through the crowd of spectators (1).

(1) "Les Anciens Canadiens," par Philippe Aubert de Gaspé, Quebec, 1877. Page 132.

The Angelus.

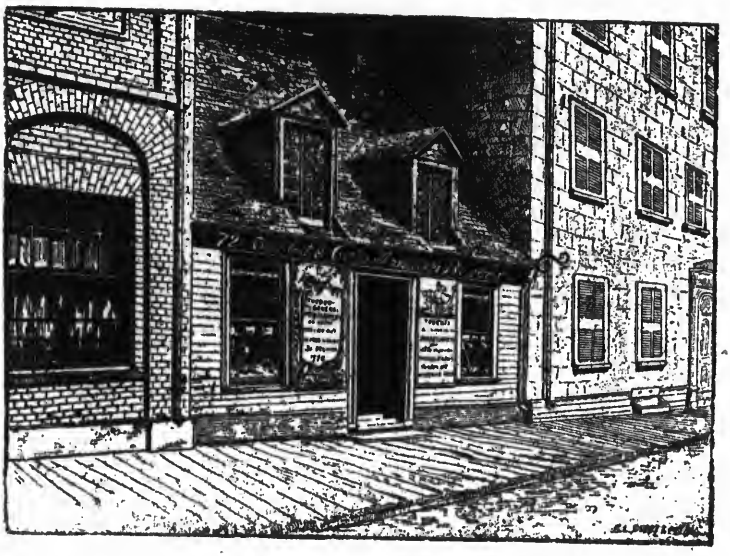
THOSE who have seen Millet's celebrated painting may like to know of another "*Angelus*" painted by DeGaspé (1), but the scene of which is placed upon this old Market Place, instead of in the green fields of old France. The subject dates back nearly a hundred years. Listen to the word painting of our author: It is noon; the *Angelus* sounds from the belfry of the cathedral; all the bells of the town announce the salutation of the Angel to the Mother of Christ, the beloved patroness of the Canadians. The habitants, whose vehicles surround the stalls, uncover their heads and devoutly recite the *Angelus*. Everybody follows the same worship: nobody ridicules this pious custom. Certain Christians of the nineteenth century seem to be ashamed of practising a religious act before anybody else. It is, to say the least, proof of a weak and contracted spirit. The disciples of Mahomet, more courageous, pray seven times a day, and that in all localities and in the very presence of timid Christians.

In the early part of the century, a small stream ran across the square in front of the barracks, from the direction of St. Louis street and down Fabrique street, eventually emptying itself into the St. Charles. A few old French houses are still found facing the square amongst the modern buildings which DeGaspé quaintly described as "reaching towards heaven as though they feared another deluge." One of these is the well-known tobacco establishment of Mr. Grondin, which was the scene of the first Quebec restaurant, kept in 1648 by one Jacques Boisdon, then having the sign "Au Baril d'Or," with the added words, "*J'en bois donc.*" Jacques Boisdon had the right by deed, signed by M. d'Ailleboust, Père Lallemand, and the Sieur Chavigny, Godfroy and Giffard, to serve his guests, provided it was not during mass, the sermon, catechism, or vespers. To the north of the Square are the stores of Messrs. Fisher and Blouin, saddlers, where, in 1810, resided General Brock, the hero of Queenstown Heights.

Laval University.

NO cultivated visitor can afford to leave Quebec without inspecting the famous Univeristy of Laval, with its rare art treasures and varied historical associations. It has a main entrance on the Grand Battery, as already described, but may, too, be reached by a long passage from the Seminary, whose gates adjoin the front of the Basilica on the Market Square. At least half a day—or better, a whole day—should be devoted to this visit. The University proper is known, sometimes, as the major seminary. The minor seminary, which, as already explained, adjoins it, is interesting to Americans, as having been the scene of the confinement of the American officers taken prisoners during the siege of the city by Arnold and Montgomery in 1775. It was founded in 1663, by Mgr. de Montmorency Laval, first Roman Catholic Bishop of Quebec and of Canada, who was allied to the Royal family of France, and who left the greater part of his landed and other property to endow the institution. The original seminary building was destroyed by fire in 1701, and the university received its royal charter in 1852, and

(1) "Les Anciens Canadiens," page 10.



HOUSE WHERE MONTGOMERY WAS LAID OUT.

HAVING A SPIN IN A CALECHE.

thereupon assumed the name of Laval. The University buildings are three in number, the principal having been erected in 1857. The main edifice is 298 feet in length, 60 in width, and 80 in height, and viewed from the river is, after the Citadel, the most prominent building in the city. The buildings alone of the university and seminary are valued at over a million dollars. The university consists of four faculties,—Theology, Law, Medicine and Art, there being thirty-four professors and nearly three hundred students. Seven colleges and seminaries are affiliated with the university. There are several large halls, containing the museums of Geology, Natural History, Arts and Sciences. The Picture Gallery is yearly receiving large additions, while the library is the largest in Canada next to that in the House of Parliament at Ottawa, and contains 100,000 volumes, being also rich in valuable MSS. relating to the early history of the country. From the promenade on the roof a magnificent view of the valley of the St. Charles and down the St. Lawrence can be had.

The museum contains 1,000 instruments in the department of physics, 8,000 specimens in mineralogy and geology: the botanical department a large and remarkable collection of Canadian woods, artificial fruit, and 10,000 plants; zoology, over one thousand stuffed birds, a large number of quadrupeds and thousands of fishes, insects, etc. Then there are Egyptian mummies, Indian sculls and weapons, and a variety of other curios, coins, medals, etc. Admission to the picture gallery is obtained on payment of a small fee. This gallery merits a protracted visit, both ancient and modern art being well represented, and though the showing of water colors is not strong, a few very good things may be seen. In oils, we have the work of such artists as Rosa Bonheur, Daniel Mytens, T. Daniel Legaré, Salvator Gastiglione, H. Vargason, Monticelli, Monnyer, Karl Vernet, Lucatelli, Salvator Rosa, David Teniers, Van Mullen, John Opie, Peter Van Blœmen, Le Jeune, Vouet, Antoine Van Dyck, Pisanello Vittore, Tintoretto, F, Boucher and others. Catalogues may be had on application.

Round about the Hotel.

THE Chateau St. Louis Hotel, as already related, is built upon historic ground, and you may stand upon the street in front of it, and see clustered around in close proximity a dozen or more localities redolent with memories of a romantic past.

The small low building immediately opposite the ladies' entrance, now occupied as a shaving saloon, is reported to have been one time the headquarters of General Montcalm. Just east of the St. Louis, as we have already seen, is Kent House, the town residence of H. R. H. the Duke of Kent, when commander of the British troops in Canada. Next to it is the high peaked antique Commissariat building, fitted out with solid iron shutters by the Imperial Government in the early part of the century, for the safe keeping, before the era of banks and police in Quebec, of the specie paid out to the troops and army contractors.

The Masonic Hall.

THE building immediately opposite the main entrance of the hotel, the ground floor of which is a general American and Canadian railway and steamship office, is the Masonic Hall. It contains in its lodge rooms some curious old chairs, covered with masonic devices, presented by the Queen's uncle, the Duke of Sussex, in 1807, to Sussex lodge; for both the Royal Duke and his brother, the Duke of Kent, were zealous Freemasons.

The Academy of Music.

IMMEDIATELY adjoining the Chateau St. Louis on the westerly side is the Academy of Music. It is the popular place of amusement here, and since it has always had the reputation of being occupied by first-class companies, performers are usually greeted with large audiences. On those nights during the tourist season upon which there is no performance in the Academy of Music there is generally music in the hotel for its guests.

Two doors past the Academy we come to a relic of "Ye olden times" in the shape of a little one-storey house with high gables, that denotes the earliest style of French Canadian architecture. This was, according to Le Moine, the house in which the chivalrous Montcalm breathed his last. It will be remembered by those who have carefully studied the events of the memorable 13th of September, 1759, that Wolfe's intrepid rival rode in from his last battlefield on his black charger, mortally wounded, and supported by two grenadiers, through St. Louis Gate, and on this very street told some poor women who were horrified at his appearance and called out that he was killed, not to weep for him as he was not seriously hurt. It is recorded that he expired at an early hour the next morning, and it is believed that his death must have occurred in Dr. Arnoux's, into which he was carried, and which was situated in this old building, now the office of P. Campbell's livery stable.

"In the early part of this century, Queen Victoria's father, the Duke of Kent, frequently visited this old building, to inspect the work of Mr. F. Baillargé, a member of the Royal Academy of Paintings and Sculptures of France, and grand uncle of Chevalier Baillargé, City Engineer of Quebec. François Baillargé was a sculptor, and made several of the statues in the Basilica." (1)

Immediately opposite is the short street leading to the Ursuline Convent, known as Parloir street, on the north-west corner of which lived the Abbé Vignal, previous to his joining the Sulpicians of Montreal. In October, 1661, he was captured by the Iroquois at La Prairie de la Madeleine, near Montreal, roasted alive, and partly eaten by these fiends incarnate.

(1) Biography of Chas. Baillargé, by Edgar La Selve, published by "La Revue Exotique Illustrée," of Paris.—Page 8.

The Ursuline Convent.

THIS convent, founded in 1639 by Madame de la Peltrie, is one of the most ancient in Canada. Built at first in 1641, it was destroyed by fire in 1650 : rebuilt, it met with a similar fate in 1686. The foundations of that of 1641, and the walls of that of 1650 being used, a third structure was erected after the fire, and is still to be seen in rear of the modern wing, facing Garden and Parloir streets. The convent building, a pile of massive edifices of stone two and three storeys high, are erected on ground covering an area of seven acres, surrounded by St. Louis, St. Ursule, St. Anne and Garden streets. The entrance faces the end of Parloir street. The chapel, which is 95 feet long and 45 broad, is quite plain outside, but the interior is pleasing though simple. On the right of the principal altar is seen a large grating which separates the church from the choir, in which the nuns, who are cloistered, attend divine service. No man, not even the Chaplain, is allowed to enter the cloister, save the governor of the country and members of the Royal family. The sisterhood of the convent numbers nearly a hundred, and its educational system is justly renowned.

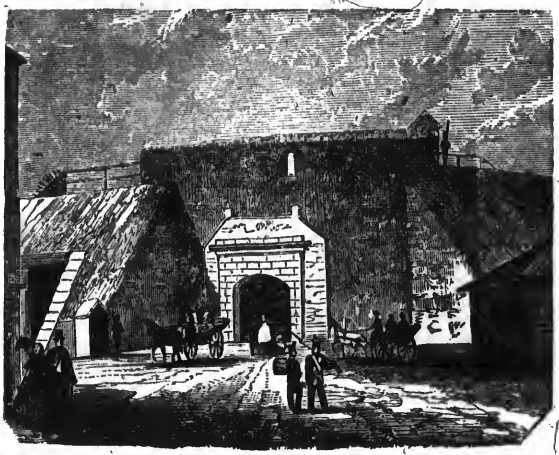
The daughters of leading Canadian and American families are amongst the 250 or so of pupil-boarders in the institution, and there are also a large number of day pupils. Fraser's Highlanders were stationed in this convent during the winter of 1759, following the capture of Quebec, and the table on which the first sentence of death was signed by the British authorities against a woman, Madame Dodier, for poisoning her husband, is still to be seen in the rear part of the convent.

But to tourists, the most attractive feature of the institution is the chapel, which contains the mortal remains of Montcalm, and what are claimed to be the following relics :—the body of St. Clements from the Catacombs of Rome, brought to the Ursulines in 1687 ; the skull of one of the companions of St. Ursula, 1675 ; the skull of St. Justus, 1662 ; a piece of the Holy Cross, 1667 ; a portion of the Crown of Thorns, brought from Paris in 1830.

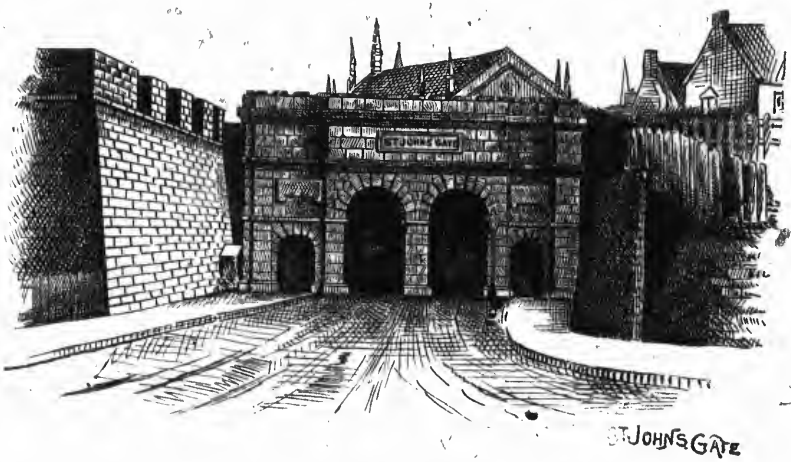
General Montcalm was buried here on the day following the fatal yet glorious fight of the 13th of September, 1759, on the Plains of Abraham. His appropriate tomb was an excavation in the rock formed by the explosion of a shell. Le Moine relates that in 1833, it having been found necessary to repair the wall, an aged nun, Sister Dubé, who had, as a child, attended the funeral, pointed out the grave of Montcalm. The skeleton was found intact, and the skull placed in custody of the Chaplain (1). A monument to the memory of the great General, erected September 14th, 1859, with an epitaph prepared in 1763, by the French Academy, deserves attention. Another was erected to his memory by Lord Aylmer in 1832, bearing an inscription of which the following is the translation :

HONOR
TO
MONTCALM !
FATE IN DEPRIVING HIM
OF VICTORY
REWARDED HIM BY
A GLORIOUS DEATH !

(1) "Quebec Past and Present," by J. M. Le Moine, F. R S. C., page 373.



Old St. John's Gate (Inside) in 1864.



St. John's Gate, 1892.

Of the works of art to be found in this chapel, the following description is from the accomplished pen of Dr. George Stuart, F.R.G.S., who is moreover the author of the paper on Quebec in the Encyclopædia Britannica.

"It has no marbles of special account, but no city in the Dominion can boast of so many gems in oils, while in fine carvings on ivory it may be questioned whether in Rome itself or in Florence two such glorious Crucifixes as may be found in the little Ursuline chapel can be seen. These Christs are wonderful pieces of work. They are probably five hundred years old, and the artist who has carved them is unknown, but his splendid work stands out, and attests his genius. Some one in the Ursuline Convent will show these masterpieces with true French Canadian politeness, and he will be careful to draw your attention to the life-like character of the Christ's head, the magnificent correctness of the anatomy and the remarkable study of the veins which are disclosed. One never tires of looking at these two beautiful ivories, and it is almost worth a visit to Quebec to see them alone. But in this same Ursuline Chapel, which Howells has so cleverly limned in his delightful story of the Saguenay and of Quebec, are many paintings in oil, which may be seen for the asking. In the chapel there is that masterpiece of the French school, "Jesus sitting down at meat in Simon's house," by Philippe de Champagne. The coloring is striking, fresh and nobly done. When Prince Napoleon visited Quebec, some years ago, and saw this picture, he offered the holders any price that they might name for it. But the wise churchmen declined all offers. This Champagne belonged to the set which was sent to Quebec a hundred years ago from Paris, among a lot of paintings rescued from the French mob of the old time Communists, and sent here by a good priest who once resided in Quebec, and knew that her people would appreciate treasures of that sort. Indeed, nearly all the really good pictures which this old city boasts reached it in the way described. All Schools of Art are represented, and as a result we have here the works of the noted Italian, German, Spanish, Flemish, French and English painters of three or four centuries ago, though, of course, only a few exhibit them at their best. In 1837, J. Prud'homme painted his Bishop of St. Nonus admitting to penance Ste. Pelagie. It is a brilliant canvas, and is shown here under a good light." (1)

St. Louis Street.

RETURNING by Parloir street from the Ursuline Convent, we are again within a dozen or two of steps of the Chateau St. Louis Hotel. If time will permit, let us, prior to starting for a drive to the Citadel or Parliament House, stroll quietly as far as St. Louis Gate, up St. Louis street, so rich in historic associations and relics of the French régime. In his sketch on "St. Louis street and its storied past," dedicated to the Quebec Garrison Club (Christmas, 1890), Le Moine makes use of a dialogue, in which he places in the mouth of his friend William Kirby, F.R.S.C., and author of the "Golden Dog" novel, the following suggestive utterance:—"St. Louis Gate! (I mean the old gate) Why, that takes one back more than two hundred years. One would like to know what King Louis XIII replied to his far-seeing Prime

(1) Geo. Stewart, jr., D.C.L., F.R.S.C., in the Quebec *Morning Chronicle*, June 19th, 1889

Minister Cardinal de Richelieu, when he reported to him that a crooked path in wood-covered Stadacona, leading through the forest primeval, by a narrow clearance called La Grande Allée, all the way to Sillery, was called Louis street; that he, Richelieu, had ordered that his own name should be given to another forest path near the Cote Ste. Geneviève, now Richelieu street, and that it ran parallel to another uneven road, called after a pious French duchess, d'Aiguillon street, whilst the street laid out due north, parallel to St. Louis street, took the name of the French Queen, the beautiful Anne of Austria. Did the Royal master of Versailles realise what a fabulous amount of Canadian history would be transacted on this rude avenue of his nascent capital in New France?

Passing by Campbell's livery stable, in the office of which Montcalm expired in 1759, when it was Dr. Arnoux's surgery, we come on the same side of the street to the old fashioned stone edifice, now bearing the street number 59, which was presented nearly 150 years ago by the French Intendant Bigot to the beautiful Angélique de Meloises, Madame Hughes Pean, as a New Year's gift. In consequence of Bigot's passion for the beautiful Madame Pean, her husband became prodigiously wealthy, having been sent away to a distant post, where every opportunity was afforded him of making a fortune. The author of "The Golden Dog" thus described the old house: "It was a tall and rather pretentious edifice, overlooking the fashionable Rue St. Louis, where it still stands old and melancholy, as if mourning over its departed splendor. Few eyes look up nowadays to its broad façade. It was otherwise when the beautiful Angélique sat of summer evenings on the balcony, surrounded by a bevy of Quebec's fairest daughters, who loved to haunt her windows, where they could see and be seen to the best advantage, exchanging salutations, smiles and repartees with the gay young officers and gallants who rode or walked along the lively thoroughfare." Angélique's career is vividly related in Kirby's great novel. After telling the story of the part she was supposed to have played in the murder of her hated rival, Caroline, at Bigot's Chateau of Beaumanoir, a few miles out of the city, the author of the "Golden Dog" describes how this beautiful wretch became the recognized mistress of the Intendant—"imitating, as far as she was able, the splendor and the guilt of La Pompadour, and making the palace of Bigot as corrupt, if not as brilliant, as that of Versailles. She lived, thenceforth, a life of splendid sin. She clothed herself in purple and fine linen, while the noblest ladies of the land were reduced by the war to rags and beggary. She fared sumptuously, while men and women died of hunger in the streets of Quebec. She bought houses and lands, and filled her coffers with gold out of the public treasury, while the brave soldiers of Montcalm starved for want of pay. She gaves fêtes and banquets, while the English were thundering at the gates of the Capital. She foresaw the eventful fall of Bigot and the ruin of the country, and resolved that since she had failed in getting himself, she would make herself possessor of all that he had, and she got it!—She would fain have gone to France to try her fortune when the colony was lost, but La Pompadour forbade her presence there, under pain of her severest displeasure. Angélique raved at the inhibition, but was too wise to tempt the wrath of her royal mistress by disobeying her mandate. She had to content herself with railing at La Pompadour with the energy of three Furies, but she never ceased to the end of her

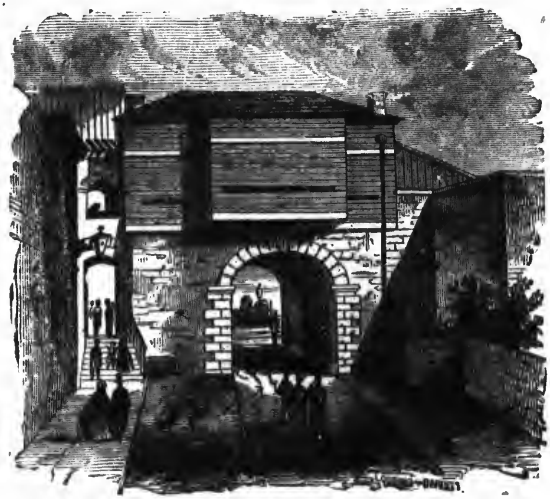
life to boast of the terror which her charms had exercised over the great favorite of the King. Rolling in wealth, and scarcely faded in beauty, Angélique kept herself in the public eye. She hated retirement, and boldly claimed her right to a foremost place in the society of Quebec. Her great wealth and unrivalled power of intrigue enabled her to keep that place down to the last decade of the last century. A generation ago, very old men and women still talked of the gorgeous carriages and splendid liveries of the great Dame de Pean, whom they had seen in their childhood rolling in state along the broad avenue of St. Foye, the admiration, envy and evil example of her sex. Many people shook their heads and whispered queer stories of her past life in the days of Intendant Bigot, but none knew the worst of her. The forgotten chamber of Beaumanoir kept its terrible secret till long after she had disappeared from the scene of her extravagant life. The delight of Angélique was in the eyes of men, and the business of her life was to retain their admiration down to the last years of an incorrigible old age." (1)

In the early part of the present century this building was acquired by the Ordnance department of officers' barracks, and is still occupied by some of the local staff.

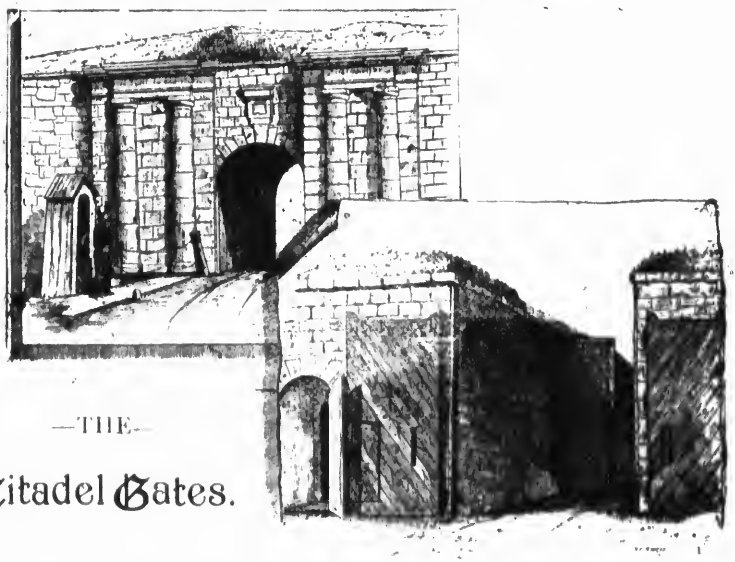
Where Montgomery was Laid Out and Buried.

A FEW doors further on, but on the opposite side of the street, is the newly erected residence of Chevalier Baillargé, F.R.S.C., City Engineer, being street number 72. This occupies the site of a low wooden building demolished in 1889, in which the body of the American-General Richard Montgomery was laid, after his unsuccessful and fatal attack upon Quebec, on the night of the 31st December, 1775. At that time, this old hut was the cooper's shop of one Gobert. When demolished it was some 250 years old. It was certainly one of the oldest buildings in the city, its rafters being formed of rough poles from which the bark had never been completely removed. A few steps further, on the same side of the street, and we come to the City Hall,—a modern and unpretentious building, and now almost universally conceded to be too small for the requirements of the city. Almost opposite to it, on the other side of the street, with projecting modern windows that have been recently added, is the Union Club House, the home of the aristocratic club of Quebec, and one of the most select and most complete institutions of the kind in the country. In 1812-13, it served as a place of confinement for the American prisoners taken at Detroit. Later it was the residence of the Hon. W. Smith, author of "Smith's History of Canada." The two houses adjoining, now occupied respectively by Judges Ronthier and Bossé, formed one mansion thirty years ago, which was occupied by Lord Monk, then Governor General of Canada. We have now arrived at

(1) The "Golden Dog," by W. Kirby, pages 675 and 676.



PRESCOTT GATE (Outside) in 1864.



—THE—

Citadel Gates.

The Esplanade.

THIS is the name given to the expanse of verdure, fringed with graceful maples and elms, extending from St. Louis to St. John's Gate, and lying at the foot of the green slope crowned by the city fortifications. It was formerly the parade ground of the Imperial troops, and reviews of Canadian forces sometimes occur here. In the large stone building on St. Louis street, at the head of the Esplanade, formerly resided Chief Justice Jonathan Sewell. It is now the officers' quarters of the Royal School of Canadian Cavalry. The barracks and stables are in the rear, and the latter are well worthy of inspection. The Commandant of the School is Col. Turnbull. That long, low building between the Cavalry School and St. Louis Gate is the Garrison Club, which is under the control of the military officers of the district, though civilians are admitted to membership under certain conditions. The road that turns up parallel with the fortifications, past the end of the Club House, leads to the Citadel.

In the side of the green slope, on the right hand side as one turns up the road, General Richard Montgomery was buried after his fatal invasion of Quebec, on the 31st December, 1775. His sorrowing widow had the remains exhumed on the 16th June, 1818, and interred in the cemetery of St. Paul's church, New York, where she erected a suitable monument to his memory. Through the gate, at this point, one obtains an excellent view of the Parliament House. This, as well as the Citadel, will be described later. The present affords a good opportunity for a brief study of

The City Gates and Fortifications.

OF all the historic monuments connecting modern Quebec with its eventful and heroic past, none have deservedly held a higher place in the estimation of the antiquarian, the scholar and the curious stranger than the gates of the renowned fortress. These relics of a by-gone age, with their massive proportions and grim, mediæval architecture, no longer exist, however, to carry the mind back to the days which invest the oldest city in North America with its peculiar interest and attractions. Indeed, nothing now remains to show where they once raised their formidable barriers to the foe, or opened their hospitable portals to friends, but three handsome substitutes of modern construction and a number of yawning apertures in the line of circumvallation that represents the later defences of the place erected under British rule. Of the three gates —St. Louis, St. John and Palace —which originally pierced the fortifications of Quebec under French Dominion, the last vestige disappeared many, many years ago, and the structures with which they were replaced, together with the two additional and similarly guarded openings—Hope and Prescott Gates—provided for the public convenience or military requirements by the British Government since the Conquest, have undergone the same fate within the last few decades, to gratify what were known as modern ideas of progress and improvement, though vandalism would perhaps have been the better term. No desecrating hand, however, can rob those hallowed links, in the chain of recollection, of the glorious memories which cluster around them so thickly. Time and

obliteration itself have wrought no diminution of the world's regard for their cherished associations. To each one of them an undying history attaches, and even their vacant sites appeal with mute but surpassing eloquence to the sympathy, the interest and the veneration of visitors, to whom Quebec will be ever dear, not for what it is, but for what it has been. To the quick comprehension of Lord Dufferin it remained to note the inestimable value of such heirlooms in the world at large; to his happy tact we owe the revival of even a local concern for their religious preservation; and to his fertile mind and æsthetic tastes we are indebted for the conception of the noble scheme of restoration, embellishment and addition in harmony with local requirements and modern notions of progress, which has since been realized to keep their memories intact for succeeding generations, and retain for the cradle of New France its unique reputation as the famous walled city of the New World.

The ramble around the old ramparts of Quebec makes an exceedingly interesting and picturesque stroll, and the various views to be had therefrom will amply repay the tourist for his trouble, especially if he be armed with a kodak, or has the time and talent necessary for sketching or painting. Commencing, therefore, with St. Louis Gate, we here start out upon the little tour.

St. Louis Gate.

IT has more than once been remarked by tourists that, in their peculiar foundness for a religious nomenclature, the early French settlers of Quebec must have exhausted the saintly calendar in adapting names to their public highways, places and institutions. To this pardonable trait to their character we must unquestionably ascribe the names given to two of the three original gates in their primitive lines of defence—St. Louis and St. John's gates—names which they were allowed to retain when the Gallic lilies paled before the meteor flag of Britain. The erection of the original St. Louis gate undoubtedly dates back as far as 1694. Authentic records prove this fact beyond question; but it is not quite so clear what part this gate played in subsequent history down to the time of the Conquest, though it may be fairly presumed that it rendered important services, in connection especially with the many harassing attacks of the ferocious Iroquois in the constant wars which were waged in the early days of the infant colony with those formidable and savage foes of the French. One thing is certain, however, that it was one of the gates by which a great portion of Montcalm's army, after its defeat on the Plains of Abraham, passed into the city on its way back, *via* Palace gate and the bridge of boats over the St. Charles to the Beauport camp. In 1791, after Quebec had fallen into British hands, St. Louis gate was reported to be in a ruinous condition, and it became necessary to pull it down and rebuild it. Between this date and 1823 it appears to have undergone several changes; but in the latter year, as part of the plan of defence, including the Citadel, adopted by the celebrated Duke of Wellington, and carried out at an enormous cost by England, it was replaced by the structure, retaining the same name, which forms the subject of one of our illustrations. About this time seem to have been also constructed the singularly tortuous outward approaches to this opening in the western wall of the city, which were eventually so inconvenient to traffic in peaceful

St. Louis Gate (Outside) in 1864.

St. Louis Gate, 1892.

days, of whatever value they might have been from a military stand-point in troublous hours, three-quarters of a century ago. These were also removed with the Gate itself in 1871. On the vacant site of the latter, in accordance with Lord Dufferin's improved project, the present magnificent archway with Norman spires and castellated turrets was erected in 1879, by Mr. H. J. Beemer. Lord and Lady Dufferin, before their departure from Canada in 1878, assisted at the laying of the foundation stone of this structure.

Proceeding in a northerly direction along the summit of the fortification wall, until we come to where the Esplanade narrows into a simple glacis between the wall and the street, we reach

Kent Gate.

THE line of fortification was only cut through here to give a new avenue of communication between the Upper Town and the suburbs, some fifteen years ago. It consequently became necessary, in keeping with the æsthetic spirit of the whole Dufferin scheme, to fill up in some way this unsightly gap without interfering with the traffic. It was finally decided to erect here one of the proposed memorial gates, which is altogether therefore an addition to the number of the already existing gates or their intended substitutes. This structure was designed to do homage to the memory of Edward, Duke of Kent, the father of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, who contributed from her own purse towards the cost of its construction, and whose daughter, H. R. H. Princess Louise, laid its foundation stone in 1879.

A very short distance to the north of Kent gate we come to

St. John's Gate.

AS an interesting link between the present and the past, St. John's gate holds an equally prominent rank and claims an equal antiquity with St. Louis gate. Its erection as one of the original gates of the French fortress dates from the same year, and its history is very much the same. Through it, another portion of Montcalm's defeated forces found their way behind the shelter of the defences after the fatal day of the Plains of Abraham. Like St. Louis gate, too, it was pulled down on account of its ruinous condition in 1791, and subsequently rebuilt by the British Government in the shape in which it endured until 186;, when—the first of all the more modern gates—it was demolished and replaced at an expense of some $40,000 to the city, by its present more ornate and convenient substitute to meet the increased requirements of traffic over the great artery of the upper levels—St. John st. It may be well to remark that St. John's gate was one of the objective points included in the American plan of assault upon Quebec on the memorable 31st December, 1775; Col. Livingston with a regiment of insurgent Canadians, and Major Brown with part of a regiment from Boston, having been detailed to make a false attack upon the walls to the south of it and to set fire to the gate itself with combustibles prepared for that purpose—a neat little scheme in which the assailants were foiled by the great depth of snow and other obstacles.

Palais Gate.

PALACE or the Palais gate claims attention as the third and last of the old French portals of the city, and derives its title from the fact that the highway which passed through it led to the palace or residence of the famous or infamous Intendants of New France, which has also given its name to the present quarter of the city lying beneath the cliff on the northern face of the fortress, where its crumbling ruins are still visible in the immediate neighborhood of the passenger terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Erected under French rule, during which it is believed to have been the most fashionable and the most used, it bade a final farewell to the last of its gallant, but unfortunate French defenders, and to that imperial power which, for more than one hundred and fifty years, had swayed the Colonial destinies of the Canadas, and contested inch by inch with England the supremacy of the New World, when Montcalm's defeated troops passed out beneath its darkening shadows on the evening of the fatal 13th September, 1759. After the capitulation of Quebec, General Murray devoted himself at once to the work of strengthening the defences of the stronghold, and the attention in this respect paid to Palace gate appears to have stood him in good stead during the following year's campaign, when the British invaders, defeated in the battle of St. Foye, were compelled to take shelter behind the walls of the town and sustain a short siege at the hands of the victorious French under de Lévis. In 1791, the old French structure was raised by the English on account of its ruinous condition; but, in the meanwhile, during 1775, it had gallantly withstood the assaults and siege of the American invaders under Montgomery and Benedict Arnold. The somewhat ornate substitute by which it was replaced is said to have resembled one of the gates of Pompeii, and seems to have been erected as late as the year 1830 or 1831, as, in the course of its demolition in 1874, an inscription was laid bare, attesting the fact that at least the timbers and planking had been put up by local workmen in 1831. It is not intended to rebuild this gate under the Dufferin plan on account of the great volume of traffic, more especially since the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway, to whose terminus the roadway which leads over its site is the most direct route. To mark that memorable site, however, it is intended to flank it on either side with picturesque Norman turrets rising above the line of the fortification wall.

Hope Gate.

HOPE gate, also on the northern face of the ramparts, was the first of the two purely British gates of Quebec, and was erected in 1786 by Colonel Henry Hope, Commandant of the Forces, and Administrator of the Province, from whom it takes its name. It was demolished in 1874 for no reason, it would seem, but to gratify the vandal taste which raged at the time—this one, least of all the city gates, being an obstacle to the growing requirements of traffic, as will be readily understood from its situation and the style of its construction, which was an open archway. Like Palace gate, too, it is not to be rebuilt—its approaches being easily commanded and its position on the rugged, lofty cliff being naturally very strong. Its site, however, will be marked in the carrying out of the Dufferin improvements, should they ever be completed, by flanking Norman turrets.

KENT GATE, 1892.

Prescott Gate.

THE last of the city gates proper, wholly of British origin, but the first that grimly confronted in bygone days the visitor approaching the city from the water-side and entering the fortress, is, or rather was, Prescott-gate, which commanded the steep approach known as Mountain Hill. The gate, which was more commonly known as the Lower Town gate, because it led to that part—the oldest- of the city known by that name, was erected in 1797 (to replace a rough structure of pickets, which existed at this point from the time of the siege by the Americans in 1775), by General Robert Prescott, who served in America during the revolutionary war, and, after further service in the West Indies, succeeded Lord Dorchester as the British Governor-General in Lower Canada in 1796, dying in 1815 at the age of 89 years, and giving his name to this memento of his administration, as well as to Prescott, Ontario. Old Prescott gate was unquestionably a great public nuisance in times of peace such as Quebec has happily known for many years, and as we hope it will continue to enjoy for many more; its demolition in 1871 consequently provoked the least regret of all in connection with the obliteration of those curious relics of Quebec's historic past—its gates. For reasons which are obvious, it would be impossible to replace Prescott gate with any structure of a like character without impeding very seriously the flow of traffic by way of such a leading artery as Mountain Hill. Indeed, the utility of all such accessories of an obsolete mode of warfare, and of much of the costly and comparatively modern defences of Quebec, has been altogether obviated by the great changes in the military art, which has supplied their shortcomings by means of the still more recent and formidable casemated forts and earthworks of Point Levis.

It is one of the proposals, however, of Lord Dufferin's plans to replace this gate by a light and handsome iron bridge of a single span, over the roadway, with flanking Norman turrets. (1)

The Hotel-Dieu.

ABOUT five minutes walk from the Chateau St. Louis Hotel, and an even less distance from the Upper Town Market Place and Basilica, are the Hotel Dieu Convent and Hospital, founded in 1639 by the Duchesse d'Aiguillon, niece of the famous Cardinal Richelieu, who brought out the Hospitalières Nuns and placed them in charge.

The entrance to the Chapel is on Charlevoix street. On his way thither from the hotel, the tourist, especially upon reaching St. John street, will be much interested in the curious angles at which some of the streets run, and notably Fabrique, Garneau and Couillard streets, forming at their intersection of John street a number of remarkable three-cornered lots having houses of the same irregular shapes constructed thereon. Some of the earliest European habitations erected in Canada were built upon these

(1) Much of the above description of the old gates of Quebec and of Lord Dufferin's plans of city improvement is condensed from the illustrated supplement of the Quebec *Morning Chronicle*, of June 4th, 1876, now, unfortunately, somewhat rare.

streets, which were then mere Indian pathways. Like all the early public buildings in Quebec, the Hotel Dieu was destroyed by fire prior to the siege of 1759. It was subsequently rebuilt. Amongst the fine paintings that adorn the walls of the chapel are the following :—

The Nativity	Stella.
The Virgin and Child	Noel Coypol.
Vision of Ste. Thérèse	Geul Monagot.
St. Bruno in Meditation	Eustache LeSueur.
The Descent from the Cross	Copy by Plamondon.
The Twelve Apostles	Copy by Baillargé the elder.
The Monk in prayer	De Zurbaran.

Of greater interest, however, than either of these, admirable though they be as works of art, are the relics of the early Jesuit martyrs—massacred missionaries. Here are deposited the bones of Father Lallement and the skull of the brave Brebœuf, the latter relic being contained in a silver bust of the missionary hero, sent by his kinsmen from France. The story of the martyrdom of these two heroes is graphically told by Parkman. (1) Dragged from their Huron Mission house at St. Ignace, south-east of Georgian Bay, by the savage Iroquois, they were bound to stakes and slowly tortured to death. Brebœuf continued to loudly exhort his Huron converts, and promised them Heaven as a reward. "The Iroquois, incensed, scorched him from head to foot to silence him ; whereupon, in the tone of a master, he threatened them with everlasting flames, for persecuting the worshippers of God. As he continued to speak with voice and countenance unchanged, they cut away his lower lip and thrust a red hot iron down his throat. They tied strips of bark, smeared with pitch, about Lallement's naked body and set fire to them. Next they hung around Brebœuf's neck a collar made of hatchets heated red hot ; he, the indomitable priest, stood like a rock. A Huron in the crowd, who had been a convert of the mission, but was an Iroquois by adoption, called out with the malice of a renegade, to pour hot water on their heads, since they had poured so much cold water on those of others. The kettle was accordingly slung, and the water boiled and poured slowly on the two missionaries. 'We baptize you !' they cried, 'that you may be happy in heaven : for nobody can be saved without a good baptism.' Brebœuf would not flinch : and in a rage they cut strips of flesh from his ribs, and devoured them before his eyes. Other renegade Hurons called out to him, 'You told us that the more one suffers on earth the happier he is in Heaven. We wish to make you happy : we torment you because we love you ; and you ought to thank us for it.' After a succession of other revolting tortures they scalped him ; when seeing him nearly dead, they laid open his breast, and came in a crowd to drink the blood of so valiant an enemy, thinking to imbibe with it some portion of his courage. A chief then tore out his heart and devoured it." Lallement was tortured several hours longer, when one of the savages, tired of the entertainment, despatched him with a hatchet. Such was the martyrdom of those whose relics are to be found in the chapel.

(1) The Jesuits in North America. Page 388.

If we descend Palace Hill, which bounds the Hotel-Dieu on the west, and continue in the direction of the Canadian Pacific Railway station, until we reach the plateau at its foot, we find ourselves close to the site of

Bigot's Old Palace.

THE ruins of a portion of this building have been transformed into ale and porter vaults, and are still to be seen in rear of Boswell's Brewery. When tenanted by the infamous French Intendants, the palace was employed for yet viler purposes. It was at once the abode of luxury and the scene of revelry and debauchery, where Bigot concocted his nefarious plottings, and squandered the thousands which he robbed from the public treasury. Often he must have let himself into this princely palace with his latch key, in the wee sma' hours of the morning, after his disreputable *rendez-vous* with the fair, or rather dusky, occupant of his country house, concealed in the woods of Charlesbourg two or three miles away.

An American gentleman who visited Quebec some time ago got together the following somewhat hazy information concerning this illicit lover: "The ruffian of the tale had a very bad name, none other than Bigot. He was a French Intendant in the year 1747, and was a scapegrace and boodler of the deepest dye. He had to skip out of France, because of certain deficiencies in the vaults of the bank of which he was manager, but even at that early history of the world he knew enough to come to Canada, where he was lionized by the ladies. He was rather fond of horsemanship and taking lone drinks out in the country hotels. One evening he got pretty full, and could not find his way home before night overtook him. He did not care about ghost stories, for the ghost was in the habit of walking for him at the end of each month with a great big wallet of dollars; so he sat down under a tree, and slept. Caroline was accustomed to climb a tree in that part of the wood every night for the purpose of making up probs for the morning papers, and, unfortunately for her, she chose the tree under which the Intendant was sleeping it off. They saw each other, and loved at sight, and they might have been ever so happy if Mrs. Bigot didn't happen to catch on to the racket. Caroline was sleeping one night in her forest bower, dreaming about the very bright world she lived in, when the green-eyed Mrs. Bigot crept in with a large snicker-snee, and with a howl of rage and vengeance severed the carotid artery of the sleeping Indian beauty. When the Intendant heard of the row, he constituted himself judge and jury on his wife, hanged her first and tried her afterwards. He then scooped up all the cash and bonds in the Provincial Exchequer, and made his sneak in the dead of night to the States, where he soon got into Congress."

PALACE GATE (Outside) in 1864.

HOPE GATE (Inside) in 1864.

St. Roch's.

THE low-lying portion of the city, stretching away west from the scene of the old palace, is St. Roch's suburbs. Upon its main thoroughfare, St. Joseph street, are situated some of the finest shops in Quebec and the large and handsome parish church of St. Roch's.

In this quarter, which is also the industrial district of the city, are to be found almost all the extensive tanneries and shoe factories for which Quebec is noted. In years gone by, shipbuilding was a great industry in St. Roch's, twenty to thirty wooden ships having frequently been built in a single winter, along the banks of the St. Charles River. The whole of this suburb was destroyed by fire in 1845, and numbers of human beings perished. It was again burned over in 1866.

The Citadel and Fortification Walls.

THE Citadel and the old fortifications rank of course amongst the leading attractions of Quebec. The road leading up to the Citadel has already been pointed out, between the Garrison Club and St. Louis Gate. As there is a steep hill to climb, many prefer to drive to the entrance of the celebrated fortress.

Before arriving there, the tourist passes through a labyrinth of trenches, bordered on either side by high walls blocked by earthworks, all of which are pierced with openings through which gleam the mouth of cannon, and loopholed for musketry. Entrance to the Citadel is also barred by a massive chain gate, and also by the Dalhousie gate, erected in 1827, a massive construction of considerable depth. The Citadel covers an area of about forty acres on the highest point of Cape Diamond. The French erected woolen fortifications here, and spent so much money upon them and upon the other defences of the city, together with what was boodled by Bigot and his assistants, that Louis XIV is reported to have asked whether the fortifications of Quebec were built of gold.

The first under British rule were constructed by the Royal Engineers, and fell into decay at the end of the century. Their re-construction dates back to 1823, and was carried out according to plans submitted to and approved by the Duke of Wellington, at a cost of about $25,000,000. The guard rooms are located in the Dalhousie gate, the barracks are casemated, and many of the other buildings are considered bomb-proof The details of the alleged private underground passages communicating with certain localities within the fortress are of course secrets that the military authorities keep to themselves. At the easterly end of the officers' quarters, a substantial row of stone buildings overlooking the river are the vice regal quarters, where the Governor-General of Canada and his family reside during the latter part of the summer season in each year. In the centre of the square, tourists are shown a small brass cannon, captured by the British at Bunker's Hill.

I think it was Joaquin Miller, who, when shown this formidable piece of ordnance, said to his guide, "Well, you've got the cannon, but we've got Bunker's Hill." Henry D. Thoreau, who visited Quebec in 1850, says of the Citadel:—"Such structures carry

Lord and Lady Dufferin.

us back to the middle ages.... The sentinel with his musket beside a man with his umbrella is spectral.... I should as soon expect to find the sentinels still relieving one another on the walls of Nineveh.

What a troublesome thing a wall is! I thought it was to defend me, and not I it." (1)

The noon-gun on the Citadel still marks the meridian time as it did on the occasion of Thoreau's visit. He described it as "answering the purpose of a dinner horn." The fortifications are, as Thoreau says, omnipresent. No matter from what point you look towards Quebec for eight or ten miles away, they are there still with their geometry against the sky. Nobody should miss the famous view of the river and the surrounding country from the King's Bastion, already referred to. Here is erected the flag-staff from which waves the emblem of Britain's sovereignty in these parts It was by means of the halyard of this flag-staff that the American sympathizers, General Thaller and Colonel Dodge, in October, 1838, made their escape from the Citadel, where they were prisoners. They had previously drugged the sentry, and contrived to get safely out of the city, despite the precaution of the commandant, Sir James McDonald, a Waterloo veteran.

Literary and Historical Society.

QUEBEC is a storehouse of history, but its *sanctum sanctorum* is the Literary and Historical Society, whose quarters are in the Morrin College, on the corner of Ste. Anne and St. Stanislas streets. It was established as far back as 1824 by the Earl of Dalhousie, then Governor-General of Canada, and through his influence a Royal Charter was obtained for it. The scope of the Society's operations is widespread, its collection of manuscripts and rare historical documents, printed and otherwise, is extensive and valuable, and the library and reading room are exceedingly good, and serve their purpose admirably. Such students of history as Francis Parkman, General Rogers, Ben: Perley-Poore, General James Grant Wilson, Mr. Edward Slafter and other men of mark have made frequent use of its collections of papers, and it stands to-day as one of the foremost bodies of the kind on the Continent. Its president, Dr. Geo. Stewart, F.R.S.C, F.R.G.S., is ever ready to show any attention and courtesy that may be in his power to people of literary tastes visiting Quebec. Morrin College is called after Dr. Morrin, its founder, has two faculties, arts and divinity, and is affiliated with McGill University, Montreal. The building was used as a jail until June, 1867. In April, 1827, one Ducharme was hanged here for sheep stealing. The last execution at the old jail dates back more than thirty years, the condemned, who was one Meehan from Valcartier, having been convicted of the murder of a neighbor, named Pearl, in a street squabble.

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(1) A Yankee in Canada. Chapter IV.

Churches.

IN close proximity to Morrin College are the Methodist church and St. Andrew's (Presbyterian). The Baptist church is a little below and inside the St. John's gate, and Chalmer's (Presbyterian) is a little above the east of the Esplanade, on the upper part of St. Ursule. St. Patrick's, the parish church of the Irish Roman Catholics of Quebec, situated on McMahon street, close to both Palace and St. John streets, has one of the handsomest interiors of the city, its decorations being exceedingly beautiful. On St. John street, outside the gate, is St. Matthew's (Anglican), an exceedingly pretty structure both within and without, and possessing a new peal of bells. It has a surpliced choir, and by far the richest, most attractive and most ornate service of any Protestant church in Quebec. There are also on this street a small French Protestant church, and the large new church of St. Jean Baptiste to replace that destroyed by fire a few years ago. The remaining city churches are not of much interest to tourists, if we except the Basilica and English Cathedral, which have already been described at considerable length

The Parliament House.

THE Parliament House and Departmental Buildings, situated immediately outside of St. Louis gate, [illegible] Louis street,—or, as it is here called, the Grande Allée,—are among the finest public edifices in Canada. Designed by Mr. E. E. Taché of Quebec, their construction were commenced in 1878 and completed in 1887. The different varieties of stones employed in their erection were all quarried in the Province of Quebec. The buildings form a perfect square, each side of which is 300 feet in length, and are four stories in height with mansards, and towers at each corner. From the main tower facing the city, the view of Quebec and surrounding country is unrivalled. The interior is well worthy of inspection, especially the handsomely tiled main corridors and the richly furnished chambers of the Legislative Council and Legislative Assembly. The bronze Indian group in front of the main entrance to Parliament House is by Hébert, the Canadian sculptor now residing in Paris, in which city it was much admired for its boldness of conception and artistic design and execution. Heroic statuary of the principal actors in Canadian history is to find a lodgment in the various recesses in the front façade of the Parliament House, that of Count Frontenac being already in position. This block of provincial buildings has already cost between $1,500,000 and $2,000,000. It contains an excellent library, and in its vaults may be seen in excellent condition, all, or nearly all, the original archives of New France before the Conquest by Great Britain in 1760. In these buildings there was held in September, 1890, the ninth annual meeting of the American Forestry Association, on which occasion two hickory trees sent from The Hermitage, General Andrew Jackson's old home in Tennessee, were planted, where they may now be seen on the Grande Allée, or south side of the buildings. The venerable chief Sioui, of the once powerful Hurons, accompanied by his son, both in full Indian dress, visited the Association, and addressed the members, in French, in the following emotional language:

VIEW OF THE INTENDANT'S PALACE, 1761.

"We are the children of the forest, come to welcome the friends of the forest. I wish you for my people joy and success in your good work. When I was a child I lived in the forest; I wish to die there. We are few in number; we are passing away with our forest homes. Protect us, and you will have the prayers of the Hurons and the gratitude of their hearts. Farewell!"

The Drill Hall and the Grande Allee Drive.

THAT large and very handsome structure with a decidedly military appearance, on the opposite side of the road from the Parliament House, and a few hundred feet further away from the city, is the new Drill Hall, erected jointly by the Federal government and city corporation, for the use of local military organizations. The main road here, though really a continuation of St. Louis street, preserves its old French name of Grande Allée. It was widened and newly paved in blocks in 1888-89.

The drive out by this road and in by the Ste. Foye is one of the most beautiful and most deservedly popular in the vicinity of Quebec. Upon the Grande Allée are the prettiest and most modern of Quebec's town residences, while after passing the toll gate and the Plains of Abraham, the tourist obtains glimpses of the country seats of our leading merchants, and splendid panoramic views of the stately St. Lawrence on the one side, on the other of the fertile valley of the St. Charles, with its background of blue Laurentian mountains, on the gentle ascents of which stand out the pretty French Canadian villages of Charlesbourg and Lorette.

The famous Martello towers are seen before leaving the city, but a better view of these and also of the famous battlefield, which decided the fate of half a continent, and upon which fell Wolfe and Montcalm, both mortally wounded, may be had by taking a morning stroll, on foot, along the beautiful Cove fields at the brink of the cliffs overlooking the magnificent St. Lawrence.

But let us for the present continue our drive. Less than two miles from the city we pass Spencer Wood, the official residence of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Quebec, and formerly that of the Governor-General of Canada. Its present occupant, the Hon. A. R. Angers, is one of the most popular Governors Quebec has ever had.

He has been both Judge and leader of the provincial government, and is a well-known patron of literature and the arts. The residence is approached by a lengthy drive through a forest avenue, reminding one of the estate of an English nobleman. The beauty of the situation, overlooking the St. Lawrence and the opposite shore, and affording a splendid view of Cape Diamond and the Citadel of Quebec, might well be deemed unapproachable, did not the environs of the city present so many scenes of great and surpassing loveliness. Royalty, in the person of the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the late Duke of Albany, and the Princess Louise, has frequently been entertained at Spencer Wood, of which grateful retreat Lord Elgin used to say that there he not only loved to live but would like to rest his bones. Adjoining the gubernatorial abode is the picturesque and elegant estate of J. M. Le Moine, F.R.S.C., the historian of Quebec.

VIEW OF THE INTENDANT'S PALACE, 1761.

Wolfe's Monument and the Plains of Abraham.

AS already indicated, a pleasant walk of about a mile may be had from the Chateau St. Louis Hotel to the Plains of Abraham, over what is known as the Cove Field. This is public property and intersected by numerous footways. The tourist takes to the field, on the south side of the road, between St. Louis gate and the first building outside of it, which is the new Skating Rink. Reaching the height of land a few hundred feet from the road, the pedestrian finds himself on the classic ground which intervenes between the Citadel and the Plains, while the view of the St. Lawrence at his feet and the picturesque scenery of the other shore more than repay him for the visit. That broken ground and those artificial mounds are remnants of the old French earthworks. Continuing along the summit of the cliffs that overlook the river, we reach the Martello towers, which were built as outposts of the Citadel fortifications some seventy years ago.

In the vicinity of these towers occurred some of the heaviest fighting towards the end of the famous battle of the 13th September, 1759, when the advance line of the British Army followed up the advantage they had gained shortly after the striking down of Wolfe by a French bullet. The Plains of Abraham, properly so called at the present time, stretch away from near the St. Louis toll gate, westward, upon the south side of the road, and extend from the highway to the brink of the steep precipice overhanging the river.

The battlefield is Government property, but is at present rented as a pasturage for the cattle of city milkmen. Occasionally there is horse-racing here under the management of the Quebec Turf Club.

At the western extremity of the enclosure is Marchmount, the property of Thomas Beckett, Esq., and just beyond is Wolfe's field, the splendid estate of the Hon. E. J. Price, head of one of the leading firms in the English and Canadian lumber trade. It is not in name alone associated with the hero of Quebec. On the river side of this property, beneath the cliff, is Wolfe's Cove, the landing place of the British hero of 1759, and the steep and narrow path is still pointed out upon the face of the rocky precipice, where General Wolfe, under cover of the darkness of a September night, led his devoted army to the scene of his heroic death and victory.

It is quite impossible, within the compass of so diminutive a work as this, to describe the various incidents of that momentous fight. Its leading events are fresh in the mind of every school boy, and LeMoine (1) has preserved in several of his sketches a number of interesting details of the great struggle not found in most of the histories of the period. We have, too, from the artistic pen of Francis Parkman, an elaborate description and plan of the Battle of the Plains, in his books on "Montcalm and Wolfe," and on "Montcalm and the Fall of New France."

One of the most interesting features to the tourist, of this historic locality, is undoubtedly the monument to the memory of the victorious General, erected on the exact spot where "Wolfe died victorious." That massive building a few feet distant, which crowns

(1) See "Fraser's Highlanders before Quebec in 1759," page 141 of "Maple Leaves," edition of 1873.

DUFFERIN TERRACE AND CITADEL.

yonder knoll, is the district prison,—"a hideous jail," says Joaquin Miller, "surmounting almost the very spot where the immortal Wolfe fell and died." It was during the British assault upon the French position on this rising ground that General Wolfe received his death wound. He lived long enough to learn that the French army was put to flight, and then expressed his readiness to die. The Highlanders closely pursued the fleeing enemy, and many of them were butchered before they reached the bridge of boats over the St. Charles, towards which they rushed by way of what is now St. John's suburbs, St. Geneviève hill and St. Roch's. The Plains of Abraham were so called after one Abraham Martin, who was pilot for the King of France in the St. Lawrence, and who acquired this property some two and a half centuries ago.

Lord Wolseley, who, in his capacity of Ranger of Greenwich Park, is an attendant at the old parish church of St. Alphege, has, it is announced, expressed his surprise that the remains of General James Wolfe, the hero of Quebec, should lie in the vaults of the church beneath "the Royal pew" officially occupied by the ranger—without a memorial to mark their existence. To the public at large the grandiose monument to Wolfe's memory in Westminster Abbey, Wilton's correctly classical nude figure of the hero, with its accompanying allegorical *bas relief* representing the chief incidents of the famous St. Lawrence campaign, the Heights of Abraham, the faithful Highland sergeant, the wounded warrior, and the oak decorated with its trophy of tomahawks, has long given the impression that the ashes of Wolfe repose in the Abbey. Doubtless, had the nation's wishes been consulted, the remains of the hero of Quebec would have been laid to rest in the national Walhalla. But, at his mother's earnest prayer, the body of the warrior, borne back to his native land, was interred in the family vault in the parish church of Greenwich, where little James Wolfe was educated, and where his father occupied the mansion still standing on the Blackheath outskirts of the park in the shady pathway known as Chesterfield Walk, not far from the Ranger's Lodge, a house in after years tenanted by the late Lord Lyttleton.

Amongst those who rendered signal service to the forces under Wolfe was the famous navigator James Cook, who conducted the boats to the attack at Montmorency, and managed as well the disembarkation at the Heights of Abraham.

Cemeteries.

TWO of the prettiest cemeteries that it is possible to see are within a couple of miles of Quebec. The tourist passes both Woodfield, the Irish Catholic cemetery, and Mount Hermon, the Protestant burying-ground, when driving out the St. Louis road. Both of these should be visited. They command picturesque views of the St. Lawrence and surrounding country. In one grave in the Mount Hermon cemetery are interred the bodies of some 200 Scotch immigrants who lost their lives in the burning of the river steamer "Montreal," on the 26th of June, 1857, at Cap Rouge, a few miles above the cemetery, while on their way from Quebec to Montreal.

A notable [illegible] grave in this beautiful home of the dead is thus described by Gen. Jas. Grant Wilson, of New York; in the "New York Genealogical and Biographical Society Record":—

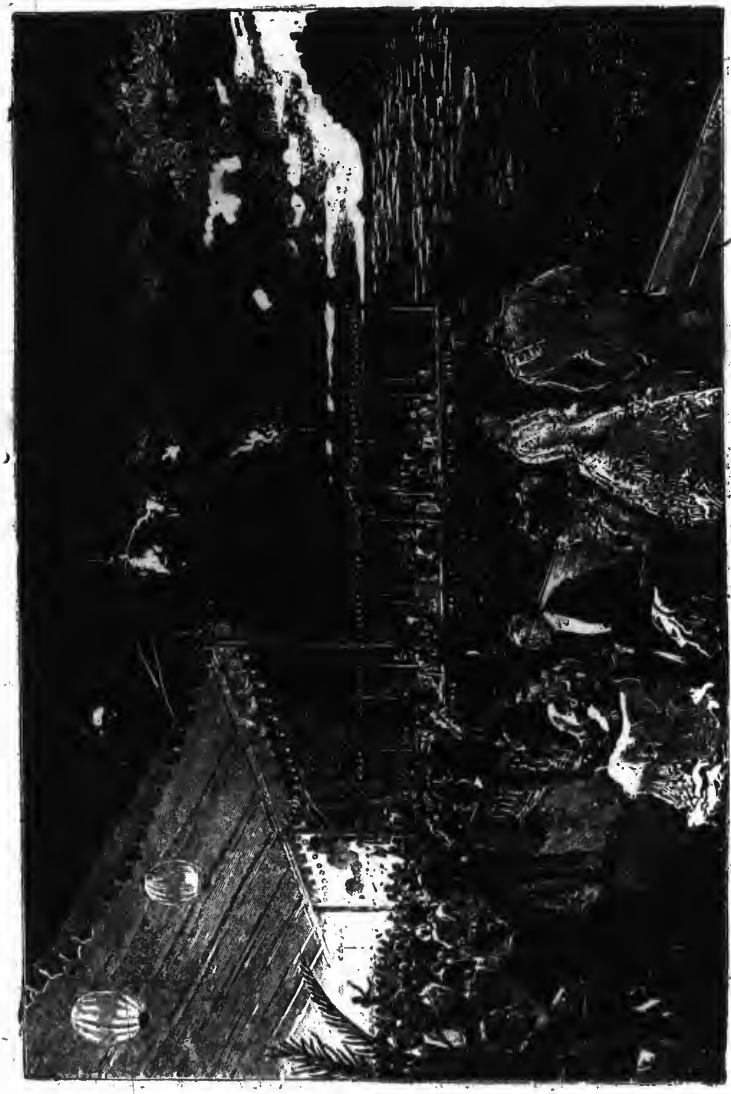
"John Wilson, perhaps the best singer of Scottish songs of his own age, or of any age, and in the judgment of Dr. Robert Chambers, of Edinburgh, unsurpassed in the beauty and taste with which he rendered the music of his native Caledonia, visited the United States and Canada in 1849, accompanied by his daughter, who assisted him in the very successful series of entertainments which he gave, consisting of Scottish songs and recitations. He had given several concerts in St. George's Hall, Quebec, and was announced for 'A nicht wi' Burns,' before his departure. On Saturday, July 7, while fishing in Lake St. Joseph, he was taken ill, it was supposed from exposure to the excessive heat, and died at an early hour on the following Monday morning, one of the first victims to the cholera, which was so fatal in Canada during that summer.

"He was buried in Mount Hermon cemetery, on the banks of the beautiful St. Lawrence, some two miles south of the Plains of Abraham, where Wolfe won the immortal victory which changed the destiny of Canada. A few years ago, David Kennedy, another Scotch singer, intrusted to Dr. George Stewart, of Quebec, the sum of £10 to be devoted to forever caring for the grave of the gifted and amiable John Wilson. His last letter addressed to his poet friend, William Wilson, of Poughkeepsie, whose rendering of Jacobite songs and ballads almost equalled the professional singer's, is now in the writer's possession. It is dated July 7, and announces his anticipated meeting with his correspondent within a few weeks. Three years after Wilson's greatly regretted death, a number of his countrymen of Quebec erected over his grave a noble column, surmounted by an urn, with appropriate drapery. The monument bears the following inscription:

"Sacred to the memory of
John Wilson,
The Scottish Vocalist,
Celebrated for the excellent taste,
Feeling, and execution
With which he sang the airs
Of his native Caledonia.
He was an amiable and unassuming man.
Died at Quebec, July, 1849.

Erected by some of his friends and
Admirers in Canada, 1852."

Shelly, whose ashes lie under Italian skies, near those of Keats, said: "That it would almost make one in love with death to be buried in so sweet a spot." The same could be said of Wilson's Canadian resting place; and as we gathered from his grave few scarlet autumn leaves, a feathered songster was singing from the topmost branch of a brilliant maple, with a music sweeter than his own silvery tenor. Although far away from his dearly loved "North Countrie," he is surrounded by men of his own race, on whose tomb-stones may be seen Mackenzie and Macdougall, Campbell and Grant, Fraser and Forsyth, Ross, Turnbull, and other ancient Scottish names, many, if not most of them, the sons and grandsons of the six hundred and sixty-two gallant fellows of



MIDNIGHT DURING A RECEPTION AT THE CITADEL.

Fraser's Seventy-eighth Highlanders, who followed Wolfe up the steep and narrow *escalade* to the field where his untimely fate and that of his chivalric foe Montcalm, one hundred and thirty-one years ago this very day, so well illustrated Gray's familiar line that,

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

In the old city cemetery on St. John St., surrounding St. Matthew's church, and long since closed against further interments, there is to be seen the neglected grave of Major Thomas Scott, a brother of the great novelist, and late paymaster in H.M. 70th regiment, who died in Quebec in 1823. It is marked by a very simple stone. It was to Major Scott that Edinburgh Society attributed the earlier Waverley novels, an idea which Sir Walter himself was not unwilling to foster. He suggested to his brother that he should write a novel dealing with the incidents of Quebec society and the vicissitudes of Canadian life; nothing, however, came of the suggestion.

Near the head of de Salaberry street is the old cholera burying ground. Asiatic cholera visited Quebec in 1832, 1834, 1849, 1851, 1852 and 1854, causing in these years the deaths of 8,368 victims.

The French Canadians have very beautiful cemeteries, one at Belmont, three miles from the city on the St. Foye road, and others on the little river road near the banks of the St. Charles.

The St. Foye Monument.

ON the way into the city from Belmont, the tourist passes the elegant monument to the memory of the brave English and French soldiers, who fell in the battle of the second Plains of Abraham in 1760, in which the advantage was on the side of the French.

It consists of a column of bronzed metal standing on a stone base, and surmounted by a bronze statue of Bellona, presented by Prince Napoleon. The names of the competing Generals Lévis and Murray are borne upon the face of the base. On and around the very spot upon which it stands the battle was fought in which Lévis attempted to reconquer the city, and actually succeeded in defeating the troops of General Murray, although he could not force the English General to capitulate, nor yet take possession of the city.

The Drive around Quebec.

THE environs of Quebec abound in the most delightful scenery, and the roads in the vicinity of the city are amongst the finest upon the continent. The drives are all comparatively short, averaging about nine or ten miles, and over such good roads that one never feels tired. The scenery all along the road is pretty and interesting and full of graceful variety. Among the principal drives may be mentioned the drive to Montmorenci Falls, and the Natural Steps,—the latter no one should miss on any account,—the Falls of Lorette, the Falls of Ste. Anne and the Chaudière Falls. Few persons ever go to see the Fortifications at Levis, and yet they are well worthy of

a visit. Then there is the old ruin of Chateau Bigot, the haunt of one of the most notorious of scoundrels as well as the worst of Intendants. Chateau Richer is on the way to Ste. Ann's, and though the distance is a trifle long, the road goes through such a lovely section of country that one does not mind the length much. Lovers of lake scenery cannot do better than spend a few hours at the beautiful lakes of St. Charles and Beauport.

Fort Jacques Cartier.

LESS than a mile from the city as the tourist drives in the direction of Lake Beauport, Lake St. Charles or Chateau Bigot, there is passed on the left hand side of the Charlesbourg road the massive stone monument erected in 1888, at the confluence of the little river Lairet with the St. Charles, where Jacques Cartier spent the winters of 1535-36, with the crews of his little ships, the "Grande Hermine" and the "Petite Hermine," and erected his first fort immediately opposite the Indian encampment of Stadacona, of which Donacona was the chief. On the 3rd of May, 1536, three days before his return to France, Cartier erected a large cross, 35 feet high, at this place. The cross bore the arms of the King of France and the inscription:

"FRANCISCUS PRIMUS DEI GRATIA FRANCORUM REX REGNAT."

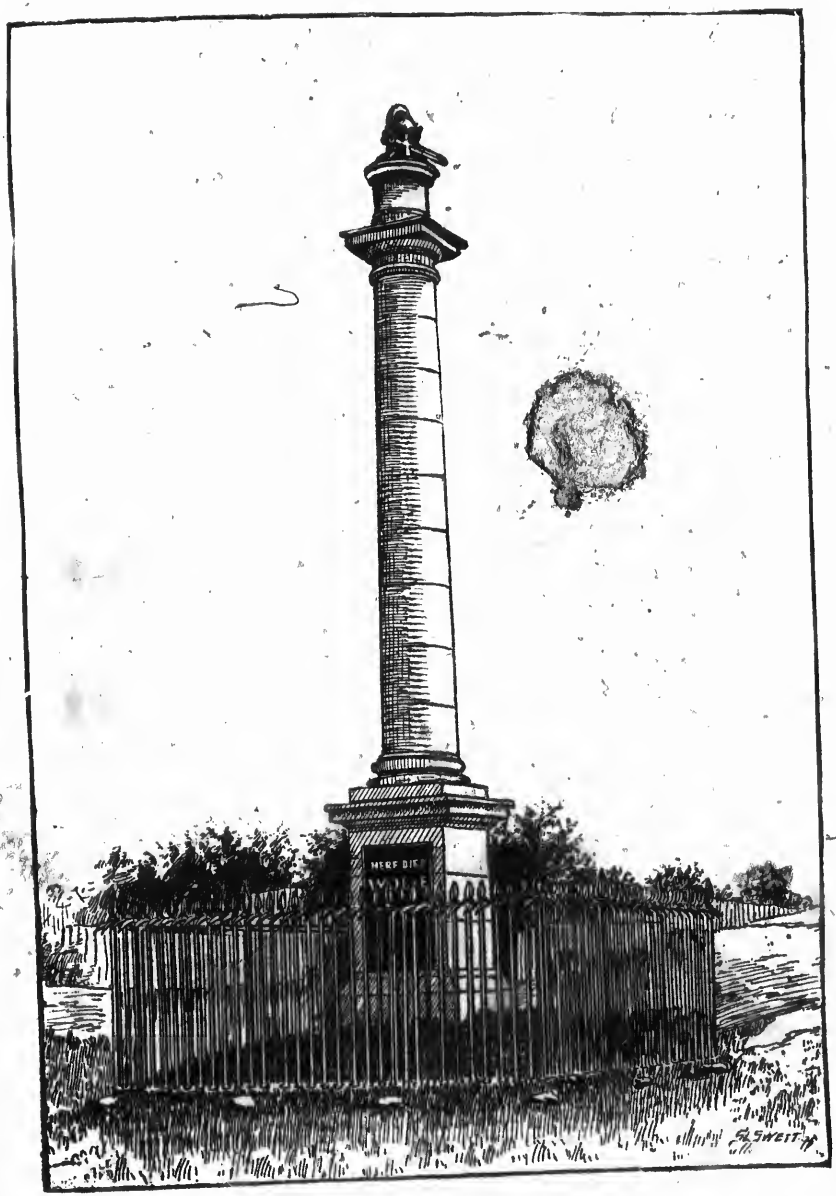
A substantial cross bearing a similar inscription was erected upon the same site in 1888. Ninety years after Cartier spent his first winter here, the scene of the earliest building erected in Canada by Europeans became that of the first Jesuit monastery in New France.

From this establishment went forth the first heroes of the Jesuit missioners in Canada —the discoverers of the interior of half a continent, many of whom sealed their faith with their blood, after enduring the most frightful sufferings in their endeavor to win over the savage Indian hordes of Canada at once to Heaven and to France.

Chateau Bigot and Charlesbourg.

THREE miles north of the Fort Jacques Cartier, the picturesque village of Charlesbourg, with its handsome church, is seen perched upon the slope of a hill, and commanding a splendid view of the city of Quebec and its immediate surroundings. A drive of four miles to the east brings the tourist to the ruins of the Chateau Bigot, Beaumanoir, sometimes also called the Hermitage. These ruins give but a faint idea of the grandeur, extent and secret passages of the original building, which was erected by the Intendant Bigot, whose profligacy and extravagance were unlimited, and whose rapacity supplied his requirements. Hither with companions as graceless as himself, he was wont to resort, to indulge in every excess of dissipation; and here was enacted the tragedy already referred to, in connection with the Golden Dog, which resulted in the death of Caroline, the unhappy Algonquin maid, and forms one of the leading features of Kilby's entrancing historical romance—"Le Chien d'Or."

From the hill in rear of these ruins spreads out a panorama of incomparable beauty.



WOLFE'S MONUMENT.

The main road that passes through Charlesbourg leads on to

Lakes Beauport and St. Charles.

THESE charming lakes should be seen by every visitor to Quebec, from which they are only distant about twelve miles.

The prettiest is Lake Beauport, but both are bewitchingly beautiful. They nestle in recesses of the Laurentian Mountains, Lake Beauport being hemmed in by them, right to the water's edge. It resembles some of the smaller of the Swiss lakes, and is considered to fully equal them in beauty. The speckled trout with which its waters teem are noted for the brilliant lustre of their variegated hues. They afford excellent sport to the angler. So do those of Lake St. Charles, which is a splendid sheet of water six miles in length. Lake St. Charles is the source of the river of that name, and furnishes the city of Quebec with its supply of fresh water. In the country which surrounds these lakes and along the road that leads to them the air is fragrant with the gummy odor of the pine-scented woods.

The Falls of Montmorenci.

THE far-famed Falls of Montmorenci—nearly a hundred feet higher then those of Niagara—are themselves well worth a visit to Quebec to see. Montmorenci is eight miles distant from Quebec. It may be reached either by the Quebec, Montmorenci & Charlevoix railroad, or by a pleasant drive over an excellent macadamized road, from which a splendid view of the river and surrounding country may be had. The cataract is one of the chief natural attractions in the vicinity of Quebec, the water in its perpendicular fall for the whole 250 feet of its leap over the face of the rock being broken up into white and fleecy foam. Its roar is tremendous, and can sometimes be heard for miles away. The spray that rises from it would soon drench to the skin anybody venturing too near it. In the winter, portions of the spray freeze as they rise, and form an ice cone in the shape of a sugar loaf, which in some seasons exceeds 120 feet in height. Quebecers then form parties for sliding down the cone in toboggans,—an exciting and exhilarating sport. The Falls may best be viewed from below, and the tiresome descent to their foot, and yet more tiresome climb back again up a staircase containing nearly 400 steps, may be avoided by taking the train from Quebec to Montmorenci, the railway passing below and close to the Falls. This view may also be had when taking the trip to La Bonne Ste. Anne described below. The drive along the highway from Quebec to Montmorenci should be taken on another day. The tourist will then take in the splendid scenery along the way, including views of the St. Lawrence and Isle of Orleans, of Beauport Lunatic Asylum and its magnificent grounds, and of the ruins of the old Beauport manor house that served as the headquarters of Montcalm's army in 1759; for before effecting a landing above Quebec, General Wolfe disembarked his troops on the eastern side of the Montmorenci river, and vainly endeavored to dislodge the French from their position, being compelled to retire, however, with several killed and wounded. There is also a splendid view of the river, island and city from the head

MONTMORENCY FALLS FROM STEPS

of the Falls, to which the tourist can drive, while near by is seen the manor of the Hall family, which ninety years ago was the country residence in Canada of the late Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria.

There was formerly a suspension bridge over the river at the very brink of the Falls, but nearly half a century ago it broke away from its mooring, and was swept over the cataract, carrying with it an unfortunate farmer and his family with their vehicle. The stone piers of this bridge still remain. The bodies of the poor people were never recovered, all objects passing over the Falls disappeared in a subterranean cavity worn by the constant dripping of the water for thousands of years. Several suicides have occurred here.

Nobody should miss seeing the Natural Steps, which are about a mile above the Falls. These are considered by some people to be the grandest feature of Montmorenci. Here the wild river is wildly magnificent. It dashes with the velocity of a mill race through narrow passes hedged in by precipitous walks of adamantine rock, and anon leaps heedlessly over natural barriers, forming in succession furious cascades and seething pools. The peculiar formation of the rocky banks has given them the title of the Natural Steps.

They are the wonder and admiration of all who see them.

L'Ange Gardien and Chateau Richer.

THE pretty French Canadian riverside parishes of L'Ange Gardien and Chateau Richer, which are situated in the above order immediately east of Montmorenci may be reached either by turnpike road or railway. Excellent snipe shooting is to be had upon their beaches.

The village of L'Ange Gardien was destroyed by Wolfe's soldiery after the battle of Beauport in 1759. Excellent fishing is to be had in the streams that flow down the river through these parishes. Three or four miles below Chateau Richer are the beautiful falls called Sault à la Puce.

La Bonne Ste. Anne.

AT a distance of twenty miles from Quebec is the far-famed shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, the parish of this name adjoining that of Chateau Richer. Since the year 1650, pious Canadians have resorted to this place from all parts of the country, and by thousands annually seeking to be cured of the various ills that flesh is heir to. It is claimed that great miracles are wrought here, even as of olden times, and that the sick are healed, the blind are made to see, the deaf to hear, the lame to walk with ease, and those nigh to death have strength and vigor come back to them, and that, too, suddenly, and through the intercession of that once good woman and now pure soul, the good St. Anne, the Virgin Mary's mother, one of whose finger joint bones is still shown and venerated in the church of the parish in a glass case. The sanctity of devotion and the marvels of the miraculous permeate the whole atmosphere of Ste. Anne de Beaupré.

The handsome new church was some few years ago raised by Pope Pius IX to the dignity of a basilica; and acting under the authority of Pope Leo XIII, Cardinal Taschereau in 1878 solemnly crowned the statue of the saint in her own sanctuary, amid great rejoicings. The very railroad that carries the pilgrims from Quebec to Ste. Anne has been solemnly consecrated and blessed by the Cardinal, as well as the cars by which they travel and the locomotives that draw them. The Basilica is one of the finest churches in the Province. It is 152 feet in length by 64 wide, and cost $200,000. The decorative paintings upon its walls and in its numerous lateral chapels are exceedingly interesting and sometimes quite artistic. Tourists and artists have come from long distances to visit them. But the chief interest attaches to the huge tiers of crutches and trusses, and sticks and splints, piled up eleven stories high, which have been left here by their former owners, whom the miraculous intervention of the Canadian thaumaturge relieved from further necessity for them. The frequency of these miracles, which are oft-times reported daily during the pilgrimage season, has made the Canadian Loretto as celebrated on the American continent as Notre Dame de Lourdes is in Europe. The shrine is visited by hundreds and thousands of pilgrims every summer from all parts of the United States, and for their accommodation, the Redemptorist Fathers in charge of the church deliver their sermons in German, Italian, Dutch, Flemish and Spanish, as well as in English and French.

The wonders wrought here date from the earliest period of the colony's existence. In the first part of the seventeenth century, some Breton fishermen, overtaken by a fearful storm, vowed to Ste. Anne to erect a sanctuary in her honor, if she would deign to save them from the terror of the sea. They landed safely upon the north bank of the St. Lawrence, and redeemed their obligations by building a small wooden chapel, which gave its name to the parish and was the scene of numerous miracles. It was replaced by a larger structure in 1660, which subsequently rebuilt and enlarged finally gave way to the present magnificent church. The Basilica contains not only the relics of Ste. Anne already referred to, but a portion of the rock from the grotto in which the Virgin Mary was born; a handsome chasuble of gold embroidery, presented by Queen Anne of Austria, mother of Louis XIV, and worked largely with her own hands; and a magnificent painting of Ste. Anne and the Virgin Mary, by Lebrun, presented by the Viceroy Tracy in 1666, and which is to be seen hanging over the main altar.

Mr. W. H. H. Murray thus refers to the miracles attributed here to La Bonne Ste. Anne:

"I know nothing about these wonders wrought, mercifully wrought, for wretched men and women at the shrine yonder, under the Laurentian hills, save what I see and know as the results. I know that there men and women are healed of their ills, and lacking the use of needed members are made whole again; but by whom they are healed, or by what power or powers, immediate or intermediate, I know not at all, and am not, believe me, even curious to know. Enough for me to know that a fragment of old time Palestine is in Canada; that the sea of Galilee empties one of its ancient springs into the St. Lawrence, and that there is one spot on the American continent where theologians are puzzled, scientists are silenced, and a positive medicine is in operation that some grasping Yankee cannot patent and monopolize. Had this Canadian Loretto been on

HABITANT INTERIORS [Near Quebec.]

the Merrimac, we should have "Ste. Anne's Pills" and "Porous Plasters à la Ste. Anne," hawked over the whole world, and the Grace of God would have been patented and duly labelled.

Lorette.

THE tourist in Quebec will not have performed his whole duty if he fails to take the lovely drive to Lorette Falls, situated about nine miles away from town. The route lies through a most interesting piece of territory, charming to the eye, and rich in historic association. From the carriage window, or from the height of the fast-speeding caleche, one may view landscapes and waterscapes of surpassing beauty, while the rival villages of French Lorette and Indian Lorette afford the thoughtful observer much food for reflection. The best time to take this delightful drive is in the morning. One may leave the St. Louis Hotel immediately after breakfast, and it will not be long before your driver will be pointing out to you the various features of interest along the way. The roads are always good which lead to famed Lorette, the home of the Christian Hurons, lineal descendants of those ancient warriors, who waged such savage wars with the Iroquois in the time of Frontenac, two hundred years ago. One first catches a glimpse of the French village. It is situated on the highlands, and from its top one gets a fine view all around, the city in the distance looking very striking and bold, and the Parliament Buildings standing out grandly against the clear sky. But the driver hurries on to the settlement of the Indians. The residence of the Chief is a point of vantage. It is the correct thing to get out of your carriage and pay your respects to this potentate, and look at his house, which is a marvel of cleanliness. He will show his medals and many curiosities, if you ask to see them. The Lorette chapel, which is over one hundred and fifty years old, is well worth a visit. It is of the same model and of the same dimensions as that of the Santa Casa, from whence the image of the Virgin, a copy of that in the famous sanctuary, was sent to the Indians. Charlevoix relates that "nothing is more affecting than to hear them sing in two choirs,—men on one side, women on the other,—prayers and hymns of the church in their own language." The tourist will find interest in looking at the Indian cottages on the plateau of the Falls. These have been laid out, apparently ou no particular design, and a walk over the twenty acres of land which contain them will occupy only a few moments of time. But the Falls themselves are the principal attraction of this charming drive. They are very well worth a long journey to see. The spot where the foaming waters come tumbling down, over rocks and stones, and through picturesque gorges, is certainly wild enough. One can see the cascade as he stands on the little hill, a few feet away from the inn. But to see the Falls in all their beauty the tourist must go down the steps which lead to a ravine. Five minutes walk will bring you to a moss covered rock, and on this sheltered place you may sit for hours listening to the noisy splash, and watching the dashing waters as they hurry along, foaming and plunging over the stones. Lorette Falls differ widely from the cataract of Montmorency, but they are just as striking in their way. Some think them more beautiful.

HABITANT INTERIORS [Near Quebec.]

Just above the Indian village is the Chateau d'Eau, where, from a miniature lake formed by a dam across the river, two lines of iron pipe, one 30 inches and the other 18 inches in diameter, draw off the water supply, with which they serve the city of Quebec. At this point boats and canoes may be obtained and the river ascended to its source, Lake St. Charles.

Cap Rouge, St. Augustin and Lake Calvaire.

CAP Rouge is a delightful spot which is passed on the drive out by St. Louis and in by St. Foye road, but is well worthy of a special visit and a drive through the parish, over a pretty stream that here flows into the St. Lawrence.

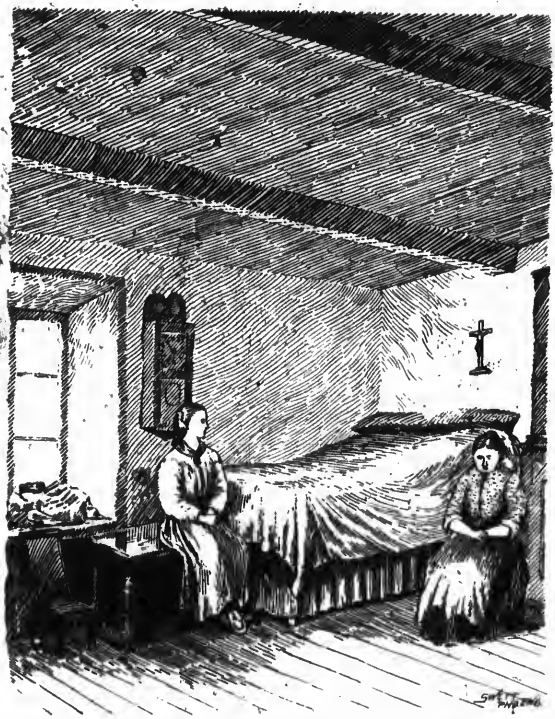
Continuing the drive toward St. Augustin, the tourist reaches the pretty Lake Calvaire or Lake St. Augustin, at a distance of twelve miles from Quebec. The drive to it from Cap Rouge is one of the most beautiful of the many entrancing ones in the district of Quebec, and overlooks the St. Lawrence and the opposite shore from the brink of the lofty precipice. The church of St. Augustin is near by, and well worth a visit. There is also a deserted church, built in 1648, now in ruins on the beach, in reference to which is a legend that the devil, in the shape of a horse, assisted in the construction. This horse was continually kept bridled and employed in carting stones of an immense size, beyond the power of any ordinary horse to move, till one day a workman carelessly took off his bridle to give him a drink,—when he immediately disappeared in a cloud of burning sulphur. History has failed to record how many drinks the horse's driver had taken that day.

The South Shore.

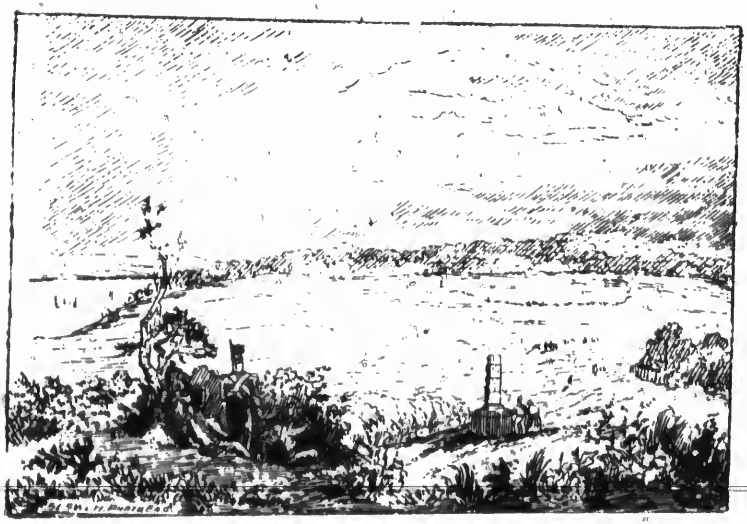
MANY and varied are the attractions of the south shore. From Point Levis, immediately opposite Quebec, may be obtained one of the most imposing views of the city and of Cape Diamond, and the crossing by ferry is a matter of some three minutes only. Right opposite the ferry landing is the joint depot of the Grand Trunk, Intercolonial and Quebec Central Railways. A drive should be taken to the new military forts upon the heights above, constructed by the Imperial Government at a cost of over a million of dollars, and on no account should the tourist fail to visit the Engineer's Camp at St. Joseph de Lévis, whence a magnificent panorama of river, island and the falls of Montmorenci lies spread out before the admirers of Nature's charms. Indian Cove, which lies between the Camp and the riverside, derives its name from the fact that an encampment of Indians was formerly located there.

Just below the church of St. Joseph de Lévis, which is passed on the way from the Camp to the riverside, the Intercolonial Railway crosses the roadway over an iron bridge. Here, in December, 1890, a whole train was derailed and thrown completely over the embankment, resulting in the death of ten passengers and the maiming of several others.

Near by is the Government graving dock, a massive piece of masonry which is able to accommodate the largest steamships running to the St. Lawrence, being 484 feet



Habitant Interior [Near Quebec.]



Plains of Abraham (1840.)

long and 100 feet wide. It well repays a visit, especially when a vessel is docked in it, in which case the visitor may descend into it and walk right under the keel of one of the modern leviathians of the deep. Together with the new tidal and other docks at the mouth of the St. Charles, this addition to the facilities for the accommodation of shipping in the port of Quebec, one of the finest ports in the world, (1) has already involved an expenditure of over five million of dollars.

The Scene of a Tragic Execution.

AT a short distance from the Levis church, where four roads cross, there was enacted in 1763 a remarkable tragedy. A woman commonly called La Corriveau, who was credited with having been the accomplice of Angélique de Méloise in the murder of Bigot's *amoureuse*, Caroline, the Indian maid, at Beaumanoir, (2) was accused of having murdered, at St. Valier, her husband Dodier, some say by pouring molten led into his ear while he slept, but according to de Gaspé, (3) by smashing in his skull with a blunt instrument, after which she is said to have dragged his body to the stable and placed him behind a horse, to convey the impression that the animal had kicked him to death. She was tried by court martial in the Ursuline Convent,—then the headquarters of General Murray, for the Colony was at this time under military reign. Sentenced to be first hanged, and then to have her body exposed in chains, she was executed according to Kirby upon the Levis hill, in full view of the city of Quebec, but if De Gaspé and LeMoine are correct, close to the St. Louis road or Grande Allée in the city itself, at the then usual place of execution, at what is now known as Perrault's hill, the highest point of the road, from which the descent is made which leads immediately to the Plains of Abraham proper. No matter which was her place of execution, her body was for a long time exposed in an iron cage, made to its shape with arms and legs, and affixed to a pole at the cross roads just described,—a warning to evil doers and the terror of the neighboring inhabitants, who complained of nocturnal apparitions and clanging noises, produced, of course, by the wicked spirit of the dead murderess. Finally, the cage, with its ghastly contents, was interred in a neighboring field, only to be exhumed and re-interred in 1830, again recovered in 1850, and then sold to a collector of relics, and deposited in a public museum in Boston.

(1) "Quebec's docks and tidal basins, when completed, will rank among the most perfect works of the kind in the world."—Dr. Geo. Stewart, F.R.G.S., in the Encyclopædia Britannica. See also "The Port of Quebec,—its facilities and prospects," by E. T. D. Chambers, Quebec, 1890.

(2) Kirby's "Golden Dog," chapter XXXV.

(3) "Les Anciens Canadiens," edition of 1877. Vol. II, page 155.

Chaudiere Falls.

IT is well worth the while to drive from Levis to Chaudière, to see the magnificent falls, though the trip may also be made by steamer or by train. These falls are somewhat similar to those of Lorette, though upon a larger scale, their height being about 130 feet.

Thoreau relates that he saw here the most brilliant rainbow that he ever imagined :— "Not a few faint prismatic colors merely, but a full semi-circle, only four or five rods in diameter, though as wide as usual, so intensely bright as to pain the eye, and apparently as substantial as an arc of stone." (1)

Etchemin or New Liverpool, which is passed on the way from Quebec to Chaudière, possesses one of the handsomest churches in Canada. Its frescoes are the admiration of visitors from far and near.

Isle of Orleans.

A SAIL down the river to this beautiful island is one of the summer attractions of Quebec. Jacques Cartier called it the Isle of Bacchus from the numerous wild grapes found there. Numbers of Quebecers have summer residences here, and thousands of others escape the heat of many a summer's afternoon by the trip to the island and back again, with its cool river breezes and delightful scenery.

Tourists cannot more pleasantly spend one of their afternoons in the vicinity of Quebec than by taking the steamer for the island immediately after luncheon, returning to the St. Louis in time for dinner.

The Saguenay and St. Lawrence Watering Places.

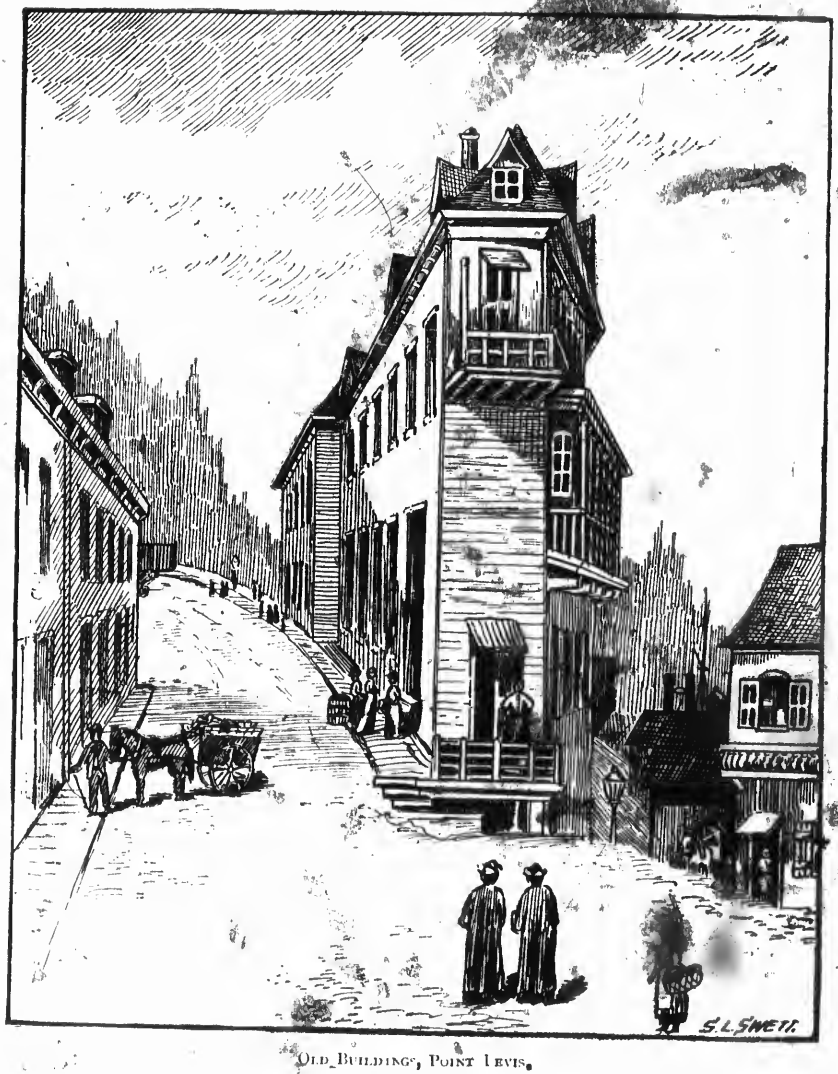
IF time permits, the tourist at Quebec, after having taken in all the attractions of the city and immediate vicinity, should not fail to take the round trip to the Saguenay and back, passing the pretty seaside resorts of Murray Bay, Rivière du Loup, Tadousac and peerless Cacouna,—the queen of Canadian watering places.

The poet of the Sierras once said that there were three things in the world which proved, on inspection, to be not disappointing. One of these was the beautiful and glimmering Bay of Naples, the other was the Falls of Niagara, and the third was that great "river of death," as Bayard Taylor called the deep cold stream, the wonderful and awe-inspiring Saguenay. There is no need to describe the grandeur of the Saguenay, but the tourist who wishes to see a sight which almost surpasses belief will do well to spend a couple of days in investigating the waters of the lower St. Lawrence and the "Amber River" of Joaquin Miller.

An Englishman of means and leisure, who was here a year or two ago, wrote of Quebec and the Saguenay as follows :—

"A trip up the wonderful Saguenay river from Quebec is itself worth a trip across the Atlantic, to say nothing of the quaint old city of Quebec and its magnificent

(1) A Yankee in Canada. Page 66.



Old Buildings, Point Levis.

approaches. I could pack up my traps and return home feeling well satisfied with what I have already seen of your country, the dreams of my early youth having been more than realized. I wish to see nothing finer than the bays on the St. Lawrence and Saguenay river, or the grandeur of Cape Eternity and Trinity Rock on the Saguenay. Your country seems to say with the river of grandeur and beauty :—

Some may come and some may go,
But I flow on for ever."

One will naturally enjoy a few days of quiet repose at the homelike Chateau St. Louis Hotel with its picturesque, weird and historic surroundings, after a visit to the wild awe-inspiring Saguenay.

The Lake St. John Country.

IF the tourist be a sportsman, he cannot afford to leave Quebec without paying a visit to that sportsman's paradise, lying away amongst and beyond the Laurentian hills that bound the horizon as he looks northward from the city, and which is known as the Lake St. John country. No mountain region on the face of the globe offers more interesting features to the geologist than that of the Laurentides. This range forms the back bone of the oldest mountain chain upon the crust of the globe. Thousands of years before Noah's Ark grounded upon the summit of Mount Ararat, or the fiat had gone forth which first shed creative light upon a world of chaos, the mountains of which these Laurentian hills then formed the framework lifted aloft their hoary heads, white with the snows of a thousand years. There are a number of indications of this condition of affairs, which forbid any doubt on the subject. On the heights of Lorette, nine or ten miles from the city of Quebec, where the Lake St. John Railway is cut through a heavy sand bank, are found pleistocene deposits of saxicava sand, containing astarte, saxicava-rugosa and pecten Greenlandica shells in great abundance. These are the self-same shells which are to-day found, inhabited by living mollusks, in the cold salt sea which washes the base of Greenland's icy mountains. In the glacial period of our planet's history, there is no doubt that a cold salt sea similar to that of Labrador and Greenland covered a great part of this Laurentian country, to a height of many hundred feet above the present level of our own St. Lawrence. A wild country, this, to be traversed by a railway. Few who have not travelled the line of the Lake St. John Railway have any real idea of the difficulties encountered in its construction. It passes, too, through a remarkable country, full of delightful scenery, and thickly studded with the most charming lakes teeming with fish. Beyond Lake St. Joseph and the many trout lakes on the other side of Rivière-à-Pierre, which have been fished by American sportsmen, there are the beautiful Lake Edward, Cedar Lake and Lake Bouchette. Lake Edward is fifteen to twenty miles in length, and dotted with charming islands. For about thirty miles the railway follows the course of the Batiscan river, and here is to be seen some of the most magnificent scenery that can be found anywhere. The stream is from 300 to 600 feet in width,—

a leaping, roaring, dashing, inpetuous river,—a succession of foaming rapids and fleecy cascades. It is sometimes hemmed in on both sides by lofty mountains, often so closely that there is scarcely room left on either bank for the roadbed of the railway line.

At a distance of 190 miles from Quebec, the tourist by this railway reaches Lake St. John,—a great inland sea, almost circular in form and over thirty miles across, which was discovered by the Jesuit missionary De Quen, 250 years ago. It is fed by numerous rivers over a mile wide each at their mouths, and is the source of the far-famed Saguenay. Here are taken the wonderful ouananiche or land-locked salmon, which afford such remarkable sport to the angler and attract so many American fishermen annually to this northern country.

An elegant new hotel, the *Hotel Roberval*, at Roberval, Lake St. Jean, accommodates three hundred guests. This hotel has been built on a commanding site, affording a magnificent view of the whole expanse of Lake St. John. Almost in front of the hotel is the steamboat wharf, where tourists may embark on the passenger steamers "Mistassini," "Peribonca" and "Undine," making daily trips and excursions to all points on Lake St. John during the season of navigation. The Montagnais Indians, whose village is a short distance from the hotel, will be available as canoemen and guides; and their bark canoes and intimate knowledge of all the best sporting localities around the lake will always be available to the guests of the hotel. Trains land passengers close to the hotel door, saving the expense of vehicles from and to the station. Mr. T. Kenna, late of the St. Lawrence Hall, Montreal, is the manager.

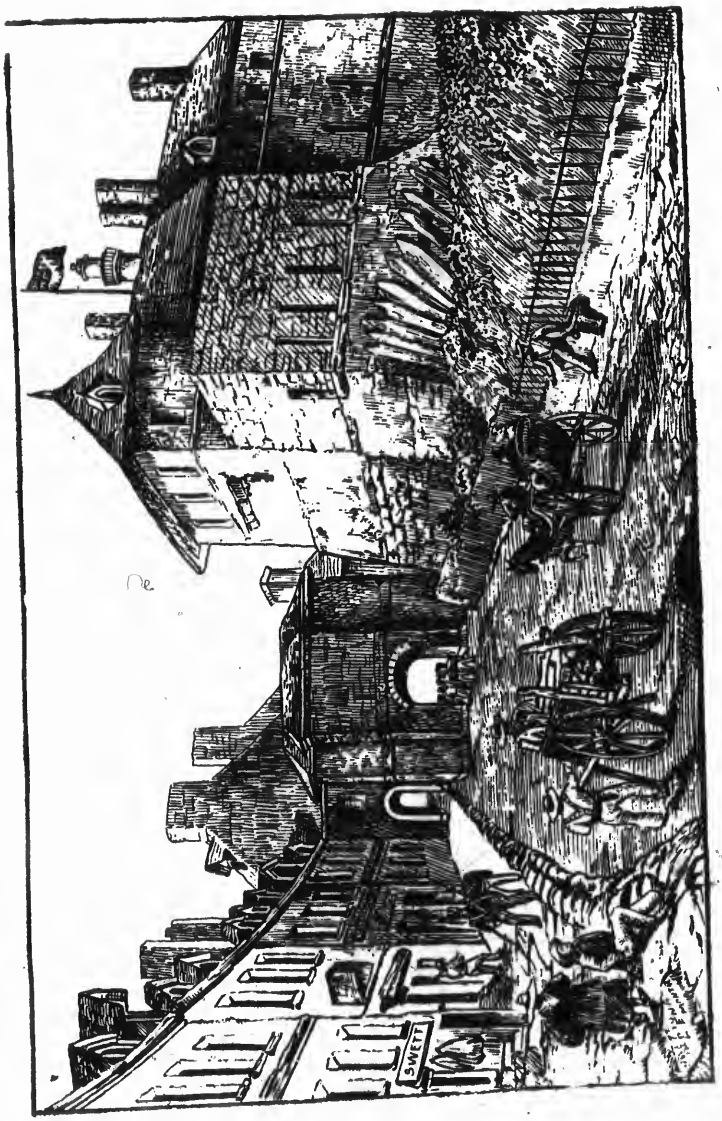
The popularity of this hotel during the three seasons it has been open has been such that it has been found necessary to increase its capacity from 100 to 300 guests, which has been done by constructing two spacious wings, in one of which is placed a magnificent dining room, overlooking the lake.

The Island House, on the opposite side of the lake, is capable of accommodat ing one hundred guests, and is under the same management as the Hotel Roberval. It is situated on an island of the Grand Discharge, where this inland sea pours its surplus waters into the mysterious Saguenay, and where the Ouananiche are killed in largest numbers in the summer and autumn months, and is reached by a daily steamboat service to and from Roberval.

A hotel is now completed at Chambord Junction, Lake St. John, thirteen miles east of Roberval. At St. Raymond there are several country hotels; and at Lake St. Joseph there is a hotel—Lake View House—beautifully situated on the shore of that lake. In the villages around Lake St. John a moderate number of visitors will find acommodation among the country people.

There is a very comfortable hotel at Lake Edward, where the sportsman will always find good accommodation.

The climate of Lake St. John and the intervening country along the railway is strongly recommended by physicians. Its soft, balmy air, due to its being protected from the rough winds of the St. Lawrence, and to the proximity of forests of pine, spruce and cedar, is very beneficial and exhilarating to invalids. Lake St. John itself is 353 feet above tide water. The intervening country is much higher, St. Raymond being 458



PRESCOTT GATE (1840).

feet, Rivière à-Pierre 709, Lake Edward 1,212, the Summit 1,504, Kiskisink 1,318, and Lake Bouchette 1,073 feet above tide.

It would require much more space than is now at our disposal to describe the innumerable attractions that the city and district of Quebec possess for tourists of every class. When the time has at length arrived that summons him home from his holiday tour, he must be of peculiar temperament if he does not declare with a well-known American traveller, already quoted in these pages, "that one leaves Quebec with a feeling of gratitude. Time is not wasted in sight-seeing here as it too frequently is in other quarters. It is an incomparable spot for the lover of a quiet holiday who is anxious to learn something of the country and its history. He walks a ground consecrated to history, and he views conditions of life the like of which cannot be found outside the walls that separate it from the outer world."

As Quebec stands unrivalled in the history of her past, so is she unexcelled to-day in the beauty of her present. As Longfellow sang of Nuremburg :

"Quaint old town of toil and traffic,
Quaint old town of art and song.
Memories haunt thy pointed gables
Like the rocks that round thee throng."

Le Magazin du Louvre,

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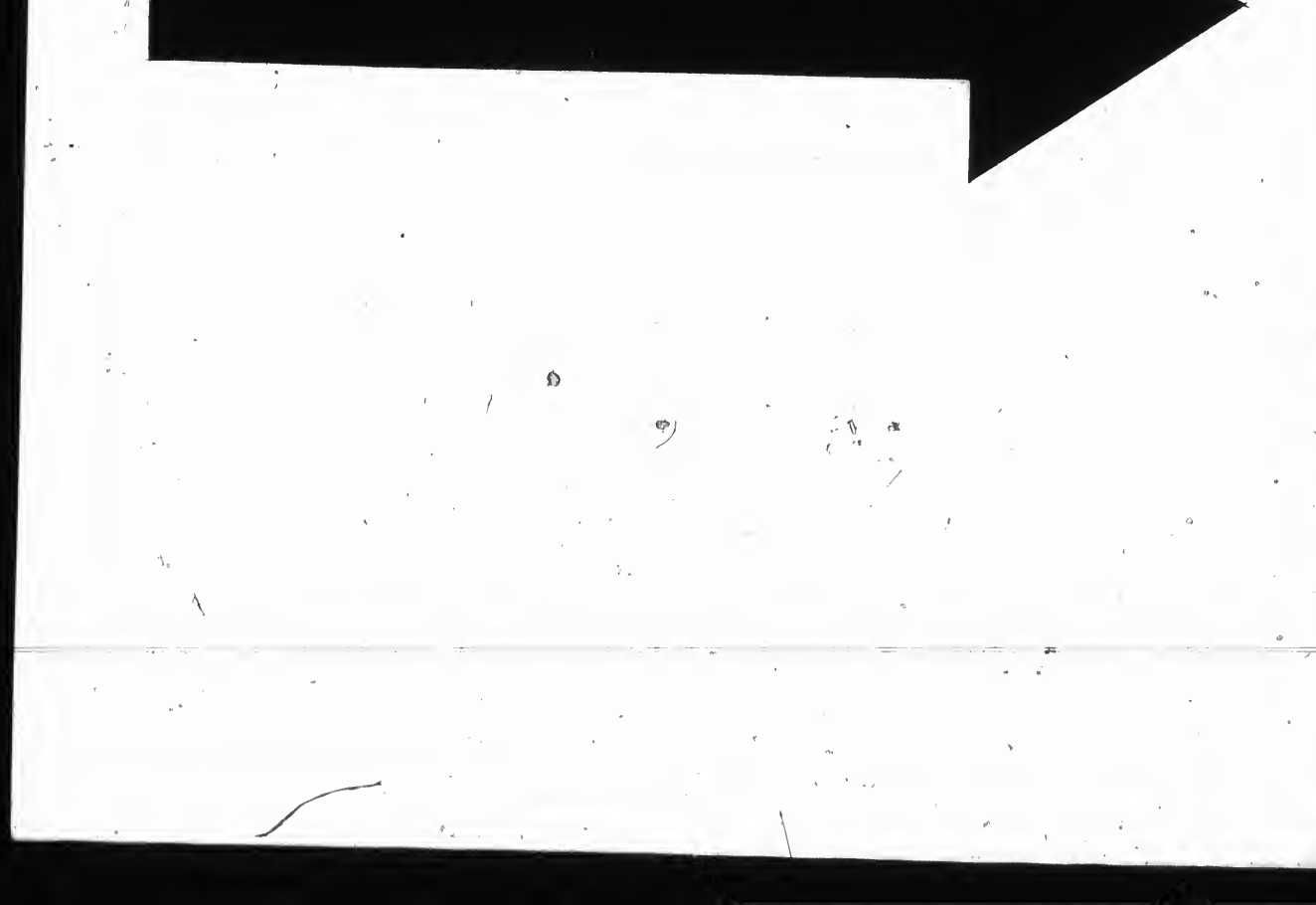

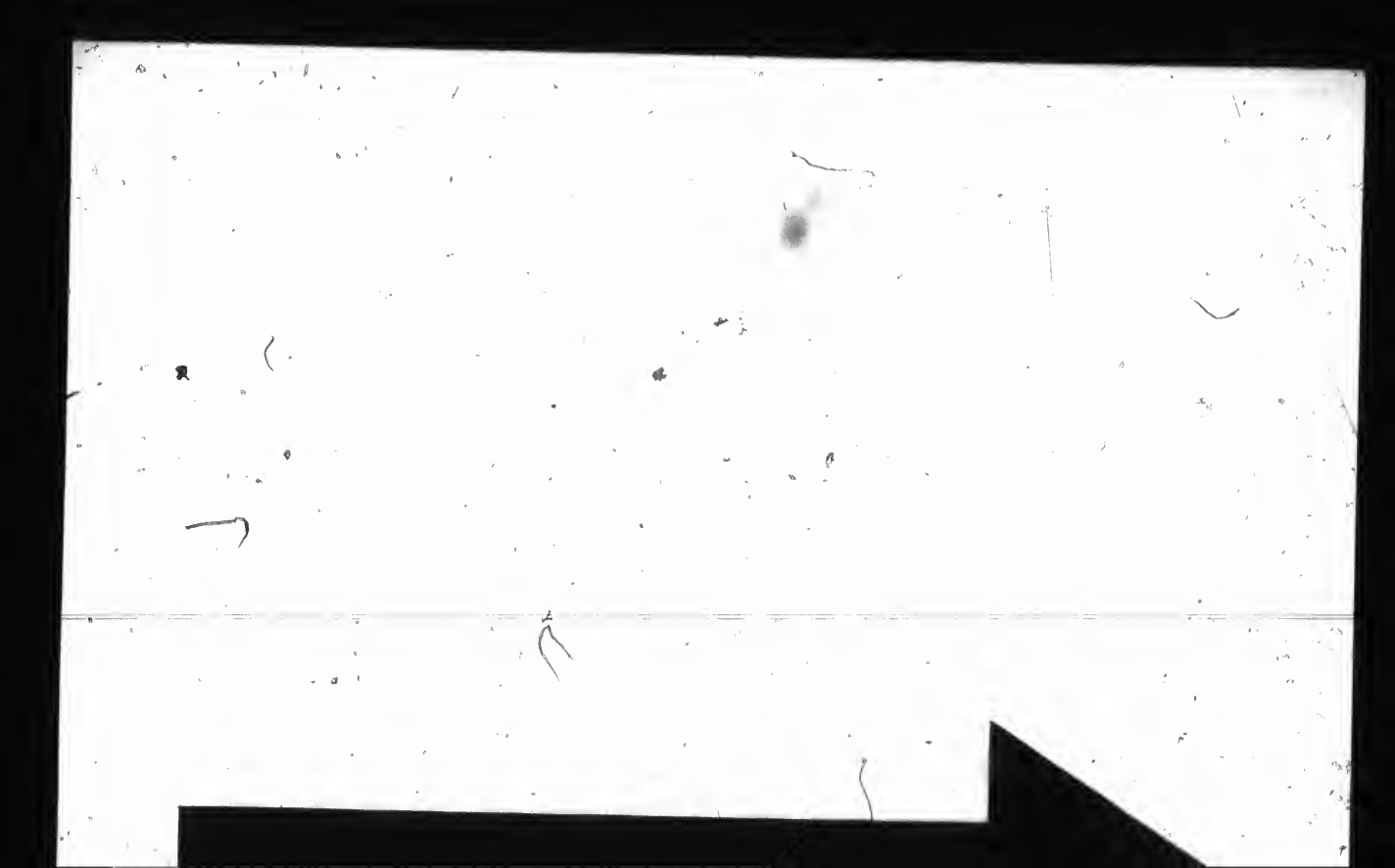

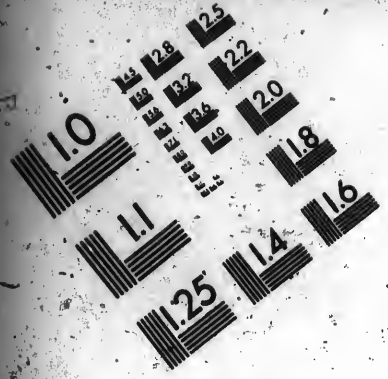

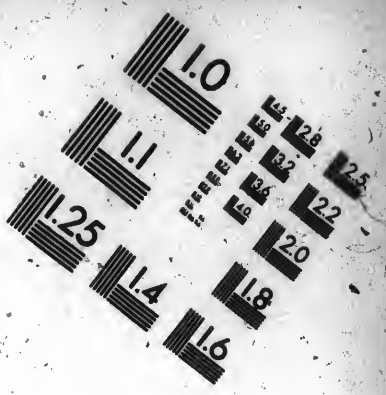

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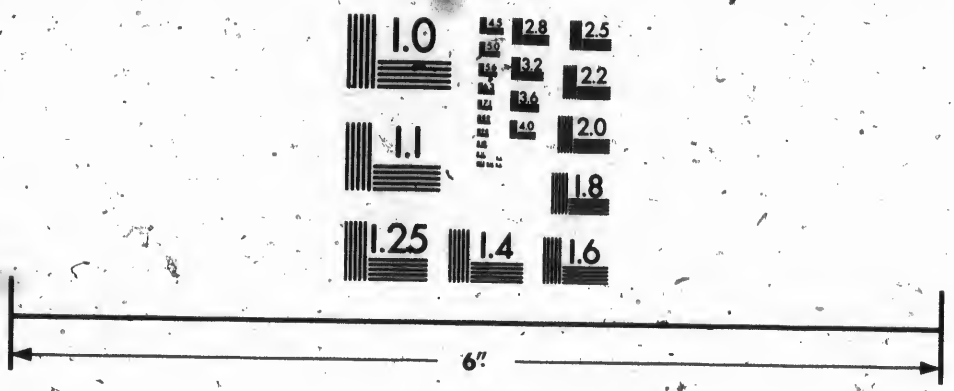

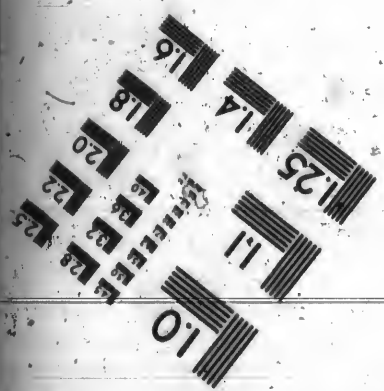

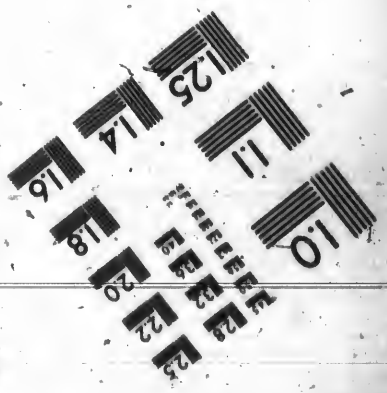

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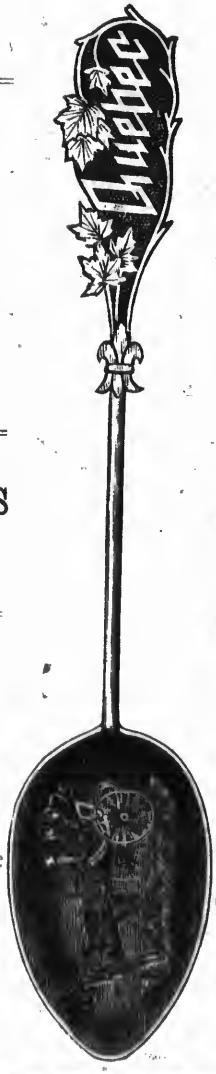

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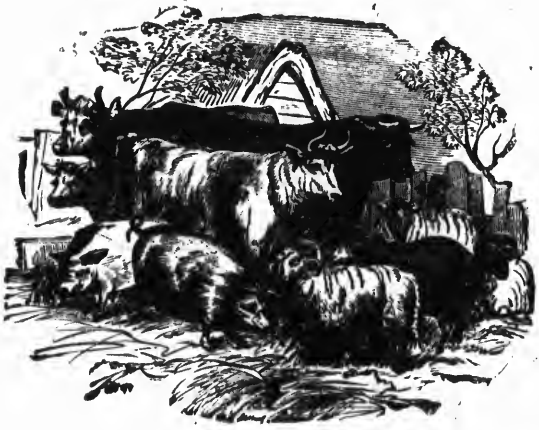

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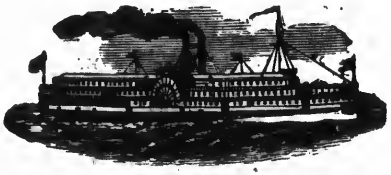

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BETWEEN

The Saguenay River, Quebec, Montreal, Kingston, Toronto and Intermediate Ports.

This line is composed of the following First-Class Side-Wheel Steamers, viz.:

The "*CANADA*," Captain Barras, and the "*SAGUENAY*," Captain Lecours, on the Saguenay route, and the Quebec Line is composed of the

QUEBEC,	Iron	.....	*Captain Nelson*
MONTREAL,	"	.....	" *Roy.*

Leave Montreal daily the whole season (Sundays excepted) for Quebec, at 7 p.m., calling at Sorel, Three Rivers and Batiscan. Returning leave Quebec for Montreal at 5 p.m., arriving in Montreal 6.30 a.m. following morning. Sunday trips between Montreal and Quebec will be inaugurated during the pleasure season, commencing about 26th June, leaving Montreal and Quebec respectively at 3 p.m.

The Western Line is composed of the following steamers, leaving Montreal as undernoted, commencing on 1st June to 15th September, and thereafter on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, until 30th September:

PASSPORT,	Composite	.....	*Captain Sinclair.*
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UPWARDS.

Leave Canal Basin, Montreal, daily [Sundays excepted], at 10 a.m., leave Lachine at 12.30 on arrival of noon train from Montreal; leave Coteau Landing at 6.30 p.m., on arrival of Grand Trunk train leaving Montreal at 5 p.m., calling at Alexandria Bay, Thousand Islands Park, Round Island, Clayton, Kingston, passing upwards through the beautiful Bay of Quinte, Deseronto, Belleville, Trenton, Brighton, etc., arriving in Toronto at 7.00 a.m., connecting with Railways for Collingwood, Lake Superior, Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee, Buffalo and all Western points.

DOWNWARDS.

Leave Toronto daily [Sundays excepted], at 2 p.m., touching at all ports, including Clayton, Round Island, Thousand Islands Park, Alexandria Bay, Brockville, and arriving in Montreal the following day at 6.30 p.m., connecting with the steamers

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Passing through the beautiful and romantic scenery of the Lake of the Thousand Isles and all the Rapids of the River St. Lawrence by daylight.

Largely increased facilities.—In addition to the regular daily Line between TORONTO and MONTREAL, a beautiful new Palace Steamer, the "COLUMBIAN," now building, will be placed upon the route between Kingston and Montreal about 4th July, leaving Kingston at 5.15 a.m. on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, calling at intermediate points, arriving at Montreal at 6.30 p.m.

Through tickets at low rates, with every information, may be obtained from the various Local Agents on board the Steamers, at the ticket offices, and from Casimir Dickson, 60 Yonge St., Toronto; H. F. Chaffee, Ticket Agent, 128 St. James Street; and Richelieu Pier, Canal Basin, Windsor Hotel and Balmoral Hotel.

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EQUESTRIAN.—A proficient teacher for any wishing instruction in equestrianism will be in attendance with several saddle horses for both ladies and gentlemen, also carriages to order.

MUSIC.—An orchestra connected with hotel.

PRICES.—For transient, $2.00 and upwards per day, $10.50 and upwards per week, according to location of rooms. Special rates for families by the month or for the season.

VERY LIBERAL ARRANGEMENTS for clerks, teachers and students wishing to spend their summer holidays at the seaside.

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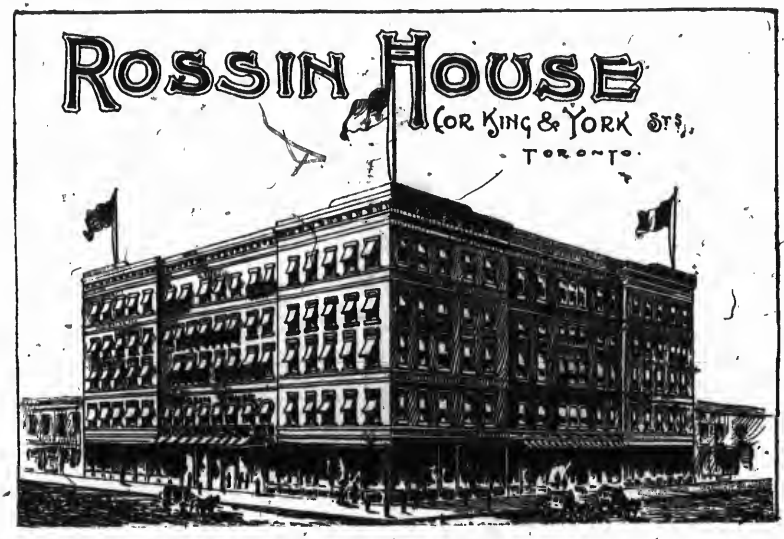

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Passenger and baggage elevator running day and night. Prices graduated according to location of room, and based on a moderate scale. Accommodates 500 guests.

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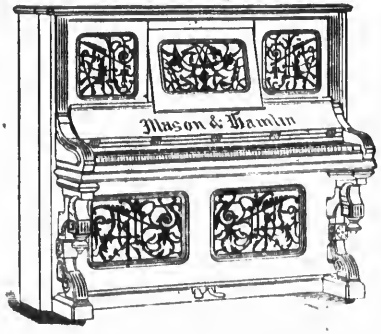

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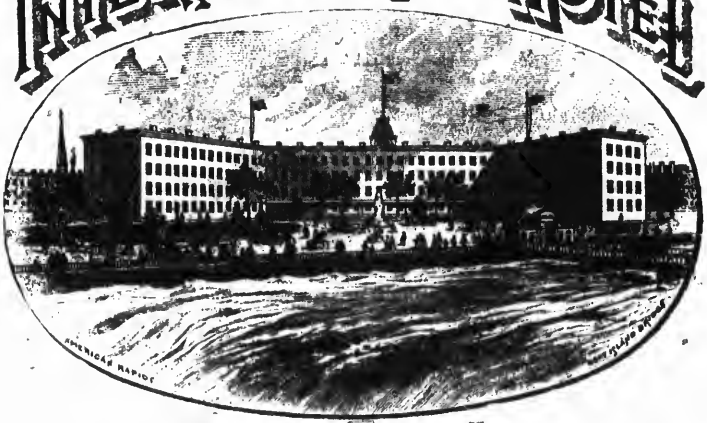

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Special care has been taken to render the *cuisine* unexcelled. The most experienced and skillful assistants have been engaged for every department. Music is furnished by an unrivalled orchestra.

The removal of the tolls by the establishment of the State Reservation renders Niagara one of the most inexpensive of summer resorts.

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They are at liberty to employ their own physicians if they feel so disposed.

This Hospital, in view of the locality in which it is situated, the perfect drainage and modern inprovements, offers the best possible guarantee to those who are ill.

All contagious or infectious diseases are strictly refused.

One portion of the Hospital will be specially reserved for the treatment of female complaints.

Free clinics and consultations for the poor every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, between the hours of 7 and 8.30 in the morning.

For other information address at the office, during office hours.

EVERY DAY { From 11.30 to 12.30 o'clock A.M.
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" 7 " 8 " P.M.