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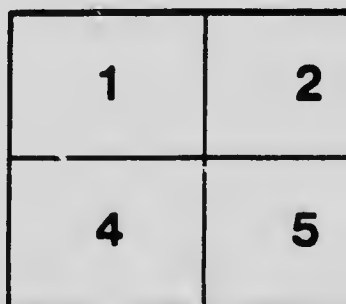
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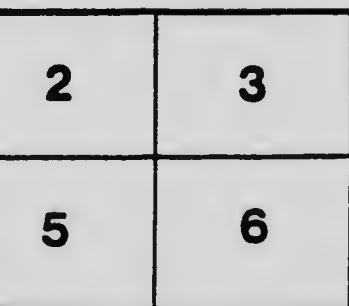
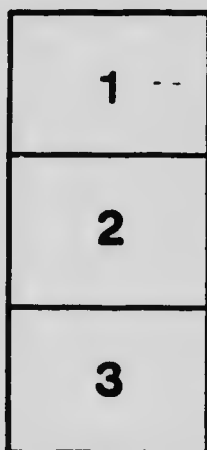
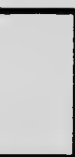
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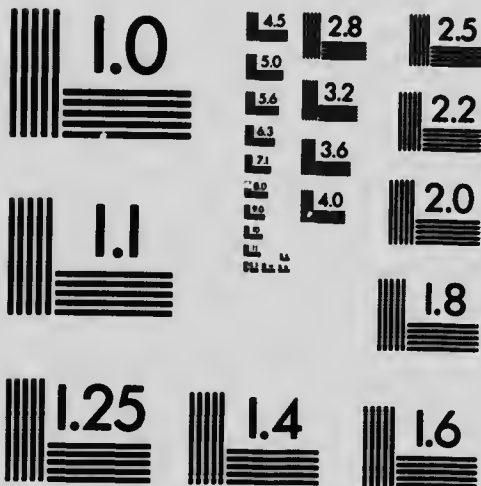
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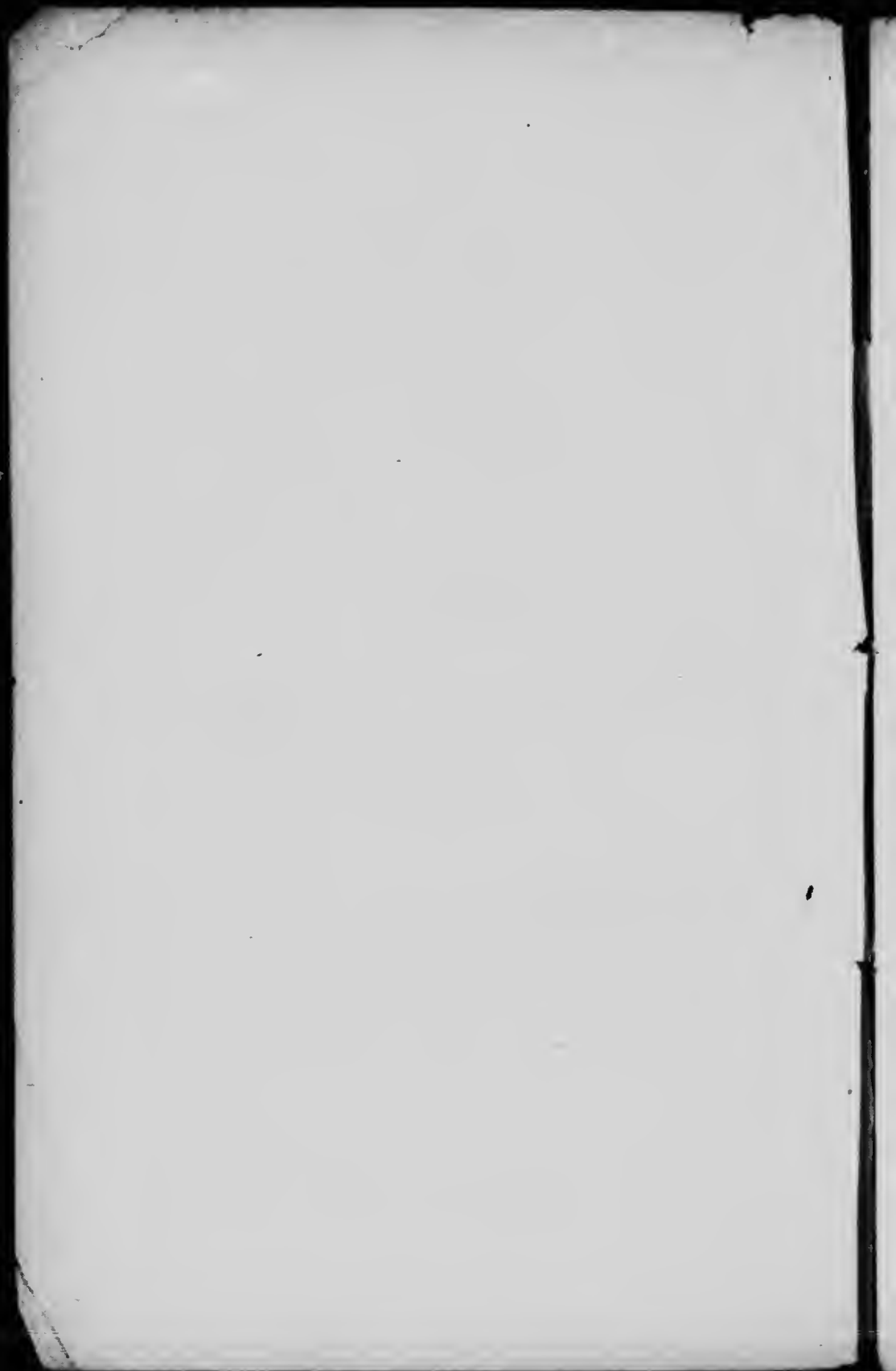
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Q U E B E C.

THERE is no city in America more famous in the annals of history than Quebec, and few on the continent of Europe more picturesquely situated. Whilst the surrounding scenery reminds one of the unrivalled views of the Bosphorus, the airy site of the citadel and town recalls to mind Innsbruck and Edinburgh. Quebec dates from 1608 ; and being the key to Canada, having witnessed beneath its walls the two foremost nations of Europe arrayed in battle to decide the fate of empire in the New World, and having offered in its environs a refuge and winter quarters to Europeans so early as 1534, this city must ever awaken the deepest interest in the eyes of every student of history. " Viewed from any one of its approaches, it impresses the stranger with the conviction of strength and permanency. The reader of American history, on entering its gates or wandering over its squares, ramparts and battle-fields, puts himself at once in communion with the illustrious dead. The achievements of daring mariners, the labours of self-sacrificing missionaries of the Cross, and the conflict of military heroes who bled and died in the assault and defence of its walls, are here re-read with tenfold interest. There the lover of Nature, in her grandest and most rugged forms, as in her

gentle and most smiling moods, will find in and around it an affluence of sublime and beautiful subjects." *

Upon the 20th of April 1534, Jacques Cartier, an experienced navigator, sailed from the port of St. Malo in France with two ships of 60 tons burthen each, and on the 10th of May arrived at Newfoundland. Traversing the Gulf of St. Lawrence, he proceeded to Gaspé, and in July of the same year he returned to France. Upon the 19th of May 1535 Cartier again left the port of St. Malo with three vessels of 120, 60, and 40 tons respectively, and greater armaments and power, and rendezvoused at Newfoundland; from thence coasting along the north shore, on the 10th of August he came to the gulf which he named St. Lawrence, in honour of the saint whose festival is observed on that day, and which name has since been extended to the whole of the great river of Canada and the great gulf into which it empties itself. Pursuing his voyage, he came in sight of Stadacona, an Indian village, signifying "the place of a strait," where Quebec now stands, and cast anchor off the Isle of Orleans.

Here he was visited by Donnacona, the chief of the aborigines, and then commenced that intercourse between Canada and the Old World, which, like a tiny spring, the source of a mighty river, has increased until the port of Quebec is now annually visited by thousands of ships, and the flags of every maritime nation float over her ample basin.

Much discussion has taken place as to the origin of the

* "Maple Leaves," by J. N. Le Moine, Esq., author of "L'Ornithologie du Canada," "Les Pêcheries du Canada," &c. We cordially recommend "Maple Leaves." The work contains a rich collection of legendary, historical, critical, and sporting intelligence regarding Quebec and its classic surroundings. A more interesting souvenir could not be taken from the ancient city.

names Canada and Quebec. The best authenticated accounts seem to be, that *Kannata*, the Iroquois word signifying "a village" or "collection of huts," was given indiscriminately to the whole of this vast region by the early navigators ; and that Quebec owes its name to the exclamation of the Norman sailors, "*Quel bec !*"—What a promontory !—or, as others with good reason think, to a word in the Algonquin language signifying "a strait."

Quebec is the key to Canada,—and so thought Wolfe and Montcalm and other brave men who fought and died for possession of the prize.

To begin fairly with Quebec, one cannot do better than endeavour to realize the first impressions of the elegant American writer, Professor Silliman :—

"Quebec, at least for an American city, is certainly a very peculiar place. A military town, containing about 20,000 inhabitants ; most compactly and permanently built—stone its sole material ; environed, as to its most important parts, by walls and gates, and defended by numerous heavy cannon ; garrisoned by troops having the arms, the costume, the music, the discipline of Europe—foreign in language, features, and origin, from most of those whom they are sent to defend ; founded upon a rock, and in its highest parts overlooking a great extent of country ; between three and four hundred miles from the ocean, in the midst of a great continent, and yet displaying fleets of foreign merchantmen in its fine capacious bay, and showing all the bustle of a crowded seaport ; its streets narrow, populous, and winding up and down almost mountainous declivities ; situated in the latitude of the finest parts of Europe, exhibiting in its environs the beauty of an European capital, and yet in winter smarting with the cold of Siberia ; governed by a people of different language and habits from the mass of the

population, opposed in religion, and yet leaving that population without taxes, and in the full enjoyment of every privilege, civil and religious;—such are the prominent features which strike a stranger in the city of Quebec.”

THE GENERAL HOSPITAL.

This is one of the oldest of the public establishments of Quebec, and stands on the bank of the St. Charles opposite the peninsula of Stadaconé. It was founded in 1693, by Monsieur St. Vallier, Bishop of Quebec, whose portrait hangs in one of the private rooms. The object of the institution was the relief of sick and disabled poor of all descriptions. It is in charge of the nuns of St. Augustine, a separate and independent community.

Within the chapel lie the remains of the founder of the hospital, and also those of the Reverend Mother Louise Soumand, the first Superior of the convent.

At present there are sixty-three professed nuns in the establishment, and they seem quite happy. They have the entire charge of the hospital and school. In the former there are between seventy and eighty inmates, and in the latter from sixty to eighty boarders. In addition to other duties the nuns make church ornaments, from which a considerable revenue is derived. They are not allowed to go out of the establishment, but have a large garden for recreation.

The building has the same appearance as when Arnold and many of his companions in arms were carried thither from the field of battle and experienced the kindest treatment. Crossing the St. Charles we arrive at—

JACQUES CARTIER'S WINTER HARBOUR.

Cartier anchored in the St. Lawrence, opposite the present village of Beauport, and was visited by Donnacona, the chief,

with a train of warriors in twelve canoes. The interview was mutually agreeable. Donnacona took Cartier's arm and placed it gently over his own neck, in token of confidence and regard. Cartier returned the compliment in the same form, and after they had partaken of bread and wine together, they separated. Cartier proceeded with his ships into a little river which he called St. Croix—the St. Charles of our day.

WOLFE'S MONUMENT, PLAIN OF ABRAHAM.

This monument, erected on the spot where Wolfe fell at the moment of his victory on the 13th September 1759, is a beautiful Doric column made of granite blocks, crested with a Roman sword and helmet, and bearing upon the eastern side of its pedestal the following inscription which records its history :—

THIS PILLAR

WAS ERECTED BY THE BRITISH ARMY IN CANADA,

A.D. 1849,

*His Excellency Lieutenant-General Sir Benjamin D'Urban, G.C.B., K.C.H.,
K.C.T.S., &c., Commander of the Forces,*

To replace that erected by Governor-General Lord Aylmer, G.C.B.,
in 1832, which was broken and defaced, and is deposited
beneath. On the western side is the inscription
upon the old monument.

To one well versed in ancient lore, Quebec is in truth a cabinet of curiosities, to which every traveller from the remotest times has paid his tribute of admiration. For years the pet colony of France, it saw its destinies woven with the brightest names on the roll of French nobility. Richelieu, Condé, Beauharnois, Montmorency, Laval, Montcalm, Levi—such are some of the distinguished French statesmen, generals, bishops, governors, &c., whose sympathies were enlisted

in the fate of Canada, or who inscribed their names on the scroll of fame in defending its walls. Its first inhabitants came principally from Normandy, Brittany, Poitou; a hardy, enthusiastic race of peasants, mechanics, and soldiers, rejoicing in having found, on the rich alluvial lands on the banks of the St. Lawrence, comfortable homes for their families, free from the burdensome taxes and land-imposts which oppressed them in the mother country.

On the 3rd July 1608, Samuel de Champlain selected the base of the promontory of Cape Diamond as the site of a town; established an extensive magazine for stores and provisions, and built barracks for the soldiery on the site where now stand the Parliamentary Buildings, near Prescott Gate.

Champlain's rule in Quebec received an unexpected check in 1628.* War having been declared by England, Sir David Kirk entered the St. Lawrence with a fleet, burned the village of Tadousac, compelled Champlain to surrender his city, and carried him prisoner to England. In 1631, luckily for the fate of the infant colony, that celebrated man was returned to his settlement as governor, the colony having been restored to France by the Treaty of St. Germain-in-Laye. De Champlain died at Quebec on Christmas-day 1635, without leaving any offspring, and was buried in his private chapel, where, if recent discoveries are correct, a portion of his tomb was found in 1867.

The early annals of Quebec exhibit a succession of most sanguinary engagements with the Indian tribes which inhabited the country and the adjoining portion of the con-

* Champlain's narrative is familiar to many, and the elaborate edition of his journal just issued by the Messrs. Desbarats at Ottawa, with the annotations and glossaries of a learned Professor of the Laval University, will doubtless throw floods of light on the early times of Canada.

ment, now the United States ; the handful of French settlers, though at times hard pressed and harassed by their merciless foes, generally coming off victorious from these unequal engagements.

The old capital has ever been renowned for its extensive charitable and educational institutions. Bishop Laval founded the Quebec Seminary in 1663, "to provide priests for the foreign mission." The object of the founder seems to have been to impart the highest grades of scientific education to pupils generally. This flourishing Seminary now numbers about four hundred pupils ; and it is expected that the removal of the college to the beautiful spot on the banks of the St. Lawrence near the Plains of Abraham, recently purchased by the Board of Directors, will communicate a new impetus to this thriving seat of learning.

There is also another large range of buildings on the Upper Town market-place, of which General Murray made barracks in 1763 for the soldiery, on the suppression of the Jesuits.

The Ursulines' Convent and Hotel Dieu are two very ancient educational and eleemosynary institutions. They both date back to that era of religious enthusiasm in France when noblemen and others devoted their millions to the advancement of religion and the alleviation of the poor in the New World.

The most brilliant epoch of French dominion in Quebec was probably during the administration of Governor de Frontenac, a fiery old statesman, who, "with his cannons," replied pretty effectually to Admiral Phipps, who in 1690 besieged the city. One can only allude in the briefest manner possible to those fighting times, of which Quebeccers naturally feel proud, as evidences of the stout spirit which animated the pioneers of New France.

The greatest event of those days was the succession of earthquakes, which lasted from January to August 1663. The Jesuit fathers and Governor Boucher have left most detailed narratives of those extraordinary upheavings of the soil. It is contended that numerous traces exist of that internal commotion, especially at Murray Bay on the Lower St. Lawrence. In 1711, the succession of border raids between the Canadians and New Englanders had produced a profound irritation. A fleet was sent out from England under Sir H. Walker to Boston, and from Boston to Quebec. On the 22nd of August, eight or nine English transports laden with soldiers were wrecked during the night on Egg Island and the neighbouring shore, by which accident a thousand men were drowned. Quebec was thus saved, and the lily-spangled banner of the Bourbons was destined to float on the loftiest peak of Cape Diamond for another half century.

None of the European nations who in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries established colonies in the New World were more unsuccessful than the French. The religious enthusiasm which provided missionaries for the salvation of souls in the depths of American forests could not always remain at fever heat ; nor could the greedy adventurers in quest of Canadian gold and silver mines fail to discover the hollowness of some of the deceptions invented to attract settlers. The ferocity of the Iroquois, spurred on by national rivalry, caused nearly the ruin of every mission—inflicting appalling tortures on those who went to them with the word of peace and the light of the gospel. Canadian gold mines ceased about 1735 to have their usual attractiveness ; the fur trade alone continued brisk. The endless Indian wars scared intending settlers, and English cruisers found rich spoils in French merchantmen frequenting the St. Lawrence. The decay

of morals in the French metropolis produced corresponding effects in its Transatlantic colony. The pursuit of pleasure in France and in Canada took the place of the love of country. The Government of New France became tainted, weak, corrupt. French officials came out to trade and make their fortunes. A most unwholesome idea at that time was admitted into the political ethics of the French colonies : the liberty to trade in fur, provisions, merchandise was claimed by all, but by none more than by the first magistrate in the colony, the Intendant of Police, Justice, and Finance—the famous Bigot. Commercial profits were not only desirable to the pleasure-loving and sprightly Bigot, they were a State necessity to maintain his court and palace. In support of his high office, the French Government doled out to him a miserable pittance. A great nation attempted to compel this clever and unscrupulous ruler to maintain his regal position on an allowance which would have been considered niggardly to maintain an ordinary gentleman. The vice was more in the system than in the man, and he was not slow to enlarge on this privilege of trading. He traded in furs, provisions, and merchandise on a most colossal scale, and made use of his position for his benefit to an enormous extent. Peculation in his day was as rife as it was under English rule in the most corrupt times. The rivalry between the English and French was at its height ; *the downfall of the colony was close at hand.*

THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC.

The skill and daring of the plan which brought on the combat, and the success and fortune of its execution, are unparalleled. The contending armies were nearly equal in military strength, if not in numbers. The chiefs of each were men already of honourable fame. France trusted firmly

in the wise and chivalrous Montcalm : England trusted hopefully in the young and heroic Wolfe.

Quebec stands on the slope of a lofty eminence on the left bank of the St. Lawrence. A table-land extends westward from the Citadel for about nine miles ; the portion of the heights nearest the town on the west is called the Plains of Abraham. Wolfe had discovered a narrow path winding up the side of the steep precipice from the river. For miles on either side there was no other possible access to the heights. Up this narrow path Wolfe decided to lead secretly his whole army and make the Plains his battle-ground !

At nine o'clock at night the first division of the army, 1600 strong, silently removed into flat-bottomed boats : the soldiers were in high spirits—Wolfe led in person. Not a word was spoken, save by the young general. He, as a midshipman on board of his boat afterwards related, repeated in a low voice, to the officers by his side, " Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard ;" and as he concluded the beautiful verses, he said, " Now, gentlemen, I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec !" He recognized at length the appointed spot, and leaped ashore. Some of the leading boats, conveying the light company of the 78th Highlanders, had in the meantime been carried about two hundred yards lower down by the strength of the tide. These Highlanders, under Captain Donald M'Donald, were first to land. Immediately over their heads hung a woody precipice, without path or track upon its rocky face ; on the summit a French sentinel marched to and fro, still unconscious of their presence. Without a moment's hesitation, M'Donald and his men dashed at the height. They scrambled up, holding on by rocks and branches of trees, guided only by the stars that shone over the top of the cliff. Half the ascent was already won, when for the first time

"Qui vive?" broke the silence of the night. "La France," answered the Highland captain, with ready self-possession, and the sentry shouldered his musket and pursued his round. In a few minutes, however, the rustling of the trees close at hand at length alarmed the French guard. They hastily turned out, fired one irregular volley down the precipice, and fled in panic. The captain, M. De Vergor, alone, though wounded, stood his ground. When summoned to surrender, he fired at one of the leading assailants, but was instantly overpowered. In the meantime nearly five hundred men landed and made their way up the height: those who had first reached the summit then took possession of the intrenched post at the top of that path which Wolfe had selected for the ascent of his army.

When morning broke, the whole disposable force of Wolfe's army stood in firm array upon the table-land above the cove. Only one gun, however, could be carried up the hill, and even that was not got into position without incredible difficulty.

Montcalm was already worsted as a general; it was still, however, left him to fight as a soldier. His order of battle was steadily and promptly made. He commanded the centre column in person. His total force engaged was 7520 men, besides Indians. Wolfe showed only a force of 4828 of all ranks; but of these every man was a trained soldier.

The French attacked. After a spirited advance made by a swarm of skirmishers, their main body, in long unbroken lines, was seen approaching Wolfe's position. Soon a murderous and incessant fire began. The British troops fell fast. Wolfe, at the head of the 28th, was struck in the wrist, but not disabled. Wrapping a handkerchief round the wound, he hastened from one rank to another, exhorting the men to be steady and to reserve their fire. No Eng-

lish soldier pulled a trigger : with matchless endurance they sustained the trial.

When the head of the French attack had reached within forty yards, Wolfe gave the order to "fire." At once the long row of muskets was levelled, and a volley, distinct as a single shot, flashed from the British line. For a moment the advancing columns still pressed on, shivering like pennons in the fatal storm, but a few paces told how terrible had been the force of the long-suspended blow.

Montcalm commanded the attack in person. Not fifteen minutes had elapsed since he had first moved on his line of battle, and already all was lost ! But the gallant Frenchman, though ruined, was not dismayed : he rode through the broken ranks, cheered them with his voice, encouraged them by his dauntless bearing, and, aided by a small redoubt, even succeeded in once again presenting a front to his enemy.

Meanwhile Wolfe's troops had reloaded. He seized the opportunity of the hesitation in the hostile ranks, and ordered the whole British line to advance. At first they moved forward in majestic regularity, receiving and paying back with deadly interest the volleys of the French ; but soon the ardour of the soldiers broke through the restraints of discipline,—they increased their pace to a run, rushing over the dying and the dead, and sweeping the living enemy off their path. Wolfe was a second time wounded, in the body ; but he concealed his suffering, for his duty was not yet accomplished : again a ball from the redoubt struck him on the breast ; he reeled on one side, but at the moment this was not generally observed. "Support me," said he to a grenadier officer who was close at hand, "that my brave fellows may not see me fall." In a few seconds, however, he sank, and was borne a little to the rear.

The brief struggle fell heavily upon the British, but was ruinous to the French. They wavered under the carnage: the columns which death had disordered were soon broken and scattered. Montcalm, with a courage that rose above the wreck of hope, galloped through the groups of his stubborn veterans, who still made head against the enemy, and strove to show a front of battle. His efforts were vain; the head of every formation was swept away before that terrible musketry; in a few minutes the French gave way in all directions. Just then their gallant general fell with a mortal wound: from that time all was utter rout.

Amidst occasional outbursts of fanaticism and political persecution, the inhabitants of the old city had one thing for which to thank the new régime: Canada, by the fact of its being under the rule of England, escaped the bloody horrors of the other colonies founded by France, in the West Indies and elsewhere. No St. Just or Couthon, no Robespierre or Marat could attend, in person or by deputy, to guillotine French men, women, and children at Quebec, as had been done at Cayenne and elsewhere. Nor did the blasphemous writings of Voltaire, Diderot, and others, which swept like a sea of lava over the mother country, taint the faith of Canada.

Soon the colonists, deserted by their political chiefs, who preferred returning to France, clustered round their clergy, in whom were vested not only the sacred duty of the pastor but also the responsible office of adviser—and no more trusty friends did the English Crown ever possess in Canada. When all the stinging memories of 1759 were still rife, an event occurred in 1775 to test fully the allegiance of Canadians. Rid of their French neighbours, the provinces of New England, feeling their growing strength, struck for self-government. No pains were spared to detach from England her new subjects. Emissaries were sent among them, and powerful

appeals were addressed to them to abandon their new governors. These incendiary discourses failed in their object: threats did make a few recreants to their allegiance, but the mass of Canadians stood firm to the banner of England; and, amid incredible difficulties, the rocky Citadel rose triumphant over this new danger. From 1775 to 1840, when responsible government was granted, Quebec was the seat of fierce political struggles between the French and English; but in 1840 a new order of things sprung up. The freedom and equality granted to all classes produced the happiest effects: population, wealth, and commerce doubled.

“Few cities,” says a French writer of note, “offer so many striking contrasts as Quebec. A fortress and a commercial city together, built upon the summit of a rock like the nest of an eagle, while her vessels are everywhere wrinkling the face of the ocean; an American city inhabited by French colonists, governed by England, and garrisoned with Scotch regiments; a city of the middle ages by most of its ancient institutions, while it is subject to all the combinations of modern constitutional government; an European city by its civilization and its habits of refinement, and still close by the remnants of the Indian tribes and the barren mountains of the north; a city with about the same latitude as Paris, while successively combining the torrid climate of southern regions with the severities of an hyperborean winter; a city at the same time Catholic and Protestant, where the labours of our [French] missions are still uninterrupted alongside of the undertakings of the Bible Society, and where the Jesuits, driven out of our own country, find refuge under the aegis of British Puritanism.”*

* “Lettres sur l’Amérique,” par X. Marmier.—Paris, 1860.

PRESCOTT GATE.

In the accompanying Engraving may be seen Prescott Gate—thus called after General Prescott, who administered the Province about the beginning of the century. Prescott Gate is the chief entrance to Quebec, and leads from the Lower Town up Mountain Hill, and passes the Parliament Buildings. Close to it, on the top of the steps, stands a massive old stone building—now occupied as the city Post-office. Over the door is the date 1736, and a carved golden dog with the following inscription underneath, in old French :—

" Je suis un chien qui ronge l'os;
En le rongeant je prend mon repos.
Un temps viendra qui n'est pas venn
Que je mordrais qui m'aura mordu."

It is said that the house was built by Monsieur Philbert, a wealthy Bordeaux merchant, who lived in Quebec when Bigot was Intendant, and that the figure of the dog with the inscription was intended as a lampoon aimed at Bigot, whom Philbert hated. The exasperated Intendant was revenged. He hired an officer of the garrison to stab the impertinent merchant. The murderer was pursued to Pondicherry, in the East Indies, by a brother of the victim, and there slain.

CHAMPLAIN MARKET—LOWER TOWN.

The rapidly increasing population of Quebec made it imperative on the municipal authorities to build a new market; the vacant space or beach between the Napoleon and the Queen's Wharf was therefore enclosed, bridged over by quays, and room made for laying the foundation of the stately edifice exhibited in the Engraving. It is built of Cap

Rouge stone, and is a decided improvement and ornament—quite a contrast to the unsightly view which the Cul de Sac beach formerly presented. This Market Hall was erected about 1858, and covers in length about 400 feet.

MARINE HOSPITAL.

This is, without doubt, one of the handsomest public edifices in Quebec. It sits gracefully on the jutting shore of the "meandering," St. Charles, and is accessible to sailors equally by water and by the spacious streets of St. Roch suburbs.

"The exterior of the Marine Hospital is of the Ionic order, and the proportions are taken from the Temple of the Muses on the Ilissus, near Athens. With the wings, it measures 206 feet from east to west. The wings are 100 feet in depth, and the whole premises contain an area of about six acres, to be laid out in gardens and promenade grounds for the convalescents."

The ceremony of laying the first or centre stone took place, amid a large concourse of respectable citizens, on the anniversary of the King's birthday, 28th May 1832. It was laid by His Excellency Lord Aylmer, Governor-in-Chief, and a plate commemorating the occasion, with the date, and name of the architect, Mr. Blacklock, was deposited with the usual forms. The building was opened in July 1834.

LAVAL UNIVERSITY AND GRAND BATTERY.

The Grand Battery displays a most imposing array of big guns, "huge black beasts of prey, crouching and ready to hurl destruction on the enemy below," as the learned Professor Silliman, in his "Narrative of a Tour to Quebec" in 1819, aptly remarks. A high wall divides the Battery from

the garden of the Quebec Seminary, one of the oldest foundations in the city, dating from 1666—the nucleus of the flourishing Laval University displayed in the Engraving. This seat of learning received its Royal Charter from Queen Victoria so recently as 1854. It adjoins the Seminary, and has also attached to it a massive edifice intended as a medical college. Formerly, the institution was divided into two branches, distinguished as the “Grand Seminaire,” and the “Petit Seminaire.” The former is intended for theology only : in the latter some 400 or 500 pupils, of which one-third board in the Seminary, follow a course of Latin, French, English, Belles-Lettres, Rhetoric, Moral Philosophy, Astronomy, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Drawing, Music, Anatomy, Physiology, and other high branches of education. The course covers about seven years. Boarders pay for tuition and board \$100 per annum ; and for tuition only, the charge is nominal—about \$8 per annum. The teachers are ecclesiastics, and receive about \$80 per annum ; but the lay professors of medicine and law are paid from \$800 to \$1200 per annum, and have their readings in the Laval University alone. The collection of philosophical and astronomical instruments is one of the largest on the continent. The library contains about 40,000 volumes, amongst which are some manuscripts on the early history of America—of priceless value of late years. A museum of the birds of Canada has been added ; and a collection of Indian remains and curiosities, dug up in the neighbourhood of the old Huron settlements, on Lake Simcoe, and elsewhere, are likely, when classified and fully described, to add much to the interest of the Laval University. The founder of the University died but recently, the late Rev. L. Casault—a name justly venerated by all friends of education in Quebec.

GOVERNMENT GARDEN, AND MONUMENT TO WOLFE AND MONTCALM.

A most appropriate spot was chosen in 1827 to erect a monument to the two heroes Wolfe and Montcalm, who fell on the Plains of Abraham in September 1759. The credit of this idea is due to Lord Dalhousie, at that time the Governor-General of Canada.

It bears this neat inscription, due to the pen of the late Dr. John Charlton Fisher :—

MORTEM . VIRTUS . COMMUNEX .
FAMAM . HISTORIA .
MONUMENTUM . POSTERITAS .
DEDIT.

On an other side are inscribed the following among other words :—

HUJUSCE
MONUMENTI IN MEMORIAM VIRORUM ILLUSTRUM
WOLFE ET MONTCALM.
A.D. MDCCCKXVII.

The remains of Wolfe were conveyed to England in the "Royal William," an 84-gun ship, and were buried in a vault of the parish church of Greenwich ; where those of his mother, Henrietta, who died in 1765, repose ; and also those of his father, the Hon. Lieut.-General Wolfe, who died March 1759, at the age of seventy-four.

Montcalm died on the 14th September 1759, and was buried in an excavation made by a bomb-shell in the Ursuline Convent. Lord Aylmer, Governor-General of Canada in 1835, caused a marble slab, with the following inscription, to be placed in the Ursuline Chapel to the memory of this brave but unfortunate soldier, whose skull was dug up about twenty years ago and placed in a glass case, where

the curious in relics may see it by applying to the chaplain of the convent :—

HONNEUR
 ▲
 MONTCALM!
 LE DESTIN EN LUI DEROBANT
 LA VICTOIRE
 L'A RECOMPENSE' PAR UNE
 MORT GLORIEUSE.

There is an interesting paper, amongst the *Maple Leaves* recently published, containing curious researches on the death of Montcalm.

THE CATHEDRAL OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

This is a pleasing though plain specimen of architecture, borrowing much of its beauty from the elevated ground on which it stands, amidst a cluster of verdure. The glittering tin-covered steeple is seen from afar, and is one of the most prominent objects in a view of the city. The main entrance is on the west. The interior is neat and commodious, having extensive galleries on the front and sides. A powerful organ lends its melody to the chorus of many voices on the Sabbath. The walls are of gray sandstone. In length it extends 135 feet, by 75 feet in breadth, including a considerable space for the altar, and a capacious vestibule. The chief front, with a spacious area, is in Garden Street. The church was consecrated in 1804. The communion plate, which is very magnificent, was presented by George III., as well as the books for divine service and the altar cloth.

There is here a handsome monument of white marble to the memory of Dr. Mountain, first Bishop of Quebec; and beneath the altar are the remains of the Duke of Richmond,

a former Governor-General, who died of hydrophobia near Ottawa, in 1819.

THE FRENCH CATHEDRAL.

This is the largest, and internally the most magnificent of all the churches in the city. Its length is 216 feet ; its breadth 180. It was consecrated by the illustrious Bishop Laval in 1666, under the name of the " Church of the Immaculate Conception." It is divided into a nave and two aisles. At the upper end is the grand altar, and in the aisles are four chapels, dedicated to different saints.

Wolfe's batteries at Pointe Levi shelled and burned it in 1759. Its contents, including several valuable paintings, were destroyed or much injured, and also some flags taken from the English by De Maricourt, De Longueuil's brother, during Phipps' unsuccessful attack in 1690. We subjoin a list of the paintings :—

1. The altar piece, portraying the Conception.
 2. On the north side is a representation of Paul in his Ecstatic Vision—by Carlo Maratti.
 3. On the opposite wall is a design, The Saviour Ministered unto by Angels—by Restout.
 4. The painting above the altar in the south nave is a copy of the middle painting over the altar of the Seminary Chapel.
 5. On the pillar above the pulpit is a delineation of the Redeemer on the Cross—by Vandyke.
 6. On the opposite pillar is The Nativity of Christ.
 7. The Saviour under the contumelious outrages of the soldiers—by Flovet.
 8. The Day of Pentecost—by Vignon.
 9. The Holy Family—by Blanholon.
- There are also several other paintings of less note.

The Chapels of the Seminary, of the Ursuline Convent, and of the Hotel Dieu, contain several very interesting paintings.

DURHAM TERRACE.

This favourite resort of the citizens occupies the site of the old Castle of St. Louis, the residence of the Governor-General of Canada for more than two centuries. It was destroyed by fire in 1834, and since then the spot has been reserved as a public promenade. The old castle was a fine stone building, over 200 feet in length. It stood near the precipice, and on that side its walls and spacious gallery were supported by solid stone buttresses. These yet remain; and the platform of Durham Terrace, from which fine views are obtained down the St. Lawrence, and of the shores opposite, occupies the place of the old broad gallery. "We were there just at sunset, when the Terrace was filled with men, women, and children; and we lingered until the vesper light had faded, for the evening air was delightful."—*Tourist*.

PLACE D'ARMES AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

The centre of the Place d'Armes is planted with trees and shrubs, enclosing an elegant fountain and *jet d'eau*. The most notable of the buildings are, the Court-House, the English Cathedral, and the large building containing the Quebec Library, the collections of the Historical Society, and the Museum.

THE COURT-HOUSE.

On the north side of St. Louis there is a large modern structure, its arched entrance approached by two flights of steps, and its interior arrangements ample for the accommodation of the courts and appropriate offices.

THE QUEBEC LIBRARY,

Which contains upwards of six thousand volumes, was

founded in 1779, when Governor Haldimand contributed one hundred volumes as a nucleus. This Library, the Museum, and the collection of the Historical Society, were in the Parliament House when it was destroyed by fire, and suffered severely.

THE CITADEL,

Which has not inaptly been called the Gibraltar of America, is entered through a massive portal, the Dalhousie Gate, and occupies the summit of Cape Diamond, a declivity of dark-coloured slate sparkling with quartz crystals, rising to the height of three hundred and fifty feet above the river. The Citadel and its ravelins cover about forty acres; and the fortifications, consisting of bastions, curtains of solid masonry, and ramparts twenty-five to thirty feet in height, mounted with cannon, encircle the Upper Town.

Upon the cliff called Sault-au-Matelot, from the name of a favourite dog that fell from the cliff, is the Grand Battery of eighteen 32-pounders, commanding the basin and harbour below. The steep streets and walled avenues leading to the various gates are commanded by grim cannon looking out of the embrasures of the fortifications, and the bastions and walls are loop-holed for musketry.

From the flagstaff a panoramic view may be obtained which many consider one of the finest in the world. From this point the position of the city is well defined—the St. Charles and the St. Lawrence are seen forming the bold promontory on which it is built. The beautiful Isle of Orlicans, with many a picturesque spot for the artist, the botanist, and the geologist; the long, bold, wooded line of the river, as far as the eye can reach; the range of hills to the left, indicating the portals of a country traversed only by the Indian hunter; the St. Charles, winding through a beautiful un-

dulating plain to the northward; and the spires of the parish churches of Beauport, Charlesbourg, and Lorette, with the neat white-washed cottages of the French *habitans*, form pleasing features in the landscape. The bustling village of Point St. Levi on the opposite shore; the terminus of the Grand Trunk Railway, with its wharves and wood cribs, and antiquated and picturesque situation—houses and people nestled at the winding base of a wooded declivity; the grand St. Lawrence, with its ever-changing, ever-interesting scenery of merchantmen, ocean steamers, gun boats, mighty rafts of timber, ferry boats, river steamers, yachts, and canoes, form a fitting foreground to the lofty mountains in the far distance encircling the whole.

Within the Citadel are depôts in various places stored with the munitions of war, and magazines and warehouses with every requisite for the maintenance of a numerous garrison; and here, in this military outpost of Great Britain, may be seen that lavish care which England bestows on her colonial dependencies, united with the greatest amount of freedom enjoyed by any people in the world. Here the visitor may realize those spirit-stirring strains spoken of by the Honourable Daniel Webster in the Senate of the United States: "Great Britain has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum-beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the Earth daily with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England."

VIEW DOWN THE ST. LAWRENCE FROM BELOW THE CITADEL.

Next to its Citadel, Quebec has nothing which it prizes more than its port and basin between the Lower Town, Orleans and Levi. It was indeed a glorious sight to witness,

in 1861, the majestic hull of the "Great Eastern," riding at anchor under the lofty battlements of Cape Diamond, and swinging round at each change of tide. One naturally imagines there was ample room for a whole fleet of such leviathans in the magnificent tide-way. The only fault about the port is that it is too deep. Sixty feet of water at low tide would suffice : one hundred is too much. In viewing this vast expanse of water, dotted over in the busy season with hundreds of merchantmen lading in cargoes, amongst which loom occasionally the dark forms of line-of-battle ships, the mind naturally reverts to the past, and reflects on the vicissitudes which Time brings forth. In 1535 one might have noticed sailing up the harbour the *Petite* and the *Grande Hermine*, laden with the soldiers and subjects of Francis I. of France, and commanded by that daring mariner Jacques Cartier ; then again, at a later period, the vessels bearing the founder of Quebec, Samuel de Champlain ; then the fur-laden craft of the French Companies. In 1629, 1690, 1711, and 1759, the waves of the St. Lawrence bow to another flag, the glorious flag of Old England, which has "braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze ;" borne by swift frigates sent out to avenge on the bulwark of France in the New World national wrongs, sometimes national defeats—Fontenay, Lauffeldt, Mendermonde, Oudenarde. Again the scene changes : English and French war vessels meet in combat in view of the city, but the banner of St. George triumphs. Finally, English perseverance, English commerce, take possession of Quebec and all the avenues leading thereto.

Space precludes us from alluding to the other associations which cling to the ancient capital ; and we cannot do better than conclude this short and imperfect sketch by quoting

the eloquent words of the present Premier of the Province of Quebec :—

“ History is everywhere, around us, beneath us. From the depths of yonder valleys, from the top of that mountain, History rises up and presents itself to our notice, exclaiming, ‘ Behold me !’ Beneath us, among the capricious meanders of the River St. Charles, is the very place where Jacques Cartier first planted the cross and held his first conference with Seigneur Donnacona. Here, very near us, beneath a venerable tree (under the walls of the English Cathedral) which with much regret we saw cut down, tradition states that Champlain first raised his tent. From the very spot on which we now stand, Count de Frontenac returned to Admiral Phipps that proud answer, as he said, *from the mouth of his cannon*, which will remain recorded by history. Under this rampart are spread the plains on which fell Wolfe and Montcalm, and where, in the following year, the Chevalier de Louis and General Murray fought that other battle in memory of which the citizens of Quebec have erected a monument. Before us, on the heights of Beauport, the souvenirs of battles not less heroic recall to our remembrance the names of Longueuil, St. Helier, and Duchesnay. Below us, at the foot of that tower on which floats the British flag, Montgomery and his soldiers all fell, swept by the grape-shot of a single gun pointed by a Canadian artilleryman. On the other hand, under that projecting rock (in Sault-au-Matelot Street), now crowned with the guns of Old England, the intrepid Dambourges, sword in hand, drove Arnold and his men from the houses in which they had established themselves. History is, then, everywhere around us. She rises as well from these ramparts, replete with daring deeds, as from those illustrious plains, equally celebrated for feats of arms, and she exclaims, ‘ Here I am !’ ”

FALL OF THE MONTMORENCI.

After crossing the St. Charles by Dorchester Bridge, the road is macadamized all the way. On both sides are pleasant embowered residences for about two miles, where, crossing a stream, the old Canadian village of Beauport is entered by a gentle slope. The one-storied houses are nearly all alike in size, form, and feature. They stand obliquely to the street, to let the drifting snow pass by; and to each is attached a narrow strip of land, extending in the rear. The village is upon an elevation known as the Heights of Beauport, whereon Montcalm established his fortified camp in 1759. The house which he occupied at that time as his headquarters is yet standing and inhabited, upon the land of Colonel Gury, a short distance eastward of his Beauport Mills. It is a stone building covered with stucco, and commands a fine view of Quebec and its environs. In the vicinity of this house, and near the Montmorenci, are slight traces of the French works.

Following a pleasant pathway through sloping meadows and along shaded fences to a zig-zag road that leads to the bottom of the almost perpendicular bank of the St. Lawrence, —near where General Monckton with grenadiers and other troops of Wolfe's army landed and had the first conflict with the forces of Montcalm—and along the river's edge an eighth of a mile, is reached an admirable position to view the Montmorenci Fall from below. The waters descend in a bright, fleecy sheet, twenty-five yards in width (unbroken except by an enormous rock half way down), into a gulf about two hundred feet below. From brink to base the sheet is covered with sparkling foam; and from the caldron rises mist continually. This in winter forms a huge cone of porous ice, sometimes a hundred feet in height: and when the river

below is hard frozen a lively spectacle is exhibited ; for scores of people may be seen upon the mist hill, slowly climbing to its summit, or shooting down it on toboggins with arrowy swiftness. The banks on each side rise many feet above the crown of the cataract, and are nearly perpendicular, presenting bare rocks at the base, but covered with vegetation and shrubbery on the summit.

THE NATURAL STEPS, MONTMORENCI.

Proceeding through fields and down a wooded slope, we arrive at the Natural Steps, a section of the banks of the Montmorenci three-fourths of a mile above the Fall. The rocks are so called because they exhibit a series of rectangular gradations resembling stairs. They are composed of shaly limestone, and are supposed by some to have been formed by the abrasion of the waters, and by others to be original formations. For an eighth of a mile the river rushes in irregular cascades among these rocks, in a very narrow and tortuous channel, its surface white with foam, and here and there sending up fleeces of spray.

INDIAN VILLAGE OF LORETTE.

This village is about eight miles distant from Quebec. Crossing Dorchester Bridge and turning to the left, the winding course of the St. Charles is followed for three or four miles along a fine road fringed with hawthorn hedges, and leading past many pleasant mansions. There are two villages at Lorette, occupying both sides of the St. Charles at the Fall, one containing French *habitans*, the other half-breed Indians, who claim to be lineal descendants of the ancient Hurons who welcomed Jacques Cartier more than three hundred years ago. Near by are the water-works from which Quebec is supplied with that wholesome beverage.

The Indian village of Lorette is upon part of a reservation of sixteen hundred acres, owned in common by the tribe, which numbers now about four hundred souls. The village exhibits evidences of thrift and comfort. In addition to the proceeds of their cultivated lands, the Indians derive quite a revenue from traffic, and each person receives annually from the Government one blanket, three yards of cloth, and some powder and shot. They are all Roman Catholics, and speak the French language. They have a neat parish church, similar in form to that of Notre Dame des Victoires, in the Lower Town of Quebec ; and upon the green in front of it is a small cannon.

CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME DES VICTOIRES.

This ancient church fronts the little market-place, and stands upon the site of the fort constructed by Cartier's men in 1535. It is one of the oldest ecclesiastical edifices in the city, and was erected previously to 1690. It was nearly consumed by fire during Wolfe's bombardment, when a great portion of the Lower Town was destroyed. It was afterwards repaired, when it assumed its present form. The interior is quite plain.





