

A VISIT TO THE INDIAN LORETTE.

Of the many attractive sites in the environs of the city, few contain in a greater degree than the Huron village of Lorette, during the leafy months of June, July and September, picturesque scenery, combined with a wealth of historical associations. The nine miles intervening between Quebec and the rustic *auberge* of the village, thanks to an excellent turnpike, can be spanned in little more than an hour. I shall now attempt to recapitulate some of the sights and incidents of travel which recently befell me, while escorting to Lorette an old world tourist, of very high literary estate, the Revd. Arthur Penhryn Stanley, then Dean of Westminster and Chaplain to Her Majesty. Fortunately for myself and for my genial but inquisitive companion, I was fresh from the perusal of Bressani, Ferland and Faillon, as well as the excellent French sketch "*Tahourenché*," which A. N. Montpetit had published, to whom I take this early opportunity of making due acknowledgment. My agreeable and distinguished companion had spent