

**THE MONARCH OF THE  
NORTH: TER-CENTENARY  
MAGAZINE AND GUIDE  
BOOK OF QUEBEC**

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The Monarch of the north: ter-centenary magazine and guide book of Quebec by Various

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**VARIOUS**

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BOOK OF QUEBEC**



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# THE MONARCH OF THE NORTH



QUEBEC  
TER-CENTENARY  
1608-1908.



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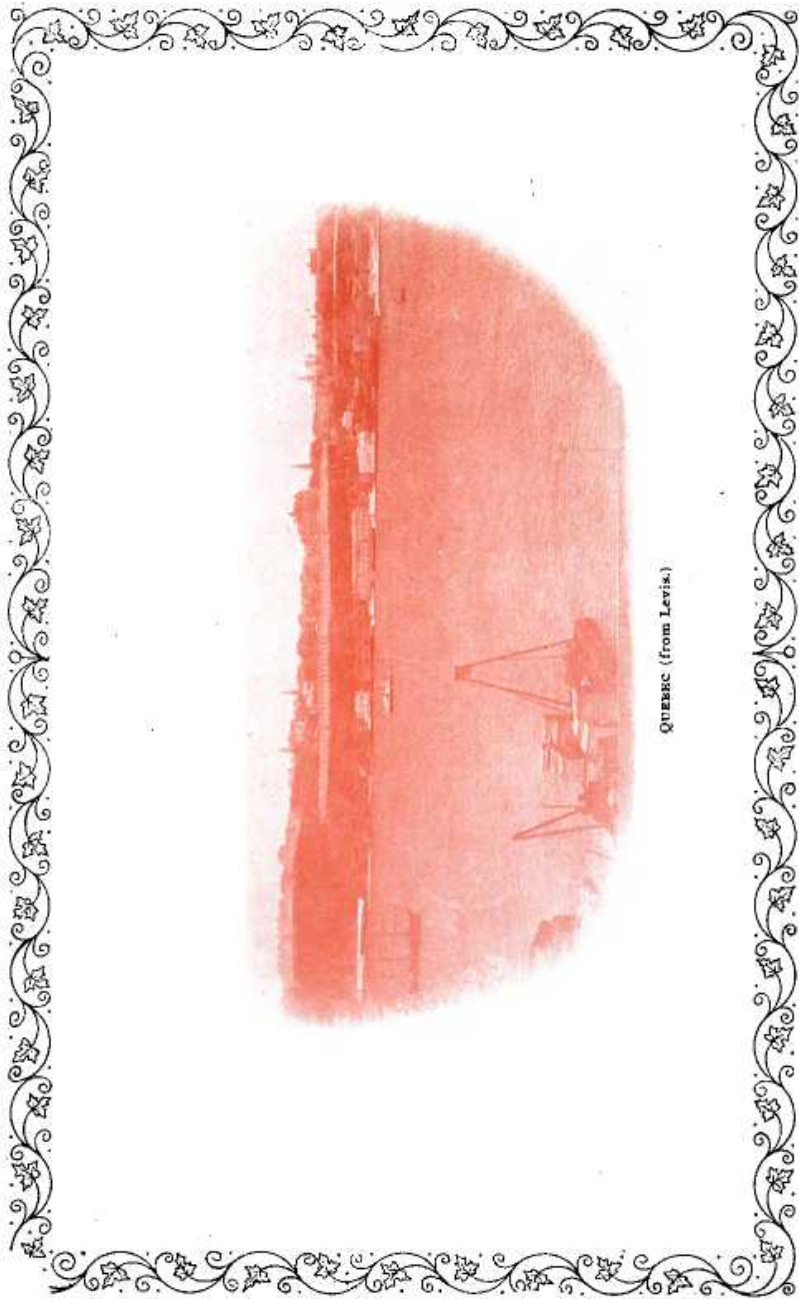
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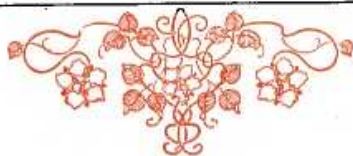
**QUEBEC.**



QUEBEC (from Levis.)

THE  
Monarch of the North

TER-CENTENARY MAGAZINE  
AND  
GUIDE BOOK OF QUEBEC.



PRESENTED  
WITH THE COMPLIMENTS  
OF THE  
NEW ST. LOUIS HOTEL

Quebec, June, 1908.



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## ... QUEBEC ...

"Quaint old Quebec," the tourists say, treading thy tortuous ways,  
"Quaint old Quebec," we hear full oft' through summer holidays,  
And quaint thou art old city with thy antiquated halls,  
Thy winding streets and stairways, and thy battlemented walls,  
But thou hast other moods than this, thou Ancient Capital,  
When down Cape Diamond's rugged breast the sulph'rus vapours fall,  
And when from off thy lofty brow pealed volleys thunder forth,  
How grandly towers thy war crowned head, thou Monarch of the North.

We've seen thee when the calm of peace was on thy war worn breast,  
When snowy cloud and azure heaven, canopied thy crest,  
The meteor flag of England was on thy turret furled,  
And round thy foot confiding lay, the commerce of the world,  
Oh! then we felt the charm and power of thy Majestic grace,  
For the sunlight lay upon thee like the smile on a warrior's face,  
And only from thy dizzy peak the noonday gun pealed forth  
To warn us of thy slumbering might, thou Monarch of the North.

We've seen thee when the gathering tempest darkened earth and sky,  
And like the marshalled ranks of war the thunder clouds rolled high,  
While boomed above thy lowering head the artillery of heaven,  
And with the lurid lightning's flash the frowning sky was riven,  
Silent and stern the war king sat upon his mountain throne,  
And seemed another storm cloud charged with thunders of his own,  
Should'st thou unlock thy stored might and hurl thy lightning forth,  
'Twould quell the raging element, thou Monarch of the North.

We've seen thee when the wearied sun in grandeur sank to rest,  
And filled the heavens with golden light, around thy soaring crest,  
When Englaud's banner caught and waved the passing gleam on high,  
As the fading lines of evening glanced across the western sky,  
From Levis Heights we've seen the red sun pour its radiance forth,  
Till glory crowned thy towering head, thou Monarch of the North.

We love to view thee when the moon assumes her gentle sway,  
When far and wide on mount and plain the silvery moonbeams play,  
From the slopes of Montmorency to the green fields of Vermont,  
From the gleaming spires of Beauport to the pine woods of Pierpont,  
From the "Blue Laurentian Mountains" to the rugged peaks of Maine,  
Let the eye of fancy wander, freely over the moonlight plain,  
How grandly downward from the west rolls on the glorious river,  
And how upon his heaving breast the dancing moonbeams quiver.

Save where the gloomy shadow falls from bold Cape Diamond's brow,  
And where the thousand masts of trade are gathered thickly now,  
Mark how the city walls are gleaming in the pale moonlight,  
How weirdly stand the city spires against the shades of night,  
High over all the frowning fortress looms upon the eye,  
Turret and bastion standing bold against the starlit sky,  
And boom, from out thy battlements the night gun flashes forth,  
To warn us thou art mighty still, thou Monarch of the North.

I feel my spirit stirred within me, as I stand  
Upon the neighbouring heights, to view the portals of our land,  
My soul on wings of fancy, wanders far through coming years,  
And through the mists of future thy majestic form appears.  
Methinks the hour of danger dawns once more upon our land,  
The wild war demon reaches forth his desolating hand,  
And boldly up the broad St. Lawrence sails a hostile fleet,  
Until around thy rocky throne the gathering forces meet,  
I hear from all thy reeling spires the wild alarm clash,  
And see from each embrasure the awakened lightning's flash,  
And once around thy frowning brow the fiery war cloud lowers,  
And swift upon the assailing fleet the iron tempest pours,  
Back from thy rugged shoulders that blood-red mantle curls,  
And high above the shrouding smoke thy battle flag unfurls  
Dimly through sulph'rous canopy I see thy warrior sons,  
Swift leaping at the soldier's toil, training the death fraught guns,  
No sign of doubt or weakness, or wavering or fear,  
But flash on flash and peal on peal—anon—the English cheer,  
How loud and clear above the strife rings out the warlike yell,  
Telling of dauntless British hearts doing their duty well,  
Careless of death's wild havoc, heedless of shattered wreck,  
For the honour of old England, and the glory of Quebec,  
Aye, fling thy banner to the breeze and peal thy thunders forth,  
Proudly defy a world in arms, thou Monarch of the North.

SYDNEY P. KENDALL.

# QUEBEC

## "The Monarch of the North."

***How Americans see Quebec.*** As a rule, American tourists do not see Quebec at all, not even those that visit the city for the express purpose of doing so. In a quaint little volume printed in 1831, by Thos. Cary & Co., and entitled "Quebec and its Environs," the author says:

"It is to be observed that our American friends unfortunately visit Quebec as the last lion in their tour, and generally disembark from the steamboat from Montreal, remain 24 hours, and return without seeing anything except a cursory view of the city, whereas Quebec and the environs abound in the most romantic and charming views, certainly not equalled in the Canadas, and to all admirers of the beauties of nature, affording a rich treat." And what was true in 1831, is equally so in 1908.

There is scarcely a foot here which is not historic ground, which is not consecrated, by well-established fact or tradition, to the memory of deeds of heroism, of instances of undying piety and faith. The daring explorers of half a continent, European heroes of martial strife and strategy, and their dusky chieftain allies, noble matrons and self-sacrificing missionaries, whose doings live for ever in the burning pages of Parkman, Lever, Charlevoix and Casgrain, have left behind them here, monuments of their zeal for the cause of religion and fatherland, or immortalized the ground which once they trod, the soil for which they fiercely contended, the spot where first they planted the symbol of their religion, or the dust which they reddened with their blood. And the tourist who would think nothing of spending weeks in less healthful localities, and less hallowed associations and surroundings, will often be satisfied that he has done Quebec when he has cast a hurried glance at the Plains of Abraham and the Monument to Wolfe, and driven rapidly over streets rendered historic by the blood of heroes and martyrs, the red man's daring deeds and the carefully preserved traditions of the historian and novelist. Often in laying out the plan for a summer trip extending over several days and perhaps weeks of time will he begrudge a couple of days to the city and environs of Quebec, in his apparent anxiety to get back to the heated sands of New England watering places, or the din and con-