

off, are the Rapids of Beauharnois, which showed us their white crests until hidden from view by a sudden bend in the river, which brought us to the village of the Cedars. From this, up to the foot of Lake St. Francis, we were alternately polled and towed, ascending several minor rapids, and flanking, by another very short canal, one too formidable to be breasted, and which formed on one side the defence of a small fort which rested upon it, and which, on that side at least, was impregnable. At the village at the foot of Lake St. Francis we passed the night.

Next morning, as on Lake St. Louis, a whole fleet of Durham boats were towed up Lake St. Francis by a steamer. This is a somewhat larger sheet than the other, its upper half being very much broken with islands. On one of these, near the boundary line between the upper and lower provinces, is a rude pyramid of unhewn stones, raised by the Highlanders of the border county of Glengarry in honour of Sir John Colborne, who crushed the insurrection in Lower Canada in 1837. After sailing through many beautiful and mazy passages at the upper end of the lake, we arrived at Cornwall, the first frontier town of the upper province.

Twelve miles above Cornwall is the greatest and most formidable rapid of the St. Lawrence, known as the Longue Soult, or, as it is commonly called, the Long Soo Rapid. Hitherto we had come along the northern bank; but to overcome this rapid we had to cross the river, the only practicable ascent being on the southern side. The stream was narrow where we crossed, and the point aimed at was the mouth of a small rivulet on the other side. We ascended the still water on the northern side, until we got nearly a mile above this point. The men then took to their oars, and pulled lustily across the stream. As soon as we touched the impetuous current in the middle, we were swept down with amazing rapidity, until we got into still water again on the other side, about half a mile below the rivulet, to which we were then leisurely polled up.

The rapid being still a mile or two up, I walked along the beach leaving the boat to be pulled to the foot of it. In doing so, I bounded over the rivulet which crossed my path. That bound brought me from monarchical to republican jurisdiction—the boundary line between the province and the United States here intersecting the St. Lawrence, the broad current of which henceforth intervenes between the rival jurisdictions. I embarked again at the foot of the Great Rapid, which, in all its appalling grandeur, was now in full view. As at all the rapids, islands here also blocked up the channel, the river escaping with terrific violence between them. The broadest and most fearful rapid was on the Canada side, some distance from us. The channel on the American side, which we ascended, was narrow, and comparatively tranquil; but the strength of the current may be estimated by the fact, that it took no less than twenty-eight oxen to tow an empty boat against it, keeping quite close to the shore. The rapid is in all twelve miles long, and it took us some hours to ascend it. We were almost at the top, when I was favoured with a sight for which I had yearned—that of a boat shooting the rapids. Doubling a point of the island to our right, and emerging, as it were, from the trees and bushes, which seemed to hem in the still water above, came a boat, on her downward voyage, laden with flour, a tier of barrels being upon her deck.

For some distance before the rapid broke, the current was swift and powerful, although the surface was smooth. Down she came, faster and faster every moment, as the current became stronger. No human power could then have stopped her course, or saved her from the rapid. The crew stood motionless, each at his appointed post. Having reached the line where the rapid broke, she made one bound into the troubled current. Her prow was every now and then buried in foam, and twice and again did the water wash over her deck, as she was hurried past us, like an arrow on the omnipotent stream. My eye followed her, until a point below concealed her from view. It was like a dream. Almost in a moment she came and disappeared. I had scarcely withdrawn my eye from the spot where I last saw her, ere she would be riding safe in the troubled waters at the foot of the rapid.

It were needless much further to prolong this recital. At Dickenson's Landing, which is at the head of the rapid, on the Canada side, we passed another night. Thence we next day ascended to Prescott, encountering many smaller rapids, up which we were towed. The channel was thickly strewn with islands the whole way up to Prescott, at which town my journey by the Durham boat terminated, this being the place at which it received its cargo for Montreal. The neighbourhood of Prescott was the scene of one of the most sanguinary conflicts that took place in the upper province during the rebellion in the winter of 1737-38—a Pole, of the name of Von Shultz, having landed with some hundreds of sympathisers from the American town of Ogdensburg, directly opposite, and taken possession of a windmill a few miles below Prescott. From this they were dislodged after a sharp engagement. Von Shultz was tried at Kingston as a freebooter, and hanged.

The steamer by which I proceeded from Prescott to Kingston crossed over to Ogdensburg on her way up. It was the first American town that I had seen, and left a very favourable impression upon my mind. It is situated at the mouth of the Oswegatchie River, the waters of which are deeply tinged by the masses of vegetable decomposition through which it flows. From this to Brockville, on the Canada side, and twelve miles up, the river is clear of islands, and has the appearance of a large lake. Great is the change, however, immediately above this town, which lies at the lower end of the far-famed 'Thousand Islands.' I shall say nothing of them at present, as to do them justice would require more space than is now at my disposal. It was evening ere we reached Kingston, at their upper extremity. Here my eye rested upon what appeared to be the broad and boundless ocean, quietly ruffled by the evening breeze, and over which the setting sun threw a brilliant pathway of ruddy light. It was Lake Ontario, the smallest, and the last in the order in which they lie, of that wonderful chain of lakes which drain into themselves one-half of a continent. I remained for some time gazing upon it in mute wonder, as I thought of its vast proportions and the illimitable regions to which it led.

The distance from Kingston to Toronto is 180 miles. This was prolonged by the steamer touching at Oswego, on the American side of the lake. From Oswego we took an oblique line across to Coburg, a Canadian town. During this part of the voyage we were for many hours out of sight of land. Think of that, reader; out of sight of land on a fresh-water lake! Even to