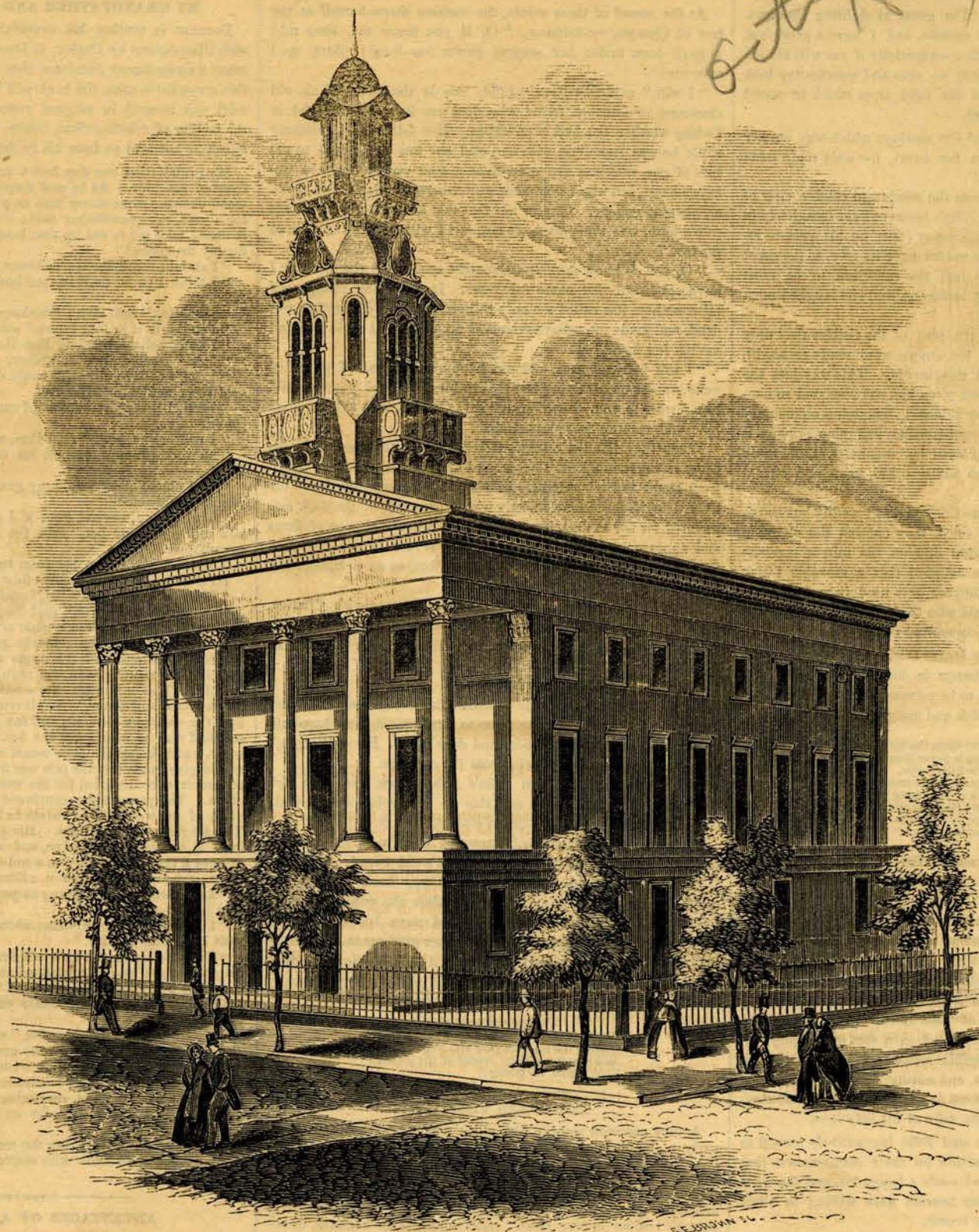
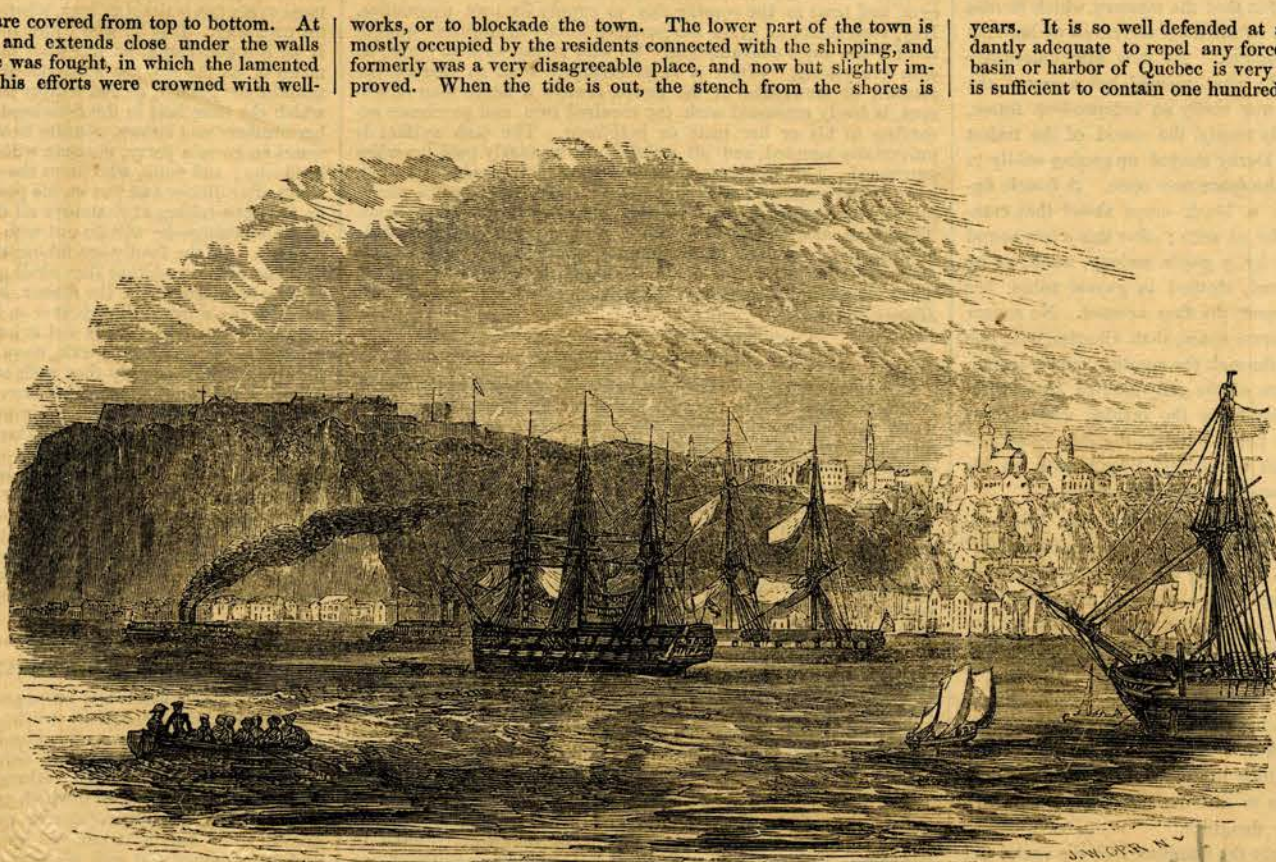


QUEBEC, CANADA.

The illustration below represents a portion of Quebec, this important stronghold of the Canadas. The name is derived from Quebeco, which, in the Algonquin tongue, signifies a sudden contraction of the river. The wide part of the river, immediately in front of the place, has been called the "Basin," and is sufficiently deep and capacious to float one hundred sail of the line. Quebec was founded by the French in 1608. It is situated on the St. Lawrence, at its confluence with the St. Charles River, and 320 miles distant from the Atlantic Ocean. The city is divided into two parts, called the upper and lower towns. The upper town is situated on a strata of limestone rocks, upon the verge of the point, while the lower town is constructed on land at the foot of these rocks, and upon ground gained from the river. The rock on which the upper town stands, rises, in some places, perpendicularly, in others it is not so steep but that streets are constructed which wind along the sides and reach the top. At the sides of some of these roads are long flights of stairs for the accommodation of pedestrians. The lower town is much exposed to the attacks of an enemy, but the upper town is a place of immense strength, and well nigh impregnable. Towards the water the natural defences are so great, that but little attention is there paid to walls of defence, but numerous redoubts and batteries, armed with heavy cannons, are there placed. On the land side the fortifications are very stupendous. When General Wolfe attacked this place, he thought it useless to attack the town on the side towards the water. In order to carry on the attack on the land side, he first attempted to land his troops some miles below the town, near the Falls of Montmorenci; but here he was repulsed by a large division of the French forces with loss. Foiled in his first attempt to get on shore, the brave Wolfe formed the bold design of ascending to the top of the banks above Quebec, commonly called the Heights of Abraham. After previous preparation, the soldiers clambered up the heights with great difficulty, and the guns were hauled up by means of ropes and pulleys fixed round the trees, with which the banks are covered from top to bottom. At the top, the plain commences and extends close under the walls of the city. Here the battle was fought, in which the lamented general fell at the moment his efforts were crowned with well-



COMMISSIONER'S HALL, SPRING GARDEN, PHILADELPHIA.



VIEW OF QUEBEC.

intolerable. The upper town, on the contrary, is extremely agreeable; from its elevated situation, the air is very pure, and the inhabitants are never oppressed with heat in the summer. It is not, however, well laid out. By far the greater part of the inhabitants of Quebec are Roman Catholics, and the French language is most used. "Quebec," says Professor Silliman, "for an American city, is certainly a very peculiar town—a military town, most completely 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, costume, music and 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 higher 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 exhibiting 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 a European capital, and yet in winter smarting with the cold of Siberia, governed by people of different languages 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 some of the important features which strike a stranger in the city of Quebec." The upper town is the seat of government, and the principal residence of the military. Great improvements have recently been made in the style of buildings, and many of the private dwellings, and several of the public buildings are spacious and elegant. There is a French seminary or college, containing usually more than two hundred pupils; but much less attention is paid to education than in the principal cities of the United States. Quebec is better fortified than any other town in America. Its strength has been greatly increased within a few years. It is so well defended at all points, as to render it abundantly adequate to repel any force that could approach it. The basin or harbor of Quebec is very beautiful, safe and spacious; it is sufficient to contain one hundred sail of the line. The depth of water is twenty-eight fathoms; the spring tides rise twenty-three or twenty-four feet, and the neap tides seventeen or eighteen. The river St. Lawrence is twelve miles wide above the city, but is here contracted to one mile in breadth. The exports consist principally of timber, grain, flour, furs, pot and pearlshes. The trade is very extensive, and is principally confined to British vessels. The climate, though on the whole good and healthy, is, as we have before intimated, in extremes. In summer, the heat is equal to that of Naples, while the cold of winter is not inferior to that of Moscow. This inequality occasions a corresponding difference in the modes of life during the different seasons in the year. In winter, travelling is carried on by means of sledges and carioles, in the same way as in Russia. The first view of Quebec in sailing up the St. Lawrence is striking in the extreme; and travellers speak in high terms of the magnificent prospect from the citadel on Cape Diamond, which rises to the height of nearly 340 feet above the St. Lawrence.

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"Well, let me fight for you. I'm great at fighting shadows. I have been practising for some months, and I have a good deal of confidence in finally succeeding—especially if you will aid me all you can," replied Charles, with an arch and questioning look that seemed to say that she was his light from which he would drive away the eclipsing shadows.

Effie turned to the window of the carriage which was on her side, and with a new feeling at her heart, her only reply was: "There—there's Rose Cottage."

Charles darted his head towards the window to catch a view of the cottage, when the feather on Effie's bonnet swept completely in his eyes and nose, so that, despite every effort on his part to restrain a sneeze, he had to let the sneeze have its way, to the great delight of Effie. She was in just the condition to be most powerfully affected by anything ludicrous, and she laughed most heartily.

At every effort to hold back the play of the risibles they only had increasing force, till when the couple were ready to alight, they were in the merriest mood imaginable. This was just the thing needed for Effie's sake; and when had she appeared so happy, so free from care and anxiety as now? Though a momentary emotion, it was nevertheless spontaneous and sincere, and it changed her countenance and affected her manner as thoroughly as a sudden flashing of sunshine suffuses hill, town and stream with its golden beauty.

The knock at the door of Rose Cottage was speedily answered, and obeying the "Come in!" voice, they entered the charmed room. Charles fixed his attention first on the mirror opposite the entrance door, and was soon satisfied that a movable frame was there. He saw also how mirrors were used in various parts of the room to give to any one who thought of using them a command of everything going on around them.

Effie removed her glove while Dame Derby went through with her preparations; and by the change in her chant, she soon discovered that a happier fate was to be pictured for her than before. The fortune-teller sang, in a quick and sprightly measure:

"Merrily, merrily sings the bird
Where her song is never heard;
For her heart is full of glee,
As she flies from bush to tree.
But she sings a merrier song
When, the leafy boughs among,
Comes the mate to build the nest,
Nevermore a passing guest."

"Now," said the dame, "let me see the lovely lady's hand."

The hand was given, and no sooner was the glance of Dame Derby fastened on the palm, than she exclaimed, "Beautiful! beautiful hand and beautiful fate!" And then she hummed to herself, musingly, while she traced one line crossing another, moving her long forefinger, with its long conical nail, from one "channel of fate" to another, as she called the lines of palmistry. She now lifted her head, and with a full, beaming smile, she read off the fortune of "the lovely lady." It was a bright fortune. The whole was related in a sort of allegory, describing a maiden with irrepressible longings, finding at length the full answer to all her wishes, and uniting her happy fate with one who would prove a most valiant knight in battling with all shadows, and conquering them for the sake of his lady love.

Here was a hit, and Charles and Effie instinctively turned to each other with such an expression on their countenances that Dame Derby felt certain she had made a happy hit, and she went on saying some things that her hearers were willing to allow were fortunate readings of their hearts.

Seemingly entirely engrossed in the talk and mummeries of the fortune-teller, Charles kept his scrutiny fixed on the mirror opposite the entrance door. He felt that the mystery which Bertha could not explain must find a solution ere the result of his visit to Rose Cottage could be complete. He now saw, noiselessly and slowly, the mirror removed; what seemed but a part of the gilded moulding of the frame, was really an independent frame, and when the space was entirely empty, the sound of the tiniest bell was faintly heard; Dame Derby started up gazing wildly in that direction and pointing to the space now open. A female figure passed slowly, clothed in a black crape shawl that completely draped the person as far as seen; after this a low sound of music was heard, followed by a gayer melody, when, at its ceasing, a female form appeared, clothed in gayest robes, her head profusely adorned with roses, the face averted. No sooner had the apparition passed the open space, than Charles, with one spring as it seemed, bounded through the aperture, and a scream of fright told the earthly nature of the gaily clothed ghost within. He had succeeded in seeing fairly the maiden whose roses had always proved a screen for herself, and to the infinite amusement of Effie, he appeared with a splendid rosy wreath on his head, a tableau in the open space. At length he spoke:

"Is it not beautiful—this fine wreath of roses? but just look steadily this way and I'll show you something far more beautiful."

Effie gazed at the space and suddenly the mirror was slid back to its place and she saw herself there; and in a moment the door behind opening, she beheld also the image of Charles entering, with flushed countenance, appearing exceedingly beautiful, thus excited, to her eyes.

Dame Derby was greatly outraged by these proceedings, but, with that wily policy which belonged to her, she attempted to save herself by flattering Charles.

"Ah, sir," said she, "you belong to the few wise ones, and you have been the first of hundreds to discover that trick, and I will reward you with a sight of my daughter."

A stroke on a triangle brought the daughter into the room, and no sooner had Charles looked upon her there than he exclaimed, "Old woman! this is no daughter of thine. I know it."

At the sound of these words, the maiden threw herself at the feet of Charles, exclaiming, "O, if you know me, save me! I have been under her serpent power too long! Save me! save me!"

"I will," said Charles. "Effie, this is the sister of an old classmate of mine—a friend who died ere he was successful in finding whither she had been taken. Her father died suddenly while he was travelling with her, and she was committed to the care of one who was supposed to be a true woman—with a woman's heart, but who never made any communication to her brother, then at college. I know not that this Dame Derby, as she is called here, was the person or not, but I will befriend Cecelia to the last."

"O, you do know me!" passionately exclaimed the girl. "I have not heard that name for years. It was mine, though my mistress here has called me only Suky. She told me brother was dead, and made me believe there was no power that could befriend me but her own."

"I will befriend thee, and am happy to do so. I promised your brother on his dying bed that if I ever found you, I would be a brother to you. I will be so," said Charles, with a determined tone and manner that pleased Effie.

When they left the cottage, Cecelia went with them. She became an inmate of Effie's home, and the charm was thus taken from Dame Derby's retreat. Effie's better fortune completely delivered her from the melancholy which grew out of the dark fate pictured for her at first, for she felt that when a change of dress and appearance could so change one's future to the eye of a fortune-teller, it was as easy to change fortune as to change the dress.

When Effie returned home from Rose Cottage with Charles, her father was awaiting them and was perfectly delighted. He received her with a warm embrace, and turning to Charles, he exclaimed:

"It has worked well, hasn't it?"

"Yes!" answered the still excited Charles, "Yes, sir! better than you dreamed of. Permit me to introduce to your hospitality the sister of my old classmate and dear friend, Harry Winton," and so saying he lifted Cecelia from the carriage.

"Happy to see you," said Effie's father to the trembling girl. "Winton? Winton? why, can this be any relative of my old friend Winton, who died at the West—Richard S. Winton?"

"His orphan daughter, sir," answered Cecelia, as she knelt at his feet and kissed the hand of her father's old friend.

Here Cecelia found a peaceful and happy home till Charles and Effie were united in marriage, and then she went with them to their Rose Cottage, where she trained more beautifully than ever before, the trailing vines, and by her skill made the beautiful rural home lovely indeed. She was a rich portion of Effie's better fortune, till some years had elapsed and she was won away by one worthy of her, who on a certain eve went home—

"But could not sleep for joy,
Reading her perfect features in the gloom,
Kissing the rose she gave him o'er and o'er,
And shaping faithful record of the glance
That graced the giving."

THE CUBAN YEOMANRY.

A very common sight in the cities and large towns of Cuba, early in the morning, is to meet a Montero from the country riding his donkey, to the tail of which another donkey is tied, and to this second one's tail a third, and so on up to a dozen or less. These animals are loaded with large panniers, filled with various articles of produce; some bearing corn-stalks for food for city animals; some hay or straw; others oranges, or bananas, or coconuts, etc.; some with bunches of live fowls hanging by the feet over the donkey's back. The people live, to use a common phrase, "from hand to mouth," that is they lay in no store whatever, and trust to the coming day to supply its own necessities. Hay, corn-stalks or grain are purchased only in sufficient quantities for the day's consumption. So with meats, so with fruits, so with everything. When it is necessary to send to market, the steward or stewardess of the house, always a negro man or woman, is freely entrusted with the required sum, and purchases according to his or her taste or judgment. The cash system is universally adopted, and all articles are regularly paid for when purchased. The Monteros, who thus bring their goods to market, wear broad palm-leaf hats and striped shirts over brown pantaloons, with a sword by their side and heavy spurs upon their heels. Their load once disposed of, with a strong cigar lighted in their mouths, they trot back to the country again to pile up the panniers, and on the morrow again to supply the wants of the town. They are an industrious and manly race of yeomanry.—*Ballou's History of Cuba.*

MAKING DIAMONDS.

One of the most curious sights in Paris, or indeed in the world, is afforded by a visit to the vast atelier of M. Bourguignon, situated at Barriero de Trone, where the whole process of transforming a few grains of dirty, heavy looking sand into a diamond of the purest water is daily going on, with the avowed purpose of deceiving everybody but the buyer. The sand employed, and upon which everything depends, is found in the forest of Fontainebleau, and enjoys so great a reputation in the trade, that large quantities are exported. The coloring matter for emeralds, rubies and sapphires is entirely mineral, and has been brought to high perfection by M. Bourguignon. He maintains in constant employment about a hundred workmen, besides a number of women and young girls, whose business it is to polish the colored stones and line the false pearls with fish scales and wax. The scales of the rosche and dace are chiefly employed for the purpose, and form a considerable source of profit to the fishermen of the Seine in the environs of Corbeil, who bring them in large quantities during the season. They must be stripped from the fish while living, or the glistening which we admire so much in the real pearl cannot be imitated.—*Boston Post.*

All the passions of our animal nature are increased by indulgence. If they are improperly indulged, they will triumph in our ruin. They will obliterate those heaven-born qualities of our minds, which, if properly cultivated, would assimilate us to angels, and bring us home to God.

MY GRANDFATHER AND THE WOODCUTTER.

Barnum is writing his eventful life, which is to be published, with illustrations by Darley, in December next. Considering the many extraordinary incidents that have occurred in the life of this remarkable man, the book will have an immense sale. The work will abound in original anecdotes; and few persons have the faculty of relating them better than Barnum. Here is one which he has sent us from his forthcoming volume:

My grandfather one day had a cord of hickory wood lying in front of his door. As he and Esquire Ben Hoyt stood near it, a wood-chopper came along with an axe in his hand. Always ready for a joke, my grandfather said: "Ben, how long do you think it would take me to cut up that load of wood in suitable lengths for my fire-place?"

"I should think about five hours," said Ben.

"I think I could do it in four hours and a half," said my grandfather.

"Doubtful," said Ben; "hickory is very hard wood."

"I could do it in four hours," said the wood-chopper.

"I don't believe it," said Ben Hoyt.

"I do," replied my grandfather.

"I don't believe any man could cut that wood in four hours," said Esquire Ben, confidently.

"Well, I'll bet you a quart of rum this man can do it," said my grandfather.

"I will bet he can't," said Ben, who now saw the joke.

The wood-chopper took off his coat, and inquired the time of day.

"Just nine o'clock," said my grandfather, looking through the window at his clock.

"Ten, eleven, twelve, one; if I get it chopped by one o'clock you will win your bet," said the wood-chopper, addressing my grandfather.

"Yes," was the response from both "the betters."

At it he went, and the chips flew thick and fast.

"I shall surely win the bet," said my grandfather.

"I don't believe it yet," said Esquire Hoyt.

Several of the neighbors came around, and learning the state of the case, made various remarks regarding the probable result. Streams of perspiration ran down the wood-chopper's face, as he kept his axe moving with the regularity of a trip-hammer. My grandfather, to stimulate the wood-cutter, gave him a glass of Santa Cruz and water. At eleven o'clock, evidently more than half the woodpile was cut, and my grandfather expressed himself satisfied that he would win the bet. Esquire Hoyt, on the contrary, insisted that the man would soon begin to lag, and that he would give out before the pile was finished. These remarks, which of course were intended for the wood-cutter's ear, had the desired effect. The perspiration continued to flow, but the strength and vigor of the wood-cutter's arms exhibited no signs of relaxation. The neighbors cheered him. His pile of wood was fast diminishing. It was half past twelve, and only a few sticks more left. All at once a thought struck the wood-chopper; he stopped for a moment, and resting on his axe, addressed my grandfather:

"Look here! who is going to pay me for cutting this wood?" said he.

"O, I don't know anything about that," said my grandfather, with becoming gravity.

"Thunder! you don't expect I'm going to cut a cord of wood for nothing, do you?" exclaimed the man indignantly.

"That's no business of mine," said my grandfather; "but really, I hope you won't waste your time now, as I shall lose my bet."

"Go to blazes with your bet," was the savage reply, and the woodcutter threw his axe on the ground.

The neighbors all joining in a hearty laugh, which increased the anger of the victim, went to dinner, and returning, found him sitting on the pile of wood, muttering vengeance against the whole village. After teasing him for an hour or two, my grandfather paid his demands.

The wood-chopper, taking the money, said: "That's all right; but I guess I shall know who employs me before I chop the next cord of wood."

ADVANTAGES OF A BAD TEMPER.

A person always ready to fight is certain of the greatest consideration amongst his or her family circle. The lazy grow tired of contending with him; the timid coax and flatter him; and as almost every one is timid or lazy, a bad-tempered man is sure to have his own way. It is he who commands, and all the others obey. If he is a gourmand, he has what he likes for dinner; and the tastes of all the rest are subservient to him. She (we playfully transfer the gender, as bad temper is of both sexes) has the place which she likes best in the drawing-room, nor do her parents, nor her brothers and sisters, venture to take her favorite chair. If she wants to go to a party, mamma will dress herself in spite of her headache; and papa, who hates those dreadful *soirees*, will go up stairs after dinner and put on his poor old white neckcloth, though he has been toiling at chambers all day, and must be there early in the morning—he will go out with her, we say, and stay for the cotillon. If the family are taking their tour in the summer, it is she who ordains whither they shall go, and when they shall stop. If he comes home late, the dinner is kept for him, and not one dares to say a word, though ever so hungry. If he is in good humor every one frisks about and is happy. How the servants jump up at his bell, and run to wait upon him! How they sit up patiently, and how eagerly they rush out to fetch cabs in the rain! Whereas for you and me, who have the tempers of angels, and never were known to be angry or to complain, nobody cares whether we are pleased or not. Our wives go to the milliners and send us the bill, and we pay for it; our John finishes reading the newspaper before he answers our bell, and brings it to us; our sons loiter in the arm-chair which we should like—fill the house with their young men, and smoke in the dining-room; our tailors fit us badly; our butchers give us the youngest mutton; our tradesmen dun us much more quickly than other people's, because they know we are good-natured; and our servants go out whenever they like, and openly have their friends to supper in the kitchen.—*The New-comer.*

EVIL SPEAKING.

Never believe, much less propagate, an ill report of a neighbor, without good evidence of its truth; never listen to an infamous story handed to you by a man who is inimical to the person defamed, or who is himself apt to defame his neighbors, or who is wont to sow discord among brethren and excite disturbance in society. Never utter the evil which you know or suspect of another till you have an opportunity to expostulate with him. Never speak evil of another while you are under the influence of envy and malevolence, but wait till your spirits are cooled down, that you may the better judge whether to utter or suppress the matter.—*Counsels for Life.*