

treated 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 strifes of manhood. Was the scene around less changed? The river rolled it's 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 produce of our fields, or carried from the seaboard the fruits of the industry of distant thousands.

The attempts of steam vessels to stem the rapids of the St. Lawrence, were not at first attended with the success they have now attained. The "Troquois" (called after the Indian tribe of the same name) was, we believe, the first that undertook to pass up. Her mode of progression, however, was not of the present day. As she neared the rapids, a strong tow-line was thrown on shore, and the slow but sure labors of toiling oxen

enabled her to overcome the current, which she otherwise could not have confronted. Even within the last few years, steamers with all the modern improvements, have been glad to rest in their upward course, retained in their position by ropes made fast to trees or stout posts on shore, and thus recover their breath, and renew their drooping energies, before they ventured to face "the pitch." But the rapids have carried us past Brockville; and we too must stem the tide or brave a similar mishap to that which before befel us.

Of a more than ordinarily pleasant journey, that gave us an opportunity of admiring the richness and fertility of the country that borders on the Bay of Quinte and other splendid locks and occasional romantic views on the Rideau—and, on our return by the Ottawa and St. Lawrence, of comparing the beauties of those rivers, we have retained no recollection of more interest than that attached to Brockville. The sweet picture of the gay little town, with its comfortable houses stretching to the water's edge, down the ascent, whose crest is surmounted by picturesquely-situated public buildings, is still fresh in our memory. Well do we remember, too, the companion of our upward voyage, from whom we parted at that wharf where you see the steamer moored. He was one of the oldest and most honored inhabitants, and during his long residence there, had materially promoted its progress and improvement. That little church to the left of our vignette attests the active interest he took as well in the spiritual, as in the temporal welfare of his fellow citizens. Although Brockville has sent forth many who have attained to eminence in their native land, in various walks of life, yet of none has she more reason to be proud—none has she more cause to regret—than our eminent and lamented fellow-traveller. The bar, the Senate, and the bench, each in its turn shared his labors, and was the sphere of his distinction; and his removal from among us has left a void in a large circle of grief-stricken relatives, and connections in Brockville and elsewhere, which it will indeed be difficult to fill. Honest and manly in his public career, amiable and kind in all