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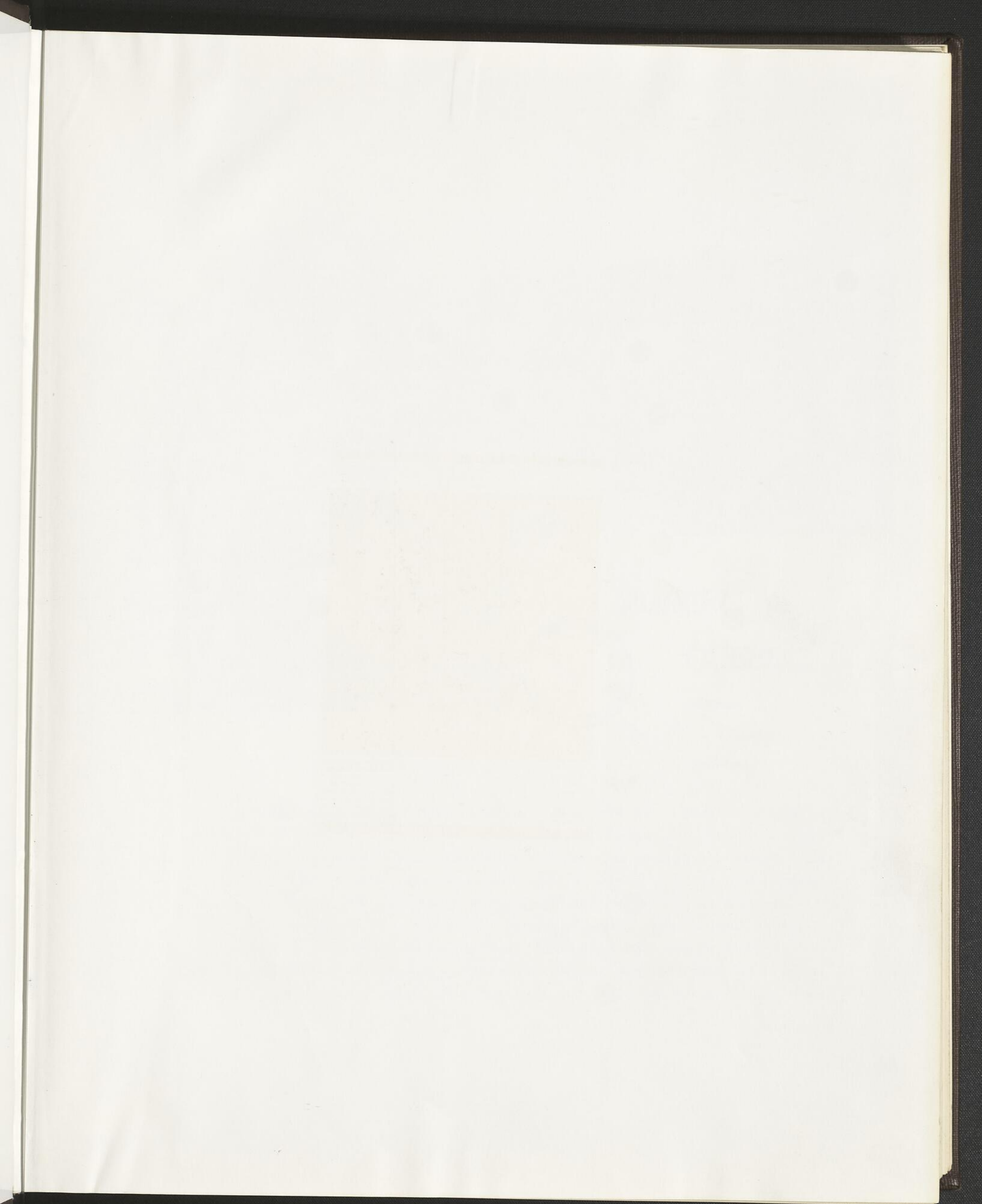
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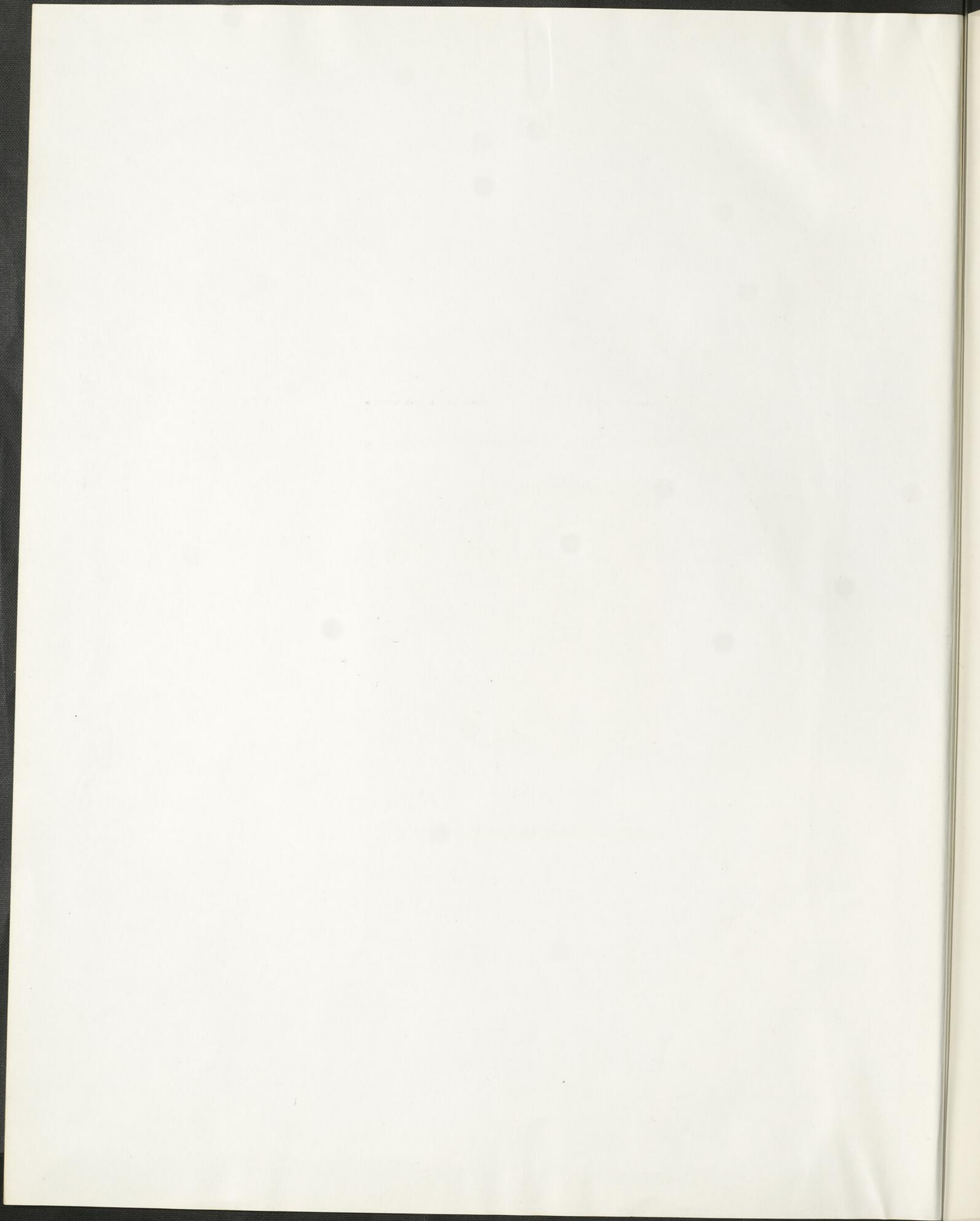
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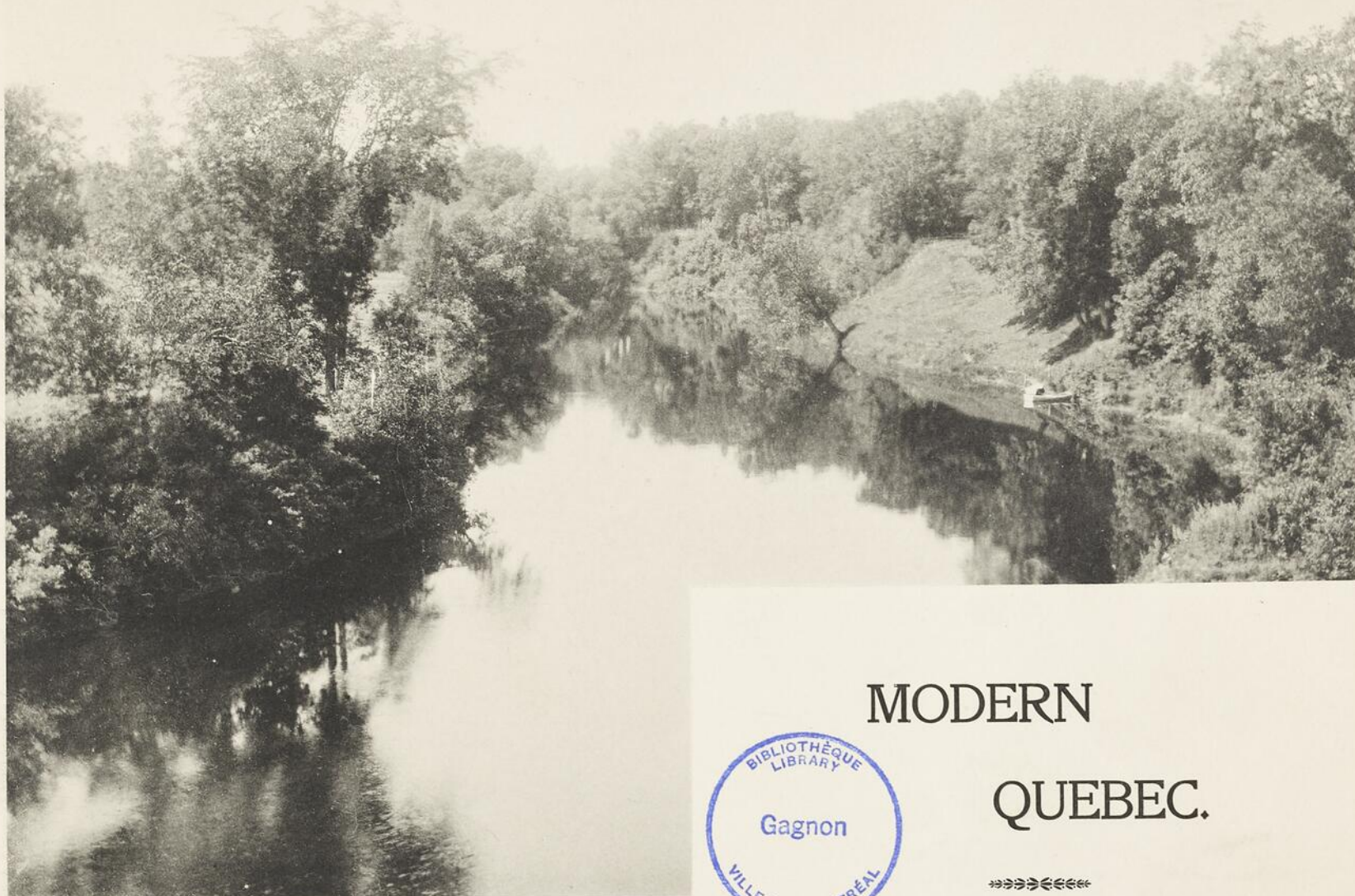
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ART WORK ON QUEBEC



MODERN

QUEBEC.



BY E. T. D. CHAMBERS.



ON THE ST. CHARLES RIVER.

Quebec is unique amongst cities. Both in characteristics and in situation she baffles description. Dickens, Charlevoix, Beecher, Howells, Bancroft, Thoreau, and hundreds of others have written of her natural beauty and storied past, without even attempting to exhaust their subject. From the pen of Sir James M. Lemoine alone, we have a dozen or more of books, large and small, devoted in great part to her topography and history. Artists have vied with one another in the attempt to do justice to her picturesque beauty. She has made more stirring history than any other city on the continent. Her ancient walls may be said to be covered with historic ivy. She has long ago passed into story and song, and poets and novelists, yet unborn, will sing of her ancient and modern fame, and weave the web of romance about

her historic figures and wealth of legend. She stands at the very threshold of this strong and impatient New World, in an age of progressive activity and enterprise, like a little patch of mediæval Europe, transplanted, it is true, upon a distant shore, and shutting out, by her mural surroundings, the influences that all the rest of the continent has failed to exercise upon her.

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 the religion of the Old-World France whence they sprung. "Cemented together," 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 ensured 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 Québec, and caused the repulse of the brave Montgomery. It stands today 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 zealously guarded or more remarkable in its effects upon the territory which it enclosed, than these peculiar old battlements of a comparatively modern city.

One writer has described Quebec as "a populous cliff crowned with a fortress." It is true that the Upper Town occupies the high, narrow promontory of Cape Diamond, between the St. Lawrence and St. Charles rivers, but some of its suburbs stretch out to the declining heights in the direction of the Plains of Abraham; the Lower Town skirts the foot of the cliff and occupies some land retrieved from the river. The suburbs of St. Rochs and St. Sauveur hug the south bank of the St. Charles, while there are whole streets of houses perched upon the face of the cliff north of Cape Diamond, and buildings that seem anchored to the ground by one corner only.

But it has already been averred that Quebec's situation baffles description, and the reader will readily agree that the magnificent illustrations accompanying the present work convey at a glance more definite information upon this score than could be communicated by a whole volume of descriptive letterpress.

Some of the great events of history are connected with scenes depicted in this book, and

there is such a wealth of legendary lore, that the literary workman in Quebec is apt to be dismayed by the very vastness of the material at his disposal.

Though the city was founded by Champlain in 1608, the site of the future Gibraltar of America was visited by Jacques Cartier in 1535. The aboriginal greeting to these first European arrivals of "Kepek! Kepek!" "Disembark!" or "Come ashore!" is supposed to have been mistaken by the white men for the name of the promontory behind the natives, towards which they pointed, and "Kepec" or "Quebec" it has remained ever since. Thus, according to Father Arnaud, the famous authority on Indian nomenclature, did the site of the future city receive its name.

The first buildings erected by the founder of Quebec consisted of a habitation, a fort and stores. They were immediately below the present Dufferin Terrace and very near the site of the Champlain market building, by the banks of the St. Lawrence. Gradually the land surrounding them 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 Tadoussac. 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 immediately in rear of Dufferin Terrace. Here the founder of Quebec erected the Chateau St. Louis, destined to be so famous in Canadian history. 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 centre whence the French governors 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. Parkman, in his *Old Regime in Canada*, has an interesting description of the old fort; and in his *Frontenac and New France*, tells at length the story of the exciting scene that occurred in its large hall in 1690, between the then governor, haughty old Count de Frontenac, and a messenger sent by Sir William Phipps, the British admiral who was engaged in investing the fortress, to demand the surrender of the garrison. It is said that when the messenger asked him if he would give his indignant reply to the admiral's summons in writing, Frontenac replied, "No, I will answer your admiral only by the mouth of my cannons." And he kept his

word. The men behind his guns used them with such deadly effect that Phipps and his fleet retired in hot haste. Sixty-one years prior to this unsuccessful attack upon Quebec, the then youthful city had been captured by an English fleet under the adventurous Kirke. It was restored by treaty three years later, having thus remained in possession of the British from 1629 to 1632. Five times in all has the siege of Quebec been attempted by a hostile force. We have seen that Kirke's success in 1629 was followed by the failure of Phipps in 1690. The English fitted out another naval expedition against Quebec in 1711 under command of Sir Hoven-den Walker. Like the Spanish armada dispatched against England in Elizabeth's time, Walker's fleet was so injured and scattered by winds and waves that its usefulness was at an end. In 1759 came the memorable capture of Quebec by Wolfe, with its sequel of a year later in the shape of DeLevis' gallant victory between the city and Ste. Foye. Last of all, there was the unsuccessful blockade of Quebec in 1775 by the American revolutionary forces under Generals Montgomery and Arnold. The trail of the sword in and about the old capital of New France is as familiar to her people as her fortifications and citadel are.

Occupying almost the exact site of the old Chateau St. Louis is the modern Chateau Frontenac, Quebec's magnificent new hostelry. Its architecture is that of an old chateau of the age of Fontenac himself, or, properly speaking, perhaps, that of the century preceding it, the age of the early days of Champlain, the builder of the Chateau St. Louis, and his contemporaries. In form the building is seven-sided, the space in the center being occupied by a large court-yard, measuring 170 by 100 feet. The main entrance is found in this court, which is reached by a handsome arch of stone, supported at the side by colonnades of the same material.

It is erected upon the very margin of the world-renowned Dufferin Terrace, overlooking a magnificent panorama of river, mountain, island, fortress and forest scenery, and lending itself with grace to its surroundings. In its halls the traveler may smoke the pipe of peace with the ghosts of departed chieftains; he may listen to the secret counsellings of the representatives of kings, or hear the merry revelings of red coats round the mess. The boom of the noon-day cannon, the tread of the sentry without, will ever remind the guest of a historic past. The mighty river flowing silent to the sea, laps the very base on which it stands.

The turrets and towers of the chateau lend to the whole structure the appearance of a mediæval castle perched upon a precipice. The interior decorations are very beautiful and in keeping with the antique character of the design of the building, and the furnishings are most luxurious.

Dufferin Terrace, one of the finest promenades in the world, is a planked platform jutting out along the very brink of the cliff, where the southeasterly side of the Upper Town looks over and down towards the St. Lawrence, 182 feet below. The original terrace bore the name of Durham, and was only 250 feet in length. Lord Dufferin suggested the prolongation made

in 1879, and it has ever since borne his name. It is 1,500 feet in length. A matchless landscape bursts upon the view of the delighted beholder from this magnificent terrace. To the extreme right is the frowning granite cape, crowned by the citadel, from whose lofty height flies the emblem of Britain's sovereignty in this old French province. On the left is the handsome bronze statue of the founder of Quebec, erected in 1898 at a cost of \$30,000. The bold heights of Levis hem the opposite side of the stream, and down below, where the broadening expanse of water looks toward the sea, the picturesque Isle of Orleans stretches from opposite the Falls of Montmorenci to below the scene of the saintly shrine of the miracle-working Ste. Anne, while about the entire surroundings clusters such a stock of legendary lore and historic memories that the very air seems haunted by the spirits of dead saints and heroes.

A disastrous landslide occurred from the face of the rock immediately below the south end of the terrace on the night of the 19th of September, 1889. In its fall the rocky debris 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. This debris may still be seen from the terrace, and if the eye could follow the narrow little Champlain street which passes over it and around the base of the citadel cliff for a few hundred feet more, it would rest upon the scene of the brave Montgomery's death. Here the American general, at the head of his men, was mown down by the grape shot fired from the British battery that commanded the street, on the night of the eventful 31st of December, 1775.

Near the northern extremity of the terrace, and close to the Chateau Frontenac that occupies the site of the old Chateau St. Louis of early French colonial days, has been appropriately reared the elegant bronze statue already referred to of Samuel de Champlain, founder of Quebec and governor of New France.

Looking down from the terrace close to the monument, the observer may see almost directly below, the little church of Notre Dame des Victoires. Its erection was commenced in 1688. In 1690, amid the joy caused by the defeat of Sir William Phipps in his attempt to capture the town, the fete of Notre Dame de la Victoire was established, to be annually celebrated in this church on the 7th of October, that being the day on which the first intelligence of the coming of the fleet was received. After the shipwreck of Sir Hovenden Walker's invading fleet in 1711, which was celebrated as a second victory and little less than a miraculous interposition in favor of the colonists, the church received its present name of Notre Dame des Victoires, in order to commemorate both escapes. A large part of the building, including the roof, was destroyed by Wolfe's batteries at Levis in 1759.

On the right as the promenader moves up Dufferin Terrace in the direction of the Citadel, is the Governor's Garden, wherein stands the pretty, classical monument erected in 1827 and 1828 in joint honor of the illustrious and contending generals—Wolfe and Montcalm. The

proposer of the dual honor was the then Governor-General of Canada, the Earl of Dalhousie. Dr. Fisher's elegant inscription in memory of the two heroes is carved on the front of the sarcophagus as follows:

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

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

The citadel, which dominates not only the scenes already described, but the whole of the surrounding country, covers an area of about forty acres. Its present fortifications were completed in 1832, at a cost of about \$25,000,000. Bearing in mind the historic military importance of Quebec, the citadel is decidedly an appropriate crown to the rock upon which the old city is built. It is not generally known that the old fortress was reconstructed according to plans submitted to and approved by the late Duke of Wellington. As early as 1767, Captains Gordon and Mann, of the Royal Engineers, furnished outlines of a project for a citadel at Cape Diamond, but it would appear that it was only after the American invasion of 1775 that the imperial government was awakened to the urgent necessity of improving the fortifications, and at length a plan was furnished by Captain Twiss, who commenced the erection in 1779. By 1793 the structure had fallen into very considerable decay, though it was more than a quarter of a century afterwards that its reconstruction was commenced. For many decades the citadel of Quebec was considered an impregnable fortress. Assuredly there are few more picturesque situations, and not many heights from which a more beautiful scene can be gazed upon. A magnificent panorama spreads itself around in every direction, similar to but far more extensive than that seen from Dufferin Terrace. From the King's Bastion the promenaders on the terrace below look almost like pigmies, while those who busy themselves about the streets of the Lower Town remind one of ants about an ant hill. You look down on a broken mass of roofs, dormer windows, gables and chimneys, and on the broad, divided channels of the beautiful St. Lawrence, with the lovely Isle of Orleans clasped like a gem between. You may see on the one side, over the heights of Levis, the distant White Mountains of New Hampshire, and on the other the beautiful blue Laurentian Mountains that form the background of the oldest mountain chain on the face of the globe.

Within the citadel enclosure in the vicinity of the King's Bastion, and adjoining the officers' quarters, is the Quebec residence of the governor-general of Canada, with its private platform or terrace overlooking the river. Before the Imperial forces were withdrawn from Canada in 1870 there were frequently two or three regiments of the line quartered in the old fortress. Now it is habited only by between two and three hundred officers and men of the Royal Canadian Artillery.

The citadel is separated from the town by a deep moat and steep and broad glacis, and

the entrance from the city is by a road cut through the glacis, passing through a massive iron gate and crossing the moat at a broadened point defended by the casemated Dalhousie bastion. Then comes Dalhousie gate, which pierces the inner wall of the citadel itself. This is a very massive structure, necessarily of considerable depth and contains the guard-rooms.

The walls of the city formerly encircled the whole of the Upper Town, and the few means of communication through them that afforded accommodation for street traffic were originally guarded by powerful gates, not one of which now remain. It was part of a scheme of civic improvement and restoration proposed by Lord Dufferin, when governor general of Canada, that all the recently made openings in the line of the fortifications, whether caused by the piercing of the walls for new street extensions or by the removal of the old gates, should be arched by structures of stone or steel, in order that the continuity of the old line of wall might be preserved to future generations. This design has been carried out in the case of St. Louis and Kent gates only. A complete history of Quebec's fortifications would occupy considerable space. Many very interesting historical details concerning them are to be found in Hawkins's "Picture of Quebec," and Le Moine's "Quebec Past and Present." These fortifications consist of bastions, connected by lofty curtains of solid masonry, and ramparts from twenty-five to thirty feet in height, and about the same in thickness, bristling, until the few last years, with heavy cannon, while round towers, loopholed walls and massive gates recurred at certain distances in the circumference. On the summit of the ramparts from Cape Diamond to St. John street is a broad way commanding a beautiful view. It passes over the picturesque arches dignified by the name of St. Louis and Kent gates, and before the removal of the last St. John's gate, erected in 1867 and razed in 1897, it passed over that structure, too, as it had over the summit of its predecessor. Having been thus defended on the land side by its ramparts, the city was protected on other sides by a lofty wall and parapet, based upon the cliff, and commencing opposite the river St. Charles at the artillery barracks, now the Dominion government's cartridge factory, a short distance below St. John street. These barracks were erected by the French prior to 1750, on the site of others which had formerly stood there. Adjoining them at their eastern extremity is Palace street, which was formerly spanned by Palace gate. The original structure was rebuilt in 1831, and replaced by what Hawkins called the most classical and beautiful of the five gates of Quebec. Though considered at the time of its erection perfectly strong enough for all purposes of defence, it presented a light and airy appearance, not unlike, in design, one of the gates of Pompeii. It fell a prey to modern vandalism in 1874.

From Palace street the old city walls are continued along the brow of the cliff overlooking the mouth of the St. Charles, until they reach the top of Hope hill, where Hope gate stood until a quarter of a century ago. Here commences the gradual elevation of the ground, which

terminates at the eastern point of Cape Diamond. At the summit of the perpendicular cliff known as the Sault-au-Matelot is the Grand Battery—a long range of picturesque but now old and obsolete thirty-two pound guns, commanding the basin and harbor below. Here, where the escarpment of the cliff is nearly two hundred feet high, the stone parapet rises but a few feet above it, and the black artillery projecting over it were described by Professor Silliman as looking “like beasts of prey, crouching, and ready to leap upon their victims.”

The Grand Battery extends to the little Frontenac Park at the top of Mountain Hill, and adjoining it, at the head of the thoroughfare, is the site of the former Prescott gate. Almost immediately beyond it is Dufferin Terrace. Upon Frontenac Park stood the old Parliament House, which was destroyed by fire in 1883. It was built in 1859 and 1860 to replace the former structure, which was also burned upon this site. In the halls of the last public buildings occupied here for governmental purposes, were held the sittings of the Confederation Conference that prepared the plan of the present constitution of the Dominion of Canada.

Opposite Frontenac Park is the Archbishop's palace, the former residence of His Eminence, the late Cardinal Taschereau. It contains a valuable library of early Canadian history and excellent portraits of the bishops and archbishops of the Roman Catholic diocese of Quebec.

Laval University is immediately in rear of the Grand Battery. The main edifice is 198 feet in length and 80 feet 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 of dollars. Seven colleges and seminaries are affiliated with the university, which consists of four faculties—theology, law, medicine and art—there being nearly forty professors and about 300 students. Its museums are very extensive; its library contains 100,000 volumes, being the largest in Canada after that of the Parliament House at Ottawa, and its picture gallery, which is receiving constant additions, possesses a number of valuable specimens of both ancient and modern art by such artists as Rosa Bonheur, T. Daniel Legare, Monticelli, Antoine Van Dyck, David Teniers, John Opie, LeBrun, Tintoretto and others.

The Basilica, or old cathedral church of the Roman Catholic population of Quebec, occupies a part of the same block of land as that upon which stand Laval University, the Seminary and the palace of the Archbishop. The original diocese of Quebec, when this, its metropolitan church, was erected, comprised the territory now occupied by no less than sixty dioceses. The corner stone was laid in 1647, though as early 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 Jesuits' College, which had been for some time used as the parochial church of Quebec. In 1874 the sacred edifice was raised to the dignity of a Basilica. It suffered much from fires occasioned by the storming of the

city during the several sieges through which it has passed. It is capable of accommodating four thousand worshipers. There is not much external symmetry, but the interior is lofty, with massive arches of stone dividing the nave from the transepts. There are memorial tablets on the walls of the church to the Jesuit and Recollet missionaries, and to the four French governors whose bones are interred beneath the building. There hangs upon the walls of the Basilica a remarkable collection of paintings, many of them by noted European masters and all invaluable as works of art. It includes a famous Van Dyck of the Crucifixion, painted in 1630, besides Fleurets, Blanchards, LeBrun, Vignons and Halles, which Abbe Des Jardins secured for a trifle in Paris, when the revolutionists of 1793 pillaged the churches and monasteries. Some rare relics are amongst the treasures of this church, as well as a number of very beautiful vestments presented to Laval, the first Canadian bishop, by the great Louis XIV.

The handsome new chapel of the Quebec Seminary is quite close to the Basilica. It was built in 1891, to replace that destroyed by fire a few years earlier, with a number of valuable art treasures that it contained.

The new City Hall is a handsome building facing the Basilica, and was erected in 1895. It is of a mixed style of architecture, with the Norman predominating, and measures 200 feet upon the old Market Square, 120 feet upon Ste. Anne street, and 178 upon Fabrique street. It contains the city council chamber, mayor's office, and all the offices and departments of the civic government, and also the recorder's court and central fire and police stations. The exceptionally small cost at which this beautiful building was erected and the economical administration of civic affairs for the last few years, which has enabled the municipal authorities to improve and pave many of the city streets, and so to largely change for the better the face of the city, has made of His Worship, the Hon. S. N. Parent, the most popular mayor that Quebec has ever had.

The site of the City Hall was for two centuries and a half occupied by the old Jesuit college, which dates back to 1637, the year before John Harvard made his bequest to the university that now bears his name. From its walls went forth that noble band of Jesuit martyrs and missionaries, many of whom laid down their lives in the attempt to plant the seeds of civilization and the cross of Christ amongst the Indian barbarians of the far west. In 1763 the college was taken possession of by General Murray for the accommodation of the British troops and thereafter was known as the Jesuit Barracks. After the withdrawal of the Imperial troops from Canada in 1870, the venerable pile was demolished by dynamite.

The postoffice is a handsome cut-stone edifice at the head of Mountain Hill, close to Dufferin Terrace, and occupies a site famous for the legends and historical associations with which it is connected. In its northern facade, fronting on Buade street, is the sculptured figure of a dog gnawing a bone. This always having been gilt has acquired the name of *Le Chien d'Or*. Chambers's *Guide to Quebec* has the following version of the tale connected with the

golden dog: "Under the French regime, the proprietor of the old house that formerly stood upon the site of the postoffice was named Nicholas Jacques 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 the house, which then occupied the site of the present postoffice, together 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.

1736.

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. If there be any truth in this story, the killing of de Repentigny could not have been prior to 1760, since his name occurs upon the list of those officers who served under the Chevalier de Levis at the battle of Ste. Foye on the 28th April, 1760. LeMoine has an interesting chapter on Le Chien d'Or, in *Maple Leaves*, and F. Kirby, of Niagara, has woven into the warp of this tragic story a marvelous romance of the time of Bigot, and has introduced into it many of the leading characters that figured in Quebec nearly a century and a half ago."

For a long time after the siege of 1759 the old building was a coffee house. Later it was known as Freemasons' Hall. The proprietor of the house in 1782 was Miles Prentice, whose daughter or niece so infatuated the future Lord Nelson, then the youthful commander of a frigate in the port of Quebec, that he offered her marriage.

Behind this old building, and in a tomb over which a portion of the present post-office is supposed to have been built, now rest the mortal remains of Samuel de Champlain, founder of Quebec.

The English cathedral occupies a site very near to that formerly covered by the ancient church and convent of the Recollet Fathers, which were destroyed by fire in 1796. Before the erection of a Protestant church in Quebec, Protestant services were permitted at times by the Recollet Fathers in their old church. It was at the suggestion of Bishop Mountain, the first Anglican bishop of Quebec, that the government of King George III. erected the present cathedral, which was consecrated in 1804. It is a plain, substantial structure, in the Roman style of

architecture, measuring 135 by 73 feet. A very sweet peal of eight bells hangs in the tower, and the interior of the sacred edifice contains a number of noble monuments and mural memorial tablets. In a vault beneath the floor of the building reposes the body of the Duke of Richmond and Lennox, whose death, while governor-general of Canada, was caused by hydrophobia, arising from the bite of a pet fox in 1819. The governor-general's pew is situated in the north gallery, and here have worshiped, at various times, many members of the royal family of England. The chancel window is invariably admired for the brilliancy of its coloring, and the solid silver communion service, valued at \$10,000, was presented by King George III.

The Ursuline convent is close by the main entrance to the English cathedral. It was founded in 1639 by Madame de la Peltrie, and is one of the oldest institutions of the kind in Canada. It was twice destroyed by fire, but now includes some eleven different buildings, 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 Ursulines are a cloistered order, and no man except the governor of the country and members of the royal family are allowed to enter. The sisterhood of the convent numbers nearly a hundred, and its educational system is justly renowned. The chapel contains a number of interesting works of art and the tomb of General Montcalm. There may be read the epitaph prepared in 1763 by the French Academy for the great general. There, too, under a glass case, may be seen his skull. Some of the canvasses on the walls of this chapel are real masterpieces of the French school of art.

The Hotel Dieu convent and hospital were founded in 1639 by the Duchess D'Aiguillon, the same year in which Madame de la Peltrie established the convent of the Ursulines. The buildings are situated near the former site of Palace gate, and the entrance to the hospital is on Palace street. The chapel is entered by the public from Charlevoix street. While portions of the old buildings still bear the marks of the British cannon balls by which they were battered in 1759, a magnificent new structure was added to the original institution, for hospital purposes, only a few years ago. The chapel contains a number of very fine paintings, as well as the bones of Father Lallement and the skull of the martyred Brebœuf.

Palace hill was originally so-called because it led up town from the palace of the infamous French Intendant—the boodler Bigot—whose peculations so largely contributed to that demoralization of the French forces in Canada which rendered possible the victory of Wolfe. The Intendant's palace stood on the present site of Boswell's brewery, where some of its original vaults may still be seen. Chambers's *Quebec Guide* says of it: "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 rendezvous with the fair, or rather dusky occupant of his country house, concealed in the woods of Charlesbourg, two or three miles away." The country house herein referred to was situated four miles away in the country, and was called Chateau Bigot or Beaumanoir. It is now in ruins. The tragedy which resulted in the death there of Caroline, the unhappy Algonquin maid, forms one of the leading features of Kirby's historical romance—*Le Chien d'Or*.

Many of the finest buildings of Quebec are to be found a little way beyond St. Louis gate on the Grand Allee. Close by the fortification walls, on the left as one leaves the Upper Town is the skating rink.

The Parliament House and departmental buildings are on the other side of the road close by; a beautiful cut-stone block, of modern style and imposing appearance. These buildings, some of which date from 1878, form a perfect square, each side of which is 300 feet in length and four stories in height, with mansards, and towers at each corner. From the main tower facing the city, the view of Quebec and the surrounding country is unrivaled. These edifices are amongst the finest in Canada and were designed by Mr. E. E. Tache of Quebec. The bronze Indian group in front of the main entrance to Parliament House is by Hebert, the Canadian sculptor, now resident in Paris. Heroic statuary of the principal actors in Canadian history finds a lodgment in the various recesses in the front facade of the Parliament House, those of Count Frontenac, of Generals Wolfe, Montcalm and de Levis, of Colonel de Salaberry and Lord Elgin, being already in position. The annual sessions of the legislature of the Province of Quebec are held in these buildings, which also contain the offices of His Honor, the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, and of the executive council of the province, as well as all the provincial departments of state.

A little beyond the parliament buildings, and on the opposite side of the road, is the very beautiful and modern Drill Hall, one of the prettiest structures in the environs of Quebec.

Many very fine private residences are situated on this Grand Allee road, which leads directly to the far-famed battlefield of the Plains of Abraham. On the high land, whence the country naturally slopes down towards the scene of Wolfe's and Montcalm's final death struggle, are four martello towers, stretching across from the height overlooking the St. Lawrence to that commanding the valley of the St. Charles. In their time these towers were considered valuable auxiliaries to the defences of Quebec. Now, of course, they are perfectly useless for military purposes. In the vicinity of these towers occurred some of the heaviest fighting towards the end of the famous battle of September 13, 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 limited area that goes by the name of the Plains of Abraham at the pres-

ent time, stretches away westward from the new jail, and is confined between the St. Louis road on the one side and the brink of the precipice overlooking the St. Lawrence on the other. Here, no doubt, the fate of Quebec was decided, but the fighting occurred on both sides of the road, and when it degenerated into a rout, the Highlanders pursued their fleeing foes almost to the very gates of the city. The battlefield is leased by the Ursuline nuns to the federal government, but their lease expires in 1901, and the ladies of the convent have had plans prepared for the division of the land into streets and building lots. More than one Imperial general commanding the Canadian forces have reported against the government permitting property so adjacent to the first-class fortress of Quebec to pass out of its hands, and there is much indignation at the idea of any desecration of the historic battleground. Nobody denies the right of the nuns to dispose of their property, but all loyal Canadians believe it to be the duty of the federal government to step in and acquire it. The story of the fight that has rendered these Plains forever memorable is too well known to require recital here. Wolfe's Cove, where the British general landed his men under cover of the night, and clambered with them up the precipice to the level of the Plains, is about a mile beyond the jail. One of the most interesting features of this historic locality is the monument to the memory of the great general, erected on the exact spot where "Wolfe died victorious." It was during the British assault upon the French position on the rising ground on which the jail has since been built, that General Wolfe received his death wound. He lived long enough to learn that the enemy was put to flight and then expressed his readiness to die. Horse races are now held annually on the Plains.

Another imposing monument stands by the side of the St. Foye road, about a mile from the city. This elegant column of metal standing on a stone base, and surmounted by a bronze statue of Bellona, was erected in 1860 to the memory of the brave French and English soldiers who fell in the second battle of the Plains of Abraham, or rather of St. Foye, in 1760. This time the advantage was on the side of the French, and the names of the competing generals—Levis and Murray—are borne upon the face of its base. Though Murray was completely vanquished he did not capitulate, nor yet did Levis succeed in regaining possession of the city.

Quebec possesses quite a number of interesting public buildings, apart from those already described, prominent amongst which are the Custom House, with its handsome dome, on the river front, the Immigration Sheds on the Louise embankment, the Court House, a modern structure of great beauty, Morrin College, and a number of churches, convents, etc.

St. Matthew's (church of England) on St. John street, has, perhaps, the prettiest interior in Quebec. Its services are choral and about the most ornate in the city. The Cathedral has already been described. The remaining Anglican churches are St. Peter's, Trinity and St. Paul's. St. John's, St. Roch's, St. Patrick's and St. Sauveur are large and handsome Roman Catholic churches; the Methodist and Baptist congregations have also beautiful church edifices,

and there are two commodious Presbyterian places of worship, Chalmers church, with a very handsome spire, upon the upper portion of St. Ursule street, and St. Andrew's, with pretty stained-glass windows, on Ste. Anne street.

The various banks doing business here are well housed. Three of them, the Quebec bank, the Union bank of Canada and LaBanque Nationale have their head offices here and handsome quarters of their own.

The principal hotels, after the Chateau Frontenac, are the Victoria and the Clarendon. The first mentioned is on Palace street, the other opposite the English cathedral.

The Y. M. C. A. have an excellent building on St. John street, well supplied with a gymnasium, baths, reading rooms, parlors, library, public hall, etc.

Quebec's admirable electric railway system was inaugurated in 1897. Two complete circuits are made by its cars—one upon the higher and the other upon the lower levels of the city. There are two connecting lines, one by way of Palace hill, the other by that of Cote d'Abraham, and thus passengers are transferred from any one point in the city to any other, upon the payment of a single five cents fare.

Victoria Park, which is reached by the electric railway, is a beautiful spot almost surrounded by the meanderings of the St. Charles river. The city gardener has a splendid conservatory here, and the park kiosk is much resorted to by dining and dancing parties, etc. From this park a magnificent view may be had of the Laurentian mountains to the north and of the city of Quebec to the south, the latter having the appearance, at this point, of being built upon a succession of terraces.

Less than a mile beyond the park are the extensive buildings of the Quebec Exhibition Company, where agricultural and industrial exhibitions are held annually, and where races and other entertainments take place from time to time.

The environs of Quebec abound in most delightful scenery, and the roads that traverse them are amongst the finest in the country. The St. Louis road leads to Cap Rouge, a beautiful village on the bank of the St. Lawrence river nine miles from Quebec. The drive thither is a most entrancing one, passing by the Plains of Abraham, Spencer Wood, the charming residence of the lieutenant-governor of the province, Spencer Grange, the hospitable home of Sir James M. LeMoine, F. R. S. C., the summer villas of many of the leaders of Quebec society, and the pretty cemeteries of Woodfield and Mount Hermon.

Paralleling St. Louis road for some distance is that of St. Foye, passing through the village of that name and also by the cemetery of Belmont and a number of elegant private residences. It commands a beautiful view of the valley of the St. Charles river and of the villages of Lorette, Charlesbourg and Beauport, just as the St. Louis road overlooks the valley of the St. Lawrence.

From Dorchester bridge, on the north side of the city, branch off the Charlesbourg and Beauport roads. By the first, the tourist reaches lakes Beauport and St. Charles, both thirteen miles distant, and much frequented by anglers and picnic parties. The Beauport road passes through the village of that name and leads to Montmorenci, whose lofty cataract is one of the lions of the Quebec district. It is 250 feet high.

Montmorenci Falls may also be reached by the railway that continues on past them to the shrine of Ste. Anne and Cape Tourment. Both these latter are attractive resorts for both tourists and citizens of Quebec. The view of the St. Lawrence below the Isle of Orleans, from the summit of Cape Tourment, is superb.

The most romantic portion of the district of Quebec outside the city is that amongst the Laurentian mountains and in the vicinity of Lake St. John, reached by the Quebec & Lake St. John railway. Along this road is to be seen some of the grandest mountain, river and lake scenery to be found anywhere. It is, too, a veritable sportsman's paradise. American tourists visit it by thousands every year and have given it the name of the Canadian Adirondacks. Immense red trout swarm in the deep waters of beautiful Lake Edward and the other lakes and rivers along the line of the railway, while in the great inland sea, known as Lake St. John, and in its tributary waters, the leaping ouananiche, or fresh-water salmon, so highly prized by sportsmen, is taken in great abundance. Here are the splendid falls of the Ouatichouan, considerably higher than those of Montmorenci. Here, too, not far from the newly erected Hotel Roberval, with its accommodation for 400 guests, is the reserve of the interesting Montagnais tribe of Indians. Here, again, are the mouths of the great northern rivers that empty into Lake St. John. Some of these rivers are over 300 miles long and their estuaries measure a mile or two across. They are often ascended for many miles in birch-bark canoes by sportsmen in quest of health and pleasure.

The magnificent Saguenay river is the outlet of Lake St. John, and some of its scenery has a world-wide reputation. The sail up the St. Lawrence from Tadoussac, at the mouth of the Saguenay, to Quebec, past the fashionable watering places of Cacouma, Riviere-du-Loup and Murray Bay, and the pretty Isle of Orleans, is a never-to-be-forgotten trip.

The port of Quebec is one of the finest in the world, and could accommodate the entire British navy. Its docks and tidal basins are quite modern and perfect of their kind, and they are, no doubt, destined in the near future to have more traffic than they can accommodate. The present deepening of the Canadian canals, the expected construction of the Chaudiere bridge over the St. Lawrence, and the approaching termination of the Great Northern railway, being Quebec's connection with the Parry Sound system of communication with the great west, will combine to concentrate at this port a very large share of the grain trade from the west of Lake Superior. Quebec has lost, through the era of iron steamships, the immense trade that

she formerly did in wooden ship building. She has suffered from the decay of the timber export industry. But her people, especially her public men, including the Hon. S. N. Parent, her present mayor, and her representatives in the councils of the nation at Ottawa, have confidence in her future. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick and the Hon. R. R. Dobell are evidently doing all in their power to hasten the completion of the important works already referred to, and to bring about the establishment of the much desired line of fast Atlantic steamships between Europe and the St. Lawrence. Her manufacturers are giving employment to more people than ever before, and beautifying the city by the erection of modern homes. Her capitalists are uniting in vigorous efforts to improve the city's means of communication with the great centres of trade and commerce, and her people of every class, as they gaze from the twin-faced monument bearing the honored names of Montcalm and Wolfe, to the many improvements around them that are so largely due to Mayor Parent's initiative, and to the modern harbor works below, sing gladly with the poet:

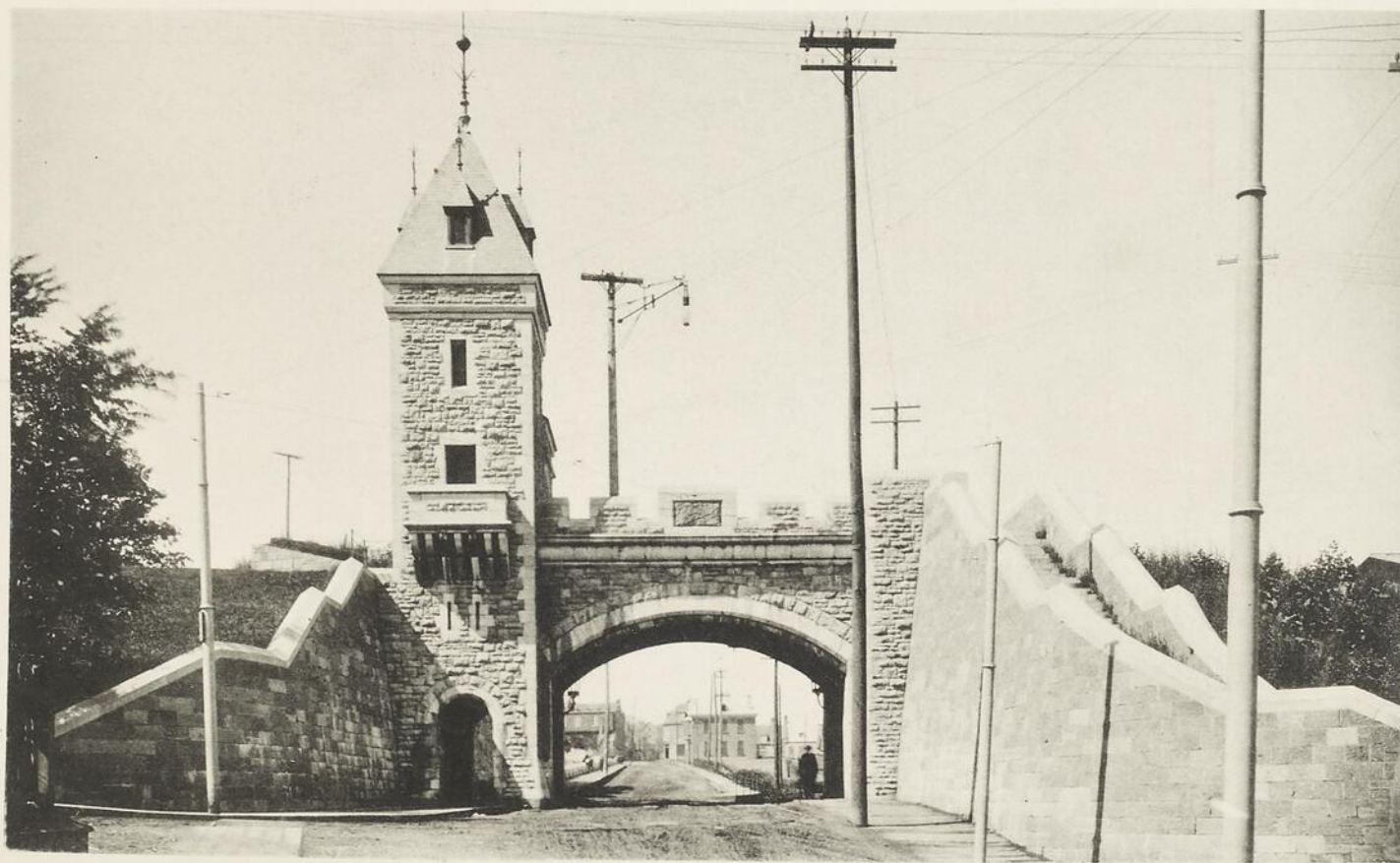
“Peace from their glorious graves hath hushed
The ancient discord, till our minstrelsy
Sings growth united in war's vacant seat.”



CHATEAU FRONTENAC.



ST. LOUIS GATE.



KENT GATE.



ST. ROCH.



ON THE ST. CHARLES RIVER.



CHAMPLAIN MONUMENT.



WOLFE-MONTCALM MONUMENT.



MONTMORENCY FALLS.



ST. FOYE MONUMENT.



WOLFE MONUMENT.



IN THE BASILICA.



JACQUES CARTIER FALLS.



ON THE JACQUES CARTIER RIVER.



ST. SAUVEUR.



VIEW FROM CITY HALL GROUNDS.



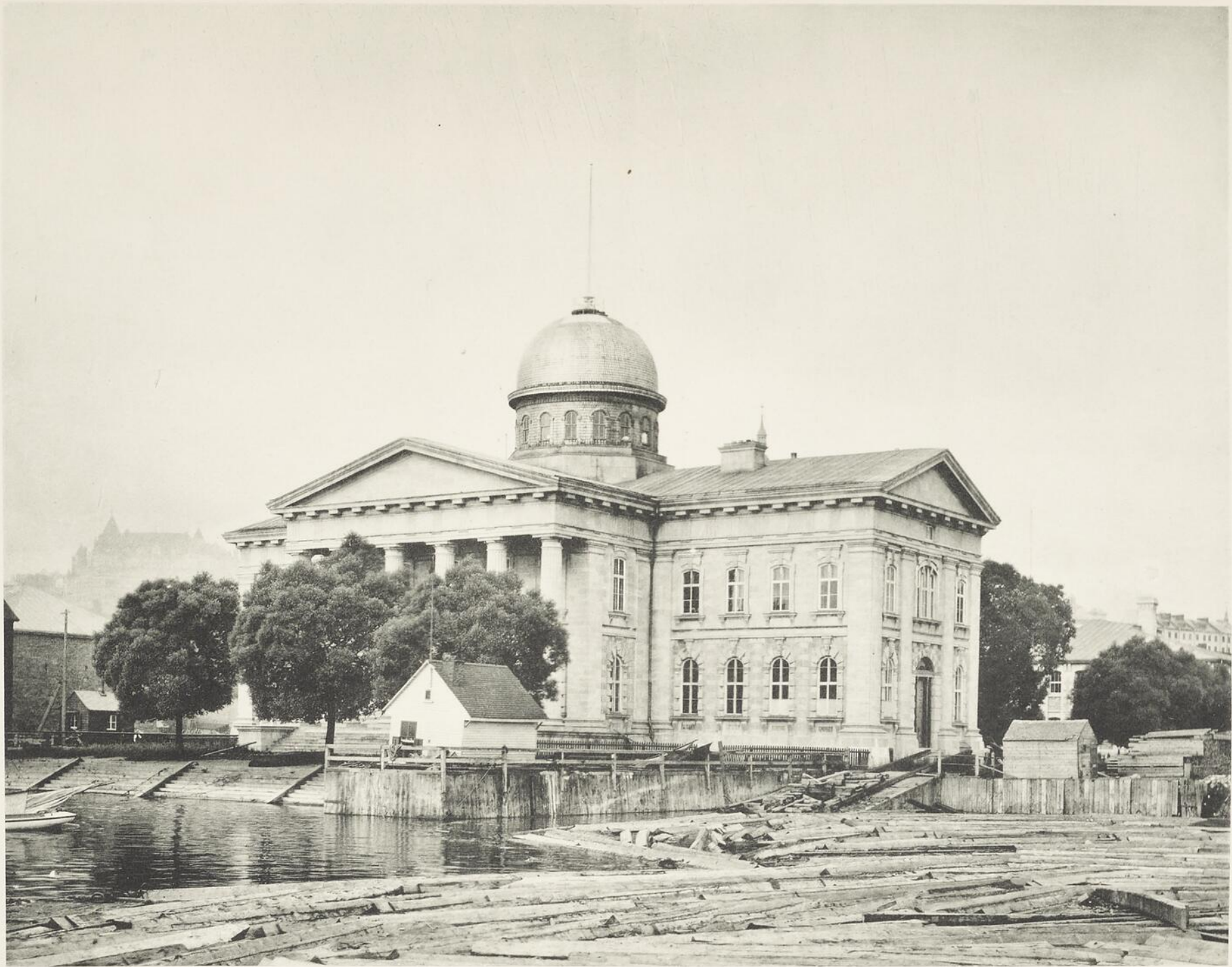
PARLIAMENT BUILDING.



VIEWS OF VICTORIA PARK.



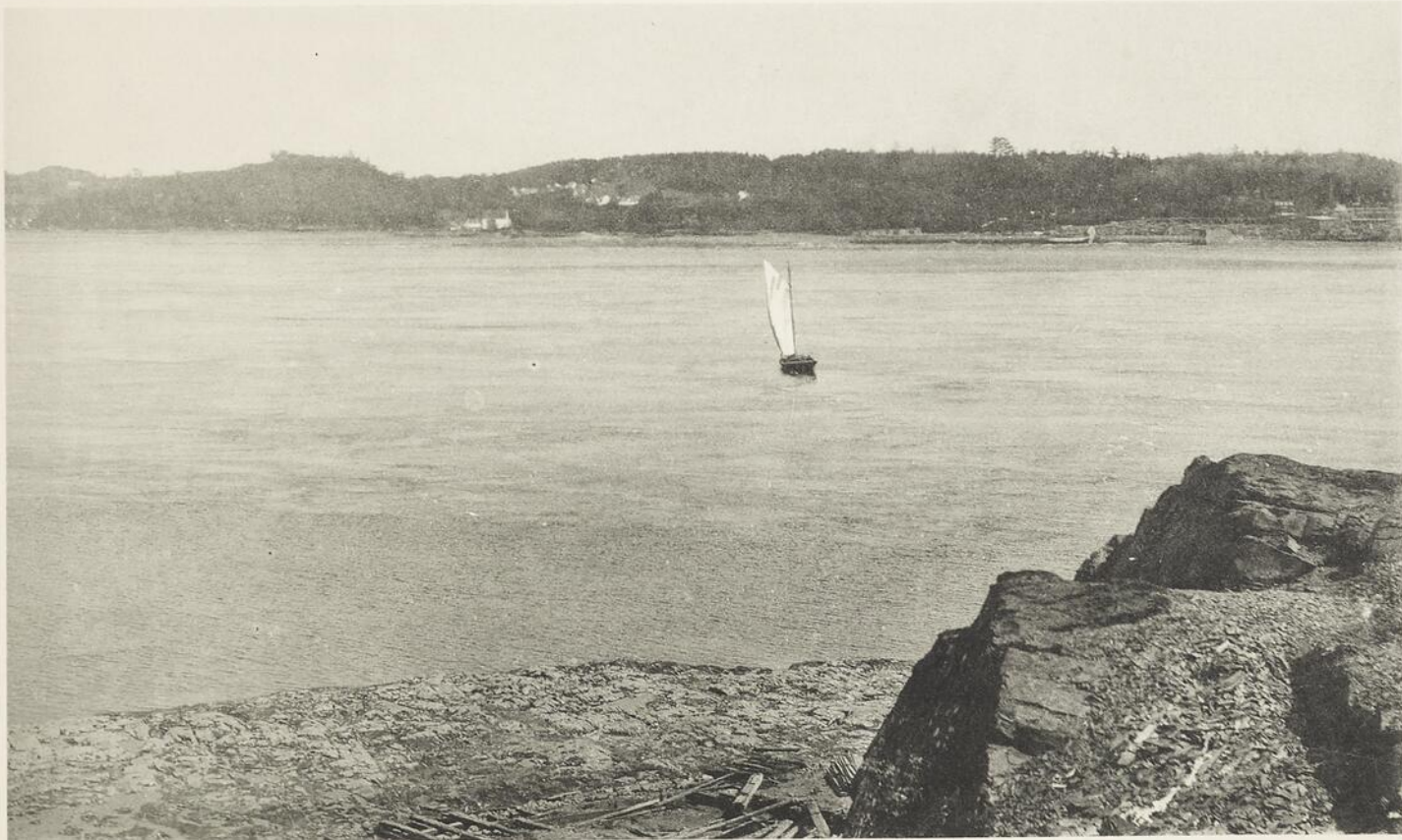
CHAUDIERE FALLS.



CUSTOM HOUSE.



FRONTENAC PARK.



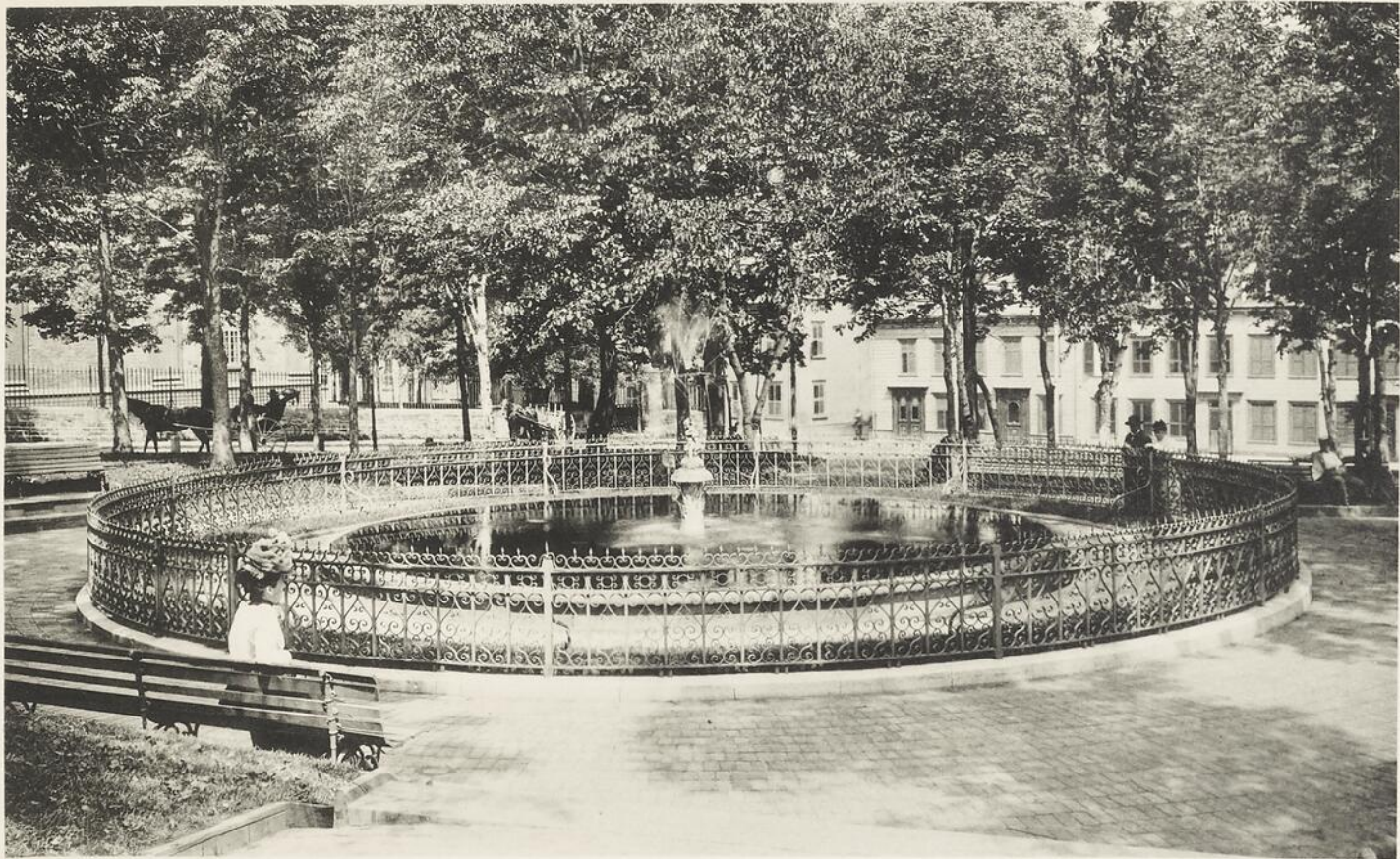
ON THE ST. LAWRENCE AT SILLERY.



UNDER CAP DIAMOND, WHERE MONTGOMERY FELL.



NATURAL STEPS ON THE MONTMORENCY RIVER.



PLACE D'ARMES.



SCENE AT INDIAN LORETTE.



COURT HOUSE.



QUEBEC, FROM LEVIS.



RIVER VIEW.



KING'S BASTION FROM THE TERRACE.



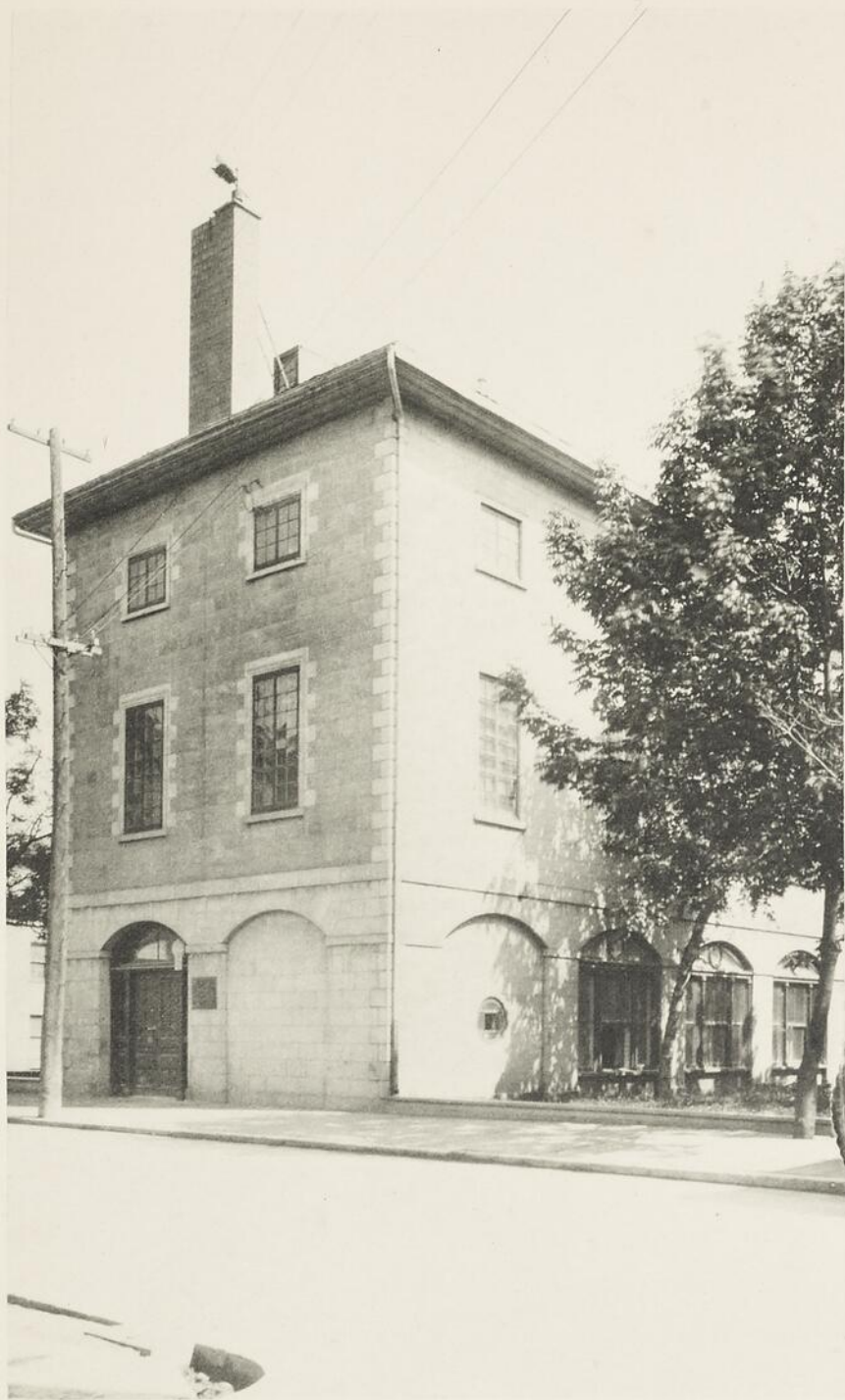
NORTHEAST FROM PARLIAMENT BUILDING TOWER.



INDIAN LORETTE FALLS.



LAVAL UNIVERSITY.



QUEBEC EXCHANGE.



ON THE MONTMORENCY RIVER.



ON ST. LOUIS STREET.

MASONIC TEMPLE.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.



SCENE AT LAKE BEAUPORT.



MORRIN COLLEGE.



GRAND BATTERY.



ST. ANNE RIVER ABOVE THE FALLS.



BEAUPORT LUNATIC ASYLUM.



SCENE AT LAKE ST. CHARLES.



QUEBEC FROM THE ISLE OF ORLEANS.



HOTEL DIEU.



ON ST. LOUIS STREET.

X ON THIS SPOT MONTGOMERY WAS LAID.



MARTELLO TOWER.



LOOKING DOWN THE ST. LAWRENCE FROM SILLERY.



SCENE AT THE BASIN.



POST OFFICE.



METHODIST CHURCH.



ST. MATTHEW'S CHURCH.



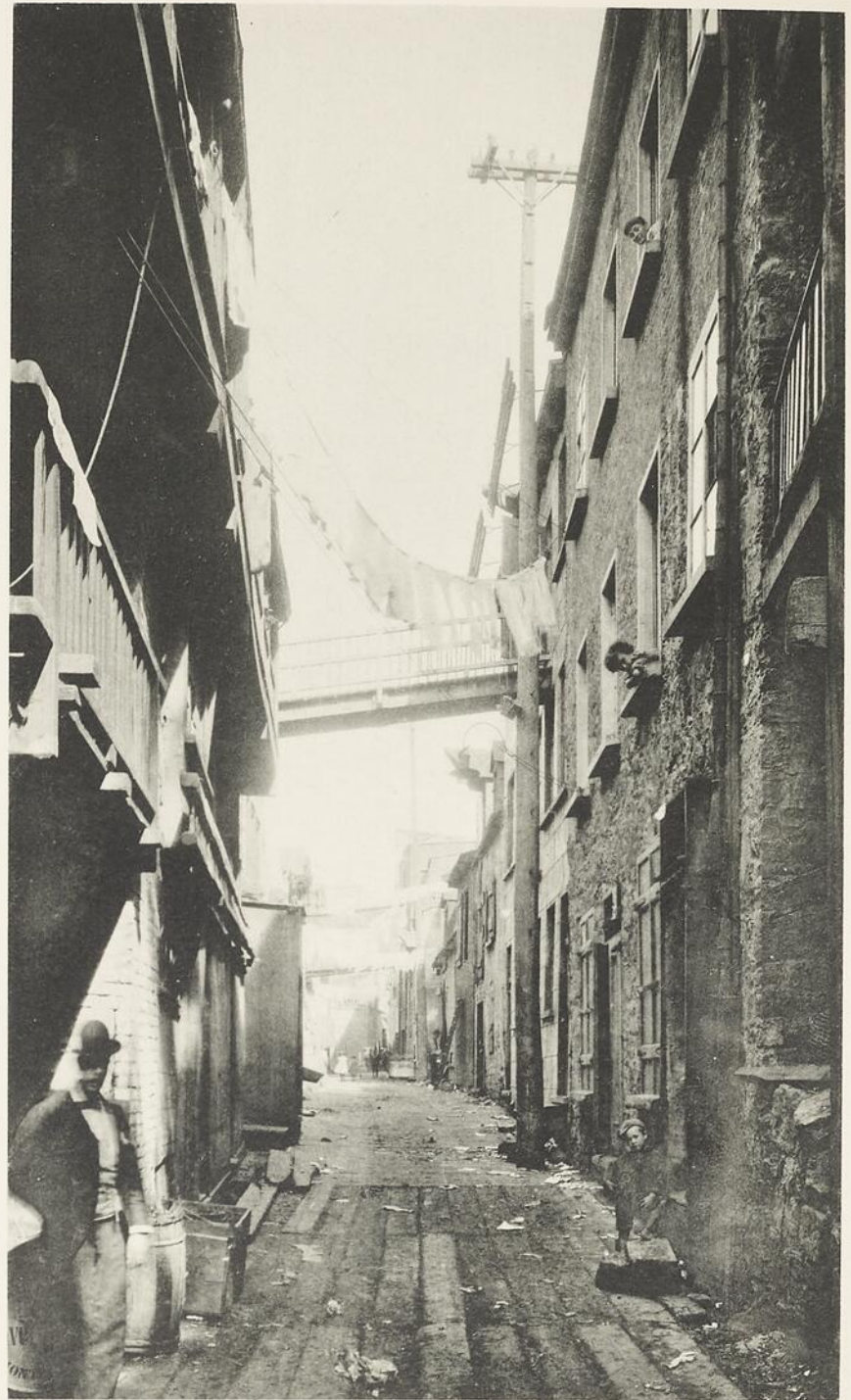
SPENCERWOOD, RESIDENCE OF THE LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR.



VIEW FROM THE CITADEL SHOWING DUFFERIN TERRACE AND CHATEAU FRONTENAC.



SOUS LE FORTE.



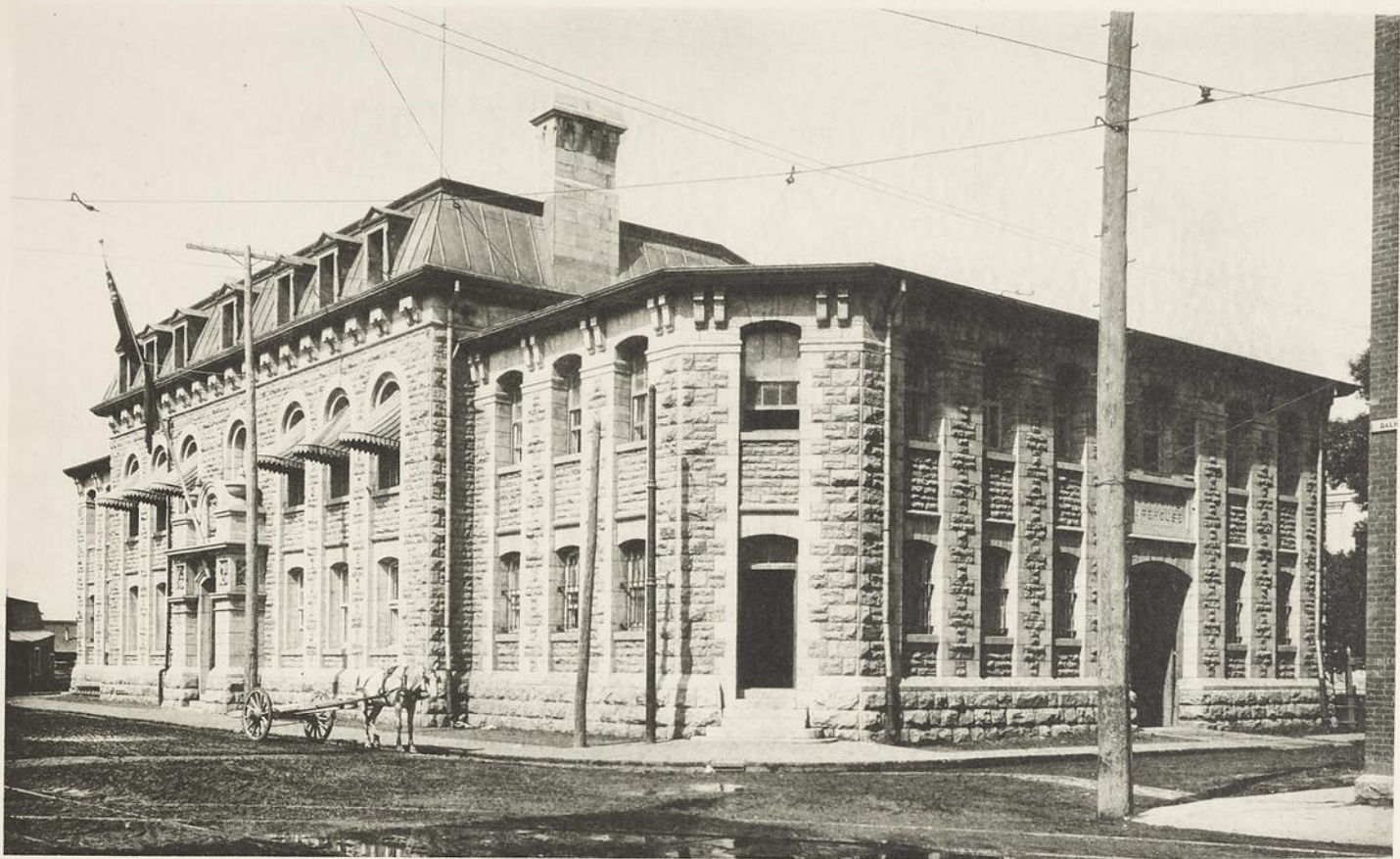
SOUS LE CAP.



VIEW ON THE ST. CHARLES.



ST. JOSEPH STREET.



EXAMINING WAREHOUSE.



CHAMPLAIN MARKET.



VIEW FROM LEVIS.



IN THE CATHEDRAL OF THE HOLY TRINITY.



THE BASILICA.



CHURCH OF NOTRE-DAME DES VICTOIRES.—BUILT IN 1688.



LAKE ST. CHARLES.



INTERIOR OF BEAUPORT CHURCH.



ST. JEAN BAPTISTE CHURCH.



ST. ROCH CHURCH.



CITY HALL.



PROTESTANT LADIES' HOME.



CHURCH OF ENGLAND FEMALE ORPHAN ASYLUM.



DOWN THE RIVER FROM CAP ROUGE.



RESERVOIR AT INDIAN LORETTE.



NORTH FROM PARLIAMENT BUILDING TOWER.



CARDINAL'S PALACE.



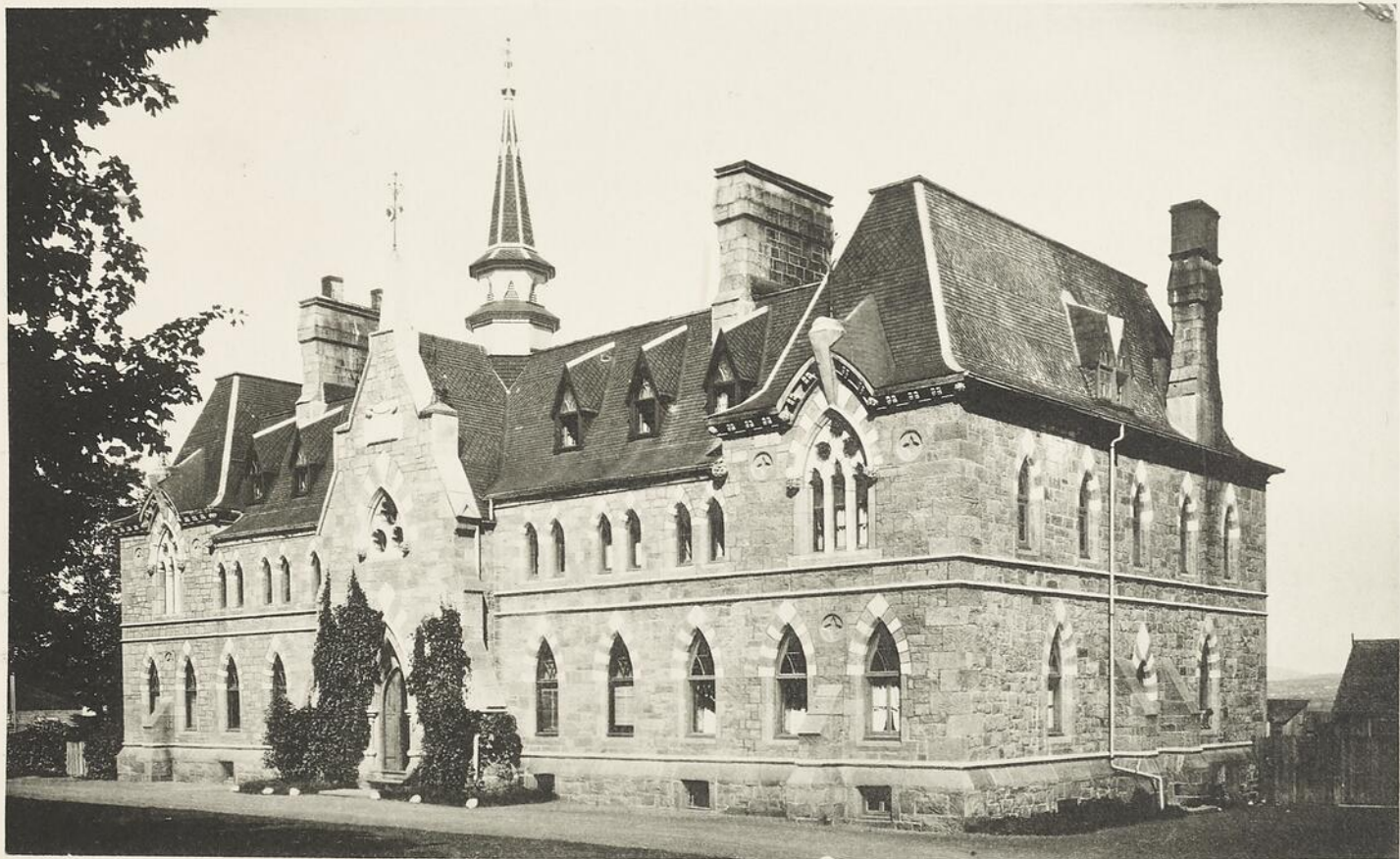
GARRISON CLUB.



ON THE RIVER AT WOLFE COVE.



Y. M. C. A.



FINLAY ASYLUM.



LAKE BEAUPORT.



QUEBEC, FROM THE ST. CHARLES.



AT THE ISLE OF ORLEANS.



PALACE STREET.



DRILL HALL AND SHORT-WALLICK MONUMENT.



SCENE AT CAP ROUGE.



THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM.



DOWN THE RIVER FROM THE CITADEL.



THE RIVER AND LEVIS FROM MARTELLO TOWER.



FALLS OF ST. ANNE.



STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.



SCENE ON ST. PETER STREET.



ST. JOHN STREET FROM FABRIQUE.



LEVIS, FROM DUFFERIN TERRACE.



VIEW FROM RAMPARTS SHOWING PRINCESS LOUISE BASIN.



A GLIMPSE AT THE ST. CHARLES.



ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH.



RÉSERVÉ



VILLE DE MONTREAL

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