

A SUMMER HOLIDAY IN CENTRAL NEW YORK.

On thy fair bosom silver lake,
Oh ! I could ever sweep the oar,
When early birds at morning wake,
And evening tells us toil is o'er.

Percival.

THE long vacation of 1886 had just begun, and I was busy planning what I should do and where I should go to spend my annual holiday. I had explored the wilds of Muskoka, had visited the beautiful St. Lawrence region, and had seen the prairie lands of our great North West in former seasons, and this year I had a longing to see something of the much talked of natural beauties of Central New York State. This decided upon, my next thought was, who could I get to join me in my trip, so wending my way along the busy streets of Toronto I entered the chambers of two legal friends, both old Trinity men, and having saluted them and partaken of their hospitality offered in the shape of tobacco, for these gentlemen had a special chamber for smoking in, I broached the subject. Of course they could not both go, one having to remain to sell counsel and give advice to those who sought it, but it was finally arranged that the senior partner whose brain required rest after the litigation of the previous term should accompany me, it was decided that we should leave Toronto, *via* Grand Trunk Railway, and remain a day or two in Port Hope for the Cricket match and Speech day, and after settling a few matters of detail we parted, to meet the following morning at the Union Station.

The day was beautifully fine, and we were soon steaming into the well known town, and strolling along the familiar road to the School buildings. After spending two pleasant days here amidst old friends and surroundings we took passage on the good old steamer "Norseman," which plies between Port Hope and the American port of Charlotte on the opposite side of Lake Ontario. The lake here at its widest, being about sixty miles across, and to those who are contemplating a summer tour to New York this is a very pleasant route to take.

On arriving at Charlotte we took the New York Central Railway for Rochester where we intended to stay a few days. This beautiful city is too well known to need description, so I will not waste time, but pass on to the lake region whither we were bound. I had been told of the great beauties of Watkin's Glen and Seneca Lake, and my friend having agreed, we determined to take our tickets for the former place. The old Auburn division of the New York Central runs from Rochester to Canandaigua, at which latter place we were told we should have to change cars. Now I have always prided myself on being an experienced traveller, and little dreamt that I should do anything so foolish as to get on a wrong train; but such was to be the case, for on arriving at Canandaigua we got out of the train and after walking up and down the

station several times got into the same train again which had moved on to another track. When the conductor came around it was a sight to see his face, he looked at our tickets and then at us and muttered something which sounded to me like all the fools not being dead yet. However, fortune favored us as we learned that by continuing on this train to Geneva we could reach Watkins by another route, so we concluded that this was the wisest thing to be done, and having put away our now useless tickets and paid our fare over again we settled ourselves in the smoker and tried hard to imagine that we had not lost anything. But a surprise was in store for us, for on arriving at Geneva we found ourselves in one of the most beautiful towns of New York State.

To those who are ignorant of its position I may say that it is at the head of Seneca lake, and about fifty miles south of Rochester. The town rises gradually from the lake side to Main street, a beautiful avenue, on which are many fine residences, in fact we were so charmed with the place that we decided to remain for a few days, and having made ourselves comfortable at the "Kirkwood," settled down to enjoy the beauties of this wonderful region. This part of the country was originally inhabited by the Six Nations Indians, and to those who are of a moralising turn of mind affords ample food for reflection. For the Indians, this lake district must have been a land flowing with milk and honey; beautiful small lakes with rolling hills and peaceful valleys, and which must have abounded with fish and game, are now the abode of the white man, and all that remains of the aborigines is their nomenclature, the names which are happily allowed to rest upon these lakes instead of Roman or Grecian are such as Onondaga, Oneida, and the liquid Canandaigua. After seeing all that we could of Geneva, we took the steamer "Otetiani," for the foot of the lake, and soon a panorama opened before us. The lake is nowhere more than three miles in width, and as the land slopes very gradually to the highlands behind, a magnificent view is commanded from the deck of the steamer. Every few miles is a summer resort or small village at which the steamer stops to take on or let off passengers. At one of the latter an amusing incident occurred, my friend prides himself on being irresistible with the fair sex, and while the steamer lay at the wharf at Willard's, he caught sight of a procession of young ladies, and taking them for a school began waving his handkerchief frantically and kissing his hand. Not feeling sure of the propriety of this, I consulted my guide book to see who these fair strangers were, when to my amusement and my friend's intense chagrin it turned out that they were the inmates of the State Insane Asylum, it is needless to say my friend performed no more feats of gallantry. But to return to my subject. It is said that at the hottest part of the summer it is always cool on Seneca Lake, and certainly we found it so. A delightful breeze was blowing, and the air was cool and refreshing, and as the steamer glided slowly down the lake I felt a sense of