

QUEBEC, LAKE ST. CHARLES, ETC.

Leaving this beautiful locality, the walk continues to the woods, on the edge of the banks rising from the shore.

The tourist, instead of returning by a road conducting through a wood into St. Louis Road for Quebec, would do better by continuing his ride to the Church of St. Foy, from which is seen below the St. Charles, gliding smoothly through a lovely valley, whose sides rise gradually to the mountains, and are literally covered with habitations. The villages of Lorette and Charlesbourg are conspicuous objects. Before entering the suburb of St. John, on the banks of the St. Charles stands the General Hospital, designed, as the name implies, for the disabled and sick of every description.

A day's excursion to Indian Lorette and Lake St. Charles would gratify, we doubt not, many a tourist. It will be necessary to leave by 6 o'clock, A. M., and to take provisions for the trip. After leaving the Palace Gate, the site of the former intendant's palace is passed. Mr. Bigot was the last intendant who resided in it.

The most pleasant road to Lorette is along the banks of the St. Charles. On arriving at the village, the best view is on the opposite bank. The fall is in the foreground, and the church and village behind. The villagers claim to be descended from those Hurons, to whom the French monarch, in 1651, gave the seignior of Sillery. In the wars between the French and English, the Hurons contributed much to the success of the former, as they were one of the most warlike tribes among the aborigines of this continent. At present, they are a harmless, quiet set of people, drawing only part of their subsistence from fishing and hunting. A missionary is maintained by government for their religious instruction, and the schoolmaster belongs to the tribe. Here may be purchased bows and arrows, and mooseans very neatly ornamented by the squaws.

On arriving at Lake St. Charles, by embarking in a double canoe, the tourist will have his taste for picturesque mountain scenery gratified in a high degree. The lake is four miles long, and one broad, and is divided into two parts by projecting ledges. The lake abounds in trout, so that the angling tourist may find this spot doubly inviting. On the route back to the city, the village of Charlesbourg is passed. It is one of the oldest and most interesting settlements in Canada. It has two churches, one of which is the centre of the surrounding farms, whence they all radiate. The reason for this singular disposal of the allotments, arose from the absolute necessity of creating a neighbourhood. For this purpose, each farm was permitted to occupy only a space of three acres in front by thirty in depth. The population was in these days scanty, and labourers were difficult to be procured. By this arrangement, a road was more equally kept up in front of each farm, and it was the duty of every proprietor to preserve such road. Another advantage was the proximity of the church, whence the bell sounded the tocsin of alarm, whenever hostile attempts were made by the Indians, and where the inhabitants rallied in defence of their possessions.

Within the citadel are the various magazines, store-houses, and other buildings required for the accommodation of a numerous garrison; and immediately overhanging the precipice to the south, in a most picturesque situation, looking perpendicularly downwards, on the river, stands a beautiful row of buildings, containing the mess rooms and barracks for the officers, their stables, and spacious kitchens. The fortifications, which are continued round the whole of the 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, loophole walls, and massive gates recurring at certain distances. On the summit of the ramparts, from Cape Diamond to the Artillery Barracks, is a broad covered way, or walk, used as a place of recreation by the inhabitants, and commanding a most agreeable view of the country towards the west. This passes over the top of St. John's and St. Louis Gate, where there is stationed a sergeant's guard. Above St. John's Gate, there is at sunset one of the most beautiful views imaginable. The St. Charles gambolling, as it were, in the rays of the departing luminary, the light still lingering on the spires of Lorette and Charlesbourg, until it fades away beyond the lofty mountains of Bonhomme and Tioanonthuan, present an evening scene of gorgeous and sur-