

portation on our first acquaintance with the giant river. Among the younger of a band of emigrant brothers, it fell to our lot to accompany in its course, towards our western destination, the usual vast pile of huge bales, sea chests, and other indescribable appendages of the self-made exile, which in those days was considered indispensable, but a great part of which was too often found on its arrival to be unsuitable and unnecessary, only to afford a cause of regret to the disappointed owner, that it had not been left on the other side of the broad ocean, and a proportionate increase made in his letters of credit. The adventures of that voyage from Montreal to Kingston, which can now be performed in little more than twenty-four hours, would fill a chapter. No ark-like steamer with its towering decks and lofty wooden walks, received us and our fortunes. The open and fragile batteau, manned by "voyageurs" of the then sister province, was the only bark to bear us o'er the rushing waters. Horses, and sometimes oxen, slowly dragged our diminutive vessel up the foaming rapids. A surly "habitant" whose whole vocabulary seemed to consist of the everlasting "marche done" to his weary cattle, urged his lagging train along the margin, sometimes at the water's edge or again on the high bank of the stream. Armed with a hatchet, his companion followed him, ready at a moment's notice to sever the tow-line should the failing strength of the cattle or the increasing force of the current threaten, what occasionally happened, their being dragged back into the water. His duty was also to clear the line—which was necessarily very long—from the numerous stumps and other obstacles by which it might be caught and impeded. Slow and not without danger was our course. Nor was its speed accelerated by the long and tiresome halts that, deaf to all remonstrance in English or French, our boatmen made to drink and smoke. It was during one of these weary halts at the Long Sault rapids that, by accident or design, our moorings broke, and not without consternation we found ourselves afloat on the rushing river, accompanied by but one boatman. The danger, however, was not so great as might be imagined. Swiftly but safely (for our tiny craft drew but

little water) we shot over the surface of the stream, which it had cost us so much toil to ascend, and without injury, landed (through, we have no doubt, the design of our French friend, who formed captain, pilot and crew) at a small village, the name of which I forget, on the American side of the river, and then our boatman very deliberately left us. No arguments, no remonstrance could procure his stay. Could we have addressed to him Caesar's pithy words to his storm-overtaken pilot, we should still have failed; had Caesar's self entreated, Caesar must have entreated in vain; "away he went—we never saw him more." We escaped—though not without some investigation on the part of Brother Jonathan, as to our smuggling or piratical designs; and by our own exertions, being now beyond the force of the rapid, reached the opposite shore in safety, but our adventure delayed us several days in arriving at our destination, and obliged us to bring our batteau up to Prescott without the aid of boatmen, and which we never would have achieved but for the assistance of some stout English carpenters who had crossed the Atlantic, and now ascended the St. Lawrence with us.

We sojourned in the land of our adoption, and years, if not marked by "moving accidents by flood and field," yet not unvaried by many an adventure and even "hair-breadth 'scape" on the wide surface of the sea-like lakes, or in the shady depths of its leafy forests, passed, ere again o'er the waves of its noble river. After an interval of time, short in itself, but long in the changes it had wrought in ourselves, and in the scenes around, we once more contemplated its rapid and sparkling waters. The boy had grown a man, had known the joys, the cares, the stripes of manhood. Was the scene around less changed? The river rolled its mass of waters in its unaltered and unalterable channels; but the villages that had dotted its margin had become towns, the tiny and straggling craft that had toiled with their handful of freight up its mighty current, had disappeared; steamers and schooners boldly traversed its waters, and bore towards the ocean rich cargoes of the