

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...