THE FALLS OF THE CHAUDIERE.

A tourist of a cultured mind and familiar with classic lore, standing on the lofty brow of the *Chaudière*, might without any peculiar flights of the imagination, fancy he beholds around him a solitary dell of that lovely Temps immortalised in song:

"Est nemus prerupta quod undique claudit
Silva—Peneus ab imo
Effusis Pindo, spumosis volvitur undis
Dijectisque, tenues agitantia pennas,
Nubila conduint, summis aspergine silvas
Impluit, et sonitu, vicina fatigat."

The falls of the Chaudière, in their chief features, differ entirely from the majestic cascade of Montmorenci.

"To a person who desires nothing more than the primary and sudden electric feeling of an overpowering and rapturous surprise, the cascade of Montmorenci would certainly be preferable, but to the visitor, whose understanding and sensibilities are animated by an infusion of antiquated romance, the Falls of the *Chaudière* would be more attractive."*

This favorite resort of tourists is accessible by two modes of travel. We would assuredly advise visitors, both on account of the striking objects to be met with, to select the water route, going the land route on their return: a small steamer plies daily, for a 10 cents fare, at stated hours, from the Lower Town market place, touching at Sillery and skirting the dark frowning cliffs of Cape Diamond, amidst the shipping, affording a unique view of the mural-crowned city. After stopping five minutes at the Sillery wharf, the steamer crosses over and

^{*} From Travellers' Guide Book, 1829.