

well dressed to the radius, as in doing this properly the main secret lay. The great floods of the Ottawa, which in spring rolled foamingly down the Rapids, bringing hills of ice and snow before them, were yet to be dreaded: they came in due season, crammed the waterway of the bridge to the parapet; but it defied their power—there it stands, and likely will for a length of time. It has been a model for several others, now constructed, with this difference, that *mortar* has been used in them. Strong examples will not do away with old habits; but it seems certain, that mortar, or cement, is of no use in rough arch-building.

Such is the detail of a concern that brought me both friends and enemies. There are situations in this life where a person will be blamed whether he act well or ill. I have always calculated on this, and have never been much disappointed, ever remaining regardless of receiving either praise or censure, acting to the best of my knowledge, and fortifying myself against abuse, misfortune, and flattery, whether the sun shines forth, or hides himself behind the clouds.

The following letter appeared in the public newspapers, when this bridge was built, from the pen, I believe, of Dr. Christie, who was once Editor of the Herald: