

A
WEEK IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD
OF
LAKE ETCHEMIN
AND
QUEBEC

BY
MAJOR GEORGE E. BULGER
R.L.S. F.R.G.S. C.M.Z.S.

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2ND BATT. 10TH FOOT.
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These Pages
ARE AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

TO

My Mother.

MONDAY 30TH MAY 1859.

On board the Steamer 'Quebec' 7:30 P.M.

S— and I are on our way to the ancient capital of Canada, whose name this fine vessel has appropriated. We have left the city of Montreal some distance behind us, and are speeding through the clear waters of the Saint Lawrence smoothly and quietly towards the old town of Sorel, which is our first stopping-place. As we sit upon the upper-deck of the steamer, and gaze around us, a charming prospect meets our view. It is not splendid, or grand, or even strikingly picturesque, for the low, flat shores and the scattered islands, that hereabouts stud the water-way, can scarcely lay claim to any of these epithets, but there is something inexpressibly attractive in the quaint, little French villages, with their red-roofed, white houses, and their bright, tinned church-spires, glittering in the last rays of the sinking sun—something so suggestive of peacefulness, and quiet, rural happiness, in these little groups of cottages, fringing the river-bank, that the eye rests on them with a peculiar pleasure difficult to describe, yet somewhat akin, I imagine, to the feeling of relief afforded by the appear-

ance of a verdure-clad oasis to the thirsty and way-worn traveller through a sandy desert.

The evening is superb—cool, fresh, grateful and strongly characterised by that transparent pureness of atmosphere so peculiar to Canada. Not a breath of air is stirring. The woods and fields—rich in the untarnished brilliancy of early summer—are hushed and sleeping, and the peerless river sweeps onward, with a flow as calm and noiseless, as if it, too, shared the soothing influence of the sunset-hour, that has cast such a mantle of softness and beauty over the still and verdant shores.

8:30 P.M. We have stopped at Sorel for a few minutes, but the night is too dark to see anything but the general outline of the place. It is a small town, situated at the confluence of the River Richelieu with the Saint Lawrence, and is distant about forty-five miles from Montreal. The French had a fort here in 1665, as a protection against the attacks of the Iroquois Indians, but there is now scarce a vestige of the ancient building left.

An attempt was made some sixty years ago, to change the old name of Sorel to that of William-Henry, in honour of the sailor-prince, afterwards William the Fourth, but it proved a signal failure; and the place still bears its original, and, therefore, most appropriate designation.

TUESDAY 31ST MAY

St. Henry De Lauzon 1:40 P.M.

It was so early this morning, when the steamer arrived at the far-famed 'city of cannon,' that we judged it advisable to delay further progress towards Lake Etchemin, until after

breakfast; especially, as the temperature of the air—notwithstanding the immediate proximity of summer—was so exceedingly low, as to make it feel almost cold. Accordingly, having consigned our luggage to the guardianship of a sturdy porter, we walked up to Russell's Hotel, in Palace Street; and, in due time, were provided with an excellent breakfast, and all necessary information regarding the best mode of reaching our destination.

About ten o'clock we crossed the river to the pretty little town, which stands directly opposite Quebec, on the promontory called Point Levi. According to Bouchette, it was laid out in 1818, by Sir John Caldwell, and named Aubigny in honour of the then Duke of Richmond; but that title has long since passed away, and the more ancient designation, by which the old French village had been known for so many years, is now completely reinstated. Its site is lofty, and, from the river-bank close by, there is to be obtained a most glorious view, unequalled of its kind, perhaps, in the whole world. Far and wide, the eye roams over a vast extent of country, presenting every variety of feature, and combining, not only most of the characteristics of scenic grandeur, but those of marvellous loveliness as well. The majestic river, sweeping its blue and crystal tide between bold and imposing shores; the frowning batteries of Cape Diamond, three hundred and fifty feet above the surface-level of the water; the beautiful and romantic old city, with its battlemented walls and glittering spires; the mountain-ranges in the distance; smiling and rich valleys, green as emerald, and chequered with picturesque farm-houses; the

mysterious and almost unexplored forest; gem-like lakes and foaming water-falls; all here unite to form a matchless panorama, in which the various elements are grouped together in scenes of wondrous beauty.

We reached this village a few minutes since, after a most charming drive through a delightful and lovely country, with pleasant-looking farms, and clean, bright cottages scattered over its surface. The road, too, was macadamized and most excellent, approaching as nearly to perfection as any I ever travelled over. The soil, judging from its appearance, and the thriving look of the farms, should be very good. St. Henry de Lauzon is in the Seigniorship of that name, which occupies the whole county of Dorchester. It was granted, according to Bouchette, to Monsieur Simon Lemaitre, on the 15th January 1636.

Trees are, unfortunately, not abundant, so that the natural beauty of the country is rather impaired; and the eye, although recognising its many attractions, still longs for some forest or woodland scenery to relieve the monotony of such a long stretch of grain-fields and gardens.

At this place, we got our first view of the River Etchemin, a wild and lovely stream, with craggy banks and brilliantly clear water; but so shallow, at this season, as to be only navigable for canoes, and, in some places, not even suitable for those. Its breadth does not appear to average much more than twenty yards, so far as we have seen, and, indeed, the presumption is that, as we approach its source, we shall find it narrower still.

5:30 P.M. We are stopping for a few minutes at a mill, where

as we increase our distance from the St. Lawrence; and the farms hereabouts do not wear the same appearance of richness and prosperity that characterizes those in the vicinity of the great river.

At three o'clock we passed through the village of St. Anselme—seven miles from St. Henry. The road between the two places, though not macadamized, is very good, and continues on the eastern bank of the Etchemin, within a short distance of the stream. Two hours later we arrived at Ste. Claire, twenty-four miles from Quebec, and six miles from St. Anselme. It is a very small place, with nothing remarkable about it, but, we observed that, in its neighbourhood, the land was beginning to lose the dead level, which distinguished it for the first part of our journey, in rapidly-succeeding undulations—signifying approach to the high and almost mountainous township of Frampton.

11 P.M. The country, after passing the mill on the Abenaqui, rapidly assumed a hilly character, and, on reaching East Frampton, thirty miles distant from Quebec, we found ourselves fairly amongst the mountains. Travelling became a matter of some toil and difficulty, for the road was bad, and precipitous hills of momentary occurrence; however, with the inferiority of the highway, the beauty of the scenery increased, and every succeeding instant presented us with fresh and charming glimpses of the now wild and magnificent forest-landscape. Away down in a deep valley to our right, ran the silver thread of the River Etchemin, while, on either side of the stream the banks rose into sloping mountains, decked with the summer

woods in all their glory—bright, gay and luxuriant—perpetually varying in aspect with the undulations of the land, and the ever-changing play of light upon the dense masses of fleecy foliage, from which the stray dwellings of the lonely settlers stood out in strong and bold relief. Ever and anon we crossed some brawling brooklet, pursuing its noisy way at the bottom of a deep dell, sometimes far down below us, and almost hidden from view by the density of the dark spruce forest, which, in its wild luxuriance, cast an eternal shadow over the pathway of the babbling waters.

Mr. R— had written to me to the effect that, although there was no inn at East Frampton, we should find little difficulty in procuring a night's lodging, as the people were very hospitable : but we were not fortunate enough, on our arrival at the village, about eight o'clock, to find his promises realized. The inhabitants of East Frampton would have nothing to do with us, but contented themselves with the intimation that an inn existed some four miles further on. Considerably disappointed at our reception, and provoked at such an unexpected prolongation of the day's work, we were not in the best mood when we turned our backs upon the inhospitable village, and resumed our journey over an execrable road, and through an exceedingly wild, and, apparently, almost uncleared country ; more particularly, as the last vestige of daylight had disappeared, and it was almost impossible to move faster than at a foot-pace along the broken and hilly track, which was everywhere full of holes and rain-puddles.

The horse, at this juncture, began to show symptoms of fa-

tigue ; so, leaving him and the driver to follow at their leisure, we trudged on in advance, glad enough, in spite of the untoward circumstances of our case, to stretch our legs after the long drive from Point Levi. In the uncertain starlight, unusually faint and dim, the dark and silent forest presented a most frowning aspect, while the road was hardly distinguishable, as it pursued its unlit way through what seemed to us the very heart of the deep woods—the hill-sides, dotted here and there with the clearing-fires of new settlers, alone proclaiming the vicinity of man. The noisy Etchemin, too, although dashing along within a stone's throw of our path, was quite invisible for a time, and it was only when our eyes became accustomed to the gloom, that we could discern the foaming river plunging over its rocky bed, and trace the dark outlines of the solemn pines, standing in groups like the genii of the stream, and keeping watch and ward upon its bold and beautiful banks.

About three miles from East Frampton, we arrived at the house of a young Irish settler, who, unlike his neighbours of the village, was hospitably inclined ; and, tired and hungry as we both were by this time, it was, with a feeling of really glad relief that we accepted his offer of a night's lodging, and thanked him for the civility and kindness of his reception, which, moreover, did not end with the shelter of his roof, as very shortly after we crossed the welcome threshold, his wife laid before us a most excellent supper of tea, hot rye and oaten cakes, with an abundance of capital milk and butter. The quiet, un-demonstrative way in which she catered for our comfort, quite won upon our gratitude ; and it will be long before either S—

or I forget the genuine hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Bradley.

WEDNESDAY 1ST JUNE 5 A.M.

The morning thus far has been rainy, but the clouds are now breaking, and there is every prospect of a fine day. Mr. Bradley tells us that severe frost occurred here on the night of the 30th May, which did much damage to the young crops. The land is wretchedly poor in this neighbourhood, and in that of East Frampton, hardly requiring the settlers for the labour of clearing. They pay yearly rent at the rate of four cents per acre, such being about the interest on the purchase money; and the claim of preëmption is always allowed. The seigniorial or territorial rights belong to a family of the name of Henderson—whose comfortable looking *château* we passed just as the sun went down last evening.

4 30 P.M. We left Bradley's about a quarter after five this morning, and reached the inn, which the people of East Frampton had directed us to, very shortly afterwards, having first crossed, from Frampton Township into Standon, a beautiful little river called L'Eau Chaude. The inn proved to be a newly-built log-house, occupied by a French Canadian, named Gosselin, and consisting, apparently, of only two large rooms, one on the ground-floor, and the other a story higher. In the former we seated ourselves and ordered breakfast, which made its appearance about half-past seven o'clock—a capital meal of fried pork, omelette, tea and home-made bread, to which we did most ample justice. Then, having exchanged our *calèche* for a *charette*, or common cart of the country, we started for

the lake, said to be about twelve miles further on.

For about a fourth of the distance the road is very tolerable, and the country, in its immediate vicinity, cleared and thinly settled; but, thenceforward, our path lay entirely through the unshorn woods, over a rough, mountainous, and rocky track, impassable for any vehicle of more delicate constitution than a common cart. The land between Gosselin's and the forest seemed better than that we passed over yesterday, but it became worse as we advanced, and, for a considerable distance, was as bad as it well could be: there was literally no soil, and the naked rock was seen cropping out everywhere.

In a short time we came to the wild and beautiful Rivière des Fleurs, spanned by a rude, wooden bridge, and not long afterwards, about eight miles from Gosselin's, found ourselves once more on the banks of the Etchemin, there separating the townships of Standon and Cranbourne. The bridge over this river was swept away in the great floods some years ago, but, as the water was very low, we forded the stream without difficulty.

After crossing the Etchemin, the road, which is the separation-line between the townships of Ware and Cranbourne, improved slightly; though it still continued ascending and rough: the land, however, was decidedly better than that in either Standon or Frampton, and, as we advanced, some beautiful bits of luxuriant hard-wood forest gave token of the fertile soil beneath. Here we quitted the cart, and, discarding our coats, as the day was very warm, trudged on towards the lake, leaving the horse and driver, with the heavy vehicle, to follow us

over the rocky, uneven and trying path, at their own time and pace.

About one o'clock, a glimpse of the water, through the trees, shewed us that our journey was near its end, and, in a few minutes afterwards, we reached a clearing, and observed several wooden buildings; but only two of them were used as dwelling-houses—one by a man named Mc Ceaghry, and the other by his son-in-law. The farmers were not at home, but Mrs. Mc Ceaghry, with true backwoods hospitality, soon laid before us excellent pancakes, eggs, butter and capital tea, on which welcome combination we feasted sumptuously.

Lake Etchemin is, without exception, the wildest and most solitary sheet of water I have ever seen. It is about four miles in length, with a variable breadth, averaging, perhaps, something over five hundred yards, which is pretty nearly the distance across at the continuation of the boundary-lines of Ware and Cranbourne. So far as our observation extends, it seems to possess gently sloping shores, which are almost entirely wooded. The dense spruce forest creeps down to the edge of the water, and the lower branches of the outward trees spread over its surface to the distance of several feet, all but dipping themselves into the cool, pure element, which reflects back their loveliness with the distinctness of a brilliant mirror. Denuded of these dark and beautiful woods, perhaps there would be nothing very striking in the appearance of Lake Etchemin, but rich in such an exquisite setting of nature's own sweet handiwork, it is perfectly charming—and none the less so in my eyes, that it is lonely and silent as the grave.

Not a sound disturbs the unbroken solitude, and the lake itself is sleeping as if it never meant to wake again:

'So calm, the waters scarcely seem to stray,
And yet they glide like happiness away.'

Anxious to explore the mysteries of these lovely shores, we instituted enquiries as to the means of accomplishing this object by water, but, alas, no vessel that would swim was obtainable—not even a log-canoe. We were shown, indeed, some once excellent boats in a neighbouring shed, though the disappointing fact was all too patent, that they were utterly useless—sad relics of bygone years, whose mouldering sails and rotting keels spoke to us strangely of other and different conditions, and almost persuaded us that the now silent and deserted lake possessed a history we knew not of, while imagination led us back through a long vista of years, painting, as it strayed, such a picture of the past, that we were fain to believe

'—should the stranger ask what lore
Of bygone days this winding shore
Yon cliffs and fir-clad steeps could tell,
If vocal made by Fancy's spell,—
The varying legend might rehearse,
Fit themes for high romantic verse.'

But the wild and lonely shores of beautiful Etchemin were never settled in olden times by the 'pale-faces,' and if any history hangs about them, we must look for it amongst the traditions of the 'red-man,' in the days when he roamed, free and fearless, by the sparkling rivers, and through the massive forests, which still—in the rich exuberance of nature—lend a glory to the scene, as grand as it is impressive.

We are now about four miles from the ford across the Etche-

min River, and rather more than ten times that distance from Quebec, forty-six miles being the estimated length of the road by which we have travelled. From St. Henry it has been an almost continued ascent, so that we must, by this time, have attained to a considerable height above the level of the St. Lawrence—probably about 1500 feet.

After luncheon, we wandered into the woods, following, as our guide, a beautiful little stream, called Le Décharge du Lac, which runs from the lake, and falls into the Etchemin some distance below. At no time have I been more forcibly impressed with the solitude and silence of the American primeval forest than to-day. Although within a mile of Mc Ceaghry's house, it seemed as if we were in the heart of a great, forlorn and untrodden wilderness, so utterly destitute of life, and so still and voiceless were the woods around us. Not a bird was visible. Even the inquisitive and cheerful chickadee, (*Parus atricapillus*) which I have so frequently found under similar circumstances, was absent. No pert and noisy squirrels sported amongst these recluse and ancient trees, whose destiny seemed literally to be a silent passage through the various phases of vegetation, from the bright, sweet verdure and bloom of youth, to the inevitable death, which awaits alike the animate and inanimate in this sub-lunar world, Huge, prostrate trunks—moss-covered and half-hidden by the thick underbrush and untold generations of mouldering leaves—lay scattered about in all directions; some of them mere empty shells, the interior of which had rotted and passed away, leaving the less perishable bark to tell the story of their former grandeur, ere the unsparing

hand of time had bowed down their glories to the earth ! There was no breeze—no sound of any kind. Nature slept ; and her slumbers were so profound, that the mere crackling of a branch, or the twitter of a bird would have been a relief to the oppressive stillness which reigned alike on land and water :

‘Earth wore one summer-robe of living green,
In heaven’s blue arch the sun alone was seen;
Creation slumber’d In the cloudless light,
And noon was silent as the depth of night.’

We did not extend our explorations to any great distance through these gloomy woods, but retraced our steps to the banks of the little rivulet, whose bright waters seemed as lonely and unsought as the forest through which they flow, while hastening onward to absorption in the larger stream below. The beauty of this little forest-river has been slightly marred, by a partly-formed dam—the work of the destroying lumberman—just where it debouches from the lake. No other harm, however, has resulted from the, fortunately, unfinished structure, and the waters flow on as ever.

During the journey hither through the woods, we met with many specimens of the gaily-dressed and noisy American blue jay (*Garrulus cristatus*), one of the commonest, but still one of the most beautiful of Canadian birds. With these exceptions, however, and a stray Baltimore oriole (*Icterus Baltimorensis*), or two, no feathered creatures crossed our path. The latter elegant little warbler, called also gold-robin and hang-nest, earned its title of Baltimore bird from the colours of its plumage, black and orange, which were those borne by Lord Baltimore, in the golden days, when Maryland was first settled. Yesterday

we observed numbers of the sprightly rice-birds or bob-o-links (*Dolichonyx oryzivora*), in the fields along our route, and listened with pleasure to the sweet tinkling song, from which they have derived their common name. They were tame enough to allow us a very near approach, as were also, strange to say, our ordinarily cautious and wary old friends, the common crows (*Corvus Americanus*).

Wild-flowers, as yet, are not abundantly in bloom, though there are quite sufficient to attract the attention, and call forth the admiration of the wanderer through this unfrequented region. The beautiful red death (*Trillium erectum*), with its curious flowers of lurid purple, is very plentiful, as well as its pale sister, the white death (*Trillium grandiflorum*), whose blossoms rival the winter snow in purity of hue.

Some thirty years ago, or thereabouts, seventeen acres of this property, sloping upwards from the lake-shore, were cleared, with the intention of building thereon; but the idea was shortly abandoned, and since then, I doubt if the spot has been visited by strangers a dozen times. Nature has entirely resumed her sway, and a second-growth of graceful and vigorous black-spruce trees (*Abies nigra*)—perhaps the most charming of their beauteous tribe—have now taken the place of the original forest.

●
THURSDAY 2ND JUNE, 10 P.M.

Mrs. Mc Ceaghry gave us supper last night, and her husband soon afterwards returned from the woods, where he had been clearing. We found him an intelligent and, apparently, a very respectable man, possessing a good deal of information

about the country in his vicinity. He told us that his settlement was the most remote one in Canada to the eastward of Lake Etchemin, and that it was only thirteen miles from the head-waters of the great St. John River. Also that moose were plentiful in the adjoining woods, and that bears and wolves were very numerous. The trout, he said, of the Etchemin Lake, whose waters are very clear and of great depth, were often taken of large size, and he had seen one himself which weighed twenty-eight pounds. He added that there were only two unsettled townships between Cranbourne and the State of Maine.

These people treated us with the utmost hospitality, and entirely refused remuneration of any kind ; so we had to content ourselves with thanking them most cordially for their attention and civility.

We started from Lake Etchemin shortly after five a.m., emerged from the forest at nine, and reached Gosselin's, where we stopped for breakfast, at ten, having first had a delicious wash in the cool waters of the Eau Chaude. A little before noon, we were once more under-weight, and, by about seven o'clock in the evening, had completed our journey to Point Levi, in time for the ferry-boat to Quebec—forty-six miles in eleven hours and a half. We had a capital horse, and a cheerful, excellent driver, called Bonneville, whom we found most useful and obliging.

The drive from Ste. Claire, where we said farewell to the bad roads, was very pleasant, and from St. Henry, it was perfectly delightful. Thereabouts the Queen's highway is most excellent, and, as heavy rain had fallen an hour or two before,

the damp, cool forest exhaled the most balmy and fragrant odours as we passed through it, and, being void of dust, looked particularly fresh and radiant. A beautiful *savane*, too, which we observed close to the road, was very attractive from the multitudes of the rich, rose-coloured blossoms of the great willow-herb (*Epilobium angustifolium*), which it presented. These charming flower-beds of nature abound in the North American woods, and afford most exquisite breaks in the forest scenery—relieving the monotony of the constant green, and gaining in loveliness themselves by the contrast.

The day throughout was overcast, and some rain fell during the afternoon, but, on the whole, we could not complain of the weather, for it was fresh and very pleasant, in spite of the dark sky and threatening nimbus clouds.

The land, in the immediate neighbourhood of Point Levi, is exceedingly good, and the scenery very beautiful—two or three ravines which we crossed being of surpassing loveliness, especially at this season of the year, when the grass is brilliantly green, and the landscape, generally, has donned its summer robe. The town appears to be chiefly inhabited by French Canadians, and, throughout the seigniories of Joliet and Lauzon, the country is settled almost exclusively by these people—the townships of Standon and Frampton, on the otherhand, being occupied, for the most part, by Irish emigrants.

* * * * *

FRIDAY 3RD JUNE, QUEBEC 10 A M.

We took a *calèche* this morning, and drove out to the Indian village of Lorette, which is nine miles distant from the city.

It is situated on the east bank of the St. Charles River, and a bridge across that stream connects it with the French Canadian village of St. Ambroise. The St. Charles is here very wild and picturesque, and, just below the bridge, there is a magnificent cascade, where the stream tumbles through a charming gorge in an almost unbroken sheet of foam. The precipitous sides of this beautiful defile, are densely clothed with spruce and other trees, which, during our visit, cast a cool and delicious shade over the pleasant foot-path at the river-edge, and filled the air with a balsamic fragrance that was truly delightful. After their stormy rush over the broken rocks at Lorette, the dark waters of the St. Charles wind in comparative tranquillity through a lovely valley to Quebec—where, in the suburbs of St. Rochs, they join the St. Lawrence.

Lorette is inhabited by descendants of the once-powerful Huron Indians, who took refuge in Quebec after the massacre of their tribe by the Iroquois. They have adopted the religion and the language of their allies and neighbours, the French Canadians, with whom they have intermingled to such an extent, that their individuality as a race has passed away for ever. The village was first settled in 1697, when the Hurons removed from their previous residence at Sillery. The population is under two hundred.

The drive to Lorette is a very delightful one at all times, and, at this season of the year, particularly charming, for the whole country is glowing in all the young beauty of a Canadian June—its rivers and lakes sparkling in the sunshine like dancing streams of silver and sheets of shimmering gold—the broad

fields, rich in the pride of their fresh greenery, and dotted, abundantly, with dark and picturesque woodlands, from amongst which peep many pleasant-looking country-houses, and sweet, placid villages—while, far in the back-ground, rise the blue mountains of the Laurentian Chain, standing out clear and distinct from the pure sky of this lovely land. Two of the numerous churches that we saw were particularly striking, from the beauty of their tall, elegant tinned-spires, which shone brilliantly in the sunlight—the Roman Catholic church of St. John, and that of Les Sœurs Grises.

At Lorette a host of children gathered round us, with Indian curiosities for sale, and amongst them, was a charming little French-Canadian girl, possessed of more than common beauty, combined with the grace and polished manner of her race. She told us that her name was Hermine Ligny, and that she had, herself, manufactured many of the pin-cushions and other trifles which she solicited us to buy. We seated ourselves in the midst of the importunate crowd, and they clustered eagerly about us, extolling their wares, and doing their utmost to tempt us to become purchasers; and, eventually, when we departed from Lorette, our pockets were filled with the handiwork of *la petite Hermine*, for we bought the whole of her ample stock.

From Lorette we went to the Falls of Montmorenci, passing through the villages of Charlesbourg and Beauport, and crossing the River Beauport at the latter place. We had attempted to make a short cut across country, but were obliged to turn back, and follow the usual route.

The beautiful and gloriously wild Montmorenci River rises

in Lac des Neiges, some fifty miles to the north, and is said to be a torrent throughout its course. Its impetuous waters flow through a portion of that vast forest, which stretches, almost without a break, from within a short distance of Quebec, as far as trees will grow towards the arctic regions, and, at last, after dashing from a grand and magnificent gorge, they cast themselves down a precipice, two hundred and forty feet in height, and are lost for ever from the view in some great, mysterious cavern at the foot. It is an extraordinary and unexplained phenomenon, this strange disappearance of a large and powerful stream, but such is the fact, nevertheless. The mighty St. Lawrence sweeps its great flood past the rocky cliffs on either side of the cataract, but no drop of the falling river seems to mingle with its tide, and it flows on unconscious, as it were, of the fate of the Montmorenci, over whose mysterious grave, the crashing waters shriek their eternal requiem, and the foam-clouds rest like a silver pall.

The beautiful and romantic falls of the Montmorenci are said to be only sixty feet across, at the summit, though their width below is very much greater—the huge gap in the cliffs of the St. Lawrence, through which the turbulent river pours its boiling flood, being estimated at about two hundred and sixty yards in breadth. A suspension-bridge spanned the cataract some years ago, but its existence was of very brief duration, for, giving way soon after its completion, it fell into the raging waters below, and carried three people, and a horse and cart with it to destruction. A wooden structure of more substantial workmanship now crosses the rapids some distance up.

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 Dorchester 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-

tory, which lost France her Canadian possessions, and gave to England one of the brightest jewels in her empire-crown. The grassy plains that cover the summit of the cliffs, consist simply of pasture-lands and uninteresting commons; but the undying associations connected with the battle-field must ever retain for it the deepest interest of all those who cherish the record of their country's glory and renown. A graceful little pillar marks the spot where the young and chivalrous English general breathed his last, and on it, are inscribed the memorable words:—

HERE
DIED WOLFE
VICTORIOUS.

The present monument, erected by Sir Benjamin D'Urban, is, I believe, a *fac-simile* of the original, which, shattered by the frosts and snows of many winters, now lies buried in the ground beneath.

During the afternoon we paid a visit to the pleasant and interesting government-garden, originally a portion of the grounds enclosing the time-honoured Castle of St. Lewis, which was destroyed by fire in January 1834. Of small extent, and not particularly remarkable for beauty, it is chiefly attractive as the site of an obelisk, erected in 1828, to commemorate the capture of Quebec, and the fall of the two gallant leaders of the French and English armies. The monument seems to have been badly built, for the stones, nearly all of small size, are separating rapidly, and the whole structure threatens, ere long, to come to pieces. The inscription, moreover, which is

in Latin, and very lengthy, contrasts unpleasantly with the simple words that we read this morning on the battle-ground, and forcibly suggests how little real harmony there is existing between verbiage and grandeur in such cases.

SUNDAY 5TH JUNE 10 A M.

We left Quebec at five o'clock yesterday evening in the same fine vessel that took us down, and arrived at Montreal early this morning—regretting that our pleasant tour was at an end, but rich in the remembrance of six most grateful and delightful days. *En route*, we stopped at the old French town of Batis-can, on the left bank of the St. Lawrence, near the mouth of the Batiscan River ; but the night was dark, and we could not see much of the place. During this trip I have seen more of the French Canadians than I ever did before, and I can truly say that I have not, elsewhere, met with such clean-looking villages, or such a polished and happy peasantry. Even the poorest among them keep their houses and farms in good order, and, at all hours, when we passed through their villages, the inhabitants were respectably and neatly dressed. The men and boys invariably touched their hats to us when we met them, and even the young children observed this polite and pleasing custom.

