

magnificent view, as it stands very high; the walls are *twenty-two feet thick*, and all mounted with Armstrong guns. I then took a cab and went to Montmorenzi Falls (of which you saw a view at the Panorama), the cabs by the way are very different from ours, being all open to let in the air, and only a leather top. The falls are very fine, being the highest known (240 feet); the water comes down with tremendous force, and there is a continual rainbow at the bottom, besides an eternal shower and cloud of mist and spray, which forms that peculiar cone in the winter which "Friend" described. I wrote my name and address in a large bold hand in the Visitor's book, so whoever visits it that knows me, can't fail to notice it. I then went round the famous plains of Abraham, and saw the monument on the spot where Wolfe, the great general, fell. I also visited the scene of the dreadful fire which you remember happened last year, and indeed it must have been a fearful sight, as the place is still a desolation for more than half a mile. I delivered my letters there, but there was nothing to do, and I can tell you I was not sorry, as it is a dirty little hole. I returned by the "cars" the same night to Montreal; these cars are as different from *our* railway carriages as night from day. The doors are at each *end*, and you can walk the whole length of the train at will; there are *sleeping* cars on each line, where you rest as comfortably as if you were in an hotel; the charge is only 1d per mile *first class*. I crossed the famous "Victoria Tubular Bridge," which is indeed a wonderful structure, and may well be termed one of the seven wonders of the world.

I left Montreal on Friday night (28th) and reached