

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS

Many of our western readers have heard of the Thousand Islands, but have not seen them. The exact number of these Islands is not known. They are called the thousand Islands because they are comparatively countless, extending from the eastern end of lake Ontario above Kingston to Brockville, a distance of about 70 miles, in the lake and river St. Lawrence. We passed through them in a late visit to Prescott and Brockville, and amply would it repay any one to do so. We must confess that we consider them as well worth seeing as the Falls of Niagara. The clear blue water of the river, the variety of scenery presented on the Islands—their different shapes and sizes varying from a spot the size of a barrel to an acre, and from that to a mile and many miles in extent. The bold uprising of small granite Islands with perpendicular walls, from ten to twenty feet high, covered with evergreens in some cases, and in others presenting to the sun their everlasting barrenness—altogether constitute a scene of intense beauty. One almost imagines that here he would like to spend his time in seclusion and contemplation among the gently flowing waters of this crystal river—the mighty reservoir of the falls. Such mighty masses of granite to a western man look novel. A bed of this kind of rock extends across the river here, near a hundred miles in width, running south east to Massachusetts, and westward we are told to the Manitowin Islands, crossing the Rideau canal, near which the granite sometimes rises into cones and prominences of all shapes, a hundred feet high or less. Bordering on it can be found lime stone. Many of these thousand Islands are settled, but more of them are left to the silence of nature. A majority of them belong to the British. The last three we saw are just opposite Brockville and Mornstown—extending in a line nearly across the river. At a great expense a Suspension Bridge could be built from Island to Island, to connect the British with the American side. Its prospective construction is even talked of now in Brockville. We think the thing quite feasible. One of the bridges, of course, would have to be a drawbridge to allow of the passage of vessels. These Islands are famous from the exploits of BILL JOHNSON the Canadian political Buccaneer and his beautiful daughter. He is still living on the American side on one of the Islands, and she is married there.

In passing through the Islands in some places the Boat comes within a few feet of the granite walls. The rock or shores at Kingston, in the town of Brockville, and at Gananoque, and on the Rideau canal, consist almost entirely of granite beds. The river has a quiet yet a comparatively swift current among the Islands. Subjoined is a short account of Bill Johnson, taken from American papers of 1845, which may in connection with these Islands, be interesting. We would remark that Bill Johnson's excursions, were chiefly if not all of a political kind prior to and during the excitement arising out of the troubles of Canada in 1838, and that he is a devoted republican:

BILL JOHNSON, OF THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

(From the Albany Atlas)

This individual, who, a few years since, caused a wonderful degree of excitement and curiosity, has been nearly forgotten, and supposed to have been gathered to the house of his fathers. The terror which, for a series of years, he caused by his stealthy excursions into the dominion of our Canadian neighbours, rendered him an object of the greatest dread, and induced the offer of a large reward for his apprehension. It will be recollected that some six or eight years since, he was arrested by the United States authorities, on charge of violating the neutrality laws, and imprisoned in this city for several

months. Thousands of persons, out of curiosity, visited him during his confinement, and instead of finding a desperate brigand in appearance, they met with a man of modest deportment. His daughter, the "Queen of the Thousand Islands," shared with her father his prison fare, and remained until the time arrived for his trial. He was acquitted, and since then none of his exploits have commanded much notice. It seems, however, that he is still alive, in good health, and inhabiting the same locality that he did when his deeds of intrepidity and daring excited so much fear among his Canadian neighbours across the river St. Lawrence. A correspondent of the New-York *Erangelist*, under date of June, 1851, writing from Adams, Jefferson County, says, in passing from Kingston to French Creek:

"Taking a sail-boat at Clayton, and escorted by 'Bill Johnson,' the hero of this wilderness of beauty, I entered the channel of the river for an excursion through its unfrequented narrows. Johnson, with whom I have become well acquainted, was a hunted outlaw here at different times for years, and is wary now about voyages into Her Majesty's dominion. He is 70 years of age, yet hale and active. His lawless life has blunted his moral sensibilities, but left a perception of propriety that prevented the use of profanity while with me, though generally his indispensible language by way of emphatic affirmation. He spends much of his time on his little fortress, Selkirk, a few miles from Clayton. His eye would flash as he recounted his dark and perilous adventures, and his bronzed face glow with desire of revenge, while he dwelt upon his suffering during the vigilant pursuit of his foes. He fled from island to island—often sat all night on the naked rocks beneath the driving storm—and was fed by his brave daughter, who sought his solitude in her light skiff, under cover of the darkness. She is married and lives quietly at C.

But the poor old man! He says he is not afraid to die. How sad the insensibility that gives tranquility to such a heart scotched as it is by the fires of passion. I admired his kind attentions, while pitying his well-nigh completed descent down the inclined plain of moral ruin."

To which the New-York *Commercial Advertiser* adds:—

"The name of 'Bill Johnson' reminds us of a little incident that occurred a few days ago, while we were passing up through the Thousand Islands, in the steamer Lady of the Lake. We had on board a pleasure party of eighty persons, from Boston and its vicinity, who were on their way to Niagara Falls. After dinner, 'Bill Johnson' and his exploits became the subject of conversation, and many expressed a desire that the boat would approach the island on which he resided, in the hope that a 'sight of the hero' would be obtained. We were then approaching French Creek, [now called Clayton,] having to remain half an hour to take in a supply of wood. On stepping on the wharf, we observed at a short distance the celebrated character who had been the subject of conversation during most of our passage through the islands. He had come over from his island, to 'get supplies and to look after one of his boys.' As soon as the passengers knew that Johnson was close at hand, there was a general rush, and a general introduction. Whatever Johnson might have been, he now sustains the character of an excellent neighbour and quiet citizen. His daughter, [the Queen of the Isles] is married, and lives respectably at Clayton.

Wool.—This is destined to be the leading staple of produce in Southern Wisconsin and Northern Illinois. Its advantages over wheat and the common products which have been relied upon, are beginning to be appreciated by the farming community. The price this week ranges from 25 to 37 cts. From seven to ten thousand dollars will be paid out this week in the market for wool alone.—*Kenosha Telegraph*.

Passengers from Buffalo to Chicago per steamer Northern Indiana, and Michigan Southern Railroad, arrived on Sunday morning in the remarkably short time of 24 hours!

THE UNITED STATES ARMY.—The army of the United States at present numbers 10,120, commissioned officers, 896, non-commissioned officers, and privates, 9,233. The number of buglers employed is 60, and the number of musicians, 255. The head quarters of the army are in Washington, D. C. The number of commissioned officers in the militia is 74,963, and of non-commissioned officers, musicians, and privates, 2,105, 553, making a total of 2,180,486 fighting men.

They must have occupied when in their proper place there is nothing to lead to the idea that wood could have been employed in the construction of this fabric, and calculated, as it obviously was originally, to endure for ages, it is highly improbable that any large proportion of so perishable a material should have been used in the construction of some substance is the only means by which such heat could have been produced. The tall mass of brick work that stands upright bears no mark of fire—how is this? We have scriptural authority for believing that the Temple of Jerusalem was destroyed by any miraculous manifestation of divine power, but the Arabs have a tradition that the city was destroyed by fire from Heaven. Thus we are left but a choice between the belief of some most extraordinary and inexplicable natural agency, and that of a miracle, in account for the appearance now manifested in this wonderful ruin. The effects of lightning are sometimes tremendous—we hear of its fusing large plates of metals by a single flash; but terrible indeed and nothing short of miraculous must have been those effects, (if lightning it was,) that shivered, fused, and scattered the blackened fragments that strew the summit of this mighty mass of ruins—*Frazer's Travels*

[ORIGINAL]
NIAGARA.

How dire, how awful, yet how truly grand,
How art, Niag'ra, with thy thundering din;
Thy mountain waters tumbling down the dread abyss,
Which no eye has peered, save His, who bade
Thy scoop thy pathway in th' "eternal rocks!"
Thy watery sheet by gravitation's power
Tumbled down in one impetuous tide,
As earth's flood-gates had broke loose anew,
To inundate again this sinful world.

The Deity, whose toy thou art, when first
Thou take thy playful leap down
From thy precipice,
Thou see that man by seeing thee too plain,
Thou placid top, to foaming depths below,
Thou with thine awful front familiar grow,
Thou make thee lose thy reverential power,
Thou thy wonders did enshroud with mist,
As thick as the dark cloud which overspread
Mount Sinai's top, when God did give the Law
In trumpet tones, while forked lightnings gleaned
A lurid blaze athwart the lurid sky;
Thou loud terrific thunders shook
The granite hills, and wide unyielding plains
Thou proclaiming vengeance dire,
Thou to thy rebels who this law should break.
Thou's mystery always in obscurity—
Thou charms this adds to thy sublimity;
Thou sines, and tries again, to penetrate
Thou visual orb, thy turbid ring spray,
Thou show thy glories in thy bubbling depths;
Thou yet he tries in vain. The eagle bold,
Thou, while he soars aloft, a speck remote
Thou the blue curtain of the sky, descries
Thou amble fish beneath the crescent wave,
Thou down with lightning swoop secures his prey;
Thou his sharp gaze can't penetrate thy veil.
Thou man does linger at thy dizzy brow,
Thou breath thy base along the surging tide,
Thou hopes that some strong blast will drive aside
Thou hanging veil, and satisfy his gaze.

Here fore thy front upon this vap'ry sheet—
Thou pamper upon whitened canvass draws
Thou gorgeous landscape or the portrait chaste—
Thou Great Supreme, who painted every flower,
Thou dyed the verdant carpet of our earth
Thou sunbeam brush, has dashed the lambent bow
Thou quicker speed than photographic art
Thou for the shadow of substantial things;
Thou while this pageant sits before my eyes
Thou substantial, ever changing form.
Thou mind intense reverts to worldly show,
Thou painted pomp, and all the tinsel fame,
Thou hollow pleasures which this world affords.
Cobourg, July 20th, 1852.

Somebody says that the devil is a mean word any
you can fix it. You can't make a respectable
word of it any how. Remove the d and it is evil, re-
move the e and it is vice, remove the o and it is just as