

ulation cannot boast of, and which form the distinguishing feature we have remarked. This it owes to the abundance of limestone and granite which is found in its neighborhood. The heaviness and gloom which the general use of stone in the buildings would otherwise create, are agreeably relieved by the number of residences, even in the heart of the town, which are surrounded by neat gardens and ornamental trees.

The commercial prosperity of Brockville in some degree declined after the construction of the Rideau canal, a stupendous work of art, connecting the St. Lawrence and Ottawa rivers, and cut by the government chiefly for military purposes, but which enabled passengers and the forwarders of merchandise to avoid the then dangerous navigation of the St. Lawrence, though by a circuitous and expensive route. Of late years, however, the "carrying trade," as the business of forwarding merchandise and produce is called, has been finding its old and what would seem to us to be its natural channel. Canals, wide and deep, and furnished with handsomely and substantially built stone locks, render the formidable rapids of the St. Lawrence no longer an obstruction to navigation. Steamers of the first class now descend the whole course of the mighty stream, the torrents of the Galops and the Plat rapids, so long considered insurmountable, but escaping, by the use of the canals, the more impetuous and impracticable rapids of Lachine, the Cascades, the Cedars and the Sault.

Far different was the mode of transportation 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 bateau, 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 falling 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 en-