

We lunched at the picturesque little inn, called the Montmorenci Cottage, and returned to Quebec about six o'clock, having been detained by a heavy thunder shower, which swept over us during the afternoon. The road is pretty—like all those in the neighbourhood of the romantic old town—and crosses the St. Charles River by Worcester Bridge. The distance is about eight miles.

SATURDAY 4TH JUNE 9 P.M.

To-day we drove to Carouge—going thither by the St. Foy Road; through the village of that name, which is about five miles from the city, and returning by the upper or St. Lewis Road. It was a fine, bright morning, and the valley of the St. Charles River looked exquisitely beautiful, after the heavy rain of yesterday, which has cleared the atmosphere, and refreshed the face of nature amazingly.

Carouge is one of the numerous promontories on the north bank of the St. Lawrence, the name being simply a corruption of Cap Rouge or Red Cape. It is about eight miles distant from Quebec, and, on account of its own beauty, and the charming roads that lead to it, there are few places in the neighbourhood possessing greater attractions. A rivulet, also called Carouge, joins the St. Lawrence at the foot of the cliff, and, near the confluence of the two streams, there is a village, as well as a bridge over the Carouge. The promontory, which is beautifully wooded, is said to be about three hundred and thirty feet above the tide-level of the great river.

On our way back to Quebec, we stopped at the far-famed heights of Abraham—the scene of that great and brilliant vic-