

the relationships of private life, the public have to lament a tried and faithful servant, and his family to mourn for a fond and affectionate relative. Little did we think, as our kind companion, in all the buoyancy of health and spirits, described the familiar scenes of his early youth whilst we ascended the stream between Prescott and Brockville, told us of the olden days at Maitland and Augusta, and fondly pointed out, beside the old poplars, the ruins of the parental dwelling, in which he had

first drawn breath—little did we think that that voice was so soon to be hushed; that warm heart so suddenly chilled; that active mind and vigorous frame so instantaneously prostrated by death. We parted from him at Brockville, in hope and confidence of many years of life and honor being allotted to him. But one short year, and we formed one of a numerous train of mourners that followed his remains to their last resting place.