

THE MONTMORENCI,

(Above but near the Cataract.)

THIS Picture tells its own tale, which is one of wild interest and romantic beauty. In the centre, at the top, the arable country appears over the old wooden bridge, itself lost at both ends in a wilderness of rocks and trees. The calm and placid stream exhibits as yet no excitement, but a few hundred yards below it loses its gentle character, and, from the dam that represses its current, dashes madly among the rocks, preparatory to its grand leap of near three hundred feet, into the foaming abyss beneath. We know of few localities where, in so narrow a space, nature combines so many and opposite scenic beauties. Waving woods, mossy stones, calmly-flowing waters, and then the rush and dash and thunder of a considerable river breaking itself upon jagged rocks, and descending in foam, as if it rebelled against its fate, to lose itself at last in the tide of the majestic Saint Lawrence.