

Wolfe, form a complete series of testimonials, honorable to the spirit of the age, and the distinguished individuals under whose auspices they have been erected. The memorial on the Plains bears the following inscription: "Here died Wolfe; victorious; 1759."

A ride to THE FALLS OF MONTMORENCI, seven miles down the river, will abundantly repay the tourist for any trouble or expense to which he may be subjected. The Montmorenci itself, so called after a French Admiral of that name, is an inconsiderable stream,—but having made a leap of two hundred and fifty feet, is quite deserving of its reputation. The sheet of water comes over the precipice in an unbroken mass, discharging its translucent treasure into a pool below, which boils and foams as if venting its wrath at having been tossed about, till in a few moments it glides onward in peace, to mingle with the current of the St. Lawrence. The narrowness of the fall, being only 50 feet in width, when compared with its height, perhaps, causes the latter to seem greater than it really is. The whole of the scenery on the road through Beauport and back again by an interior road is full of interest. About two miles above the fall is a curious formation on the river bank called The Natural Steps; these are a series of layers of the limestone rock, each about a foot in thickness, forming the river bank, and, for about half a mile, receding one above the other to the height of about 20 feet as regularly as if framed by the hand of man. They are an object of curiosity, and being so near the fall, should be included in the visit. Facing the roaring cataract stands the "Mansion House," the summer residence of an English Prince, the Duke of Kent, in 1791. The main portion of the "Mansion House," is just as he left it; the room in which he used to write is yet shown; a table and chair, part of his furniture, are to this day religiously preserved, and access can be had to view the place through the kindness of the proprietor, G. B. Hall, Esquire, whose