

by a block and tackle, they were hoisted on to a stage made of three-inch plank, which acted as an inclined plane, and brought up the arch-stones to the crown. The key-stones were afterwards put in by *Lewis*, that is, an iron bolt of a construction well known to artists, let into a hole at *top*; a fulcrum was raised, and the lever over it, laid them quietly into their places, ever fearing lest the frost should spring the centres; bundles of straw were laid on the *coomhead*, for the stones to fall on when putting into their courses, so that percussion might be obviated as much as possible. Thus we wrought on, day after day. The artists were well looked after; their master found them in the best food and lodging the dismal place could afford, and grog was served round once, and sometimes twice a day, as we found the store to hold out. No man was frost-bitten but one; and there were only *two* days in the whole winter they could not work for absolute cold:—those indeed were dreadful; the snow drifted into huge wreaths; my hands were *bitten* while in the act of shaving, in a room where there was no fire. That day the mercury froze in the thermometer in many parts of the country.

Having built the bridge, we set off to Montreal, and on telling the people there what we had done,