

is clearly discernible. A monument, erected to those who fell in the battle of St. Foy, is erected at about two miles from the city, and bears the simple inscription — "Aux braves de 1760 ; érigé par la Société St. Jean Baptiste de Quebec, 1860." The statue of Bellona was presented by Prince Napoleon. The Belmont Catholic Cemetery is on this road, and contains many fine monuments.

Proceeding by the road turning southwards, near the St. Foy Church, the stranger reaches the St. Louis road, from which the view of the St. Lawrence again meets him. Villas and mansions, surrounded by magnificent grounds, are on each side, and the drive at parts leads through avenues of trees, graceful elms, stately pines, and magnificent birch trees, whose branches and foliage extend a grateful shade over the roadway. On the St. Louis road are the residence and farm of Col. Rhodes, where summer seems ever to reign. Conservatories, green-houses, vineries, hot-houses, forcing-houses, everywhere abound. In the depth of winter the atmosphere is dense with the perfume of the flowers of Arabia and Persia. The land of the sun boasts not such a variety of the delights of the garden, and the Peri at the gates of Paradise could be satisfied to cull the flowerets which are here so luxuriant. It would seem that a magic wand had created in a moment, to their full lusciousness and ripeness, myriads of grapes, strawberries, pears, and oranges. The strawberries alone are a marvel, exceeding in size all that imagination can picture. And this gentleman does not confine his amateur tastes alone to the cultivation of fruit, but raises cattle, the equal of which one must travel far to see. The drive into the city by the St. Louis road is one of the most entrancing, and the breeze from the river renders even the hottest day in summer pleasant and agreeable.

THE FOURTH DRIVE recommended to the stranger will prove, perhaps, the most delightful. It is that to Lake Beauport, which will be reached by the Charlesbourg road, passing through the village of the same name, in which the terrified priests and women found refuge at the time of the siege. Many portions of Charlesbourg remind us of an English village, and there is ever in the place a delightful sense of Acadian simplicity. Not very far from it are the ruins of Château Bigot, called also the Hermitage and Beaumanoir, the rural retreat or hunting-box, built by the Intendant Bigot, whose infamous transactions as Intendant in Canada, and who was suspected of being a traitor, secured for him a