

THE PRINCE'S NUPTIAL CHAMBER.

But innermost,
A secret chamber lurked, where skill had pent
All lovely fantasies to lull the mind.
The entrance of it was a cloistered square—
Roofed by the sky, and in the midst a tank—
Of milky marble built, and laid with slabs
Of milk-white marble; bordered round the tank
And on the steps, and all along the frieze
With tender inlaid work of agate-stones.
Cool as to tread in summer-time on snows
It was to loiter there; the sunbeams dropped
Their gold, and, passing into porch and niche,
Softened to shadows, silvery, pale and dim,
As if the very day paused and grew eve
In love and silence at that bower's gate;
For there beyond the gate the chamber was,
Beautiful, sweet; a wonder of the world!
Soft light from perfumed lamps through windows fell
Of nacre and stained stars of lucent film
On golden cloths outspread, and silken beds,
And heavy splendour of the purdah's fringe,
Lifted to take only the loveliest in.
Here, whether it was night or day none knew,
For always streamed that softened light, more bright
Than sunrise, but as tender as the eve's;
And always breathed sweet airs, more joy-giving
Than morning's, but as cool as midnight's breath;
And night and day lutes sighed, and night and day
Delicious foods were spread, and dewy fruits,
Sherbets new chilled with snows of Himalay,
And sweetmeats made of subtle dainties,
With sweet tree-milk in its own ivory cup.
And night and day served there a chosen band
Of nautch girls, cup-bearers, and cymballers,
Delicate, dark-browed ministers of love,
Who fanned the sleeping eyes of the happy Prince,
And when he waked, led back his thoughts to bliss
With music whispering through the blooms, and charm
Of amorous songs and dreamy dancers, linked
By chime of ankle-bells and wave of arms
And silver vina-strings; while essences
Of musk and champak and the blue haze spread
From burning spices soothed his soul again
To drowse by sweet Yasodhara.*

* FROM THE LIGHT OF ASIA: The Life and Teaching of
Gautama, the founder of Buddhism, by EDWIN ARNOLD.
London: Trübner & Co.

THE Cities and Towns of Canada ILLUSTRATED.

XVI.

GANANOQUE AND VICINITY.

A GLIMPSE OF THE THOUSAND ISLES.

Gananoque occupies a charming position in the midst of the best scenery of the "Lake of the Thousand Isles," about thirty miles west of Brockville, eighteen east of Kingston, one hundred and fifty-five from Montreal, and one hundred and seventy-eight from Toronto. The site was chosen in 1798 by Col. Joel Stone—a U. E. Loyalist—on account of the water-power afforded by the Gananoque River, or "the Creek," as it is locally known in deference to the mighty St. Lawrence. The history of Gananoque is that of scores of settlements founded at or about that date. A tract of land granted to one man who, after a time, makes over, for certain considerations, portions to a few associates who have stood by him in the pioneer struggle; held by two or three families for many years, finally to be split up into "lots" and sold "to whom it may concern." With the old Colonel the names of Macdonald and Legge are intimately associated as Gananoque pioneers. At the start, the chief industry was lumbering, and tradition says it was a flourishing business. To-day it is a very poor affair, the logs now sent down the streams being few and of inferior quality. But Gananoque long ago ceased to depend upon the produce of the forest. Starting with Col. Stone's grist and saw mills, there has grown up quite a cluster of factories, and the simple dam has been replaced by a well devised system of canals, flumes, gates, &c., whereby the water-power is utilised to the utmost. At first glance a stranger would hardly imagine that the village boasted as many manufactories as it does, the various buildings being huddled closely together and of a very unpretentious order of architecture as a rule. Were it an American town, each factory would undoubtedly occupy ample grounds, boast a very ornamental cupola, topped by a tall flag-staff, and the name and nature of the establishment would be set forth in brilliant paint and large letters upon the walls and roof. But Gananoque is particularly unambitious. Some of the best sites in the place are disfigured by disgracefully shabby structures—positive ruins, in fact. So, too, with most of the private residences. The lake shore is exceedingly picturesque, and commands some of the finest views to be found among the Thousand Islands, yet there are but two or three residences from whence a glimpse of the lovely scenes is to be had; the majority of the best houses might be in some inland rural district for all their occupants can see of the glorious lake. Again, the thought of what would be the case if the American flag waved over the place asserts itself. So it is with the islands. The main shore and the islands about Gananoque far surpass the much talked of Alexandra Bay and Camp Ground in natural beauty, while it is well known that for good fishing the Americans have to come into Canadian waters; yet, while the Bay boasts several splendid hotels and every island in the vicinity is adorned with a tasteful cottage or handsome villa, the Canadian side is virtually in a "wild" state. Here and there along the shore or on an island, a farmer's frame house or a log hut is to be seen, and during the summer season a few tents, but anything like a proper appreciation of the charms of the locality has yet to be developed. There is "money in it." Every season Canadians from all points flock to the American side, simply because of the artificial attractions which the Bay and the Camp Ground offer.

Many thousands of dollars undoubtedly are thus taken out of the country. Gananoque has all the natural requisites for a charming summer resort, and the men who are plucky enough to aid Dame Nature will surely reap a rich reward.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

Gananoque is an incorporated village, and has a population of about three thousand. It is two miles and a half from the Grand Trunk station. The last quarter of a mile of this road, nearest the depot, is famous, or rather infamous, as the roughest in the Dominion. Strangers riding over it have been known to feel the sensation of sea-sickness. Some years ago a loop line to the village was projected, but the luxury is still far distant. During the season of navigation the facilities for travel by water are excellent, and the boats monopolize almost all the traffic. The Richelieu line boats touch, also the propellers; two capital boats run between the village and Kingston, and a fast little steamer makes two trips a day to the American town of Clayton, across the lake—a run of about nine miles. During the Alexandra Bay season, these boats afford opportunities to visit that resort and the Camp Ground on Wells' Island.

The leading manufacturing establishment of Gananoque is called

THE ST. LAWRENCE WORKS,

carried on by D. F. Jones & Co. The spades, shovels, scoops, forks and hoes turned out from these works are celebrated throughout the Dominion, and wherever exhibited they have always carried off the highest awards. I happen to know that quite recently the G. T. R. Co. distributed over their line shovels made by several different firms and requested the opinion of the road foremen respecting the quality of the implements. The testimony thus obtained from entirely impartial sources was unanimously in favour of the Gananoque shovels. It could scarcely be otherwise, as the best material, the most modern machinery and only skilled workmen are to be found at the St. Lawrence Works. I witnessed the process of manufacture from the first to the last stage, and could not but admire the degree of perfection to which this branch of industry has been brought. A shovel passes through some twenty-five hands, and in every stage the aid of machinery is invoked. To witness the transformation of an oblong piece of iron and a strip of steel into a beautifully-finished shovel or spade is an exceedingly interesting study, and it can be enjoyed to perfection at Gananoque. I may mention that the spade used by the Princess Louise in planting a tree at Kingston, last spring, was manufactured at the St. Lawrence Works. These works were established in 1852; their present capacity is fifty dozen shovels or spades per day, and from five to six thousand dozen of forks or hoes per annum. Mr. D. F. Jones has for many years represented the constituency in the House of Commons.

Among the other articles manufactured at Gananoque may be mentioned springs, rivets, harrows, brooms, sythe snaths, nails, patent lubs and aimes. There are two good flour and grist mills, a woollen mill and a large machine shop.

GLEN WOOD,

the residence of S. McCammon, Esq., at the west end of the village, is one of the few houses which command a view of the lake. It is a large, finely-built mansion, overlooking a beautifully-wooded glen, through which a tiny stream trickles down to the St. Lawrence. The grounds comprise some twenty acres.

BROPHY'S HOTEL.

Mr. Brophy is proprietor of the two leading hotels—one called the "Provincial," being reserved for commercial trade, and that known as above, being chiefly frequented by tourists. Mr. Brophy is a veteran hotel-keeper, and is deservedly popular with the travelling public. For good food, cleanliness and general comfort, travellers say that his houses are far ahead of the average hotel met with throughout Canada.

THE ISLANDS—CAMPING, &c.

The Lake of the Thousand Islands is justly famed as the camping ground of the continent. Such a wide choice of scenery and location is nowhere else to be had. The camper has the pick of a great natural park fifty miles long and, say, nine miles wide. If he loves solitude he can take possession of an island, where he will be a free from human intrusion as ever Juan Fernandez was; or he can pitch his tent alongside of the great watery highway, and so close to the channel that he may recognize friends on board the steamers, which are constantly passing up and down. If he is economical, from fancy or by force of circumstances, he can practise that virtue to a wonderful degree. He can purchase a bark canoe for \$10, get a cotton tent made for \$2, and with a supply of biscuit, pork, tea and sugar, he can put in the summer in a jolly vagabond style, utilize all his old clothes, and return to civilization in the fall fat, rugged and brawny. He has no rent to pay, no fuel bill, no water-rate. The finest fish—the gamy, firm-fleshed black bass and the sweet-flavoured perch—are to be had for the catching at his very tent door. If he wants occasional luxuries he can paddle off to the nearest farm-house and get fresh butter, eggs or berries at mere nominal prices. Such is one form of camping. I have experienced it for short periods this summer—taking "pot luck" for a few days with casual

acquaintances—and I must say that I have never enjoyed meals with greater zest than when I have done the catching and cooking myself. The early morn among the islands is delicious—so quiet, so pure, so altogether lovely. A plunge in the clear water freshens one as nothing else can. Then a short paddle to the favourite haunts of the finny tribe, and in a brief period the tiny craft contains material for a meal fit for a gourmand. Among the islands I learned a wrinkle as to preparing fish for the pan. Instead of scaling and leaving intact the great back fins, I was taught to *skin* the fish and remove the troublesome spikey fins entire. The operation is speedy and leaves the fish in beautiful shape for cooking.

Other campers will take a couple of skiffs, a large tent and vast quantities of camping provisions, taking no stock in fishing, but sending some of the party every day to the village for beefsteak, chops, &c. I question if these really derive as much benefit from the outing as those who go in for roughing it and are satisfied with simple food.

For really luxurious camp life, the American side of the lake must be visited. I have in my mind's eye the establishment of a young New York gentleman, C. Wolfe, Esq., who has acquired the island which was the headquarters of the notorious "Bill Johnstone"—formerly known as Whiskey Island, rechristened by Mr. Wolfe "Coral Isle." It is a beautiful spot, about six miles south of Gananoque and three west of Clayton. On the west side, the lake stretches away as far as the eye can reach, and when a stiff south-wester is blowing the outlook reminds one of the ocean, the great rollers breaking upon the rock-girt shore with tremendous force. Mr. Wolfe lives as luxuriously as if he were at a first-class hotel. His tent is floored, carpeted and completely furnished. With its easy chairs, fancy nick-nacks and fragrant bouquets, it looks more like a lady's boudoir than a camper's habitat. A large airy wooden building, intended for a boat-house when Mr. Wolfe builds a cottage, serves as kitchen and dining-room. Among other luxuries unknown to most campers is a fine cow and about fifty fowls. The establishment gives employment to three men, for, though camping alone, Mr. Wolfe is always entertaining guests, and he thinks nothing of giving a dinner to which a dozen or two sit down. And Coral Isle dinners are no simple affair—three courses, at least. I was present upon one occasion when bass chowder was the *pièce de résistance*, and I question if as good could be got in Delmonico's. The table was most elaborately decorated with flowers, while sporting trophies and weapons adorned the walls and ceiling. Such is another phase of camping.

FISHING NOTES.

The fish frequenting the lake water are maskilonge, sturgeon, pike, pickerel, black bass, Oswego bass, rock bass, perch, chub, cat-fish, suckers, and small shad. The finest sport is had with the maskilonge and black bass. The former are caught early in the season and in the fall. The favourite lure is a spoon patented and manufactured by G. M. Skinner, at Gananoque. The fish vary from fifteen to fifty pounds in weight. Several weighing close upon the latter weight were caught last spring. The black bass affords splendid sport. To enjoy it thoroughly you need a light skiff and some one to row it. Your outfit should be a tolerably light rod, a strong, light line, a good winch; a gut leader about ten feet long, on which is strung three or four artificial flies, with either a "phantom minnow" or one of Skinner's bass spoons at the end. The bass are found during July and August on the shoals, and the boatman's business is to row over and round these stony flats. The fisherman lets out about four boat lengths of line, and holds his rod over the side slightly inclined towards the stern. He will rarely be out a minute or two ere he will feel a business-like tug. He need not hurry to bring in the fish. He may let it drag for a little, unless it appears to be a very heavy specimen. Supposing it to be manageable, he will find that the fish hooked serves to attract others. The pulling on the line will be increased, and when he reels in he will be likely to find that each fly is occupied, and that a nice fish is attached to the spoon or minnow. But the fisherman does not have it all his own way. The bass is a wary fish, full of ways and means to escape. Very soon after he is hooked he will rush to the surface and jump two feet in the air, shaking himself, as he does so, like a dog just out of water. If not carefully watched at such a moment he invariably gets free. The only way to save him is to lower the point of the rod as soon as he is seen to be near the surface. Many fine fish are lost at the boat side—the hook has a very slight hold upon a bass, and the fish are off directly there is the slightest slackening of the line. A good-sized landing-net is very necessary. The bass range up to three pounds. No true sportsman should keep one less than ten inches long. Very good sport can be had with a casting-rod, fishing from rocks and points. In the fall the bass seek deep water, and are caught with live minnows, craw-fish, and other such bait.

BOATS.

At Gananoque, Clayton and Alexandra Bay are found a class of skiffs which are unequalled anywhere for beauty and comfort. The average boats are worth from \$70 to \$100. Many cost a good deal more than the latter sum. An English gentleman, who is spending the summer near Gananoque, owns two—one worth \$150,

and the other \$250. The Thousand Island boat is peculiar to the locality. It is generally twenty-two feet long; round at both ends, has no rudder, and is pulled by one pair of oars from moveable outriggers. It is furnished with a good-sized sprit-sail, and is steered by the person sailing it going forward or coming aft according as he wants to run into or before the wind. It has fine carpet over a painted canvas cloth and all the fittings, outriggers, &c., are silver-plated. There are two cane-seated chairs (minus the legs), one in the stern and the other near the centre. On the sides are rests and holes for laying the poles when trolling for large fish. To carry the spoil there is a movable fish-box. These boats row almost as easily as a racing-shell, and they sail splendidly. Alongside of a fair specimen of a Thousand Island skiff the boats of other localities look very homely "tubs."

Glimpses of life at Alexandra Bay and the Camp Ground I must reserve for the present.

ARTISTIC.

BARTHOLOMEW's colossal statue of Liberty, for New York Harbour, is making rapid progress towards completion.

MRS. BUTLER, better known as Miss Thompson, is at present engaged in painting a picture, to be styled "The Greys." The picture represents a troop of that famous regiment "The Scots Greys," and from all accounts, says the *Examiner*, it promises to be a success.

SEVENTY-FIVE sculptors sent in designs for the statue to be erected to Thiers in France. The successful young artist, whose work was unveiled on August 3rd, is Ernest Charles Demosthenes Guilbert. At the first drawing school which he entered, he carried off all the medals, and in 1873 he secured the grand prize. He exhibited "Cain Maudit" in this year's salon, obtaining a third-class medal.

MR. R. C. WOODVILLE, a rising young English painter, is engaged upon a large picture of the late Prince Louis Napoleon in Zululand. The Prince is represented on horseback at the head of a reconnoitring party, half turning in the saddle, field glass in hand, and scanning the surrounding country. An escort of the 17th Lancers is seen in the middle distance.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

LISZT, the composer, has a piano in his bath-room.

THE death of Charles Fechter leaves Joseph Wheelock the best personator of *Claude Melnotte* on the stage.

THE remains of Schumann have been exhumed at Bonn, and a plaster cast has been taken of what remains of the composer's head.

PASCA, the well-known actress, has left the stage and the world altogether, having entered one of the secular convents near St. Petersburg.

MISS JULIA HOLMAN, second daughter of Mr. Geo. Holman, operatic manager, died at London, Ont., last week. She had been ill of jaundice for nine weeks.

BIJOU HERON, who has been in the Convent de Zion, in Paris, has just left for England, after taking six prizes. She will not return to Paris, but will enter a branch of the same order in London this fall.

It is said that previous to the time of his death Mr. Fechter had been engaged on a play called "Napoleon," in which he had expected to make a great success next season. It is estimated that his real estate will net his widow about \$1,500, and that his costumes, library, etc., are worth about \$10,000.

SULLIVAN, the author of the "Pinafore" music, is somewhat of a Bohemian. He enjoys late hours and good companionship. His rooms are full of the evidences of a man of taste—pictures, busts, bric-a-brac, a grand piano, guitars, musical boxes, and a scattered library music. Everything is in confusion, but the place is suggestive of artistic pleasure.

THE opera of "Don Juan" has been gorgeously revived in Paris. The ball-room scene is superb, showing a long vista of splendid saloons, and at the end a group of statuary in marble, showing white against the blue moonlight sky that is seen through an open archway in the background. Over 200 dancers and figurantes take part in the scene, which is a marvel of changing and brilliant colors.

THE only addition which Mary Anderson has made to her repertoire this season will be Sheridan's grand old play of "Love; or, The Countess and Serf." Miss Anderson has been studying the part all summer, and will make in it, we have reason to think, a great hit. The part fits her marvelously well, and the work will constitute her *pièce de résistance*. By the way, she has discarded the idea of reviving "La Fille de Roland."

THE London correspondent of the *Liverpool Post*, speaking of the death of Fechter, says:—"The friend of Princes, and counted of the nobility as a man of genius, it seemed as if Fechter was to rise to a position greater than Kean himself. That he failed and fell is well known, though the world is ignorant of the romantic cause of his decline. Fechter had evidently more heart than brain, and sacrificed fame at the shrine of the woman who jilted him."