

GLIMPSES
OF

St Lawrence Summer Life

An illustration of a serene lake scene. On the left, a sailboat with a single white sail is on the water. In the center, a small wooden cabin is nestled among green trees on a shoreline. The sky is light blue with a few birds flying. The entire scene is framed by a decorative border.

AMONG THE

Islands,

DOWN THE

Rapids

An illustration of a steamship with two smokestacks navigating through a set of rapids. The ship is moving from left to right, creating a large wake. The rapids are depicted with stylized, swirling lines. The scene is framed by a decorative border.

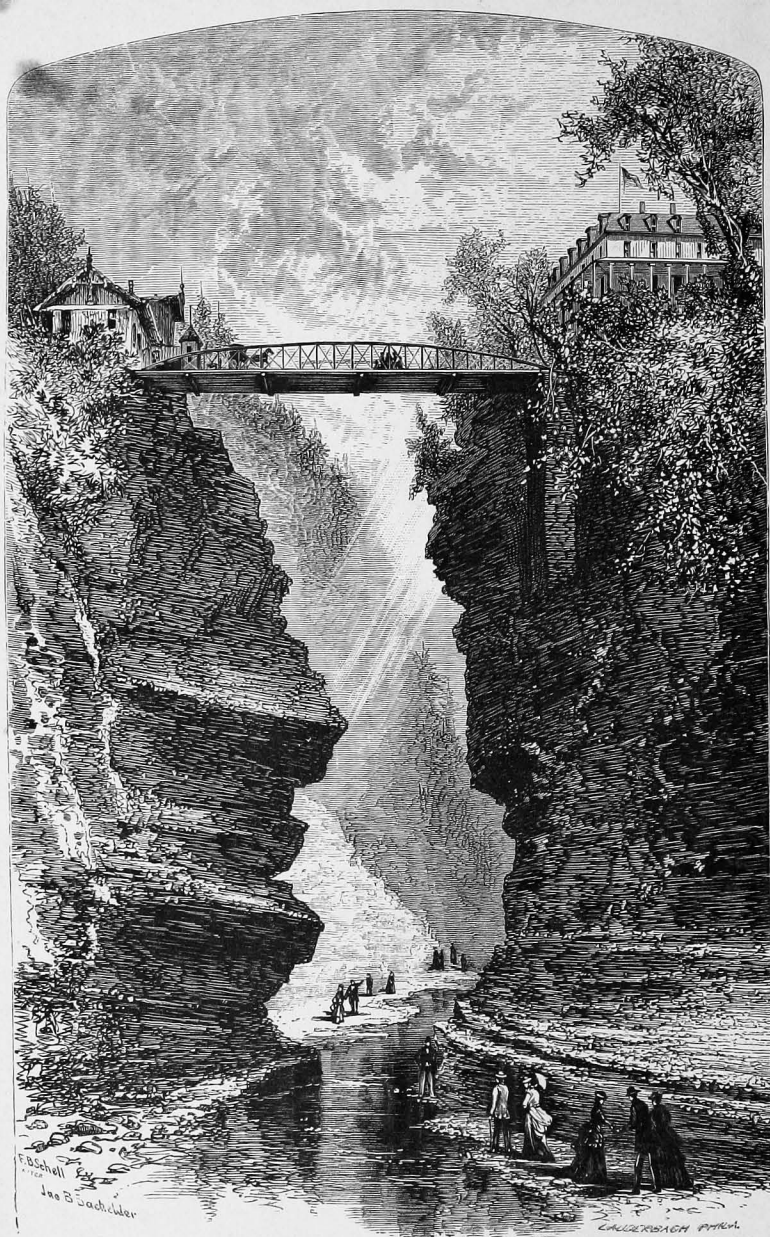
And in

Canadian Cities

GLEN MOUNTAIN HOUSE,

WATKINS GLEN, N. Y.

MANAGED IN CONNECTION WITH THE GLEN.

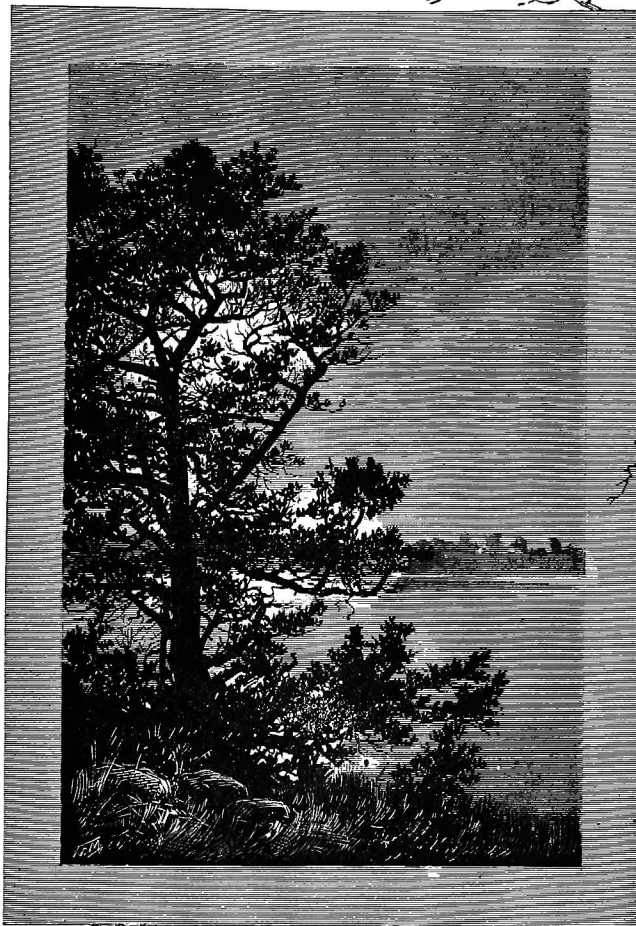


FACILITIES INCREASED AND SURROUNDINGS IMPROVED FOR THE SEASON OF 1884.

Watkins Glen is reached from the Thousand Islands via the Utica & Black River R. R. to Utica and thence to Geneva upon the N. Y. Central R. R., or from Cape Vincent via the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg R. R. to Syracuse and thence to Geneva, where steamer upon Seneca Lake meets trains, and affords a picturesque voyage of forty miles to Watkins upon this lovely inland sheet of water.

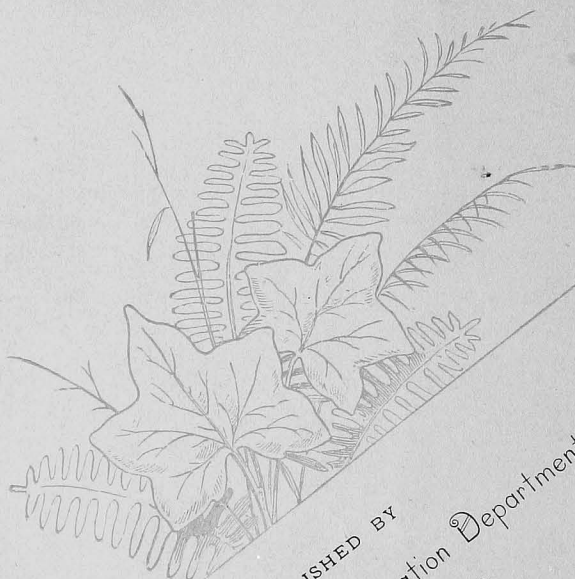
Parties desiring to engage rooms please address

A. J. MICHENER, PROPRIETOR.

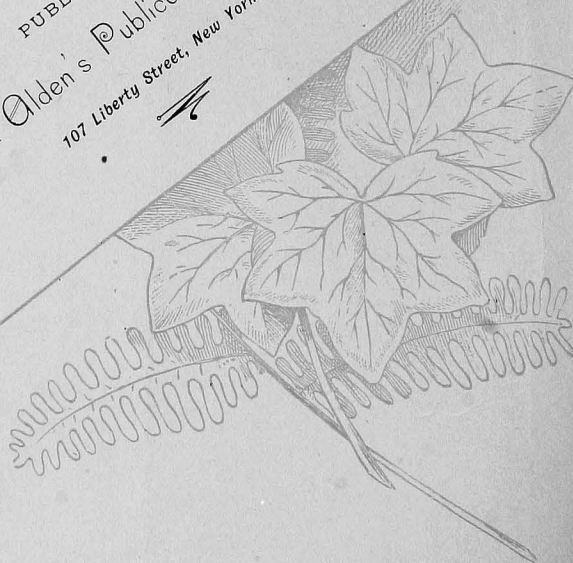


Leve & Glantz Pub. Dept. N.Y.

"Nature never did betray
 The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
 Through all the years of this our life, to lead
 From joy to joy; for she can so inform
 The mind that is within us, so impress
 With quietness and beauty, and so feed
 With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
 Rash judgments, nor sneers of selfish men,
 Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
 The dreary intercourse of daily life,
 Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
 Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
 Is full of blessing."



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GLIMPSES
OF
St. Lawrence
Summer
Life



AMONG
THE ISLANDS,
DOWN
THE RAPIDS,
AND
IN CANADIAN CITIES.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED
BY
FRANK H. TAYLOR.
1884.

 *IN breaking literary ground for rearing the structure of a book descriptive of the nature of summer-life upon the St. Lawrence River, the writer admits a sense of keen satisfaction in the work at hand.*

Writing with a pen somewhat given to random dissertations upon things and places, both North and South, where the pathways of pleasure-travel are trod the hardest, one might easily drop into the sin of hackneyed phrases.

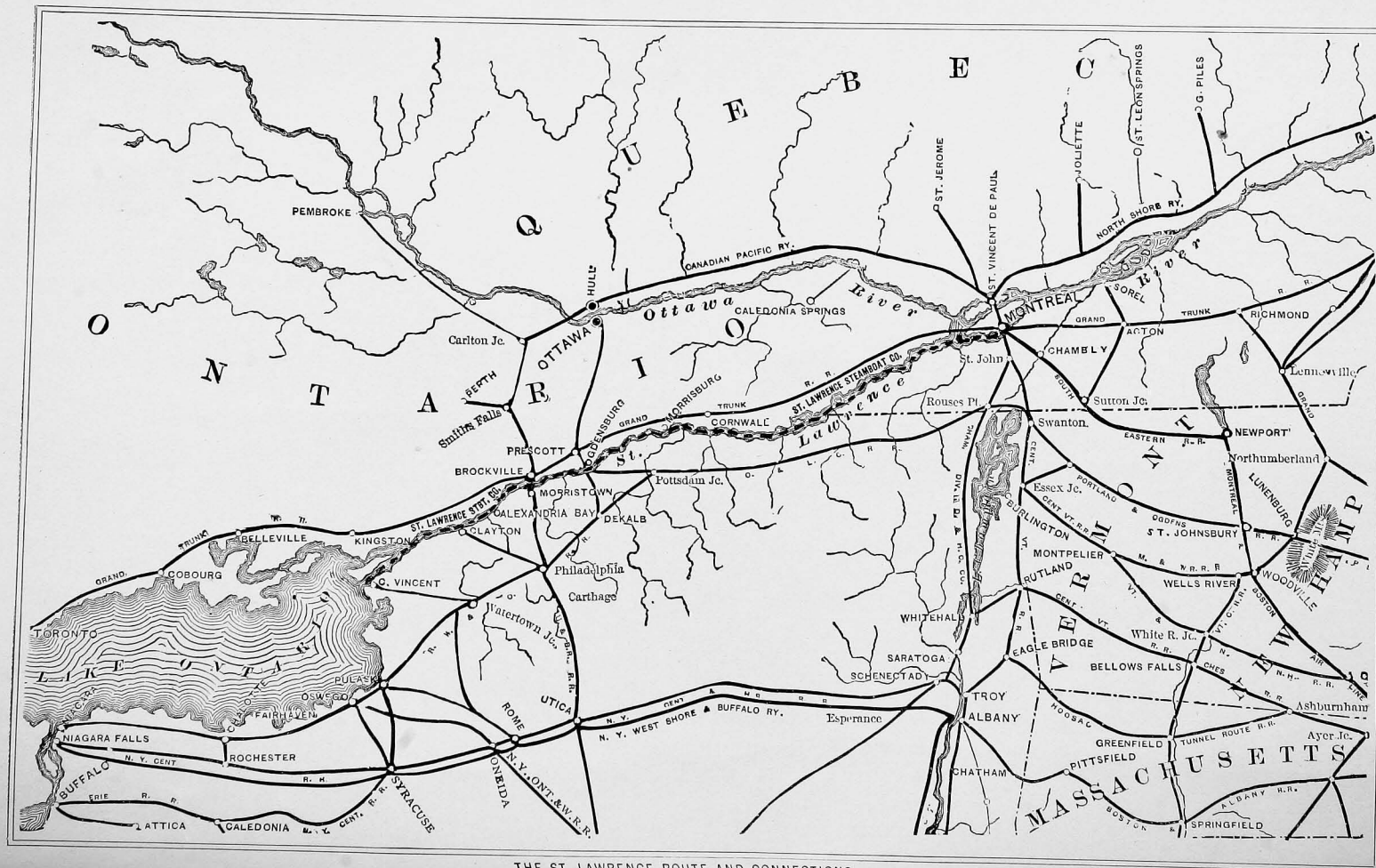
There is no inspiration in the sky of the gray December day upon which this is written, and memory, which ever responds in pleasurable sympathy to thoughts of dog-day experiences among the Thousand Islands, can scarce be trusted to presently set forth in proper relief the many individually unimportant but collectively vital minor incidents which go to make up the grand total of our theme. It is fortunate, therefore, that the present work is but the compilation and harmonious dovetailing of many memoranda pencilled under the fleeting inspiration of the hours of which they tell, while our pictures are the faithful reflex of photographs and sketches then and there made.

The pages to come may, therefore, be trusted to fairly tell their tale, and to give the stranger, who floats for the first time down the broad and limpid outflow of the lakes, a foretaste of the glories which await him.

Perhaps, too, there may be some things new to the old habitué, and, doubtless, there are many good things left untold, for want of room, or by the oversight of one who was, not long ago, himself a stranger to this most wondrous and varied of American summer resorts.

THE AUTHOR.

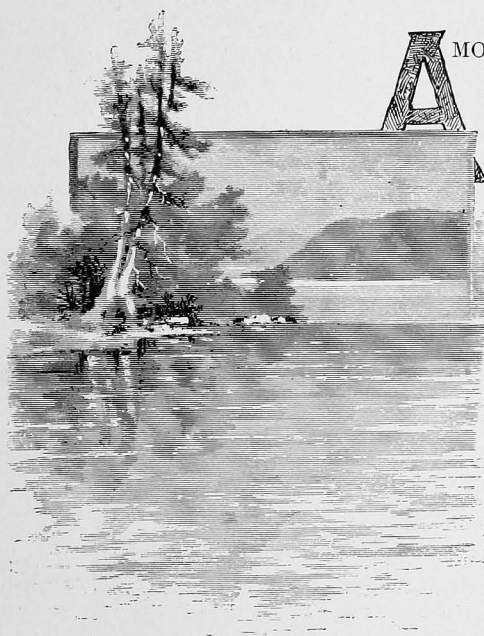
NEW YORK, Dec. 15th, 1883.



THE ST. LAWRENCE ROUTE AND CONNECTIONS.

THE ST LAWRENCE RIVER.

" Dame Nature once, while coating well
This fiery mass o'er which we dwell,
Had surplus left of ends and outs.
These masses vast in ruin thrown,
By streamlet worn and moss o'ergrown,
In winrowed heaps lie hereabouts."



AMONG the possibilities in which the "coming man" may rejoice during his tender years, there is room for a "geography of resorts." There is no other subject upon which the average American is so ill-informed as that of the general location of the pleasant and wonderful places of our land.

Perhaps we should not expect too much of this present generation, for only just now are we beginning to appreciate and make use of the marvelous richness of scenery with which our country is crowded. There seems little excuse, however, for the very general haziness of knowledge which I have been pained to discover as to the quarter of the globe in which the Thousand Islands are located, or even where the peerless St. Lawrence stretches its shining and jeweled length, whence its source and whereunto it flows.

I have heard fellow-travelers plan to spend one and the same day at Niagara Falls and Alexandria Bay. I have been asked if the St. Lawrence was in Maine, and if Mt. Desert was not the largest of the Thousand Island group; while a very large number of people are firmly of the belief that all of the islands are below Montreal. One—only one—very fresh traveler once inquired of me if foot-bridges connected *all* of the islands.

From the foregoing it will be seen that the most important and foremost feature herein contained is the settlement of exact location.

Know, then, that the St. Lawrence River is the volume of the overflow of Lakes Superior, Michigan, Huron, Erie and Ontario, together with that of all their bays and tributary rivers. Its course is in a general northeastern direction.

From the point of its *debouchure* from Lake Ontario to the crossing of the 45th parallel at Cornwall, it forms the boundary line between New York State and the Province of Ontario, Canada, a distance of eighty-five miles. For a further distance of a trifle more than four hundred miles it leads through the Canadian provinces of Montreal, Three Rivers and Quebec. The final two hundred miles, or nearly all of that portion below the City of Quebec, is practically a vast sound, varying in width

from six or eight to thirty miles. The reader is here referred to the table of distances to be found upon another page.

Our present undertaking deals chiefly with that portion of the river of the greatest interest to the tourist, all of it above Montreal and embracing the Thousand Islands and the series of rapids.

The St. Lawrence River presents some features which are unique. Being the outflow of the great inland seas, its water is always perfectly pure. It is never subject to floods. Its attractions as a resort for angling and fishing with the spoon are now efficiently protected by law, while the vast depths of Ontario and the efforts of the St. Lawrence Anglers' Association give assurance that the supply of game fish will not be appreciably diminished in coming years. The prevailing winds during the summer season sweep down upon the islands purified by their passage over the resinous Canadian forests and over the wide expanse of the lake, reaching the nostrils of the happy islanders dry and bracing and cool.

It has been noted by observant visitors that among the islands in the mid-summer season there is no dew at night, although upon the mainland, a mile or so back from the river, it is at times quite heavy. This fact is explained in the same manner as the existence of the well-known thermal belt along Niagara River, where, upon a narrow ribbon of land along the stream, the frost never kills the peach germs, being disturbed and prevented from forming by the current of air, sometimes almost imperceptible, induced by the moving of the stream.

Among the islands of the St. Lawrence, and especially the portion above Wellsley Island, the great width of the river, averaging some nine miles, reduces the current to a pace hardly noticeable. It is sufficient, however, to prevent the dew from forming upon the contiguous land.

This is a land of rocks and rills. There are no malarial wastes of standing water, and even the pestiferous mosquito, when he *does* appear, which is only after unusual periods of wet weather, loses the confidence and frisky assurance which has made him the terror of the Jersey coast.

The Thousand Island region is practically an estuary of Lake Ontario, projected from its eastern extreme, and thickly strewn with rocky islets of all shapes and sizes covered (as a journalistic friend of mine recently put it in the *New York Times*) with Christmas trees. The actual number of the islands, when considered as fragments of soil or rock projected above the surface of the water, is dependent largely upon the slight effect of a dry or a wet season, a fall of a foot in the depth of the river adding very materially to the count. In the Treaty of Ghent the islands are officially stated as numbering 1692.

Between and among these thread innumerable channels, here pouring a swift and crystal tide through some pent-up chasm, and there forming in deep, stilly pools much loved by the wary black bass, 'neath the shadow of some castellated crag.

These every-varying features, and the constant change of vista afforded the voyager, overflowing at every turn with unexpected instances of those combinations of water, land and sky which we recognize as beautiful, these make up the charm and glory of the upper St. Lawrence River.

Much has been said by a multitude of writers concerning the rapids of the St. Lawrence, down which the large and staunch passenger steamers daily perform their exciting and apparently perilous descent. These rapids are seven in number, and are divided by intervals of smooth waters and broad lakes. Between the passage of the Long Sault and the Lachine there is an interval in voyaging down stream of about five hours.

The return is made by all craft around the rapids through a series of costly canals.

Montreal is built at the immediate head of deep water navigation, and her wharves are busy with the loading and unloading of many huge transatlantic steamships.

The international boundary line along the upper river is laid in midstream, thus dividing the islands. While many of the most charming islets, bays and channels are to be found upon the Canadian side, the artificial beauties are almost entirely confined to the American Islands. Here are all of the large summer hotels, and here, ranging a score of miles, are the lovely and costly villas of our merchant princes, and the less

pretentious cottages of the summer dwellers-at-large. Provincial conservatism has lately been broken through, however, and the beautiful wilderness across the line, where the best fishing, the finest camping, and the most satisfactory refuge from civilization is found, will soon become peopled with a large cottage population from the Canadian cities. Last season a considerable number of islands were leased at auction by the Canadian Government for a period of twenty years, at a small annual rental, subject to renewal at the pleasure of the lessee.

People loiter late upon the porches in the hammock or drifting in boats 'neath the dangerous witchery of the moon, and are astir early in the morning. Six hours of sleep seem plenty in this fresh and exuberant atmosphere.

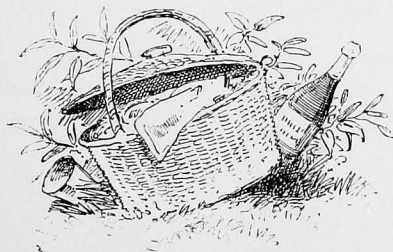
If you come from the West, you will be on board the *Rothsay* at Clayton just as the sun has fairly thrown off the rosy drapery of his couch, and touching at Round Island, Thousand Island Park, Central Park and Alexandria Bay, within the next hour you will find the pretty skiffs or convenient steam yachts of scores of cottages waiting to capture and bear away among the islands their happy, newly-arrived guests, and you are indeed fortunate if you are numbered among these.

There is a strange enchantment in the stilly mornings here. The city, its pressing cares, its hurry, heedless, and often heartless strife for supremacy, seem far away, and as unreal as a troubled dream that is past. Sometimes the voices of nature hint to us that here is the true life to lead, that all else is dross and a delusion. What more could the heart wish, indeed, than to live as the birds live, in perpetual summer, following with those one loves these still and restful mornings southward, dreaming still under their potent charm when mid-winter finds them smiling among the palm-groves of the Bahamas?

There are voices upon the mainland, half a mile away; the many farm-sounds come over to us in mellow yet distant waves of sound. The *thud, thud*, of oars in row-locks from four or five miles off among the islands can be caught by a quick ear, and the rumbling of a train along the Grand Trunk Railway, twelve miles distant, seems to come from just across the channel.

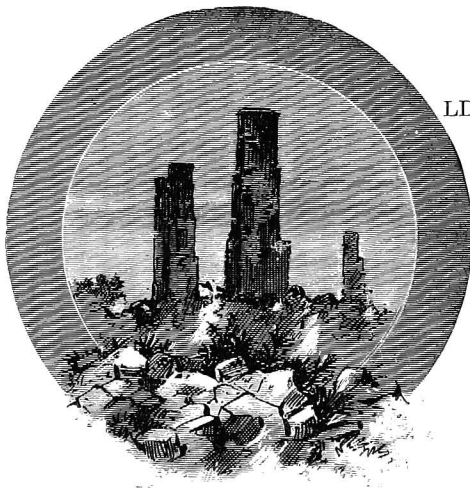
The umber smoke of a passing steamer stains the pure canvas of the morning sky for an hour afterwards, and its swell rolls up with lazy but loud plashing along the rocks of yonder bay, long after the disturbing cause has disappeared down the American channel.

In front of the hotels the boatmen are busy with their boats, stowing away all of the concomitants of a day's fishing according to the ethics of the region. Each boat contains two, besides the oarsman. Early breakfasts are in order for those who are going fishing. Let us make ready for the day's sport!



A MORSEL OF HISTORY.

"The sea of fortune doth not ever flow ;
She draws her favors to the lowest ebb.
Her tides have equal times to come and go,
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web."



CHIMNEYS AT CARLETON ISLAND

LD things are always attractive, but, nevertheless, Americans are fond of taking their history in homeopathic doses.

The present has the inestimable value of *now*; the future is rich with the unworked veins of opportunity, but the past is only useful in the warning it gives to ambition, the lessons it proclaims of wasted effort, the rise and decline of peoples, the shifting of money centres through the centuries, and the grand examples of patriotism by which the structure of this Republic has been reared, and through the contemplation of which we may value our birth-right and hand down the institution of Freedom to coming generations intact and purified.

There comes to every reflective mind in hours of leisure a furtive wish to know something of the tradition of such regions as this; of the tribes that two centuries ago held these islands and fought their small but bloody wars here.

There is, too, in such border regions as this, a woof of romance in the attrition between those who live under different flags. Conditions become critical now and then. Bill Johnstons arise, demagogues harangue, statesmen confer, diplomats lie to each other, forts are reinforced, but after all, somehow, war is not quite fanned into being.

The embers seem dead ashes now, and we all heartily wish that they shall remain so.

But little more than two centuries ago the island region was the debatable ground between warring and relentless Indian nations. That populous and rich agricultural region known to us as Jefferson County, is reputed a rich field to the antiquarian. (*) Its hills still bear the faint scars of defensive works.

The Iroquois, known later as the "Six Nations," held the rich territory of Central and Western New York. The Adirondacks, more savage and aggressive, filled the mountains. The Algonquins and Ottawas occupied Eastern Canada, while the Hurons ranged through the wilderness more to the westward and north of Lake Ontario, then known as Lake Frontenac.

In the summer of 1673, Fort Frontenac, a strong blockhouse and trading-post, was established at the present site of Kingston by the illustrious count of that name, and regular communication maintained with the French post at Niagara.

In 1689 the hostile attitude of the Iroquois, now masters of Canada, made this fort untenable, and it was blown up, together with a considerable fleet of vessels, by the commandant, M. DeValvenes, who retreated down the river to Montreal.

* The Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, page 1.—Hough.

Upon the return of Count Frontenac to Canada the following autumn, he at once caused the fort to be rebuilt.

This book is made up of letters written chiefly from Canada, by an adventurous explorer, the Baron de Lahontan, during the years from 1683 to 1695, "to an old relation on account of assistance given." (*)

Lahontan's book was first printed in Dutch at the Hague, and afterwards translated into English. It was read by the Europeans with great interest, and long held a high place as an authority upon Canadian matters.

We may fairly suppose that our beautiful islands were once the scenes of many cruel and barbarous scenes of pillage and murder.

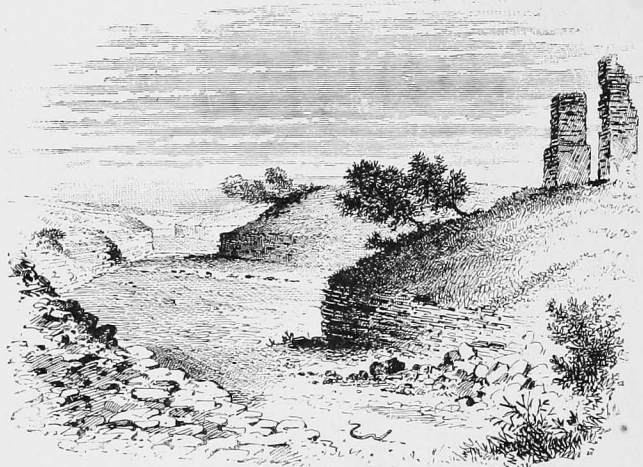
It was the custom with French explorers and traders in returning down the rapids, after having toiled up stream by the same route, to compel Indian prisoners to precede them in canoes in order to show them the channel. The vicinity of the rapids was a favorite place of ambush between the warring nations, and many bloody fights have occurred there.

Even in Lahontan's day the navigation of the river and great lakes was no new thing. Traders, explorers and Jesuit missionaries had long traversed Lake Frontenac, keeping along the shores in batteaux, and a strong fort had been established at

*Some New Voyages to North America.—Baron de Lahontan. Loaned by S. B. Hance, Esq., of Cape Vincent, N. Y.

Niagara, and kept in frequent communication with that at Frontenac. A great trade in peltries had arisen, and many of the colonial merchants were becoming wealthy from this source.

In 1678, Daniel Graysolon DuLuth had penetrated the whole lake system to the point now occupied by the thriving city bearing his name. Twenty years earlier than this, two illiterate traders, named Groseiller and Redisson, passed this way and reached the western shore of Superior. They, however, made no maps and kept no records of their voyage. After Hennepin, who first navigated the upper Mississippi, and DuLuth



THE TRENCH OF OLD FORT ON CARLETON ISLAND

came LeSueur in 1683, who built a trading-fort upon Lake Pepin, and in 1687 a very good map of regions north and west of Lake Superior had already been made by an expert topographer named Franquelin. To all of this vast territory, where trade was just beginning to assert itself, the majestic St. Lawrence was the commercial as well as the aqueous outlet.

The St. Lawrence was originally known as the Great River of Canada,

and was also known by the names of Cataragui and the Iroquois. The name it now bears was bestowed upon it by the explorer Jacques Cartier, who first penetrated its mouth upon the festival day of St Lawrence.

Nearly opposite Cape Vincent, upon the head of Carleton Island, are extensive remains of a fortress. The huge stone chimneys still standing awake the curiosity of the passing stranger.

The origin of this work was for many years ascribed to the French, but it has now been definitely established that the work was that of the English, quite a century after the rebuilding of Fort Frontenac. Fort Carleton stands upon a commanding plateau looking towards the blue waters of the lake. Projected from its base is a peninsula which spreads to the right and left like the letter "T," thus forming two charming bays. Upon this projection are built several pretty cottages and the summer club-houses of merry coteries from Utica and Ithaca. Against the rocky exposure, facing the lake, the blue waters lash themselves into foam, while the little bays that wash the natural base of the fort are as calm as a mirror.

The American Channel is at this point nearly or quite two miles in width. The dreaded "Feather-bed Shoals" are spread like coral reefs over most of its width, proving anything but a feather-bed to the unhappy mariner who strikes them. The deep water is close under the shadow of the fort. Its admirable site will thus be appreciated.

It presents to the visitor who climbs the steep acclivity the appearance of a scientific work. Its trench is cut upon three sides deep into the rock, the material removed being used to level up the space beyond. A wide, open plain upon one hand and impracticable cliff upon the other, would render the task of a storming-party a hard one.

Several huge stone chimneys, the only features seen from the river, still mark the site of former barracks and cook-houses. A single oak timber of the sallyport still bridges the trench; hardy shrubbery grows where the officers' quarters stood, and a well, wide and deep, hides truth beneath tons of debris, thrown into its open mouth by generations of wide-mouthed yokels and careless travelers. We are told that

beneath the clear waters of the north-west bay we may see the frame of a gunboat, scuttled and sunk here once upon a time. The view from the grassy earthwork is superb. The wide beginning of the St. Lawrence is all before us, and far beyond rests Ontario. Cape Vincent shimmers in the summer heat five miles away. Fishing parties dot the shoals, clouds of white canvas are spread from the tall spars of trading schooners, and, perchance, a grain steamer from Detroit stains the horizon with the black vapor from her soft-coal fuel.

It is a good place to be upon an August day, and yet I will not urge picnickers to go there, for they are the natural foes of all that is strange and interesting, and will carry off the stones of the old Fort fast enough. Some of them have within a few years tripped up several of the fine chimneys.

During the war of 1812-14, both the British and Americans created formidable fleets of war-ships upon Lake Ontario, and at the close of the conflict still others were in course of construction. The treaty stipulated that neither nation should maintain more than a single armed vessel of one gun upon the lake, and the costly fleets, which never met in strife, were given over to the slow but sure destruction of time. At Sackett's Harbor, the chance visitor might have seen until a few months since the giant hull of the frigate New Orleans still upon the stocks, after a lapse of seventy years. Last winter the huge hull fell over while workmen were engaged in its demolition, killing several of them. Military and naval operations upon the river, by either nation, have never proven either very effective or profitable; and although great flotillas have passed with their panoply of war down among these islands more than once, they have added no lustre to the pages of history. A certain halo of romance seems to linger around the story of the "Patriot" war of '37-8, when an effort was made upon both sides of the line to coerce Canada into the folds of Uncle Sam. The best-remembered incident connected with this small war, is the burning of the Canadian steamer *Sir William Peel*, in the American channel, below the present "Jolly Oaks," by "Bill" Johnston and his followers. The *Peel* was a passenger vessel, and was burned in retaliation for the capture and destruction of the steamer *Caroline*, in Niagara river, by Loyalists.

The island region was scoured by both British and American troops in pursuit of the incendiaries, but Johnston eluded them from June to November, when he and some of his partisans were imprisoned for a short time. His political sins seem to have been forgiven him, however, for he was in late years keeper of the Rock Island Lighthouse, at the head of the American channel.

The absurd and somewhat sanguinary "Battle of the Windmill," referred to elsewhere, occurred in the same year as Johnston's crusade.

Upon old maps of Northern New York the name of Castorland appears. It was a city upon paper located eight miles north of Lowville upon the Utica and Black River Railroad, where trains stop for meals, and, indeed, still figures as a station upon the time-table of that line.

In or about the year 1793, a French traveler named James D. Le Ray de Chaumont, came to the St. Lawrence. He was doubtless one of the same family of Protestant Chaumonts of which a member was saved from the galleys, through the humane influence of Voltaire, whether he had been condemned for religion's sake.

This traveler was concerned in the promotion of an ideal colony, the prospectus issued in Paris which set forth in the most glowing terms the splendid future of the region, under the influence of which many French people, like their countrymen, who pinned their faith to George Law's greater Louisiana bubble, either emigrated to this promised land or freely bought its bonds. The fever for emigration, too, was, undoubtedly stimulated by the disordered political conditions surrounding the throne of Louis XIV., and which in that year resulted in his execution. Chaumont, who verified his own faith in the region by coming hither with his family, has done much to impress his individuality upon the river in the names he bestowed upon leading points, and which are still preserved.

Alexandria Bay was named by him after a daughter, and here, it is recorded, that J. D. Le Ray (the Chaumont having been dropped under republican influences) built the first tavern in 1818.

Cape Vincent was named in honor of the son of de Chaumont, and Theresa after another daughter. Chaumont Bay perpetuates the memory of the enterprising Frenchman himself.

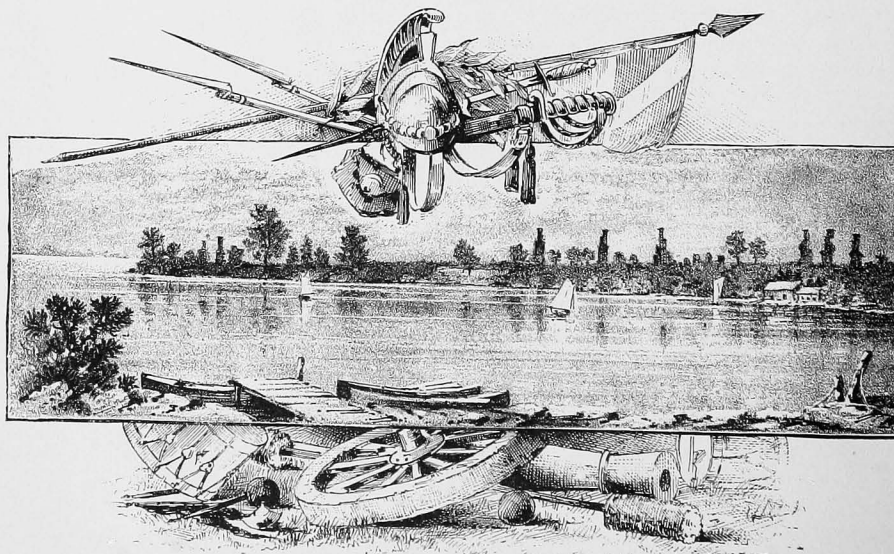
The village of Clayton, originally French Creek, was called Cornelia until 1823, when it was re-christened Clayton, presumably in honor of the Delaware senator of that name.

The writer is especially anxious that these designated notes upon the local history of the river, connected as they are by golden threads of romantic fact with much of the stately annals of European thrones, should be correct as far as they go, and therefore begs that readers possessed of well-authenticated fragments of history bearing upon by-gone days along the river, or who detect inaccuracies in the foregoing, will communicate with him, to the end that this chapter in future editions may become more valuable and instructive to the reader.

The era of hotels, park associations and cottages for summer occupation is comparatively recent. Fifteen years ago the only point that was at all known outside of the local population as a place of resort upon the river was Alexandria Bay. The old Crossmon House was then very often over-full, and the villagers all took in lodgers. Then the new and handsome Crossmon was begun, and soon after the Thousand Island House was built by O. G. Staples, who continued to manage it until last season. The origin and progress of the several park associations is sketched elsewhere.

Each year witnesses the rearing of scores of costly and beautiful villas upon coigns of vantage, and island property appreciates rapidly in value. There are now few better or safer investments for people with money in hand, than wisely-selected building sites upon the American islands.

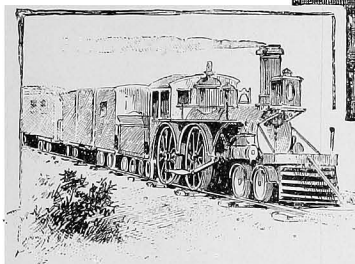
The pleasure-seeking and money-spending citizens of the great West have taken a decided fancy to the St. Lawrence, and are the foremost in the promotion of improvements. A thorough and systematic advertising of the picturesque claims of the river has been undertaken, more especially by Messrs. Leve & Alden, the projectors of the now well-known "New American Line" of steamers, and this, together with other influences, may be safely counted upon to largely increase the volume of travel each successive season: and who shall undertake to foretell the brilliant future, when thousands who are as yet strangers to our enchanted islands shall yet build their summer nests in their midst?



OLD FORT—VIEW FROM GROUNDS OF THE UTICA CLUB

FROM NIAGARA FALLS TO CLAYTON.

Beside Ontario's leaping tide,
Past bay and creek and town,
Through wood and field, we swiftly ride
To the river flowing down.



VIA THE STEAMBOAT EXPRESS.

THE Steamboat Express, which is a part of the through route via the St. Lawrence River to Montreal, leaves Niagara Falls every evening except Saturday at 7.50, and brings travelers over the Lake Shore Division of the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railroad and a short section of the Utica and Black River Railroad from Philadelphia Junction, to the thriving town of Clayton, at 6 a.m.,

making close and certain connection with the steamer *Rothsay*, of the "American Line."

The sleeping cars used upon this line are exceptionally comfortable, having no upper berths.

As many travelers prefer making their transits by daylight, a short description of this route is in order.

VIA CAPE VINCENT.

The morning express train eastward passes down along Niagara River, through the historic little town of Lewiston, and then keeps eastward, skirting the southern margin of Lake Ontario, affording many pleasant glimpses of the comfortable and prosperous home life of the farming population of Western New York. At Charlotte, the port of Rochester (which large and beautiful city is only seven miles inland), the mouth of the Genesee River is crossed upon a massive iron drawbridge. A short distance beyond the train crosses the sand bar which guards the entrance of Irondequoit Bay, a place of popular resort from Rochester, famous for its fishing. Parties desiring to stop over here will find good fare and boats with fishing tackle at the "Sea Breeze" or "Newport."

A stop of forty minutes is made at Oswego, where dinner may be had at either the excellent Lake Shore Hotel, at the depot, or at the Doolittle, up-town, famous for its "deep rock" water.

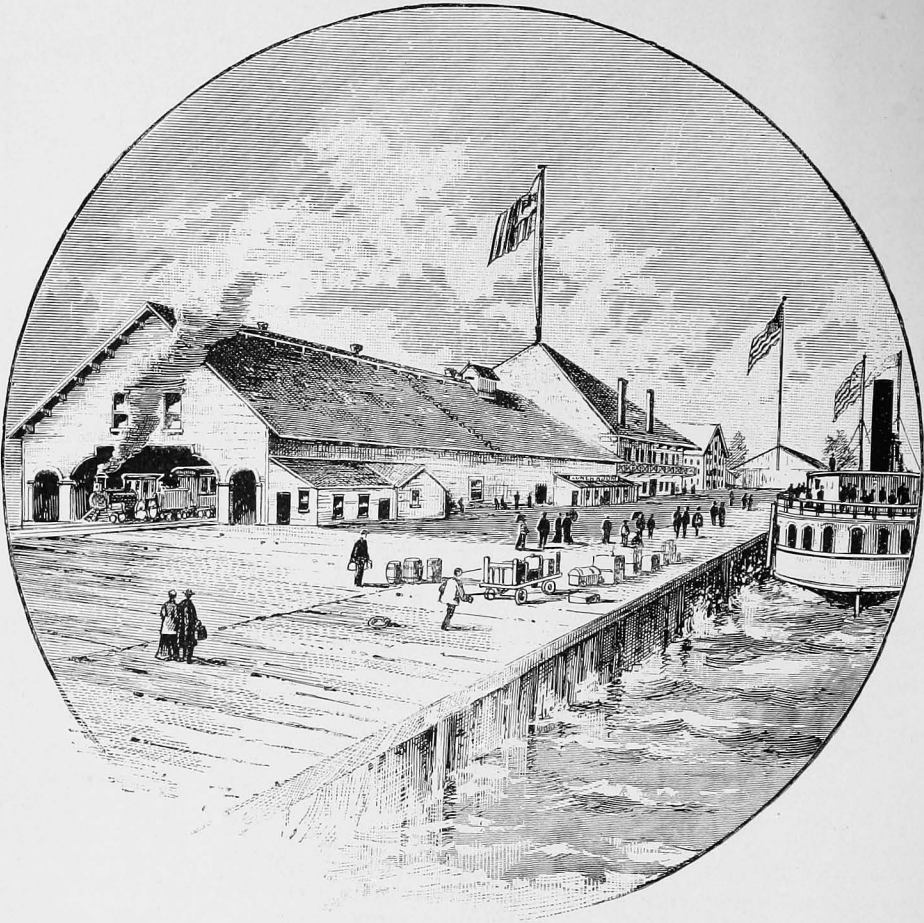
Oswego has many attractions in reserve for the chance visitor.

Continuing eastward a junction is made at Richland with the train upon the Syracuse Division. The next important place is Watertown, which deserves more than a passing notice.

Watertown is one of the prettiest and most enterprising of the cities of northern New York. Its name is characteristic. A superb water-power is furnished by the impetuous and rock-bound Black River, which courses down from the hills, and in passing through the city develops one of the finest cascades in the State. Just below, a rather picturesque suspension bridge affords a near view; but a more extended scene, with the fall and bridge for a central feature, may be enjoyed from the windows of the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg Railroad trains going northward, just as they approach the depot.

The business portion of Watertown fronts on a large open space, wisely reserved by the founders of the town "for public uses forever."

Watertown has an "arcade," once a popular feature in many towns of the State.



THE R. W. & O. DEPOT, CAPE VINCENT

Broad and shady avenues lead away from the square, and many of the houses of the citizens are very costly and ornate.

Paper-mills, carriage-factories, a sewing-machine works, vacuum-brake works, and a number of flouring mills and machine shops afford employment for a great deal of capital and a large force of operatives.

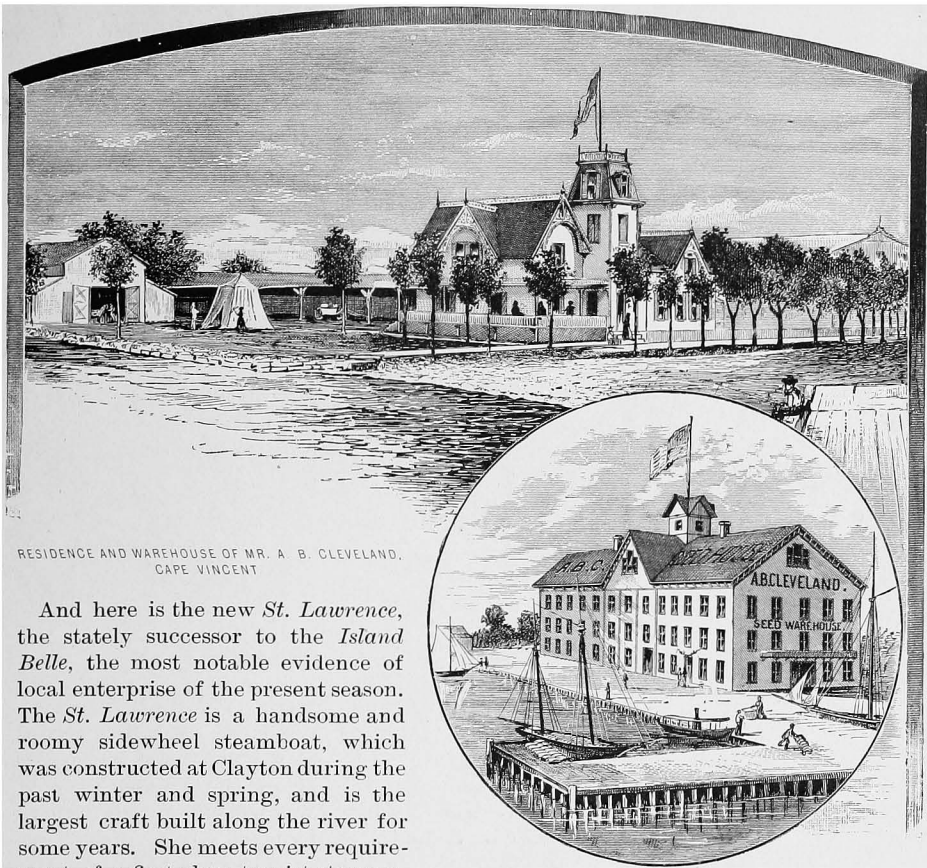
The Kirby House, less than two squares from the depot, and the Woodruff, are both good hotels, and as Watertown is upon the direct pathway of a large tide of summer travel, they know how to take good care of tourists. The Kirby has a free carriage at the depot.

From Watertown the main line of the R., W. & O. R.R. leads eastward via Philadelphia Junction (connecting by rail with Clayton) and Redwood (connecting by stage with Alexandria Bay, seven miles distant,) to Morristown and Ogdensburg.

We are, however, going now in another direction, and after a short hour's ride over the Cape Vincent Branch, are set down upon the edge of the St. Lawrence, just where the lake pours its breeze-tossed waters into the lap of the great, island-dotted channel.

The depot building is a long structure, over one end of which the vertical red stripes of the United States customs flag flutter saucily. There are several steamers at the wharf, one of them is the *Maud*, which is waiting for passengers to Kingston, Canada, which is a dozen miles away across the islands.

The Cape Vincent Hotel is conveniently located at the depot.



RESIDENCE AND WAREHOUSE OF MR. A. B. CLEVELAND,
CAPE VINCENT

And here is the new *St. Lawrence*, the stately successor to the *Island Belle*, the most notable evidence of local enterprise of the present season. The *St. Lawrence* is a handsome and roomy sidewheel steamboat, which was constructed at Clayton during the past winter and spring, and is the largest craft built along the river for some years. She meets every requirement of a first-class tourist steamer, and will do much to increase the popularity of this route.

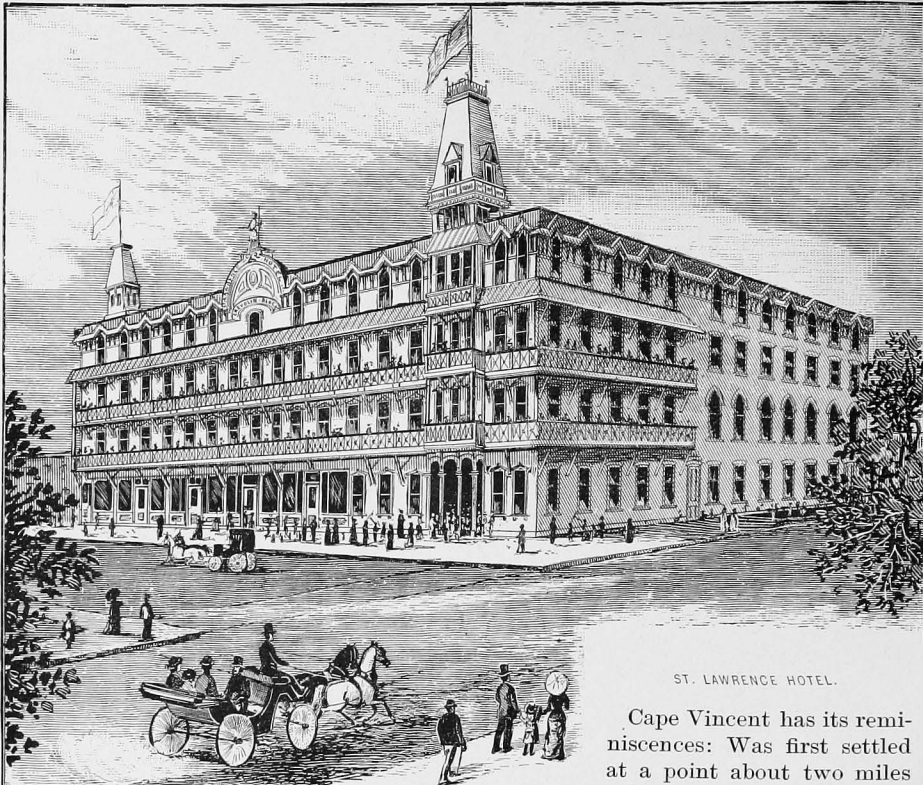
No, we must not go on board yet; let us wait over at least one boat and take a look at Cape Vincent. Perhaps you fancy you've seen it from the car windows as you came into the station, but you haven't. Its a curious and pleasant town. Its shady main street wanders along for a mile or more undecided as to just where to find a spot for that vital point, the center of the place. Pretty homes, churches and stores are scattered all along. But finally we come across the newly built Crevolin House, and catch a glimpse of the handsome Rathbun down the street leading to the river, and then we know we are *in medias res*.

Under the enlivening influences of summer travel, and the well-known fact that "the Cape" is one of the best fishing points upon the river, the pleasant little town is growing visibly. Old hotels have been glorified with new paint, refurnished and enlarged, while the new house built by the energetic Crevolin, standing upon the site of *St. Lawrence Hall*, destroyed by fire last winter, will add largely to the former liberal capacity of the place for entertaining strangers.

The Rathbun House, managed by Messrs. H. L. Fox & Son, has long enjoyed a favorable reputation as a cool and pleasant summering headquarters for city people.

The most prominent feature of the water front, as seen in approaching the town, is the great white warehouse of Mr. A. B. Cleveland, the seedsman. It is located upon a projection of the land protected by a strong wharf. An extensive business in fancy peas and beans for seeding purposes. The product from this warehouse is in demand, not only all over the United States, but in many foreign lands.

Close beside the warehouse stands the pretty cottage of Mr. Cleveland, whose grassy lawn reaches to the water's edge.



ST. LAWRENCE HOTEL.

Cape Vincent has its reminiscences: Was first settled at a point about two miles below the present railroad depot. The first house was built by Abijah Putnam in 1801. Some traces of the old village site are yet to be found. In 1804 Mr. Putnam sold to John Macombs and Peter Sternberg, who at once drew the plans for a town. The names of the streets running parallel with the river were Water Street, First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth and Seventh streets. At right angles with these were Green, Montgomery, Herkimer, Washington, Jefferson, Clinton and Hancock. The town was laid out in the form of a parallelogram, with a public square of five or six acres in the center, with public buildings on the upper side facing the river. It was a very pleasant locality, but under the influence of LeRay the site was abandoned and the present village located in 1811. For many years a block-house stood on the abandoned site.

In 1818, however, came an increase to the population in the shape of several prominent French families, who became involved in the downfall of Napoleon, and made Cape Vincent their place of refuge. We have no present means of arriving at the names of all the French settlers of that period, but among them were Count Real and his son-in-law General Rolland, Camille Arnaud, Jermaux, Pigeon, and Louis Peugnet.

They do say that the project was mooted by these worthy retainers of the fallen conqueror to bring him hither, if possible, from St. Helena, but they probably concluded that it would have been too close to British territory.

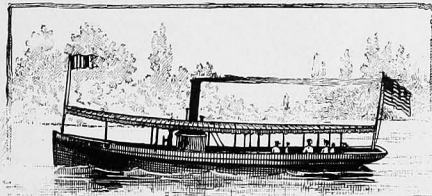
The new steamer *St. Lawrence* makes two round trips daily between Alexandria Bay and Cape Vincent, the former being the starting point.

The boat leaves the Cape at once upon arrival of both the morning and evening trains. Crossing the broad channel she passes close under the shadow of Carleton Island, thus avoiding the dangerous Feather-bed Shoals, above which the white caps roll angrily when the wind blows in freshly from the lake.

The sixteen miles voyage to Clayton gives the stranger but little evidence of the great summer population to be found below Clayton. There are but few cottages in view until the rounded promontory of Prospect Park is passed. The most notable exception is at "Woodlands," where the large and costly villa owned by Mrs. T. N. Howard, of New York, stands upon the green hillside half smothered in its rich environment of verdure.

Clayton is a compact and busy place. It presents its very worst front to the stranger coming from up the river, who will, if allowed to go away upon the hurrying boat still influenced by his baleful first impressions, hardly commend Clayton as a summer resort. It would be money in Clayton's pocket if she would demolish a few of the rickety warehouses along her front and repair some of the ancient wharves, in short, if she would "dress up for company." If the stranger will only go ashore, however, and acquaint himself with the neat and shady streets, and try the fare at either of the excellent hotels—the Hubbard, Walton or West End—he will be led to think far better of the bright little town and its busy people.

Clayton is the northern terminus of the Utica & Black River Railroad, and through sleepers arrive here every morning from Niagara Falls—as already noted—and also later in the morning from New York, which is only thirteen hours distant via Utica and Albany.



THE U. & B. R. ROUTE.

The sky there blushes a rosy tint,
Where rays of sunshine the morning glint;
And the sheen of the moon, when evening bends,
In brilliant lustre to earth descends.
The stars then glitter with gayer beams
When night lets her drapery fall in dreams,
And the links that fetter our fancy break
As we gaze on the wonders, but half awake.



ASLEEPING-CAR leaves New York from the Grand Central Depot every evening except Saturday during the year, attached to the 9 p.m. express, and going north and west via Albany, reaches Utica at 5 a.m., where it is attached to the 5.15 a.m. express train upon the Utica and Black River Railroad. In the summer season it goes through to Clayton. The balance of the year it is taken to Lowville, the breakfast station. By taking this car, New Yorkers are brought through to the river in thirteen hours, or returned to New York in a little more than the same time.

Passengers going north upon the "West Shore" route are transferred across the city of Utica by coach in time to connect with this early train.

The U. & B. R. route touches Trenton Falls which, by virtue of its great beauty, should be as well known as Watkins Glen or Ausable Chasm, but is but little visited, its present proprietor doing nothing to urge its claims upon the public, beyond the comfortable entertainment of those who chance to stop, and for whose convenience a coach is usually on hand to meet trains, and a day devoted to the precipitous cañon of Trenton creek will not be spent in vain. Alder Creek, Boonville and Port Leyden are points from which hunting and trouting parties usually enter the "big woods" upon the western water-shed of the Adirondacks.

At Lowville the passenger may safely count upon a most excellent meal; the coffee, that important factor of a breakfast, being uniformly good.

Carthage, a large and active place, is the point of junction with the Watertown division of the road, which continues on to Sackett's Harbor, which is still a garrison town for United States troops.

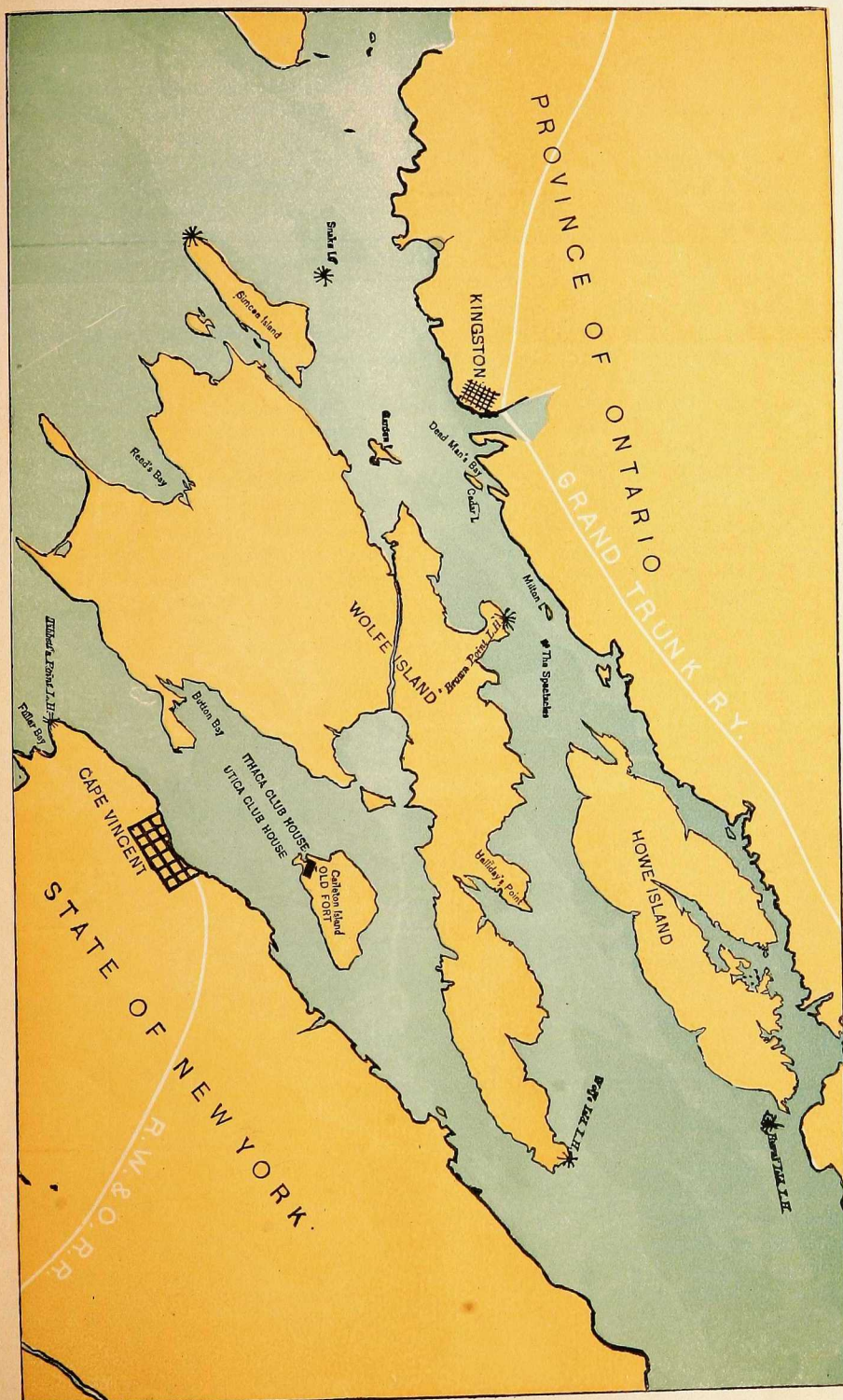
At Theresa Junction the Clayton branch diverts river travel from the main line, which continues on to Ogdensburg.

Upon arrival of the train at Clayton passengers will find the carriages of the several local hotels in waiting, and those bound down the river leave at once upon the steamer *Maynard*. The ferry-boat *Puritan* also leaves for Gananoque, making the Grand Trunk Railway connection.

Many Western readers, coming Eastward, wish to visit Watkins Glen as well as the Thousand Islands. It will save time and travel for such persons if they will go eastward to Geneva (upon the Auburn Division of the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R.), and thence by steamer upon Seneca Lake to Watkins.

From Watkins to the Thousand Islands the most direct route is by steamer to Geneva, and thence by N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. to Syracuse, and north to Cape Vincent over the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg R. R., or to Utica and north upon the Utica & Black River R. R.

A pleasant round trip from New York reads via Watkins to Niagara Falls, and



No. 1.—NEAR CAPE VINCENT AND KINGSTON.

thence eastward to Clayton upon the R. W. & O. Steamboat Express, or via Toronto upon the Grand Trunk Railway, reaching the islands at Gananoque.

Thousands to whom the beauties of Watkins Glen are familiar, are pleased to renew their experiences of past years, and the millions who are yet to see the marvelous Glen are coming in increasing numbers each successive season.

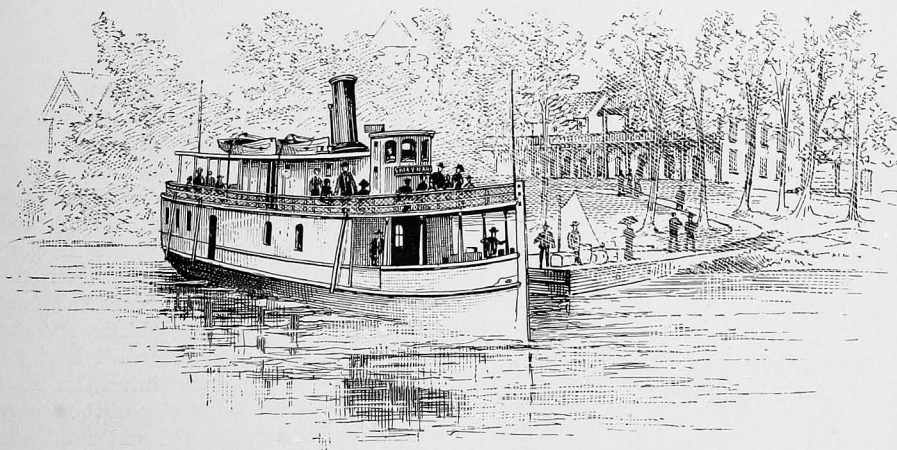
For the leisurely traveler from New York, one of the most charming of possible trips northward is the following:

Via the West Shore to Kingston, upon the Hudson, thence westward over the Ulster & Delaware R. R., penetrating the southern and western Catskills to Stamford. The ride throughout is extremely picturesque. At Stamford excellent livery arrangements are made to take passengers to Cooperstown Junction, a pleasant ride, over good roads, of twenty-one miles. Teams thus engaged connect with the train from Cooperstown Junction to Otsego Lake, arriving at the Cooper House at 6.30 p. m.

All who visit historic Cooperstown testify gladly to the beauty of its environment, charm of its traditions, so beautifully given the world by the gifted novelist, J. Fenimore Cooper, whose "Leather-Stocking" tales are largely located in the vicinity of this, his home.

Pleasuring Americans, too, are not slow to appreciate the excellence of the famous Cooper House, now under the popular management of its owner, the veteran hotel man, Mr. S. E. Crittenden.

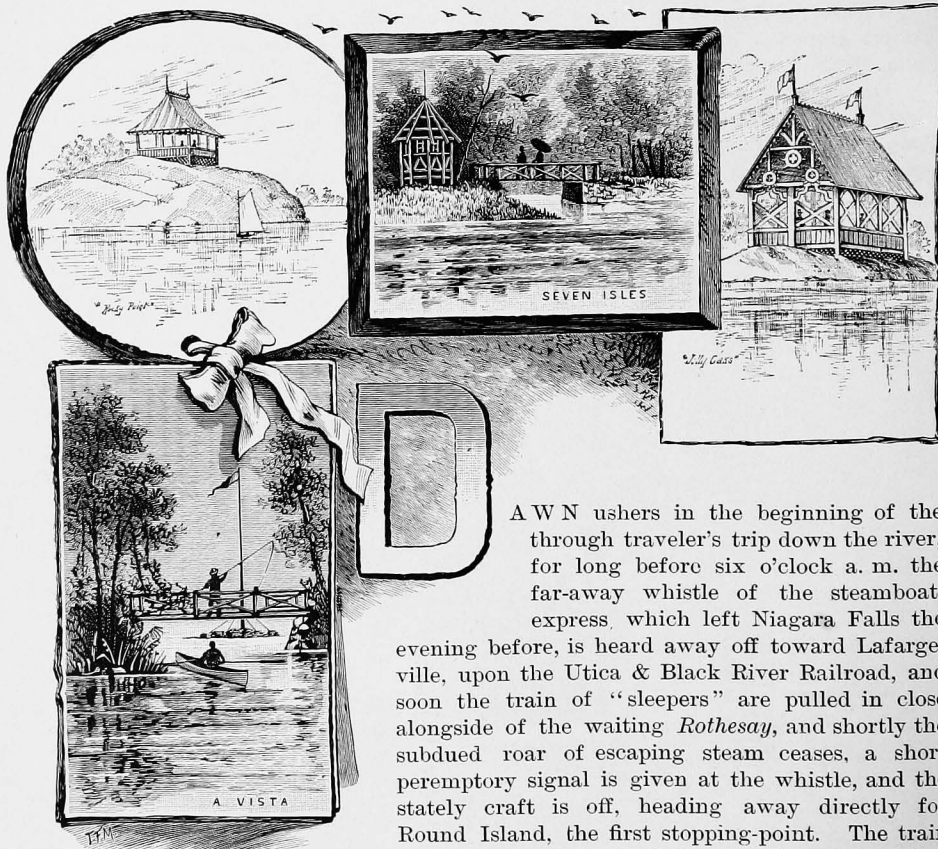
Otsego Lake is the peer of any among the lake gems that are found in Central New York. Its waters are pure and deep, its fish gamey, and its glades cool and wild. Stop here a few days if you can, and then go up the lake upon one of the swift little steamers, taking a conveyance to Richfield Springs, another well-known lake-side resort of this region, which is connected with Utica by rail. Thence to the Islands is a direct run over the U. & B. R. R. R., as herein set forth.



THE "MAYNARD."

FROM CLAYTON TO "THE BAY."

Grandly flowing! grandly flowing!
 To the sea,
 Is a river, noble river,
 Dear to me.
 Here the native once his quiver
 Formed of bark,
 And the Mohican his war-cry
 Raised at dark.
 Here the wild deer swam the waters,
 Terrified;
 And the red man from his bark-boat
 Pierced its side.



DOWN ushers in the beginning of the through traveler's trip down the river, for long before six o'clock a. m. the far-away whistle of the steamboat-express, which left Niagara Falls the evening before, is heard away off toward Lafargeville, upon the Utica & Black River Railroad, and soon the train of "sleepers" are pulled in close alongside of the waiting *Rotheray*, and shortly the subdued roar of escaping steam ceases, a short peremptory signal is given at the whistle, and the stately craft is off, heading away directly for Round Island, the first stopping-point. The train load of passengers takes full possession of the roomy cabin, stowing their impedimenta in the office of the baggage-master, and are now ready to take in the exhilaration of the bracing morning atmosphere, and make up their minds whether or no the vaunted Thousand Islands are all that they are claimed to be.

Now is the time to look over your maps and read your guide.

First, let it be understood that all of the land you can see to the left is made up of islands, one overlapping the other along the distance until they

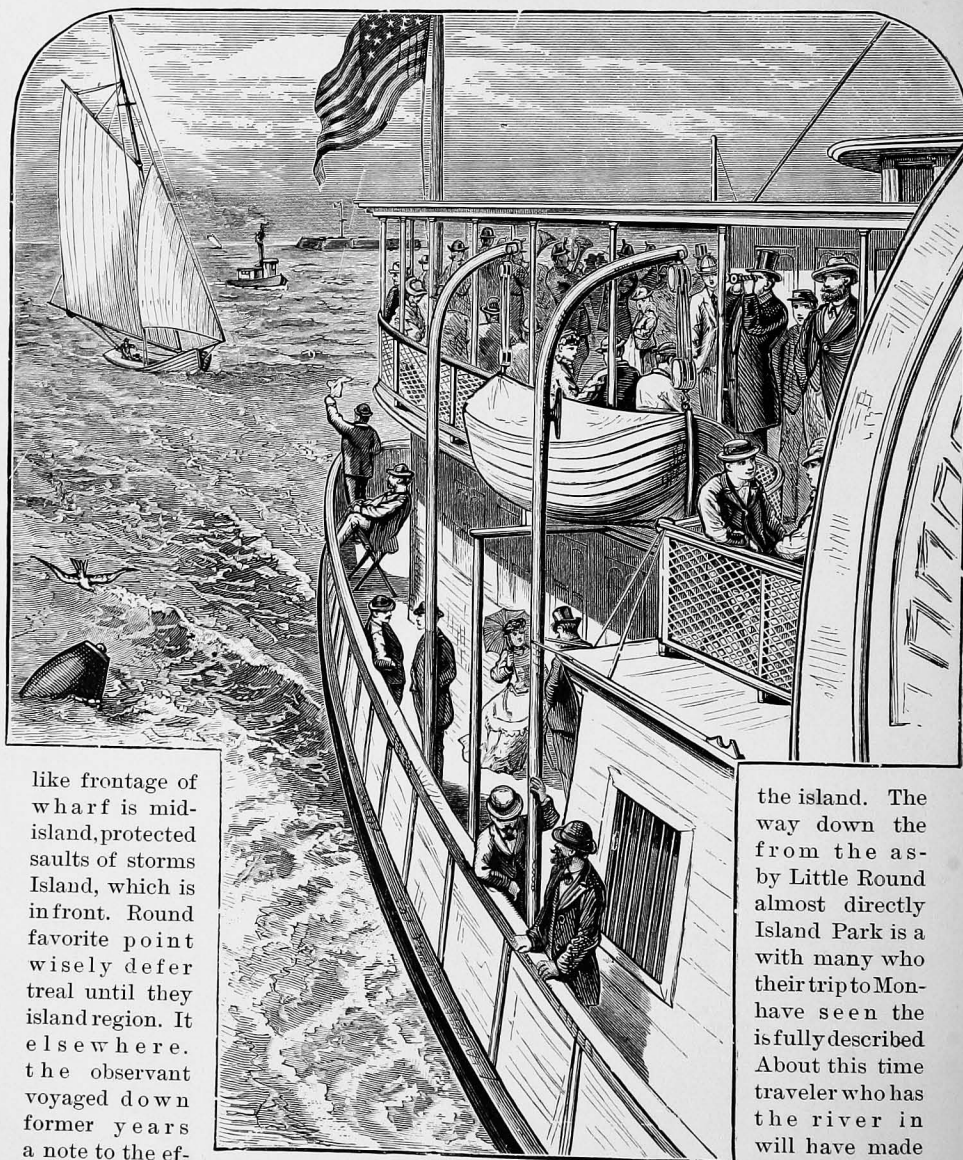


CALUMET ISLAND.—SUMMER HOME OF MR. CHAS. G. EMERY

give the impression of being continuous coast line. Not so; they are threaded by many devious and charming channels.

The rounded promontory astern, just above Clayton, upon the mainland, is Prospect Park, which will no doubt, some day be well dotted with summer houses. The cottage upon Calumet Island, immediately opposite Clayton, is that of Mr. Chas. G. Emery of New York City, and above it is ex-Lieut.-Governor Alvord's place.

As Round Island is approached the graceful proportions of the large hotel in its centre is revealed through interstices in the dense foliage along its shores, and beginning with "Ethelridge," the cozy property of Dr. Geo. D. Whedon, of Syracuse, there is a charming succession of pretty, brightly-painted cottages all along the cliff-



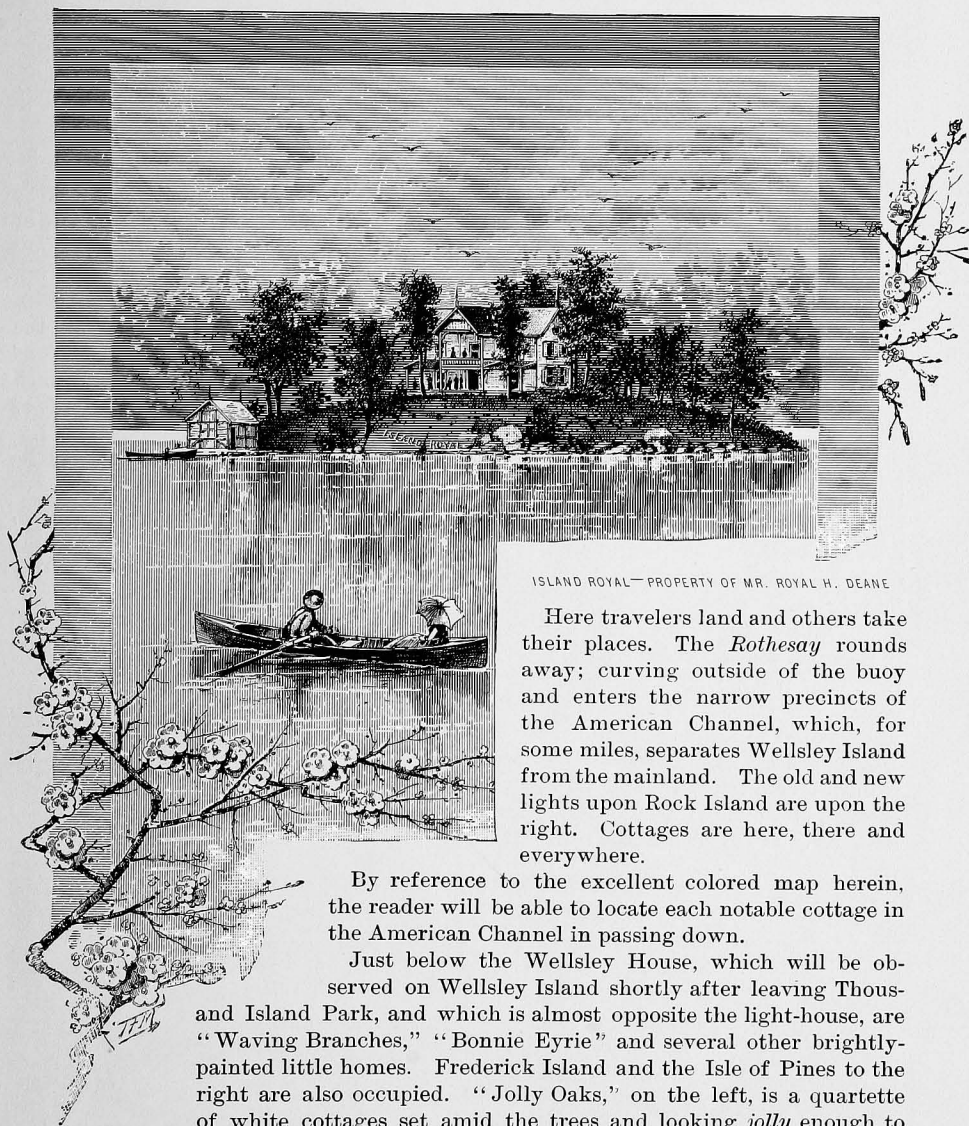
UPON THE STEAMER "ROTHSAY."

like frontage of wharf is mid-island, protected saults of storms Island, which is in front. Round favorite point wisely defer treat until they island region. It elsewhere. the observant voyaged down former years a note to the effect are done upon

according to the demands of the fastidious American travel. These are straws which go to show the intention upon the part of the management to make this route worthy

the island. The way down the from the as- by Little Round almost directly Island Park is a with many who their trip to Mon- have seen the is fully described About this time traveler who has the river in will have made fact that things the *Rothsay*

of high commendation; for instance, you will discover that coffee is ready in the dining-room which is on the upper deck in the roomy "after" portion of the cabin. Better take a cup just after leaving Round Island, as breakfast can be deferred to advantage until after "the Bay" is passed. Then hasten upon deck or you will miss the fine view of Thousand Island Park and the clustered islands in its vicinity.



ISLAND ROYAL—PROPERTY OF MR. ROYAL H. DEANE

Here travelers land and others take their places. The *Rothsaya* rounds away; curving outside of the buoy and enters the narrow precincts of the American Channel, which, for some miles, separates Wellsley Island from the mainland. The old and new lights upon Rock Island are upon the right. Cottages are here, there and everywhere.

By reference to the excellent colored map herein, the reader will be able to locate each notable cottage in the American Channel in passing down.

Just below the Wellsley House, which will be observed on Wellsley Island shortly after leaving Thousand Island Park, and which is almost opposite the light-house, are "Waving Branches," "Bonnie Eyrie" and several other brightly-painted little homes. Frederick Island and the Isle of Pines to the right are also occupied. "Jolly Oaks," on the left, is a quartette of white cottages set amid the trees and looking *jolly* enough to tempt any passer-by ashore.

An ornate pavilion occupies a small rock in the stream just here, and another is seen upon a headland half a mile below.

Glenwood Heights is upon the mainland, and just below the wide waters of Swan Bay is Central Park, with its handsome "Cottage Hotel" and half-dozen villas among the trees.

"Point Vivian," a considerable community of cottagers, is also upon the mainland, and immediately opposite is Island Royal, crowned by a fine cottage. This is the property of Mr. Royal H. Deane, of New York. From the elevated porch of this cozy

establishment a view unsurpassed upon the channel may be enjoyed. Mr. Deane and his family have long been summer residents upon the river.

At the lower end of Densmore Bay, which indents Wellsley Island at this point, are the "Seven Isles," a most romantic spot, which one must needs explore with a row boat to discover its hidden charms.

"Bella Vista," a large and costly place, is now noted upon the right, distinguishable by its square tower and ultra modern style of architecture. It is owned by M. J. Bosworth, a Milwaukee gentleman of wealth and artistic taste, now a resident of Newport, R. I.

Perched upon the cap of a cliff stands the villa of Hon. D. C. Labott, of New Orleans, known as "Louisiana Point."

The tall tower looming above the trees of a mid-stream island ahead, is the large villa upon Comfort Island, owned by Mr. A. C. Clark, of Chicago.

A small white cottage upon a rocky and shadeless island is chiefly noted as "Warner's," from the remarkable success of the owner in the manufacture and sale of certain medical specifics.

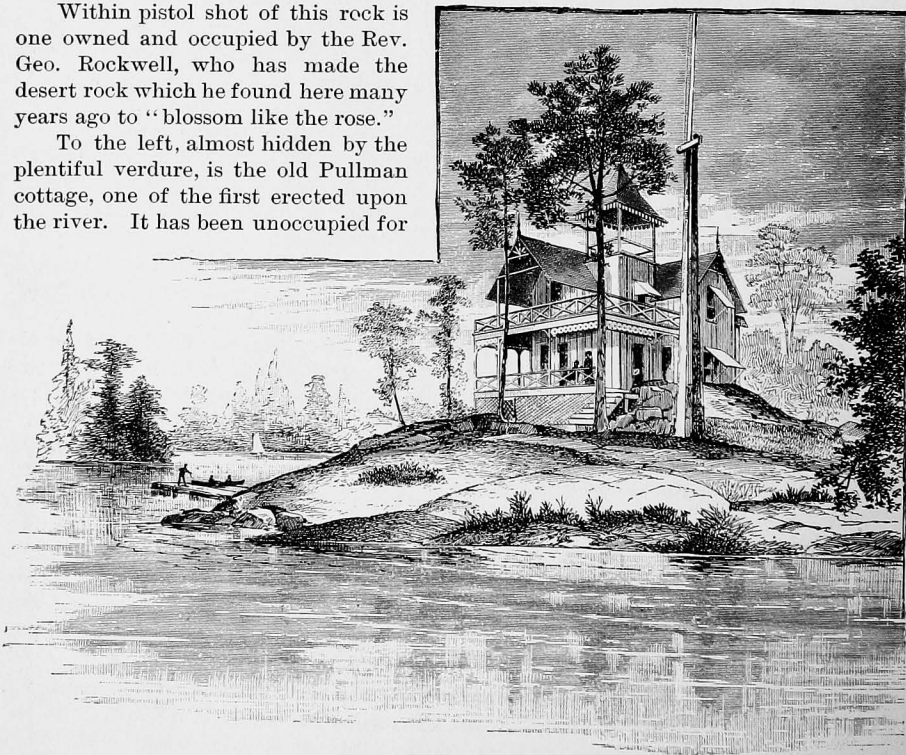
"Wau-Winet" stands just below Clark's, and beyond this the Devil's Oven looms up, the latter the property of Mr. Henry R. Heath the owner of Nobby Island. With commendable taste and public spirit, this gentleman has caused to be built for the convenience of visitors a good landing-place, and walk excavated in the solid rock of the precipitous eastern side. This path leads to an ornate rustic pavilion, which crowns the highest point of the islet and is one of the most effective adornments of this portion of the river.

The Devil's Oven owes its somewhat uncomfortable title to a small cave at its lower end sufficiently deep to quite conceal an ordinary skiff.

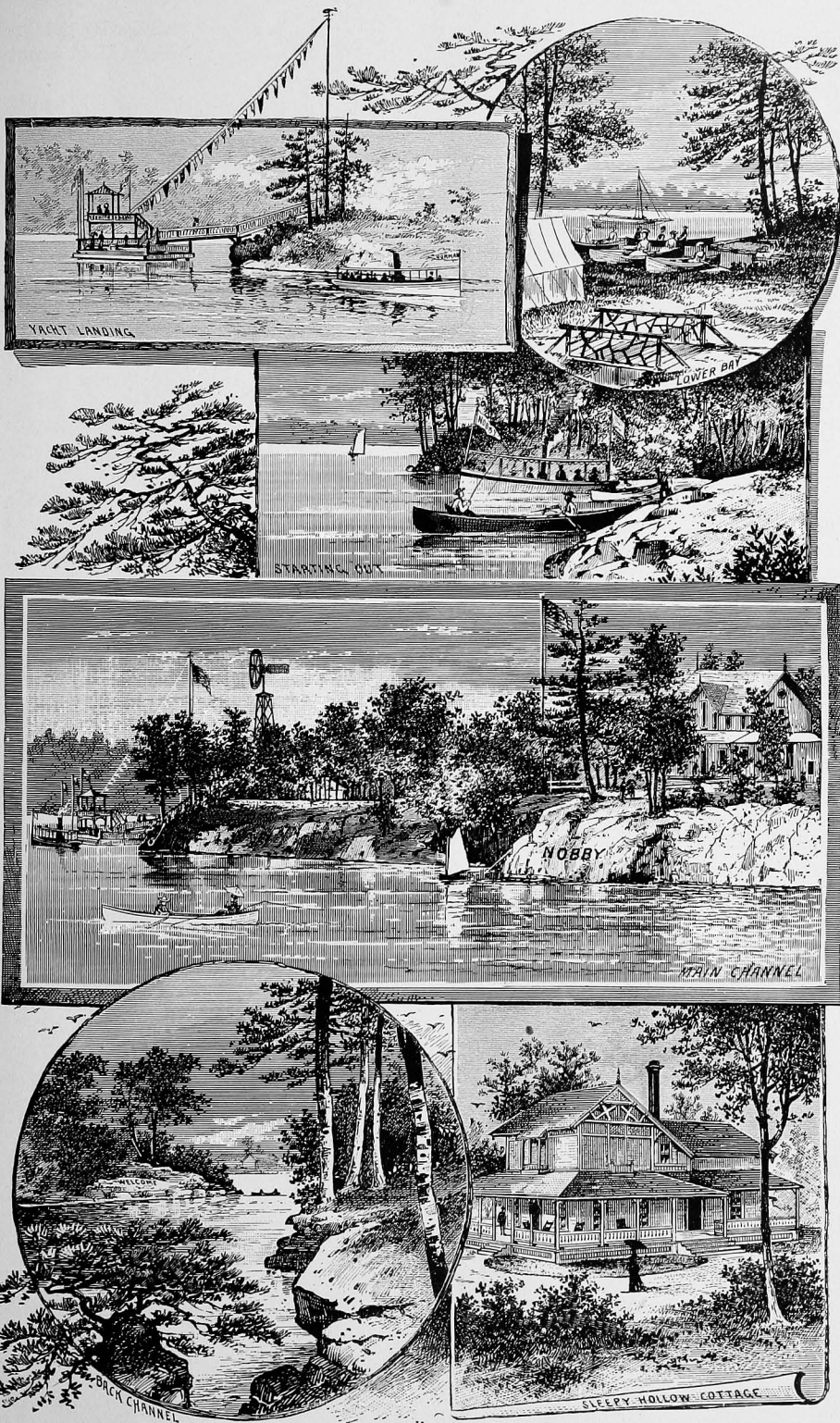
The place is not, as one might suppose from its name, a superheated bakehouse, devoted to the cremation of unlucky sinners, but upon the contrary, is one of the most charming places along the channel in which to while away a breezy midsummer hour or so.

Within pistol shot of this rock is one owned and occupied by the Rev. Geo. Rockwell, who has made the desert rock which he found here many years ago to "blossom like the rose."

To the left, almost hidden by the plentiful verdure, is the old Pullman cottage, one of the first erected upon the river. It has been unoccupied for



COTTAGE OF REV. GEO. ROCKWELL.



GLIMPSES OF NOBBY ISLAND—SUMMER HOUSE OF MR. H. R. HEATH.

several seasons. In former years it was the scene of many notable and festive gatherings, the chief of which, probably, was the *fête* given in honor of General U. S. Grant during the term of his Presidency.

Within easy hail down stream is Nobby Island. It hides modestly behind Friendly Island, which is unoccupied. There it is, the one from which is projected a handsome, white dock, with ornate railing, miniature pavilion, and a sloping bridge leading thereto.

Nobby Island is owned and occupied by Mr. Henry R. Heath of Brooklyn. The small cottage upon the rocky crown of the island is the pioneer summer home of the "Bay," having been built by its present owner in '71, in the confident belief that the island region would some day become a famous resort for cottagers.

Islands now worth thousands of dollars were then sold for from five to ten dollars each, and the purchaser of one or more was in imminent danger of gaining an unpleasant reputation for unheard of extravagance.

Nobby Island comprises about two and a half acres. A miniature valley, full of dancing lights and shadows upon a sunny day, reaches across the head of the island. Mr. Heath has just completed a new and roomy cottage, and doubtless in "Sleepy Hollow" he will court successfully a long continuance of the comfort, and dispense in years to come, the same kindly hospitality for which Nobby Island is famed.

To the west of Nobby stands Welcome Island, owned by Mr. S. G. Pope, of Ogdensburg. A pretty cottage stands in its centre, which is finished within in hard-woods, with fine artistic effect—a labor of love with its owner, who, in the pursuit of his occupation as a builder, has constructed many of the most costly properties upon the river.

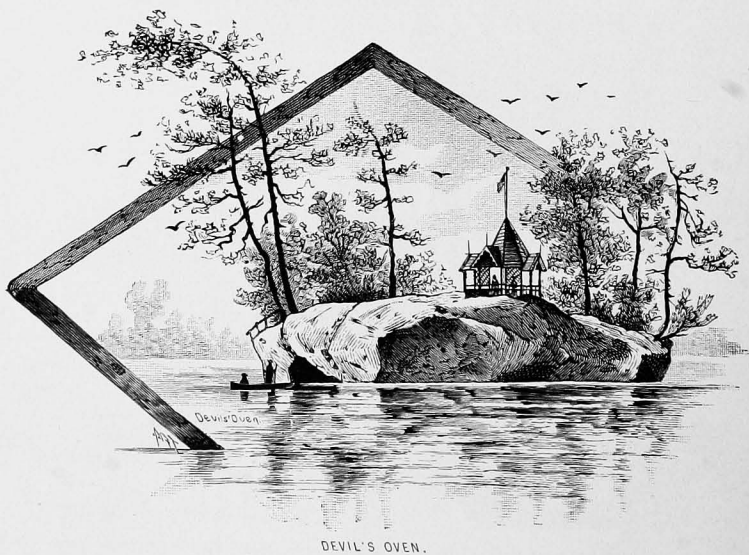
A notable property passed by the steamer just before reaching the "Bay," and the last in the channel, is that of Mr. Albert B. Pullman of Chicago, known as Cherry Island.

Cleveland Point, upon the mainland just west of the "Bay," has been laid out by Mr. J. M. Curtis of Cleveland, into building lots, and will soon develop into an attractive "park."

A prominent cottage improvement which has been made within the past year is seen upon Maud Island, of which we present a full-page illustration. This handsome cottage was built last season by R. A. Livingston, Esq., of New York, who occupies it for the first time this season, and has re-christened his place "Linlithgow Island."

As the *Rothsay* rounds up to her dock at Alexandria Bay, the wealth and variety of picturesque surrounding, in which the natural and artificial are so happily blended, almost bewilder the new comer, whose imagination must be vivid indeed if he has conjured from the recesses of expectation anything half so beautiful.

The huge and shapely hotels loom up close beside the water, and sable representatives of each lay in wait for the coming tourist upon the wharf. No omnibuses here.



DEVIL'S OVEN.

THOUSAND ISLANDS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

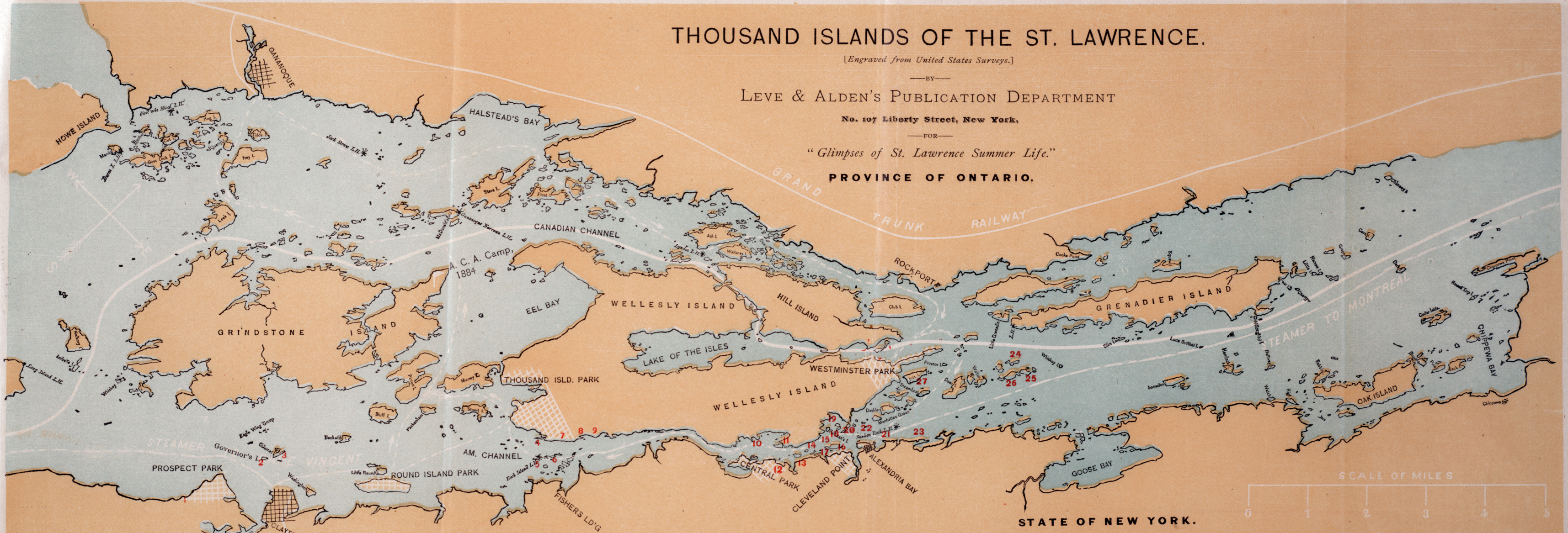
[Engraved from United States Surveys.]

—BY—
LEVE & ALDEN'S PUBLICATION DEPARTMENT

No. 107 Liberty Street, New York,

—FOR—
"Glimpses of St. Lawrence Summer Life."

PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.



REFERENCES.

Broad white line, thus —————
represents the national boundary line.

Through and local steamers — — — — —

Daily route of the "Island Wanderer" - - - - -

LOCAL DISTANCES.

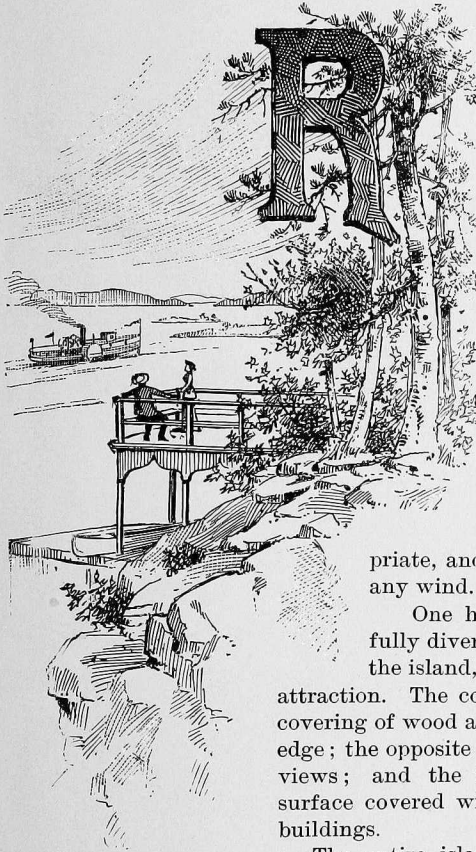
Clayton to Alexandria Bay	10 miles.
" " Round Island	2 "
" " Thousand Island Park	4 "
" " Gananoque	8 1/2 "
" " Cape Vincent	16 "
" " A. C. A. Camp	5 "
" " Prospect Park	1 "
Alexandria Bay to Westminster Park	1 "
" " Central Park	2 "
" " Rockport	3 "

NAMES OF POINTS INDICATED BY FIGURES IN RED.

1. WOODLANDS	Mrs. T. N. Houard, New York.	17. WAU WINET	C. E. Hill, Chicago.
2. GOVERNOR'S ISLAND	Ex-Lieut.-Gov. T. G. Alvord.	18. NOBBY ISLAND	H. R. Heath, New York.
3. CALUMET ISLAND	Mr. Chas. G. Emery, New York.	19. WELCOME ISLAND	S. G. Pope, Ogdensburg.
4. ROCK ISLAND LIGHT-HOUSE	head of American Channel.	20. LINLITHGOW ISLAND	R. A. Livingston, New York.
5. OCCIDENT AND ORIENT	E. R. Washburn, New York.	21. BONNIE CASTLE	Holland Estate.
6. ISLE OF PINES	Mrs. E. N. Robinson, New York.	22. ISLE IMPERIAL	Mrs. H. G. Le Conte, Philadelphia.
7. WELLSLEY HOUSE	C. L. Fredericks, Carthage, N. Y.	23. POINT MARGUERITE	E. Anthony, New York.
8. WAVING BRANCHES	Rev. Goodrich, Lafargeville, N. Y.	24. SPORT ISLAND	Packer Estate.
	Arthur Hughes, Stone Mills, N. Y.	25. SUMMERLAND GROUP	
	Frederick Smith, Watertown, N. Y.	26. MANHATTAN GROUP	
	L. S. Ainsworth, Watertown, N. Y.		
9. JOLLY OAKS	Prof. A. H. Brown, Carthage, N. Y.		
	N. D. Ferguson, " "		
	John Norton, " "		
	Hon. W. W. Butterfield, Redwood, N. Y.		
10. ISLAND ROYAL	Royal E. Deane, New York.		
11. SEVEN ISLES	Bradley Winslow, Watertown, N. Y.		
12. POINT VIVIAN; Rezot	Tozer, J. J. Kinney, Dr. Jones, Geo. Jones, William Cooper, and others, Stone Mills, N. Y.		
13. BELLA VISTA LODGE	F. J. Bosworth, Newport, R. I.		
14. COMFORT ISLAND	A. E. Clark, Chicago.		
15. WARNER ISLAND	H. H. Warner, Rochester, N. Y.		
16. CHERRY ISLAND	A. B. Pullman, Chicago.		
	G. B. Marsh, " "		

ROUND ISLAND PARK.

And oft we launch our little boat,
And sweetly, quietly we float
Toward the gates of morn;
Away from city, smoke, and sin,
Unto the solitude wherein
The happy stream is born.



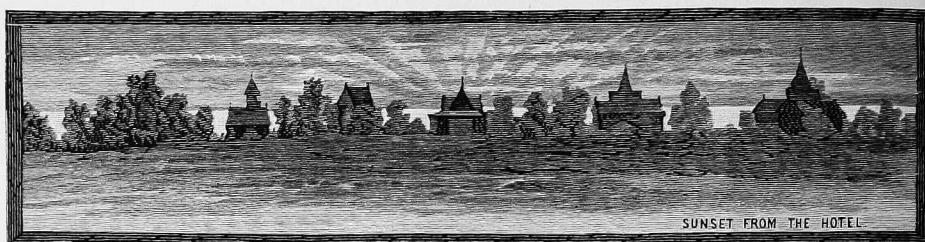
ROUND ISLAND, occupied as Round Island Park, is located in the centre of the American Channel, thirty miles from Lake Ontario, being one and one-half miles below Clayton, N. Y., twenty miles below Cape Vincent, eight miles above Alexandria Bay, and forty-two miles above Ogdensburg. It is more in the shape of a pickerel than a circle, its length being one mile, and its width varying from 800 to 1,200 feet. It lies one-fourth of a mile from the American shore, seven miles from the Canadian shore, and extends along the river southwest and northwest. Its irregular coast gives it from any approach the appearance of rotundity, sufficiently so to make its name appropriate, and to afford safe and quiet harbors from any wind.

One hundred and fifty acres of land, beautifully diversified by sun and shade are contained in the island, every portion of which has some special attraction. The coast toward the main shore has its thick covering of wood and its gradual elevation from the water's edge; the opposite coast, its rocky boldness and magnificent views; and the interior, its undulating and crowning surface covered with lawns, avenues, cottages and public buildings.

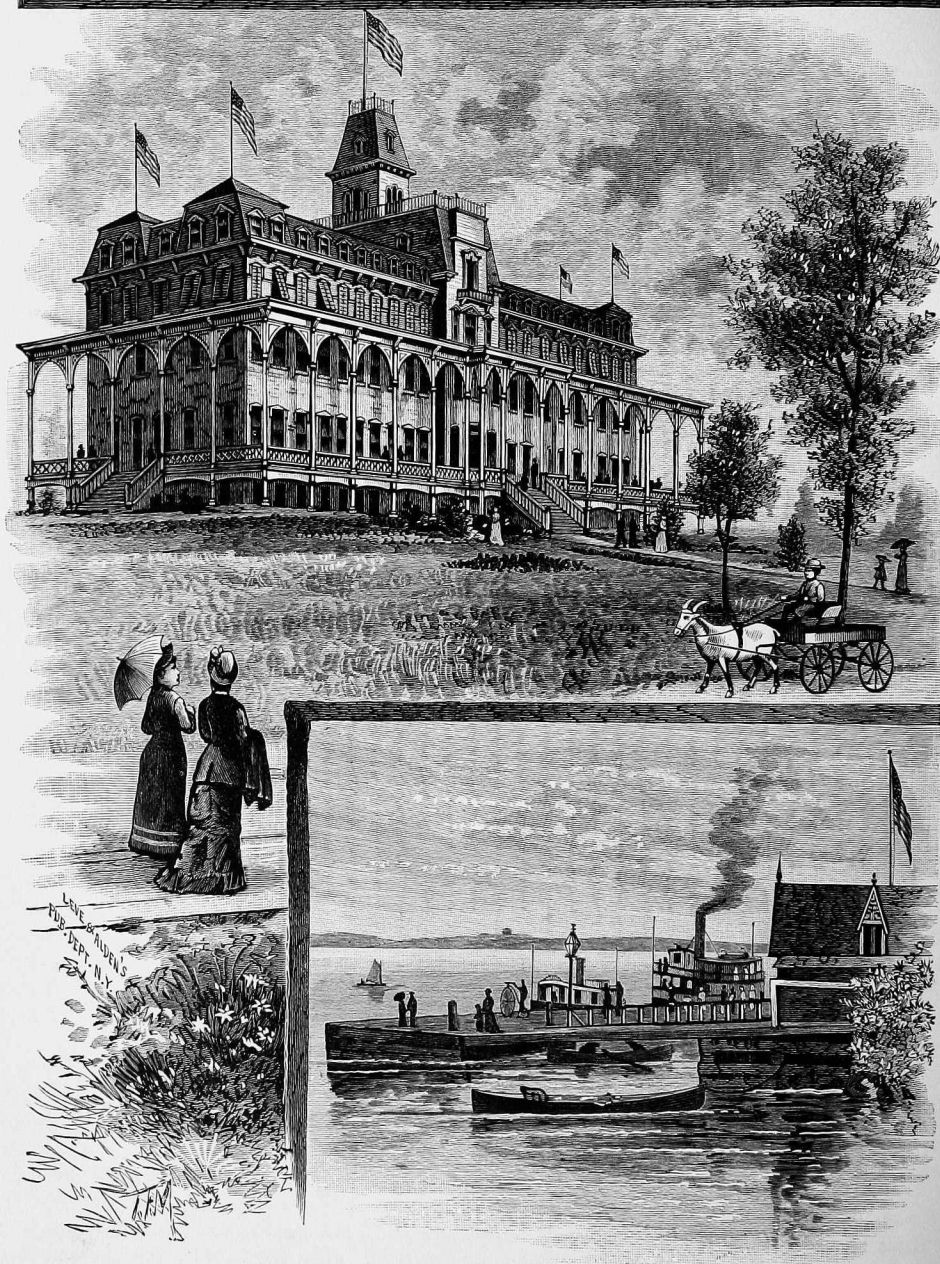
The entire island is under the management of "The Round Island Park" Company, a stock company with a capital of \$50,000. The hotel, store, pavilion, sale of lots, sanitary measures, beautifying and improving, are immediately controlled and personally directed by members of this company who are appointed for the purpose. The following are the names of the officers, viz.: John G. Harbottle, President; Hugh C. Townley, Vice President; A. E. Sawyer, Secretary; Geo. L. Davis, Treasurer and Manager.

Three years ago the writer visited Round Island for the first time, while *en route* upon a mid-summer journey undertaken in the hope of recovery from the combined efforts of malaria and hay-fever, which twin evils had been hammering away for some months at a constitution somewhat strained by persistent over-work.

Round Island, vaguely understood to be a denominational resort, was considered but a passing incident of a tour. But it came to pass that the days passed into weeks and the weeks into quite a month, before we (*i. e.*, self and family) finally bade our cottage acquaintances adieu and returned to the city. How the world moves in a single



SUNSET FROM THE HOTEL.



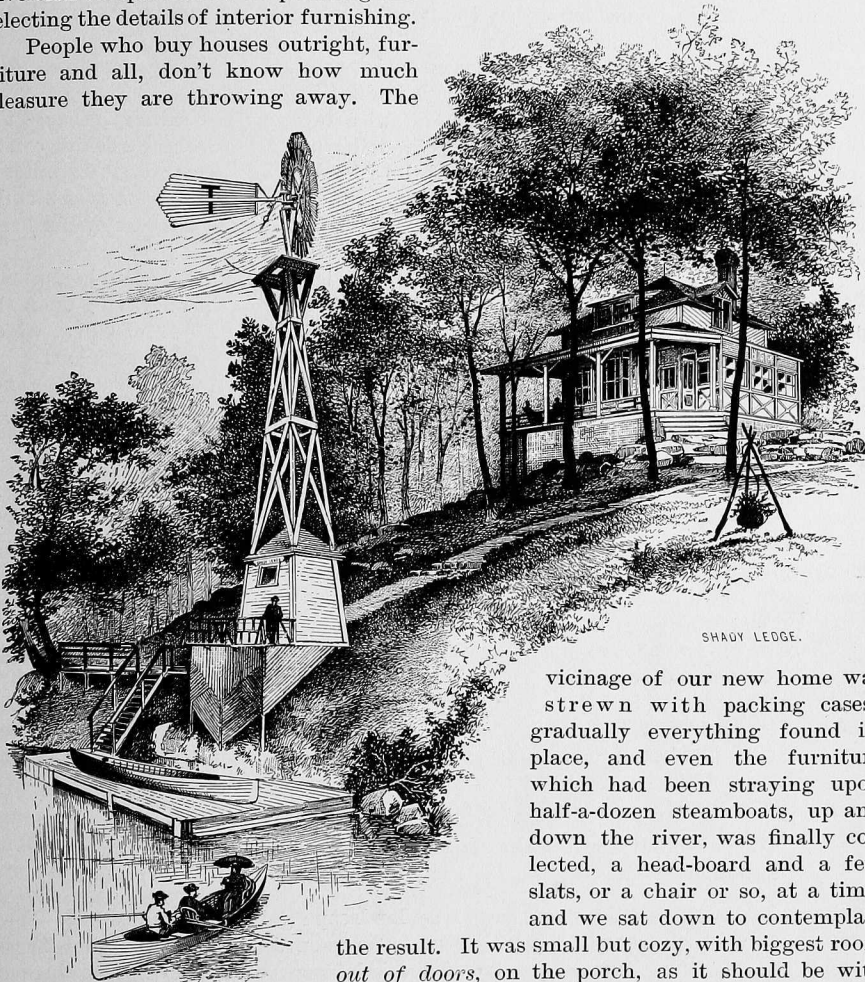
GRAND ISLAND PARK.

moon! Within that time we had *discovered* Round Island, become property owners (or more strictly speaking, *lessees*) to the extent of a leaf-strewn bit of rock and a sloping foreground of turf, with an unlimited "water privilege," and as pretty a glimpse of the broad river as the heart could wish. This was all very well as an investment, for lots at Round Island Park were sure to appreciate in value with pleasing rapidity. But we did not stop at this, for the fever was upon us, and within the airy confines of our tent a cottage was built, *on paper*. Before we left, at the end of one month, a builder had the plans and we had accepted his figures.

Early in June following ('82), our cottage on paper had become a wooden and glass reality. The last stray painter was driven from the scene, and we took possession.

While the builders had worked through the cold months, we had found great diversion in spare hours in planning and selecting the details of interior furnishing.

People who buy houses outright, furniture and all, don't know how much pleasure they are throwing away. The



vicinage of our new home was strewn with packing cases; gradually everything found its place, and even the furniture which had been straying upon half-a-dozen steamboats, up and down the river, was finally collected, a head-board and a few slats, or a chair or so, at a time, and we sat down to contemplate

the result. It was small but cozy, with biggest room *out of doors*, on the porch, as it should be with summer homes.

Two summers of life at "Shady Ledge" have fully demonstrated the wisdom or good luck, if you will, of the investment. It brought immunity from illness, a choice circle of new acquaintances and a capital of reserve strength with which to tide over the long Northern winter. It has, too, given a new zest to life in recalling, through the winter, the pleasures past, and anticipating their repetition in the summer to come.

With this prelude, the writer is now ready to record his well-rooted belief that there is actually no other region of resort in America combining so many attractive

elements in summer time as the grand archipelago called the Thousand Islands; and drawing the line still closer, that among the vast group there is no other having as plentiful attractions, all points considered, as Round Island Park.

Ten years or more of almost constant journalistic travel has familiarized the writer with nearly every resort in the land, both North and South, and it was with the vision of lovely nooks by sea-shore and mountain before him that Round Island was finally chosen for a permanent summer home. And here are a few of the reasons:

Cottage building is cheap. A house costing thirty-five hundred dollars upon the New England coast, can be built here for two thousand.

Food is cheap. At the end of the season it was found that after all expenses, including railway fares, had been counted, the outlay was not greater than that of remaining in the city. In this, however, no allowance is made for interest upon investment: it being considered that this would be more than met by the increase of values incident to a growing resort.

Marketing is convenient. All things essential, meats, ice, milk and groceries, &c., were delivered, with but little cause for fault finding, at our doors.

The open waters between the islands afford safe areas for sailing, because the winds are not filled with treacherous flaws. Smooth water for rowing and fishing can be found in a few moments under the lee of the island in any weather. The water is pure and transparent, and the air dry—so dry, in fact, that for at least two months in midsummer there is no perceptible dew. The veriest invalid may enjoy the hammock or boating by moonlight with impunity.

There are now nearly fifty cottages upon the island, many of them being tasty and ornate. A fine example these island homes is seen in the engraving upon the opposite page, representing the new cottage of James Eaton, Esq., of Utica, which is a conspicuous feature upon the main channel just above the steamboat wharf.

Although the Park is nominally sectarian in its origin, there is an entire absence of those cheap camp-meeting attributes which are found at many denominational resorts in other portions of the land. The cottagers, as well as the guests at the hotel, represent a wide range in shades of religious belief.

The delightful evening life of midsummer here—that part of the day between six o'clock, and—yes, I will record it—midnight, is not to be ignored. It is, indeed, the social quarter of the day. After the steady cooling breeze which sweeps down among the islands from the broad bosom of Ontario has been hushed, a great calm comes down like a blessing, restful to the weary nerves and impressive in the majesty of its completeness.

There are no two sunsets just alike at Round Island. Each day brings some special beauty. The going down of the sun, as it sinks upon the green Canadian hills, realizes the finest phenomenon in nature, save only that of light itself. Whether the declining orb drapes himself with the purple and gold of a royal couch, or sinks amid the tears and sackcloth betokening a coming storm, he is always grand in his leave-taking. Men in all ages have contemplated this phenomenon with awe and admiration—even to adoration. David, the psalmist, chants:

“They also that dwell in the uttermost parts are afraid at thy tokens:
Thou makest the outgoings of the mornings and evenings to rejoice.”

Eventide is the grand, every-day, free landscape gallery of the world. Each diurnal exhibition closes with a new picture, a drop-curtain to the real and fleeting present. Just as the clustered prisms of the kaleidoscope can never reproduce the design once disturbed, so no sunset once faded will ever have its counter-part. The gradual transition from day to dusk, and dusk to night, is found nowhere more charming and perfect than among these, our islands. Then it is that the far-away booming of the coming steamer's paddles may be heard far down the American Channel, long before her twinkling lights peep out beyond the light-house. Then the merry laughter of happy crews, that floats through the midst of the mellow sunset tones, comes to us who loiter beside the mossy banks. Then the big bull-frog which has kept us awake half the nights in June still mocks us with his complaining about the cold in his head, and sweet farm-sounds reach us from the weather-beaten houses upon the mainland.

Nearer and closer yet comes the *Rotheray*, and just as the hoarse scream of her warning stirs up a legion of echoes, a rocket mounts into the sky, and for a brief second

the big hotel stands out like a cameo against the blackness of the eastern nightfall. It is a lively scene upon the wharf when the steamer comes in. She brings a troupe of tourists who want supper, and want it in a hurry. The air

up here is enough to make a man turn cannibal. The steamer also brings the band, a quartette of skillful musicians, and an hour later it is likely they are rasping away upon "heel and toe," or some other terpsichorean temptation, for the benefit of guests and cottagers alike. Sometimes a notable is trapped for the evening, and we have a lecture, or, again, a concert, or sleight-of-hand seance fills in the evening. In the meantime, if it is moon-light, you may be sure all the boats, a score or more, have



COTTAGE OF JAMES EATON, ESQ
AT ROUND ISLAND.

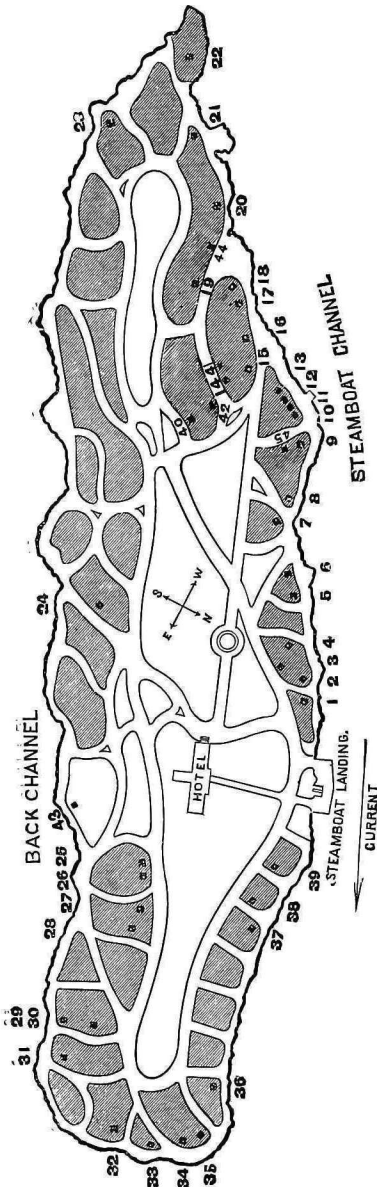
left the landing-stage. What a place for a moonlight row! What enchanted islets to thread between, if one but knows the way!

In midsummer there are veritably but five hours of darkness upon the St. Lawrence. At ten o'clock the sunset yet stains the western sky; at soon after three there are manifest tokens of the coming of another day.

In September, when the evenings were long, the fortunates who still lingered among the scenes of the summer's merri-ment made camp-fires, and, in cozy circles upon the green sward, beneath the splendid old trees, joined in song and story, until the flickering embers warned them of the lateness of the hour.

If this hasty resumé of a summer at Round Island shall bring to our circle some others to whom the St. Lawrence is yet a stranger, then these impressions of a cottager's experience will not have been written in vain.

ROUND ISLAND PARK COTTAGE DIRECTORY.



- | | |
|----------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. JAMES EATON, | Utica, N. Y. |
| 2. L. T. & A. E. SAWYER, | Watertown, N. Y. |
| 3. Mrs. J. H. LUCAS, | Hamilton, N. Y. |
| 4. N. H. BURHANS, | Syracuse, N. Y. |
| 5. ADAMS CENTRE COR. BAND, | Adams Centre, N. Y. |
| 6. H. S. BARBOUR. | Watertown, N. Y. |
| 7. ANTHONY LAMB, | Syracuse, N. Y. |
| 8. GUSTAVUS COOK, | Watertown, N. Y. |
| 9. RUGG & LAIDLAW, | Gouverneur, N. Y. |
| 10. D. H. DECKER, - | Syracuse, N. Y. |
| 11. J. G. HARBOTTLE, | Watertown, N. Y. |
| 12. VINCENT LARKINS, | Clayton, N. Y. |
| 13. G. N. HARRIS, | Syracuse, N. Y. |
| 14. JOHN M. BENNETT, | Clayton, N. Y. |
| 15. Rev. N. H. BELL, | Nunda, N. Y. |
| 16. L. M. S. HAYNES, | Binghampton, N. Y. |
| GEO. N. CRANDALL, | |
| 17. F. M. METCALF, . | Westmoreland, N. Y. |
| 18. ABM. FAIRNIE, - | Syracuse, N. Y. |
| 19. JAS. S. SQUIRES, | Cortland, N. Y. |
| 20. HARVEY THOMPSON, | Norwich, N. Y. |
| 21. Dr. F. H. STEPHENSON, | Syracuse, N. Y. |
| 22. Dr. GEO. D. WHEADON, - | Syracuse, N. Y. |
| 23. J. H. CHILDS, | Syracuse, N. Y. |
| 24. GEO. W. HAMMOND, | Watertown, N. Y. |
| 25. C. S. BALL, | Syracuse, N. Y. |
| 26. GEO. L. DAVIS, | Watertown, N. Y. |
| 27. JOHN S. EDWARDS, | Carthage, N. Y. |
| 28. MARY C. GOULD, | Orleans, N. Y. |
| 29. JAMES S. WARD, - | Carthage, N. Y. |
| 30. MARY A. GOODALL, | Watertown, N. Y. |
| 31. Mrs. C. L. HAMILTON, | New York City. |
| 32. FRANK H. TAYLOR, | Philadelphia, Pa. |
| 33. EDGAR L. TRAVER, | Red Hook, N. Y. |
| 34. C. W. NIMS, - | Cape Vincent, N. Y. |
| 35. Rev. W. H. SLOAN, | Albion, N. Y. |
| 36. THOS. C. PARKER, | Watertown, N. Y. |
| 37. C. W. NIMS, | Cape Vincent, N. Y. |
| 38. C. H. ROSE, | Utica, N. Y. |
| 39. Mrs. FLORENCE BULLOCH, | Fisher's Land'g, N.Y. |
| 40. Mrs. RUIH ACKERMAN, | Three-mile Bay, N.Y. |
| 41. C. E. BEST. | |
| 42. T. B. CLOYES. | |
| 43. ESTHER A. PERINE. | |

THOUSAND ISLAND PARK.

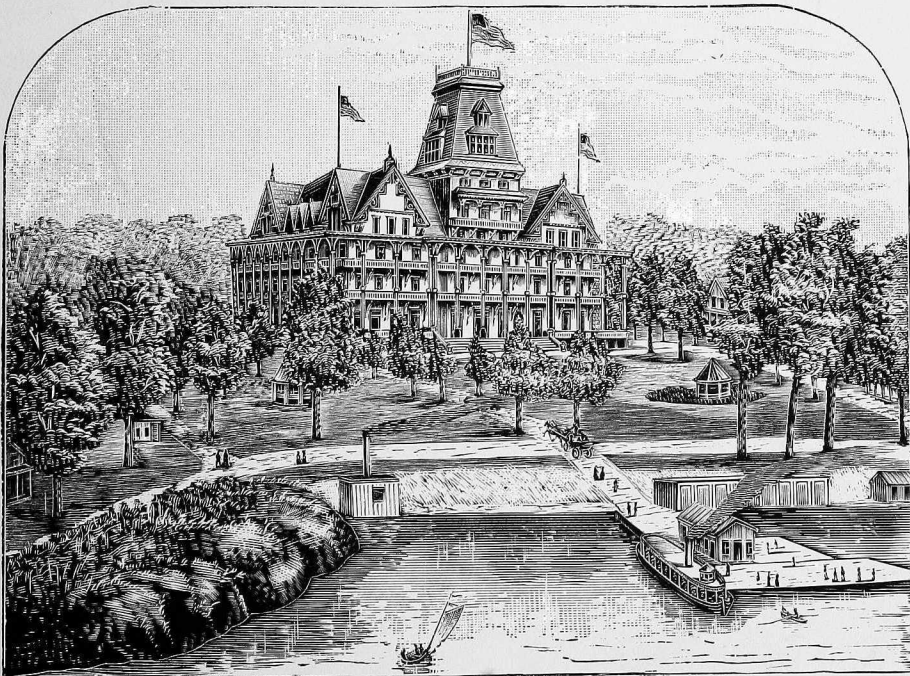


" Shall we forget the friends we met
And loved upon the river?—
Its songs and dreams and changing gleams?
No never, and no never;
We shall forget them never,
We can forget them never."

THE Methodist organization known as the Thousand Island Park Association, began its operations in 1875 by the purchase of a large territory at the head of Wellsley Island, aggregating one thousand acres. A portion of this was at once laid off into avenues and public reservations, the former being extended from time to time until a large proportion is now available for building purposes.

Thousand Island Park now stands, with its three hundred tasty cottages, as the most extensive of the denominational resorts upon the river.

The new hotel, erected last season, is a large and costly structure, which must aid greatly in advancing the interests of the Park. A broad veranda, sixteen feet wide, extends around the building upon three sides; above this are lesser balconies for the second and third floors. The shapely tower, 150 feet in height, affords a grand view of



THOUSAND ISLAND PARK HOTEL

the islands and channels which surround the Park. Its interior furnishing is excellent and fare first-class, the manager being a well-known hotel man of many years' experience. Rates are graded according to location of room, transient rates being \$2.00, \$3.00 and \$4.00 per day. There is a discount of fifty cents per day upon the two higher rates when two persons occupy one room.

As at Chautauqua, a regular programme of the season's exercises is announced. For the present summer it will be as follows :

Dedication of Tabernacle, Sunday July 13, 1884.

Evangelistic Meetings, July 14-24.—Rev. D. W. Thurston, Leader.

Sunday-school Parliament, July 23-August 3.—Rev. J. L. Hurlbut, D.D., Conductor.

National Temperance Society Meeting, August 5-10.—Rev. D. C. Babcock, Secretary Society, Leader.

Miss Alice Waltz, of Brooklyn, N. Y., will give a Series of Popular Concerts and Readings, August 11-15.

A Course of ten Popular Lectures, August 19-31.

The new Tabernacle, which will be dedicated as announced above, is a vast permanent structure, which will replace the large tent used in former years, and effectually protect audiences from wind and rain during services or entertainments. It is 100x140 feet in size and will seat 3,500 persons.

The officers and trustees are, at present, as follows :

REV. M. D. KINNEY, A.M., President.

FREDERICK GATES, 1st Vice-Pres't. JOHN R. PAWLING, Ass't-Treasurer.

GEO. C. SAWYER, 2d Vice-Pres't. FREDERICK A. KINNEY, Secretary.

MANNISTER WORTS, Treasurer. EDWARD B. CALKINS, Sup't.

R. P. GRANT. A. GURNEE. A. C. MIDDLETON.

All steamers in going up or down the river stop at the wharf of Thousand Island Park.

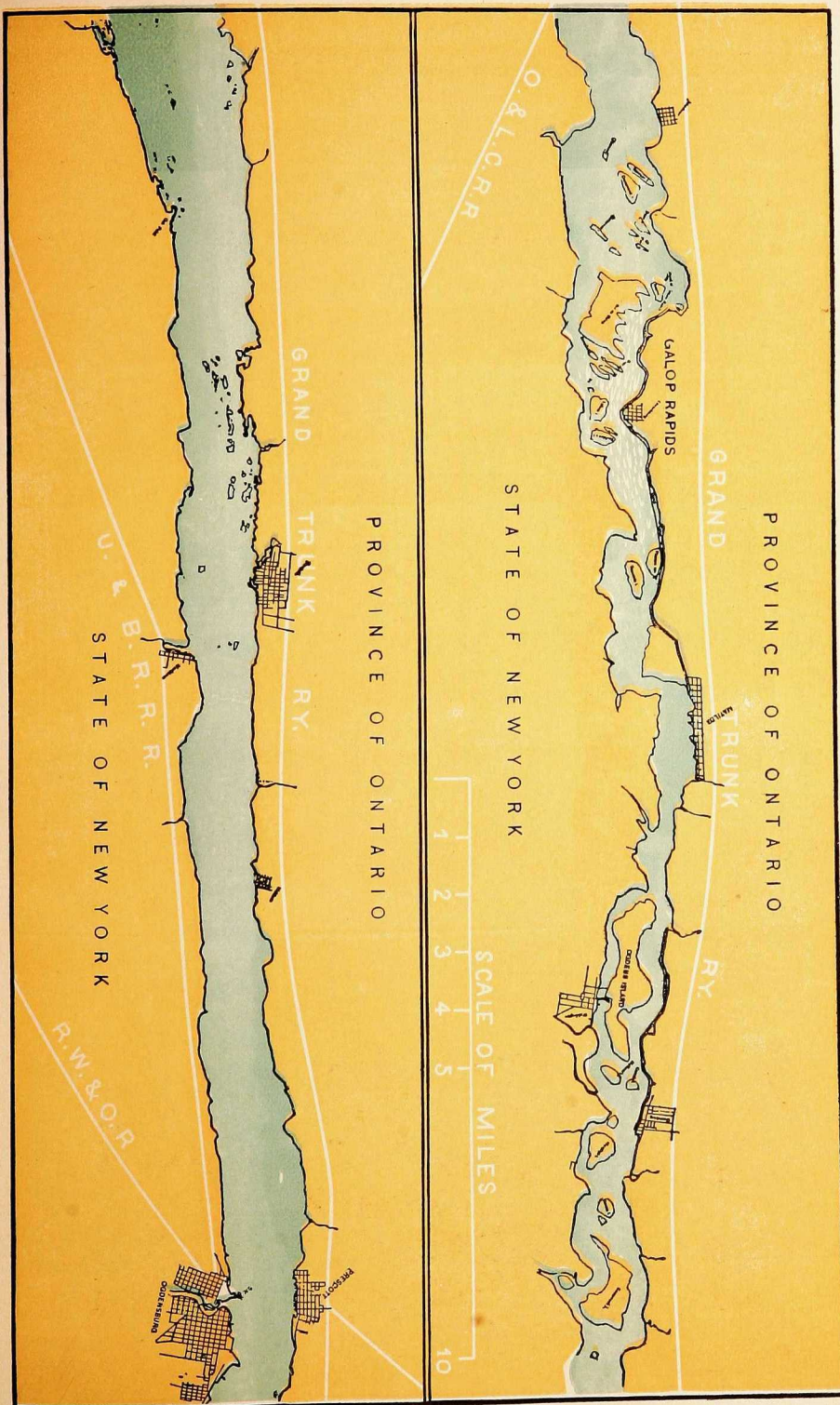
There is much that appeals to the visitor's sense of the picturesque at Thousand Island Park.

The beautiful avenue along its water front gives far-reaching views of the flowing river upon one hand, and leafy vistas along the side avenues which lead into the heart of the Park domain.

This is a truly international resort, for many Canadian families come here annually and fraternize with their American cousins, united in the cordial bond of religious fellowship.

The many improvements and large number of new cottages in process of erection this season, promise well for the future prosperity of the enterprise.

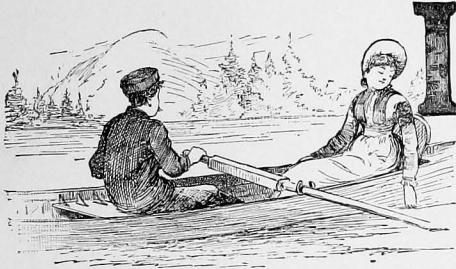




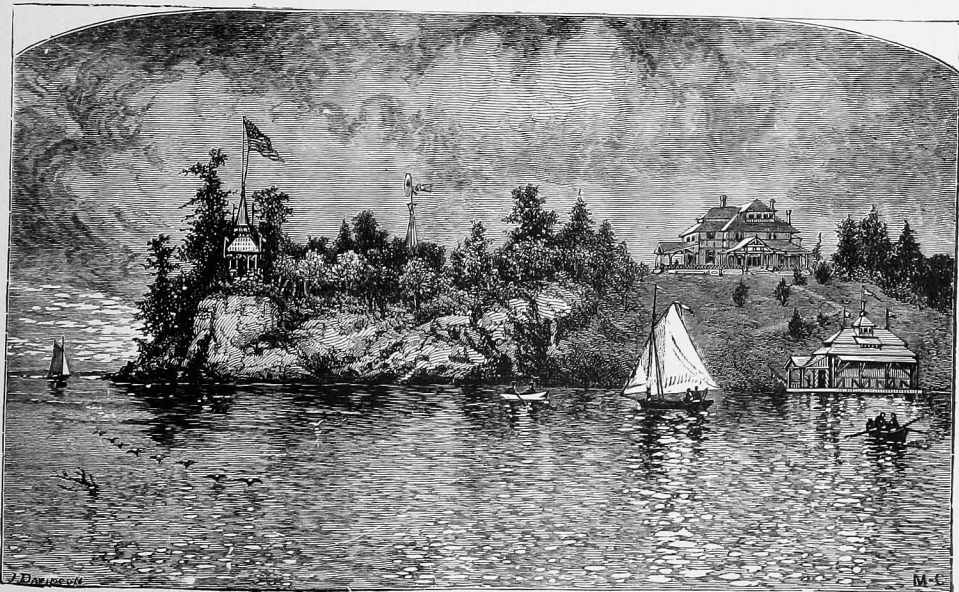
No. 3.—FROM ALEXANDRIA BAY TO CHRISLER'S ISLAND.

AROUND ALEXANDRIA BAY.

'Neath the lee of yonder island,
Wavelets now have ceased their dancing.
Come away and drift with me,
Come out there and float with me ;
Or, wait until the storm's advancing,
Then aboard and speed with me.

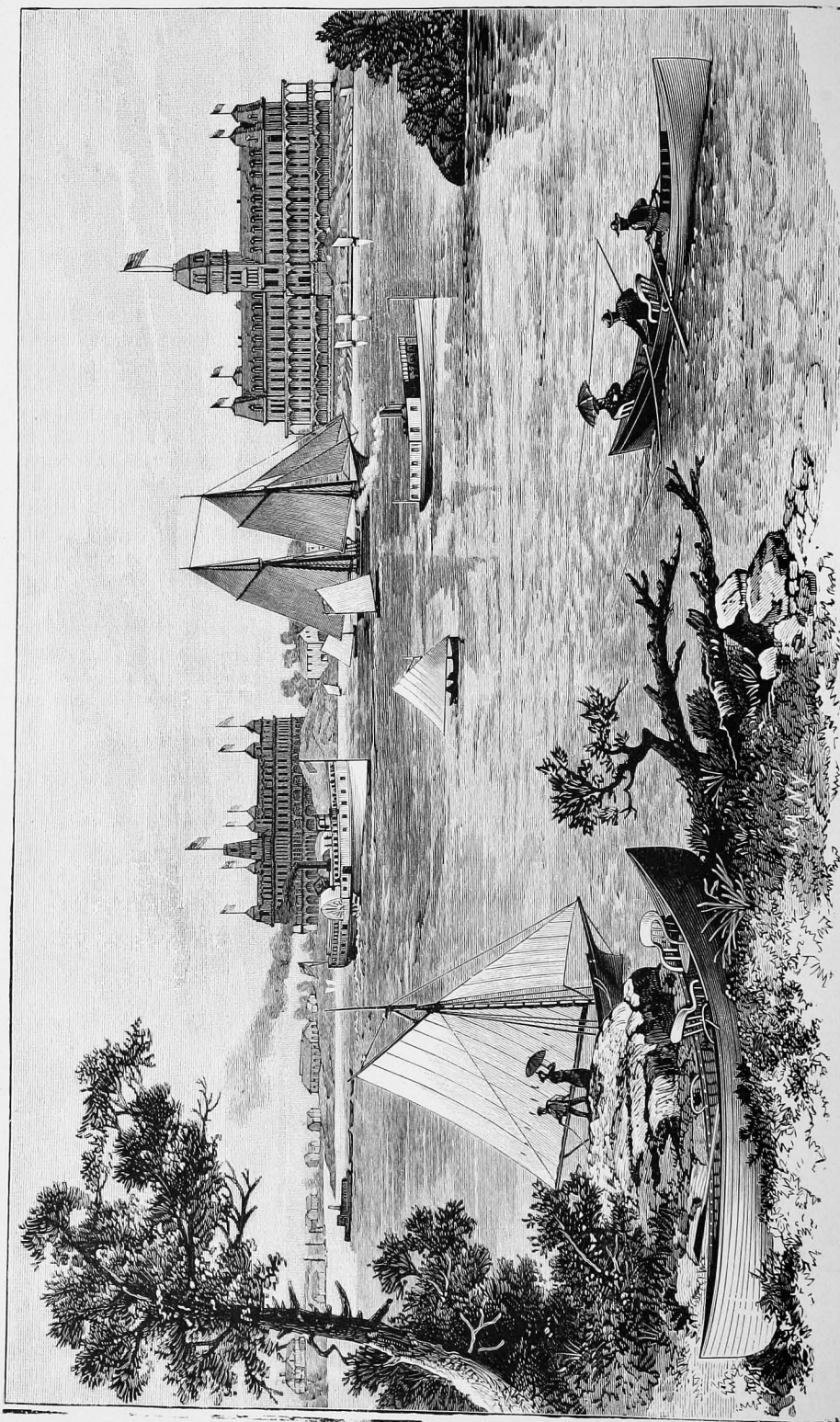


IT is a mooted question if the islands which dot the broadened river in front of Alexandria Bay look their prettiest at sunrise or eventide. However this might be decided, it is certain that far the greater number of tourists, to whom, as a rule, early rising seems an abomination, are likely to view them as the sun declines behind the chapel tower upon Westminster Hill. It is then that the returning skiffs, coming in from among the rocky hiding places where they have trolled through the day, are seen in little silhouettes upon the silvery sheen of the flowing waters. Then the busy little steam yachts—and they are legion—go and come, cross and recross each other's pathways, leaving a phosphorescent trail of dancing wavelets in their wake. Far away the camp-fires begin to twinkle out of the mellow purple gloom, and the merry sounds of human occupancy float out from the island homes. It is an hour of repose which even the wordy wrangling on the dock concerning the



BONNIE CASTLE

"catches" of the day can scarce disturb; but wait, a finer thing is yet to come. Take supper and come out half an hour later. Now, displayed against the black masses where the islands stand, beneath the lingering stain of the sunset, are a score of devices,



ALEXANDRIA BAY

wrought in twinkling lamps; here an anchor, there a star, a harp or initial letter. Far up towards the cap of the lofty tower upon the Thousand Island House glows the white heat of an electric lamp, and along every cornice through the garden below and over among the rock and verdure of the illuminated Crossmon House, a thousand lamps and torches dance in the eddying night-wind, each tiny flame caught up and reflected on every ripple of the deep black stream; and as we gaze and admire, the night is pierced by the swift flight of rockets, which mount into the dome of heaven and, shattering there, scatter parti-colored stars far out upon the silent tide.

The largest and most costly, if not the most picturesque, of the many hundreds of cottages along the river are found in the vicinity of Alexandria Bay, many of them being within an easy row of the dock. The passing voyager, who only looks at these places from the steamer's deck, can have but slight idea of the loving care, even extravagant outlay, lavished upon many of them.

One of the best-known properties in the vicinity is Bonnie Castle, the property and favorite home of the late Dr. J. G. Holland, whose attachment for the place and philanthropic efforts to improve the condition of those around him are recognized by every one who was conversant with his life upon the river. Bonnie Castle will be occupied this season, it is said, for the first time by strangers.

Isle Imperial, upon which a Philadelphia lady has built a handsome Queen Anne cottage, is conspicuous from its position, immediately opposite the Bay.

The large villa of Judge Donahue, of Brooklyn, and Sport Island, where the Packer brothers—both recently deceased—of the Lehigh Valley, spent their summers, will be pointed out by any one you may ask.

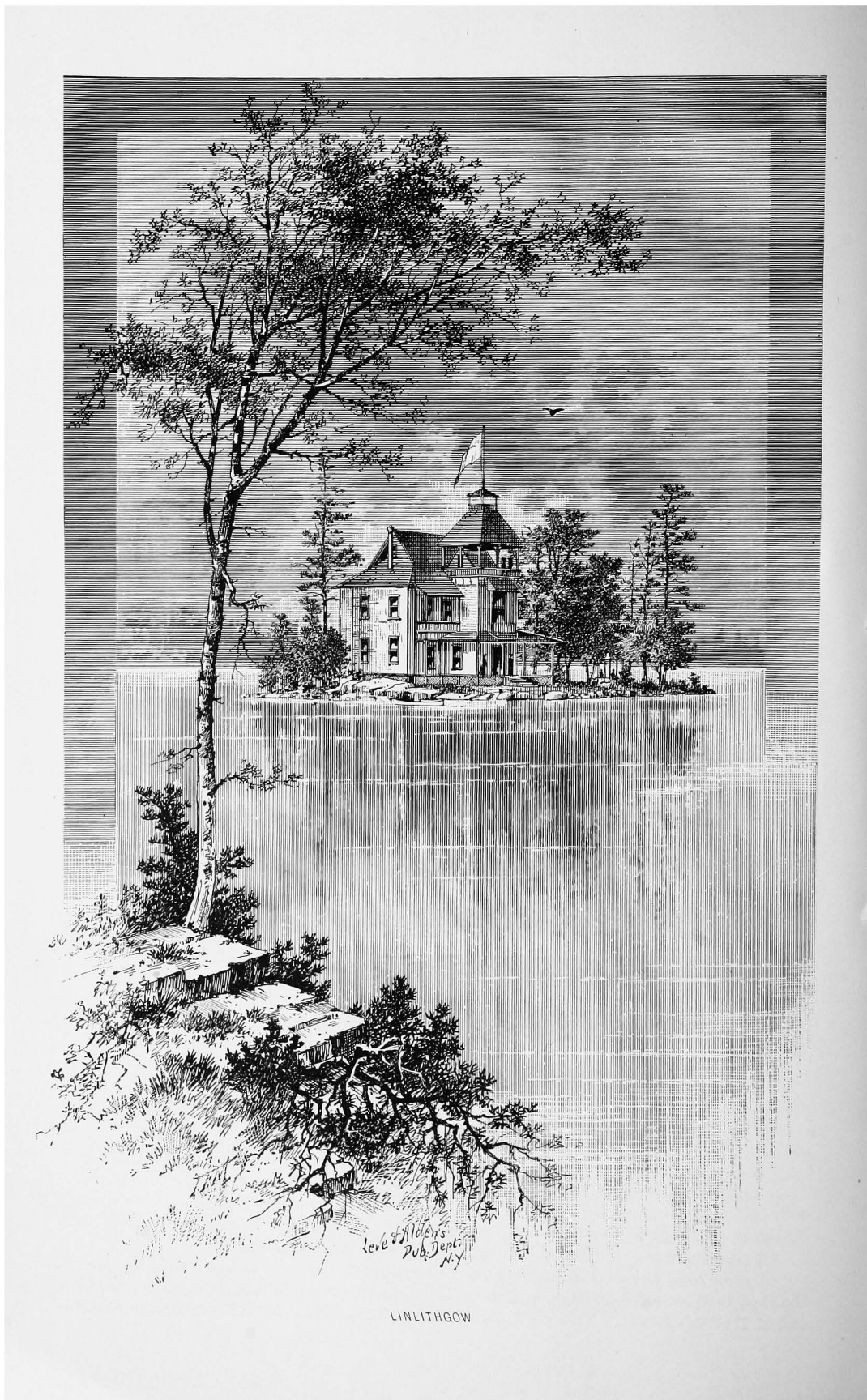
Haydens, upon "Fairylane," is also a notable cottage; and so, too, is Judge Spencer's "Manhattan."



Upon the main shore, just opposite the Sunken Rock Lighthouse, and about half a mile below the Crossmon House, is Point Marguerite, the cottage place of Mr. Edward Anthony, of the well-known photographic supply house in New York City.

Summerland is chiefly occupied by a colony of Rochesterians.

Over beyond the islands which shut out the western horizon, when looking from the Bay, is Westminster Park, which occupies an extensive domain upon the lower end of Wellsley Island. This park, like others upon the river, is under denominational



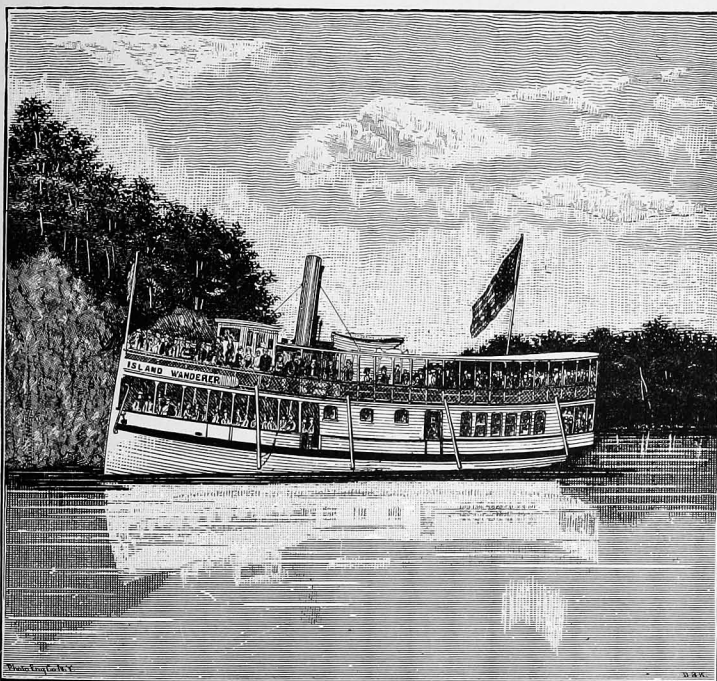
influence, being of Presbyterian bias. The hotel, known as the Westminster, is composed of two roomy buildings, and is acceptably managed by Messrs. Harrington Bros., of Utica.

Access by steamer takes the visitor around the long, attenuated point and into Poplar Bay, close upon the national boundary line.

In Poplar Bay one finds a commodious dock, and a semicircle of bright and pretty homes.

Just here is the entrance to the wierd Lake of the Island, a large pond hidden away in the midst of Wellsley Island, to which access is had through a narrow and precipitous channel. This pond or lake is two miles in length and nearly a mile in width.

A "feature" of the Thousand Islands is Capt. Visgar's morning and afternoon forty-mile excursions upon the fast steamer *Island Wanderer*. No one spending a day or so among these scenes should fail to take this trip. It is, indeed, the only inexpensive way of gaining an adequate idea of the extent and wildness of the archipelago.

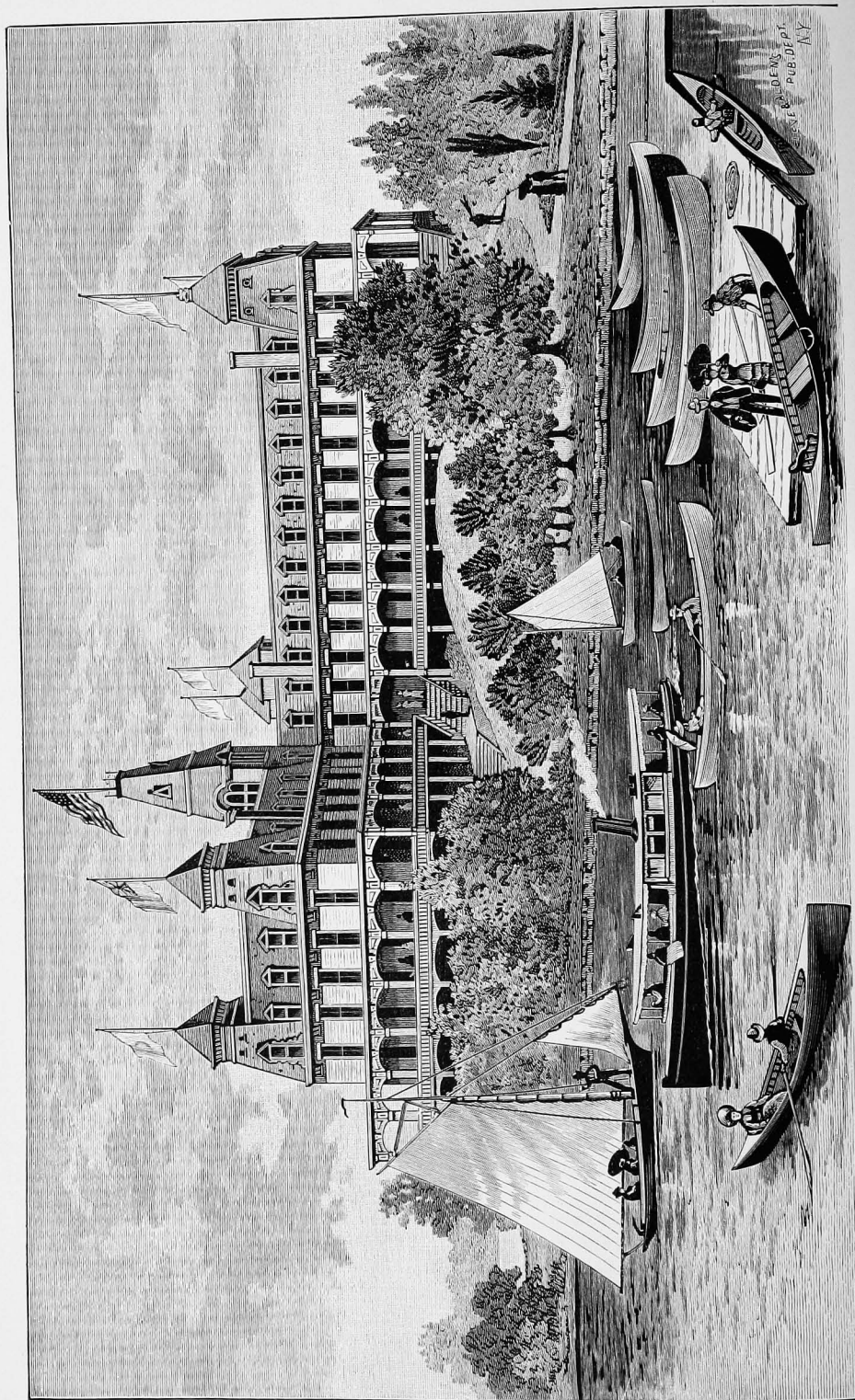


"ISLAND WANDERER."

The route leads up the American Channel, touching at Thousand Island Park, connecting there with the *Farrington*, of Round Island and Clayton.

Then she continues through the beautiful channel leading to Eel Bay and, rounding the foot of Grindstone Island, goes on to Gananoque through a maze of wooded islands. At this Canadian town a stop of nearly an hour is made and passengers are taken from the new branch of the Grand Trunk Railway. The return trip to the "Bay" is made down the Canadian Channel and through the narrow and crooked "Fiddler's Elbow," touching at Westminster Park.

Gananoque is a pleasantly located place, having a very considerable manufacturing importance. Many fine stores are ranged along its principal business street. Since the recent completion of the branch railway, leading from the depot on the Grand Trunk Railway to the wharf, a distance of about three miles, this point has become a favorite place to take the steamer for the various island resorts. The steamer



CROSSMON HOUSE, ALEXANDRIA BAY

Puritan makes several trips daily thence to Clayton, connecting with trains to and from New York.

The International Hotel is a well-kept and roomy house within two minutes' walk of the river, which the tourist who has strayed upon the Canadian side of the river will find a pleasant stopping-place.

Another institution of the "Bay" is Messrs. Cornwall Brothers' large general store, where the islanders and campers get their supplies. In addition to their heavy business as store-keepers, the firm are engaged in the general ticket business, and will at all times answer the thousand and one inquiries of strangers with the utmost courtesy.

MacIntyre's Centennial Hall, well stocked with a great variety of photos of island scenery, from the excellent negatives made by the veteran himself, will be found worth a visit.

Perhaps a special word should be said regarding the two great hotels which front the river, although they are so well known as to hardly require introduction to any experienced traveler.

The modern Crossmon House stands upon the site of the original hotel of the same name, a small, plain house, the first upon the river to entertain fishing parties. The elder Crossmon, still hale and hearty, lives to advise and assist his son, Mr. Chas. W. Crossmon, now the active manager, in the successful conduct of the present elegant and popular establishment. Mr. Chas. W. Crossmon will be found by all who come under his roof an affable and tireless gentleman. A large proportion of the choice suites of apartments at this house are retained from year to year by the numerous regular patrons of the house.

Old frequenters of the Bay in the days of the original Crossmon House will recall the names of many strong-armed boatmen now "gone over to the silent majority." These were the first generation of the men who did more than many others to contribute to the pleasure of the summer visitor. There was Charles Griffen, whose sons Steve, Sidney and Aleck, are active among the present force of oarsmen. There are also four grandsons of the pioneer, all sons of Steve, engaged in the same occupation. John Hoadley, who is also gone, left his two sons, Thomas and John, to pull the ash over the same waters. Alfred Comstock was another of the pioneers; his brother Thomas still lives at the Bay, and his three sons, George, Thomas and Fred, are still rowing. Capt. Andrew Duclon and his brother, Daniel Duclon, follow their father's calling, and John Doran left two sturdy sons, Henry and Louis, to guide the stranger among the isles. Hiram Cham and David Walton will be remembered. Old Ned Patterson still pulls his blade, but feebly, and so, too, does Wilson Root. John and Andrew Thomson are also "old timers;" the former has retired to his farm while the latter is sailing a yacht. Harry French "still lives" to drag the spoon. Harry Westcott runs the steamer "Sport," and Peleg Wheeler keeps his weather eye open for a "job."

In reviewing these well-known names of old fishermen, one is struck with the fact that the uneasy spirit of migration has not tempted the St. Lawrence people away from their beloved river to any extent, either in the first or second generation. A man who has once learned the surpassing advantages of life along this grand old stream can hardly feel content, even with the prospect of greater earnings, to long forsake its shores.

The Thousand Island House, which has been managed for a dozen years by its builder, Mr. O. G. Staples, now of Willard's, Washington, was sold by him at the commencement of the season of '83 to several gentlemen, of whom Mr. R. H. Southgate is one, and it is now included in the latter gentleman's extensive chain of great summer hotels. Under its trained metropolitan management the house has greatly grown in favor with the public, and is generally a very lively centre of transient travel.

There are several minor hotels and boarding-houses at Alexandria Bay, which may be easily discovered by inquiry.

Names of Islands and Owners in the vicinity of Alexandria Bay.

REPUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. CROSSMON & SON.

OCCIDENT AND ORIENT—three acres, owned by.....	E. W. Washburn, N. Y.
ROBINSONS—four acres, owned by.....	Mrs. E. N. Robinson, N. Y.
FREDERICKS—two acres, owned by.....	C. L. Frederick, Carthage, N. Y.
WAVING BRANCHES—five acres, owned by { Rev. Goodrich, Lafargeville, N. Y.
 Arthur Hughes, Stone Mills, N. Y.
 Frederick Smith, Watertown, N. Y.
 L. S. Ainsworth, Watertown, N. Y.
JOLLY OAKS—seven acres, owned by { Prof. A. H. Brown, {
 N. D. Ferguson, { Carthage, N. Y.
 John Norton, {
 Hon. W. W. Butterfield, Redwood, N. Y.
POINT VIVIAN—one hundred acres, owned by.. {	Rezot Tozer, J. J. Kinney, Dr. Jones,
	Geo. Jones, Wm. Cooper, and others,
	Evan's Mills, New York.
PHOTO—two acres, owned by.....	A. C. McIntyre, Brockville, Ont.
BELLE VESTA LODGE—four acres, owned by.....	F. J. Bosworth, Newport, R. I.
COMFORT—two acres, owned by.....	A. E. Clark, Chicago, Ill.
LOUISIANA POINT—three acres, owned by..	Hon. D. C. Labott, New Orleans, La.
WARNER ISLAND—four acres, owned by.....	H. H. Warner, Rochester, N. Y.
CUBA—three acres, owned by.....	W. E. Story, Buffalo, N. Y.
LITTLE ANGEL—one-half acre, owned by.....	W. A. Angell, Chicago, Ill.
PULLMANS—three acres, owned by.....	Geo. M. Pullman, Chicago, Ill.
FRIENDLY—three acres, owned by.....	A. B. Parker and Abner Mellen, Jr., N. Y.
CHERRY—nine acres, owned by { A. B. Pullman, {
 G. B. Marsh, { Chicago, Ill.
 Rev. George Rockwell, N. Y.
NOBBY—three acres owned by.....	C. S. Goodwin and H. R. Heath, N. Y.
FLORENCE—two acres, owned by.....	H. S. Chandler, N. Y.
WELCOME—three acres, owned by.....	S. G. Pope, Ogdensburg.
MAUD (now LINLITHGOW)—one-half acre, owned by.....	R. A. Livingston, N. Y.
POINT LOOKOUT—one acre, owned by.....	Mrs. Pullock, Adams, N. Y.
ISLE IMPERIAL—one acre, owned by.....	Mrs. H. G. LeConte, Philadelphia, Pa.
HARTS—five acres, owned by.....	Hon. E. K. Hart, Albion, N. Y.
PRATTS—one and one-half acres, owned by.....	H. Sisson, Alexandria Bay.
DESHLER—seventeen acres, owned by.....	William G. Deshler, Columbus, O.
MANHATTAN—five acres, owned by....	J. L. Hasbrouck and Hon. J. C. Spencer, N. Y.
ST. JOHNS—six acres, owned by.....	Hon. Charles Donohue, N. Y.
DEER—twenty-five acres, owned by.....	Hon. S. Miller, New Haven, Conn.
FAIRYLAND—seven acres, owned by.....	Wm. B. and Charles Hayden, Columbus, O.
MAPLE—three acres, owned by.....	J. L. Hasbrouck, N. Y.
NETTS—one-half acre, owned by.....	W. B. Hayden, Columbus, O.
BONNIE CASTLE—fifteen acres, owned by.....	Mrs. J. G. Holland, N. Y.
CLEVELAND POINT—fifty acres, owned by.....	J. M. Curtis, Cleveland, O.
POINT MARGUERITE—thirty acres, owned by.....	E. Anthony, N. Y.
LONG BRANCH—ten acres, owned by.....	Mrs. C. E. Clark, Watertown, N. Y.
RESORT—three acres, owned by.....	Pioneer Club, Watertown, N. Y.
IDLEWILD—four acres, owned by.....	Mrs. R. A. Packer, Sayre, Pa.
ARCADIA AND INA—two acres, owned by.....	S. A. Briggs, N. Y.
SPORT—four acres, owned by.....	H. E. Packer, Mauch Chunk, Pa.

KIT GRAFTON—one-half acre, owned by Mrs. S. L. George, Watertown, N. Y.
 ISLAND MARY—two acres, owned by W. L. Palmer, Carthage, D. K.
 LITTLE CHARM—one-eighth acre, owned by . . Mrs. F. W. Barker, Alexandria Bay, N. Y.
 FROST—two acres, owned by Mrs. S. L. Frost, Watertown, N. Y.
 EXCELSIOR GROUP—five acres, owned by C. S. Goodwin, N. Y.
 DEVIL'S OVEN—one-fourth acre, owned by H. R. Heath, N. Y.
 SYLVAN AND MOSS—three acres, owned by S. T. Woolworth, Watertown, N. Y.
 LITTLE LEHIGH—one acre, owned by Chas. H. Cummings, N. Y.
 SUMMER LAND—ten acres Summer Land Association.

“Summer Land” is owned by the “Summer Land Association,” composed of the following members: Rev. Asa Saxe, D.D., Francis M. McFarlin, James Sargent, Emery B. Chase, Lean E. Brace, Isaiah F. Force, Henry C. Wisner, Lewis P. Ross, Charles W. Gray, George H. Newell, Henry O. Hall, Joseph A. Stud and Frank W. Hawley, of Rochester, N. Y., Rev. Almon Gunnison, D.D., and Frank Sperry, of Brooklyn, Rev. Richmond Fisk, Alfred Underhill and Horace Bronson, of Syracuse, N. Y.

ISLAND HOME—one acre, owned by S. D. Hungerford, Adams.
 SUNNY SIDE—one acre, owned by Mrs. Emily Moak, Watertown.
 WILD ROSE—one acre, owned by Mrs. W. W. Herrick, Watertown.
 HARMONY—one-fourth acre, owned by Mrs. Celia Berger, Syracuse.
 ALICE—two acres, owned by Col. Cass, N. Y.
 SUNBEAM GROUP—one acre, owned by C. E. Alling, Rochester.
 WALTON—two acres, owned by G. H. Robinson, N. Y.
 TWO IN EEL BAY—two acres, owned by E. L. Sargent, Watertown.
 LOOKOUT—two acres, owned by Thos. H. Borden, N. Y.
 DOUGLASS—three acres, owned by Douglass Miller, New Haven, Conn.
 ELLA—one-fourth acre, owned by R. E. Hungerford, Watertown, N. Y.
 SUNNY SIDE—two acres, owned by W. Stevenson, Sayre, Pa.
 WAU-WINET—one and one-half acres, owned by C. E. Hill, Chicago, Ill.
 DIAMOND—three acres, owned by Mrs. M. Carter, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
 BURTCHE—seven acres, owned by W. J. Lewis, Pittsburg, Pa.
 HUGUENOT—two acres, owned by Levi Hasbrouck, Ogdensburg, N. Y.
 SCHOONER—six acres, owned by J. Norman Whitehouse, N. Y.
 ELEPHANT ROCK—one-fourth acre, owned by T. C. Chittenden, Watertown, N. Y.
 SPUYTEN DUYVEL—one acre, owned by Alice P. Sargent, New York, N. Y.
 BROWNS—ten acres, owned by H. Sisson, Alexandria Bay, N. Y.
 PLEASANT—three acres, owned by H. Sisson, Alexandria Bay, N. Y.
 ISLAND ROYAL—one acre, owned by Royal Deane, N. Y.

DISTANCES.

Niagara to Toronto	40 Miles	Montreal to Portland	278 Miles
Toronto to Alexandria Bay	167 “	“ “ New York	406 “
Oswego “ “ “	100 “	“ “ Albany	251 “
Clayton “ “ “	12 “	“ “ Troy	251 “
Alexandria Bay to Montreal	169 “	“ “ White Mountains	201 “
“ “ “ Watertown	28 “	“ “ Saratoga	212 “
“ “ “ Utica	132 “	Ogdensburg to Ottawa	53 “
“ “ “ Brockville	24 “	Montreal to Quebec	180 “
“ “ “ Portland via		Ogdensburg to Malone	61 “
“ “ “ O. & L. C.	400 “	“ “ Chateaugay	73 “
“ “ “ Boston via O.		“ “ Saratoga	255 “
“ “ “ & L. C.	442 “		
“ “ “ Ogdensburg	36 “		

STEAMERS UPON THE RIVER.

Thousand Island & Montreal Steamboat Company, G. Leve, General Traffic Manager.—This is the well-known "New American Line," operating the *Rothesay*, which is much the largest boat upon the river, in conjunction with the *Prince Arthur*. These boats form the favorite daily through line from Clayton to Montreal, a trip of twelve hours.

Rienelieu & Ontario Navigation Company.—Operating several large boats between points upon Lake Ontario and Montreal. Trips daily, stopping at all points.

Steamer *Ontario* (new).—Operated by the New York, Ontario & Western R. R., leaving Oswego upon arrival of through sleeper from New York at about 8 a.m., touching at Kingston and Thousand Island points, arriving at Alexandria Bay at 2 p.m., leaving upon return trip at 3.30 p.m.

Steamer *St. Lawrence* (new).—Making two round trips daily between Cape Vincent and Alexandria Bay, connecting with all trains upon the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg Railroad (Cape Vincent Branch).

Steamer *Maul*.—Ferry between Cape Vincent and Kingston.

Steamer *Princess Louise*.—Daily trips between Clayton, Gananoque and Kingston.

Steamer *Puritan*.—Ferry between Clayton and Gananoque.

Steamer *Maynard*.—Two round trips daily between Clayton and Alexandria Bay, in connection with trains upon the Utica & Black River R. R., touching at all intermediate points.

Steamer *Island Wanderer*.—Two daily forty-mile excursions among the islands, from Alexandria Bay. (Note description and map.)

Steamer *John Thorn*.—Excursions among the islands, starting from Alexandria Bay.

Steamer *Cygnet*.—Bi-weekly from Ogdensburg to Alexandria Bay, and four times weekly Ogdensburg to Chippewa.

Steamer *Stranger*.—Daily trips between Alexandria Bay and Ogdensburg.

Steam yacht *Flora*.—Ferry between Thousand Island Park and Fishers' Landing.

Steam yacht *Farrington* (of Round Island).—Ferry between Clayton, Round Island and Thousand Island Park.

The steam yacht *Jessie Bain* has been engaged by the Round Island Park Association to alternate with the *Farrington* in double round trips between Clayton, Round Island and Alexandria Bay.

A large number of steam yachts are operated upon charter by the day or week, at points along the river, upon reasonable terms.

GEOGRAPHICAL ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The following geographical items of interest are excerpted from the *Jefferson County Historical Review*:

"Jefferson county is situated in the northern part of the State, and is bounded as follows: northeast by St. Lawrence County; northwest by St. Lawrence River; west by Lake Ontario; south by Oswego County, and east by Lewis County. The superficial area of the county is 733,585 acres, or eleven hundred and forty-six square miles.

"The special features of the county are Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence River. The main indentations of the lake are the Black River (formerly called Hungry) Bay, Chaumont, Henderson and Griffin's Bays. Black River Bay is located in the town of Sacket's Harbor, and is not surpassed by any on the upper lakes for capacity, depth of water and safety. It is completely landlocked and surrounded by a bold escarpment

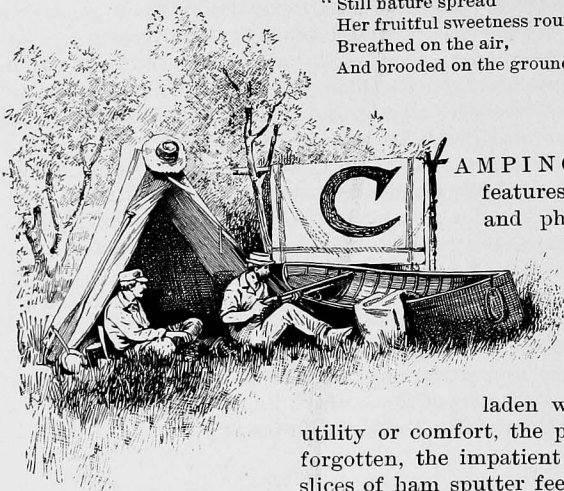
of Trenton limestone, varying from the water's edge to thirty feet in height. Henderson, Chaumont, Griffin's and a small inlet called Three Mile Bay, are arms of Black River Bay; all included cover an area of about sixty square miles.

"The principal islands attached to the county are Wells, Grindstone and Carlton islands, in the St. Lawrence, and Grenadier, Galloo and Stony islands in Lake Ontario. Besides these there are many smaller ones, including a number at the mouth of the Black River and in Chaumont Bays, and a portion of the archipelago known as the "Thousand Islands," in the River St. Lawrence. Among the most prominent headlands and capes are Stony Point, Sixtown Point, Pillar Point, Point Peninsula and Tibbett's Point. There are at least twenty small lakes in the county, of which ten are in the towns of Theresa and Alexandria, four in Ellisburg, two in Antwerp, two in Henderson, and one each in Orleans and Pamela, Champion and Rutland. The largest is Butterfield Lake, lying between Theresa and Alexandria, and is about four miles in length. The next of importance are Perch Lake, in Orleans and Pamela, which is nearly three miles in length, and Pleasant Lake in Champion, which is about two miles long. The county is almost wholly drained by Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence. The most important of the interior streams is Black River, which drains about one-fourth part of the country, passing through a little south of the centre. This stream furnishes a very large amount of water power; it being estimated as high as one hundred and thirty-five thousand three hundred and sixty horse-power in the dry season, within the county alone. The other principal streams are Indian River, a branch of the Oswegatchie; Chaumont River, flowing into Chaumont Bay; Perch River, which drains Perch Lake and discharges into Black River Bay; the two branches of Sandy Creek, in the south part of the county; Stony Creek in Henderson and Adams; and Mill Creek in Hounsfield; the last four flowing into Lake Ontario south of Black River."



SUMMER CAMPING.

"Still nature spread
Her fruitful sweetness round.
Breathed on the air,
And brooded on the ground."



CAMPING out has its humorous features, which, to the appreciative and philosophical mind, more than counterbalance the thousand and one small worries of the occasion. The grotesque procession passing to and fro between the boats and the camp site, each individual laden with some article of domestic utility or comfort, the petulant enumeration of things forgotten, the impatient waiting for supper while the slices of ham sputter feebly in the pan over a fire that obstinately refuses to burn properly—these are a few features of riverside life engraven upon the memories of hundreds of campers. But how quickly such discomforts sink into insignificance when we find ourselves stretched at last upon the verge of the smooth, gray rocks, tracing fantastic semblances to things divine in the embers of the cheerful, breeze-tossed beacon-fire! How sweetly then comes the music of the fiddle and song across the black waters from other camps, where other fires leap up joyously responsive to the added fuel of our own! The highest ambition of the juveniles of camp is found in rearing, upon the outermost extremity of the island, a great pyre of driftwood, with perhaps a barrel or so, which is fired upon the approach of the evening steamboat, casting a lurid glare far across the waters, athwart which the vague form of the steamer is seen for a brief moment, only to vanish into the darkness beyond. If, perchance, the helmsman should give the triple salute of courtesy in recognition of their enterprise, then is the cup of youthful happiness full indeed.

The hammock is now recognized as a vital necessity in every well-regulated camp.

Ten years ago, the eccentric individual who wanted to test the comforts of that production of tropic lands, was obliged to prowling along the wharves until he found a West Indiaman, when he might, if good fortune crowned his efforts, succeed in buying one strongly impregnated with tobacco, perchance, from some needy sailor. He then took it home surreptitiously, and swung it away around in the back yard, out of sight, where the hired girl was sure to trip over it when she hung out the clothes. When he ventured to swing in it, he somehow felt as though a commission of lunacy might be called by his friends, and he always insisted that it had been sent to him as a present by a traveler in distant lands, who didn't know any better.

Now, however, it has come about that the hammock (or two of them), is an institution in every well-regulated door-yard, and we who have no door-yard bigger than a postage stamp, swing one in our study, finding it a great comfort on winter nights.

There is but a single drawback to the hammock, and that is the fact that after you have been dropped suddenly by something giving way that ought to have been stronger, and punched the vertebrae of your spinal column all out of shape upon rough and projecting roots or stray croquet balls, you never feel quite happy in your

hours spent in its rest-giving meshes. Therefore, be sure in the first place to hang your hammock over a soft place. See that the fastenings (which should be strong leather straps, if suspended from trees—ropes won't do, they gall the bark), are properly secured, and lastly, invite some fellow who weighs fifty pounds more than you do to try it first.

The hammock plays an important part in the economy of camp life. What dreamily delightful afternoons may be spent sitting *vis à vis* with some *confidante*, lazily swinging in rhythmic unison with the influences of the summer hour! What glory, too, is found in the mess of freshly-caught bass or pickerel, and what heart-felt regrets are sent after the bigger fish "lost in pulling him in!" And the sunsets! Such sunsets, at the supreme moment when the orb rests just upon the top of the sloping western shore, reflected with its panoply of cloudlets, each gilded outpost duplicated in the still lake! You may see but one such in a month of camping, but let that be remembered as a glimpse through the gates of heaven.

The numbers of enterprising families which camped out last summer among the Thousand Islands was greater than ever. The business of supplying camping equipage has become a regular item of industry at Syracuse, Utica and other points in New York State. A tent with a "fly," and subdivided by a curtain, large enough to hold a party of a half dozen, can be rented for about three dollars per week. A floor is worth the trouble and expense, both being slight. Tables, chairs (especially the steamboat variety), hammocks, &c., should be taken along. A portable coal-oil stove, with which we can bake, broil, fry or cook, in any style you please, can be had for about twelve dollars. These stoves are not supplied with appropriate obituaries, being quite safe.

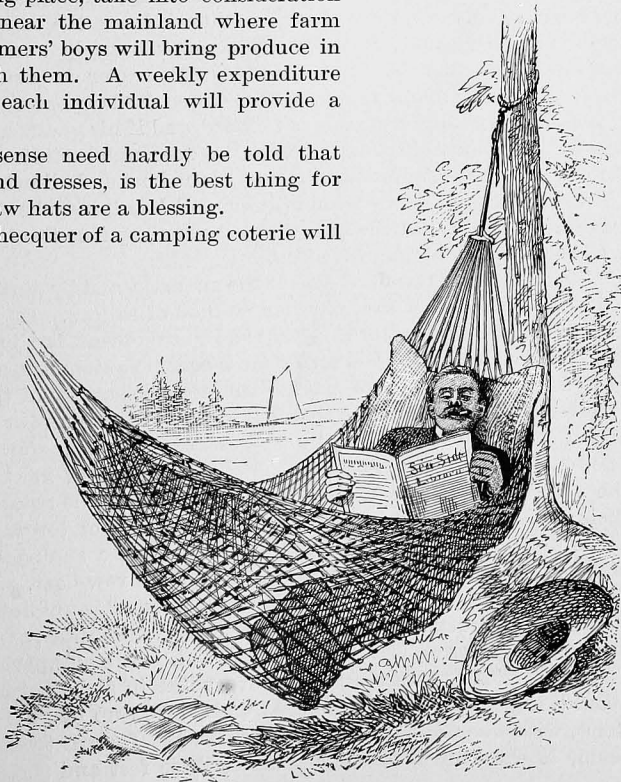
There are hundreds of pretty nooks where campers may revel in peace and seclusion among the Islands. It is well, however, to find out who owns the land, and get permission in advance. Boats can be had for a half dollar per day at Clayton, Alexandria Bay, and other leading points, and should be accompanied by a sail of the "spreet" variety, if you know how to use it.

In selecting a camping-place, take into consideration the advantages of being near the mainland where farm produce can be had. Farmers' boys will bring produce in boats if you arrange with them. A weekly expenditure of say three dollars for each individual will provide a princely bill of fare.

People of common sense need hardly be told that flannel, for both shirts and dresses, is the best thing for camping, and that big straw hats are a blessing.

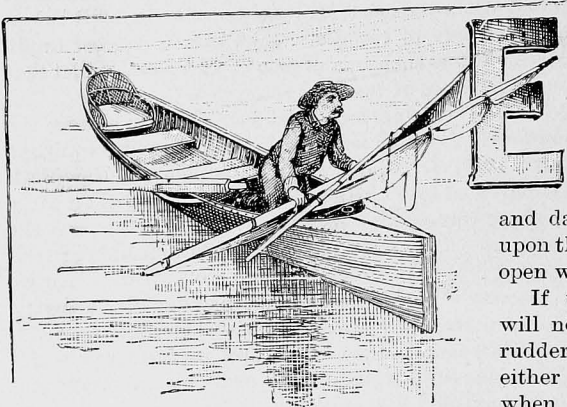
If the numbers or exchequer of a camping coterie will admit, it will pay to engage a steam yacht large enough to be safe and dry in rough weather, and partially enclosed as a protection against storms.

Staunch craft of this kind may usually be chartered with the services of pilot and engineer at a cost of about twelve dollars per day. It is worth while to be sure before making a bargain that the pilot's certificate permits him to take the boat as far up or down the river as the party is likely to wish to go.



SKIFF SAILING—The Riverman.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue waves to curl!
But, when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we'll rest on our weary oar.



EVERY visitor to the Thousand Islands who is at all *au fait* in the matter of sailing, must admire the grace, speed and capabilities of the St. Lawrence skiff, and, no less, the skill

and daring with which it is handled upon the breezy and often tempestuous open waters between the islands.

If the stranger is observant, he will notice that these skiffs have no rudders. They are propelled by oars either way with equal facility, and when the boatman has his party,

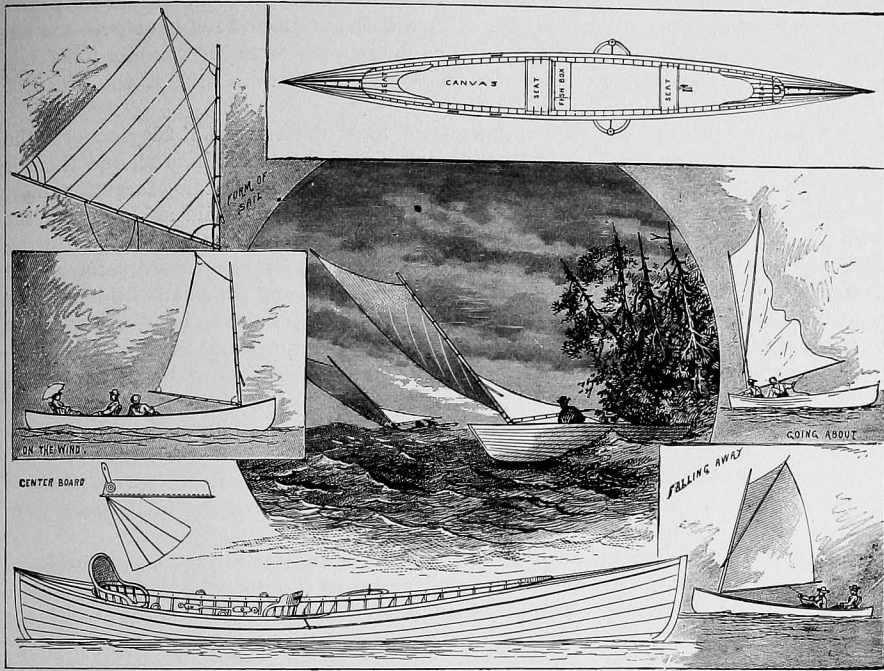
generally a lady and gentleman, stowed away comfortably in the chairs, which are a proper and indispensable feature of every boat hereabouts, and his sail shaken out with "sprit" all fast, he will discover that the waterman is handling his boat entirely by the "sheet," or line holding the sail in leash. By this he will guide his obedient craft upon any wind, as surely and safely as a trainer upon the race-track controls a spirited steed. A longer acquaintance with the ways of the boatman develops the fact that when a flaw careens the craft, he not only loosens the sheet slightly but lays forward, and if his guests are both gentlemen, and he wants to go about in a stiff breeze, he does not hesitate to request them to "lay for'ard" also, thus depressing the bow of the boat and allowing the stern to swing free.

Per contra, when the wind is astern, all hands may be snugly bunched aft, and in "falling away" to fill the sail, when she runs up into the wind, the boatman will lay well back, thus dragging the stern.

These things charm and amaze the amateur, and by dint of close attention he soon masters the details of this peculiar method of sailing. He must, however, know not only how to do the right thing at the right moment, but just also how to do it in the shortest possible way. His action must become automatic, and his eye trained to read every sign the winds write upon the impressible surface of the waters.

Most of the professional boatmen who are to be found during the summer at Round Island Park, Thousand Island and Westminster Parks and Alexandria Bay, ready to pilot excursionists to the best fishing places, are clever mechanics who build boats in the winter time, and some of them have acquired wide reputation for the excellence of their handiwork. There is no place upon the list of touring points where the boats are so universally good as here. Such a thing as a snub-nosed, flat-bottomed "tub," or gaily painted but otherwise contemptible row-boat, which, in many places is thought to be "good enough for summer tourists," is unknown here.

The St. Lawrence skiff is built of perfect, knotless pine, a trifle more than one-quarter inch in thickness. It is well ribbed with white oak strips, placed about four inches apart. The "shear" is a perfect curve and every line in sight harmonizes. A deck extends about thirty inches from its pointed ends, made up of pine and walnut stuff laid in strips, with a centre-piece on top to stiffen it. Length twenty-one and one-half feet; beam, in the centre, outside measure, three feet and three inches; depth, thirteen



THE CLAYTON SKIFF.

inches. Snug seats are placed fore and aft. These are detachable for sponging out. The stern seat is fitted with an arm chair, cane-seated and backed, without legs. Five feet forward of this is another seat with a similar chair, and upon the thwarts between them are catches to hold trawling rods and rings for the sheet line. The two chairs face, and behind the last named is the fish-box, which is exactly in the centre of the boat. This box serves as a seat for the rower when alone in the boat, in which case he rows stern forward. Ordinarily the rower sits upon a seat placed so that the fish-box serves as a foot-brace. Detachable out-riggers are used. The boat has no keel, but an elliptic bottom-piece, perfectly flat, is used. This is about five inches wide at centre. Upon this the boat slides when being hauled up on the wharf. A center-board, patented by Atwood Bros., of Clayton, occupies the space under the rower's seat. It folds up like a fan into a sheath, which is water-tight, being opened and closed by a lever carefully packed. The sail-brace and socket for base of mast are carefully fitted, and the mast and sail, when not in use, lie along the starboard side of the seats. A false bottom of movable stuff protects the light frame, and this is covered by neatly fitting canvas. Feathering oars are seldom used, the boatmen claiming that a well-balanced pin oar can be more easily dropped to haul in a fish.

An indispensable adjunct of every boat is a pair of strong hickory rods, which are set at right angles with the thwarts. The trawling lines, which are let out perhaps one hundred feet, are thus well apart. Every good boat has a glittering display of nickel or silver-plated metal about it, including out-riggers and seat-braces.

The foregoing fairly describes a boat owned by the writer, and built by Colon, of Clayton. Its value is about \$90, and its weight something like 140 pounds. Boats are made by Colon costing \$150. Dr. A. Bain, of Clayton, is the leading dealer in this class of boats.

If there is any class of watercraft, from a Jersey coast cat-rig to a Saguenay birch-bark or an amateur canoe, which can afford its owner more pleasure for the amount invested than the St. Lawrence skiff, the writer, who has paddled in many waters, has yet to discover it.

I once knew a boy who started a diary and opened it upon the first day of the year with, "Didn't do nothin' much." The balance of its pages were simply inscribed

“ditto, ditto.” Such is about the case with the St. Lawrence boatmen for the period of the year when they are snowed in. Then they get around red-hot stoves and tell stupendous stories about muscallonge and compare notes as to the summer folks they have rowed. When the ice upon the river is clear, ice-boating is the order of the day.

It takes but little to get up a vast wave of local excitement at Clayton or “the Bay” out of the season. The big hotels are closed, boats all housed, and there is absolutely nothing to do but wait for spring. Oh! yes, I had nearly forgotten, most of these oarsmen are “handy” with tools, and many of them build skiffs during the winter. In the spring there is a great demand, far in excess of the supply (growing more urgent in April, and still more in May and June) for carpenters, painters and laborers. The sound of the hammer is heard in the land, and the smell of linseed-oil is borne upon every breeze. Then the boatmen are busy, indeed, besides putting in some spare time upon their boats and sails mornings, evenings and Sundays.

Taken altogether, the St. Lawrence boatman is a good fellow, being temperate, honest and capable, full of dry wit, and a fund of amphibious experience worth the hearing. He thinks for himself, and clings to the traditions of his calling with proud tenacity.

There is nothing of the hackman about him. He has a uniform charge of three dollars per day for his services and boat, and can give you far more than your money’s worth—and he knows it.

The generally fair treatment of city people by the natives in matters of purchase, either of their time or products, is one of the charms of the region. We, as cottagers, have always been able to buy our kitchen supplies at the regular local rates, which are far below those ruling in city markets.

Fishing, and especially trawling, hereabouts, ought to be the very essence of happiness for the lazy man. For his especial comfort is the legless arm-chair in the stern. To save him the trouble of twisting his neck in looking after the lines that trail from the ends of the two set-rods, twenty feet apart, little bells are cunningly depended from the tips of the rods, to give the alarm of a strike, and then the line is hauled in to the side of the boat by a convenient guy line, leaving the rod undisturbed.

Your fisherman not only knows where and how to get the piscatorial prey, but as well how to cook and serve them when he has landed his party in some secluded nook for the noonday lunch. From the inner depths of the boat come forth a surprising array of cooking utensils, and even a folding-table and camp stools to match are forthcoming. Coffee, pickles, cold meats, and minor sorts of condiments, not forgetting, if you please, a bottle of liquid comfort, and some smoking tobacco; these make up the visible evidences of a day of perfect content. The atmosphere, and the unconventional bending of all to the abandon of the hour, do the rest.

Other boats have come in to the common rendezvous, and now we may behold him of the cloth who gives us our Sunday discourse in the hotel parlor, busy in scaling a pickerel under the mentorship of his oarsman, while the legal, medical and artistic professions are deployed in search of dry-wood wherewith to build a fire, and all this purely as volunteer help; for the genuine boatmen would attend to it all if you could but wait with patience.

The lazy man has been surprised into action for once, perhaps it is because he is so hungry.

One of MacIntyre’s most successful pictures (MacIntyre is the photographer, *par excellence*, of the river) depicts President Arthur sitting at a woodland table upon one of the islands, behind the remains of a melon, and an array of empty dishes. We can well believe that the President, in the midst of the pressing duties of his high office, may often turn to this picture and sigh for the islands and their freedom once more.

There are some people who would rather float along careless of passing hours, or with perchance a good book, to moor their boat beneath the shadow of some low swinging bough, and then and there go to sleep over its pages.

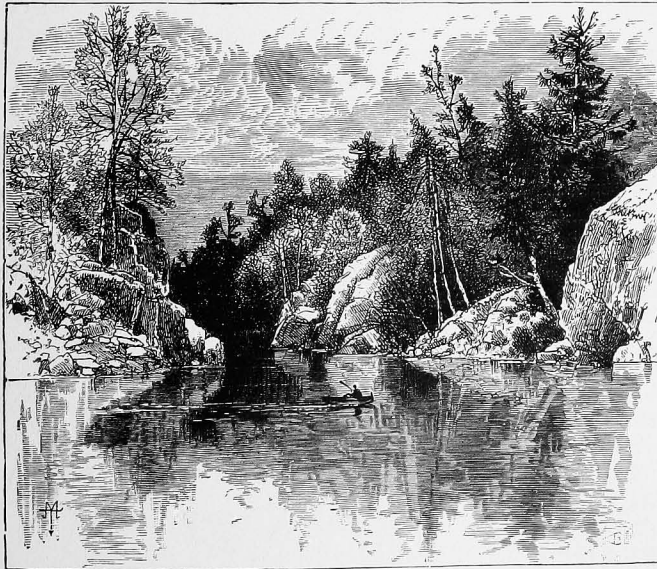
There is a peculiar charm in drifting over the rocky shallows, where pliant, rapidly

changing submarine mosaics are shadowed by the dancing wavelets; where the coy bass lazily seeks his food and the relentless pickerel waits in ambush for the fated minnow.

The depths are not so lucid nor so plentifully populated with wondrous forms of marine life, as upon some coral reefs I remember in the Bahamas, but there is always a subtle pleasure in moving along smoothly and silently a few feet above jagged masses of rock that need but a little more to take on the dignity of islands, and which drop away into water ever so deep with startling suddenness.

To compass all of these things one should own, or at least rent, his boat, and be his own oarsman. The boatmen have their private opinion of folks who would rather look over the sides of the boat, and read, dream, or do other lazy things, than to put in an honest day's fishing. Such folks, by refusing to catch fish, bring their oarsmen into disrepute when they go back to the hotel at night. Therefore, I say, if you are too lazy to fish, why, take a boat to yourself, or persuade some other equally lazy man to go along. Perhaps the writer might favor you if called upon when not suffering a lucid interval of industry.

Given these conditions and the novice will shortly be inducted into ways of serene joy—quiet plans for contented enjoyment of the blessed present, of which, in his headlong chase after the elusive spirit of pleasure, he never before dreamed.



INLET TO THE LAKE OF THE ISLAND.

THE CANOE.

"They say that I am small and frail,
And cannot live in stormy seas :
It may be so, yet every sail
Makes shipwreck in the swelling breeze.
Nor strength, nor size, can hold them fast,
But fortune's favor, heaven's decree ;
Let others trust in oar and mast,
But may the gods take care of me !"

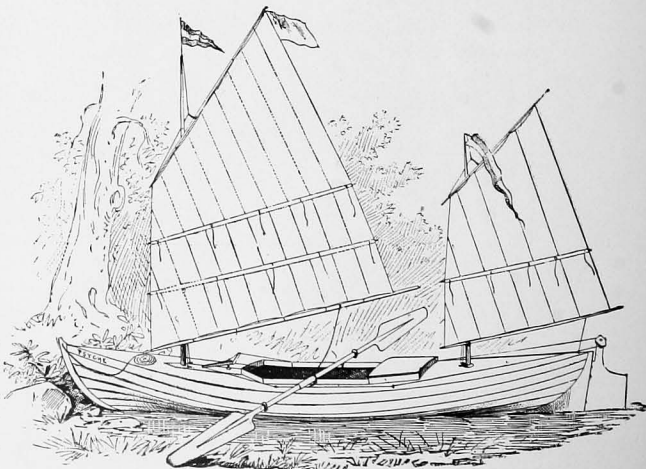


Using this word
I do not wish
to remind the
reader of the
cumbersome dug-
out of the basket-
peddling Indian,
or the picturesque
but rude birch-
bark of the
Canadian *voya-
geur*, but of that
modern and
daintiest of
crafts, the cruis-
ing canoe, useful

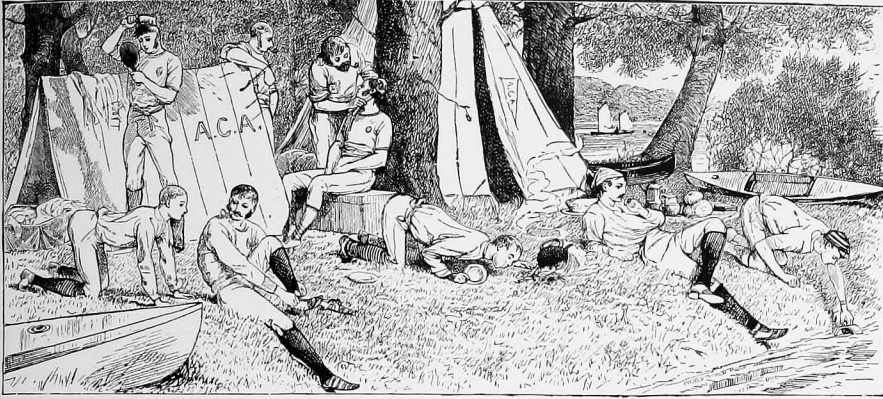
alike for paddling or sailing, which has been seen in increasing numbers among the islands the past two or three seasons.

As the American Canoe Association has elected to hold its annual international camp at a point in the midst of the Thousand Islands, during the month of August of the coming season (1884), a short chapter relative to the organization and its objects is in place here.

As the information is intended more especially for the general reader, I need not enter into the arena of discussion concerning the merits of the several makes in use—the Rob Roys, Racines, Shadows, Stella-Maris, Pearls, Jersey Blues, &c., which are so eagerly advocated by their friends among canoeists. All who care for specific and technical information upon this point can find it in the *Canoeist*, a bright little sheet published by Messrs. Brentano Bros., No. 5 Union Square, New York. Therein the reader may learn how to rig, manage and get back into a canoe after he has been unceremoniously spilled out of his precarious craft by some unforeseen and



CANOE—FULL RIGGED



AN A. C. A. CAMP—MORNING

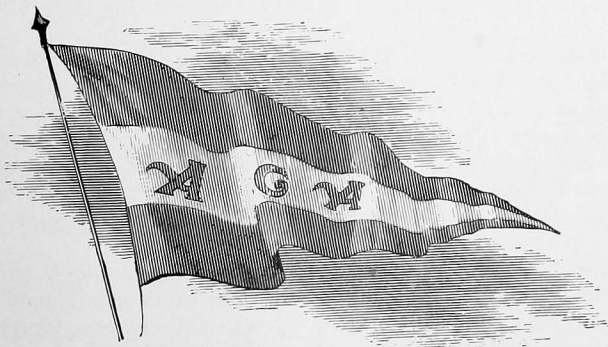
spiteful flaw, a trifle which your genuine cruising canoeist takes as a matter of course with but little more disturbance of his serenity than a wheelman feels after a "header" from his "Columbia 56."

The writer's first acquaintance with the American Canoe Association began with a journalistic sojourn of four days upon Lorna Island, in the centre of Lake George, in August, 1882. This island is owned by the association, and, aside from its inconvenience of access and lack of elevation, is a very pretty camping place. Lake George has been regarded as the home *par excellence* of the canoe, but the rapid extension of the sport and consequent increase of membership has drawn the association into larger fields. Last summer the Canadians, who are really in the lead in cruising if not in sailing, induced the members in the States to pay them a visit, and the camp was held at Stony Lake, a lovely sheet, closely resembling portions of the St. Lawrence, hidden far away in the Canadian forests to the north of Lake Ontario. This event was a great success.

As many of the visitors returning from Stony Lake cruised down the river, camping *en route*, an interest was aroused which has resulted in the selection of Delaney's Point, at the foot of Grindstone Island. (See map for the camp of 1884).

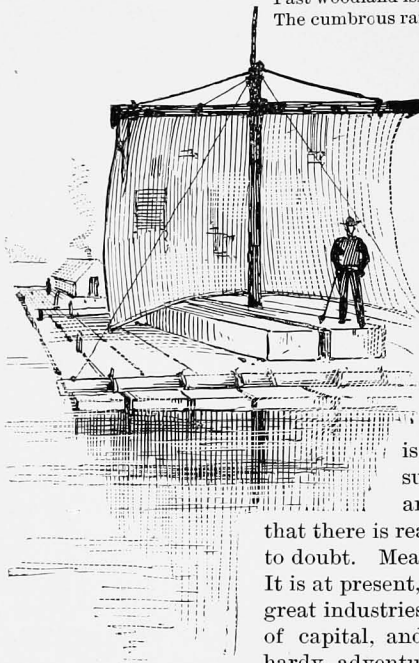
It is reasonably expected that this occasion will bring out the full force of enthusiastic paddlers. New York City will send two strong clubs, and large numbers will come from New England, the Middle and several Western States. Cincinnati boasts some of the most daring and expert men in the organization. Of course the Canadians will be there with their "Peterboros." The camp will be maintained from the 1st to 12th of August.

A series of regattas and races, both for sailing and paddling, will be among the events anticipated. It is expected that at least four hundred canoes will assemble upon the opening day.



ABOUT RAFTING.

Led by the deep-lunged tow-boat on,
With bellied sails its length along ;
Past woodland isle and busy town
The cumbrous raft is floating down.



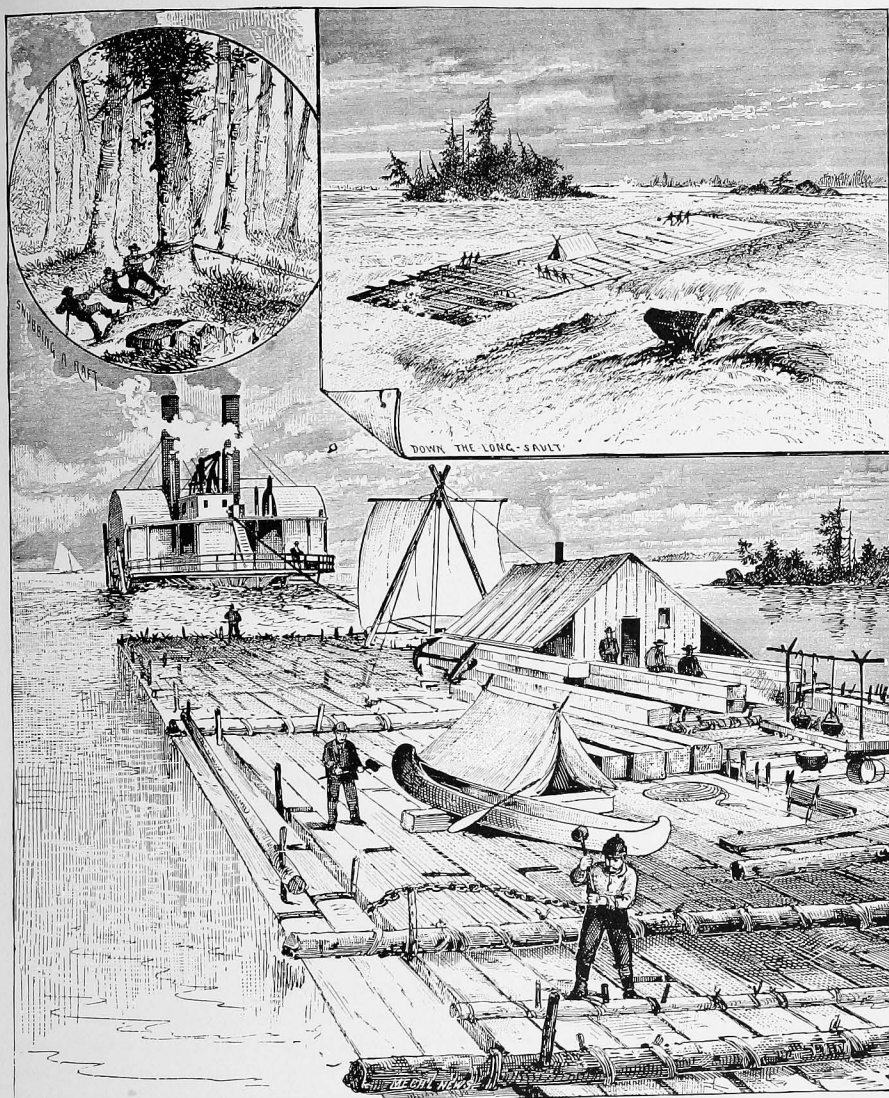
THE rapid consumption of timber is occasioned by the manifold demands of the building trade and kindred arts, and the steady increase of the population whose wants are to be supplied, has led to grave apprehensions that the days of the timber traffic must soon be numbered for want of material upon which to maintain it. Figures have been repeatedly given which demonstrate that this catastrophe cannot be far distant, unless some remedy, the nature of which is not very clearly indicated, is applied without further delay. It is a subject about which statistics are not exact, and authorities are widely at variance ; but

that there is real and imminent danger it seems impossible to doubt. Meanwhile, however, the trade goes bravely on. It is at present, and must long continue to be, one of the great industries of the country, employing a large amount of capital, and affording a livelihood for thousands of hardy, adventurous men. Their season of toil is as full of peril and vicissitude as a soldier's campaign, and the moderate reward which they obtain is richly earned. The manner in which their arduous calling is pursued on the River St. Lawrence is the subject of the illustrations herewith.

One year the writer pitched his summer camp amid a superb group of lordly pines upon an island of the St. Lawrence River. These fine, shapely trees became, after a short acquaintance, close friends. They gave grateful shade by day, and sang to the listening campers all night in gentle but melancholy cadence, as the breezes swept through their twisted limbs, whispering tales which one of lively imagination, fond of the mysterious voices of nature, might easily translate into legends of times long ago, when, doubtless, the nomadic Iroquois built his less peaceful camp fire within their shadows.

It was little wonder, then, that upon revisiting the place during the past summer, a feeling of dire outrage prevailed over every other sense, upon finding two of these ancient and shapely trees hopelessly girdled by the cables of the raftsmen. Trees are the common property, in some senses, of the people. He that destroys a tree, except that it may prove of greater use in the form of lumber or fuel, commits a sin against the domestic economy of Nature ; while one who plants a tree, watering its thirsty roots and caring for its infancy, that his posterity may rejoice in its shade, builds himself a noble monument.

In the course of the season, another raft coiled its snake-like length one tempestuous night under the lee of our island, and the men came ashore, hauling in a heavy cable to "snub up" their unwieldy craft. "Don't spoil any more trees !" we shouted, "tie to the girdled ones." Probably an American crew would have met our protest



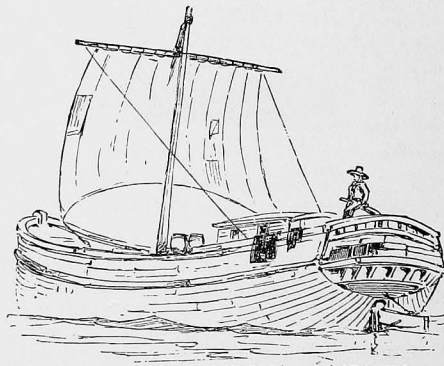
LIFE ON A RAFT

with the breezy profanity of the Occident, but these French Canadians are more manly. With a cheerful "Oui, Monsieur," the heavy ropes were quickly given a turn around the injured trees, and the raft swung in toward the shore. Now the tired raftsmen sat down to supper upon the timbers around a cook's "galley" built of square timber bedded with gravel and ashes, with a couple of forked sticks and a cross-bar, from which iron pots depended upon hooks. The cheerful boss invited us on board and, with his men, tendered us such simple hospitality that before we left them we had nearly forgiven them the murder of the trees. We had promised to ride down the river a few miles upon the raft on the following morning, and therefore "tumbled out" at an inconveniently early hour; but lo! the raft, with its puffing, lazy steamer in front, was already a mile away down the stream. However, with a good sailing skiff and a fair breeze, it is not difficult to overtake a raft, and half an hour later we were again on board.

The men had long since disposed of their breakfast of fried bacon and boiled potatoes, and were distributed along the raft, which was in fact three rafts in one, and

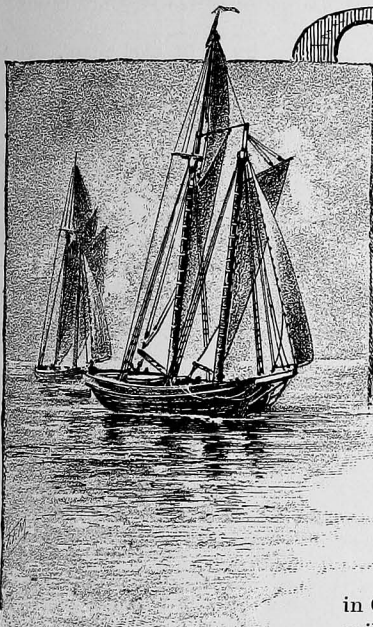
extended a third of a mile at least. Some were driving strong hickory pins into the binders which led from one section to another; others were binding these into a compact superstructure with withes of oak. The timber was already squared, and lay half a dozen sticks deep. All of these thousands of immense pieces were securely bound without injuring the wood with peg-holes. One part of the raft was made up of barrel staves, also closely bound. Near the bow (if a raft may be said to have a bow), a group of men were coiling the great cables and completing a winch for weighing the anchors when necessary; and the anchors themselves, as large as those of a frigate, lay close by. Dug-outs were hauled up on the timbers, and one or two tents, in which the men slept, were pitched between some especially large logs. The boss and his gang-foremen occupied a shanty, and even indulged in the luxury of straw mattresses in their bunks. From the "boss" we learned, through an interpreter, a great deal of the hard and often exciting life upon a timber raft. A section of such a raft is known as a "dramn," and the present one was made up of some seventeen of these, its value being something more than \$250,000. Before reaching the great rapids of the river, where the hard work and excitement culminate, these "dramns" are cut apart. The steam towboat (which looks, with its huge paddle-boxes, like the earliest of transatlantic steam vessels), drops its cable and each section looks out for itself. The crews push or pull at the long oars rigged at the front and rear and along the sides, keeping the timbers parallel with the swift current. Sometimes a raft breaks up, and then come simply ruin and death. It is considered so safe, however, that it is quite the fashion for ladies and gentlemen at Montreal to go up to Lachine, nine miles above the city, and go down that famous rapid upon the raft.

The bulk of the timber passing "in the stick" down the St. Lawrence is brought to Kingston, at the foot of Lake Ontario, from Lake Superior in "lakers," as the big schooners are called, and there made up. The vast forests to the northward of the Bay of Quinte also give a large supply. The force upon such a raft as the one we visited numbers about thirty men, and they can take two rafts, or groups of rafts, to Montreal monthly.



AUTUMN DAYS.

"The fairest time of all may be
September's golden days.
Press on, though summer waneth,
And falter not for fear;
For God can make the autumn
The glory of the year.



SPRINGTIME and summer are each beautiful in their own particular way, but among these northern lake-lands all the months that have gone before lead up to September, while the two that succeed bring us back from the dreams that we have dreamed for a month, and lead us by gentle steps down to the endurance of bitter cold, the changes not only of seasons, but in human affairs and lives which must intervene before another perfect spell shall rest like a benison upon these waters again, and once more find us (so let us hope) floating idly upon the quiet flood now but seldom furrowed by the speeding steam-yacht, or broken by the cumbrous, laboring tow-boat.

It is now that the breezes come so softly over the mirrored waters that they do not even break the enamel of the surface—breezes as warm and sensuous as the zephyrs that sweep among the palm-fronds in Caribbean forests, or waft along the parti-colored sails of the Adriatic.

Now each islet is mirrored in a reverse duplicate. It is now that in minnow-land a rumor grows that the summer fishermen who have cruelly impaled myriads of their fellows upon barbed and barbarous hooks, have gone away, and that it is safe to seek the haunts of June.

In September, the boatman who still keeps on fishing, not so much because he wants fish, as from the impulse of habit, mourns that the noble pickerel, and nobler muscallonge he throws upon the dock at evening, call no admiring concourse of city folks around them.

About this time the late and unfashionable cottager who stays, lets his soul go out in commiseration of those who do not.

Now is it that, floating along, we presently discover unsuspected reefs and caverns in the sunlit depths of the river.

The ducks, too, begin to appear in pairs, quartettes and dozens, and toward evening as the cool north wind freshens, the plaintive note of the loon comes, like the last despairing cry of the drowning, from the gathering gloom.

Now comes the time when the fire-place, hitherto esteemed solely for its decorative effect, assumes an important part in the domestic belongings. There is the magic of great content in drawn curtains and only the light of fitful flames and the glowing embers of well-seasoned hickory.

There is good cheer in the little circle which gathers around the camp-fire now, and song follows song or story until well nigh midnight.

Standing upon the hillside along the half-tilled main-shore the islands are seen, morning, noon and night, dimly through the soft haze, floating in an infinitude of distance.

Perfect days—golden links in the chain of the year. Full gladness seems to pervade the earth: death, sorrow and all evil things seem banished until a more fitting time shall remind us that we are mortal.

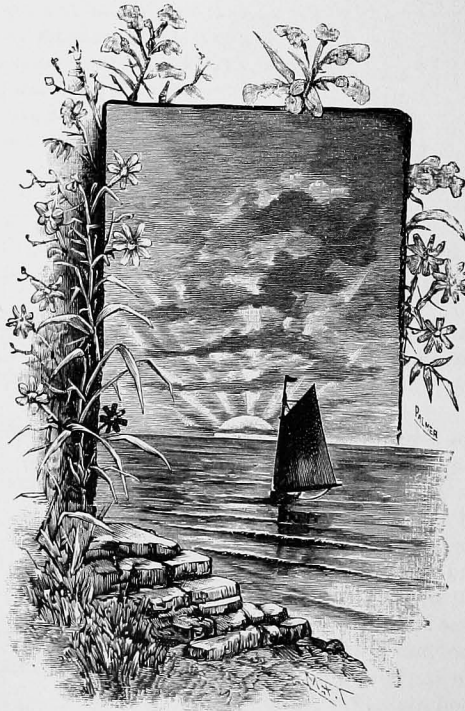
The days of summer just gone by have been given over to much self-consciousness of new clothes, and some bitterness of spirit. Verily it is better to gain five pounds through idling in the shade than to provoke envy in the heart of thy neighbor with much display of apparel. The man who can review his summer complacently in September is a blessed and happy mortal.

Though the tables at the hotel are thinly lined with humanity, those who stay are better cared for than in August.

There are few to see and admire. The crowds are back in the cities. The September sun shines there as well, but it illumines only unrest, ambition—Vanity Fair.

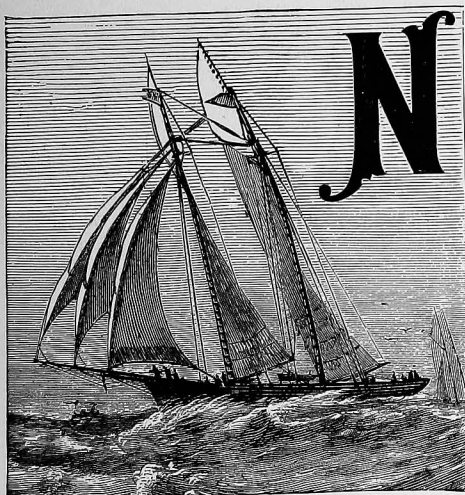
There, perhaps, the sunsets are as grand as here, yet, who climbs to the house-tops to see them? Once I stood beside the black precincts of a foundry. All the sky was rich with the banners of evening. The sooty, tired crowd surged forth and scattered to their homes. Not one lifted his eyes from the ground to gaze through the open gates of heaven. Yet who shall blame them? No man had taught these toilers how they might find pleasure and mental profit in plants, running streams, the sunset and the storm.

It is so with many who come here. More enlightened Fashion may sometime decree September a month of summer holiday.



BREEZES.

Oh weel I mind, oh weel I mind,
 Tho' now my locks are snow,
 How oft langsyne I sought to find
 What made the bellows blow!
 How, cuddling on my grannie's knee,
 I questioned night and day,
 And still the thing that puzzled me
 Was, where the wind came frae?



NOT the least interesting of the daily processes of out-door nature among the islands is the question of wind. Indeed, there does not seem any room for question, at least during July and August; for the midday breeze from the west is about as regular an institution as dinner, varied, to be sure, at rare intervals with a "norther," which comes down upon us from Labrador as cool and often as fierce, in its way, as the prototype which lashes the lonely waters of the Gulf of Mexico into a fury and drives the thin-blooded sons of the Aztecs further into their *zerapes*. The St. Lawrence breeze is an important asset in the sum of advantages the region has to offer. It sweeps down

across the broad bosom of Ontario and effectually stimulates the indolent and perhaps tired occupants of the piazzas into a desire for action. It forms a conspiracy with the sun to tan the wan cheek of the city girl and the hands of the piscatorially-inclined clerk.

To the boatman it is a joy, for he can then drop his oars and up with his "sprit." It sways the hammock and renders Æolian music through the nodding pines.

It makes people hungry. Each morning and evening is a blessed calm. The interval is given to the increase and decline of the winds.

Much of the time it is too fresh in the open reaches between the islands for small craft, which must hover behind the lea of headlands until it is passed. There are grand days in early September when even the staunch steamboats that run upon the local circuits between Cape Vincent or Clayton and the "Bay" have a hard time of it.

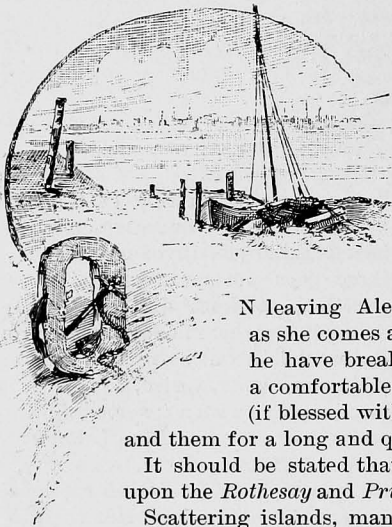
Then the great green billows advance in stately array, curling over the shoals and beating ineffectually against the rocky exposures of the islands.

In such weather as this sometimes the strong and buoyant "catamarans," of which there are several, indulge in the exciting sport of a race with the steamboats.

Then there is the capricious and coquettish breeze which sometimes comes along after a hot day and tempts people to sail away for miles, with the promise of an equally easy return, and then turns and blows "dead ahead," against which they must pull or tack back again.

Little betrayals of this kind are readily forgiven, however, for Boreas is our best servant, take him all in all, and if our daily plans conform to his inclination, we get along with him with very little trouble; for, remembering that "it's an ill wind that blows nobody good," it is pretty certain that somebody's ends are served, no matter from what quarter it may blow.

FROM ALEXANDRIA BAY TO THE LACHINE.



Past little villages we go,
With quaint old gable-ends that glow
Still in the sunset's fire;
And gliding through the shadows still,
Oft notice, with a lover's thrill,
The peeping of a spire.

IN leaving Alexandria Bay for Montreal upon the *Rothesay* as she comes along in the morning, the wise tourist, should he have breakfasted before coming upon board, will select a comfortable outlook fore or aft, and, gathering his coterie (if blessed with friends upon his travels), will adjust himself and them for a long and quiet morning's ride.

It should be stated that an excellent breakfast and dinner are served upon the *Rothesay* and *Prince Arthur*.

Scattering islands, many of them quite as wild as when the white man first voyaged here, are passed all the way down to Brockville, where the Thousand Island system terminates in a group called the "Three Sisters."

Brockville is a substantial Canadian city of 7,000 people. It is 125 miles from Montreal by the river.

The reader will note the large number of fine private properties along the rugged river front, both above and below the town.

Immediately opposite is the American town of Morristown, which is upon the line of the Utica & Black River Railroad.

The handsome Terrace House at Morristown Park, near this place, is one of the pleasantest stopping-places upon the river. It is managed this season by Mr. S. H. Wadsworth, a well-known hotel man, and strangers having seen the upper islands, can hardly do better than devote a few days of their stay upon the river to this shady and cheerful place. The *Rothesay* touches at the Terrace House landing.

Fourteen miles beyond, the Canadian town of Prescott and the American city of Ogdensburg stand *vis-a-vis* upon the banks of the river. Prescott has a population of about 3,000, and bears the solid air for which all Canadian towns are famous. The "Daniels" is a good hotel, and enjoys a large patronage. A railway connects the St. Lawrence at this point with Ottawa, the Canadian capital. Travelers to whom the voyage down the rapids is familiar, will find the rail trip to Ottawa and steamer voyage down the wild and beautiful Ottawa a very diverting experience.

Ogdensburg, the largest and most affluent place in northern New York, merits more than a passing notice. It is the focal point of three lines of railway, and a depot for a vast transshipment of grain and lumber from the West. With an energetic population of nearly 10,000 largely engaged in manufacturing and internal commerce, Ogdensburg bids fair to more than hold her own against the steady drain of her young blood incident to the great migration to the Far West.

The site of Ogdensburg, at the mouth of the Oswegatchie River, was selected by the French traders as a favorable location for a settlement for the furtherance of their interests among the Iroquois Confederation.

In the year 1831, while workmen were clearing away *débris* preparatory to laying

the keel of the steamer *United States* (built upon the site of the present R. W. & O. Depot), a corner-stone was discovered bearing the following inscription :

In Nomine + Dei Omnipotentis,
Huic habitationi initia dedit
Frans Picquet, 1749. (*)

A marginal note in pencil in an old volume now in the writer's possession, which is the property of L. Hasbrouck, Esq., a venerable citizen of Ogdensburg, states that this relic was presented by him to the State at the time when the armory was built, and was placed in the structure over the rear or south door, where it may now be seen.

The old building was used many years afterward by the British upon their occupation of Canada.



AN ISLAND VISTA

During the war of 1812, Ogdensburg, then a rising settlement, was captured by the British. There is, however, a greater halo of romantic incident surrounding the part played by citizens of the town in the abortive "Patriot War" of 1837-'40.

Upon November 10, 1838, two schooners, whose holds were filled with armed men, came down the St. Lawrence upon a filibustering expedition in tow of the steamer *United States*. They were under the command of a brave Polish exile named Von Schoultz and of General John W. Birge. This force, instead of going ashore under cover of the night and surprising Fort Wellington at Prescott, the objective point of the expedition, waited until morning, and then proceeded to occupy a massive stone windmill about one mile below the town. "Patriots" from Ogdensburg seized the steamer *United States*, and reinforced the party in the mill. Here they were besieged during the next five days by British militia and regulars, resulting in the capture of

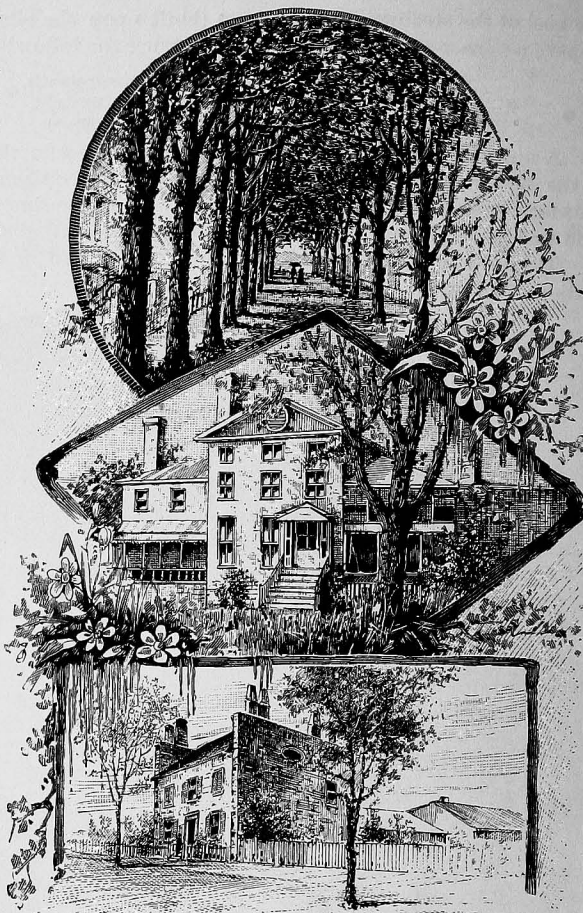
(*) Francis Picquet laid the foundation of this habitation in the name of Almighty God, in 1749.

the entire party after the attacking troops had lost very heavily in the several attempts made at dislodging the invaders. The prisoners were taken to Fort William, Kingston, and, with the exception of a few minors, were court-martialled, a large number being sent to Van Dieman's Land, and the rest executed. This, in brief, is the story of the "Battle of the Windmill." The ancient tower may be seen upon the Canadian shore soon after leaving Prescott.

Five miles below Ogdensburg is Chimney Island, where vestiges of French fortifications still exist, and immediately below are the first of the series of rapids, the *Gallopes*, and shortly thereafter the *Rapide de Plat* is met. Neither of these swift places are especially exciting, but they serve as a preliminary to the great Long Sault (pronounced *long sou*), which is next in order. A long reach of smooth water intervenes, however, during which we pass the small American town of Waddington and the attractive Canadian city of Morrisburg. Just below this place is the battle-field of Chrisler's Farm, where an engagement occurred in 1813 between British and American forces, while the latter were marching to the capture of Montreal and Quebec.

Over upon the American side is Massena Landing, whence a stage connecting with a steam ferry runs to the fine old medicinal resort known as Massena Springs, which, aside from its picturesque and healthful location, the excellent Hatfield House, and good fishing, boasts remarkably strong and potent sulphur waters.

At Dickinson's Landing the *Rothesay* swings alongside of the waiting sister steamer *Prince Arthur*, and an interchange of passengers is effected without delay or vexation. Then the *Prince*, a boat well fitted for her daily task of breasting the wild surges of the rapids, turns in the swift current, and a mile ahead the passengers see the white, stormy waters of the Long Sault stretching from shore to shore. Now the real fun begins. There is a sudden hush to the monotone of the steamer's pulsations. We are in the grasp of the current. Extra men are at the wheel, and others are aft in charge of a spare tiller. If you are



A SKETCH IN OGDENBURG.



THE OLD WINDMILL

inclined to be nervous now, remember that steamers have been going down here ever since 1840, and no passenger vessel has ever been wrecked in the rapids.

The first plunge is over a cascade at "the cellar," and is exhilarating. We are no sooner into the vast expanse of broken waters than fresh sensations await us. Look at the shore! Heavens, how we slide along! Now across our way a vast green billow, like the oncoming surge of the ocean upon soundings after a nor'easter, disputes our passage. It is of the beautiful green where the sun-light shows through its wedge-like cap that one sees upon the coral beds of Nassau, or at the deep centre of the Horseshoe Fall at Niagara, or in drug-store jars. It does not rise and fall, advance and recede. It simply stands there forever, a vast wall of water through which we cleave our way with a fierce brief struggle, only to meet a second, a third, a fourth-like wave beyond. Guide books have falsely told a generation that the Long Sault is nine miles in length. It is supposeable that the first guide-book writer was told this by a reckless deck-hand, and recording it, has been taken as gospel by every subsequent cribbing guide-book writer who has touched upon the subject.

The veritable rapids are scarce a mile and a half in length, but there is a continuance of reasonably swift water for several miles further. The actual *fight* between the *Prince* and the angry billows is over in less than three minutes.

The important town of Cornwall, where several large factories are located, is shortly seen upon the Canadian shore. From this point to Dickinson's Landing, eleven miles above, a canal is built, to enable vessels to return up the river. Similar canals are built around each of the rapids, and are excellent examples of thoroughly good engineering.

After leaving Cornwall we bid good-bye to American soil, for here the "compromise line," forming the national boundary just north of the 45th parallel, intersects the river.

It is interesting to note, in this connection, that this line exists through a faulty original survey. During the administration of Tyler in '42, a boundary commission, consisting of Daniel Webster and Lord Ashburton, it was found that a true line on the parallel would throw several American towns, including Rouses Point, into Canada, and it was wisely arranged to leave the line as originally found.

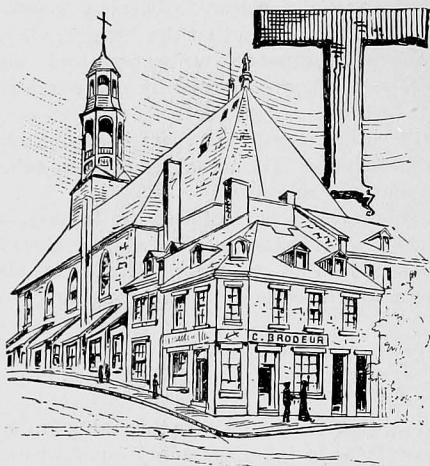
Four miles below Cornwall the Indian village of St. Regis is noted upon the right shore. The boundary line is said to bi-sect the place. The inhabitants, like all of the aboriginal remnants in the French Canadian country, are all devout Catholics, and the good *curé* is the highest authority they know.

As the good steamer *Prince Arthur* emerges upon the broad Lake St. Francis, dinner is announced, and the reader may safely forego his outlook for a time, as the transit of the lake will occupy an hour and a half at least, as it is twenty-five miles long.

Over upon the left shore of the lake stands the village of Lancaster, and when the river tires of its breathing spell, while loitering in the guise of a lake and resolves to be a river once more, it dashes off impetuously just after leaving the village of Coteau du Lac, which you have just seen peeping above the trees, and carries us headlong down the "Coteau Rapids," which are about two miles long, then the "Cedars," three miles, and the "Cascades" of which the Split Rock Rapid is the most formidable and dangerous looking. There is enough, indeed, within the score of miles covering this portion of the day's experience to afford excitement and interest for a year of ordinary travel. The village at the foot of the Cascades is Beauharnois, and now a second lake is met, as if the river dreaded the final plunge down the famous Lachine. Lake St. Peter is about twelve miles across to the village of Lachine.

CITY OF MONTREAL.

The sun sinks in yon western sea of gold,
Among the isles of amethyst fringed with fire,
Against whose glory—purple, clear and cold—
Stand roof and bridge and cathedral spire.



HERE'S Mount Royal," says a passenger,
as we sit upon the forward deck.

We see in the blue distance its bold outline traced against the mellow northern sky, the profile of the promontory, and from its base, a thin, wide cloud of smoke drifting away from the city. Smoke escaping from a thousand chimneys, the funnels of great steamships, and all the fuel-consuming devices of a great industrial centre.

Mount Royal is hardly less imposing than the rugged promontory of Quebec, which we are to visit later.

The village of Lachine, now robbed of much of its commercial importance (for it was, before the canal was built, the distributing and loading-point for all the vast

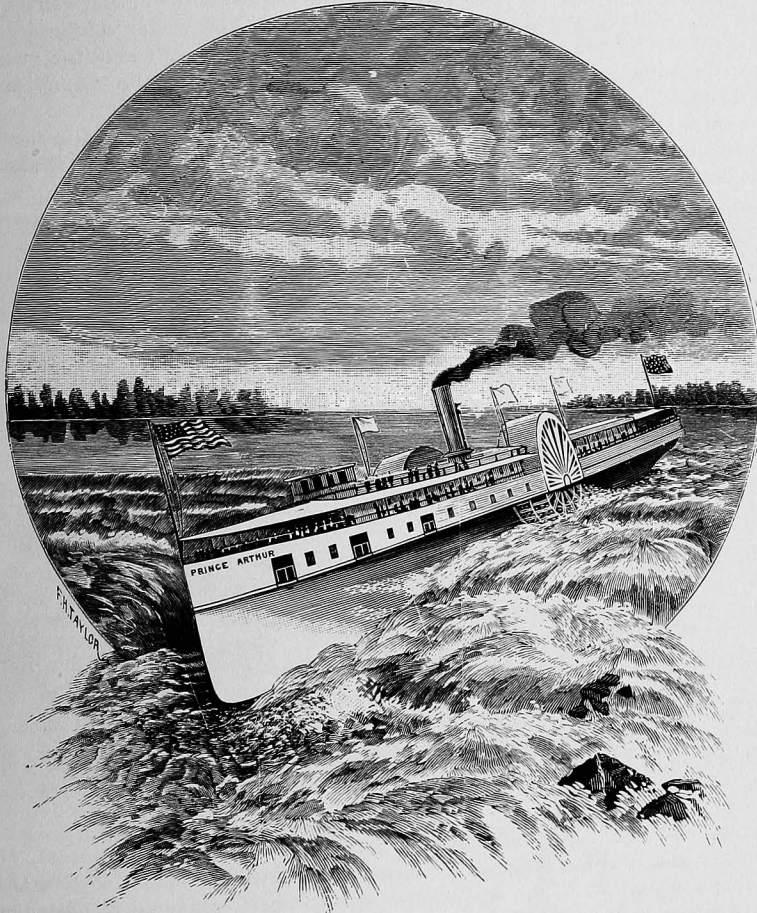
marine traffic of the interior), is now simply a picturesque suburb of the city. Its origin is as old as that of the city itself. The hardy discoverers, zealous Jesuits, and ambitious leaders who sought to perfect a cordon of outposts that should check both Spanish and Anglo-Saxon progress westward, managed to earn, through their intrigues with the Hurons, Algonquins and Ottawas, and by bad faith with the Iroquois, the hatred of this latter warlike and powerful people, and in the year 1689—a terrible item among the long list of aboriginal cruelties then perpetrated,—the pretty village was destroyed and its entire population butchered in a single night, except about one hundred prisoners who were carried across the river and tortured at the stake the following night.

The reader may ask why the curious name, *La Chine* (The China) is applied to this point. It is said that the earlier voyagers believed that the St. Lawrence opened a way to the Pacific, and therefore to the Flowery Kingdom.

From the deck of the steamer the passenger may see the bold outline, standing out against the sunset, of a huge stone watch-tower, and if close enough the crumbling remains of two stone forts, built to protect the settlements along Lake St. Louis from the savages.

Onward forges our speedy craft, and ere long the troubled waters of Lachine are seen far ahead, a snowy breastwork across our path. The lake is again a river. We are abreast the village of Lachine where the canal from Montreal *debouches* into the St. Lawrence. The muddy Ottawa pours its tide into the pure blue waters in which we have voyaged since morning, as the Missouri pollutes the Mississippi. At the Iroquois village of Caughnawaga, a hamlet of the remnants of the aboriginal inhabitants, the pilot comes aboard. The tourists, warned by every writer upon the topic of the rapids, throng to the starboard as the steamer's paddles cease to revolve, and watch with interest the energetic rowing of a couple of Indian boatmen in a bateau. A heavily-built, swarthy man paddles at the stern. He is the essence of good nature. We are drifting steadily down toward the rapid. The heavy man clambers up the guards, the bell signals "go ahead," and the Indian pilot takes supreme command at

the wheel, assisted by an apprentice Indian, on whom his mantle will fall some day. The white steersmen light their pipes and enjoy their respite from duty. Couldn't the white men take the *Prince* down just as well? Are the Indians really a necessity? *Quien sabe*. It is the custom of the river, and the passengers remember the incident when every other feature of the trip is hazy and covered with the dust of forgetfulness that gathers over the events of bygone years. A little while later and we are in the vortex. The current grows swift and swifter. All the bosom of the river is covered with reefs and rocks. All the mighty outpouring of the stream is pent up in a single channel. The boat heads this way and that, then the bottom of the river seems to fall



THE "PRINCE ARTHUR."

out. Down we plunge! and onward, straight toward a rocky islet! Which side? Just as destruction seems imminent, the vessel sweeps round to the right and shoots up like an arrow between two sunken ledges. We are through, and may look back up the watery hill we have descended, and admire the courage of the men who first navigated this wonderful channel. In the slack water just upon the edge of the racing current which still bears us on, are Indians fishing placidly from dug-out or birch canoes.

Here it dances and sings,
Here it pours and it roars, and its wild current flings
Into spray; here, with grandeur majestic, it sweeps
O'er its breakers, and smooth and unbroken it leaps
From the crest of the low cataract; here it beats
Into fury along the sharp headlands, retreats
From its futile attack with the thunders of hate.

The once marvelous Victoria Bridge comes into view. In a few moments we steam beneath it and swing around the dangerous shoals that bar the terminus of deep-water navigation, and heading up stream are speedily at the lock, within which, as the steamer rises to the upper level, the passengers are delivered over to the tender mercies of the coachies and "bus" men. But be not afraid, for there is a uniform rate of twenty-five cents for coach fare here, and you will not be swindled. You are no longer in the free and glorious domain of Uncle Sam.

There is a good choice of hotels in Montreal.

The Windsor, stately and American-like, stands upon the high land back from the business part of the city. The St. Lawrence Hall is down town, and convenient for sight-seeing. This house is upon St. James Street. The writer confesses to a predilection for the Richelieu, a house upon the French pattern, where the guests may elect to stop upon either of the plans of payment, known as the "American" and the "European." The Albion is another good house.

The question of hotels disposed of, next in order comes that of attractions. But first must come the inevitable general description, and I promise you it shall be as brief as possible.

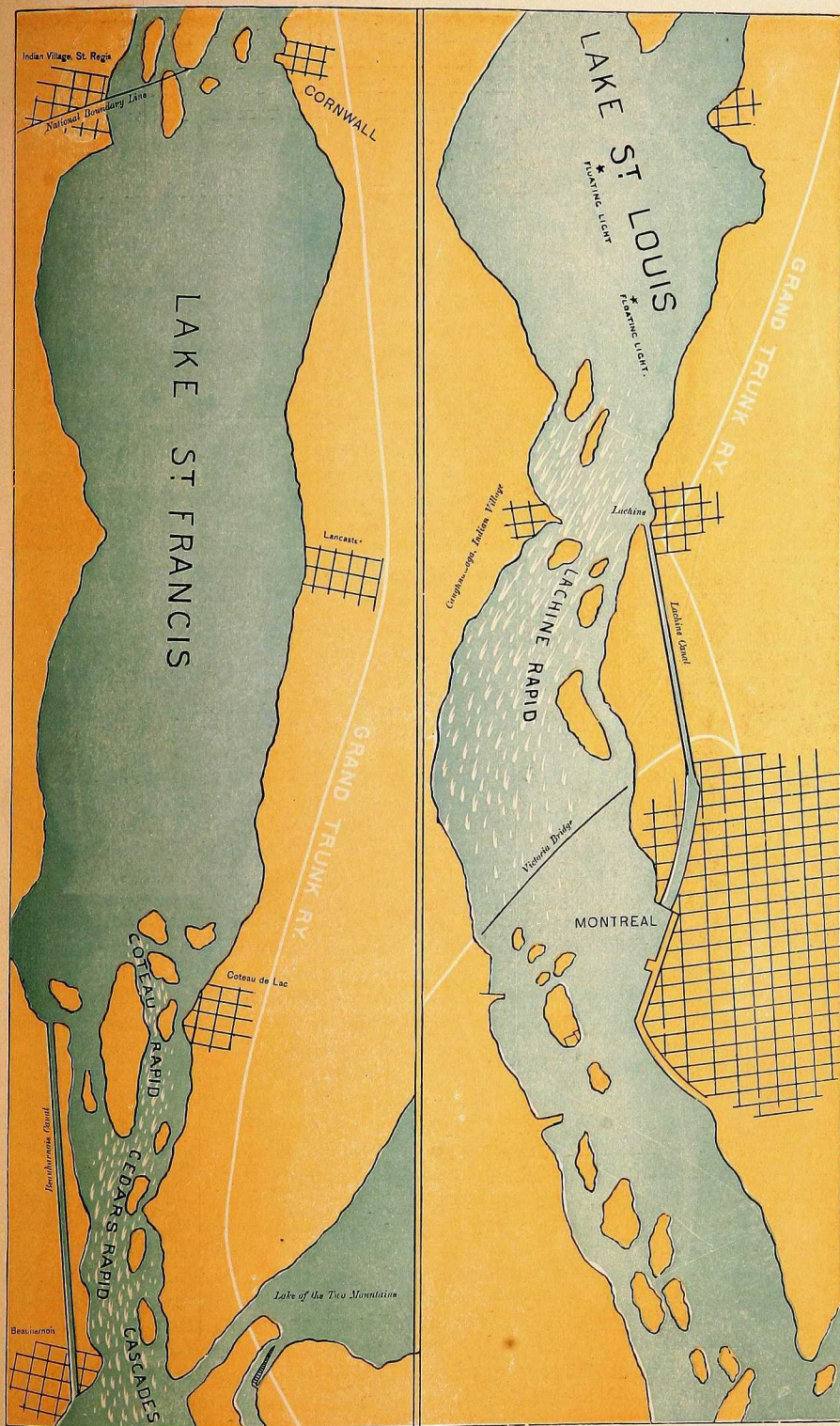


CITY OF MONTREAL

Montreal claims one hundred and fifty thousand souls, in round numbers, "be the same more or less." It has its French quarter, as well defined as that of New Orleans, and its English quarter, which is, perhaps, more properly rendered as *three quarters*, the line of division being along St. Lawrence Main Street. The active centre of the French population surges around Bonsecours Market, a huge and stately building fronting upon the river, and up through Jacques Cartier Square. (Beware how you essay the use of this latter name without due instruction). All through this section of the city, the honest, simple-minded *habitants* are busy driving their small bargains, selling their produce, and behaving themselves just exactly as you may have seen their brethren in the market-places of Brittany behave, full of *chic*, glib of tongue, active and good-natured.

You will step for a moment into old Bonsecours Church while down here, and if you wish mementoes to carry away for your library walls you will be directed to stores where all sorts of genuine Indian and Canadian goods may be had at one-half the price you would have to pay for the same articles in the hotels.

A "trophy," such as may be made up of a toboggan, a pair of snow-shoes, lacrosse bats, canoe, bow and arrows, and a few leather articles, is worth a place in any home.



No 5 —FROM ST. REGIS TO MONTREAL.

Upon St. Paul Street, at Jacques Cartier Square, stands the Nelson monument. Other writers have commented upon the incongruous fact that the old salt stands with his back to the water. As I don't wish to say anything that any other scribbling traveler has said, if I can help it, I forbear calling attention to this circumstance.

You will go to the huge Cathedral. Perhaps you may not particularly care to go there, but as you will somehow pass it every time you are "down-town" you may as well take it in and get it off of your mind. It is the Notre Dame of Canada, and quite as worthy as its French namesake of a call by the regular tourist.

Its bells are famous, one of them being ranked among the five largest in the world. The cathedral is gauged to hold 12,000, but like the American street-car, no man has yet been able to estimate its final capacity.

The west end is altogether another city. Formerly some of the best French families lived here, but gradually they moved away to the east end, drawn by the influences of race, religion, traditions and sympathies. The splendid mansions on Sherbrooke Street are occupied by English and Scotch merchants; and the Windsor is an American hotel after the best model. But, go where you will in Montreal, it is not possible to forget that you are in a Roman Catholic city. A group from the Seminary; a procession of Christian Brothers; a girl's school out for a walk, with softly-treading nuns quietly guiding them; a church near the Windsor silently taking form in imitation of St. Peter's; the Hotel Dieu; the enormous and ever-growing establishment of the "Sœurs Grises," who care for every form and class of suffering humanity, from helpless foundlings to helpless second childhood. Here Rome everywhere declares herself, and claims Montreal as her own.

The stranger who wanders along the business avenues, if observant, will note the air of solidity imparted to the business structures. They are largely built of stone, and look as though they might endure for ages.

While the Catholics are largely in the ascendancy here, every denomination seems to be well housed in fine and costly structures scattered over all portions of the city.

McGill university ranks as one of the leading educational institutions of the Dominion. Its fine buildings and extensive grounds are located in the upper portion of the city.

The best drive on the list of local tours is that to the summit of the mountain, which constitutes, in fact, a public park, the road to and through which is a splendid carriage-way, with frequent "coigns of vantage" from which one may look down on the busy city and far along the valley where the St. Lawrence River takes its stately course. In going to the mountain it is best to make a bargain for a barouche, but for local getting about, the light, single-horse carriages are the cheapest. The plan is the same as that existing in Havana and the City of Mexico. You simply pay your driver his quarter, and when you are ready for another move hail a fresh coach. Somehow, our American towns want civilizing in this matter of carriage locomotion terribly. The nearest approach to a satisfactory plan in the States is that introduced by the Pennsylvania Railroad in its hansoms now familiar in Philadelphia streets.

Montreal has a heavy marine trade, both upon salt and fresh water. The great Allan liners give dignity to the water-front views, and the vessels of half a dozen lesser lines are clustered along the wharves. In the matter of river navigation the city has great advantages. In addition to the daily service of the American and the Canadian (Richelieu & Ontario) lines between this point and the Upper St. Lawrence, there is a regular boat every night to and from Quebec, a daily line upon the Ottawa River connecting with the Dominion capital, and local boats to points upon the Lower St. Lawrence and the Richelieu rivers.

The Bonaventure is a "union" depot, and from thence arrive and depart Grand Trunk trains, the Central Vermont, Southeastern and other lines. The North Shore Line has its depot (Quebec route) two miles out of town.

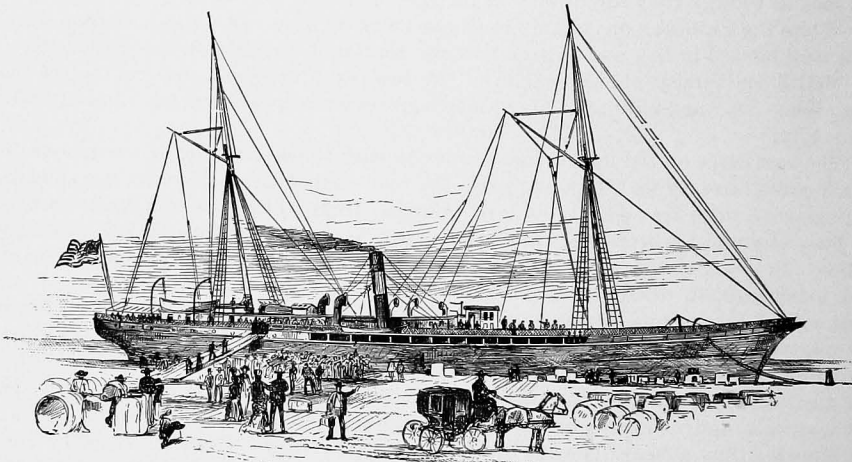
Montreal is a festive town; is very proud of its picturesque battalions of volunteers, and takes keen delight in the achievements of its lacrosse and snow-shoe clubs.

The mid-winter carnival is now a fixed institution; and it is really a fact, that to see the city under its most favorable social conditions, one must come here in January or February.

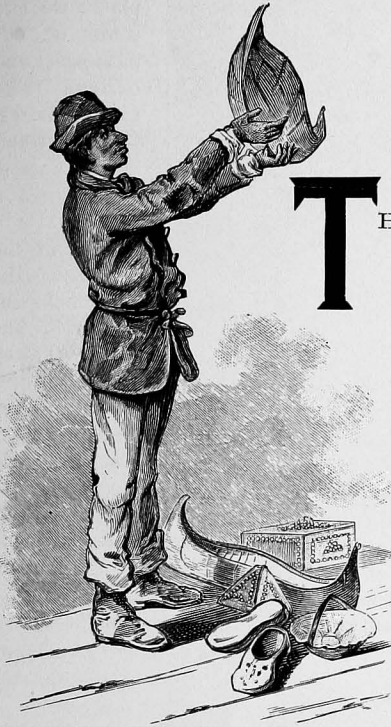
I believe I have forgotten to record the fact that Montreal is upon an island, being separated from the mainland by the Back River, or, as the French prefer to call it, the Riviere des Prairies.

Visitors who want to repeat the voyage down the Lachine Rapid will note the advertisements in local morning papers, by which it will be seen that a train leaves Bonaventure station every morning for Lachine, connecting there with a steamer which makes the run and brings the excursionist back to the city in time for breakfast. The fare is half a dollar.

In a mental casting around for things unsaid, we must not overlook Freeman and his superbly-decorated restaurant, the Delmonico's of Montreal. At Freeman's we have more than once swallowed lamb-chops and the illuminated story of Cinderella simultaneously. When you are in Rome drop in on the Pope. When in Montreal, see Freeman.



ON TO THE SAGUENAY.



Down from the North a stream comes forth,
 Locked in with Titan walls;
 The dizzy verge o'ertops the surge,
 The cloud before them falls.

THE following is clipped by the writer from his journalistic record of a trip to the Saguenay two years ago :

Two miles out-of-town we discovered the "Mile End" station of the Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa & Occidental Railway (called the "North Shore Line" for short), and at 3 p. m. left for Quebec. French conductor, French brakemen, French villages, depots and supper, every bit as French as Brittany. Acres of land a half a mile long, and a rod or so wide; primitive methods, and queer, curving-roofed houses; dormer windows and wood-encased chimneys; roofs painted red or white. All the steeples were mated—two to a church—and sheathed in bright tin which blazed in the evening sun.

There was plenty to look at, seasoned with novelty to us Americans. The land, but for the distant hills, suggested the sugar lands of

Bayou Teche, Louisiana. Sometimes we approached quite near to the broad St. Lawrence—near enough to count scores of sail and steam craft upon its bosom.

About 9.30 p. m. found us "holding on for dear life," as the hotel coach slowly surmounted the steep roadway outside the walls of queer old Quebec. Other friends, who knew of our coming, were on hand at the St. Louis Hotel, so we didn't seem so very far from home, after all.

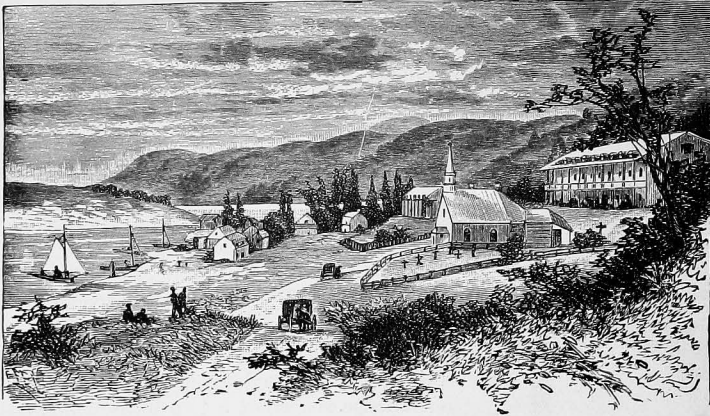
The morning hardly gave us a glimpse of the famous Terrace and Citadel, before we were hurried on board the *Saguenay*, and were steaming down the river. What a splendid place a steamboat is for the study of character (human and *porcine*)!

Some people are good travelers by instinct, and better ones by training. They know how to get the best out of their experiences, and are gifted with enough tact and gentility to enable them, if alone, to find congenial acquaintances upon the boat. The natural result being, that they find the trip instructive, pleasant, and something to recur to with satisfaction in after years.

There are others whom nature intended for *crustacea*. They retire within invisible shells, and neither give nor receive. Nobody gets acquainted with them, nor do they venture any improper enthusiasm as to the scenery.

The atmosphere in the vicinity of these human icicles is perceptibly chilly. How much good a little travel would do these unhappy beings! It would knock the corners off of their angular natures, and show them how small a place they occupy in natural economy.

There are but few such, however; most of the party are bound on a pleasure trip, and in for a good time. We touch at Murray Bay and Riviere du Loup, where are crowds of ruddy young Englishmen clad in white suits and hats wound with muslin,



TADOUSSAC

pretty girls in Jerseys and Highland caps, with a strong disposition to flirt. At these places we lose some of our passengers, and others take their places. Then the steamer heads across for Tadousac, a queer little hamlet at the mouth of the

Saguenay. Here another lot of passengers leave us. A handsome hotel looks out upon the broad St. Lawrence, and down upon a little and ancient church. The Dominion salmon-hatching establishment is located here. As the steamer moves away it is already sunset, and a ruddy sky shows in fine contrast above the massive cliffs. A few of us sit up to see Capes Eternity and Trinity, but the night is very dark. They loom up vaguely for a moment, and we content ourselves to wait until the morrow.

At sunrise we are awakened by a rattling and banging below, as the wharf of Ha Ha Bay is depleted of its waiting freight. A half-dozen Indians are bartering with tourists for small canoes, baskets of berries, and the usual variety of curiosities which are the product of aboriginal *injun-uity*. The leading product of Ha Ha Bay seems to be blueberries. They are stacked up in cords of small coffin-like boxes, and the sailboats of the mountaineers alongside the wharf are also full of them.

Chicoutimi is a "sizable" town about twenty miles up the river, and at the end of our exploration.



CHICOUTIMI

During the hour spent here all hands are ashore, spinning about the hilly streets in the queer buckboard-like rigs which are the fashion. Salmon-fishers here take a smaller steamer to go up the river and its tributaries.

The culmination of our voyage is reached when, about noon, we round into view of the two majestic headlands, Trinity and Eternity. How dwarfish our steamer looks as it floats in their shadow ! The large pines fringing their summits are but as shrubs in appearance. It is difficult to determine which is the nobler of the two, and from what standpoint they are best seen. From this scene we turn regretfully, and recall the fact that we have forgotten all about dinner. From this point to the *debouchure* of the river at Tadousac, there is a grand succession of rock masses, full of interest for the tourist who understands and loves Nature.

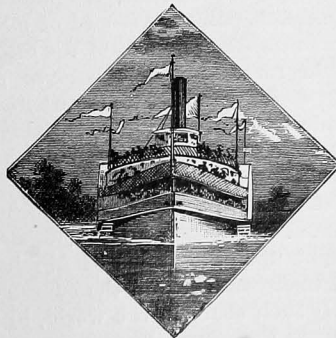
The morning succeeding found us again at the wharf in Quebec. The merry crowd of tourists, bag and baggage, rattled away in caleches through the quaint lower



HA HA BAY

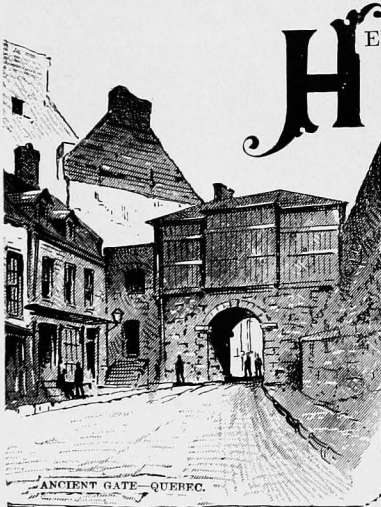
town, up the steep hill and into Quebec, the walled city, just in time for breakfast. All had deserted the ship save a favored trio, who, like Cassabianca, "stuck to the craft" and breakfasted with the genial purser, St. Onge. (Even the steamboat men are saints in this Arcadian land.)

When you are obliged to change your boarding-house, make friends at once with the new cook. When you take a voyage cultivate the purser. It's the purser more than the captain who holds the question of your comfort in his grasp. Pursers, as a usual thing, are genuine good fellows, and no steamboat should be without them. The popularity of a river or sea-going line depends greatly upon the address and tact of the purser.



CITY OF QUEBEC.

The slanting sun-rays hotly fell,
With shadows creeping down ;
Above us was the citadel,
Below, the quaint old town.



HERE is the history of Quebec in a nutshell :

In 1535, under the patronage and direction of Francis I. of France, the navigator, Jacques Cartier, started with three ships upon an exploring voyage, entering the river St. Lawrence upon the festival day of the saint of that name, and upon the 14th of September reaching the bold promontory where the citadel stands, under the shadow of which he found the Indian village of Stadacona, a name popular with the people to this day.

Nearly a century later, in the year 1608, Samuel de Champlain appeared upon the scene, and Quebec had its real beginning. Champlain also found and named the Richelieu River, after the founder of the trading company of "One Hundred Associates," under whose direction he operated. He also found the Ottawa and the American lake that still bears his

name. He introduced the order of the Récollet Friars into Canada, and these were followed quickly by the more powerful and enterprising Jesuits, who toiled with that heroic ardor which has the mainspring only in faith, among the Indians and settlers, uniting the clerical office with that of the explorer.

In 1663 the population of Quebec was but eight hundred souls, and about this time Louis XIV., the reigning monarch, assumed control of the colony of New France, and the trading company lost its prestige.

France sent over a series of intendants, each apparently worse than the last.

Many of the towns and villages now strung along the St. Lawrence River owe their names to those of officers of a veteran regiment sent over by Louis to fight the Iroquois.

Then came Frontenac, whose deeds are outlined in another place in our book.

The history of Quebec up to this point is a record of military establishment, trading and proselyting, rather than the development of the resources of the soil. While the colonies of Great Britain increased their borders prodigiously, the French Canadians remained pitifully weak, with an attenuated line of posts throughout the whole known West, and hostile Iroquois still uncomfortably near their villages.

Wolfe, the English commander, came in 1759—Wolfe, whose character, portrayed so vividly in the "Virginians," has charmed the readers of a generation. He came to extend the dominion of the British crown. Every school history and Canadian guide-book tells how Wolfe and his veteran Highlanders and Grenadiers scaled the precipitous heights, and fought upon the Plains of Abraham against the soldiers of Montcalm, and the tourist of to-day sees behind the superb Dufferin Terrace a unique monument, probably the only such shaft in the world, in joint memory of the two opposing generals who fell upon that day. Fifteen years later, Arnold, the destined traitor and *bête noire* in the history of the Revolutionary period, coming up the valley of the Chaudiere, and Montgomery by Lake Champlain, joined in the siege of the city. Montgomery was killed at the first assault, and Arnold's subsequent efforts

were abortive. And this is the last time that a foreign foe has stood before the gray gates of Quebec! What race will next attempt its subjugation, who can say? Possibly the oft-quoted New Zealander of Macauley. Places like Quebec are better won, as was old San Marco at St. Augustine, by diplomacy than by powder.

Quebec is the Gibraltar of America, and its picturesque old-world battlements, its impracticable streets, its landmarks of history still abundant, and its un-Anglo-Saxon ways, are its best stock-in-trade, for the money brought here and left by American tourists forms a very considerable portion of its income. The project to build a superb hotel, fronting upon the Dufferin Terrace, which would, beyond a doubt, multiply by ten the present aggregate of summer visitation, has had a decided and probably final set-back. So the visitor must rest satisfied with the present St. Louis, which is a good house, provided you can climb stairways. The mere fact, however, of uncertain hotel accommodation should not deter the reader who has not seen Quebec from including it in a summer tour. The carriage service of the city is cheap and good, provided one uses reasonable care in making a bargain beforehand. The standard drives are first to the citadel, which is always open to visitors, and where the jaunty guardsmen find the gratuitous duty of piloting the constant stream of visitors about the huge fortress a relief to the tedium of garrison life. Next in order is the drive to the battlefield of the Plains of Abraham, passing the handsome suburban parks of the wealthy classes, then to the Indian village of Lorette, and lastly down the beautiful Beauport road to the Falls of Montmorenci.

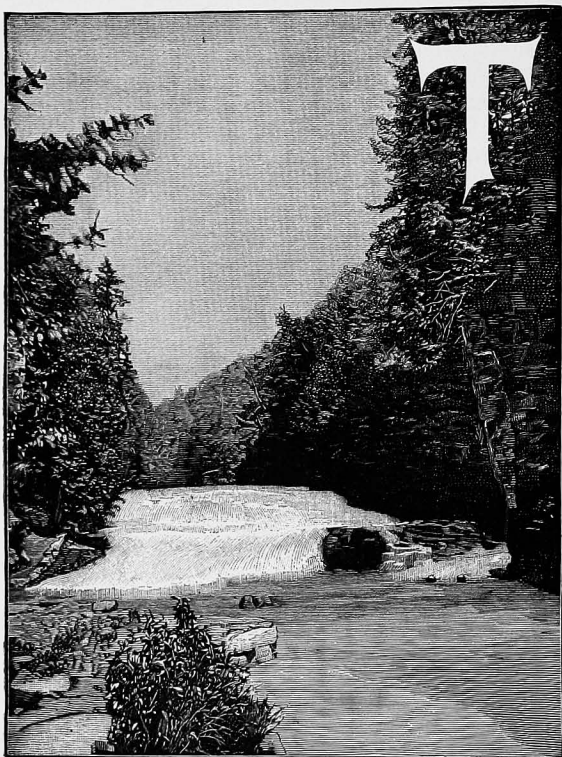
Very few travelers go further upon this road than the Fall, which is certainly at all times a noble sight. The unfailing stream comes laughing down from the Laurentian hills, and makes a prodigious leap into the very waters of the broad St. Lawrence. As you pass down the river *en route* for Murray Bay or the Saguenay, you will note the cataract as it hangs like a snowy curtain in front of the cliff.

Quebec is located 360 miles from the sea, and 180 miles below Montreal. The walled portion is triangular in shape and three miles in circumference. The wall is pierced by five gateways; three of these communicate with the lower town. St. Louis gate, now a beautiful Norman structure, leads to the battlefield, while St. John's gate is the outlet to Beauport and St. Roche. The gate by which strangers enter the upper town from trains and boats was removed some years ago to facilitate travel. The leading attractions within the walls are the Ursuline Convent, the great Laval University, the English and French cathedral (Basilica), and above all, the outlook from the Dufferin Terrace.



ON TO CHAMPLAIN.

Far south we see, in serried ranks,
The mountains where Chateaugay rose.
And northward note the verdant banks
Where the grand St. Lawrence flows.



THE CHATEAUGAY

ware & Hudson Canal Co.'s Line), and with the mountain and seaside resorts of New England generally.

Regarded locally, the "O. & L. C.," as it is popularly called, has much to attract travel over its rails. There are several points upon the line, notably Norwood and Malone, from which parties usually go into the woods of the northern Adirondacks, of which many of the well-known peaks are visible from the tableland along which the road is built. To the northward, too, the great valley of the St. Lawrence, much of it densely wooded and dotted with neat villages, is in view for hours, the far-away stream shining like silver in the sunlight.

The road frequently traverses the numerous mountain tributaries, which pour their pure cold waters into the greater St. Lawrence, and which here break through the rocky barrier that impedes their course, forming cañons deep and wild. Of such formation is the Chasm of the Chateaugay, which is as well worth a visit as either Watkin's Glen or Ausable.

There are, too, many bubbling mineral springs hidden away in these wild woods, that environ the devious streamlets, yet unknown to fame and unsought by captious invalids, which future generations will find and utilize.

Massena Springs, which give forth strong, black sulphur water, have been known

THE Ogdensburg & Lake Champlain Railroad is the only east and west line of travel upon American soil between the St. Lawrence River and the Mohawk Valley, the vast wilderness of the Adirondacks, which is just becoming known to the outside world, intervening to prevent the transit of mankind. This line, therefore, extending from the St. Lawrence, at Ogdensburg, to a junction with the New England roads upon Lake Champlain, enjoys a heavy local passenger and freight traffic, which is now greatly augmented by the favorable arrangements existing for the speedy and comfortable transit of through passengers between Chicago, Niagara Falls and the Thousand Islands, to Lakes Champlain and George, Saratoga, Albany and New York (via the Dela-

and improved for nearly half a century. A stage connects for this place from Norwood. Massena Springs is located upon the Grass River, about four miles from the St. Lawrence. One large hotel, the Hatfield House, and several boarding-houses are located here.

Good boating, fishing and driving, together with excellent society and facilities for all the minor forms of diversion, attract many families annually, aside from that numerous class for whom the waters are an undoubted necessity.

The through sleeping-car service between Chicago and Portland, via this route, with only one change, has just been inaugurated upon this line, and should do much to tempt an increase of travel from New England resorts westward, via the Thousand Islands to Niagara Falls, and from points West into the picturesque realm of Northern New England.

Malone is the principal town *en route*—a handsome and prosperous place. It is often called the gateway of the northern Adirondacks. The distance to Paul Smith's being 35 miles; to Meacham Lake, 25 miles; to Loon Lake, 29 miles; State Dam, 12 miles. The roads are good. The principal hotel at Malone is the Ferguson House.

At Moira, the traveler will notice the train of the new Northern Adirondack Railroad which leads southward into the upper lake region of the Adirondacks. It is now completed nearly to Paul Smith's, a popular place which has received considerable notoriety in the magazines.

A good stage route leads on to the Saranac Lakes and connects through with the groups of hotels around Mirror Lake, Lake Placid, and in the Keene Flats Valley.

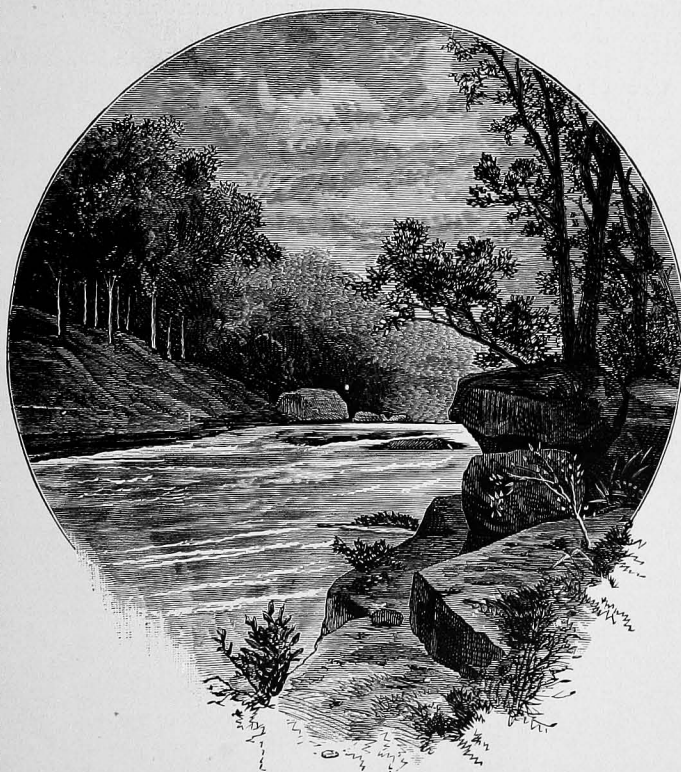
This route affords the best means of reaching that excellent haven for sportsmen, invalids and mountain travelers generally, the Saranac Lake House, which is kept in good style by Mr. M. B. Miller.

This hotel is a large and well-built house, fronting immediately upon the lake, well provided

with good boats and reliable guides. It is hardly necessary to say that the fishing and gunning to be found here is not excelled by any point in the mountains.

Western tourists who are contemplating a tour of the mountains cannot do better than to enter by this route, and if bound further East, to leave the mountains via either the wonderful and picturesque Wilmington Notch beside the dashing waters of the Ausable River to Ausable Chasm, or through Keene Flats and via Elizabethtown to Westport upon Lake Champlain.

At Chateaugay passengers bound for the Merrill House, upon Chateaugay Lake, leave the train. This favorite resort is near the north end of the lake, commanding



AN ADIRONDACK TRIBUTARY

a superb view. The house is completely furnished. There are many romantic points in the vicinity reached by good roads. The connection is by steamer *Adirondack* from Chateaugay to Rogersfield and thence by stage. The stage road connects with the Chateaugay railroad through to Plattsburg.

At Rouses Point the lower waters of Lake Champlain come into view. Here there is a liberal interchange of passengers, many going southward via the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company's R. R. to Lake George and Saratoga, and others who have come on from Montreal going eastward to New England points.

Rouses Point is a stopping place for many tourists who wish to fish in the lake. The Windsor Hotel here is in all respects a desirable place to "bide a wee." At Maquam Bay, just beyond Swanton, the east-bound train meets the track of the St. Johnsbury and Lake Champlain R. R.

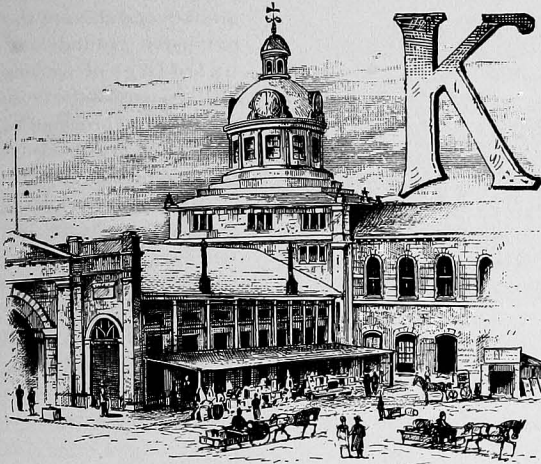
At Maquam Bay the traveler will find the large and beautifully envired Hotel Champlain. This charming place is also reached by the steamer *Maquam* from Plattsburg. Everything which will conduce to the pleasure and comfort of the most fastidious tourist will be found at this place.

The route over the Green Mountains to St. Johnsbury and thence through the majestic White Mountains, passing Mount Washington and White Mountain Notch to Portland, affords one of the most impressive and delightful journeys to be found upon the continent.

It should be stated that this season a through sleeping-car system between Chicago, Niagara Falls and Portland has been put into service by this series of railroads.



CITY OF KINGSTON.



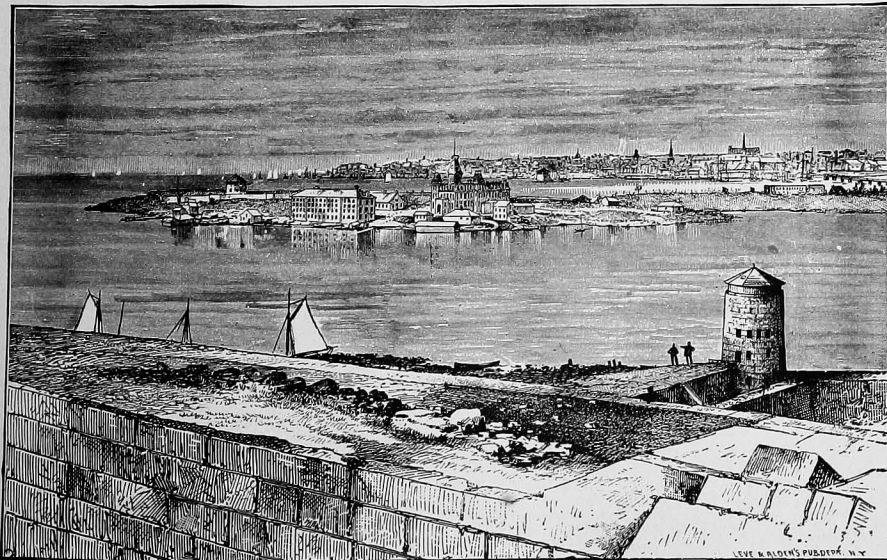
INGSTON, Ontario, is a pleasant city and one of the most entertaining plans for "putting in" an odd day at the Thousand Islands is to organize a little party and make a trip to this point.

This may be done by leaving upon the *St. Lawrence* on her up trip early in the morning, connecting at Cape Vincent with the steamer *Maud*, which will bring the excursionists to Kingston at noon. In order to save time it is well to take dinner on board (un-

less the party has been so provident as to bring lunch with them), there will then be ample time to "do" Kingston in one of the many carriages which will be found at the wharf.

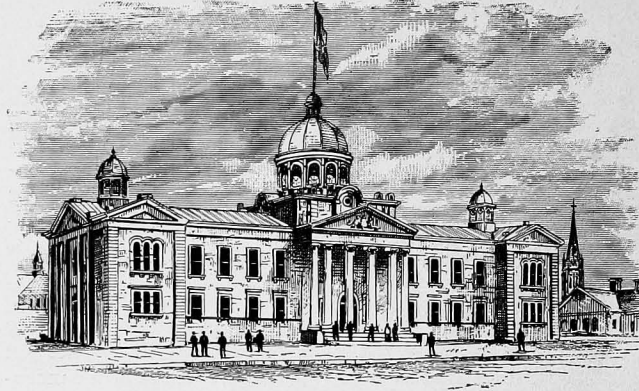
The harbor of Kingston affords a most imposing and effective picture. In the midst of the scene a storm-washed Martello tower rises from the water, and beyond it is a granite battlement, upon the mainland behind which rises the shapely form of the City Hall. The public buildings of Kingston are all excellent examples of architecture.

Across the channel is Wolfe Island, which is connected with the city by a ferry. Upon a prominent hill to the right is the large defensive work known as Fort William Henry, and near it the Military College, which is the West Point of Canada. There is a decided military air to Kingston, due to this fact. The main line of the Grand Trunk



CITY OF KINGSTON, FROM FORT WILLIAM HENRY

Railway passes this point, about two miles from town, and connects with the wharves by a branch line. Upon market-days the market-place at the rear of the City Hall is a very lively place.



CITY HALL, KINGSTON

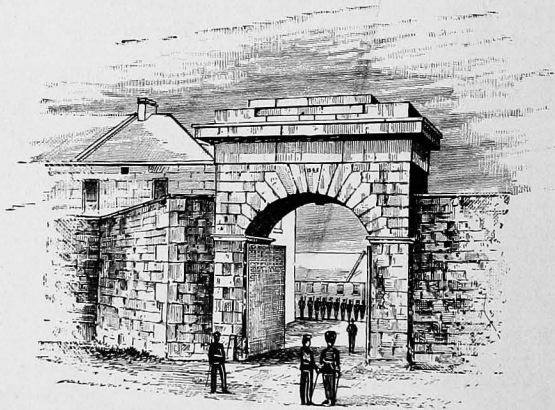
Upon the sloping ground to the west a pretty park is laid out, and beyond this are the extensive grounds and buildings of Queens College, one of the most popular and progressive of the great educational institutions of Canada.

Still nearer the harbor stands the hospital. The large penitentiary institution is also open to visitors.

The stranger will doubtless be especially struck with the many beautiful homes which border the suburban avenues, as well as the general cleanliness of the city.

There are several good hotels, of which the British American is the largest and best known.

Taken all together, under favorable skies, the tourist who is not *blasé* with travel will enjoy such a trip should he act upon the hint here thrown out.



THE NEW OSWEGO ROUTE.

The low moon's level wake across the waves
Leaps into splendor where they fall and rise
In silver-breasted hillocks, shadow-caves
And undulating whirls, that cheat the eyes.



CHANGES are the order of the day in channels of travel.

A new and varied means of reaching the islands from New York is inaugurated this season by the New York, Ontario & Western Railway.

It takes the excursionist, by night express, upon new and elegant sleeping-cars to Oswego, and thence, upon the new and commodious steamer *Ontario*, via Kingston, to Alexandria Bay and intermediate points.

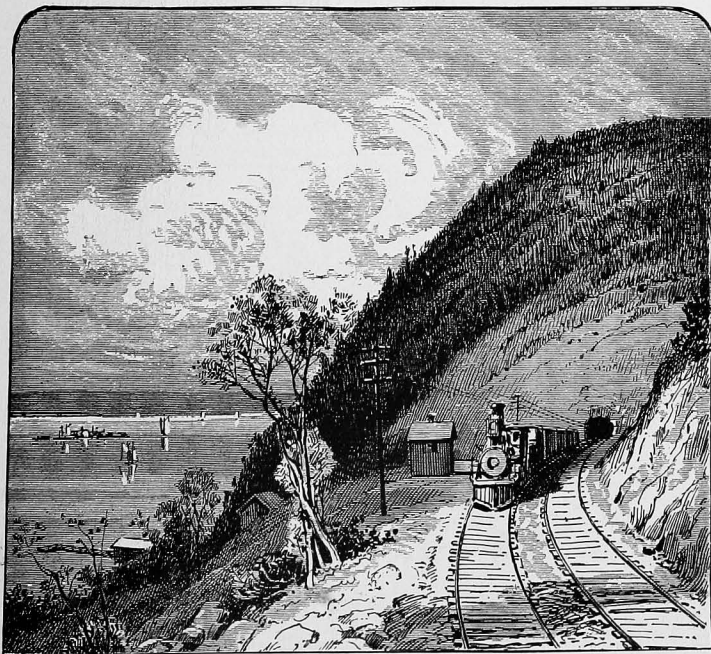
Passengers leaving New York on the night express at 6.50 p. m. from Cortlandt and Desbrosses streets Ferries (Pennsylvania Railroad), and New York, Ontario & Western station at foot of West 42d Street, at 7.00 p. m., arrive in Oswego at 7.45 a. m. This train runs every day, including Sunday. The steamer leaves on arrival of train, reaching Kingston at 12.30 p. m. and Alexandria Bay at 2 p. m. Meals are served on the boat.

Returning, the steamer leaves Alexandria Bay at 3 p. m., touching at Clayton and Kingston, arriving at Oswego at 11 p. m.

Those who prefer a day ride across the State of New York can take the day express train, leaving New York at 9.00 a. m., arriving in Oswego at 10.30 p. m., and take the steamer on the following morning.

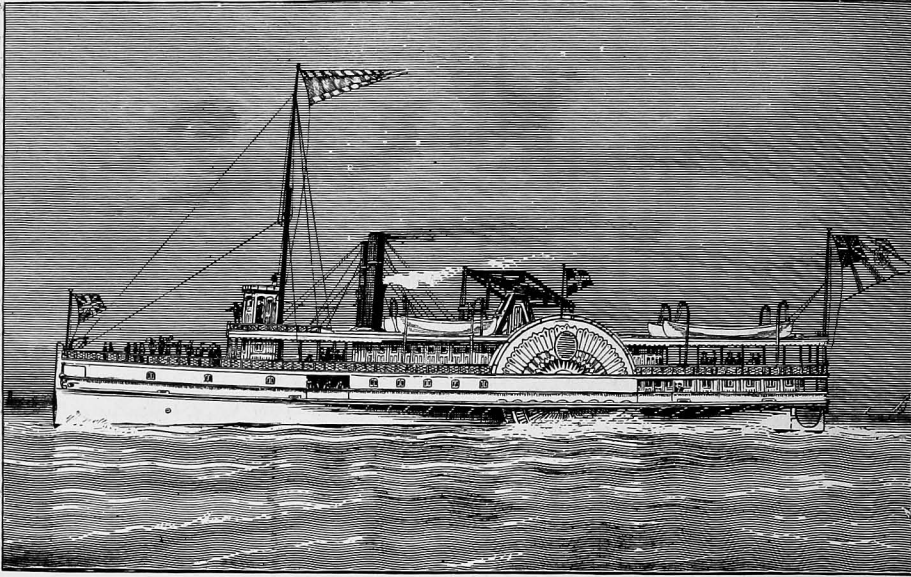
The new steamer is in every respect well adapted for the service she is to perform, and will not only prove popular with through travelers but will attract large numbers of local excursionists from all points in Central New York.

The New York, Ontario & Western Railway penetrates and traverses much of the richest and most attractive of the domain of the Empire State. The main line and branches reach a score of pleasant country refuges from summer



HAVERSTRAW TUNNEL, ON THE N. Y., O. & W. RY.

heat, some of them well-known and popular resorts. People at the islands, wishing to visit Kingston, can leave upon the up boat, enjoy a full evening and comfortable night at the British American Hotel, a carriage ride in the morning, and return upon the steamer leaving Kingston at noon.



STEAMER "ONTARIO."

This route will also afford business men in the city of New York, who can only leave upon Saturday night, an opportunity to spend a part of Sunday and all of Monday at the islands, thus losing but one day from business. It will, too, afford a good connection from the West with the Grand Trunk Railway at Kingston.

Liberal excursion rates are announced, which should tempt large numbers to visit this region, who are as yet strangers to its beauties.



RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT.



RETROSPECT is a haze, dimly observed at the first, increasing as the day grows on, and mellow with sunset tints in the evening of life, through which the thorny places that have impeded us seem like pleasant oasis; the pitfalls but mole-burrows; and the rough hills we have climbed in our youth are faintly discerned as smooth and gentle declivities.

Retrospect plays an important part in the pleasures of spending a portion of each year upon the grand and changeless St. Lawrence. It is the memory of happy days in other years when the picture of care-free hours has included our warmest friends, the whole framed with the exquisite environment of the islands, which solaces us for the cold and cheerless days of winter which must intervene before we can again take up this ideal habit of life; for in reflecting upon it, we may please ourselves with the thought that these things may come again and are not altogether visions of the dead past.

It is said that the final words of that genial and popular writer, Dr. Holland, who died in October, 1881, after a joyous summer at "Bonnie Castle," related to his life here, which had extended through five summers. "It is to me," he said, "the sweetest spot on earth." He then went on to speak of the constant, all-winter longing he felt, almost counting the days to the approach of the time when he could escape the weariness, or as he expressed it, the "incessant grind," of the city to this delightful home.

Dr. Holland is also credited with the *mot*: "We *stay* in New York but we *live* upon the St. Lawrence.

It is true that one is not always exempt from discomforts and vexations; all days in the calendar are not in red letter. There are rainy days here, and sometimes we catch no fish. No picture can be effective without its due proportion of shadow. In retrospective mental pictures of our life here, however, we always forget these minor troubles and rest content in the serene present—

"When death seems far away,"

while it lasts, or look joyfully toward June, when we may renew our halcyon days.

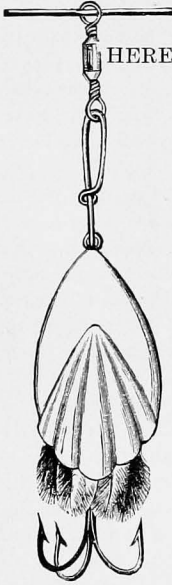
"Fair St. Lawrence! What poet has sung of its grace
As it sleeps in the sun, with its smile-dimpled face
Beaming up to the sky that it mirrors? What brush
Has e'er pictured the charm of the marvelous hush
Of its silence, or caught the warm glow of its tints
As the afternoon wanes, and the even-star glints
In its beautiful depths?"

All indications point toward a brilliant future for the island region and the tour of the river. There seems a steady and reliable increase in the percentage of visitation each year. Every stranger who has stayed long enough to learn the rudiments of life hereabouts comes back when he can, and brings his friends. This army of recruits which will aid in the further beautifying of the Thousand Islands by constant additions to the cottage population will be vastly reinforced if the interests most concerned continue to aid the publishers of this work, who may justly claim in the establishment of the "American Line" of steamers, the issue of this book, and their efficient advertisement of the claims of the river to tourist patronage all over the United States, a hearty mead of support from every individual who cares for the prosperity of the region.

THE ANGLERS' ASSOCIATION

OF THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

"Give me thine angle, we'll to the river, there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fish; my bending hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws."



HERE are some hopeful signs in these latter days of intelligent organization against the profligate waste wrought by the ignorant and vicious in the natural resources of our country.

Not only are the remnant of our woodlands, which alone stand between us and drought, to be cared for, and the axeman, the charcoal-burner, the dam-builder, and other delving gnomes to be driven from their haunts, but it is now decreed that the white savage who has these many years spread his nets and built his weirs unrebuked, is to be routed from our streams.

For the purpose of aiding in the full administration of the law relating to fishing as far as it applies to the upper St. Lawrence River, an organization of prominent gentlemen was formed at Utica upon March 11th, 1884, to be known as the Angler's Association of the St. Lawrence River.

The following officers were elected as a Board of Managers:

President, John J. Flanagan, Utica, N. Y.; First Vice-President, Daniel Pratt, Jr., Syracuse; Second Vice-President, William Story, Albany; Corresponding Secretary, W. W. Byington, Albany; Recording Secretary, Charles H. Ballou, Utica; Treasurer, Gardiner M. Skinner, Clayton.

Executive Committee: John H. Quinby, Chairman, Albany; Myron P. Bush, Buffalo; E. P. Olmsted, Rochester; Theo. Butterfield, Utica; H. D. Dillaye, Syracuse; Dr. J. H. Brownlow, Ogdensburg; William Frisbie, New York.

Advisory Counsel, Hon. Franklin M. Danaher, Albany.

The immediate and practical outcome of the meeting was the enrollment of a large number of the summer residents and many permanent citizens in the association, and the appointment of Mr. Wm. N. Steele, of Clayton, as special game protector to carry on the humane and important work of clearing the river of nets and pursuing those guilty of illegal fishing, which was so well begun by the State game protector Leonard, of Ogdensburg, last season.

The association desires that all gentlemen shall enroll themselves who are residents here either permanently or during the summer months, and who value in any degree the high reputation of the Thousand Islands as an angling resort. The initiation fee is \$5.00, and dues \$5.00 annually, which should be sent, together with application for a member's ticket, to Mr. W. W. Byington, of Albany, or to any of the officers enumerated.

In connection with the report of proceedings issued by the association, an excellent article "concerning black bass," is published which is certainly worth the attention of every one who handles a rod upon the river.

CONCERNING BLACK BASS.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River:
—While your worthy corresponding secretary could have asked many anglers far more competent to "prepare a paper in regard to the habits of the black bass, the various means of catching them by angling, the baits used, and the places where they are

to be found at different seasons of the year," he could not have asked one who is a greater admirer of the good and game qualities of this fish, which is destined to stand in the not far-away future, if it does not already, at the head of the list of game fishes that are to be found in the greater area of the waters of our State. Long may the glorious *salvelinus fontinalis* be spared to us by the exertions of Anglers' Associations, like your own, to enforce just laws, and a liberal State government to provide the fry by artificial means. But the black bass has even now, in many sections, invaded the haunts of this patrician beauty, and he is energetically and constantly seeking new fields. He is the embodiment of independence, and wherever he finds a home he locates to stay, provided the murderous netter, and the worse spawning-bed thief leaves him unmolested, for he fears no fish that swims, and is the only one of our so-called game fish that guards and cares for its young. In this year of grace, 1884, the black bass is pre-eminently the game fish of the people. The trout streams—greatly diminished in volume—still run or trickle through the farm lands of our sires and grand-sires, but the trout took their departure soon after the "wood lot" was cleared, or remain only in story. Trout and progress are, in a measure, incompatible. Naturally secluded in their habits, the constant hacking of the lumberman's axe, and the screech of the locomotive whistle, jar upon their sensitive nerves, and they retreat before civilization and the modern savage—he of the net and spear,—and are now only found, or mostly found, in places that are inaccessible to the mass of the people, either by reason of the distance to the favored location, or the expenses necessary for comfortable sojourn in these remote haunts, or lack of knowledge of the comparatively few profitable fishing waters, or want of time for an extended journey, or all combined. The black bass, on the contrary, fears only the net and spear, for he is progressive himself, and the steamers and sailing craft on our lakes and rivers are his familiars, and he is on good terms with the mule-propelled vessels in the great ditches, cyclopean canals. He is a thorough Yankee and proud of every acre of this great "land of freedom," that gave him birth, and he is a game fish, whether found in the great lakes and rivers or small ponds and streams, for he is equally at home in the still waters of one and the rapid current of the other. The latter, however, heightens his game qualities, so that therein he is seen at his very best. But a species of fish that produces young in still water that will, when two and one-quarter inches long, impale themselves on the hooks of a trolling spoon in their efforts to swallow it, requires very little heightening of game qualities. I have thus far spoken of the black bass without other distinguishing descriptions, but as there are two species of this dusky fish, it may be well to separate them. I trust the veteran anglers of this association will bear with me while I briefly note a few of the marked differences between the small-mouthed black bass—the *Micropterus dolomieu*—and the large-mouthed black bass the *Micropterus salmoides*—the adjective in each case fitly describes the mouth. In the former the maxillary bone or mouth does not extend back to a vertical line drawn through the posterior part of the eye; while in the latter it reaches to and passes such a vertical line. The small mouth has also smaller scales, there being eleven rows of scales between the lateral line and the dorsal fin, while the large mouth has but eight rows of scales between the same points. The former again has seventy-five to eighty scales along the median line, and the latter sixty-five to seventy. The scales of the small mouth are much smaller on the opercle, breast and back of the neck than on the sides of the fish, and on the cheeks they are minute. The scales of the large mouth are little, if any, smaller on the breast, back of neck and gill covers than on the sides of the body. The notch between the spinous and soft-rayed dorsal is deeper in the large mouth than in the small mouth. As to the game qualities of the two species there is a difference of opinion. Some anglers hold that pound for pound there is no difference in their activity when on the hook. Others contend that the large mouth is not for a moment to be compared to the small mouth as a game fish. Of those who hold the latter view are two learned members of the medical profession, well known as angling writers, each having an experience with rod and line of more than half a century. One says, in a personal letter: "The big mouth smells and tastes of the muck; and we do not fish for them." The other writes: "I do not bother with the big mouth, for they will not fight. When hooked they give a flirt, open their mouths and come in like a log

of wood." The author of "The Book of the Black Bass" champions the cause of the big mouth, and considers him the peer of the small mouth. Some years ago, a prominent fish culturist, in writing me about the black bass of certain waters, said it was barely possible that they were a cross between the large and the small mouth, but I have never been able to gather any evidence that the two fish would cross; on the contrary, there is every reason to believe they will not, even when the two varieties are confined in circumscribed waters. The record of the experiments in black bass propagation by Major Isaac Arnold, Jr., U. S. Army, is very interesting, and I quote the following from it: "The black bass—both species confined together in a small pond—hatched out by the thousand, and I think there will be more in a few days. The young fish are all healthy, but they eat each other. Yesterday, my foreman, in less than fifteen minutes, saw nine of the young fry swallowed by fish of apparently the same size. The large mouths seem to do the greater part of this work. Each day the number of this year's fry grows less, as the strong ones destroy the weaker. The first hatchings are now nearly three-quarters of an inch in length, and can probably protect themselves." From the dates given I judge that the small fish referred to were about three weeks old. The large mouth thrives in waters with mud bottom, wherein are rushes, reeds and flags; but the small mouth delights in clear, cold water, with a bottom of rocks, gravel and clean sand, or resorts, during the heat of August, to the long, fine grass in deep water. The large mouth, if surrounded by as favorable conditions as to habitat as the small mouth, might be a more vigorous fighter than he is by many supposed to be, but I shall hereafter speak only of the small mouth. In coloring, the black bass varies from a pale green to almost black, growing lighter from the dark black to the dusky white belly, and they are spotted, mottled and barred, transversely or longitudinally. I have also seen them when they appeared almost white in the sun as they leaped from the water. Color, however, is a very fallacious guide. If a number of black bass of various colors, or shades of color, are confined together alive, they will all become, in a short time, of the same hue, and the color will be like that of their surroundings. The change takes place evidently at the will of the fish, and it is part of a wise provision of nature that enables them to thus cloak themselves by assuming a hue in harmony with their abode for the time being. They spawn in running water earlier than in the still waters of a lake. In rivers they generally spawn in May or early in June; but in lakes or ponds they are on or near their nests with their young far into July; and last season I saw them with their fry early in August, and heard of them on their beds as late as the twenty-first of the same month. But last season, they were, for some unknown reason, unusually dilatory in attending to their domestic duties. The spawn of the black bass is surrounded by a gelatinous fluid that causes it to adhere to the stones or gravel of the spawning beds in ribbon-like strings; and for this reason the bass cannot be spawned with profit artificially, and there is no necessity for attempting it. They only require to be left unmolested at the breeding season to thrive and multiply. At this season they refuse all food, but they keep their beds swept and dusted, and quickly remove any foreign substance that may fall upon them. The pot fisher avails himself of his knowledge of their cleanly habits and drops a bare hook or hooks into the nest; at once the bass takes it into its mouth to carry it from the bed and is ruthlessly snatched out of the water. It is this nefarious practice that does more to destroy our black bass than any other means used by those who have no fear before their eyes of the law or an hereafter. Thousands of fish are destroyed, while a few mature bass, unfit for food, are thus cruelly killed. I have always to curb my pen when writing of this vile murder and those who do it. A fish that affords such grand sport will be allowed by all honorable men a bare month, or such a matter of time, in which to produce their young in peace. The spawning of a pair of black bass extends over two or three days, and the parent fish remain with their young until they are ten days or two weeks old, and the fry prey upon each other until they are two or three weeks old. Their cannibalistic proclivities cease when they have gained a little discretion, but their pugnacious qualities grow with their growth. A black bass will vanquish a pike of a much larger size than himself by swimming swiftly under the enemy and cutting him across the belly with a rigidly erect dorsal fin. The black bass grows rapidly under favorable conditions of water and food, and reaches maturity at three

years of age. Only a few years ago a black bass of six pounds was considered to have attained the maximum weight, but more recently small-mouthed bass have been caught of eight pounds in weight for a single fish. Parenthetically, let me say that we have it on good authority that the big mouth has been taken in Florida waters weighing eighteen pounds. The larger fish—small mouth—are so extremely fat, however, that they do not display the activity of a two and one-half or three-pound fish. These weights are, as a general thing, the size of fish that gives the angler the most sport when on the rod. Judging from personal experience, the largest bass are caught at an early hour in the morning—the earlier the hour, if it be daylight, the better the fishing or catching. When the black bass have spawned in the shallow of a river, they move seemingly in a body to swift water on the foot of a fall, if such there be, and are there caught in numbers in the down-pour or boil of the rapids. After a very few days in this very rough water, which, perhaps, reinvigorates them, after the exhaustion attendant upon spawning, they fall back and disperse, to be found just at the foot of the rapids, behind some boulder in mid-stream that forms a little eddy, and along the shores, just in the edge of deep water. When the season advances and the water becomes warmer, they rest in the deep pools and eddies, and with the approach of winter, they retire to broken rocks or submerged logs in deep, still water, there to become torpid and hibernate, until released by the warm sun of spring. After severe cold weather in the fall, a few days of warm sun will awaken them so that they will take the hook, if it is let down upon their winter quarters. During the fishing season they lie in wait for small fish just off the rocky shores or sand points, where the water deepens rapidly, or near a weedy shoal that harbors bait fish. They make a rush into the shoal shore water or weeds, and grasp their prey and return to deep water, only to repeat the operation as often as hunger demands.

Rocky shoals in mid-water are also favorite places for black bass in June and early July, and there they may be found nearly the whole day, as the water is comparatively shallow. These are the places and this is the time for fly-fishing in lakes and deep rivers. Nevertheless, the bass will come on to the shoals to get food at morning and evening during the entire summer, so that a little fly-fishing may be had at feeding time, although one must be prepared for many disappointments. In September and October the bass are moving about in an aimless sort of fashion, and may be on the shoals, shores, off the sand points, or in deep water, or in all of these places. This is the time to catch the largest fish, and they are in prime condition. Let one catch a black bass in a clear, cold lake, and he thinks it about the most vigorous fish to be found in fresh water, but when he catches one of the same fish in the current of a rapid river, he discovers his mistake, for river bass afford the finer sport. This is owing, in a measure, to the fact that the swift water, sunken boulders and possible snags add to the chances of the bass to escape. Therefore, the angler's satisfaction is greater if he succeeds in saving his fish after a closely contested fight in which the chances are nearly equal. A pound bass may afford more pleasure in the catching than one of twice the weight. To quote my own words, used when writing on the black bass on another occasion: "It is the play that this fish affords that warms the cockles of an angler's heart, not the fish itself; and as one looks back over other days, it is the gamy-hard-fighting fish that rise up in one's memory like mile stones along a pathway. Greater fish there may be between, but they live only as so many pounds and ounces, and occasion no thrill, no tremor of the muscles, no increased beating of the heart, no particular joy or exhilaration at the retrospect, except that they may have beaten some other fellow's fish. If the mere pounds and ounces lived, there can be no thrill of pleasure at the remembrance, for there never was one; nothing but—pounds and ounces." I have had excellent sport catching black bass in the autumn when the water was covered at an early hour in the morning with a dense fog, and in no single instance has such a morning failed of good results. But one has to choose, I am informed by a female member of my family, between the danger of malaria and a good score. I can say that to date I have not suffered from malaria because of exposure in fishing.

At the season when the bass are roving, I have had splendid returns from baiting certain fishing places. For instance, I save all cray-fish that die on the hook during an afternoon's fishing; and just before leaving the lake or river, I throw them into the

water, at the best fishing places; the next morning I fish these points and again bait them for evening. The baits used for bass are many, including the artificial fly for casting and for trolling, the trolling spoon or spinning bait, the minnow gauge, with live minnow, and the artificial trolling minnow; the live bait, including all small fish which are classified as minnows, and small perch, which are best of all, particularly for large bass; the grasshopper and cricket, live frogs, craw-fish or cray-fish, dobsons or belgranite, in both the black and white state, and the common earth worm. In still fishing, a dead bait is useless, and the sooner it is taken from the hook, and a fresh, lively bait substituted, the better. Dobsons and cray-fish, both excellent bait when native to bass waters, are indifferent or worthless in waters where the bass are not accustomed to feeding on them. In two large lakes in this State is good bass fishing. In one, the grasshopper is a prime bait, and the cricket is of second importance; and in the other the reverse is the case. Around the first lake, hoppers are more plenty than crickets; and around the second, crickets are more plenty than the hoppers. I think the greatest pleasure is derived from casting the artificial fly, and perhaps the next best mode is casting the minnow. Trolling or still fishing is much, if not most, generally practiced. In trolling with artificial flies, two, three or four flies of a large, gaudy pattern, are used on a single leader that terminates in a small fluted trolling spoon on a small minnow gang, baited with a minnow. Black bass are very capricious, in some waters taking a certain bait with avidity one day, and refusing it utterly the next. Of live baits, the minnow is the standard for the season through, although at times in the autumn the cray-fish or frog is better. In trolling with flies it is necessary to weight the leader and sink the flies when the bass are in deep water in August. The largest bass I ever caught in a lake where I have fished more or less for twenty-five years, I took on a pike gang that was trolled in forty feet of water, with an eight-ounce sinker, for pike.—*E. Lucius*.

One great wrong to the bass fishing is the trolling of the shores of lakes and rivers for pike with gangs at a time when the bass are either on or leaving their beds, and are still about the shores with their fry. Many bass are thus caught and the gang injures the fish, so that if they are returned to the water but few can recover. The truth is, the bass are not often returned to the water when so taken; the fisherman argues that the bass will die anyway, and he may as well keep them. Another wrong is done in retaining small bass. The law says that it is unlawful to catch black bass of one-half pound or under, but the limit should be a pound, for bass are so voracious that little ones of an ounce or two will bite a hook, and many of less than half a pound are necessarily injured in taking them from the hook, and in hundreds of cases there is no pretense of returning undersized bass to the water. If the limit in weight was one pound, there would be less excuse for a person to keep a two-ounce bass, thinking it weighed eight ounces. Many anglers now refuse to basket black bass that weigh less than sixteen ounces. The example is good, but the trouble is that these gentlemen do not fish with the people who keep the fingerlings. The province of the Anglers' Association is to educate the people in the way of all legitimate means of angling, as well as to enforce existing laws that foster our game fish; and a striking proof of the great good that can be done by an association like your own, is the letter in a recent impression of the *Utica Observer* to your president from a fish dealer, suggesting co-operation in this grand work of reforming existing evils. The letter of the gentleman referred to touches one of the great roots of the matter, and the accomplishment of the suggestions therein will be a grand work in itself, for which the angling brotherhood will rise up and call you blessed.

A. N. CHENEY.

As many piscatorially-inclined persons come to the river unprovided with the proper appliances for bass fishing or trawling, the writer believes that he will do such readers a service by calling attention to the excellence, both in regard to finish and strength, as well as the cheapness, of the rods turned out by Mr. Fred. Divine, of Utica. These rods are made from lance-wood bethabara and split bamboo, and are unexcelled by any of the much higher-priced goods offered by other manufacturers.

Mr. G. M. Skinner, of Clayton, is known upon the river as a maker of the best and most seductive spoons ever spun before the nose of a hungry pike.

Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg R. R.

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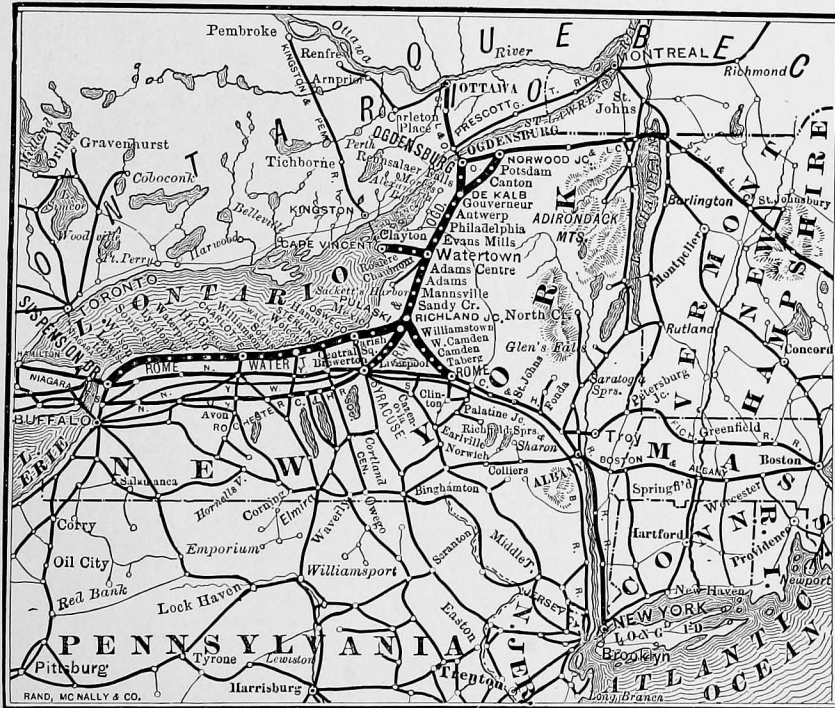
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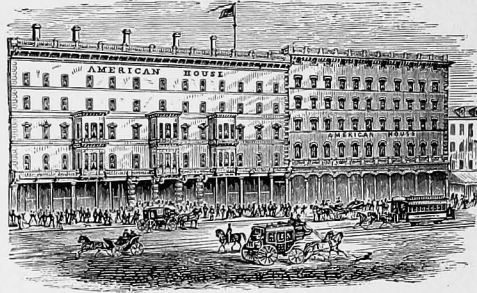
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UNEXCEPTIONABLE TABLE.

PARTICULARLY DESIRABLE

For Families and Tourists.

The Nearest First-Class Hotel to Eastern or Northern Depots.

LEWIS RICE & SON, Hanover, near Washington Street.

DANIELS' HOTEL,

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Proprietor and Manager.

Newly Refitted,

First-class Table,

Rates Moderate.

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INTERNATIONAL HOTEL,

This new and commodious Hotel is fitted up in the most modern style with every convenience and comfort that guests can desire. It commands full views of the Islands and St. Lawrence River, and is in close proximity to the places of business.

BILLIARD ROOM IN CONNECTION.

BOATS AND OARSMEN FURNISHED.

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THE ST. LOUIS HOTEL,

WHICH IS UNRIVALED FOR

SIZE, STYLE, AND LOCALITY IN QUEBEC,

Is eligibly situated in the immediate vicinity of the most delightful and fashionable promenades—the Governor's Garden, the Citadel, the Esplanade, the Place d'Armes, the Durham Terrace—which furnish the splendid views and magnificent scenery for which Quebec is so justly celebrated, and which is unsurpassed in any part of the world.

The proprietors, in returning thanks for the very liberal patronage they have hitherto enjoyed, inform the public that this Hotel has been thoroughly renovated and embellished, and can now accommodate about five hundred visitors; and assure them that nothing will be wanting on their part that will conduce to the comfort and enjoyment of their guests.

THE RUSSELL HOTEL CO., Proprietors.

WILLIS RUSSELL, President.

CUMBERLAND HOUSE,

Plattsburgh, N. Y.,

UPON LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

A pleasant stopping point *en route* between the West and the New England Resorts, or between Canada and Saratoga or Lake George.

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JOHN UNSER.

The West End,

CLAYTON, N. Y.

THOUSAND
ISLANDS,
RIVER
ST. LAWRENCE.



GOOD BOATS AND
EXPERIENCED
OARSMEN.

— THE WEST END. —

THIS Hotel has been newly built and furnished throughout; is located in the business part of the village, and within fifty feet of the St. Lawrence River, affording a beautiful view of the River and Islands from either veranda. Tourists and pleasure seekers will find this a first-class Hotel.

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BRITISH-AMERICAN HOTEL,

KINGSTON, ONTARIO.

NEW HOUSE.

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THE FINEST HOUSE IN THE CITY.

THE MOST CONVENIENTLY-LOCATED.

A. McFAUL, Proprietor,

Late of the City Hotel.

"HAVE YOU EVER VISITED OLD POINT COMFORT?"

IF NOT, you have failed to learn from personal experience that here is located one of the grandest of American tourist hotels.

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HYGEIA HOTEL,

Located beside the gray walls of Fortress Monroe, is open throughout the year, and enjoys a "season" which practically never ends.

It is a most delightful stopping place *en route* homeward from Florida in the Spring.

It is quite as pleasant as a halting-place after the close of the northern season, and before the opening of the Florida Winter hotels.

Superb Music by the fine band of Fortress Monroe.

Picturesque details of Military and Naval life!

Thrilling historic surroundings!

A dry and agreeable climate!

Unexcelled Sea Bathing, Sailing and Fishing!

Hard and level Shell Roads for driving.

Reached by Bay Line Steamers from Baltimore, which leave immediately upon arrival of Steamboat Express from New York. By Old Dominion Steamers from New York via Norfolk. By Chesapeake & Ohio Railway from Richmond. By James River Steamer from Richmond. By Norfolk & Western Railway.

RICHELIEU HOTEL,



THE above is the only **FIRST-CLASS HOTEL** situated in the centre of the City of Montreal kept on the American and European plans—a necessity so long desired by the traveling public. During the past winter the Hotel has been **REBUILT AND ENLARGED**, and now extends through from St. Vincent Street to Jacques Cartier Square, forming the largest and most complete block of buildings in this city. It contains

ACCOMMODATION FOR OVER 400 GUESTS,

with every possible modern convenience and luxury that careful thought can suggest, and has, situated on the roof of the main building, a Garden with Pavilion—from which guests can obtain the finest panoramic view of the City, Mountain, River St. Lawrence and surroundings, thus making this Hotel by far the most preferable resort for tourists in the City of Montreal.

The **TERMS** of this Hotel will be found as reasonable as any first-class house on the continent, and are as follows: **AMERICAN PLAN**, from Two (\$2) to Three (\$3) Dollars per day; rooms *en suite*, with bath attached, extra. **EUROPEAN PLAN**, rooms from One (\$1) Dollar per day upwards. **RESTAURANT, a la carte.**

Tourists will find on every boat one of our Agents, who will be honored to receive any orders and make any special agreement to secure them all the comfort required.

One visit is respectfully solicited to convince the public of the comfort and completeness of our arrangements.

TOURISTS ARE SPECIALLY WARNED

against the misrepresentations of interested parties, this being the only really First-class Hotel in the city that is conducted on the European and American principle.

ISIDORE B. DUROCHER, Propr.

N. B.—The 'Busses of the Hotel will be found awaiting the arrival of all Trains and Steamers.

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C. F. SMITH,

Proprietor.

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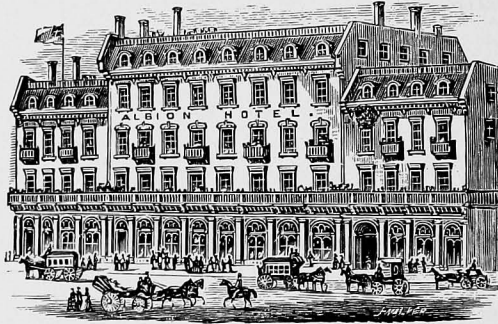
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RATES: \$3 per day; \$17.50 per week.

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This well-known Hotel has just been remodeled and refurnished throughout. A large number of new rooms, spacious dining hall, magnificent office, grand staircase, bath rooms, &c., have been added, and it is now the leading Hotel in Northern New York. The *cuisine* is unsurpassed and no effort will be spared to make the stay of visitors pleasant and enjoyable. The hotel is centrally located, near the Post Office, Opera House, prominent stores and places of interest.

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to the Thousand Islands, the Adirondacks or Canadas, should not fail to make a shorter or longer stay in Ogdensburg, the prettiest city on the St. Lawrence. Its healthy climate, beautiful streets and buildings, and many attractions, is rapidly bringing it to the notice of pleasure seekers.

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Proprietor.



S. MONTGOMERY,
Manager.

In point of convenience and management, the St. Lawrence Hall is eclipsed by no hotel on this continent. This structure scarcely needs description, its old familiar solid cut-stone front, facing on St. James, with its five stories, is familiar to the great majority of bon vivants who have visited Montreal from the United States and Europe during the last thirty years. It runs rearward through the two blocks intervening between its front entrance and Craig Street, on the latter of which a portico supported by four massive stone pillars marks out the private entrance for ladies and guests. It contains about three hundred guest rooms, grand dining hall with a seating capacity of five hundred at once, besides parlors, billiard-rooms and elegant offices, reading rooms and sample rooms for commercial travelers.

A new wing has also been added containing 100 rooms, all new and elegantly furnished, also passenger and baggage elevators, and the halls and the public rooms are illuminated by the electric and incandescent lights, making it the most attractively-lighted hotel in the Dominion, in fact it is scarcely necessary to say that the house has all the modern improvements. All its rooms communicate with the office by electric signals; hot and cold baths and water-closet conveniences are provided on each floor, whilst the ventilation will be found most perfect, healthy and pleasant. The cooking arrangements are conducted in the rear portion of the building. The entire house is furnished in a degree of luxury and taste regardless of cost, and in the latest modern style. It is protected by the latest inventions and appliances from fire; its ground floor is beautifully tiled with marble, and we may say that the grand dining hall and parlors are models of taste and splendor in their fittings and all appointments, whilst a score of skilled attendants minister to the comforts of its guests. In fact the St. Lawrence Hall is now fully worthy of our beautiful city, of which its past growth and prosperity has been typical.



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A First-class Tourists' and Business-men's House.

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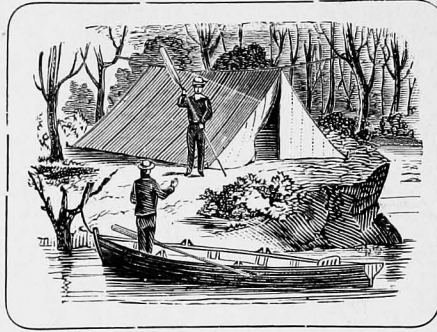
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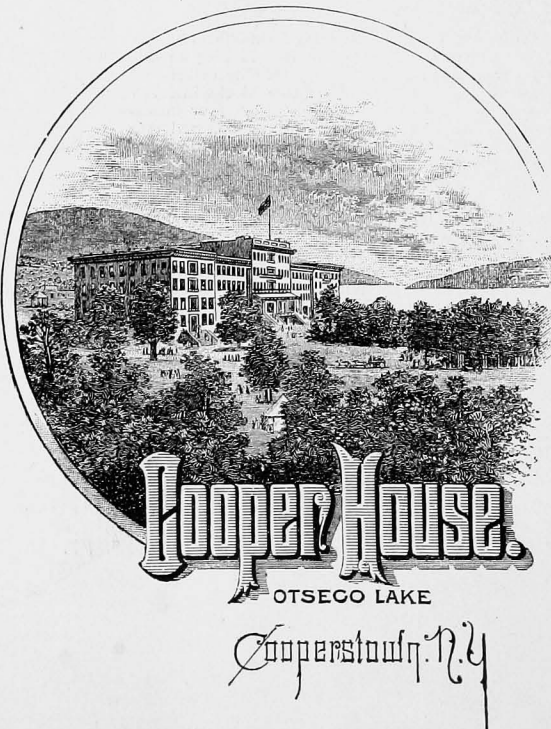
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S. E. CRITTENDEN, Prop.

The Hotel Windsor,

SITUATED ON THE SHORE OF

LAKE CHAMPLAIN,

ROUSES POINT, N. Y.

This new Sporting and Summer Resort will be open from May 1st to Nov. 1st for PLEASURE Travel. Its principal attractions are, cool nights and best of beds for sleeping, fine fishing, rowing and sailing. Steamer "Reindeer" makes regular trips from Rouses Point to Burlington and return daily (Sundays excepted), touching at wharf in front of Hotel. All along the route are VERY BEAUTIFUL points for picnic and camping parties, reduced rates for which will be gladly made. Children in particular can have all the cool, pure milk they want, at any time, **FREE**; and especial efforts will be made to make ladies and children happy and comfortable during their visit at the Windsor. Physician living next door to the Hotel. Rouses Point is located on the direct route between the Thousand Islands and the White Mountains—and also between Montreal and Saratoga. The Hotel has water-closets and bath-room. The piazzas are broad and the view very fine. A fine 'bus will be run to all trains. The rates for transient pleasure guests will be three dollars per day. Board from eight to twenty dollars per week, according to rooms. Laundry for washing guests' clothing run in connection with the Hotel. Boat livery will also be kept.

"THE INGLESIDE"

(Formerly Montgomery Hall),

Is located immediately opposite the HOTEL WINDSOR, and will be run as an acquisition to the Hotel. It contains a very fine dancing hall, ice-cream parlor, smoking and reading room, and a commodious hall for whist or social parties.

Ladies and children will find it an agreeable place to while away any hours allotted to pleasure.
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MICHIGAN CENTRAL
THE GREAT EAST AND WEST HIGHWAY

To the Health and Pleasure Resorts of the North, running Fast Express Trains of superb equipment, and making close connections at all junctions and terminal points. Palace Cars run through without change from the Eastern seaboard to Chicago, via Niagara Falls and Detroit; and eastward from Chicago to Toronto, Buffalo, Syracuse, Boston, and New York, connecting at Suspension Bridge with the R., W. & O. R. R. for the Thousand Islands, Adirondacks and White Mountains.

On the opening of the great steel cantilever bridge, the Buffalo *Express* announced in an editorial on the subject that "at last the Michigan Central Railroad Company opens a through East and West route which is honestly a Niagara Falls route, and which gives the tourist full and leisurely opportunities to see Niagara Falls without once leaving his seat. By the new route the traveler is not simply given a distant and obscure view of the Falls. He is taken down the river on the New York side. From Buffalo to Tonawanda he rides, much of the way, along the river bank, and can study the force and sweep of the great current. Then, as he rides along, he has a full view of the two great arms of the river that encompass Grand Island. Just before he reaches Niagara Falls village he can see the first break of the river into the upper rapids. He crosses the stream by the new cantilever bridge, and has a general view of the Falls, which is better than that heretofore obtained from the old bridge, because it is a nearer view. Then he skirts along above the Canadian bank until 'Falls View' is reached. This point of observation has heretofore been reached only by the Niagara City branch of the Canada Southern. It has not been on the East and West route at all. Now all through trains stop at 'Falls View,' which is really one of the finest views of the Falls anywhere to be had.

"Certainly such a route may be honestly called a 'Niagara Falls route,' and the traveling public cannot be long in finding out the genuineness of its attractions. It only remains to add that by the new route, all through Michigan Central trains go directly East from the Falls, via Buffalo, thus securing the advantage of all the city connections, and at the same time making fast schedule time on the through route."

It should also be remembered that to the "wave-washed tourists' paradise," Mackinac Island, the noted Northern Hay-Fever Resort of Tapinabee, the delightful and picturesque scenes and hunting and fishing grounds of Northern Michigan, the MICHIGAN CENTRAL is the route.

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Ass't Gen'l Pass'r & Tkt. Agt.

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The tourist's only source of knowledge and way of seeing the wonderful beauty of the Thousand Islands, is to gaze from the deck of the Steamer ISLAND WANDERER, as she passes on her forty-mile trip among the islands.

Remember the name and that she is the only boat making regular trips.

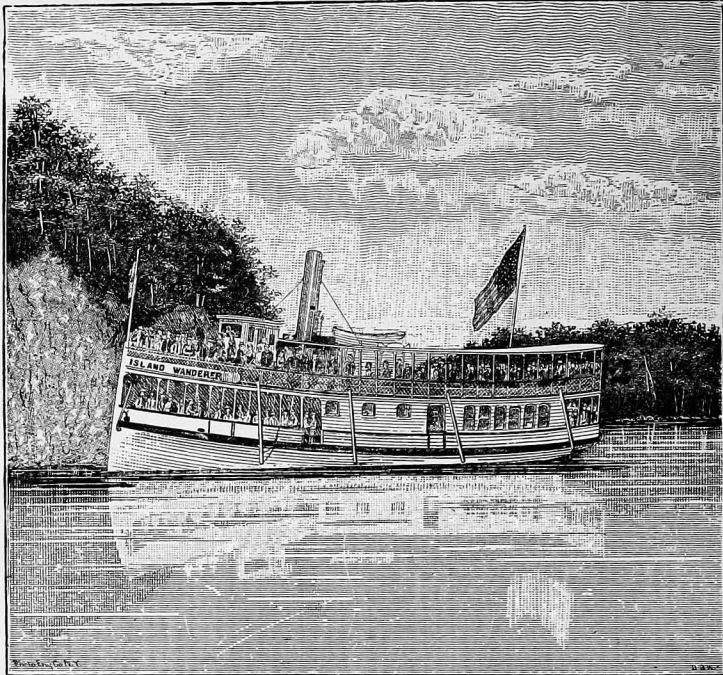
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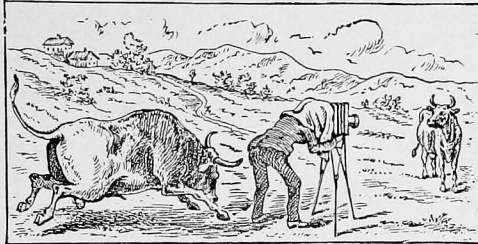
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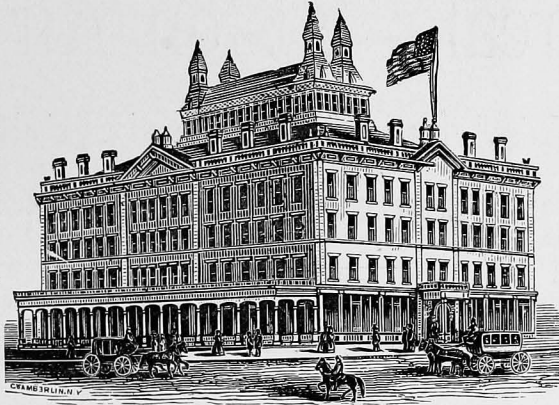
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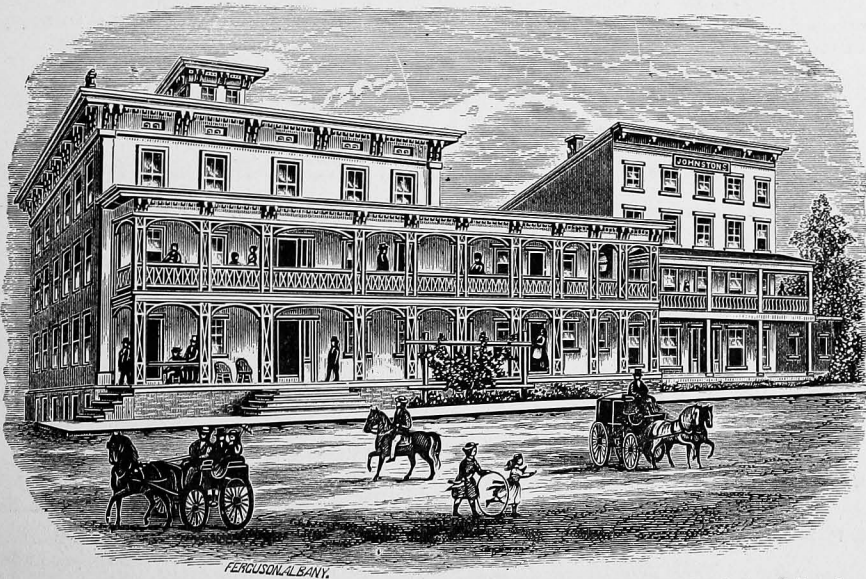
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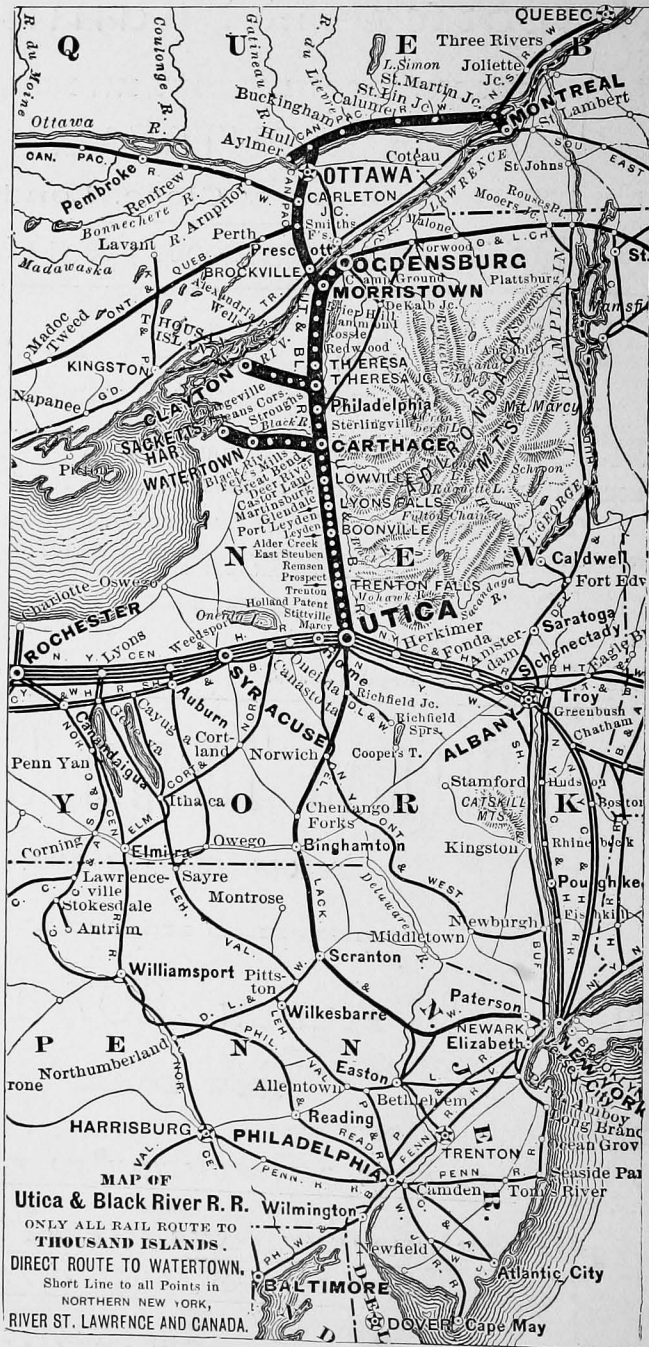
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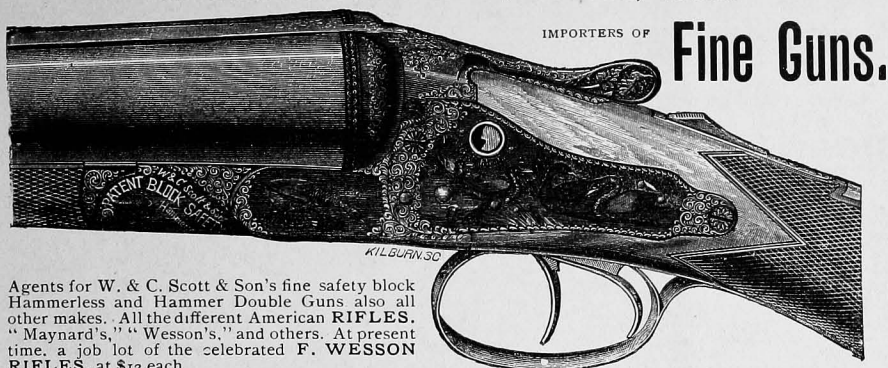


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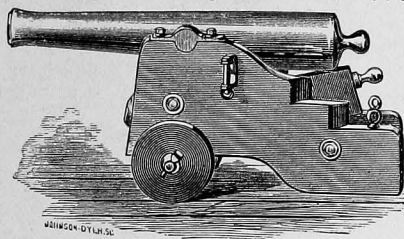
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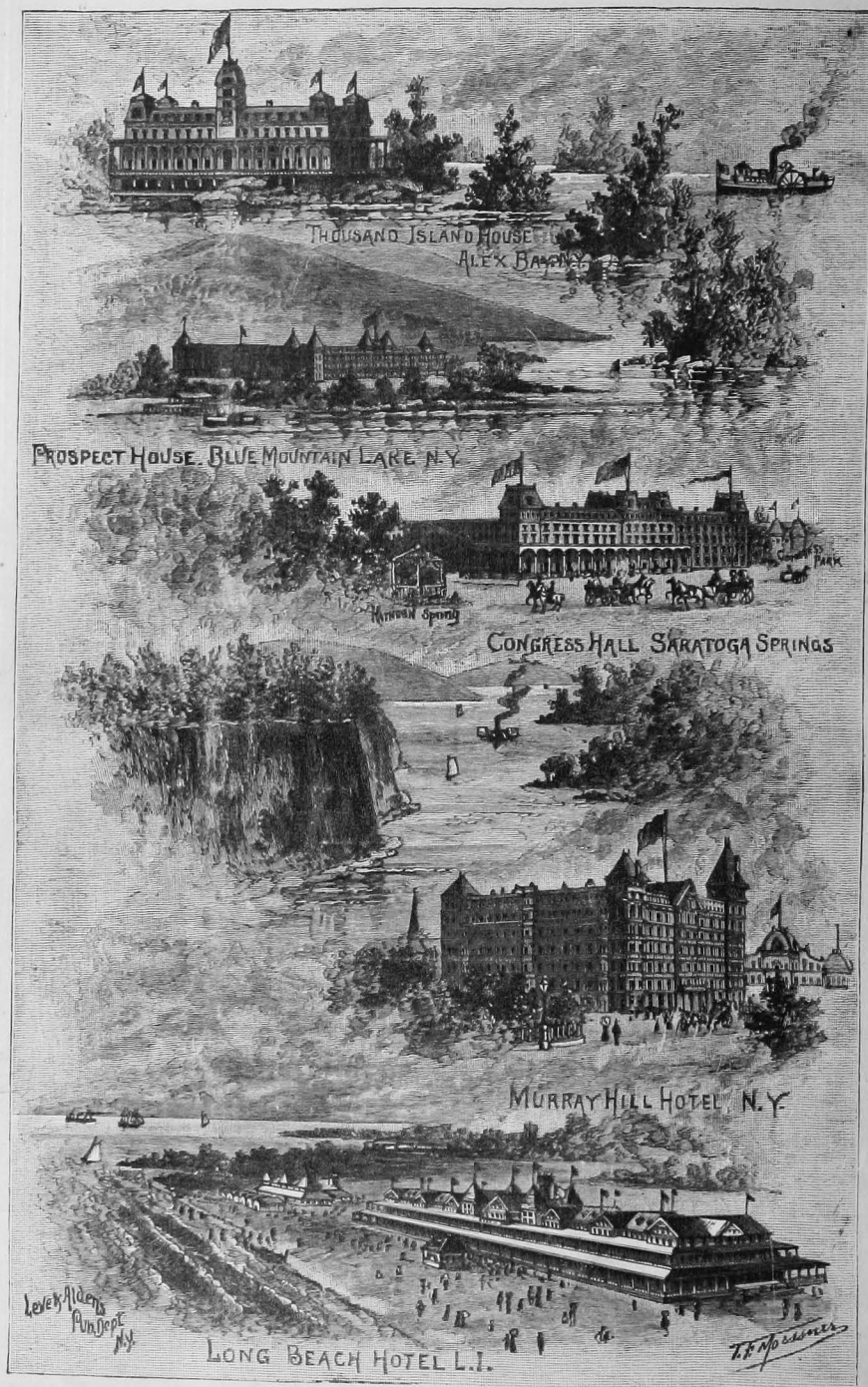
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