

railroads at the Canadian town of Brockville, and the village of Morristown on the New York side. It is this portion, perhaps more particularly the central and lower part of it, where the Islands are more closely disposed, which has come to be designated as the "Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence," and which has long been known and celebrated by poets and novelists for its singular and natural beauty. The wild forest, intermingled with partial cultivation upon its islands and shores; the many narrow and tortuous channels, land-locked bays, with secluded and sheltered nooks among its several clusters, alternated with extensive stretches of open water, many of which themselves might well be called lakes, all clear and pure as the most transparent crystal, present scenes of enchantment, whose beauties are ever changing and never wearying to the eye of the beholder.



OLD "ISLAND WANDERER."

It is a region, which, while multitudes have desired to visit, and in fact of which many have caught partial glimpses in the hasty passage of the old St. Lawrence steamers down the usually navigated channels, yet comparatively few have been able entirely to explore. The time and expense required to traverse all its multiplied channels, and the meagre facilities within reach for doing so, have, until very recently, effectually concealed many of its most delightful views from the observation of the multitudes who desire to see them. For some years past, and largely by the efforts of Captain E. W. Visger, a life-long resident of the vicinity, who has constantly endeavored to extend the excursions of his steam yachts,