in their heaving course down the rapids —the Lachine cascades—over the craggy rocks. Before descending the last and most dangerous rapids, we took a Indian village and took on board an Indian Pilot—none others doing so descend the rapids. On our last wreck in way, until we are apparently in the very jaws of death. It plunges into the mad cataract and is adroitly guided through the foam and breakers among the rocks. The descent is very exciting and to some was a source of terror—not of pleasurable feelings. Nothing could be more grand. I passed around under the spray and within the sounding hollow floor of the great Niagara, in a small boat; but the feeling inspired by that trip was not so pleasantly exciting as the passage of the rapids of the St. Lawrence. Probably the very unpleasant *douche* I got in the spray of the falls could not be under and *glow* I would otherwise have experienced, by the excursion in the "mist of the mist."

I have adjudged to mention one of the great attractions in the passage down the St. Lawrence. It is the thousand Islands through which the steamers pass. For hours the boat is passing among Islands of all sizes and dispositions—some thickly covered with rich foliage—there nothing barren and rocky—here a large and cultivated English gentleman's seat and farm—there, all of which add to the interest of the trip on this majestic river of the North.

The land adjacent to the river is generally cultivated, but not productive. Not so with the Mohawk Valley through which I passed from Albany to Utica; nor like the country around Oswego on Lake Ontario, both of which regions are rich in produce peculiar to this section of country.

Long before the city of Montreal is in view the mountain which shirts the town on the north pours up into the sky. The appearance of the city from the river is not prepossessing, and the traveller is not disappointed as he enters the town. Its outside dress betokens its general character within. The streets are narrow and crooked and the houses of an oldstyle of architecture. As we come nearer the city the buildings which attracted our attention were the towers of the great Cathedral—the most capacious of the kind on this continent. From its towers were floating the English and French flags—the first for church, the latter, as we neared the town we saw flags flying from all the vessels in the harbor. As we passed the streets flags were floating in the breeze from almost every window in Notre Dame Street and St. James street and Nelson Statue, and stretched across from roof of the houses along the other principal streets. Triumphal arches were erected at some of the principal entrances to the streets, and everything betokened a great gala day. Upon inquiring I learned that this 30th regiment of English troops had just landed from the Crimea—Quite the arch over Notre Dame was large arch formed of evergreens and decorated with flowers—was inscribed the motto—"Quis Separabit" (Who shall sever the rights of the arch the motto—*Pro Deo et Patria*," and on the other side, "Loyal to everything." Below, inscribed in letters as large as the one with the letter V. over it for Victoria, another A. for Albert, the third E. for Napoleon and the fourth E. for Eugenie. Above all floated the tri colored French flag, the English Jack and the Turkish Crescent. A strange union! Strange would it indeed have been—during the remarkable era of the five Nations—England, the guardian of the uncle of him whom she now cherishes and nestles to her bosom!—England, the ally of the Turk! France, the ally and alliance of his nephew! Ah! little does the Turk or little her embraces are like the embraces of the Bear and Eagle! Ah! little thinks the Turk the hug he thinks is for him, is but the tender embrace of the Bear, and the hug of the Eagle! Regard the murders