

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 "Iroquois" (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 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.