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BROCKVILLE IN 1849.

Light on the Early Methods of Navigating the St. Lawrence.

("Evening Recorder," Brockville, Nov. 17, 1902.)

Editor Recorder :

Dear Sir,—Your well known hospitality towards items of historical value prompts me to offer a verbatim copy of an article which is to be found in a volume of literary selections emanating from King's College, Toronto, towards the end of the year 1849. The book is the third of a series of annual publications of like form and object, entitled "Canadian Maple Leaves," and being composed entirely of prose, poetry and pen and pencil pictures that had never before appeared in print, and the work of Canadians only, either by birth or adoption.

The undersigned is confident you, sir, and your readers, will find the selection appended of more than merely a passing interest, because of the fact that some one, with something more than ordinary literary ability, has set down the impressions he received from a visit to Brockville as early as the summer of 1848, with his adventures in ascending the river from Montreal on a former occasion. Trusting you will be able to give

space in your valuable paper for the reproduction of interesting recollection of some one who "knew a good thing when he saw it."

Yours historically,

H. I. O.

The writer expresses himself thus :

"About fifty miles from the head of the St. Lawrence stands Brockville. To every Canadian, and indeed to every Englishman, this town, though far from being the most important in size and population in our province, cannot fail to be an object of interest. The association with the memory of him who died in the arms of victory on the Heights of Queenston, whilst it adds a feature to its attractions, renders it an enduring monument of his fame—a monument which will last whilst its stone-built streets endure, and may in some measure make amends for the apathy with which a nation looks on the once graceful but now ruined column that marks the spot where her hero's blood was spilt.

But, apart from the memories of mingled pride and regret which its name may call up, Brockville possesses many charms.

In a downward journey on the bosom of the magnificent St. Lawrence—