THE STAR AND BANNER.

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Song from "Jane Eyre."

BY CURRER BELL.

The truest love that ever heart
Felt at its kindled core
Did through each vein, in quickened start,
The tide of being pour.

Her coming was my hope each day;
Her parting was my pain;
The chance that did her steps delay
Was ice in every vein.

I deemed it would be nameless bliss,
As I loved, loved to be,
And to this object did I press
As blind as eargerly.

But wide as pathless was the space
That lay our loves between,
And dangerous as the fomy race
Of ocean-surges green.—

And haunted as a robber-path
Through wilderness or wood;
For might and right and wo and wrath
Between our spirits stood.

I dangers dared; I hindrance scorned;
I omens did defy;
Whatever menaced, harassed, warned,
I passed impeteous by.

On sped my rainbow fast as light;
I flew as in a dream;
For glorious rose upon my sight
That child of shower and gleam.

Still bright on clouds of suffering dim
Shines that soft, solemn joy;
Nor care I now how dense and grim
Disasters gather nigh.

I care not, in this moment sweet,
Though all I have rushed o'er
Should come, on pinions strong and fleet
Proclaiming vengeance sore;—

Though haughty Hate should strike me down;
Right bar approach to me;
And grinding Might, with furious frown,
Swear end'ess enmity.

My love has placed her little hand
With trusting faith in mine,
And vowed that wedlock's sacred band
Our beings shall entwine.

My love has sworn, with sealing kiss,
With me to live, to die;
I have, at last, my nameless bliss;
As I love, loved am I!

North and South.

The Louisiana *Courier*, the leading Democratic organ in New Orleans, is inclined to philosophize over the demonstrations of public sentiment upon the assault of BROOKS upon SUMNER. The unanimity with which Brooks is condemned by the people of New-England, is a phenomenon which that Democratic journal feels called upon to explain. It does it accordingly in the following fashion:

"The real cause of the trouble lies deeper, and is another illustration of the wisdom of the preacher—"there is nothing new under the sun." It is a new breaking out of the same old war between *bourgeois* and *gentilhomme* which has divided nations from the earliest period of history. The sentiment of honor has always been the rule of conduct of a *certain select class* of every nation; the absence of this sentiment has always marked ineffaceably all other classes in spite of wealth, intelligence and power sometimes acquired by portions of them.

The gentlemen of the Middle Ages belonged to the first class; the traders and artisans to the other. *The men of the South* irrespective of trade or business *belong mostly to the first class; the men of New England, however rich or well educated some of them may be, belong to the second.* Here nearly every man you meet is a gentleman; that is the rule, and the opposite is the exception. *In Boston a gentleman is an exception and not the rule.* Hence there is an instinctive aversion in the New England mind to any assertion of the doctrines recognized among gentlemen against one of their own class. Hence their absurd endorsement of Sumner's venomous vituperation, and their still more absurd denunciations of its punishment, on the ground of its interference with freedom of speech. Their real anger is not that Sumner was caned, but that he was publicly proclaimed by Brooks in that caning to be a blackguard. Their animosity to Brooks is not because he caned Sumner, but because that caning asserted *that a man of Sumner's principles was not a gentleman.*"

This is Democracy *South*. This is the Democracy which calls itself *national*;—which exults over the simple Republicanism of the day and thanks God it is not *sectional*, like other men! It asserts its supremacy on the ground that it is made up of a "certain select class," who are gentlemen:—while in the North, and especially in New-England, "a gentleman is the exception, and not the rule."

The Bey of Tunis has presented a cradle to the heir of Napoleon III, which is said to be elegant and expensive beyond what has hitherto been manfactured in that line. The cradle is of silver, guilt. Around the edge is a border of arabesques in precious stones of great price, and the star alone, with which the curtain is pinned, is computed to be worth $75,000. The net work curtain, composed of fine seed peal, was made by the ladies of the Bey's harem, one of which the Bey declares to be descended from the family of the Prophet—thus investing it with a sort of sanctity.

UNION PRAYER MEETING.—In Cincinnati there is a daily "Morning Union" prayer meeting, in which all the evangelical Churches in the city are represented every morning in one gathering in Dr. Fisher's Presbyterian church. The room, on every occasion since the beginning of those meetings, has been altogether inadequate for the numbers who attend. Each session lasts *forty minutes* precisely.

A beautiful eye makes silence eloquent—a kind eye makes contradictions an assent—and an enraged eye makes beauty deformed.

AN OLD ADVERTISEMENT OF 1856.—Wanted, a stout, active man, who fears the Lord, and can carry two hundred weight.

Old Bullion on the Cincinnati Convention.

In Col. Benton's speech at St. Louis a few weeks ago, he gave the following description of the Cincinnati Convention:

I went to Cincinnati to be near that Convention—the first one I ever approached.—I went out to see how things were done, and to assist a little at a safe nomination. I found a garrison of office holders inside of the Convention, and a besieging army outside of it. Packed delegates were there, sent to betray the people. Straw delegates were there, coming from the States which could give no Democratic vote. Members of Congress were there, although forbid, by their duties, from being at such a place. A cohort of office holders from Washington city were there, political eunuchs in the federal system, incapable of voting for the smallest federal office, yet sent there by the administration to impose a President upon the people.—It was a scandalous collection, excluded by the constitution from being even electors of the President, and yet sent there to vote for the Aministration—and to vote upon the principle of the ox that knoweth his master's crib—upon the principle of the ass that knoweth the hand that feedeth him. Bullies were there from the custom house and the Five Points in New York—all with the approbation of the administration; for, the office holders would not be there, (absent from their duties, and drawing their pay,) without the consent of their employers. It was a scandalous collection. The members of Congress were in the double breach of their duties. They were neglecting their legislative duties, and doing what they had been interdicted from doing. Thirty years ago, the nomination of presidential candidates was taken from Congress on account of the corruption which it engendered, and given to delegates, intended to be fresh from the people and to obey their will; and the nomination removed from Washington to Baltimore, to get out of the reach of resident-making members. But these members followed to Baltimore, getting proxies from some delegate when they could get no appointment from the people; and to get rid of them—to get entirely beyond their reach—the convention itself was removed from Baltimore to Cincinnati. Vain effort to escape them. They followed on to Cincinnati. They broke up Congress to get to this forbidden place. Surely the new President will be very hard-hearted if he does not remember them when he comes to the distribution of office. From Washington city came a new corps, never before put upon such service—the office holders in the city, clerks in the departments—heads of bureaus—men who had no vote in any federal election—political hybrids, unable to act a man's part in any election, but sent to Cincinnati, as a life guard, to support the administration.

THE HALL.

Such was the composition of nearly one-half of the whole convention—custom house officers, post masters, salaried clerks, packed delegates, straw delegates, political eunuchs, members of Congress, district attorneys and federal marshals. The place in which they met, and which had been provided by a packed administration committee, was worthy of the meeting. It was a sort of den, approached by a long narrow passage, barricaded by three doors, each door guarded by armed bullies, with orders to knock down any person that approached without a ticket from the committee—and a special order to repulse the Missouri delegation which came to vote for Buchanan—a repulse which they attempted, and got themselves knocked down and trampled under foot. This den had no windows by which people could look in, or see the light of the sun enter—only a row of glass like a steamboat skylight, thirty five feet above the floor. It was the nearest representation of the "black hole" in Calcutta, and like that hole had well nigh become notorious for a similar catastrophe. The little panes of glass above were hung on pivots, and turned flat to let in the air. A rain came on—drove in the den—and to exclude it the panes were turned up. Smothering! Smothering! was the cry in the den; and the glass had to be turned up again. Over this place was a small box for the admission of spectators, its approach barricaded and guarded, and entrance only obtained from the same packed committee; and to whom they gave tickets was seen when the first votes were given for Buchanan—and when each State that voted for him was hissed—even Virginia! and the hissing only stopped by a threat to clear the galleries.—Such is the pass to which the nomination of President is now brought.

Among the laws framed by the Border Ruffian Legislature of Kansas is one which enacts that any person enticing, conveying away or kidnapping a *white child* from its parents or guardians in the Territory of Kansas, shall suffer the penality of *six months' imprisonment in the county jail*, and be further liable to such fine as the discretion of the Court may suggest.

Another law makes the penalty for enticing, conveying away or kidnapping a *negro child* in said Territory, DEATH! So, for stealing a *white baby*, six months' imprisonment is the humane and just extent of the law. For stealing a *negro baby*, DEATH!

In view of this remarkable contrast, a Western journal pertinently asks, "who are the negro worshipers now?"

A VALUABLE GIFT FOR THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.—A letter from Rome to a Brussels paper says:—"Among the presents taken by Cardinal Patrizzi to the imperial family of France, there is one that deserves especial mention. It is a large emerald, but is formed of two parts fitted to one another, and it encloses *a straw from the manger of Bethlehem!* The Prince Imperial is to wear this relic around his neck. The straw has been blessed by Pope Pius IX."

His Enimies Praise Him.

The Hon. JOHN A. DIX, a leading "Democrat" in New York, and a supporter of Buchanan, in 1848, in a speech in the U. S. Senate, in favor of ascertaining and paying claims in California, endorsed Col. Fremont as follows:

"In the execution of these objects, the young and accomplished officer at the head of our troops, Col. Fremont, exhibited a combination of energy, promtitude, sagacity and prudence, which indicated the highest capacity for civil and military command; and, in connection with what he has done for the cause of science, it has given him a reputation at home and abroad, of which men much older and more experienced than himself might well be proud. That the country will do justice to his valuable and distinguished services, I entertain not the slightest doubt. The objects accomplished by Col. Fremont, as subsequent developments have shown, were far more important than those I have referred to. There is no doubt that his rapid and decisive movements kept California out of the hands of the British subjects and perhaps out of the hands of the British government, and it is in this point of view that I desire to present the subject to the Senate. * * It is in this point of view that the transactions possess the greatest interest and importance, and that the sagacity, and promptitude, and decision of your youthful commander in California, at the time the disturbances broke out, have given him his strongest claims on his countrymen. Any faltering on his part—any hesitancy in acting and acting promptly—might have cost us millions of dollars and thousands of lives; and it might also have cost us a contest of which the end is not readily forseen.

Can as much be found anywhere, even from political friends and associates, in favor of James Buchanan.

Western Pennsylvania.

The opposition to Buchanan and Slavery is united and harmonious in Mercer, and also in that Congressional District, composed of Mercer, Lawrence and Beaver counties. The Beaver Argus, the New Castle Gazette, the New Castle Freeman the Mercer Whig, and the Mercer Democrat, all have up the Fremont and Dayton ticket, and we are informed by a gentleman thoroughly acquainted with the District, who has lately been through it, and whose judgment is reliable, that the majority in that District for Fremont and Dayton will be from 500 to 1000 greater than that given to Pollock.

We saw a gentleman from Salem, Mercer county, on Saturday, who informed us that the political excitement in that region exceeded any thing he had ever known, and that Fremont was sweeping all before him. Pro-Slavery Democracy will be about used up in the Western and Northern counties of this State before the election.—*Pittsburg Gazette.*

Assessing the Postmaster.

The Buchanan men are pressing the Post Office Department into their service. A system of espionage is to be established, under which every village Postmaster is to report to "head quarters" the names and nationalities of all receiving letters through their post-offices. A fund for electioneering purposes is also to be raised by compelling Post masters to pay certain sums each, under penalty of dismissal. The following circulars, sent from Washington to the Postmasters in all parts of the country, tells the whole story. The copy subjoined fell into the wrong hands, and has been furnished for publication. Who is to collect the funds—whether "*Pat McGuire,*" or some other confidential agent of Post-master General Campbell—is not stated:

Committee Rooms of National Democratic Resident Committee, Washington, July 2, 1856.

To the Postmaster at——:

SIR,—The Democratic National Committee respectfully request you to send in, at your earliest convenience, separate lists—

1. Of English names,
2. Of German, Swedish, Dutch, Norwegian and French names of persons who receive their letters through your Post Office, for the purpose of sending them Democratic documents, calculated to promote the election of the Democratic nominees for the Presidency and Vice Presidency of the United States.

Very respectfully,

CHARLES JAMES FAULKNER.

Address: Chairman Nat. Dem. Res. Com.

[PRIVATE.]

TO THE POSTMASTER OF——:

DEAR SIR:—At a private consultation of the leading democrats of the Union, held in this city immediately upon the ajournment of the Cincinnati Convention, it was recommended that each Postmaster be requested to contribute an amount proportionate to the receipts of their respective offices. Upon examining the returns of the Post Office Department it is found that your proportion will be three dollars, which you will confer a favor by remitting by return of mail.

The principal object in making these collections is to throw into the doubtful States an immense quantity of speeches and documents in favor of the policy of the democratic party, and also to assist in defraying the expenses of speakers who will be employed during the coming canvass. You will therefore perceive that every postmaster who wishes for a continuance of his official position will find it to his interest to use every effort to bring about so desirable a result.

Postmasters are appealed to because they are considered the representatives of the party in their respective localities, and being the recipients of the patronage of the administration it is but just that they should comply with its demands.

Please send us the name of some reliable leading democrat in your town whom we can confer with hereafter. Address,

PERRIN M. BROWN, Jun.

WASHINGTON CITY, D. C., 1856.

A wise man is like a spring lock—always more ready to shut than open.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

☞From our exchanges we gather a few of the many evidences that the Locofoco party is dissolving, and is sure to meet a deserved, not unprecedent overthrow this fall. Where they gain one man, they lose fifty. Read these particulars, and take courage, every man who loves his country and prefers Freedom to Slavery.

☞A new and important section of the old Democratic party of Vermont has come over to the side of Fremont and Freedom. Chief Justice Redfield, Judge Kellogg and William C. Bradly are leaders in this further disintegration of the sham Democracy. The latter, who was in Congress in 1814-15, and again in 1823-27, and stood at the head of the Democratic party of Vermont through all its palmy days, is now one of the Fremont Presidential electors.

☞Judge Gibbith, for many years a Democratic leader in North-Western Pennsylvania, said about a week since that the stampede towards Fremont, in that portion of Pennsylvania, was beyond belief in extent. The masses having received the idea that it is not true Democracy to assist in the extension of Slavery, are leaving the ranks by hundreds, and there is no telling where the defection will stop.

☞At a recent large and enthusiastic meeting of the Republicans at Seneca Falls, to ratify the nomination of Fremont and Dayton, Col. S. W. Edwards, a soldier of the war of 1812, and a *Democrat*, was called on to preside. Amos Nichols, a *Democrat*, who voted for Washington and every President since, was one of the Vice Presidents. Hon. H. B. Stanton, also a *Democrat*, reported the resolutions, and Addison T. Knox, late *Democratic* candidate for Judge of the Supreme court, made a stirring speech.

☞Gen. Lowry, former private Secretary of Gov. Reeder, will shortly take the stump in Pennsylvania for Fremont. He has always been a Democrat, and voted for Pierce.

FREMONT IN WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA.—The Mercer (Pa.) Whig gives the following cheering account from Mercer County: "During the last week we have conversed with persons from almost every section of the county, and from the information we have received we have no hesitation in saying that Fremont will carry the county by a large majority. Among the opposition to the pro slavery Democracy we hear of no dissatisfaction at the nomination; but on the other hand we have heard of many Democrats who have declared themselves for Fremont.

PROTESTANT IRISH FREMONT CLUB.—The Lowell, (Mass.) Courier says: In addition to the Lowell Fremont Club already formed, we understand that the Protestant Irish of this city, numbering between three and four hundred, are making steps toward the formation of a third Fremont Club. All these clubs will act in unison and with perfect harmony. The descendents of the defenders of Londonderry are sure to be found on the right side next November.

VERMONT.—The Burlington, Vt., Free Press says that Vermont is considered pledged to give twenty thousand majority for the people's freedom ticket, and not to leave the Buchanan men enough for guide posts.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—A Franconia N. H. correspondent of the Boston Atlas, writes that New Hampshire is as sure for Fremont as she was for Pierce.

ILLINOIS.—The Illinois Independent says there appears to be but one party in Hermiker county, the party of Freedom and Fremont. It claims 3000 majority. A postmaster in one of the towns was inquired of from Washington as to the prospect in his neighborhood. He wrote back that there was not a Buchanan man in the town—not even himself; and if he was turned out for saying so, he had this satisfaction, that no one but a Fremont could be appointed, *as there was no other in town.*

FREMONT IN IOWA.—A letter to the New York Tribune from Fort Madison, Iowa, says:—As one of the Republican Electors, I have already canvassed some ten or eleven counties of this State, and, from what I have seen and heard, I regard Iowa as a certainty for Fremont by 5000 votes ahead of any and all antagonists.—I am not so certain of carrying the State election in August, because of the difficulty of getting our voters out at anything short of a Presidential fight, though I believe we shall elect both of the Representatives in Congress.

SOUTHERN OPINIONS.—At the New Haven Republican Ratification meeting, on the 4th, Gen Wilson said, in his speech, that he received an average of five letters a day from the South, whose authors said that there was a strong anti-slavery sentiment in the Southern States, but the despotism was so severe there that it allowed no expression of their views; but if the North would extinguish their doughfaced politicians, the would-be free South would join hands with us in arresting the further progress of slavery in the Territories.

☞The Hon. Joshua Quincy, senior, has written a letter, enclosing "material aid" to the Young American Fremont Club of Boston. "If the Free States are united," says Mr. Quincy, "there success is certain. Be on your guard. The slaveholders have governed this Union almost unterruptedly for nearly fifty years, *by two arts*—by buying in the free States what was corrupt, by dividing in them what was sound."

☞The re-nomination of Gov. KINGSLEY S. BINGHAM by the Republicans of Michigan is a good sign. In "old Democratic Macomb," the pillars of Democracy" are transferred to the Republican side. Dr. Neil Gray, a democrat of steady persistence, State Senator, and an influential citizen, accepts the appointment of delegate to the Republican Convention. Hon Calvin Davis joins his own political associates in the abandonment of the slave driving democracy. John Sowles, Chas. F. Mallory, Henry Stevens, of Macomb Co., Henry J. Higgins, of Jackson, and Horace B. Lathrop, of Lapeer, all old democrats, go the same way.

☞Westmoreland, the western Berks of Pennsylvania, has repudiated the Cincinnatti platform and set up one of her own. An experienced politician writes that the FREMONT ticket is secure of 800 majority in that county.

☞It is proposed to hold in Boston, says the Boston *Atlas*, some time in August, a New England Convention of the friends of FREMONT and DAYTON. Should the project be carried out, this will be the most magnificent political gathering in Boston since the famous one of 1840.

☞The Chicago *Tribune* states that in a number of the townships of Northern Illinois, the Buchanan electoral ticket will not poll a solitary vote, where last year a majority acted with the Democratic party.

☞A friend writes us from Greenville, that Judge Wharry, a highly respectable citizen of that place, who has always acted with the Democratic party, has been elected President of the Fremont Club of that place.

POLITICS SOUTH.—Mr. Buchanan seems to be losing ground everywhere at the South. The New Orleans *Delta*, and a number of other Democratic papers refuse to support him, and favor Fillmore's election.

REFUSES TO SERVE.—Thomas F. Goode, Esq., who was nominated as Presidential Elector by the Democrats of Virginia, declines the doubtful honor, in a letter which has been published, and in which he states that he is not a member of that party.

☞Hon. Jere. Clemens has taken the stump in Alabama for Fillmore and Donelson. He promises to riddle the Cincinnatti Convention and platform or his name is not Jere.

☞The Portland Expositor, a leading advocate of the Democratic cause in Maine last year, now supports Fremont and the Republican Candidates.

RECRUITS FOR FREMONT AND FREEDOM.—Jos. Turner, Esq., President of the corporation of Menasha, J. B. Hamilton, Esq., President of the corporation of Neenah, Hon. M. C. Darling and Hon. John R. Bestman of Fond du Lac, and a large number of old-line Democrats of that city have come out for Fremont and Dayton.—*Milwaukie Free Dem.*

☞The *Tribune's* Washington correspondent says:—"Bets are running high in Washington that Fillmore will carry Virginia. The news which comes in from the South shows that the ranks of Buchanan are being everywhere broken."

☞President Hall, of Denison University, at Granville, O., an old and substantial member of the Democratic party, has dissolved his connection with the authors of the Kansas iniquity, and boldly comes out for Fremont and Dayton.

WAYNE COUNTY. This is a county on the northern border of this State, and it has heretofore been good for from 500 to 1000 democratic majority. In 1854 it gave 469 majority for Bigler. It now promises to give 700 for Fremont. The *Democrat*, published in that county, says:

"The Republican Ratification Convention, held in the Court House of this borough, on the 9th inst. was the finest convocation of the sort ever held in this county. It entirely surpassed the anticipations of those concerned most actively in getting it up.

Full half of the officers of the meeting were democrats who voted for Pierce four years ago; and one half the persons present, participating in or approving of the object of the gathering, were in the same category. Taking the county as a whole, it may fairly be said that the individuals comprised in the Republican organization have been drawn in very nearly equal proportions from the old Whig and democratic parties. Nor is the end yet reached. Scarcely a day passes in which we do not receive intelligence of fresh acquisitions to the Republican ranks.

A while ago we stated our impression that the Republican majority in the county would reach five hundred. This is what we judged it would be worked up to. Quite a number of our sanguine friends, and among them several who by old associations, are best posted in respect to the partiality of the democrats towards the new organization, insist that our mark is too low. We begin to think it is ourselves, and shall claim the privilege of altering it hereafter."

A Double Picture.

☞From my soul I respect the laboring man. Labor is the foundation of the wealth of every country; and the free laborers of the north deserve respect both for their probity and their intelligence. Heaven forbid that I should do them wrong! Of all the countries on the earth we ought to have the most consideration for the laboring man.—*James Buchanan.*

NOW FOR THE OTHER SIDE.

"What is the reason that, with all these advantages and with the protective duties which our laws afford to the domestic manufacture of cotton, we cannot obtain exclusive possession of the home market, and successfuly contend for the markets of the world? It is simply because we manufacture at the nominal prices of our own inflated currency, and are compelled to sell at the real prices of other nations.—REDUCE OUR NOMINAL TO THE REAL STANDARD OF PRICES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD AND YOU COVER OUR COUNTRY WITH BLESSINGS AND BENEFITS—*James Buchanan, in the U. S. Senate, Jan. 22, 1840.* [☞See Appendix to the Congressional Globe for 1839—40, pages 135—6.

The heart—the pendulum that ticks the hours of life.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE "STAR AND BANNER."

QUEBEC, July 2, 1856.

MR. EDITOR:—I am probably extravagant in my admiration of the river St. Lawrence, but the varied scenery along its banks and the various changes in the width of the stream make it intensely interesting to me. Now expanding into a broad and placid lake, now contracting into a narrow stream with a rugged and rocky channel through which the steamer plunges madly, with the waters boiling and seething around and underneath, this majestic outlet of the upper lakes thus rolls its great mass of waters into old ocean's depths.

Leaving Montreal in a magnificent steamer in the evening I arrived here the following morning, the night's repose having only been disturbed by the frightful alarm of fire. The planks surrounding the boilers took fire in the night and the flame made considerable progress before it was discovered, but by the firmness of the captain of the boat, who at once had all the officers and crew at their post with hose, &c., the fire was soon checked. It is not a pleasant position to be on a vessel on fire in the middle of a wide river with a high wind—a perilous position in which I hope never again to be placed.

As we approached this ancient and renowned fortress the appearance of the country changed. Both banks of the river are high and in many places broken into deep wooded ravines. The North bank near the city rises precipitously from the river, forming for many miles a deep escorpment, on the summit of which, stretching back, lie the heights of Abraham, not now a half cultivated plain, as in the days of Wolf, but dotted with country seats. Below the land suddenly breaks and forms a bold headland which is called Cape Diamond; and there stands the world renowned citadel, frowning down upon the river which its innumerable guns command, and there floats the ancient flag of England from those mighty bulwarks. At the base of this rocky promontory is the capacious harbor in which are anchored hundreds of ships of all sizes, from the greatest of her majesty's men of war to the small Charles river sloops. Upon landing, as usual, scores of hackmen and porters besieged me, and there was no remedy and no escape, until a selection was made of the particular *caleche*. Then commenced the ascent into the upper town, the city being divided into upper and lower town—the former being within the walls. Such an ascent, winding to and fro, stopping to rest the horses every few rods, we at last reached Prescott gate, one of the five gates of the city and the only entrance from the St. Lawrence, passed the Guard and entered within the walls of Quebec—the Gibraltar of America.

After taking some refreshments, which are fine here, and the day being pleasant, I concluded to visit the Falls of Montmorenci first, and from thence get some idea of localities. These noted falls are eight miles from the city; but the spot is visible from almost every portion of upper Quebec. Passing through St. Louis gate and passing St. Charles River, it is a delightful drive on a finely macadamized road, passing pleasant cottages and handsome villas, to the village of Beaufort, noted for its fine church with three tall spires. Here is also located the admirably managed Lunatic Asylum for Eastern Canada. Two miles beyond are the beautiful Falls of Montmorenci. Not anticipating much of a display of nature, after having recently witnessed her in her awful sublimity at Niagara, I was very agreeably surprised. I crossed the river of the same name as the Falls on a bridge thrown across the rapids. Here I was struck with the peculiar brown hue of the water in contrast with the deep and very peculiar green tint of the water at Niagara. Passing around the bluff the falling sheet of water burst upon my view in all its beauty and grandeur, impressing my mind with sentiments of awe and sublimity.—The Falls are two hundred and fifty feet in height, thus greatly exceeding Niagara. They are not, however, as sublimely terrific as Niagara, but this mighty cascade is resplendent with all that can be realized by the river pouring its angry waters two hundred and fifty feet over the gloomy precipice, from which arises mist glittering in the rays of the sun. From this bluff and amid the roar of the torrent, Quebec with is lofty towers, fortifications, shipping, the St. Lawrence valley toward the the Ocean, Point Levi, Angel Garden, and many other places of interest were pointed out. Over the rapids above the falls there was a suspension bridge erected last winter and which was opened for use a few weeks ago. After being in use about twenty days it suddenly gave way precipitating three men and a horse which were on it at the time, into the seething elements which hurled them over the precipice. The bodies of the men were afterwards found in the river below. The abutments of this unfortunate structure still mark its site. Near the falls the spot was pointed out where Wolfe attempted to land and was repulsed with a loss of 700 men. Opposite, in full view, is the Gland of Orleans which is 30 miles in length and of fertile soil. The winter scene here is said to be grand. The spray of the falling sheet forms a cone of ice which was, last winter, to the height of 130 feet. The natural steps are a curiosity and the rugged hills and bluffs covered with cedars and firs render the place one of unusual attractions, which no traveller to Quebec should fail to visit.

The ride through the country to these Falls and the valleys around gave me an opportunity of witnessing the mode of life of the *habitans*, who are all Canadian French. They live in small wooden cotages, surrounded with several acres of very fertile land, but their method of agriculture evinces a sluggishness and inertia which naturally characterizes the people of such a climate where they are kept within doors more than half the year. The only crops raised are oats and barley. The grasses grow luxuriantly, but the warm season is too short for corn. Flax is raised in abundance and used extensively in dress.

Indian village and Lorette Falls are places of great natural beauty. Chandiere Falls, which are also about eight miles from Quebec on the railroad leading to Portland, although yielding in grandeur to Niagara and Montmorenci, possess features more interesting than either.—The river after passing over a rugged bed for, it is said, 100 miles, is suddenly narrowed to a width of 300 feet and is thus precipitated over a height of about 180 feet. The celebrated Falls of St. Anne, Etchennie and Lake St. Charles, I did not find time to visit, but from those who have visited them I learned that they were equally imposing in grandeur, sublimity and natural beauty. But to return to the City. The first place of interest I visited was the citadel, to which I obtained a permit, and was accompanied around by one of the sentinels. This remarkable fortress is about 200 feet higher than the city and is entered by a winding road made through the acclivity of the *glacis* and commanded everywhere by the guns of the different bastions. This road leads into the outer ditch of the vovelin and into the principal ditch of the work, built on both sides with walls of solid masonry, and extending along the whole circumference of the citadel on the land and city sides. The main entrance is through Dalhousie Gate, a massive entrance of admirable construction. Within are the Guard Rooms and in front a spacious area used as parade ground. All around the bastion are loop-holes for musketry and embrasures for cannon. Every avenue of approach to the citadel is thus guarded. Within this citadel are the various magazines, store-houses and buildings required for the accommodation of a large garrison. The fortifications which are continued around the whole of upper town, consist of bastions connected by lofty curtains of solid masonry, and ramparts from 25 to 35 feet in height and about the same in thickness, bristling with heavy cannon, round towers, loop-holed walls, and massive gates recurring at certain distances. On the summit of the ramparts from Cape Diamond to Artillery Barracks is a broad walk much frequented for recreation by the citizens and on which I enjoyed a delightful promenade, viewing the extensive and picturesque landscape stretching far away to the west. On the opposite side is the grand battery, mounting a range of heavy cannon, and commanding the basin and harbor, and at an elevation of 300 above the water. This long row of black artillery looks like beasts of prey crouching and ready to leap upon their victims. The esplanade is a beautiful level space covered with grass and situated near the southern rampart, and from this are very beautiful views of the surrounding country. Here the garrison occasionally parade. The government garden is a delightful resort, and here may be heard soul-stirring strains of music on two evenings in the week by the garrison band. Here also stands a monument erected to the memories of Wolf and Montcalm, having engraved on the east side the name of Wolf, and on the west, Montcalm. It is a beautiful monument built of dark marble, to the height of probably 70 feet. It was erected in 1827, and on the North side wears the following appropriate inscription:—"Military prowess gave them a common death: history a common fame: posterity a common monument." The whole circuit of the walls is three miles, with five gates. Durham Terrace is on the walls also, and a favorite resort in the evening for a promenade, and a view of the harbor and shipping, lying near 400 feet below.

The French Cathedral also is of some interest, but the Chapel attached to the seminary for the instruction of Catholic clergy, is a place of intense interest to one who has a taste for fine paintings. It contains reputedly, the best collection of paintings in this country. They are mostly executed by French artists. I have not however, the time nor space to give you a description of any of the interior of the churches, convents, or many other places of interest, but will at once visit the plains of Abraham. These not only recall historic recollections, but gratify a taste for beautiful scenery. Here can clearly be traced the redoubt where Gen. Wolfe received the fatal wound. There is the rock to which he was carried leaning against which he expired. Near by is the well from which water was brought to him.—Some distance beyond is Wolfe's cove where the British army landed and ascended the banks. An obelisk with the name "Wolfe" engraved upon one side, marks the spot where the intrepid leader fell.—How different is the respect shown to this spot and that in old town under the bluff where fell the impetuous Montgomery in his desperate attack on a December night in 1776 in the midst of a snow storm, which, ere daylight, covered in its cold winding sheet the many braves who shared his fate. No monument marks the spot, but a plain woooden plank with the name of the hero printed upon it tells where he met his fate.

Quebec, to an American, is certainly a very peculiar place. A military town—most compactly and permanently built—environed as to its most important parts with walls and gates,—and defended by numerous heavy cannon,—garrisoned by troops bearing the arms, the costume and the discipline of Europe—foreign in language, features and origin—founded upon a rock and in its highest parts overlooking a great extent of country—in the midst of a great continent and yet displaying fleets of foreign merchantmen in its capacious bay and showing all the bustle of a crowded seaport—its streets narrow, populous and winding up and down mountainous declivities—these are some of the prominent features which it suggested to my mind. By an ordinance passed to guard against fire the roofs of all the buil-