

The breadth of the fall is 100 feet. The basin is bounded by steep cliffs, composed of grey lime slate, lying in inclined strata, which on the east and west sides, are subdivided into innumerable thin shivers, forming with the horizon, an angle of forty-five degrees, and containing between them, fibrous gypsum and *pietre à calumet*. Mouldering incessantly, by exposure to the air, and action of the weather; no surface for vegetation remains upon these substances.

An advantageous view of the fall may be obtained from the beach, when the tide of the great river is low. In this are included, the east bank of the river, the point of Ange Gardien, and Cape Tourment. The south west point of the basin, becomes the nearest object, beyond which appears the cataract of resplendent beauty foaming down the gloomy precipice, whose summits are crowned with woods. Its reflection from the bed beneath, forms a contrast to the shade thrown by the neighbouring cliffs. The diffusion of the stream, to a breadth of 500 yards, with the various small cascades produced by the inequalities in its rocky bed, on its way to the Saint Lawrence, display a singular and pleasing combination. It runs for about 400 yards, through a wide and steep gulph, which it is generally supposed, that its waters have excavated. One circumstance seems, however, to controvert this conjecture. The bed beneath, over which the river flows, is invariably composed of a solid stratum of rock, over several parts of which, there are fords for the passage of carriages. The general depth of water, does not here exceed eight inches, but partial channels have been worn by the stream, few of which are above three or four feet in depth. There appears no vestige of any deep excavation, except in the vicinity of the fall, which, if it had ever receded from the Saint Lawrence, must have formed in the solid bed of rock, basins of considerable depth. The ford being, in most places, rugged and unequal, its passage is unpleasant, and not altogether safe.

The next subject which engages the attention of our author, is *Jeune Lorette*, a village nine miles to the north-west of Quebec, upon a track of land which rises towards the mountains. It commands by its elevated position, an extensive view of the river Saint Lawrence, of Quebec, of the intermediate country, of the southern coast, and of the mountains which separate Canada from the United States. The village, which contains upwards of 200 inhabitants, consists of about fifty houses, constructed of wood and stone, which have a decent appearance.

The chapel is small, but neat, and the parish extending to a considerable way around, the Canadians, who form the greatest number of parishioners, have lately procured a church to be erected for their accommodation, about a quarter of a mile from the