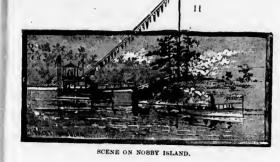
the surface of the

starting we may of life and beauty ou have not failed id, the two larger, within a few rods grounds extending r, but still able to lock further back. aurant and a store



give lodging to two other still he crowds that, to entertain the

iminary view of y scene. Lusty oing off in the ton, and parties on. Skiffs are onne filled with ; some intent



on preparations for fishing; some perhaps bringing passengers from the islands in the vicinity, for departure by the boats, or perhaps to join the "Wanderer" in her favorite excursion.

The more distant surroundings may well also take a moment of our attention. Look right over the stern of our boat across the bay below Crossmon's. On the rocky point beyond is

BONNIE CASTLE,

the beautiful and unique summer residence of the late Dr. J. G. Holland, whose name you will at once recognize as the accomplished and talented former editor of *Scribner's* (now the *Century*) *Magazine*, and one of the most celebrated of our American literary men. The doctor regarded this part of of the St. Lawrence, if not the most delightful, yet "the sweetest spot on earth," and no doubt the high excellence of his literary work was largely due to the inspiration of the summer breezes, which for three or four months in the year it was his custom to enjoy.* In front of Bonnie Castle we have an extended and magnificent view down the channel of the river, which is studded with islands that seem to float like emeralds on a sea of glass. On a few of them are small cottages, but they are too distant to be readily distinguished.

The Sunken Rock Light-house about half a mile distant, beyond which lies an island of some forty acres in its primitive forest condition, called "Deer Island," and the Canadian Light-house about four miles distant on the head of a large island known here as "Grenadier," you will not fail to see. A little to the left of these, across the channel of the river, about a mile distant, but still in good view, is what is known as

^{*}Nore.—Dr. Holland died suddenly at his residence in New York city in October, 1631. ^{*}Nore.—Dr. Holland died suddenly at his residence in New York city in October, 1631. His hast utterance is supposed to have been inspired with the thought of a projected visit to his place here to look after some improvements which he had planned, and to which he expression quoted in the text is literally that given in reply to a question of the writer whether he did not weary of the St. Lawrence: "It is to me," he said, "the sweetest spot on earth." He then went on to speak of the constant, all-winter longing he felt, almost counting the days to the approach of the time when he could escape the weariness, or, as he expressed it, the "incessant grind" of the city, to this delightful home. Dr. Holland authors. But here he was best known and appreciated simply as a man, a citizen, a Christier, guest at one of the hotels, he decided to make this his summer home, and purchased the point upon which Bonnie Casale now stands. He at once put his heart into all the needs of the place, and identified himself with its interests in every plan for public journa people's literary association, and the extensive enlargement and adormnent of the only of his large-hearted liberality us of his personal attention and effort. He was loved and mourned in Alexandria Bay, as few men have been anywhere upon so short loved and mourned in Alexandria Bay, as few men have been anywhere upon so short worshiper, friend, and generous helper of all good things."