

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW.

gressed, and on the 19th, the Fort proper was finished. The Governor was anxious to see it enclosed, and asked from each detachment an acre and a half of abatis. The men went at their work with renewed vigor, and before noon, on the 20th, the enclosure was about complete. Next day the Iroquois left, amidst the cheers of the French, and on the 21st the detachments from Three Rivers, Berthier, Sorel and Contrecoeur started on the return trip to their homes, on the banks of the St. Lawrence. The Count remained to receive the allegiance of some Indians living on the northern shore of Lake Ontario, and speedily housed provisions and ammunition. On the 27th the Count, leaving a small garrison in charge of the Fort, started with the balance of his force down the great River. On the way he met a convoy of twenty-five canoes carrying provisions to the new Fort, "sufficient to last a year." On the 1st August he reached Montreal, rejoicing that out of one hundred and twenty canoes which had accompanied him, not one accident had occurred to a single one, and he devoutly returned thanks to God for the special protection to which they were indebted for this, as well as for the successful execution of the enterprise. The narrator of the expedition adds that the construction of the Fort "obliges the Iroquois to keep the peace in spite of themselves, affords full liberties for the Missionaries to continue their mission without fear, and secures trade which was going to utter ruin.

In another chat, we may learn more about the appearance of Fort St. Louis, as it was first named, and something of its eventful history.

GRANDFATHER.

ROCKWOOD.

Grassy slopes and emerald lawns,
Nearth spreading leaves of noble trees,

Of every kind, some short, some long.

Arranged fair Nature's eye to please.

Bright hued songsters flying high,
With sweetest music fill the air,
Squirrels bright, but yet so shy,
Scampered round, now here, now there.

Tangled wilderness of shrubs,
Sumach, Hazel, Bittersweet,
Arching climbers overhead,
Moss clad stones beneath our feet.

Lovely garden, fragrant, sweet,
Filled with flowers of every hue,
Sweet Pea, Pansy, Mignonette,
Rose, Carnation, Violet too.

Faint sweet odors fill the air,
Bees and Butterflies so light,
High carnival are holding here,
In nature's bower so fresh and bright.

Then behind this scene so lovely,
Lake Ontario's waters lie,
Bearing o'er it's calm, broad bosom,
Pictures of the changing sky.

But so many are the beauties,
That this place so fair adorns,
That no tongue could ever tell them,
That on earth below was born.

May the sun here shine her brightest,
May vast Lake Ontario's flood,
Smooth, or rough, stand guard forever,
Round this place, the fair Rockwood.

AMIEL.