

ments which peace is daily erecting amongst us.

The town affords an appearance of solidity grateful to the eye of those accustomed to the cities and towns of the Old World, and of substantial wealth and comfort. The handsome houses of stone, with cut-stone fronts, and public buildings of the same massive material, give it an appearance of wealth and importance, which few Canadian towns of the same size and population can boast of. At the same time, 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. This appearance of wealth and stability, as we have already stated, is in a great measure attributable to the abundance of fine limestone and granite found everywhere in the neighbourhood.

The town boasts of a fair proportion of grist, saw, and other mills, while an extensive foundry is in operation, where a very large business is carried on, affording employment to nearly one hundred workmen.

There are several manufactories in the town for candles, pot and pearl ash, &c., besides extensive tanneries.

The St. Lawrence is here of considerable depth to the water's edge, obviating in a great degree the necessity for those long wooden excrescences which present generally such an offensive feature to the eye on an approach to our Canadian shipping ports.

Steamers of the largest class make daily stoppages on their course up or down the mighty stream, while quite a fleet of sailing vessels is attached to the port, and the busy hum of men and piles of merchandize attest the growing importance of the prettily situated town.

The commercial prosperity of Brockville declined, in some degree, 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 merchandize to avoid what was considered at that time the dangerous navigation of the St. Lawrence, even though by a circuitous and expensive route.

Of late years, however, the carrying trade has found its old and apparently natural channel, as canals wide and deep render the much dreaded rapids no longer an obstruction to navigation, while the business man smiles as he remembers the formerly impracticable "Lachine," "The Cascades," "The Cedars," and "The Sault."

The town boasts of a ship-building yard in which a considerable business is done.

The Agricultural Exhibition of 1851 was held in Brockville, and attracted a vast concourse of spectators.

The river is about two miles and a half across, and offers at every point a succession of the most beautiful and romantic views. From Brockville a macadamized road to Smith's Falls on the Rideau Canal has been completed, and another to Merrickville, also on the canal, with a short road, five miles in length, to Coleman's Corners, now called Lyra.

Just at the town, commences the beautiful scenery of the (so-called) Lake of the Thousand Islands, extending nearly to Kingston. They are mostly all composed of granite, some of them thickly wooded, while the scenery they present is exceedingly picturesque. Just in the neighbourhood of Brockville they are small and stand very close together, affording delightful spots for pic-nic parties, of which the inhabitants of this beautiful town and the surrounding country fully avail themselves during the summer, gathering together in numerous merry parties, in the well-built row-boats, or yachts, for which Brockville enjoys some degree of celebrity. Occasionally parties on a more extended scale visit this delightful spot, chartering for the day some one of the numerous small steamers which ply from shore to shore as ferry boats. Further up the river the islands are in clusters, and the channel through which the steamer steers becomes more crooked and narrower, while from the various bays and sheltered nooks myriads of wild fowl hover, ever on the wing, shrieking and chattering as if to scare the rude intruder away who has invaded their solitudes. Though called the Thousand Islands, the total number is 1330, from the islet (a mere speck on the bosom of the lake) jutting its irregular form out of the water, to the larger and fertile island, several square miles