

Our room commanded a prolonged view of the river. A delicate breeze would be rippling the waters, which, through the mingled light of moon and stars, looked like countless spangles of silver. The islands across the channel threw their black shadows upon the scene, from out of the darkness of which peered here and there the light of some islander, who, like ourselves, was loth to go to bed. Then a strain of music would be heard coming from some happy craft, far enough away to prevent all discord, and permit only the harmony to reach our ears. And then, with such soothing strains filling our soul, with all serene without, Nature's sweet restorer, sleep, would steal away our senses."

In a little book like this, no adequate description of the scenery and principal points of interest in this favored locality can be given, but aided by the artist, who has given us some accurate and beautiful illustrations, we may interest every one who is turning in that direction for rest and recreation the coming summer, and in the minds of all who have heretofore enjoyed the advantages of the place, awaken tender memories of pleasant hours.

To the new comer to this Paradise of America, the noble St. Lawrence seems not at all like a river, but like a great lake, spreading out to miles in breadth, and extending nearly twenty miles in length, much of which, especially in the vicinity of the THOUSAND ISLAND HOUSE, is thickly studded with the most enchanting islands, wooded and cleared. The Indians, in their rude but poetic natures, called this locality "Manatoana," or Garden of the Great Spirit, and the name would seem to have been a most appropriate one, as applied to the spot when Nature ruled alone; when every island was a miniature forest: when the wild deer made their homes in the island depths, and swam from point to point, and each secluded bay, nestling among the hills and bluffs, teemed with fowl that were never disturbed by harsh words, it was emphatically a garden in the wilderness.

Even at this day there are hundreds of places, wild and solitary as in the primeval days, among which glides one's boat, while its occupant lies gloriously indolent, his free thought roaming through the land of the beautiful; little watery nooks, where the health-imparting, resinous odors of the evergreens fill the gratified nostrils, and the whispers of Nature's mystic life serve but to make the solitude more blissful. All this within a few strokes of the oar of the magnificent hotel, of which more will be said.