

mercial, to foster any considerable spirit of literature or science. An attempt was made, during Sir G. Prevost's administration, to establish a society on the plan of the Royal Institution, but it fell to the ground for want of a sufficiency of efficient members, eleven being the supposed necessary quantum to begin with; nor is this seeming scarcity surprising, when we consider that the short Canadian summer is appropriated to business, and that during the tedious winter, the men are never tired of dinners, nor the ladies of dancing.

There are some peculiar and interesting features in the neighbourhood of Quebec. The lofty banks of the St. Lawrence, from Cape Diamond to Cape Rouge, are composed of clay-slate, generally of a dark colour, sometimes of a dull red, whence the name of "Cape Rouge." The bed of the river is of the same crumbling stone; and being triturated by time and the elements, gives its sands a close resemblance, both in colour and consistency, to smith's filings. Bare, however, as they are of soil, these perpendicular cliffs are everywhere clothed with a luxuriant verdure of shrubs and trees, whose roots, wreathing themselves round barren rocks, seem to woo from the charity of the heavens the nutriment denied them by a niggard parent.

About two miles above Quebec, a break in the magnificent line of cliffs forms the little recess, called Wolfe's Cove; a steep pathway leads up the heights to the Plains of Abram; traces of field-works are still visible on the turf, and the stone is pointed out on which the hero expired. The cove is at present appropriated to the reception of lumber, which comes down the river from the States and Upper Province, in rafts, which frequently cover the surface of half an acre; when the wind is favourable they spread ten or twelve square sails, at other times they are polled down; the men who navigate them build small wooden houses on them, and thus, transported with their families, poultry, and frequently cattle, form a complete floating village. A great proportion of the timber is brought from Lake Champlain, and the trade is almost wholly in the hands of the Americans.

A second crescent-like recess, about a mile from Wolfe's Cove, conceals the little village of Sillori. Nothing can be more romantic than the seclusion of this charming spot. The river road to it turns round the foot of gigantic cliffs, which seem interposed betwixt it and the world's turmoil. The heights which encircle it are deeply wooded to their summits, and retire sufficiently from the river to leave a pleasant meadow and hop-ground round the village, consisting of about half-a-dozen neat white houses, one of which is an inn. On the river's edge stands the ruin of an old religious house, built by French missionaries, for the purpose of preaching to the Huron tribes, who then inhabited this neighbourhood. There is now no trace of these missionaries, or of their labours, except in the little village of Loretto, which contains the only surviving relics of the once powerful Huron nation; so efficaciously have disease and gunpowder seconded the converting zeal of Europeans. Besides