

much as they always do. There was an energetic priest, a comic man, a pretty girl, enthusiastic programme sellers, and "God Save the King." Friday we steamed up the St. Lawrence river. The banks are said to be very lovely, and we saw the outlines of some fine mountains, but we had to take a good deal of their beauty on trust, as it was slightly misty, and we did not go too close in shore. Between 9 and 10 p.m. we landed at Quebec, and after the average amount of struggle through the pandemonium of a Custom's House, unearthed our various belongings, and deposited ourselves and them in two weird shandrads of cabs. They bumped us wildly over rails and through narrow streets, with a minimum of paving, traversed by countless jangling electric trams, and steep as house roofs (when the transmigration of souls takes place I pray fervently I may never be a Quebec cab horse), till we were landed, breathless and shaken, but alive, in the courtyard of a remarkably stately hotel, built in imitation of a French seventeenth century Chateau, and called the Frontenac. It stands on the site of the old St. Louis Fort. There we were whirled up in an elevator, and Saturday and Sunday we spent from early morn to dewy eve in a steady effort to "see Quebec." Too much has certainly not been said about the interest, the beauty, the quaintness of Quebec, but any present day visitor must be struck by the manner in which the town has been spoilt by the electric trams, the telephone and telegraph wires, and the "handsome modern buildings."

Quebec is essentially a French town. After 150 years of English rule it still strikes the visitor as a French town with an English colony. You hear French spoken in every street and every tram; you can often get no answer to an English question. French names are over the shops, all notices are in French as well as English, the eloquent young preacher at the Catholic Cathedral spoke in French, and a little school French History of Canada I bought, breathes sympathy for the French in their struggle against England on every page.

The situation is magnificent. Quebec proper, the citadel, the large hotel, the "fashionable quarter," runs along the heights overlooking the magnificent curve of the St. Lawrence, embracing the Island of Orleans, and dominates the old town with its wharfs and quays clustering on the shore, and the steep rough streets clinging to the hillside; whilst on the opposite side of the narrowing river lies the suburb, with its great convents and church spires. For it is "a city of churches," and the major part of the population are good Catholics.

But the electric trams, useful and hideous, tear up and down the rough streets, spoiling the pic-

turesque narrow alleys, which are further encumbered with countless poles for telephone and telegraph wires, rough pine stems, unpainted, simply lopped and fixed by the roadside, often crooked, looking most unfinished. The pavements are rarely asphalt or flag stones, but almost entirely wooden planking, and they give an extraordinary unfinished appearance to the streets.

Quebec is historically remarkably interesting, and has been battered about, besieged, and taken again and again, and seems proud of its many vicissitudes. Its heroes and founders are fondly remembered, and statues and memorial tablets abound. Champlain, hat in hand, confronted us every time we left our hotel, standing on the site of the fort he founded, whilst the joint monument to Wolfe and Montcalm lay a few steps off in a green patch of a park. Another monument is erected on the spot where Wolfe fell, near the present gaol, and there are various other memorials of tough fights between the French Canadians and the Iroquois, or the French Canadians and the English. But it is all over now; the English and French live loyally together under the Union Jack, and the Iroquois are practically exterminated. All the Canadian guide books begin with the following lines:—

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

and the patriotic fondness of the French Canadians for their language, their customs, their heroes, and their capital is as remarkable as it is pleasing in these days of quick change.

Monday we whirled away in a Canadian Pacific Railway parlour car to the commercial capital of Canada—i.e., Montreal. By the way, how the universal use of the word "parlour" dates the Anglo-American emigration. The country through which we passed was wooded with small young trees, cleared away in parts and cultivated, with little towns at intervals, largely built of wood. Little towns that had been founded along the St. Lawrence as outposts against the Indians, and had had to fight for dear life before they earned their right to exist. Montreal is a modern town, large square blocks of buildings, handsome houses and hotels, and innumerable churches. As at Quebec, the majority of the people speak French, and, strange to say, only French. "I do not speak English," is a constant answer to one's questions. Though not so picturesque as Quebec, Montreal is beautifully situated. Standing on the Mount Royal, and looking down on the city, it looks almost like a town set in a wood, so thickly are all the principal streets planted with trees, and separated by parks and wooded squares. It is also cleaner than Quebec, and the main streets are well watered and brushed. The side

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