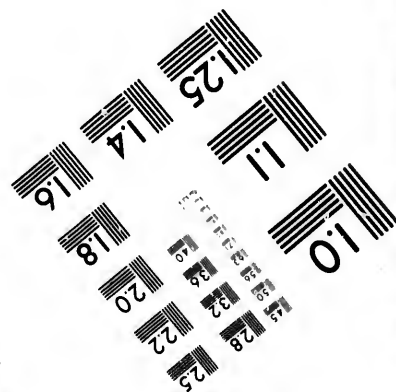
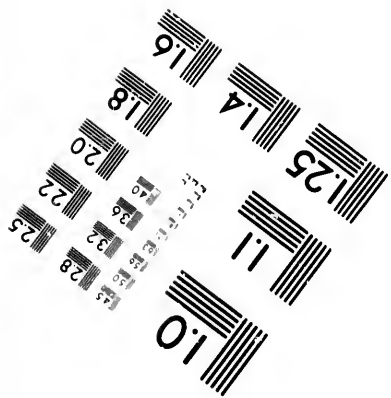
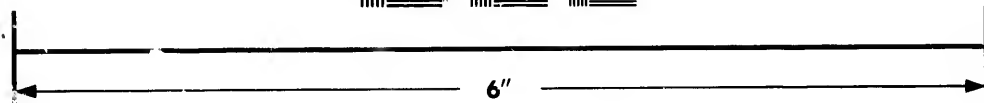
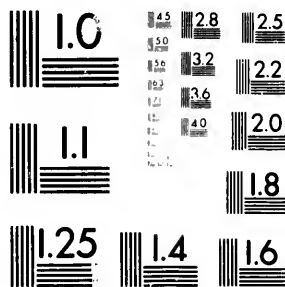


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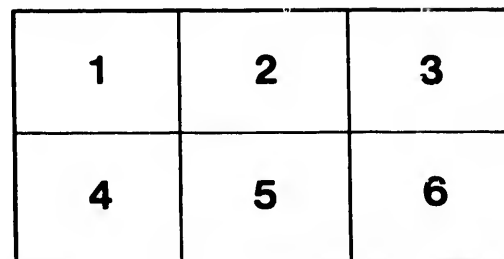
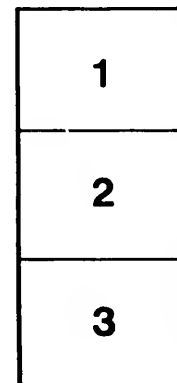
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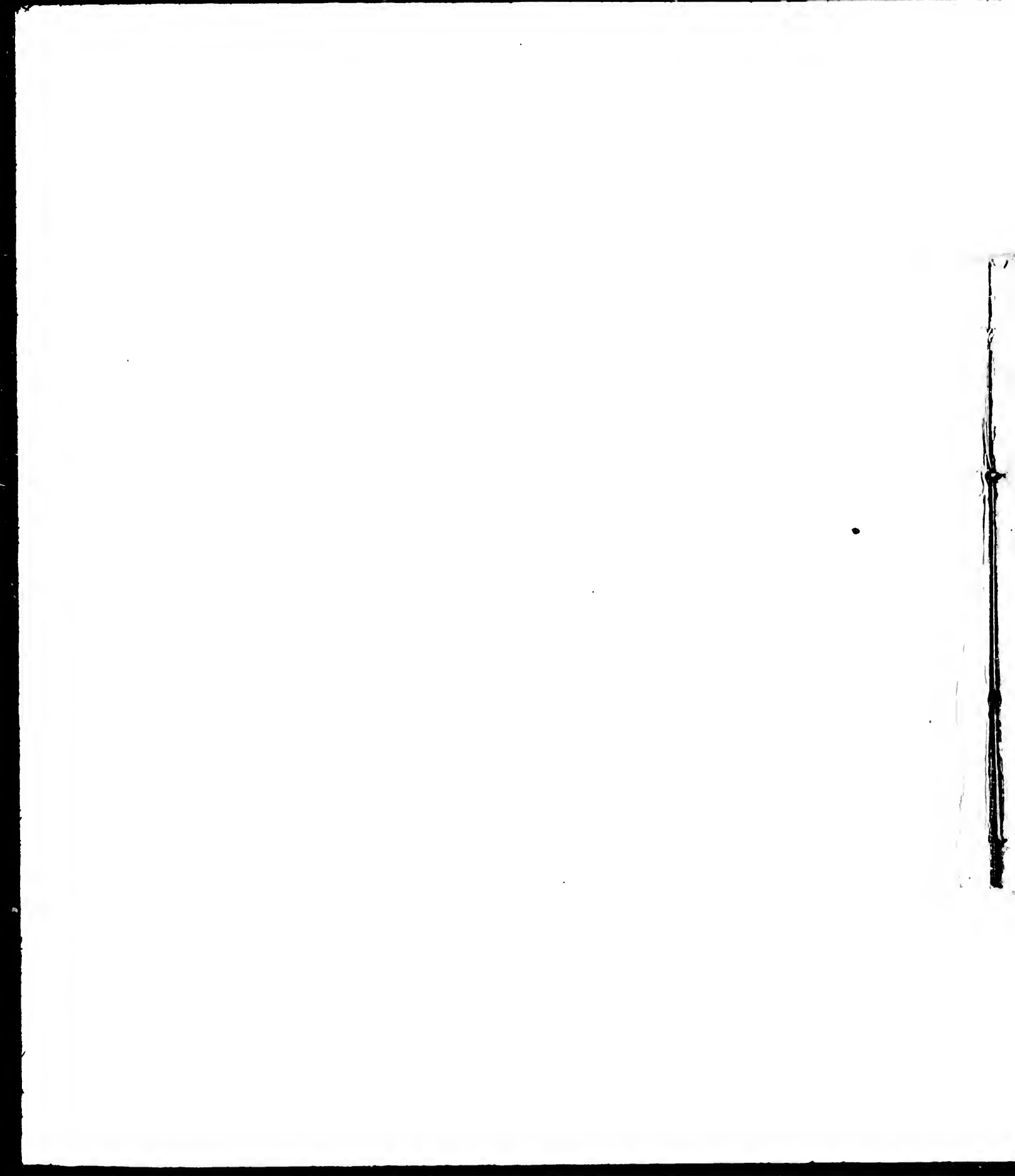
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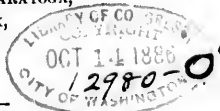
—THE—  
PHAT BOY'S DELINEATIONS  
—OF THE—  
ST. LAWRENCE RIVER  
AND ITS ENVIRONS.

—  
A GUIDE FOR THE TOURIST AND TRAVELER.  
—

FROM NIAGARA FALLS, THROUGH LAKE ONTARIO, THOUSAND  
ISLANDS AND RAPIDS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER TO  
MONTREAL, QUEBEC, SAGUENAY RIVER, LAKE  
CHAMPLAIN, LAKE GEORGE, SARATOGA,  
ALBANY, NEW YORK,  
AND BOSTON.

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*Edward*  
E. F. BABBAGE, PUBLISHER.



ROCHESTER, N. Y.  
POST-EXPRESS PRINTING COMPANY, 8 TO 14 MILL STREET.  
1888.

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## INTRODUCTION.

IN presenting this work, "The Phat Boy's Historic Delineations," to the public, it may not be amiss to state the fact which prompted its issue. Financial or personal ends are always the paramount object to be attained by an individual who puts forth anything in this world. I therefore plead guilty to the above charge, and for so doing, propose to give to the tourist or traveler down the majestic St. Lawrence a faithful description of every point of interest that meets the eye of the beholder.

Having held the position for the past ten years of "The Guide of the St. Lawrence," and in that capacity made the trip a pleasant one for everybody without regard to age, weight, sex, color, or previous condition of servitude, I feel capable of compiling a book which does not contain any pictorial illustrations of the scenic beauty connected with the trip, feeling confident that a plain unvarnished description of all the various points of interest would be sufficient. The tourist can thus feast the eye on a thousand pictures that a volume ten times this size could not contain, for no matter how often you open the eyes during the day, it will fall upon some delightful scene, where the God of nature has smiled upon, within an hour. Neither have I given a highly colored description of the Rapids; they have been viewed and described by thousands, and the effect produced is as varied in character as the individual writers differed in temperament and looks.

Trusting that this volume will meet with as cheerful a greeting by the public as it has always accorded my efforts to please, and if its perusal causes the weary or lonesome traveler one hour of mirth or pleasure, its mission will have been accomplished.

Respectfully Yours,

E. F. BABBAGE, "PHAT BOY,"

*Guide to the St. Lawrence.*

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Through Lake Ontario and River St. Lawrence.

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AND TICKETS TO SELECT FROM.

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*N. B. Any of my friends, or others, wishing information regarding routes, etc., etc., I most cheerfully recommend you to MRS. L. BARBER, who is the only agent for the above route at Niagara Falls. I know she is thoroughly posted, and will cheerfully give you any information desired.*

*Respectfully yours,*

*E. F. BABBAGE.*

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## HISTORIC DELINEATIONS

—OF—

### THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

THE St. Lawrence River, with its Thousand Islands and Rapids, is day by day attracting more and more attention among tourists. There is so much that is grand, weird, sublime and exhilarating in the scenery and balmy atmosphere of the majestic river, as it passes in its onward flow from the lake to the gulf, that we need not for a moment wonder why it is that there is a great annual increase in the number of those intelligent people, who, from East, West and South, repair to its placid waters in summer to recuperate their wasted energies and enjoy that luxurating season known to every American as "vacation."

A vacation on the St. Lawrence, means a sojourn at some pretentious or lowly cottage, or at some hotel of either class for a few days, or for one, two or more weeks, as the time, finances and inclination of the individual may dictate; or it may, as in hundreds of instances it does, only include a voyage of rapid transit from Toronto or Kingston to Alexandria Bay or Montreal. There are several different popular starting places to reach the river.



This page was left blank, to be filled by some one of the many hotels at Niagara Falls. I personally addressed them each, asking for the same, but up to going to press have received no copy; therefore, as the printer must have something for this space, I will make an apology for Niagara Falls not appearing in this work. The hotels will probably be closed next season. The people of this much frequented spot (less frequented than usual every year) from the fact that all the inhabitants of the place are on the "make," and the only bump well developed in the head is *How can I make a dollar out of you?* so that their bump of benevolence has been obliterated, and they labor night and day to fleece all those who come into the net, and I know from experience that they do not bar age, weight or color; everyone that visits the Falls must bend to their will; so, if you come, you will discover the hundred and one holes in the skimmer of how to get a dollar without honest toil. The much abused hackman is generous and just (unless working in with some of the hotels; then they become as case-hardened as they are.) The only lines that will describe the position after you get there, or come away, are those written by the celebrated Bishop Heber, in which he says:

"There every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile."

The only thing they give up at Niagara is conundrums. They must have taken this work for one, which may account for not being represented.

## HOW TO SEE NIAGARA FALLS FOR FIFTY CENTS.

FOR publishing the truths on the preceding page (4,) the "Phat Boy" has been Boycotted by the hotels at Niagara Falls, and the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Co., and Grand Trunk Railroad are threatened, if I am placed there this season to labor in their interest. Hoping this will meet the eye of those who come up from the South the coming season, that when they do not find me as they expected, they may know the cause.

I will not waste space with an apology, but proceed to inform everybody how they can see Niagara Falls for Fifty Cents—all the grand sights, without falling into the many schemes, skins and catches for the unwary. Stop at Buffalo at the Tift House, or the New Genesee, and after breakfast take the train for Niagara Falls. Arriving at the depot, pass out the front door. Here you must not be only deaf but dumb, and pay no attention to anyone, but turn to the right and proceed down the street until you come to the entrance to the Prospect Park; turn to the right and the walk will lead you to the new Suspension Bridge. Pay your fare over (which is twenty-five cents), enjoy all the sights of the Falls and river while crossing, and when you arrive on the Canada side you are still deaf and dumb, remember. Proceed down the roadway on the left to the bed of the river; there you take the ferry boat, by paying twenty-five cents more, which lands you on the American shore. You can take the inclined railroad to the top of the bank, and you are in Prospect Park. Look this delightful spot all over, and when it is time, pass out of the center gate and proceed to the depot, where the train in wait will take you back to Buffalo in time for dinner.

As many of the tourists leave Niagara Falls in the morning at ten o'clock by rail to Lewiston, and connect with the boat for Toronto, I will mention the places and points.

### LEWISTON.

This village is situated at the head of navigation, on the Lower Niagara, and is a place of considerable importance. It lies three miles below the Devil's Hole and seven miles below the Falls. Lewiston is a pleasant, well built village, but its commercial prospects have been very much injured by the construction of the Erie and Welland canals.

### QUEENSTON

is a small village situated nearly opposite to Lewiston, and contains about 350 inhabitants. It is associated in history with the gallant defence made by the British on the adjacent heights in the war of 1812. The village is pleasantly situated, but has suffered from the same causes that have retarded the growth of Lewiston. The river here becomes more tranquil, the shores less broken and wild, and the change in the scenery affords a pleasing transition from the sublime to the beautiful.

### BROCK'S MONUMENT.

The monument stands on the Heights of Queenston, from whence the village derives its name. The present structure occupies the site of the former one, which was blown up by some miscreant on the 17th of April, 1840. The whole edifice is 185 feet high; on the sub-base, which is 40 feet square and 30 feet high, are placed four lions, facing North, South, East and West; the base of the pedestal is 21½ feet square and 10 feet high; the pedestal itself is 16 feet square and 10 feet high, surmounted by a heavy cornice, orna-

mented with lions' heads and wreaths in alto relievo. In ascending from the top of the pedestal to the top of the base of the shaft, the form changes from square to round. The shaft is a fluted column of free-stone, 75 feet high and 10 feet in diameter, on which stands a Corinthian capital 10 feet high, whereon is wrought, in relief, a statue of the Goddess of War. On this capital is the dome 9 feet high, reached by 250 spiral steps from the base, on the inside. On the top of the dome is placed a colossal statue of General Brock.

#### FORT NIAGARA.

This fort stands at the mouth of the Niagara river, on the American side. There are many interesting associations connected with this spot, as, during the early part of the past century, it was the scene of many severe conflicts between the whites and Indians, and subsequently between the English and French. The names of the heroic La Salle, the courtly De Nouville and the gallant Prideaux will long retain a name in the history of this country. The village adjacent to the fort is called Youngtown, in honor of its founder, the late John Young, Esq.

#### NIAGARA.

is one of the oldest towns in Ontario and was formerly the capital of the Province. It is situated where the old town of Newark stood, and is opposite to Youngtown. It faces the river on one side of Lake Ontario. The trade of this place has been diverted to St. Catharines since the comple-

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tion of the Welland canal, and the other towns upon the Niagara river have suffered in common from the same cause.

### THE CITY OF TORONTO.

Toronto, the capital city of the Province of Ontario, is situated on a circular bay of the same name, and was founded by Governor Simcoe in 1794. The city was formerly called York. Toronto bay is a beautiful inlet, separated from the main body of Lake Ontario, except at its entrance, by a long, narrow sandy beach. The South-Western extremity is called Gibraltar Point. It is 165 miles from Kingston, 45 miles from Hamilton, and 50 miles from the falls of Niagara. The population in 1717 was 1,200; but at the present time it amounts to about 75,000. The city is laid out at right angles. Its chief public buildings are the cathedrals and churches, the Parliament House, University of Toronto, Trinity College, Normal School, St. Michael's College, Osgoode Hall, St. Lawrence Hall, Mechanics Institute, Provincial Lunatic Asylum, post-office, exchange and city schools. Its system of free public schools is one of the most perfect and best conducted in America. Among the many pleasant drives around this city the traveler should visit College Avenue and the Queen's Park. In this park is erected a statue of the Queen and a monument to commemorate the college youths who fell at Ridgeway defending the country from the attacks of the Fenians. The University of Toronto, a most magnificent building, is also situated in this park. The Parliament of Ontario and the principal law courts are held in this city. It is connected by the Grand Trunk Railway and steamboats for all points. The best hotel in Toronto is the Queen's—Messrs. McGaw & Winnett, pro-

prietors. This beautiful house has every modern improvement and comfort ; it has a passenger elevator, and in case of fire would be one of the very safest hotels in America, as it is for the most part but three stories high, and is on all sides surrounded by wide, open spaces.

### PORT HOPE

is situated 65 miles from Toronto. A small stream, which here falls into the lake, has formed a valley, in which the town is located. The harbor at the mouth of this stream is shallow, but safe and commodious. Port Hope is a pretty town ; on the western side the hills rise gradually one above the other. The highest summit, called "Fort Orton," affords a fine prospect, and overlooks the country for a great distance. The village is incorporated ; population, about 5,114.

### COBOURG,

seven miles below Port Hope, contains 6,000 inhabitants. It has seven churches, two banks, three grist mills, two founderies, and the largest cloth factory in the Province. It is also the seat of Victoria College and a Theological Institute. Midway between Port Hope and Cobourg is "Duck Island," on which a light-house is maintained by the government.

For the benefit of all, we submit the following time-table —not forgetting to mention that steamboats are not infallible, but are governed by man, accompanied by steam, wind

and water. If the boat is one hour late in starting from any given point, it is likely she will remain so, as I know of but one boat in the line that can beat or surpass schedule time.

LEAVING EVERY DAY—SUNDAYS EXCEPTED.

Toronto (Sunday Ex-cepted).....	2:00 P. M.	Morrisburg.....	12:05 P. M.
Kingston. (Monday Excepted).....	5:00 A. M.	Chrysler's Farm.....	12:17 "
Clayton.....	6:00 "	Aultsville.....	12:30 "
Alexander Bay.....	7:00 "	Farren's Point.....	12:40 "
Brockville.....	9:30 "	Dickenson's Landing.....	12:55 "
Prescott.....	10:30 "	Long Sault.....	1:00 "
Galop Rapids.....	11:05 "	Last of U. S. shore.....	1:15 "
Iroquois.....	11:35 "	Cornwall.....	1:30 "
Narrowest Point.....	11:45 "	Coteau Landing.....	4:00 "
Rapid Platt.....	11:55 "	Cedar Rapid.....	4:30 "
		Indian Pilot.....	6:00 "
		Montreal.....	7:00 "

We assume that we are now fairly entering on the majestic stream on the Canadian side.

### THE CITY OF KINGSTON,

which has a population of 15,000, was founded in 1672, by Governor DeCourcelles, receiving the name of Fort Catarqui. Later, a massive stone fort was built by Count De Frontenac, and received his name. In 1762 the place was taken by the British, who gave it its present name. As a place of defense it stands next in strength to Quebec. The batteries of Fort Henry are calculated for the reception of numerous cannon and mortars of the largest calibre. These, together with neighboring martello towers, form a formida-



ble defense against any aggressive movement which might be directed against the city. These fortifications are seen to excellent advantage from the steamer soon after it leaves the dock.

On the right is Garden Island; on the left, Cedar Island, and behind is Fort Henry. There is here, also, in view, the round stone towers referred to above. Near the middle of the river is Wolf or Long Island, 21 miles long, and 7 miles wide near the Western end. There is nothing either of romance or historical episode to weave into our story concerning the inhabitants of this, the largest of the Thousand Island group. Suffice it to say, that the territory is a portion of the Dominion of Canada, and that the habits of civilized life characterize the people. Between one channel and the main land there is St. John's or Howe Island, of no mean proportions.

Ordinarily, we have now spent about one hour on the steamer from Kingston, and come to the point in the channel where we must diverge either for Gananoque, or Clayton. We are bound for the former. As soon as the lighthouse on Burnt Island comes in view, we may be said to have fairly entered upon the real beauty of the "sacred river of America." In steering for Gananoque, we pass many pretty little isles of six or eight acres. On the right is a range light, the boat, of course, passing between the two. It is said that from the deck of the steamer one hundred islands can be counted—in fact, the panorama is probably matchless on the globe. While the islands are so numerous both on the right and left, the boat glides by in its effort to reach Gananoque without allowing the tourist to be distracted in the rapture of delight that is feasting his

eyes. Some of these isles are scarcely more than barren rocks, while others are paradises of verdure.

We now reach busy and picturesque

### GANANOQUE,

inhabited by about three thousand people, eighteen miles East of Kingston, in the very center of the Thousand Islands. It may be well to state here that authorities (?) differ as to how many islands there really are. Some say fifteen hundred; some eighteen hundred, and others carefully write, *nearly* two thousand. Life is too short for us to stop and count these natural beauties, and even the pilots have no desire to earn fame as statisticians by asserting the correct number. Doubtless there are accurate topographical maps of the St. Lawrence that are not misleading to the student of minute details. But we digress.

We are still at Gananoque. It is comparatively easy to get away, for steamers ply along this Canada shore, keeping well north of the many islands, till they get to Brockville. Come along with us on this trim boat. We soon pass a light on the left called Jack Straw, and on the right observe a beacon and pier. Further along, another light comes in view. The next attractive spot is called by the quaint name of Fiddler's Elbow. The traditions connected with such names are sometimes thrilling and sometimes insipid; but whether the one or the other, they will continue to stick, but if they serve to indelibly impress upon our memory some pleasing reminiscence of a "thing of beauty," these names will not be by any means evanescent in their influence. As we frequently say, the elbow is still here, but the fiddler is, I guess, over at the camp meeting on Well's is-

land. He is probably first cousin of "The Arkansas Traveler."

But here we are in a tortuous channel,

### AMONG THE ISLANDS.

It must not be supposed that these hundreds of islands are all occupied and have cottages on them, or laid out with walks and fountains. For every island that has a house on it there are perhaps twenty that have none. The number of houses are increasing every year, and I think that in time nearly every island will be occupied in the Canadian channel as they are in the American.

On the left is Darling's dock, the famous wood station. We have, as yet, never seen the "Darling," although the dock is always visible. It may be she is busy in the pantry washing dishes.

Two miles and a half below is

### ROCKPORT.

This name would seem to have been given the place on account of its rocky formation. It is avowed here that there are only two seasons; the rocky season and the icy season. Most of the visitors come here in the "rocky season." Directly opposite, on the right, the Park House on Westminster Park is visible; also the fine chapel on Mt. Beulah, its tower being 136 feet high. On the left is Grenadier Island Light-house.

From the deck of our steamer, looking to the right, we now have one of the most charming views on the St. Lawrence. Alexandria Bay is before us, and the famous Thous-

and Island House and Crossmon House can be seen on yonder shore. Within the range of our vision are also the islands transformed by wealth, taste and art into the loveliest of Summer resorts by their owners, namely: Fairyland (seven acres), C. H. & W. B. Hayden, Columbus, Ohio; Idlewild (four acres) R. A. Packer, Sayre, Pa.; and Sport (four acres), H. A. Packer, Mauch Chunk, Pa.

The scene at night on these islands is enchanting almost beyond description. An approved gas machine supplies the illumination for hundreds of colored lamps suspended in graceful designs on Sport Island, which is connected with the other Packer Island by a wire suspension bridge.

In the distance, one mile, still looking to the right, is the famous Whiskey island. A pilot of the Canadian line got drunk at his post and fell into an oblivious condition; the steamboat, under full headway, struck the island, and the name was given in commemoration of that event. Next, to the right, is a stone edifice called the Three Sisters light. They were formerly "old maids," but are now joined together by a stone wall, consequently old maids no longer. The next in order is Cross-over light. At this point in the river the steamer crosses to the American channel, and in a very short time is discovered to be making for the Canadian channel again to reach Brockville. Before the tourist gets there, however, he will observe numerous islands; the most noted are Bathurst, Tecumseh, Star, McDonald and Hill Crest. On the left, on the main Canadian shore, commodious and elegant villas are in view; also St. Lawrence Park, picnic and pleasure grounds of Brockville and vicinity. All Summer long, the scene is animated and captivating. The whistle announces in its shrill way that we are now at

**BROCKVILLE,**

which was named in honor of General Brock, who fell on Queenston Heights, in the war of 1812. It is situated on the Canadian side of the St. Lawrence, and is one of the pleasantest villages in the Province. It is right at the foot of the Thousand Islands, on an elevation of land, which rises from the river in a succession of ridges. The town was laid out in 1802, and is now a place of considerable importance. The present population is about 6,500.

After leaving the wharf, the boat passes the most beautiful cliff on the river, the palisades of the St. Lawrence, on which are erected magnificent mansions and suburban villas of Canada's distinguished sons. The most prominent of these is the son of Sir Hugh Allan, whose residence is indeed superb. The sight-seer observes the winding stairs, boat and bath houses, and other appointments of recreation.

Having already intimated that there are other routes which lead to the point in the river which we have now reached, we return westward to bring another party through the American channel.

## ROUTE 'B.'

VIA KINGSTON, LEAVING AT 5 A. M.

At 5 A. M. the boat leaves for Montreal, via Clayton and Alexandria Bay through the American channel. On the right is Wolf, or Long island, which is known as the largest of the group. On the left is Howe island.

THE ST. LAWRENCE STEAMBOAT CO., NEW AMERICAN LINE, will this season leave Gananoque in the morning, upon the arrival of the Grand Trunk train from Niagara Falls, via Toronto and Kingston, in time to cross over to Clayton and connect with trains on the Utica & Black River Railroad. As it is immaterial to me how you get to the river, passengers by the steamer Rothsay can take description of route from this point.

For the first three-quarters of an hour, there is nothing especially worthy of note. Then we strike the cross-over channel. Now, the time is early morning, the sun is quite bright, and the atmosphere is remarkably clear. The scene is now attractive. Look ahead in the distance a little to the left, and you will behold the eagle tree. Hundreds have been deceived with the idea that it was an actual live eagle, spreading its wings and soaring aloft to a height that the imagination can scarcely reach. It is a delusion; 'tis nothing but a tree, as its true features, or rather beautiful foliage, has deceived the eye of the novice of this region.

On the left is Grindstone Island. On it is an organized community. The inhabitants are farmers, and for the education of whose children a school is maintained.

### CLAYTON

is in the American channel. In the distant front, just before landing, we have a magnificent view of Prospect park and hill, a delightful spot for recreation and pleasure. No better view can be had of the islands and surrounding country than from the eminence of the hill. Clayton is our first stopping place. It is a village that derives its importance to tourists as being the terminus of the Utica and Black River Railroad, and here it is where passengers from the East generally get their first glimpse of the St. Lawrence. There are two good hotels, the Hubbard and Walton Houses, kept by two as genial landlords as ever lived, and from the town many fishing parties go out daily. The steamer J. F. Maynard runs from this port in connection with the above named railroad for Alexandria Bay and other landing places *en route*. Opposite Clayton, on the left as we proceed down the river, is Governor Island, owned by Hon. Thomas G. Alvord, of Syracuse. His villa and apartments are quite striking. The next island on the left, about 200 yards distant, is Powder Horn. The origin of this "euphonious" name has not been handed down by tradition. On the right is Washington Island; on the left, nearly opposite, is Bluff island, and behind which is Robin's Island. Next, on the right, over two miles from Clayton, is

### ROUND ISLAND

and park. This is the property of the Baptist Association, and every year people of this persuasion in large numbers

gather for religious worship and recreation. There is a temperance hotel, fitted with the modern appointments, for the accommodation of 300 guests, named the Round Island House. The docks are in excellent condition, and the fishing boats are favorites. On the left is Little Round Island and "Hog's Back." We have now several cottages in view; the one painted dark brown is owned by Mr. Harbottle. On the point is Ethelridge cottage, and many others not known to me.

Leaving Round Island, and looking in the distant front, we have a view of the Thousand Island Park. About one mile from Round Island on the right is Watch Island or "Indolence," owned by S. T. Skinner. On the left are Bluff, Maple and Hemlock, the three pretty islands fronting the foot of Grindstone Island. On Hemlock is the Cliff House, owned by Mr. Garrison, of Syracuse. About five minutes after leaving Round Island, we come in sight of Hub Island and House, which lie on the left; Grinnell's Island and House; Otsego Camp is also on the left. On the right is Fisher's landing, Robinson's island, owned by Eugene Robinson, New York banker and broker (he broke Drew), Johnson's light, Washburn Island and Frederick Island. Mr. Johnson, the original light-house keeper, and after whom the island is named, was the man who burned the Robert Peel, the English vessel, in retaliation for sending the Carolina over Niagara Falls.

Just before landing at Thousand Island Park, upper end of Well's Island, now called Wellesley Island, is Twin Island, owned by J. L. Huntington. On the left, and in connection with the Thousand Island Park, is the bath house, where the Methodist can get baptism, *a la* Bob Ingersoll,



with soap. Said to be good for this world, if not hereafter.  
We now land at

### THOUSAND ISLAND PARK.

The boat lands at the western end of Wells Island, at a fine wharf, and close to a large number of handsome cottages. You can tell what the place is the moment you approach it. There is no mistaking a Methodist Summer camp, find it where you will. It is always neat and clean and orderly. This is the Thousand Island Park, a Methodist resort, opened in 1873. Although the scenery is somewhat marred by the great number of solemn-faced clergymen strolling about the grounds, it is still one of the most beautiful spots to be found among the islands. Camp-meetings are held here; also Sunday-school and temperance and educational conventions, and other meetings, all through the summer. A large and spacious hotel completed, will open about July 10th. The name was originally Thousand Island Camp Ground, but was changed in 1878 to its present name.

Again on our way, the first house on the left is owned by Harlow J. Remington, of Ilion, whose fame and fortune is in rifles. Next on the left Wellesley House and beautiful cottage. On the right, handsome villas line the shore of the island. About half a mile from Wellesley House is Jolly Oak point, with its four cottages, two owned by the Norton brothers, a third by Dr. Ferguson, and the fourth by Hon. W. W. Butterfield, of Redwood. From here to Lookout point is about half a mile; and next is Rood's place, with a fine dock and good accommodations for tourists. About two hundred yards below is Peel's dock where the boat Robert Peel was burned in 1837. Robin's cottage, 100 feet to the left; a little below on the right is the

farm of Captain Jack; you can see the old saw-mill in a dilapidated condition on the bank. Opposite on the left is the celebrated Limburger cheese factory. (Post mortem examinations held here weekly.) (This "goak" would take better if you was just introduced to Limburger for the first time.) On the right is Collins' dock; below a few feet is Calumet Island, and cottage, owned by Rev. Henry G. Waite, of Ilion, N. Y. On the right, lies the remains of old Captain Jack's boat, gone to rest. \* \* \* Here you are expected to drop a tear. Brown's Bay on the left and Swan Bay on the right. Passing the bays, we come on the right to Central Park, formerly Grinnell's Point and parade ground, purchased by parties and laid out for a park. Foot of Central Park is Page point, a former wood station for the N. T. Co.'s line of steamers. On the right is Point Vivian, a beautiful spot occupied by probably a community of friends. They have pleasant cottages in which they spend a week or two enjoying choice society. Opposite is Densmore Bay and McIntyre's cottage, called "Photo." Mr. McIntyre is known as the picture man or artist of the Thousand Islands. He has unquestionably the finest collection of views that have ever been made of the grand scenery.

Next on the left is Winslow Point and Seven Isles. Below on the left is Louisiana Point, owned by Judge Labatte, of New Orleans. Opposite is Centennial Isle. Next on the right, is Warner's Isle.

Beyond is Hill's Isle, and then Devil's Rock and Oven. It of course derives its name from the peculiar natural formation, that of an old Dutch oven and it is said to have been the hiding place of old Bill Johnston, who is remembered as mixed up in the border troubles of 1837. In

## THE THOUSAND ISLAND HOUSE.



Situated on the River St. Lawrence, at Alexandria Bay, Jefferson County, New York, and in the immediate vicinity of the far-famed

## THOUSAND ISLANDS,

The very Mecca of Pleasure-Seekers. The Centre of Gravity. The pivot upon which revolves everything.

This House contains all the modern improvements, with elevator. Rooms single or *en suite*, with bath rooms and closets attached, and everything that can add to the comfort or convenience of the guests.

Travelers will find this place as healthful as it is beautiful, with no mosquitoes or chills and fever, while to the finest scenery in the world are added the attractions of BOATING, FISHING, HUNTING, and BATHING, as well as BILLIARDS, BOWLING ALLEY, CROQUET GROUNDS, Etc.

Parties taking rooms for the season will find liberal deductions from regular rates. *Send for pamphlet with terms, etc.*

At this Hotel was held the Banquet tendered President Arthur, in October, 1882.

**R. H. SOUTHGATE, Proprietor,**

A. L. MELLETT, Manager,

Alexandria Bay, New York.

front is Cuba Isle, owned by W. F. Storey, of the *Chicago Times*. Next on the right is Cherry Isle, upon which cottages are erected, one of which is occupied by Rev. George Rockwell, of Fulton, N. Y., who was formerly pastor of the first Reformed Church organized in Alexandria Bay. The large brown cottage on Cherry Island named Melrose is jointly owned by Mrs. A. B. Pullman and Mrs. G. B. Marsh.

On the right is the Rev. R. H. Pullman's island; the cottage is painted brown. Opposite on the left is Pullman, Nobby, Friendly, Welcome, Florence, Imperial and Maud. This group may be seen from the deck of the steamer in the order given. Here we shoot into

#### ALEXANDRIA BAY,

which is three or four miles long, and about half a mile wide, reaching from the shore, on the American side, to Wells island. The chief feature around here is the grand hotels—the largest known as the Thousand Island House; the finest building on the St. Lawrence river. From the bay fishing parties are constantly going out. The channels about the islands are the Paradise of fishermen. The boats are the most convenient and comfortable in the world, the boatmen the most accommodating, and the pickerel, pike and gamey black bass and rock bass, and muscallonge in the greatest abundance.

#### SOME OF THE OWNERS.

St. John's, five acres, Judge C. Donohue, New York.

Manhattan, five acres, Judge Spencer and J. L. Hasbrouck, New York.

Deshler, seven acres, W. G. Deshler, Columbus, Ohio.

Plantagenet, six acres, A. E. Hume, Charleston, South Carolina.

Deer, twenty-five acres, S. Miller, Rochester, New York.  
Fairy Land, seven acres, C. H. and W. B. Hayden, Columbus, Ohio.

Platt, two acres, Sisson & Fox, Alexandria Bay.

Brown's, ten acres, Sisson & Fox, Alexandria Bay.

Pleasant, three acres, Sisson & Fox, Alexandria Bay.

Pullman's, three acres, George M. Pullman, Chicago.

Friendly, three acres, A. B. Parker and Abner Mellen, Jr., New York.

Cherry, nine acres, the Reverend George Rockwell, Fulton, New York.

Nobby, two acres, C. S. Goodwin and H. R. Heath, New York.

Welcome, three acres, S. G. Pope, Ogdensburgh, N. Y.

Florence Proctor, one acre, E. R. Proctor, Cincinnati, O.

Maple, three acres, Mrs. Charlotte Kipp, Buffalo.

Netts, one-half acre, E. A. Kollymer, Brooklyn.

Summer Land, ten acres, the Reverend Asa Saxe, D. D., Rochester, N. Y.; Almon Gunnison, D. D., Brooklyn, and Richmond Fisk, D. D., Syracuse, N. Y.

Isle Imperial, one acre, Mrs. LeCount, Philadelphia.

Maud, one-half acre, the Rev. F. B. A. Lewis, Watertown, New York.

Elephant Rock, one-fourth acre, T. C. Crittenden, Watertown.

Idlewild, four acres, R. A. Packer, Sayre, Pa.

Arcadia and Ina, two acres, S. A. Briggs, Chicago.

Sport, four acres, H. A. Packer, Mauch Chunk, Pa.

Kit Grafton, one-fourth acre, Mrs. S. L. George, Watertown, N. Y.

Island Mary, two acres, W. L. Palmer, Watertown, and James M. Browner, St. Louis.

Little Charm, one-eighth acre, Mrs. F. W. Barker, Alexandria Bay.

Frost, two acres, Mrs. Sarah L. Frost, Watertown.

Excelsior Group, five acres, C. S. Goodwin, Oneida, New York.

Resort, three acres, Pioneer Club, Watertown.

Devil's Oven, one-fourth acre, H. R. Heath, New York.

Sylvan and Moss, three acres, S. T. Woolworth, Watertown, N. Y.

Cuba and Story, five acres, W. E. Story, Chicago, Ill.

Little Angell, one-eighth acre, W. A. Angell, Chicago.

Little Lehigh, one acre, Col. R. B. Yates, Rochester, and C. H. Cummings, New York.

Warner's, four acres.

Island Home, one acre, S. D. Hungerford, Adams, New York.

Sunny Side, one acre, Mrs. Emily Moak, Watertown, New York.

Wild Rose, one acre, Mrs. W. W. Herrick, Watertown, New York.

No name, one-quarter acre, Mrs. F. Hammerkin, Syracuse, New York.

Harmony, one-quarter acre, Mrs. Celia Berger, Syracuse, New York.

Wynnstay, one acre, Mrs. S. S. Wynn, Watertown.

Honey, one acre, A. T. E. Mullin, Watertown.

Alice Isle, two acres, J. G. Hill, Brooklyn.

Sunbeam Group, one acre, C. E. Alling, Rochester.

Walton, two acres, Watertown Club.

Two-Islands-in-Eel-Bay, two acres, E. L. Sargent, Watertown.

Long Branch, ten acres, Mrs. C. E. Clark, Watertown.  
Nigger, three acres, Edward Robbins, Mullet Creek, New York.

Ella, one-quarter acre, R. E. Hungerford, Watertown.  
Lookout, two acres, Thomas H. Borden, New York.  
Grinnell Island, two acres, D. G. Grinnell, Brooklyn.  
Douglass, three acres, Douglass Miller, New Haven, Connecticut.

Hart's, five acres, E. Kirke Hart, Albion, New York.  
Sunny-Side, two acres, William Stickenson, Sayre, Pa.  
Wan Winnett, two acres, Mr. Hill, Chicago.

#### WESTMINSTER PARK.

Opposite the Thousand Island House, is Westminster Park, on the lower end of Wells island. It is eight miles long and from three to four miles wide. On the other side of it is the Canadian channel of the river, about half a mile wide. Part of Wells Island is in Canada and part is in the United States. The lower end of the island is separated into two parts by one of the prettiest sheets of water that ever rippled against the bows of a canoe. This is called the "Lake of the Island," and it is connected with the river, on both the American and Canadian sides, by a narrow channel. The lake is five or six miles long, as smooth as glass, and is altogether too pretty and too romantic to attempt to describe.

Westminster Park was bought in 1874 by a Presbyterian stock company, and it now has about 15 miles of drives and some fine buildings. It has two long water-fronts—one on the American side of the river, and the other on the

Lake of the Island, on the Canadian side, there is a high hill on the island called Mount Beulah, though after climbing it I think the Hill Difficulty would be a more appropriate name. There is a large chapel on the top of the hill, known as Bethune Chapel, with seating accommodations for a thousand persons, and with a tower 136 feet high, affording a beautiful view of the river and the islands. The name of the chapel recalls the fact that the late Rev. Dr. Geo. W. Bethune was the pioneer tourist through this region, and till his death continued to come here summer after summer for recreation.

#### BONNIE CASTLE.

"Timothy Titcomb" (Dr. J. G. Holland, editor of Scribner's Monthly,) chose this point as a haven of rest and recuperation, and who does not commend his choice. It will be remembered that he died in New York shortly after leaving his cherished Bonnie-Castle in 1881 for his arduous winter's labors. Light house in the distance.

Immediately opposite is Hart's island, back of which is Deshler. Next on the left is Manhattan, the first island on which habitation was attempted.

#### SETH GREEN,

widely known as the fish commissioner of the State of New York, built a cottage in 1855, where his family summered and he went a fishing for several seasons, and it is a very probable supposition that here he acquired, a part at least, of the skill in fish-ology which has since become so celebrated and useful. Manhattan island is now owned by Judge J. C. Spencer, of New York.

Between Deshler and Manhattan, looking backward, is



Fairyland, owned by C. H. and W. B. Hayden, of Columbus, O. This is really one of the finest islands in the river. At a vast expense art has triumphed over nature, transforming a barren into the loveliest of green lawns. Next on the left is Deer island; then

#### SUMMERLAND.

Summerland, one of the most beautiful of the "Thousand Islands" is located mid-way between the north and south channels of the St. Lawrence, about three miles below Alexandria Bay, having an area of fourteen acres and is the largest of the "Summerland group," which includes "Idlewild," "Sport," "Ida" and "Arcadia." The island is covered with a dense forest furnishing an abundance of shade and will be said to have the finest groves on the river. At the extreme northerly and southerly ends of the island there are extensive sandy beaches, a great rarity in this locality, which are used by the "Summerlanders" for bathing purposes. The island is traversed from end to end by a most delightful natural avenue, densely shaded and lined on either side with a thick undergrowth of wild flowers and ferns. The island is owned by the Summerland Association, a corporation organized under and by virtue of the laws of the State of New York, for social and yachting purposes, and composed of the following stockholders: Rev. Asa Saxe, D. D., Isaiah F. Force, James Sargent, Sears E. Brace, Emory B. Chase, Henry C. Wisner, Lewis P. Ross, Francis M. McFarlin, Chas. W. Gray, George H. Newell, Henry O. Hall, Joseph A. Stull and Frank W. Hawley, of Rochester, N. Y.; Rev. Richmond Fisk, D. D., Alfred Underhill and Horace Bronson, of Syracuse, N. Y. Rev. Almond Gunnison, D. D., and

Frank Sperry, of Brooklyn, N. Y. The association have erected upon the island a large and commodious "Club House" wherein the members of the association and their families take their meals.

After setting apart a large grove at each end of the island for general use, the balance of the island was divided into lots, one of which was assigned to each stockholder. Upon these lots so assigned, the members of the association have erected cottages for the sole use of their own families.

In addition to the Club House the association has erected numerous pavilions and summer houses in different parts of the island together with a large ice-house and has constructed several docks of sufficient size to permit of the landing of large steamers.

The association owns a large steam yacht which is used in running to and from Alexandria Bay and for fishing and pleasure excursions.

Each member of the association provides himself with sailing and row boats. The Club House is opened for the reception of the members of the association and their immediate families *only*, on the first day of July of each year, and remains open until about September 15th, during all of which time the yacht is at the service of the party.

Between Deer island and Summerland is Cedar; back of Cedar is Sport, owned by H. A. Packer. Anthony point is on the right. This place is the resort of E. and T. H. Anthony, the extensive dealers in photographic goods in New York.

### YACHTING.

Water—and as one enthusiastic writer puts it—such water!—is abundant, and to enjoy this water in a pensive

or poetic mood, the steam yacht should be brought into requisition. Private yachts are numerous and elegant, and it is to the credit of the owners that they are not niggardly in exhibiting a spirit of generosity and courtesy. They are constantly inviting individuals and parties to enjoy the exhilarating excitement of the shooting around the beautiful spots. And if you, dear tourist, have no friend that invites you to share a cushioned seat in his graceful, fairy-like craft, then go to Capt. E. W. Visger, on the *Island Wanderer*. He will take you on an excursion among the islands that you will gladly recall as a cheerful reminiscence of your St. Lawrence excursion, for the opportunity will have been offered to bring within the range of your vision enchanting scenes that pen is not adequate to describe.

Still continuing our course, looking to the right, is the cottage of Mrs. Clark, of Watertown. Next, Goose bay is the island owned by Dr. Carleton, near which is the Three Sisters Island; before the Three Sisters is Hume's Island, and another was purchased by Judge Donahue, of New York, and seventy-five thousand dollars spent thereon. Next on the left is Whiskey Island, and on the right opposite are a number of large and small islands, the names of which we will not weary the tourist's brain with.

Goose bay is really beautiful, if its name is slightly homely. It is studded with islands, and fishing abounds. It was here that Mr. Hub Clark, of New York, in one day caught some 300 pounds of black bass, ranging in weight from  $1\frac{1}{2}$  pounds to  $6\frac{1}{2}$  pounds. On the right is Lyon's dock and Meeker's island. Next on the left is Three Sisters light; in the distance is Lone Star or Dark Island; Island No. 1, it is called by some. After passing on the left is a small cluster of island shoals. On the right is Chip-

peewa bay. This is a superb sheet of water, where the fishing is a marked feature. It is a favorite resort of Ogdensburg people, who occupy the contiguous islands. All around the shore are camps, cottages, etc., and make an animated scene for the tourist. Three miles from Chipewa bay on the left is Crossover light; thence three miles to Cole's light on the left, where we enter the Canadian channel. Nine miles in the distance is Brockville. On the right opposite Cole's light is Oak point. Four miles below is Fisher's landing, a very popular place for picnics, etc. On the left a prominent bluff. On the right for six miles the islands come thick and fast; huge rocks rise from the water's surface, with very little vegetation or foliage, and the boat makes her way rapidly among them, winding around like a snake, heading for all the points of the compass, frequently getting herself into coves and bays that apparently have no outlet, but always finding a channel, and sailing triumphantly out into the broad waters again.

On the left, three miles this side of Brockville, is the wreck of a schooner, the S. M. Cook, laden with iron ore. She was sailing up; the wind subsided, causing her to drift upon the rocks, and remained; also St. Lawrence park, used for pleasure and picnic parties, especially by our Canadian friends of Brockville. We are now at the village of Brockville; we "take a rest" for route C.

In front of Brockville are the last three of the Thousand Islands; being some distance from the rest it is presumable they drifted away, and finally rooted here. This, however, was "long befo de wah!"

Opposite, on the right, is Morristown, a small, lively American village of about 1,000 inhabitants, a station on the Utica and Black River R. R.; connects with Brockville by two steam ferries.

## ROUTE 'C.'

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Our object being to make this little book a complete Guide to the Thousand Islands, so that tourists from any section, no matter where he strikes, will find it intelligible to learn his location. We have therefore divided the explanation into three routes. First, we took our friends from Niagara Falls through Toronto, Kingston, and the Canada channel of the St. Lawrence as far as Brockville. Second, our journey was from Gananoqua, thence down the St. Lawrence through the American channel to Brockville. Third, and this is the route upon which we are now entering, will be from Cape Vincent to Alexandria Bay.

### CAPE VINCENT,

is a pleasant little village in Jefferson county, N. Y., at the junction of Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence river. It is also the terminus of the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railroad, and on this road come many of the tourists from the Atlantic sea-board. Here tourists connect by steamer for Alexandria Bay.

As we steam out of this port, on the left is Long, or Wolf island, 21 miles in length, and 7 miles in width. The next on the right is

**CARLETON ISLAND.**

At the upper extremity, the land narrows into a rugged promontory, ending in a bluff sixty feet in height. Here lifting their ruined heads aloft, and plainly visible to all passers along the river, stand a number of toppling and half-ruined chimneys. These may be seen for miles around. So long have these old sentinels watched over the scenes around them that their history is lost in the misty past. Around them are the remaining ruins of an old fort, supposed by many to be the ruins of old Fort Frontenac. Around its old redoubts and parapets linger antiquated historical legends and traditions enough to fill a volume and forming an interesting study. An ancient well, cut in the solid Trenton limestone down to the level of the lake has been converted by the reckless imaginations of the natives into a receptacle of the golden doubloons which the French soldiers, upon evacuating the old fort, are said to have thrown there, with the brass guns on top of them. Upon either side, and immediately in front of the bluff upon which the old fort stands, is a quiet, pretty little bay, which may once have supplied a safe and easy anchorage for the vessels that lay under its protecting guns.

The fortress is supposed to have been one of importance as a military post at some time, having been built upon an excellent plan and in the most substantial manner. Numbers of graves still occupy a field near by, the remains of the brave soldiers who once occupied the fort. The scene is of deep interest to the students of history.

About six miles this side of Clayton is Lindsay island, the only one on the right between Cape Vincent and Clayton. On the left, two miles before reaching Clayton, is

Grindstone island, five miles long. Cross-over channel is where the Canadian line of steamers, leaving Kingston at 5 o'clock in the morning, comes through into the American channel. Before landing at Clayton is Prospect park and hill, which has been systematically laid out for villas and camping parties, and where tourists can always find a comfortable stopping place. Although we have been traveling among the islands quite early in the morning, we have noticed that the people who occupy the cottages are all up, the ladies sitting on the piazzas reading, generally, and the gentlemen out in small boats fishing. There are two kinds of fishing done here—fishing for fun and fishing for fish. I cannot explain the distinction better than to repeat what a gentleman who was traveling with the party, said to me one afternoon. "We are going to take the ladies out fishing to-morrow," he said, "to give them a taste of the sport. Then, the next day, we are going out alone to catch some fish."

#### FROM BROCKVILLE TO MONTREAL.

Leaving Brockville, a magnificent view greets the eye; islands are not now in view; the river is a most beautiful sheet of water running perfectly straight for about sixteen miles with the land on either side in good view, for the river is a little over two miles wide. Three miles from Morristown, on the right, is the camp ground of the Baptist persuasion, mostly from St. Lawrence county. Five miles on the left from Brockville is Maitland. At this point is a prominent object known as the old distillery, whose proprietor is said to have been worth at one time a million dollars, but whose cupidity during "America's unpleasantness"

led him into selling "crooked whisky," or rather disposing of his distillery products in a very "crooked way." Without giving the details, the facts in brief are: He antagonized the Canadian government in the matter of paying revenue, and in his fight for stupid supremacy, he not only lost his distillery, but his fortune, too, and he and his family became reduced to poverty, and none of them remain around their former home. It is said he first induced his niece to marry the revenue collector of the district, that he might carry on the nefarious business in collusion and without detection. but you see,

"The deep laid plans of mice and men gang aft a-glee."

About four miles below, on the left, is the old blue stone church, in the graveyard of which rests the remains of the founder of Methodism on this continent, Barbara Heck. One mile farther, on the left, is McCarthy's new brick brewery. Half a mile beyond is the celebrated Rysdick stock farm, owned by Hon. J. P. Weiser, M. P. Here is owned the celebrated stallion, Rysdick, which cost Mr. Weiser \$25,000. It is a farm of about 600 acres, and is unquestionably the finest stock farm in the Dominion of Canada. The thrift, energy and ability of this gentleman will not be wondered at when it is learned that he is of American birth. Next on the left is the celebrated Labatt's brewery and Prescott, with its 3,000 inhabitants, who seem to have lost their grip on the trade of the river, judging from the dilapidated condition of the stores, warehouses, etc., on the wharves. The town, however, is handsomely laid out, has a fine city hall and market, and there are many fine private residences. It is connected with Ottawa, capital of the Dominion, by the St. Lawrence and Ottawa Railroad, distance 54 miles. Here many tourists who desire to

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THOMAS MUSSEN'S  
FRENCH KID GLOVE WAREHOUSE.

ESTABLISHED 1827

253, 257 & 259 Notre Dame Street,

And 4 & 6 St. Lambert St. MONTREAL.

A full assortment of the following goods kept constantly on hand, viz

GLOVES.

Dressed and Undressed Kid, Dogskin, Castor, Cape, Lisle Thread, Silk, etc.

UNDERWEAR

For Ladies' and Gent's, in Silk, Spun Silk, Lamb's Wool, Merino, Cashmere, etc., etc., and for Misses' and Youth's in Merino and Lamb's Wool.

SILKS.

BONNET'S, and other celebrated Lyons and Canadian Makes. Black and Colored Satins, Silk Velvets, Plushes, Velveteens, etc.

HOSIERY

For Ladies', Misses', Gent's and Youth's; in Silk, Spun Silk, Lamb's Wool, Merino, Cashmere, Cotton and Lisle Thread.

UMBRELLAS

For Ladies' and Gent's, in best Silk, Alpaca, Gingham, etc., in Black and Colored, all sizes.

HANDKERCHIEFS.

Ladies' and Gent's Best Irish Linen, Grass Cambric, (plain and hemstitched), Silk, etc.; also Mourning Handkerchiefs.

BRUSSELS, WILTON AND TAPESTRY CARPETS,

Oil Cloths, Linoleums, Mats, Matting, Furniture and Curtain materials, etc., etc.

visit the capital disembark for that purpose. We refer the tourist to Daniels' Hotel as a good stopping place. Opposite is

### OGDENSBURG,

founded by Francis Picquit in May, 1749. It now contains about 10,000 people, and of course ranks as a city. It is the terminus of Rome and Watertown, Utica and Black River, and the Ogdensburg and Lake Champlain Railroads. It is beautifully laid out, well planted with maple trees, and is called the "Maple city." It has a United States Custom House, post-office, and a new opera house, costing \$150,000. six fine church edifices, water works, gas works, a fire alarm telegraph and two daily newspapers and possibly other modern improvements. At the lower end of town is the big elevator of the Ogdensburg & Lake Champlain Railroad.

One mile and a half below Prescott, on the left, is Windmill point; the old windmill has been turned into a lighthouse. Here, in 1837, the "Patriots," under Von Shultz, a Polish exile, established themselves, but from which they were driven with severe loss. We believe this Von Shultz was subsequently hung by the Canadian authorities, and his followers banished, probably to New Jersey.

Three miles below, on the left, is Johnstown bay, with Johnstown—not a very important trading post—overlooking. This place has a custom-house officer, commissioner of fisheries, mayor and marshal of the district; but these important officials are concentrated in one man, Hon. J. T. Mooney.

R. SHARPLEY & SONS,  
Jewelers, Etc.,

282 & 284 NOTRE DAME ST., - - MONTREAL,

Would respectfully direct the attention of visitors to the  
city to their large and varied stock of

Gold Jewelry and Diamonds,

Watches of Every Description,

Sterling Silver and Electro-Plated Ware,

FINE MARBLE CLOCKS,

BRONZES AND STATUARY,

Fine Bisque and Barbatine China Ware,

*Morocco and Russia Leather Traveling Bags,*

(both with and without fittings).

*Fine French Fans and Fancy Goods*

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

We make a Specialty of

CUT GLASS GAS FITTINGS.

WE GUARANTEE that our prices for European and all Foreign  
Goods are at least 25 per cent. lower than the same goods can be  
purchased in the United States.

We turn here to the right, leaving the far-famed Chimney island on the left, on which are said to be the ruins of old French forts, battlements, etc. The only remains we have discovered of these supposed formidable defences is an extensive moat around the island, twelve feet deep, filled with water. The chimney, from which it derives its name, is supposed to be on the island, but we have looked in vain to discover it. It may be, however, that it has floated down the river; we will speak of it further on.

In the distance, on the left, are Tick, or Pier islands. Some of the finest bass fishing in the river is off this old pier. Dr. Melville, of Prescott, the inventor of rheumatic victor, and an enthusiastic fisherman of this section, last summer caught a black bass weighing seven and one-half pounds, while enjoying the sport around the pier.

Three miles from Chimney island, in the distance, is what is termed "the cut," forming the channel between Galop and Moore's islands. It was the former channel of this line of boats, but the Dominion government are expending six millions of dollars for the enlargement of the canals of this route and the survey party at present are blasting a channel through the

#### **GALOP RAPID,**

which may be seen in the distance. The reason of the change of channel is formed with an edict of the pilots not to interfere with the work of the engineer corps engaged on this necessary improvement of excavating a fifteen feet channel, to allow larger boats to pass, and dispense with the use of the Edwardsburg canal. This is the first and smallest rapid on the St. Lawrence River, and as the Phat

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THE NEW  
**ST. LAWRENCE HALL,**

HENRY HOGAN, PROPRIETOR,

St. James Street, Montreal, P. Q., Canada.

*FOR the past thirty years this Hotel, familiarly known as the "St. Lawrence," has been a "household word" to all travelers on the Continent of North America, and has been patronized by all the royal and noble personages who have visited the city of Montreal.*

*"This hotel, including the entire block, has recently been acquired by Mr. Henry Hogan, the former proprietor, who has handsomely and appropriately decorated and renovated the interior, and completely refitted the whole of the apartments with new furniture, comprising 100 new rooms, making the present number of apartments 250. A new and elegant passenger elevator has also been added, whilst the halls and public rooms are illuminated by the electric and incandescent lights, making it the most attractively lighted hotel in the Dominion."*

*The Hotel is admirably situated, being in the very heart of the city, and contiguous to the general postoffice, the principal banks, public buildings, law courts, commercial exchanges, railway and telegraph offices.*

*The Hotel will be managed by Mr. Samuel Montgomery, under the immediate supervision of Mr. Hogan, than whom no one is better qualified to conduct an hostelry of such magnitude as the St. Lawrence Hall and than whom no one has gained a better reputation as an obliging, generous and considerate host.*

—TERMS MODERATE—

Boy has termed it, "a little one for a cent." I will, however, give you an idea of what the rapids are. All the rapids on this river are caused by numerous rocks, large and small, in the bed of the river, and the swift current of water passing over these rocks causes the fearful commotion that you observe. Now, to carry our philosophy a little farther, we say the larger the rocks and the stronger the current, the better the rapids. No rocks, no water, no current, no rapids! This commotion which you see here is caused by a ledge of rocks five and one-half feet in height under nine feet of water. You can see the swell and white cap which this rock occasions, and then use your best judgment to determine the height of the rocks in Long Sault, where we hope to arrive at one o'clock. (There are, let me state here, eight rapids on our trip to-day, which may be divided into two classes, first and second. The first class are Long Sault, meaning a long leap or jump; Cedar, deriving its name from the trees in the vicinity, and Lachine. The second class are Galop, meaning a hopping, jumping rapid; Rapid Platt, meaning in French, flat; Cateau du Lac, meaning foot of the lake; Split Rock, derived from a fissure which make the channel, and the Cascade, from its resemblance to a cascade.)

On the left, before arriving at the Galop rapids, is the entrance to the Edwardsburg canal. This canal is seven and one-half miles in length, and is the first canal we arrive at; its terminus is at Iroquois. It would be well here to say that we only have canals around the rapids, or where the current is too strong for a steamer to ascend. We here append a tabular statement of the

#### ST. LAWRENCE CANALS.

Edwardsburg canal,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  miles long, three locks, 14 feet

**TOURISTS.**

---

**THE SOUTH EASTERN  
RAILWAY**

TAKES YOU TO

**LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG.**

The most beautiful and romantic of all Canadian and Northern  
New England Lakes.

TO

**CHAMBLY,**

A romantic place of resort, only a few miles from Montreal, on the Richelieu  
River. FINE HOTELS, SPLENDID BOATING, NICE DRIVES,  
A GEM OF A PLACE.

TO THE

**Beautiful Villages of the Eastern Townships,**

TO THE

**WHITE AND FRANCONIA MOUNTAINS,  
NEW YORK, BOSTON,**

And in fact to all points in New England.

---

**Montreal Office, 202 St. James St.**

**QUEBEC OFFICE, OPP. ST. LOUIS HOTEL.**

BRADLEY BARLOW, *Gen'l Manager.*

T. A. MACKINNAN, *Ass't Manager.*

fall in the river; Morrisburg canal, 4 miles long, 2 locks, 11 1-6 feet fall; Farron's point canal,  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile long, 1 lock, 4 feet fall; Cornwall canal, 12 miles long, 7 locks, 48 feet fall; Beauharnor's canal, 11  $\frac{1}{2}$  miles long, 9 locks, 84 feet fall; Lachine canal, 9 miles long, 5 locks, 45 feet fall.

In the distance, in front, on the left, is the village of Edwardsburg, now called Cardinal. Here is located the Edwardsburg starch factory, the largest starch factory in the Dominion of Canada. The president of the company is the Hon. Walter Shanley, of Hoosac Tunnel fame. He was the great contractor who completed that wonderful piece of work, and is now the manager of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa Railroad.

Twenty minutes from Edwardsburg to the next point of interest.

#### WHAT I KNOW ABOUT ELI PERKINS.

Some few years ago, Mr. Perkins was a passenger on one of the boats. I do not know whether he took me for the captain, director or manager of the line or not, but he exerted himself considerably to form my acquaintance. There was nothing unusual about that, however, as there is something "*distingue*" about me, and when on the boat I stand considerable "above proof." I have frequently dined at the same table with the Governor-General, Lord Dufferin and retinue—after his lordship had left. But to return to Eli. The day in question I was upon the deck of the boat as usual, describing the points of interest, especially the one on the Canadian shore, where the St. Regis Indians come year after year to gather the famous elm with which to make their celebrated baskets. I was delineating at some length upon the noble red-man, when Eli came to me and said,

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## ECONOMY IN SHOPPING.

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Tourists visiting Montreal, and desirous of purchasing Dry Goods, are sometimes led into paying higher prices by accepting the advice tendered them by runners and other interested parties. Now, to overcome this, and give the stranger all the advantage enjoyed by our large city custom, kindly read and remember the address below.

In the following lines we are SPECIALISTS:

Silks, Satins, Dress Goods.

Ribbons, Hosiery, Gloves,

Umbrellas, Parasols, Laces, &c.

A large and well assorted stock of the latest and most fashionable

Dry Goods.

You are cordially invited to inspect our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

Goods will be shown with pleasure without pressing to purchase.

DAVID G. LAIDLAW,

450 Notre Dame St., MONTREAL.

I will write you a verse of poetry about that. Glad to get a memento in that shape from so distinguished an individual, who had been so often accused of being witty, I said it would please me very much. Here is the verse:

"Once here the noble red man took his delights,  
Fit, fished and fied:  
Now most of the inhabitants are white,  
With nary a red."

I thanked him very profusely, and on subsequent occasions took great delight in repeating the lines to the passengers—never forgetting for a moment to remind them that they were written for me by the alleged American humorist. One day, after delivering myself of the poetry and repeating to the passengers that it was written by the celebrated poet, writer, humorist and lecturer, Eli Perkins, I was approached by an exceedingly polite and affable gentleman, whom I learned was Mr. John H. Rochester, of Rochester, N. Y., who asked if he understood me correctly in attributing the authorship of the lines quoted to Mr. Perkins. I assured him that he had written them expressly for me, and produced in Eli's own handwriting the original copy. With a subdued smile resting upon his countenance, Mr. Rochester informed me that there must be an error somewhere, as a gentleman, a Mr. Fletcher, had written a poem in 1834, in which the exact verse occurred, and he proceeded to repeat the poem from memory. This took me slightly back, and I subsequently came to the conclusion with "my friend" of the *Oil City Derrick*, that a cabbage leaf never was more at home than when in the crown of "Uli Perkins' hat." After that I had no more use for the poem, but determined if I ever met "Uli" I should call to his mind the circumstance connected with "his little poem." I had not long to wait, for one day, while in Evansville, In-

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dress below.

Gloves,

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REAL.

H. & H. MERRILL,  
 GRAND GRANITE  
 DRY & GOODS PALACE,  
 288 AND 290 NOTRE DAME ST.,  
 MONTREAL.

This Establishment is one of the largest and most extensive of its kind in the Dominion.

By heavy importations direct from European Manufacturers, the proprietors are enabled to sell RICH AND ELEGANT GOODS at as reasonable rates as can be realized in Paris or London.

The House is well known to American Tourists, who patronize this Establishment throughout the year, and find their purchases advantageous in the extreme.

DON'T FAIL TO VISIT

H. & H. MERRILL'S STORE,

AND SEE THEIR IMMENSE STOCK OF

**DRY GOODS,**

which comprises the following Departments:

SILKS, VELVETS, LACES, PARASOLS,  
 UMBRELLAS, MANTELS, SHAWLS.

HOSIERY and UNDERCLOTHING in SILK,  
 LISLE, COTTON and CASHMERE.

LADIES' KID GLOVES, 2 to 10 Buttons.

UNDRESSED KID (Gants de Suède), 2 to 12 Buttons.

MOUSQUETAIRE do., 6 to 20 Buttons length.

GENT'S 2 Buttons KID GLOVES.

GENT'S 2 Buttons DERBY.

GENT'S 2 Buttons CHAMOIS.

GENT'S 2 Buttons CASTOR.

OUR SPECIAL DEPARTMENT OF TOURISTS REQUISITES  
 SHOULD BE INSPECTED.

MOURNING GOODS,

DRESS GOODS, and

HABERDASHERY.

Also, a large assortment of FANCY GOODS.

diana, at the St. George Hotel, I met the gentleman and recalled the circumstance connected with the little verse, and he, with a perfect air of *nonchalance*, said that he had never given it a thought since—dashed it off in a minute. I told him how remarkable it was that great minds often run in the same channel and related my experience with his gem. He scowled, and turning on his heel said it was indeed a singular word for word resemblance, but changed the subject at once and asked me to his room on the following morning, which invitation I cheerfully accepted, doting all the evening upon having a nice time, and swopping a few gags, etc., etc., but my hopes were blighted, for the next morning I was informed of his very early departure—gone up to lie to the people of Rockport, I was told. “Uli” is a great man, and contracts a larger amount of business upon a very small amount of capital than any public character I know of. When Eli reads this I expect he will load his big gun—not intellectual, but otherwise—and come for me. I will therefore give him a pointer in advance; there won't anything scare me but a stomach pump.

Distinguished among Indian names is that of Iroquois. Here it names a village, formerly known as Matilda, but like all other good Matildas do, she changed her name to Iroquois, in order to preserve the name. The Iroquois Indians formerly owned this section of the country. One and a half miles below this village is the narrowest point in the St. Lawrence river from Kingston to the gulf. This broad expanse of water we are just passing, and the one we arrive at immediately after leaving the point, are very shallow, consequently hold the water in check at the point. The depth of water in the shallow places being about 22 feet,

LL,  
ACE,  
ST.,

extensive of its  
manufacturers, the  
BEST GOODS  
London.  
who patronize  
their purchases

TORE,

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SHAWLS.

BHMER.

ONS.

ONS DEBY.  
ONS CASTOR.  
UISITES

DASHERY.

G. W. CLARKE,  
BOOKSELLER, STATIONER,

AND IMPORTER OF

English, French, German & American Fancy Goods, Novelties, &c.

238 & 240 St. James Street,

Two doors East Ottawa Building—down town. The largest store  
of the kind in

**MONTREAL.**

**SPECIALTIES:**

FINE LEATHER GOODS, PLUSH GOODS, LADIES' COMPANIONS,  
SILVER AND JET JEWELRY, JEWEL CASES,  
TOILET CASES, GLOVE BOXES.  
LAMAIRE'S (Paris) BEST OPERA GLASSES,  
TOURISTS GLASSES, Etc., FRENCH FANS,  
JOSEPH ROGERS & SONS Best Pocket Cutlery, Razors, etc.  
FINEST PHOTO ALBUMS, PURSES  
AND POCKET BOOKS IN THE DOMINION.  
CIGAR AND CIGARETTE CASES in Russia, Calif, Alligator and Pig Skin.  
CANADIAN and AMERICAN PHOTOGRAPHS,  
INDIAN GOODS and BIRCH BARK CURIOSITIES.

**PLACES OF INTEREST IN AND ABOUT THE CITY.**

New Custom House.	Court House.	New Post Office.
New City Hall.	Bank of Montreal.	Mount Royal Cemetery.
McGill College.	Art Gallery.	Mount Royal Park.
English Cathedral.	French Cathedral.	Drive around the Mountain
Jesuits' Church.	Jesuits' College.	Drive to Longue Point.
Victoria Bridge.	Viger Square.	Drive to Back River.
Hotel Dieu Hospital.	Champ de Mars.	Drive to Lachine.

G. W. Clarke's Great Fancy Goods Store, 238 and 240 St. James Street.

**SOUVENIRS FOR TOURISTS.**

*Stereoscopic Views of All Places, and Clarke's Views of St. Lawrence  
River, Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Quebec, &c.*

The above views make handsome Souvenirs for Tourists. Put up in book  
form, in cloth, (eighteen views in each.) **Price, 50 cts.**

while at the point it is 84 feet. Width of the river, 1,140 feet—170 feet less than a quarter of a mile.

On the right in the narrowest portion of the river is Cedar point. On the left is a small bluff, formerly called Hemlock point, on account of a fine hemlock standing there, but on one fine morning the hemlock, the tree and the point all slid into the river, and have not yet returned. About fifteen feet back from the point is a rail fence, which is outside of the earth works that were thrown up in 1812-13, and batteries were erected on Cedar point.

On the left is the main shore of the Dominion of Canada with a population of over five millions. On the right is the main shore of the United States of America with a population of over fifty millions. When that five millions want those fifty millions all they will be obliged to do is to walk over and take them. Then will be verified that beautiful passage in Holy Writ which says, "One shall chase a thousand and two put ten thousand to flight. Sing!"

This was really a strong point, and was fortified on both sides of the river by the opposing parties. From the fact of the successful fortifications by the Americans the Rideau canal owes its origin. Guns, and stores or merchandise could not be taken up the river. It was conceived by Colonel By, of the Engineer corps, that a new canal would obviate the difficulty, and all his resources were immediately put into requisition and the canal was completed at a cost of \$5,000,000. It extends from Ottawa, formerly By-town, to Kingston, and is still in use.

Ten minutes from here to the next point of interest. On the left is the entrance to the Morrisburg canal, the second canal in the chain, but is not used by this line of boats.

ER,

Novelties, &amp;c.

rest store

COMPANIONS,

BOXES.

FRENCH FANS,  
rs, etc.DOMINION,  
and Pig Skin.

SITIES.

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Office.  
al Cemetery.  
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St. Lawrence  
c.Put up in book  
cts.

JOHN MURPHY & Co.,

— IMPORTERS OF —

GENERAL DRY GOODS

403 & 405 Notre Dame St.,

Corner St. Peter Street, MONTREAL.

KID GLOVES.

Always a full assortment of Kid Gloves, in all the latest makes, newest shapes and lowest prices.

HOSIERY.

Our assortment of Hosiery, in all makes and all qualities, is acknowledged by the citizens of Montreal to be the best. Our prices are also the lowest.

SILKS.

BLACK SILKS in every variety.

COLORED SILKS in all makes.

VELVETS in all qualities.

RIBBONS, LACES, TIES, COLLARS,

HANDKERCHIEFS, Etc., in the greatest variety.

*Terms—Cash, and only One Price.*

All tows and sailing vessels have to use the canal. In the distance front is Rapid Platt; on the right is Ogden's Island, the finest wooded island in the St. Lawrence river. Beyond is Waddington, St. Lawrence county, N. Y. In front is this rapid we have just named; it is the second one, and is a "little one for two cents." It has, however, eight feet more descent than the first, but is only a one cent *descenter* rapid.

After passing the point, Morrisburg comes into view on the left, the prettiest village in the Dominion of Canada. Look at its churches, public buildings, private residences, etc., which line the banks, for we are still in the province of Ontario. At half-past three o'clock, will enter the province of Quebec. You will have a good chance then to compare the difference between the two provinces. Your especial attention is called to this now, that you may be prepared to scan the change you will not fail to observe. Before reaching Morrisburg is Doran's Island. Opposite Morrisburg is Dry Island, used for picnics, etc.

One hour from this point to the Long Sault Rapids. We speak of this here, for it is about dinner time, and if you are lucky enough to secure a seat at the first table you will lose no point of interest, for it is presumable you will finish within the hour.

#### THE CUISINE ON THE BOAT.

It would not be amiss here to state that the meals were formerly served on the American plan, and to give you but a faint idea of the commotion created by the passengers when there was one more person on board than seats at the table, would require a volume ten times this size to describe. Therefore please excuse me if I relate by way of an illustration what an eminent French writer said on th



S. CARSLY,  
DRY GOODS IMPORTER,

Nos. 393, 395, 397 and 399 Notre Dame St.,

MONTREAL,

And 18 Bartholomew Close, LONDON, England.

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INFORMATION:

S. CARSLY'S IS THE LARGEST DRY GOODS  
STORE IN CANADA.

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ALL GOODS MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES,  
AND NO SECOND PRICE.

---

THE REASON WHY

S. CARSLY can sell so much cheaper than other stores,  
is because he

*SELLS FOR PROMPT CASH ONLY,*

AND IMPORTS HIS GOODS DIRECT FROM EUROPE.

subject: "The waiters, like little poppets, would bob up serenely at any time and place, drop a dish or whatever the hand contained, and was as soon out of sight. This continued for about one hour, while we were seated back against the cabin wall, with just space enough for the waiter to pass between us and the table. When the signal was given everybody made a rush for the table, and if the scene depicted could only be described humorously or otherwise, I would like to read it." But the writer said it reminded him of the famous picture in her Majesty's gallery, "The Rape of the Sabines." (I have never seen that picture, but presume it is that of a beautiful female poised as a central figure, and about ten soldiers ready to embrace her on a given signal.) Things have changed, however, and this season the meals will be served on the European plan (meals at all hours to order), by the celebrated caterer of Montreal—Victor. The upper saloon will not be used, but what was formerly known as the ladies' cabin will be the dining-room, which gives the whole saloon as a promenade and place of repose and rest for the passengers. I am positive the change will be acceptable.

About a mile below Morrisburg, on the right, is Goose-neck island, so called from its resemblance to the neck of a goose; the upper end is the neck; the narrative is about nine miles long. Five miles from Morrisburg to

#### CHRYSLER'S FARM,

memorable for the battle fought on this ground in the year 1813. The Americans were the attacking party on this occasion, having arose early in the morning, crossed the river into the little bay, landed, and immediately went into the

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J. J. MILLOY,

FASHIONABLE

TAILOR AND CLOTHIER,

249 St. James Street,

—MONTREAL—

Strangers visiting this city will find a large assortment  
of the finest

ENGLISH,  
FRENCH AND  
SCOTCH

WOOLENS

which will be made up after the latest

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN STYLES.

A COMPLETE STOCK OF

HIGHLY FINISHED CLOTHING

READY FOR IMMEDIATE DELIVERY.

contest by attacking the little house. The fight was desperate, lasting until eleven o'clock, when the Americans, under General Williams, were repulsed with great slaughter. The house was completely riddled with bullets. It has since been torn down, and the chimney left as a monument to the battle. They retreated in good order, recrossed the river, and remained, having abandoned the trip to Montreal, which they intended. I draw this mild, because I am one of "God's people" myself.

Next in interest is Farron's point, opposite which is Croyl's Island. Six minutes from here to Long Sault rapid, we pass on the left Harrison's landing.

#### LONG SAULT ISLAND.

At this point there are really two channels—the American channel being on the right of Long Sault Island, the rapids forming the Canadian channel, and are on the left of the island. The distinguishing feature about the American channel is while it is swift in current, it has no rapids worthy of note, and the channel is used for tows, etc., and all the rafts naturally prefer this way, because it would be impossible for them to go down the Long Sault.

In the distant front observe the light-house at the head of the Cornwall canal, twelve miles in length that passes around the Long Sault Rapids.

The boats are steered from landmarks on shore; by that small ball you see on the end of the pole, which is the bowsprit. The target that you see in the distance is used by the pilot to get his position in the Long Sault rapid. These targets will be seen frequently as you progress, and as they

# BABY LINEN AND LACE HOUSE,

250 St. James Street,

A few doors east of Victoria Square, and nearly opposite Savage & Lyman's.  
 Visitors to Montreal will receive a cordial welcome.

---

## The Lace Department

is replete with a magnificent collection of *British and Foreign Laces*, including *Spanish, Valenciennes, English Thread, Honiton* and *Point Duchesse Lace*.

## The Underclothing Department

is well stocked with all the requisites for *Infants', Children, and Ladies' Underwear*.

## The Hosiery Department

is very attractive. It includes all the novelties in *Thread, Cashmere, Merino, Spun* and *Silk Hose*. In addition, a fine stock of *Ladies' and Children's Cashmere* and *Gauze Merino Vests* and *Combination Suits*; *Boy's, Girl's,* and *Ladies' Cashmere Jerseys*.

---

## AMERICAN TOURISTS

who appreciate the finer makes of *English Hosiery* and *Underwear*, are invited to inspect the stock. The prices are right. Hosiery and Underwear subject to a discount of 20 per cent. On every dollar you save twenty cents.

Wm. McDUNNOUGH,

(Successor to the late Mrs. GUNN.)

250 St. James Street,

MONTREAL.

all answer the same purpose, this reference to them will suffice.

### LONG SAULT RAPIDS.

Dickinson's Landing on the left was formerly a very important point on this line, as it was the foot of navigation before the canal was completed some forty years ago. Few changes have taken place since that are apparent to the eye. The Long Sault is the first one of the first-class rapids, and the third one in line proceeding down the river. and as we set a price on the other two, you can set your own price on this one. A description of these rapids has been given from time immemorial; it does not behoove us to give any graphic or colored description of this scene. although we might do so satisfactorily, having seen depicted on the countenances of thousands of passengers who have passed this way every thing in nature from the sublime to the ridiculous as well as between the two, and as each individual's feelings differ, no one description would do the subject justice. One writer said, "it was like sliding down hill on a steamboat." Another said he felt as if he was being *unglued!* A third said he felt as if he had taken a large dose of ipecac. Still another as if he was on a ship at sea in a storm. And yet one more was so exhilarated that he imagined he owned Maud S. and would like to spend his days on the rapids. Another party who had ridiculed the trip a good deal, until the spray began to cover the deck, wetting them to the skin, drenching their store clothes, which, when dried, revealed awkward misfits, exclaimed that it was the grandest sight they had ever witnessed.

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Hosiery and  
every dollar

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1818

ESTABLISHED

1818.

## SAVAGE & LYMAN,

247 St. James Street,

Respectfully invite Tourists to inspect their large and varied  
assortment of

*Gold and Silver Watches,*

*Gold and Silver Jewelry,*

*Onyx and Jet Jewelry,*

*Silver and Electro-Plated Ware,*

IN NEW AND UNIQUE DESIGNS.

---

DIAMONDS AND PRECIOUS STONES

MOUNTED ON THE PREMISES, AT SHORT NOTICE BY EXPERIENCED WORKMEN.

---

*Goods Marked in Plain Figures, and Sold at Close Prices.*

---

SIGN OF THE ILLUMINATED STREET CLOCK,

247 St. James Street,

Three doors from Victoria Square,

**MONTREAL.**

It is now the Phat Boy's privilege to relate a few facts—no "taffy." All the boats of this line are built of Bessemer steel or iron, with three and one-half inches of elm riveted close to the iron on the bottom outside to prevent accidents if we should strike against a rock. This precaution was found necessary, because the first iron boat that struck a rock became a total wreck. With the protection of elm no injury has resulted from the occasional striking of the boats against the rocks. There is no danger, however, in this rapid, for the water in the shallowest place is thirteen and one-half feet, and we are drawing about seven feet. During our passage through all the rapids, we have four men at the wheel, and four men at the tiller aft, who assist the men at the wheel. Any accident that should happen to the chain or the wheel, the pilot immediately goes to the right hand of the tiller.

The Long Sault rapid is nine miles in length; three miles of boisterous commotion; six miles of current and sudden, sharp turns. When we first enter the rapid, the steam on board of the boat is slowed down until she gets her position in the rapids, as she draws less water than when under full head of steam. We are then compelled to put on full steam as the boat must go faster than the current in order to obtain steerage way. Many suppose that no steam is used through the rapids, which is an error. If we were to attempt to go down without any propelling power, we would be at the mercy of the current of this stupendous agitation called rapids. One couldn't tell which end of the boat would be first, and it is presumable that this would be anything but pleasant to the passenger.

When we first enter this rapid, the finest view is obtained on the right side of the boat. It is expected, however, that

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Jewelry,

Ware,

STONES

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the passengers will distribute themselves equally on either side to keep the boat in good trim; the Captain generally uses the Phat Boy for this purpose; when he is not on board, the passengers are expected to distribute themselves. The view, however, soon changes to the left, and when nearing the point the swell and white caps run from seven to eleven feet in height.

We have already explained the causes of the rapids. Now, will any one please explain to me what is the height of the rocks which creates this commotion, and at the same time set their price on this rapid. After passing this point and the swell and white caps that we have been describing, on the left is the passage to the Canadian channel of this river, which forms Barnhardt's island. On the right is the American channel. This was formerly used by boats before they came down the Long Sault, which for a long time was known as the lost channel. The channel having been lost for some years, it was discovered by Captain Rankin, who received for that service a magnificent silver watch, the value of which at the present day would be about \$6.50. The first steamboat of this line that passed through the Long Sault, was the Passport, in 1848, and the pilot was W. H. McGanon, who is still in the employ of the company. The soundings were made by scows and rafts, with poles attached to the sides, of 8 to 15 feet in length, and as either of these met an obstruction and became dislodged or broken off, the depth of water was ascertained and a record made. The propelling power of these scows or rafts was oars or large paddles, worked by from 10 to 40 men on each, as the necessities of each required.

The steamer Gill was the first boat through the rapids,

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SECTION 11.—Assembly Bill 139, passed March 30th, 1883. "The Provident Mutual Association of Canada shall be deemed to be an Association duly formed under the said chapter 71 of the Consolidated Statutes of Canada. Reserve fund to be invested in Dominion Bonds and deposited in trust with the Provincial Treasurer."

GENERAL OFFICE:

162 ST. JAMES ST., MONTREAL, P. Q.

and went down more by accident than otherwise, but it demonstrated the certainty of a channel.

Barnhardt's island on the left,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  miles in length by  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles in width, belongs to the United States. On the right is the main land, St. Lawrence County, N. Y. Both sides of the river for the next seven miles belong to the United States. The King of Holland, who was the arbitrator of the treaty of 1812, from charts, maps, etc., furnished him supposed that the main channel of the river passed around that island on the left. He was mistaken, however; this is the main channel of the river, and the only navigable one; the Canadian channel containing only about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  or 4 feet of water.

During the next eight minutes we pass three very sudden turns in the river; the first turn is to the right; then to the left; next to the right again; the second turn being the sharpest on the St. Lawrence river; at direct angles turning to the left. Passengers on the left side of the boat, by looking backward, have a fine view of that portion of the river we have just passed, and looking forward see where we are compelled to go, and more easily note the sharpness of the turn. Rafts entering the American channel at the foot of the Long Sault rapids will drift nine miles in forty minutes, and are often thrown on shore on either side in making this sudden turn. After making our next turn to the right, by looking in the distance front, between the narrow point, will discover what is known as "The Crab." The current crosses here from right to left, then left to right, and from right to left, forming the letter Z. Rafts get entangled in this portion of the river, and get easily torn to pieces.

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Quebec, P. Q.

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"The Provident  
Association duly  
incorporated in  
the Province of  
Quebec, P. Q.,  
Canada."  
Deposited in trust

L. P. Q.

There is a ferry boat plys between this point, on the right Macenia Point and Cornwall point on the left, touching at two places on Barnhardt's Island, to convey passengers who are desirous of visiting Macenia Springs, six miles distant. The steamboat is a side-wheeler, two horses tread the power that revolves the wheels; it is therefore a two horse-power boat; they convey the steam on board in a bag well filled with oats. The deck hand is the cook; the cook is the engineer; the engineer is the mate, and the mate is the captain; one man supreme command; no mutiny ever occurs unless the mule should kick the deck hand over board—that would be "*mutiny*," would it not.

On the left is the entrance to the Canadian channel at the end of Barnhardt's island. Two miles below on the right is the last of the American shore on the St. Lawrence, lat. 45° N. Some few years ago I was presented by Messrs. H. & H. Merrill, one of the largest dry goods firms in the Dominion, 288 and 290 Notre Dame street, Montreal, with an American flag, fifteen feet in length, to designate the last of the United States shore on this river. Through the assistance of a friend at Cornwall, and thirteen dollars in cash, I succeeded in getting the flag in position. It remained there for about ten days when a party of St. Regis Indians, who occupy a reservation six miles distant the other side of the island, four of them came over to the point, filled themselves full of "ice water," climbed up the flag staff and took down the flag. They cut it up into three or four suits of clothes, and went around this vicinity for about a week as full as a boiled oyster, singing "Hail Columbia, right side up," rolled up in the stars and stripes, full of fire-water. It was said to be the happiest moment of their lives, and I have no reason to doubt it.

That portion of the river on the right is the dividing line for five miles. Afterwards an iron fence or posts, set at equal distance apart, mark the boundary line. The river passing around that way forms Cornwall island, about six miles wide. Rafts enter this portion of the river where the Racket river empties in, and are here refitted preparatory to being towed through the lake. Both sides of the river from this point downward, belong to the Dominion.

In the distance on the left is Cornwall, a village of 5,000 people, with the largest cotton and woolen mills in the Dominion. Since the protective tariff was inaugurated by the Dominion Parliament these industries have thrived wonderfully, and the town is correspondingly prosperous. Just before landing, a fine view is obtained of both the old and new Cornwall canals. Looking at the old canal lock, and learning its dimensions, it is obvious why the steamers are their present size and no longer. These steamers are the limit which the locks will admit, hence if they were five feet longer, or a trifle wider, they would be compelled to remain at Montreal, not being able to work through the locks. The new canal, which is alongside of the old one, will have locks 100 feet longer than the present one in use, consequently much larger boats will be able to ply the river. The old canal was considered amply large when built; it was not supposed that the travel on the St. Lawrence would ever reach its present and constantly increasing numbers.

After leaving Cornwall, on the right, is Cornwall Island, 6 miles wide. Just beyond the island, on the right bank of the river, is St. Regis, an old Indian village, which cannot be seen from the deck of the steamer. But there is just one point where the church roof can be observed for a

moment or so. There is, however, a tradition worth relating here: The bell hanging in this church is associated with a deed of genuine Indian revenge. On its way from France it was captured by an English cruiser, and taken into Salem, Massachusetts, where it was sold to the church at Deerfield, in the same State. The Indians, hearing of the destination of their bell, set out for Deerfield, attacked the town, killed forty-seven of the inhabitants, and took 112 captives, among whom was the pastor and his family. The bell was then taken down, and conveyed to St. Regis, where it now hangs.

During the next 10 miles of our trip, the river is beautifully studded with islands, and resembles the Thousand Islands scenery very much. Many of these islands are inhabited; some of them elegantly laid out with drives, etc. Rev. Mr. Dickinson's, called after himself, has a dock, at which steamers of this size can land; it has a hotel, number of cottages, and is quite a gay place in Summer. On the left is Summers Town, beyond which is Hamilton's Island. Just before reaching Summers Town is the residence of Captain Cameron, of the Magnet of this line; beyond is the magnificent villa of Hon. Caribou Cameron, the finest on the St. Lawrence. It is built of Ohio freestone, and cost \$80,000. Hamilton Island, on the left, is occupied every summer by camping parties who come from great distances, even from Virginia and Ohio, and remain two, three and even four months. Day after day, one of their principal amusements is rowing out in their small boats, awaiting the arrival of the steamers, and then swiftly riding on top of the swell that is occasioned by the wheels of the steamer. The scene is exciting and pictur-

esque. On the right, we have now a fine view of the Adirondack Mountains of Northern New York, and beyond the Green Mountains of Vermont, except it be a smoky or misty day, when the view is slightly obscured. It is 56 miles from the river to the mountains, and intervening is the wilderness of the State of New York, known as the John Brown tract, more famous as the hunting ground of adventurous gunning and fishing parties.

Continuing our course, we pass three small islands, and enter Lake St. Francis, 28 miles in length—a very picturesque sheet of water indeed, but the trip through the lake is quite monotonous, therefore for the next two hours the guide, as well as the passengers, can “take a rest.” This being a favorite route for honeymoon parties, there is now two full hours for these couples to enjoy the “honey” or the “moon” as seemeth to them best. After making this announcement one day, 53 left the deck, one, however, was an old bachelor, who went to curl his hair.

#### BOYS ON A STEAMER.

Here is a genuine. His parents are with him; he cannot keep still; he wants chiefly to break his neck or fall overboard, or to get crushed by the walking beam; he has been twice dragged from the steps leading to the walking-beam, used by the assistant engineer for lubricating purposes; he would like to get in the paddle-boxes, has talked every officer on board to death, and is now trying his best to worry the deck hands. How curiously constructed is a real boy to go whither he should not, and especially where his anxious mother most fears he will go; he is now doing his best to spoil his parents' trip. We can leave him for a



moment ; he won't flag in his endeavors to get into trouble or to make his parents miserable.

This is a smaller boy—not yet out of his petticoats, but very active ; he, too, has with him an anxious mother ; he has found another boy—a strange boy, of the same size and sex ; they have become acquainted ; the strange boy is allowed by his parents to roam about the boat at will ; he invites the nice little boy to roam also ; he wants him to roam as near the walking beam as possible ; he has roamed there himself before and escaped ; he tells the nice little boy how cunning it is to come near being crushed ; the nice little boy's mother forbids any roaming at all ; she looks with disfavor on the strange boy ; but the strange boy continues to hang around ; he knows ; so does the nice boy ; together they can fool any one mother ; united they stand, divided they fall ; how the nice boy edges away from the side of his mother, for her energies are momentarily concentrated on the set of her bonnet and the nice looking gentleman at the other end of the saloon, who is taking side glances at her through the mirror. Now the nice boy gets farther away ; they are on the forbidden part of the deck near the walking beam. It is great fun. Now the cross man, who keeps order on the deck, drives them away. They go to the newsboy and help themselves to anything on his table, when he is not looking. They are now running in and out of the staterooms, in everybody's way ; it is a wonder they haven't been killed twenty times. It is great fun for the boys, but almost death to the passengers. And the mother is still so occupied with her bonnet, and the dude who has made a mash or favorable impression upon her, that she has not missed her nice little boy.

In the centre of the lake, on the left, is the village of Lancaster, an old Scotch settlement. Just before reaching the village, what appears to be a stack of hay, but what is commonly known throughout Scotland as a Cairn. It is no more or less than a heap of stones in a rounded or conical form, placed in that way to commemorate some especial historic event. This one was built by the Glengarry Highlanders in 1847, to perpetuate the memory of Sir John Colburn, who was Commander-in chief of the army and Governor-general of the Province. It was built by putting cobble-stones one on the top of the other—each individual inhabitant or stranger passing that way adding a stone. They are placed in a conical form, and reaches a height of 20 feet. The county in which this place is located is named Glengarry, and is mainly or almost wholly inhabited by the sturdy Scotch highlanders, whose farms are the finest in the Dominion. This is the last English speaking village on the route.

Passing three lighthouses, showing that the channel across the lake is quite intricate, we leave St. Anisette on the right, a small French town. We are now approaching the boundary line between the provinces of Ontario and Quebec. The lighthouses on either side show the geographical divisions. From the lighthouse on the left, the line runs straight to the Ottawa river; then the Ottawa becomes the dividing line. Just before arriving at the foot of the lake, where the river re-forms, we pass San Zotique; next Coteau landing, where we call for the purpose of taking on a pilot,

**EDWARD WILLET,**

whose duty it is to pilot this line of boats through the next series of rapids. We are coming to four rapids. First, the Coteau; second, Cedar; third, Split Rock, and fourth, the Cascades. On the extreme right, at the foot of the lake, is the village of Valley Field. It is at the head of the Beauhornias canal,  $11\frac{1}{2}$  miles in length, which passes around this series of rapids. The river in  $11\frac{1}{2}$  miles has a fall of 84 feet. The finest water-power privilege on the continent of America, except Niagara, is at this point. The largest cotton mill in the Dominion, the Canada Paper Co.'s mill, and several other manufacturing establishments are located at Valley Field. After leaving St. Francis lake, we re-enter the river. With our pilot we go down the small rapid known as the Coteau, passing Prisoner's island on the left, and on the left bank is the old French village of Cateau du Lac. On the extreme left at the point is an old French fort, where battles were fought in 1812 and 1813; the earthworks are still in a good state of preservation, behind which is the old saw-mill. Twenty minutes (or five miles) from here we reach the village of Cedar, which is on the left, and St. Timothy on the right, and come to Cedar rapid, the finest of the series on the St. Lawrence river. Look at St. Timothy, bear in mind the view you had of Morrisburg; the impression of its beauty and thrift, and now you have the comparison. How does the former strike you as against the latter? It is a historic fact, and worthy of note, that no matter what town you arrive at in the province of Quebec, this will be apparent to the eye; the finest buildings in the place will be the church, nunnery, school, hospital or priest's residence. Aside from

these, the rest are all about alike. You cannot tell the palace residence from the blacksmith's shop, or the grocery store from the hotel. The church at St. Timothy has a seating capacity of 1,500; the population of the village is 600; the church is always full on Sundays, and as Mark Twain exclaimed, "What large domes these worshipers must have to their pantaloons for 600 to fill a place capable of seating 1,500." But they come from all the country around, being all of one persuasion. An opposition church is so far unknown in these rural parts, hence it may be inferred what the extraordinary power of this old church must be in the lower province.

Just before arriving at St. Timothy, we enter the Cedar rapid, and pass a distance of three and one half miles in the extraordinary short time of seven minutes. By casting your eye shoreward, while passing an island on the left, and just before we enter the heaviest part of the rapid, you will discover how fast the boat is going. Looking to the right, you will see Hell's hole, and the greatest commotion in the river from Kingston to the Gulf.

Leaving Cedar Rapid, which is the most picturesque and beautiful (in our estimation) of all, two and one-half miles further along, and passing Bockey Hayes' shoal, which is a peculiar formation in the bed of the river, making navigation somewhat dangerous. In illustration: one day the steamer Corsican suddenly lurched to the left, and evidently struck a rock, whereupon the captain said to the pilot, "Edward, you are a little too far over to the left." Before he could complete the sentence, the boat lurched to the right and struck another rock; then the pilot replied, "yes, and a little too far over to the right side." It is plain that

the channel about here is at least precarious. The government engineers, however, are now at work removing these dangerous obstructions. The Napoleon hats you see in the distance, on poles about ten feet high, are the marks which enable the pilot to obtain his true bearings through the shoal. Turning to the right, we come in sight of the Split Rock rapid, the most dangerous rapid of all. When we speak of danger, we don't mean to life or limb, as no person was ever injured on this rapid; it is danger to property that we refer to, as this is the only one of the series that has cost the company one dollar. They lost one steamboat here, and have had others upon the rocks. On the 8th of July, 1874, the steamer Corinthian, of the R. O. N. Co., when passing the split rock rapid, was almost instantly enveloped by a terrific thunder shower, accompanied by a hurricane. The wind was so powerful that the boat refused to answer the helm, and instead of turning to the right, as she should, the wind caused her to go straight ahead, and we struck a rock forward about five feet high and passed fifteen feet aft of the wheel over the same, and then stopped. I was upon the right hand side of the boat explaining to the passengers and showing or pointing out to them the ledge of rock when she struck. Immediately four ladies caught hold of me (whom they thought was the boss life preserver.) What a position for a nice young man. However, through the assistance of some friends, I procured life preservers for them and was released from my somewhat precarious position. In the space of an hour most of the passengers were landed by the aid of the ship's boats and batteaus from the shore, and proceeded by rail to Montreal, where they arrived the same evening. I remained on board all night until a derrick was erected and two of the boats

ashed together, and a platform built upon them, when I was let down by the aid of the derrick upon the same, and without further trouble taken to shore in safety. The second line of white-caps which you see in the distance in front, is the Split Rock, a ledge of rock running from shore to shore, with the exception of a break of about sixty feet, which is a natural split in the rock. Formerly there was only a depth of nine feet of water; it was blasted out, and now gives a navigable channel of thirteen and one-half feet. Passengers, by looking into the water on the right side of the boat, can see the ledge we have been talking about.

One and a half miles from here to the Cascade, the last of this series of four, and the last but one on the river—the Lachine being the last. The cascade differs from all the rest, being a cutting, chopping sea, in which the boats are wrenched more than in any other rapid. On the right is the village of Melocheville, at the foot of the Beauharnois canal, eleven and one-half miles in length, that passes around this line of rapids. The boats of this and all other lines are compelled to pass through this canal, as none of them could ascend this line of rapids.

We are now thirty miles by water and twenty-four miles by land from Montreal. In the distance in front, is Mount Royal, or Montreal mountain. The park mountain drive, the most famous drive in the world, is up the brow of this mountain through a park. On the left is Il Perot Island, formed by the two channels of the Ottawa. The one we now see comes by St. Anns, where Moore wrote his famous Canadian boat song. A resident of St. Anns, Lieutenant-Colonel Dowker, says, that every spring the freshets of the Ottawa cause the water to come down into the St. Lawrence with such force as to cause an eddy to pass up the point of

the island and pass down the navigable channel of the Ottawa, and he can take a pail from his house, Chateau Blanc, (where the famous poet Moore resided, while at St. Anns and wrote his Canadian poems) proceed down to the river and dip up a pail of pure clear St. Lawrence water. The oldest church in the upper province and old forts are to be seen here.

On the left a portion of the Ottawa empties into the St. Lawrence. This is not, however, the main channel; the navigable portion of the river is just the other side of Il Perot. Note the difference between the color of the two waters; they are wide apart as green is from purple. The water of the Ottawa is of a dark brown color, caused by passing over low, marshy peat bed soils, and the huge forests through which this river passes, the leaves falling and rotting, and swept along by the freshets doubtless dye the water to the peculiar color observable. The waters of the two rivers do not readily mix, and each are distinct for many miles.

In the distance is Lake St. Louis or Lachine lake, 15 miles from the rapids to the foot of the lake, where we arrive at Lachine on the left, and Caughnawaga on the right. The latter is the residence of the Indian pilot, St. Jean Baptiste, who takes this line of boats down the Lachine rapids.

About half way through the lake on the right we come to Nun's island. That mound or elevation of ground which you see, was a fort in 1812, and English and American war-like parties met in sanguinary contest around here. It commands the entrance to the Chateaugay river. The village of Chateaugay is about 6 miles back. The Nun's island belongs to the Grey nuns, who have a hospital for their own

sick, and the spot is marked by a large cross, emblematic of their order.

Fifteen minutes from here we are in sight of Caughnawaga where we take on the Indian pilot, who has become of historical interest to tourists, as it was he who discovered the channel and took the first of this line down August 19, 1840, and has been in the employ of the company ever since. He is 69 years old, weighs 240 pounds, and stands 6 feet high. Many of the passengers imagine he is the only pilot that can take a boat through the Lachine rapids. This is not correct, for we have other pilots who can, but as he is paid for this especial service, they resign most cheerfully in his favor. He has never had an accident, and the company believe in holding to that which is good, and, therefore, "stick by the old man." He will emerge from shore in a small boat, accompanied by his two sons. They row him to the steamers, he comes on board, and the boys row home again. He remains on board till the next morning, takes the first train for Lachine, where he is met by the boys, who take him home in the row-boat. The Indian pilot's name is St. Jean Baptiste De Lisle; his Indian name, Ta-ya-ka, meaning in the U. S. language that "he will cross the river," but does not; he goes down the rapids. He has a family of six children, three boys and three girls. The girls are unmarried. I state this for the benefit of the young men on board, as the Indian pilot says he wants a "heap Yankee" for his girls.

The Indian pilot being on board, a description of Caughnawaga would not be amiss. Note the line of palatial residences along the bank beyond the church, the windows and doors kicked out to give them light and air. The palace



gardens in the front part of the back end of the house. The laundry of Caughnawaga is usually hung on the fence; it is not wash day to-day, as you can perceive. The bath-house is the whole water-front, but it is seldom used. The water-works is that barrel on shore. That fair damsel, waving her lilly white hand, is Mary Jane, my best girl. She comes out every day to welcome me, as she thinks I am on board. You can get her eye and have a flirtation, the same as I have had for years, and not make me jealous. That large brick structure is the centennial building, built during the centennial year by the celebrated Indian Chief, White Kicker. I think they use him to kick the windows and doors out of the palatial residences previously spoken of.

The finest crops raised in this section of the country are raised just below Caughnawaga. They raise them with a derrick. It is a blasted crop, however, and of no use until it is. This notable quarry is where most of the stone comes from for the construction of the locks in the new Lachine canal. The entrance of which is at Lachine, the village just passed at the foot of the lake on the left.

#### **THE VILLAGE OF LACHINE,**

at the foot of the lake on the left, is a favorite resort for Montrealers in summer. The inhabitants number about 2,000, but it is frequently augmented in the season to 9,000 or 10,000. Note the large buildings, which are the church, Villa de Marie convent, the school and university for the education of priests.

Caughnawaga, signifying "praying Indian" (my friend Ben Butler says they spell it with an e), is well laid out for an Indian village, with a population of 900, all Indians; no whites can live here.

Our Indian pilot being on board, we re-enter the river, and in a few minutes enter the Lachine rapids. Before reaching the rapids, the tourist can see the aqueduct that supplies the city of Montreal with water. Passing the foot of the rapids a first view of Montreal on the left, and on the right is the village of La Prairie. The first mountain on the left is Mount Bruno; second, Belleisle; the third, St. Pie. The next, and last sensation on the trip is passing under Victoria Bridge.

#### VICTORIA BRIDGE,

the largest and longest tubular bridge in the world, was built by Mr. Stephenson, in 1860, for the Grand Trunk Railroad by which it is owned and controlled. It is a mile and three-quarters of iron, two miles and a quarter with its approaches from shore. It is wholly of iron, top, bottom and sides—an iron tunnel, or box, as it were. There are twenty-four abutments, built wedge shape (to crush the immense ice fields that pass through this section, which, previous to the building of the bridge, did immense damage to Montreal during the spring freshets. There is no such thing as freshets on the St. Lawrence, the Ottawa flowing in some miles above, causing such disasters) upon which rests the sections of iron. These spans are from 250 to 360 feet long each, and the centre span is about 60 feet high. The bridge tubes are 16 x 22 feet. It contains no wagon road or foot-path, and is used by the G. T. R. and its connecting lines. The cost of this immense work was \$6,250,000, about one-half of which amount went to fatten the contractors. I was not one of them. I mention this on account of my size, and for fear some one would think I was wealthy. The bridge is constructed of sheets of iron with a two-inch edge turned

up and riveted to each other. It is fastened in the centre, loose on both ends on rollers, and is provided with a sliding track, so that there is no danger by expansion or contraction to passing trains. It expands and contracts from three and one-half to seven inches. The bridge is kept in thorough repair and well painted. The small holes, or perforations, in the sides of the bridge were originally intended to convey the smoke out, but found inadequate for that purpose, they caused to be erected last spring a line of flues the whole length. Now, if any smoke remains, it is carried out in a hand basket. The two movable scaffolds you see are used by the workmen in repairing and painting. It is not a draw bridge, and as we pass under the centre span, and not over it, you need not remove your hat if you remain on the deck. After passing under the bridge you will have a magnificent view of

#### **MONTREAL HARBOR.**

The points of interest in the harbor will all be described to you as we pass over St. Lambert's shoal, a very dangerous passage, previous to landing at the Quebec boat and transfer such passengers as desire to visit Quebec. The island you see front on the right, is St. Helen's Isle, used by the citizens of Montreal for pleasure, picnic parties, etc. A ferry plys between the city and island every half hour, from morning until 7 p. m. On Sunday from 3,000 to 20,000 persons visit the island, mostly French Canadians, three-fifths of whom comprise the population of Montreal. In the distant front on the left is the oldest church in Montreal; to the left of that, the largest building with the dome, is the Bonsecour Market and old City Hall. The new City Hall is that large building in the rear with the dome in

the centre and four columns one on each corner. Across the road to the left, that long building is the Court House. At the head of Jacques Cartier Square is a magnificent column erected to the memory of Lord Nelson. At the foot of the square lies a steamer of the Richlieu and Ontario Navigation Company. There are two steamers on this line, notably, the *Montreal* and *Quebec*. This company own twenty-one side-wheel boats. The Quebec line has the largest boats that floats the St. Lawrence River; they will compare favorably with the boats of the Sound or the Hudson River—triple-decked palace boats, built of Bessemer steel; one has a capacity of 360 state rooms—the other 280. The distance to Quebec is 180 miles, and the fare on this line only \$2.50—the cheapest on the continent. Beyond, on the left, the two massive towers you see belong to the French church of Notre Dame. It is not a cathedral, but simply a parish church. (The cathedral is on Dominion Square, in process of erection, and when complete, will be one-half the size of St. Peters, at Rome.) It is the largest on the continent, and has contained within its walls, front porch and stairways, on the 24th of June last (St. John's day), two thousand souls. Beyond is the Custom House, with the clock in the tower, and still further up the examining houses of the Custom House, as well as the office, docks and steamers of the Allan line. The first stop is at Quebec boat; passengers for Montreal remain on deck, as this line is compelled to enter the first lock in the Lachine canal; the gates close and the water is allowed to enter, which raises the boat to the level of the lock when the passengers are allowed to depart. Montreal is the commercial metropolis of the Dominion, with a population of 150,000, three-fifths of which are French Canadians. The docks,

piers, wharfs, etc., of Montreal, are the finest on the continent. It is the second city of commercial importance—New York being first. Six steamship companies leave here weekly for Europe during the summer season, and a large amount of business must of a necessity be done, as its channel is closed during five months of the winter. The water front is all lighted with the electric light, so that work is carried on during the summer months night and day. Having selected your hotel and arrived at the same, our next duty will be to see the sights of

### **MONTREAL.**

It is situated at the head of navigation for ocean vessels, 540 miles from the Gulf of St. Lawrence, on the Island of Montreal, which lies between the two great rivers of the north, the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa. The island is about thirty-two miles in length, and at its widest some ten in breadth; it is so fertile as to be called the garden of the Province. The surface of the island is level, with the exception of the eminence of Mount Royal, which rises 550 feet above the river level. Mount Royal gives the name to the city which lies at its base. The settlement of the town was originally determined by the first explorer, Jacques Cartier, in 1535, at which time an Indian village, Hochelaga, occupied the spot. The permanent founding of the place, however, did not occur till 1642, and in one hundred years of growth thereafter it gathered a population of 4,000. It was under French rule until 1760, when it passed into the hands of the British. In 1832 the cholera raged in Montreal with great violence, carrying off 1,843 inhabitants in a population of but 30,000. In April, 1849, a political mob burnt the Parliament buildings, which were erected on

McGill street, and the seat of Government was, in consequence, transferred to Quebec, thence to Toronto, and finally to Ottawa, where it remains. In July, 1852, a destructive fire laid waste a large portion of the city, burning 170 houses, and consuming property valued at \$1,400,000. Notwithstanding these reverses the city recovered, and to-day numbers a population of 150,000. Years of industry and enterprise have produced growth and improvement in Montreal; such as but few American cities can boast of, and perhaps but one—Chicago—has exceeded. At the beginning of the present century vessels of more than 300 tons could not ascend to Montreal, and its foreign trade was carried on by brigs and barges. Now ocean steamships of over 4,000 tons, the floating palaces of the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company, and ships of from 700 to 4,000 tons from all parts of the world, occupy the wharves of the harbor, which are not equaled on this continent in point of substantial construction, convenience and cleanliness. The old part of Montreal, near the river, has narrow, incommodious streets; but the new growth of the city toward Mount Royal has been liberally laid out, with wide and cheerful thoroughfares. The architecture here is very fine; the material chiefly used is a zinc-colored lime-stone, extensively quarried three miles from the city. The public buildings, banks, and principal warehouses are solid and handsome enough to adorn a European capital. The great wealth of the Roman Catholic Church has enabled it to erect many magnificent churches, hospitals and convents, always in a very massive and enduring style. Other denominations seem to have been excited by emulation, and vie with each other in the beauty and elegance of their places of worship. Among the evidences of the

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MONTREAL.

French origin of the city are to be noticed a few curious old buildings to be found lingering here and there about Jacques Cartier Square, or occupying sites on the eastern part of the river front. These old houses were built somewhat like fortifications, and have heavily vaulted cellars, wherein treasure might be stored or a defence made against hostile foes, in the days when Indians and whites, French and British were fighting and plundering each other. The French Canadians in the city continue still to be a little more than half the population, and, although their language here has not been unaffected by the constant intercourse with English-speaking people, it is not, as commonly supposed, a *patois*, but such French as was spoken by the polite and educated in France, when the emigrants who first settled Canada, left the shores of their mother-land. The naming of many of the streets of Montreal after saints and holy things reminds one that its founders were not exiles nor adventurers, but enthusiastic missionaries.

#### PLACES OF INTEREST.

The Post Office is built on St. James street, the chief thoroughfare of this city, opposite the new St. Lawrence Hall. The reason I use the word new may be asked. Well, the hotel has been newly re-fitted, the corner building purchased, one hundred elegant and commodious rooms added, with baths and closets, electric bells and elevators, etc., etc. The old proprietor, Mr. Henry Hogan, pronounced by connoisseurs to be the best landlord in the Dominion, has assumed the proprietorship and has associated with him as manager Mr. Samuel Montgomery, the best choice that could be made, as he is an American from the Pacific slope, where they know how



to keep a hotel. I therefore cheerfully recommend you to stop at the new St. Lawrence Hall during your stay in Montreal. Starting from there, it being the centre, every point of interest is within fifteen minutes' walk of this hotel. The first building to the left is the new Post Office, recently finished, with a richly decorated exterior, and every internal improvement which modern ingenuity has devised. Adjoining it is the Bank of Montreal, in the Corinthian style of architecture, with a sculpture on the pediment depicting native Indians, a sailor and settler with the emblems of the arts and trade. The corporation occupying this noble building is the richest one of the kind in America. It has branches in every town of importance in the Dominion, and has offices in New York, Chicago and London. It issues letters of credit on all parts of the world. Its capital and reserve fund amounts to \$18,000,000. Adjoining the Bank of Montreal is the Canada Pacific Railroad office, a simple solid structure in the Doric style. Other banks having their offices on Place d'Armes are the Jacques Cartier, Ontario, Quebec and National Banks. On the south side of the square, the great Parish Church of Notre Dame looms up. The dimensions of this vast Norman edifice are 225 feet in length, and is 134 feet in width. Its towers are 220 feet high; the western one contains the largest bell in America, "Gros Bourdon," in weight 29,400 pounds. The seating capacity of the church is 10,000. It has recently been decorated in deep colors and gold, after the manner of the St. Chapelle at Paris. Suspended over the western gallery, and near the grand altar, is an immense wooden crucifix. This was brought from France two centuries ago, and was first set up in the church built on the ground now Place d'Armes. Adjoining Notre Dame is the venerable

Seminary of St. Sulpice, with its old gateway, courtyard and clock. The gentlemen of this seminary originally held valuable rights affecting the entire island of Montreal; much of the land yet remains in their hands. With the wealth thus brought to their coffers they have liberally established and conducted many institutions of charity and education scattered throughout the city. We are now on Notre Dame street, the chief retail street in Montreal. Turning eastward a few feet from Notre Dame church, on the same side of the street, you arrive at 288 and 290, where is located the finest dry goods palace in the city, Messrs. H. & H. Merrill's establishment, who invite you to call and inspect their goods. Adjoining is R. Sharpley & Sons. A little above, on the left, is 277, J. & E. McEntyre, merchant tailors. They make all my clothes, therefore, if they can fit me further comments are unnecessary. A little above is Lanthier & Co. Let us go on the left hand and we shall soon arrive at the Court House, a fine Grecian building, of simple and massive appearance. A few steps further on the right brings us to Nelson's monument, setting forth in bas-relief the various victories which the great naval hero won without the loss of a single British ship. This monument is in Jacques Cartier Square, at the foot of which is the wharf of the Quebec steamers.

Keeping on Notre Dame street, directly beside the monument, we find opposite to each other two buildings which form a sharp contrast. The one on the left is the new City Hall, a lofty and ornate specimen of French architecture; facing it is the "old chateau," a structure probably thought very fine a century ago, when Benjamin Franklin set up in it the first printing press ever used in the city. Now the old place is a Normal School, and the discoveries



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of the illustrious American are explained there, and let us hope his witty sayings repeated and acted upon. We can now take our way to the river side, and a block from Jacques Cartier Square shall find Bonsecours Market, a vast substantial Doric structure. Here, if it be market day, we may see a little of the French Canadian peasantry, clad in their home-spun, and bargaining about their fowls, or eggs or butter with many queer words and phrases now almost forgotten in the Normandy whence they were first brought. Next to the market is Bonsecours Church, a rough-cast building with a high-pitched roof, and with a breadth of a few feet adjoining it, occupied by cobblers and cake shops. This church is the oldest Roman Catholic one in the city; its entrance is at the farther side; rarely is it unoccupied by some worshippers from the adjacent market, who bring in, without ceremony, their baskets and bundles. Suspended over the altar is a model of a ship in bright tin, in which usually burning tapers are placed. Returning, on the water-front, we note the ships and steamers from Liverpool, Glasgow, London, Havre, Rotterdam and other ports; and on the right successively pass the Custom House, a triangular building, with a clock tower; the office of the Allan Line, also having a clock; and the fine building of the Harbor Commissioners. Next to it is a curious looking pile, with external hoist-ways from top to bottom, this is the Customs Examining Warehouse. Before we leave this vicinity, we shall glance backward at the street from Allan's office to the Custom House.

Taking a short journey, still upon the river-front, we come to the great works of stone masonry, which are to give to Montreal an enlarged canal to Lachine, so that vessels of much greater tonage than the ones at present used



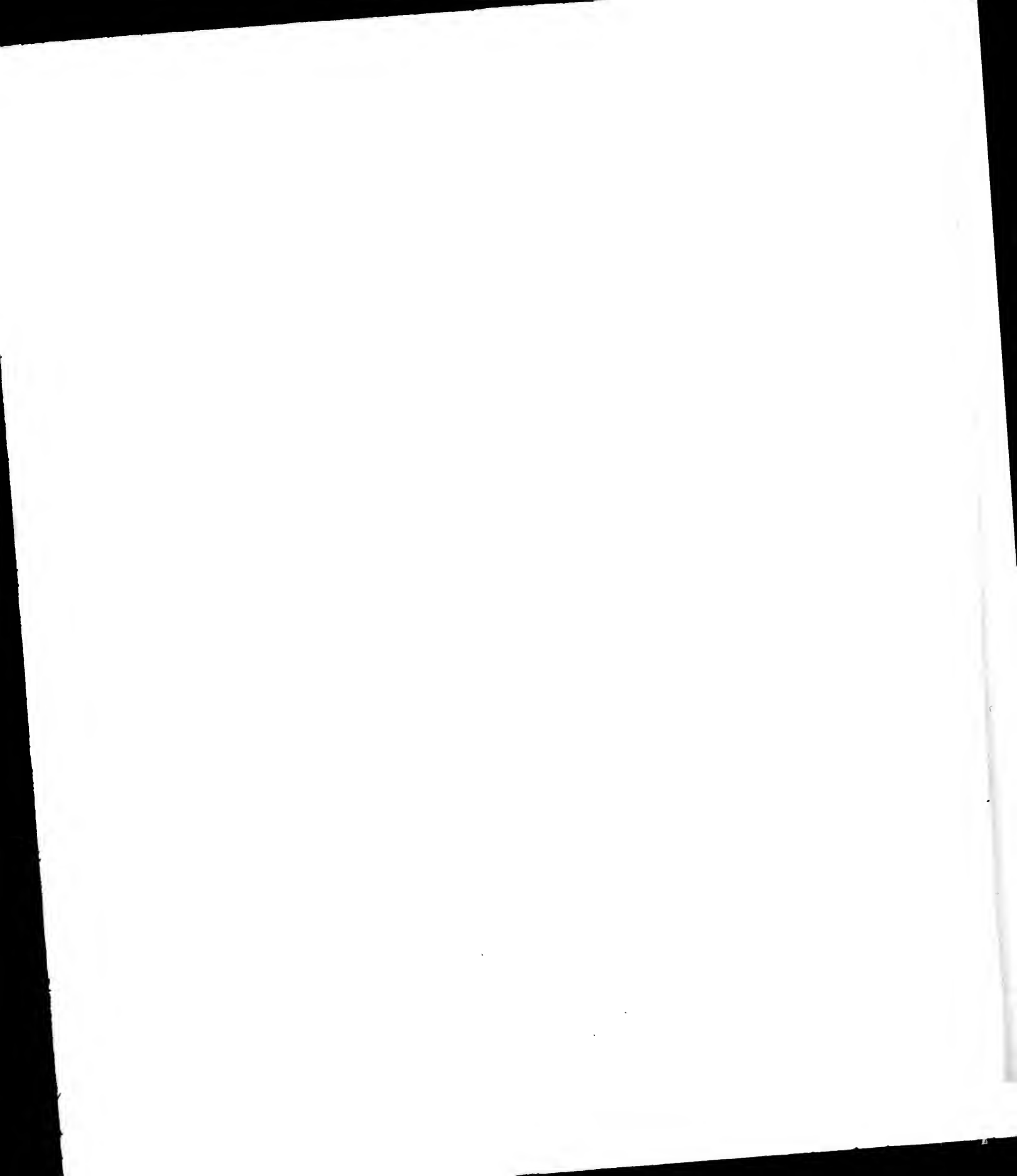
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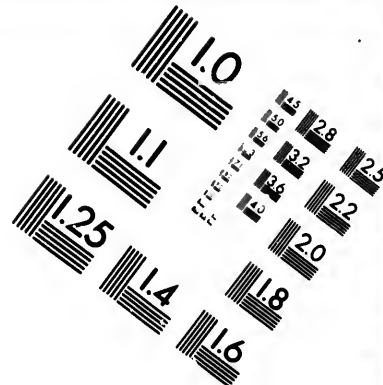
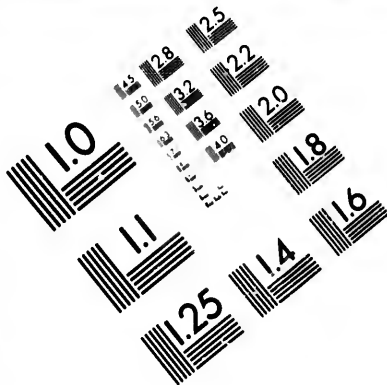
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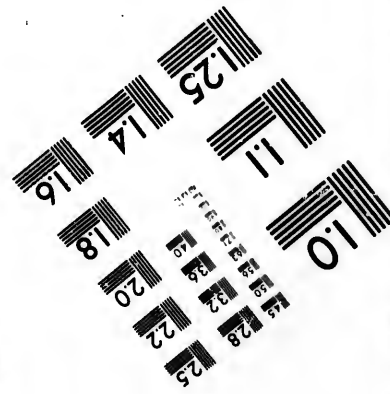
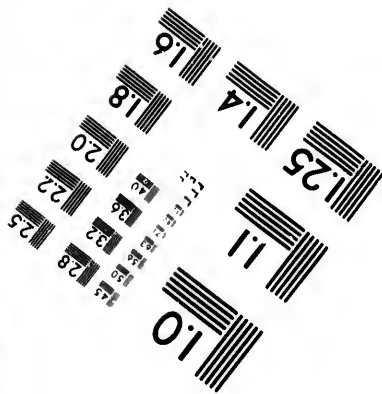
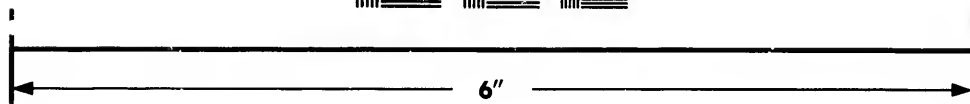
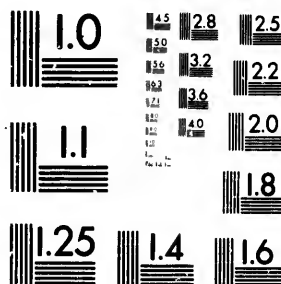
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may be employed in the grain trade. This enterprise is one of a series of canal improvements by which Canada strives to retain and increase its business as a highway for the shipment of western produce to the sea-board.

Retracing our steps, we take the wide street running up from the city, McGill, and mark the fine warehouses that adorn it. Arriving at Notre Dame street, on the right is the dry goods house of D. C. Laidlaw. A little above, on the left, John Murphy & Co., and the great J. Carsley, who occupies the six or seven stores in succession, which you are invited to inspect, and I am positive you will be as favorably impressed as I was. Retracing our steps back to McGill street, we turn to the right, opposite, on the left. In the Ottawa building, to W. McDunnough, opposite, is J. J. Milloy and Savage & Lyman's. A little above is T. J. Dawson's, the ladies' store, the mecca of the ladies of the party. Opposite is G. W. Clark's, and a little above is Drysdale & Co. Just as we enter St. James street, is the Albert Building and Victoria Square, which contains a statue of Queen Victoria, in bronze, from the studio of Marshall Wood. On our way to the Post Office from whence we started, we come on the right, at the corner of St. Peter street, to the Mechanics Institute. This building contains a good library, the admission fee to which is only nominal; and a very good reading-room, having on its tables the principal dailies of America, the *London Times*, the *Glasgow Herald*, the *Dublin Warder*, the *Edinburgh Scotsman*, and all the weeklies, monthlies and quarterlies of both England and the United States. Strangers can have free access to this reading-room, for the period of two weeks, by applying to Mr. Hogan, the proprietor of the New St. Lawrence Hall.

Opposite to the Mechanics' Insitute is the Merchants' Bank, built in modern Italian style, with polished granite columns at the entrance; the interior of this bank should be seen; the main office is carried up two stories in height, and is beautifully frescoed. Diagonally across the street is Molson's Bank, also of Italian design, and richly decorated. At 219 St. James street, is Charles Alexander's. We are now nearly at the hotel again, where we may conclude for the present our inspection of the city.

Resuming our sight-seeing, we shall now leave behind us the business streets, and take our way to the upper part of Montreal. Our suggestion is, take St. James sreet to the first crossing on the right as you leave the hotel, St. Peter street. After two blocks, this street changes its name to Bleury street. At No. 17 we may enter Notman's studio, a large handsome building entirely devoted to photographic art. Here we may spend half an hour very pleasantly in looking over views of Canadian scenery, and portraits taken singly, or skilfully grouped, representing the sports and pastimes of our winter. The chief of these pictures is that which shows a carnival held at the Victoria Skating Rink, seven years ago, when H. R. H. Prince Arthur was present. This photographic marvel, with others now surrounding it on the walls of Mr. Notman, attracted great attention and admiration at the Centennial Exhibition. Mr. Notman was photographer to the Exhibition and received its highest awards.

Continuing on Bleury street, we soon reach on the left the Church of the Gesu, with St. Mary's College adjoining it, conducted by the Jesuit fathers. This church is modeled after one of the same name at Rome, where the remains

of Loyola are entombed. The style of architecture is the round Roman arch. The interior is one of the most beautiful among American churches. Over the high altar is a fresco of the crucifixion. In the southern transept the sufferings of the first Canadian martyr, burnt by savages, are depicted. Leaving the elegant house of prayer, we shall continue on Bleury street until we come to St. Catharine street. A few steps brings us to the Nazareth Asylum for the Blind, attached to which (No. 1091) is a most ornate chapel, decorated in such a lovely manner as to lead one to suppose that it was done to encourage the suffering inmates of the asylum to see.

The next building on this side of the street (No. 1077), is the Roman Catholic Commercial Academy, a lordly monument of wealth and munificence, containing all the modern appliances for the practical training of youth, and presided over by an able staff of professors. If we keep going eastward on St. Catharine street, we pass on St. Denis street, the immense parish church of St. James, with the tallest spire in the city. Near by is the new church which is dedicated to Notre Dame de Lourdes; water and relics from her shrine at Lourdes in France, are for sale in the basement. Adjoining the church are its conventual buildings.

Returning on St. Catharine street, we soon come to Christ Church Cathedral (Church of England), unquestionably the most beautiful specimen of gothic architecture in Canada. It is of cruciform design; its extreme width is 100 feet. The spire, which is entirely of stone, rises to a height of 224 feet. The materials of construction are Montreal limestone and stone from Caen, in Normandy, which latter, by exposure to the weather, has changed from almost pure

whiteness to a yellow tint. On the grounds of the cathedral are erected the residences of the bishop and his assistants, the Synod Hall, and also a fine monument to Bishop Fulford, the first Metropolitan of Canada. The street running on the farther side of the cathedral is University street, and at No. 82, one block distant, is the Natural History Museum, containing a good Canadian collection. University street leads us down to Dorchester street, on the corner of which is the St. James Club House. Taking Dorchester street westward, we pass on the left St. Paul's church (Presbyterian). On the same side we soon have a view of the vast proportions of the new Roman Catholic Cathedral, in course of construction.

Across the square on which St. Peter's is building, we notice a beautiful church, St. Georges (Church of England), and adjoining it is its Sunday school, the largest and best conducted in Canada. On Dorchester street, fronting Dominion Square, on Peel street, is the Windsor Hotel. Next beyond on Dorchester street is the Victoria Skating Rink, where immense carnivals are held in the winter, the grandest in the world; in the summer the spacious edifice is used for concerts, walking matches, public gatherings, meetings, etc. Two blocks distant is the Foundling Hospital of the Gray Nun—a visit to which is thus described: A long procession of the nuns marched slowly into the chapel and knelt in prayer. Each nun had a crucifix and a string of beads attached, and whatever may have been the case with their thoughts, their eyes never wandered, notwithstanding strangers were gazing at them. Some were young and pretty, others old and plain, but the sacred character of their labor of love invested them all with beauty. We said the eyes of none wandered. Perhaps we ought to confess

that the quick, sharp glance of one, apparently younger than the others, startled us for a moment; but it was only curiosity—womanly curiosity—and what woman has not the curiosity to look at me. Yet that moment was fruitful of thought, and as we saw the sad, dark-eyed beauty rise in her place and mechanically follow her more staid sisters, our mind went back to the days of chivalry, when gallant knights rode with lance at rest, or wielded the heavy battle-axe in heroic deeds that they might win recognition from the proud ladies who looked down upon them. And as we thought, it seemed that the most gallant deeds which men of this nineteenth century might do, would be to rescue young and pretty nuns—who wanted to be rescued from the silence and sadness of a nunnery.

We are now arrested by an immense structure even larger than the institution just passed; it is the Montreal college, which educates ecclesiastics, and also day pupils, and is under the care of the Sulpician fathers. The two Martello towers in front of the college are relics of the times when incessant strife raged between the settlers and the Indians. Sherbrooke Street is adorned with the private residences for which the citizens of Montreal are proud, and in your drive around the town, previous to or after returning from your Park Mountain drive, it will repay one to drive through Sherbrooke, Dennis and Dorchester streets. The McGill College, University and spacious grounds are the next points.

As we pass along Sherbrooke Street, in the distance we observe, as we glance up St. Famille Street, the enormous Hotel Dieu, with a large bright dome, a free hospital for all, under Roman Catholic direction.

Returning to the Post Office, preferably by Beaver Hall Hill, we shall not fail to be struck by the number of handsome churches erected there together. On the right is the Unitarian church, on the left, successively a Presbyterian, Baptist, and Jewish synagogue. Near by on Craig Street, is a towered building occupied by the Young Men's Christian Association.

We are soon at the New St. Lawrence Hall, and before mentioning the drives that may be taken outside the city, it may be well to call attention to a few places near at hand a business man or a student may be interested in visiting: The Corn Exchange, foot of St. John Street, the Merchants' Exchange, St. Sacrament Street, the offices of the Telegraph Co. and the Open Stock Exchange, St. Francois Xavier Street. Near the beginning of St. James Street, on St. Gabriel Street, is the Geological Museum, open daily from 10 to 4, containing an admirable collection of North American minerals, and many interesting fossils. Here may be seen, what many geologists regard as the most primitive record of life, the *Eozoön Canadense*, first noticed at Perth, Ontario, by a Mr. Wilson. From the fact that the oldest fossil-bearing stratum, the Laurentian, is the back-bone, geographically, of Canada, and because of the great variety of rocks found in the immediate vicinity of Montreal, this museum is particularly attractive to a lover of science. An effort is on foot to deprive the city of this collection, and, for the sake of centralization, remove it to Ottawa. I offer this as an apology in case it should be removed.

## DRIVES.

As I have said two or three times, by far the most pleasant drive is up the brow of Mount Royal, called the Park Mountain drive. There are, presumably, two roads; the shorter returns by McTavish Street, the other by Bleury. The park was laid out by Mr. Olmstead, the designer of Central Park, New York, whose achievements there were recognized by a statue adorning one of the entrances. The river view from Mount Royal is delightful, and must be seen to be appreciated. I dare not attempt to describe it. A suggestion of how to get a hundred pictures of every conceivable shape or form of landscape views, containing mountain, plain, river, lake, hillside, valley, etc., etc., is to close the eye, place the hands on each end of the forehead, and every time the carriage moves a hundred feet open the eyes and you have an entire new picture. Keep this up until you have had an elegant sufficiency of views. The next drive is around the mountain, and was the best until the completion of the Park Mountain drive; it is pleasant and attractive when it includes a drive to the Catholic and Protestant cemeteries, giving a view of the monuments and tombs. The drive to Lachine is next, and is of interest. The drive to Longue Point, along the St. Lawrence in the opposite direction to the last, gives us an entirely different kind of scenery. It takes us through the village of Hochelaga, the terminus of the new railroad, the Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa and Occidental, which runs along the north



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**CHARLES C. McFALL,**  
Agent, Montreal.

shore of the St. Lawrence, and develops tracts of country as yet unbenefitted by the iron horse. About a mile from the depot is the beautiful convent of the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary. Many young ladies from the United States have been educated at this convent. The next noteworthy building is the Lunatic Asylum. This immense house, containing nearly 300 maniacs, idiots and imbeciles, is controlled by the Sisters of Providence; these ladies, with the exception of six guardians for desperate characters, and a physician, have sole charge. They find no trouble in the care of the numerous inmates, and by their kindness and tact restore mental balance, in all the cases where cure is possible, in a tithe the time it used to take in the old days when the insane were treated with harshness and cruelty. On our way to Longue Point, the villages of Longueuil, Boucherville and Varennes lie on the opposite bank of the river. The drive to the Black river is an attractive one, and with citizens the most popular of all; the beautiful convent of the Sacred Heart is situated here, and its grounds, finely laid out, lead directly to the water's edge. The bridge which spans the river at this place—a branch of the Ottawa—affords one of the characteristic sights of Canada, the piloting of a raft through a tortuous channel. The size of an ordinary raft, its great value, from \$100,000 to \$300,000, the excitement of the captain and his French and Indian crew, with the constant perils threatening the whole structure, all conjoin to make up a scene to be dwelt upon and long remembered. Thus hoping the same will be said of your visit to Montreal, I shall advise all to visit

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**QUEBEC.**

Tourists can take either the Grand Trunk, the North Shore, or the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co.'s line of steamers. Tickets can be procured of the company's agent in the New St. Lawrence Hall building, where staterooms, etc. may be secured. I assume that the river is the route selected, and that the reader is fairly on his way to that ancient city and former capital. Passing a group of islands below Montreal and the mouth of the Ottawa river, we soon arrive at

**SOREL,**

forty-five miles below,—the first landing made by the steamer. It was built upon the sight of a fort built in 1755, by M. De Tracy and was for many years the summer residence of many successive Governors of Canada. Five miles below, the broad expanse of the river is called

**LAKE ST. PETER,**

which is about nine miles wide. The St. Francis river enters here. Large rafts are observed here slowly floating to the great mart at Quebec.

**THREE RIVERS**

is situated at the confluence of the river St. Maurice and St. Lawrence, ninety miles below Montreal, and the same distance above Quebec. It is one of the oldest settled towns in Canada, having been founded in 1618. It is well laid out and contains many good buildings, among which are the Court House, the Goal, the Roman Catholic Church, the Ursuline Convent, the English and Wesleyan churches. The population of Three Rivers is about 9,200.

**BATISCAN**

is situated on the north shore of the river, one-hundred and seventeen miles below Montreal. It is the last place the steamers stop before reaching Quebec. It is a place of little importance.

In passing down the St. Lawrence from Montreal, the country upon its banks presents a sameness in its general scenery, until we approach the vicinity of Quebec. The villages and hamlets are decidedly French in character, generally made up of small buildings, the better class of which are painted white or whitewashed, with red roofs. Prominent in the distance appear the tile-covered spires of the Catholic churches, which are all constructed in that unique style of architecture so peculiar to that Church.

During your stay in Quebec stop at the St. Louis Hotel, and if carriages are desired the hotel will furnish the same. This was made necessary in order to stop the imposition that is practiced by out-side parties.

**CITY OF QUEBEC.**

Quebec, by its historic fame and its unequalled scenery, is no ordinary or common-place city, for though, like other large communities, it carries on trade, commerce and manufactures; cultivates art, science and literature; abounds in charities, and professes special regard to the amenities of social life, it claims particular attention as being a strikingly unique old place, the stronghold of Canada, and, in fact, the key of the Province. Viewed from any of its approaches, it impresses the stranger with the conviction of strength and permanency. The reader of American history, on entering its gates or wandering over its squares, ramparts

and battle fields, puts himself at once in communion with the illustrious dead. The achievements of daring mariners, the labors of self-sacrificing Missionaries of the Cross, and the conflicts of military heroes, who bled and died in the assault and defence of its walls, are here re-read with tenfold interest. Then the lover of nature in her grandest and most rugged, as in her gentler and most smiling forms, will find in and around it an affluence of sublime and beautiful objects. The man of science, too, may be equally gratified, for here the great forces of nature and secret alchemy may be studied with advantage. Quebec can never be a tame or insipid place, and with moderate opportunities for advancement, it must become one of the greatest cities of the New World in respect of learning, art, commerce and manufactures.

The city of Quebec was founded by Samuel de Champlain, in 1608. In 1622 the population was reduced to fifty souls.

In June, 1759, the English army under General Wolfe landed upon the Island of Orleans. On the 12th of September took place the celebrated battle of the Plains of Abraham, which resulted in the death of Wolfe, and the defeat of the French army. A force of 5,000 English troops, under General Murray, were left to garrison the fort. The city is very interesting to a stranger; it is the only walled city in North America.

Cape Diamond, upon which the citadel stands, is three hundred and forty-five feet in height, and derives its name from the quantity of crystal mixed with the granite below its surface. The fortress includes the whole space on the Cape.

Above the spot where General Montgomery was killed is now the inclined plane, running to the top of the bank ; it is five hundred feet long, and is used by the Government to convey stores and other articles of great weight to the fortress.

### THE CITADEL,

will perhaps prove the point of greatest interest to many, from the historical associations connected therewith, and from the fact that it is considered an impregnable fortress. It covers an enclosed area of forty acres, and is some three hundred and forty feet above the river level. The zigzag passages through which you enter the fortress, between high and massive granite walls, is swept at every turn by formidable batteries of heavy guns. On the forbidding river walls and at each angle or possible commanding point, guns of heavy calibre sweep every avenue of approach by the river. Ditches, breast-works and frowning batteries command the approaches by land from the famed "Plains of Abraham." The precipitous bluffs, rising almost perpendicularly from the river three hundred and forty feet, present a natural barrier which may be swept with murderous fire, and the covered ways of approach and retreat, the various kinds and calibre of guns, mortars, howitzers and munitions of war, will be viewed with eager interest. Among the places of note may be mentioned: The plains of Abraham, with its humble monument, marking the place where fell the illustrious Wolfe ; the Governor's Garden, with its monument to Wolfe and Montcalm ; the spot where fell the American General, Montgomery ; St. John's Gate, the only gate remaining of the five that originally pierced the walls of the

city; the Roman Catholic Cathedral, with its many fine old paintings; the Episcopal Cathedral; the Esplanade, from which is one of the finest views in the world; Houses of Parliament; Spencer Wood, the residence of the Lieut. Governor; Laval University, &c., &c.

The city and environs abound in drives, varying from five to thirty miles, in addition to being on the direct line of travel to the far-famed Saguenay, Murray Bay, Kamouraska, Gacouna, Rimouski, Gaspé, and other noted watering places.

Quebec can minister abundantly to the tastes of those who like to yacht, fish or shoot. Yachting, in fact, has become of late the leading recreation in Quebec. You can on those mellow Saturday afternoons in August and September, meet the whole sporting and fashionable world of Upper Town on the Durham Terrace or Lower Town wharves, bent on witnessing a trial of speed or seamanship between the *Mouette*, the *Black Hawk*, the *Wasp*, the *Shannon*, the *Bon Homme Richard*, and half a score of crack yachts with their owners.

Let us see what the city contains:—First, the west wing, built about 1789, by Governor Haldimand, to enlarge the old chateau burnt down in January, 1734; this mouldering pile, now used as the Normal School, is all that remains of the stately edifice of old, over-hanging and facing the Cul-de-Sac, where the lordly Count de Frontenac held his quasi regal court in 1691, next, the Laval University, founded in 1854, conferring degrees under its loyal charter; the course of study is similar to that of the celebrated European University of Louvain; then there is the Quebec Seminary, erected by Bishop Laval, a Montmorency, in 1663; the

Ursuline Convent, founded in 1636 by Madame de la Peltrie; this nunnery, with the Roman Catholic Cathedral, which was built in 1646, contains many valuable paintings, which left France about 1789; the General Hospital, founded two centuries ago by Monseigneur de St. Vallier; in 1759, it was the chief hospital for the wounded and the dying of the memorable battle of the 13 September—Arnold and his Continentals found protection against the rigors of a Canadian winter behind its walls in 1775-6; the Hotel Dieu nunnery, close to Palace Gate, dating more than 200 years back.

As to the views to be obtained from Durham Terrace, the Glacis and the Citadel, they are unique in grandeur. Each street has its own familiar vista of the surrounding country.

#### MONTMORENCY FALLS

is seven miles below Quebec. The road is very pleasant, passing through the French village of Beauport. Those who expect to see a second Niagara will be very much disappointed. The stream descends in silvery threads, over a precipice 240 feet in height, and, in connection with the surrounding scenery, is extremely picturesque and beautiful, but inspires none of the awe felt at Niagara.

#### POINT LEVIS.

on the other side of the river opposite Quebec, will interest the stranger very much, immense and stupendous fortifications being in process of erection. Most tourists visiting Quebec, pay the Saguenay a visit. The ticket office of this line is opposite the St. Louis Hotel, where my genial



friend Stocking will cheerfully impart any information required.

### RIVER SAGUENAY.

To the pleasure-seeker, or to the man of science, there can be nothing more refreshing and delightful, any thing affording more food for reflection or scientific observation, than a trip to that most wonderful of rivers, the Saguenay. On the way thither, the scenery of the Lower St. Lawrence is extraordinarily picturesque: a broad expanse of water interspersed with rugged solitary islets, highly cultivated islands, and islands covered with trees to the water's edge, hemmed in by lofty and precipitous mountains on the one side, and by a continuous street of houses, relieved by beautifully situated villages, the spires of whose tin-covered churches glitter in the sunshine, affords a prospect so enchanting, that, were nothing else to be seen, the tourist would be well repaid; but when, in addition to all this, the tourist suddenly passes from a landscape unsurpassed for beauty into a region of primitive grandeur, where art has done nothing, and nature everything; when, at a single bound, civilization is left behind and nature stares him in the face, in naked majesty; when he sees Alps on Alps arise; when he floats over unfathomable depths, through a mountain gorge, the sublime entirely overwhelms the sense of sight and fascinates imagination.

The change produced upon the thinking part of man, in passing from the broad St. Lawrence into the seemingly narrow and awfully deep Saguenay, whose waters leave the sides of the towering mountains, which almost shut out the very light of heaven, is such as no pen can paint nor tongue

describe. It is a river one should see if only to know what dreadful aspects nature can assume in wild moods. Compared to it, the Dead Sea is blooming, and the wildest ravines cosy and smiling; it is wild and grand, apparently, in spite of itself. On either side rise cliffs, varying in perpendicular height from 1,200 to 1,600 feet, and this is the character of the River Saguenay from its mouth to its source. Ha! Ha! bay, which is 60 miles from its mouth, affords the first landing and anchorage. The name of this bay is said to arise from the circumstance of early navigators proceeding in sailing vessels up a river of this kind for 60 miles, with eternal sameness of feature, stern and high rocks on which they could not land, and no bottom for their anchors, at last broke out into laughing Ha! Ha! when they found landing and anchorage. This wonderful river seems one huge mountain rent asunder at some remote age by some great convulsion of nature. The reader who goes to see it (and all ought to do so who can, for it is one of the great natural wonders of the continent), can add to the poetical filling up of the picture from his own imagination.

This beautiful trip is easy and facile of accomplishment, as new and magnificent boats, rivaling in luxuriousness with any in our inland waters, run regularly to Ha! Ha! bay, on board of which the pleasure seeker will experience all that comfort and accommodation which is necessary to the full enjoyment of such a trip.

To the foregoing descriptions we append an extract from the letter of a writer in the *Buffalo Commercial Advertiser*, who has apparently gone over the "ground" with much satisfaction. Speaking of the great pleasure route, he says:

"There is probably no route in the known world presenting more attractions to the tourist than that from Buffalo to Montreal and Quebec, via Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence river; presenting, first, the visit to the great cataract, next, Lake Ontario, the river St. Lawrence, and the romantic scenery of the "Thousand Isles;" then the sublime rapids, increasing in grandeur to the great culmination of the "Lachine rapids," and finally finishing with the beautiful scenery of and around the Falls of Montmorency, at Quebec and down the Saguenay—all combine to make up more of the wild, romantic and sublime than can be found in the same number of miles on almost any traveled route in the known world."

Returning to Montreal for our trip down Lake Champlain and Lake George, to Saratoga, Albany, New York and Boston, as most of the tourists have tickets for these destinations, the routes need only be mentioned. The Delaware & Hudson Canal Company Railroad, the Central Vermont and the Southeastern railroads all have agents and ticket offices in Montreal, where information is courteously dispensed by obliging, gentlemanly clerks at all times. It would be useless here to print the timetables of the different roads, as changes occur too often for such information to be reliable. As you are supposed to be quartered at the new St. Lawrence Hotel, which is in the heart of the city, and contains the Grand Trunk Railroad, Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company and Delaware and Hudson Canal Company offices, and directly opposite is the Central Vermont office, presided over by A. C. Stonegrave, any time-table required is easily obtainable.

All railroads issuing summer excursion tickets through, over this line, allow passengers, if they desire, to procure at Port Kent depot a ticket which entitles them to visit Au Sable Chasm, and return to Port Kent for 75 cents.

Leaving Montreal in the morning, by taking the first train on the Delaware & Hudson Canal Railroad, if you wish to make Lake George, Saratoga or Albany the same day; your tickets may read Lake Champlain Co. steamers, but it is all the same; boat and rail belong to the same parties. Should you desire to take Lake Champlain, leave Montreal in the afternoon and go to Au Sable Chasm, via Port Kent; remain over night at Lake View House, taking the boat at 8 A. M. from there to Fort Ticonderoga, and then down Lake George; or proceed on the train at 10:30. By getting off at Port Kent the distance to Lake View House is only three miles by stage over a first-class plank road; therefore, it may be said, if you desire to make both lakes on the same day, you are compelled to leave Montreal in the afternoon and go to Au Sable Chasm via Port Kent, and remain over night at the Lake View Hotel, which will be found to be an excellent house; taking the boat in the morning. If tickets read by the Central Vermont Railroad you go to Burlington, where you arrive for supper, and as the boat does not leave there until nine o'clock in the morning, you have plenty of time to see that beautiful city before the leaving of the boat; at any rate you won't have to rise as early as if you were at Plattsburg.

## LAKE VIEW HOUSE, AT AU SABLE CHASM,

Is on a high plateau, three miles above Port Kent, which is on the west side of Lake Champlain, opposite Burlington, and on the New York and Canada Railroad, and at which all passenger trains and steamboats stop.

THE HOTEL commands extended and grand views of the lake and Green Mountains on the one side, and of the Adirondack Mountains on the other.

It is lighted by gas; has hot and cold water baths, &c., on each floor; sewerage arrangements of the best character; telegraph, billiard-room, bowling-alleys, and livery stable.

THE TABLE is, in all respects, first-class, including the not very usual feature (at such places) of an abundance of vegetables—not canned, but fresh from the garden, and fruits in season.

THE AIR will be found remarkably bracing, dry and healthy; while good roads, picturesque and varied scenery, with numerous walks and drives, combine to make the place a most attractive and desirable summer resort.

THE LAKE VIEW HOUSE is open the year round, but is principally a Summer resort.

### THE CHASM.

This beautiful natural wonder is formed by the Au Sable River, which has cut a channel in the Potsdam Sandstone, leaving gorges and precipices of varied shapes towering above its dark waters—the top and sides of which are fringed with cedars, whose sombre shadows add to its mysterious grandeur.

The length of the Chasm proper is nearly two miles. In places the river is over fifty feet wide, in others it is compressed to only ten feet, and is of great depth. It dashes through its confined channel, forming a variety of beautiful cascades, rapids and falls.

Frederica Bremer said "a visit to the Chasm would reward a voyage from Europe." European visitors generally fully endorse this sentiment, and no lover of fine scenery should omit a visit to the Chasm.

J. H. BURDSALL,

*Manager for the Au Sable Chasm Co*

### MY FIRST VISIT TO AU SABLE CHASM.

As long as anything shall remain green in my memory, I feel confident it will be the impression of that charming view and grand natural spectacle, Au Sable Chasm.

Arising early in the morning, if not with the lark, a very good second in the race, I was invited by the manager of the Lake View House to visit the chasm; accepting the same, we proceeded through the gate and down the steps, which I did not stop to count; but the number was sufficient for a man of my weight, and as large bodies move slow, I was behind the rest of our gay, hilarious party, because I remained to drink in the beauties my eyes were feasting upon. Reaching the end of the chasm, where we take the boat for the rapids, I did not have confidence to proceed the rest of the journey with my companions, as I felt it was too large a crowd for the boat; but returning as I came, which very few people do, I was more impressed by the grandeur of the scenery—more than going down. Returning to the hotel some hours after my party, I had stories to tell that caused many of them to return and make the trip that I had. If there is any view on earth that will please you, it is the one obtained from any point at the Lake View House, Au Sable Chasm, looking at Lake Champlain and the Green Mountains of Vermont on one side, or the Chasm and Adirondacks on the other.

Before the completion of the railroad, boats left Rouse's Point on Lake Champlain, and a train left Montreal to connect, but as the route on Lake Champlain has been discontinued from Rouse's Point to Plattsburg, really the most picturesque part of the trip down Lake Champlain being cut off, most of the tourists take the rail in the

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morning from Montreal, and can pass through Lake Champlain by rail. The rail passing close along the lake shore, one gets a very nice view, nicer, as I have often expressed it, than if the parties were on the boat, as they cannot see both shores on a boat at once, unless the tourist's eyes were cut on the bias or cross, thus enabling them to see both sides at once. The rail is preferable and saves time. As it is immaterial to me how you reach Ticonderoga, it is presumed you get there, Lake George Junction, where you change cars and connect for Baldwin, which is a ride of about fifteen minutes. You are now supposed to have arrived on board the company's steamer *Horicon*, and are sailing up Lake George. Now, if the reader expects me to describe Lake George, I shall simply say, No! with a large N. It is too much; its praises have been written and sung for the past half century by thousands. I shall with pleasure and relief to myself, ask the loan of your scissors. Thanks; now we can comply with your wishes: We have started on our trip through this magical lake. It is difficult to describe the quiet delight one feels as he gazes on the expanse of the tranquil azure spread before him like a part of the sky inlaid on the emerald bosom of the earth. Peace is in the very air which lazily slumbers over the water, while the monotone of the silvery ripples rolling on the yellow sands, and the musical moan of the breeze in the cone-scented pines, seem to carry the soul back to other days. Lake George is, indeed, like a work of art of the highest order, for it has the quality of improving, the more one studies its attractions, and the ever-harmonious flow of lines constantly suggests a composition of consummate genius in which every effect has been combined to produce a certain ideal.

Now, dear reader, I have a favor to ask of you: read this little book as far as Saratoga description commences; then lay it aside, and feast the eyes on Lake George for the next two hours, and, if you can describe its beauties, do so to the best of your ability, and forward to me, 18 Chestnut Park, Rochester, N. Y., and it shall have a place in this work, and you shall have the credit for the same;—the task was too much for me.

#### CAMPING OUT.

The lake is a famous camping-ground during July and August, and its enjoyments, with bits of sound advice, cannot be better given than by the following, from Stoddard's charming Guide to Lake George:

"The lovely islands are suddenly astir with busy throngs. Rocks are decked with blue and gray, the tree-tops blush with bunting; shores put on a flannelly hue, and shadowy points blossom out in duck and dimity. It is safe to say that in the course of the season a thousand people taste the pleasures and overcome the difficulties that but season the glorious dish of camp life at Lake George. Among the necessaries are a light axe, long handle frying-pan, tin pail for water or coffee, tin plate, pint cup, knife and fork, and fishing tackle. A stove-top laid on a fire-place of stones and mud, and supplied with one length of stove-pipe, is a positive luxury to the cook. Spruce boughs for a bed, with two or three good woolen blankets for covering, will be found very comfortable; a small bag to fill with leaves or moss for a pillow pays for itself in one night. Flannel or woolen clothing, with roomy boots and a soft felt hat, is



ordinarily the safest dress. Ladies, wear what you have a mind to—you will, anyway—but let it be flannel next to you, good strong shoes under foot, and a man's felt hat overhead; take the man along too—he will be useful to take the fish off your hook, run errands, etc.

Boats and provisions may be obtained at almost any of the hotels. Bacon, salt pork, bread and butter, Boston crackers, tea, coffee, sugar, pepper and salt, with a tin box or two for containing the same, are among the things needed. Milk can be obtained regularly at the farm houses, and berries picked almost anywhere. Ice is a luxury which may be contracted for and thrown from the passing steamers daily; a hole in the ground with a piece of bark over it forms a very good ice-box. A drinking cup of leather, to carry in the pocket, comes handy at times. Broad-brimmed straw hats are a nuisance. A shanty of boughs will answer in absence of anything better; it sounds well when you talk about 'roughing it,' but it is bad in practice. A tent is best, and may be made very comfortable with a little outlay of money and labor."

#### THE ADIRONDACKS.

The great wilderness of north-eastern New York, the limits of which we will not try to define, is generally known as the North Woods, or as the Adirondacks, according to the view taken of its surface. The former title indicates merely a wild, densely wooded region; the latter, a region occupied by all the varied scenery pertaining to a most remarkable lake and mountain system. This wild region of dense forests, majestic mountains, magnificent lakes and beautiful rivers, lies in the counties

of Herkimer, Hamilton, Lewis, St. Lawrence, Clinton, Franklin and Essex, and aggregates over 3,500,000 acres, a tract of land of an area of nearly 100 square miles. This region is the only primitive hunting and fishing ground left in New York state, and offering, as it does, rare health-restoring qualities, combined with excellent deer hunting, and the best brook and lake trout fishing accessible, is yearly more than doubling its number of visitors—in fact, the limit is only measured by hotel capacity. It is not our purpose, nor would it be possible in so small a work as this, to go into details as to the wilderness, but guide books are easily obtained, and from one of them we take the following:

“The Adirondack wilderness, as known to the public generally, may be divided into three general divisions or systems, which collectively entertain the great bulk of visitors, and are representative of the whole, namely, the Saranac and St. Regis waters of Franklin county, whose natural gateway is Plattsburg and Port Kent; the mountain region of Keene, North Eiba and Lake Placid, in Essex county, with entrance at Westport, and the Blue Mountain and Raquette waters, in Hamilton county, reached by way of the Adirondack railroad from Saratoga.

Of these sections the first mentioned has become the most widely celebrated as a region where fashion and fishing is admirably blended, and has its patrons who are looked for as regularly as the seasons. The second is less known in fact, but its grand mountains and lovely valleys have become familiar on the canvas of our great painters; while the Raquette region has an air of newness and morning freshness, as if just awakened from a long

and refreshing sleep, and is making rapid strides in popular favor. Each section, while possessing something of the characteristics of the others, has its own individual attractions; and while connected by natural highways, over which the nomad often goes, they still, to a considerable extent, preserve their individuality, and each is complete and sufficient unto itself.

A peculiarity of the Adirondack region is its freedom from rough or vicious characters. Evil finds nothing congenial in its bright skies and pure, fresh atmosphere. Conventionalities that obtain at other resorts are not held here, and it is possible for gentlemen to wear blue shirts and soft hats, and for ladies to travel without male escort other than the necessary compliment of guides to furnish motive power, from one end of the wilderness to the other.

Full dress is seldom seen, even at the most fashionable resorts, and is exceeded in absurdity only by the conventional "stage trapper," who occasionally bursts upon the astonished wilderness in fringed buckskin. Your right to enter the best society will not be questioned because of dress. Clothing ordinarily worn is sufficient for all occasions here."

The Adirondac region is steadily growing in favor as a resort for persons afflicted with throat and lung troubles; and while it is not by any means a sure cure for *all*, however deeply seated the disease may have become, yet if persons so afflicted will go there in time, they will find the dry, pure air, impregnated as it is with balsam and pine, to be of infinite relief, and many living witnesses are there found to prove its benefits. Several articles have been written upon this subject which misled the public, and, in

consequence, many people, past all possible cure, have been sent there, with only natural results. We would only say, consult your physician, and, if you are not past cure, we believe this section to be as nearly affording a remedy as any spot on the continent.

Places of entertainment, from the well-appointed hotel on the border to the rude log-house and open camp of the interior, are found at short intervals throughout the entire wilderness, all waiting with open doors to receive the stranger.

Guides and boats may be had at all the hotels.

Under head of "Gateways" will be found the nearest points reached by railroad and stage routes, distances, etc., to the most prominent resorts.

### GATEWAYS.

From Plattsburg, take Chateaugay Railroad, thirty-six miles to Lyon Mountain, thence by stage four miles to "Ralph's" on upper Chateaugay Lake.

From Au Sable (20 miles west of Plattsburg on branch railroad). Stages leave here every morning (Sundays excepted) on arrival of early trains, for French's, 18 miles; Franklin Falls, 20 miles; Bloomingdale, 28 miles; Loon Lake House, on Loon Lake, 28 miles; Rambow House, on Rainbow Lake, 35 miles; Martin's on Saranac Lake, 37 miles; Paul Smith's, on St. Regis Lake, 38 miles; Prospect House, on Saranac Lake, 41 miles; Bartlett's, on Saranac Lake, 49 miles.

From Elizabethtown delightful trips are made into the mountain region, through Keene Valley via Indian Pass,

\*STOP AT THE\*  
**FORT WILLIAM HENRY HOTEL**  
\*LAFR GEORGE\*

HOTEL  
GEORGE

and to Au Sable Pond, one of the most beautiful spots in the wilderness, also by North Elba, Lake Placid and Wilmington Notch, passing immediately under the shadow of Whiteface and Haystack Mountains, and out at Au Sable station, or return to Elizabethtown.

#### FACILITIES FOR LAKE TRAVEL.

The Champlain Transportation Company run a regular line of steamboats the entire length of the lake, making three round trips daily (except Sundays), and stopping at all way landings. The *Horicon* of this line, making the regular connections with the railroad, is a fine side-wheel steamer 203 feet long and 52 feet wide over all, and is 643 tons burden, and will accommodate comfortably 1,000 people. I can truthfully say that upon no inland lake in the world is the passenger service so promptly and regularly done, and passengers so elegantly cared for as upon Lake George.

Caldwell is the railroad terminus, and is the largest town on the lake. It is situated at the extreme southern end, or head of the lake (the water flowing north and emptying into Lake Champlain, immediately at the ruins of old Fort Ticonderoga.) Here, at Caldwell, is located the handsome dock and depot building of the railroad company, whose trains run down the dock immediately to the steamers—one of which leaves upon the arrival of each train for all points down the lake. This railroad was extended to this point last season, thus saving at least one hour of time and better facilities for the accommodation of tourists and pleasure travel.

HENRY CLAIR,  
LESSEE.



GRAND UNION HOTEL



Open from June to October.  
SARATOGA SPRINGS.

### LAKE GEORGE.

Every American, or tourist, should see it at least once. It is the largest of the Adirondack chain, 346 feet above the sea, and 247 above Champlain, 35 miles long and from two to four in width, and fed from mountain brooks and springs coming up from the bottom, making it transparent. It is beautifully dotted with over 200 islands, and surrounded by high mountains, some rising 2,000 feet above the water, clothed with foliage and dotted with villas and picturesque camps; one feels like leaving the boat and remaining in this bower of enchantment. The steamer touches at all points of note and arrives at the Fort William Henry Hotel, Caldwell, where you can, if you desire, remain over. As I have cheerfully recommended tourists for the last ten years to make a short stay at least at this delightful resort, the Fort William Henry Hotel, and never met one afterwards who did not thank me for the suggestion; I say to you remain over. I am confident you will never regret it. Connections are, however, arranged for and you can, if you wish, leave immediately for

### SARATOGA SPRINGS,

the focus to which the fashionable world of the United States, indeed, of Europe is annually drawn. Here are intellectual men, stylish men, the beaux of society, and the man of the world; ladies of social rank, the managing mother, the marriageable daughters, the flattering bee of fashion, and the more gentle bird of beauty, are found amidst the throng, for Saratoga is cosmopolitan. As a gentleman said to me one day, "I can meet more of my



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UNITED STATES HOTEL—Saratoga.



INTERIOR COURT VIEW.

Open from June 15th until October 1st, every year.

friends in one hour during the season at Saratoga, than I could at home in a week." The ladies here have ample opportunities to display their peculiar charms and graces. The sporting gentleman can also find an opportunity to gratify his peculiar tastes; the philosopher may study human nature; the invalid find perfect health; in fact every one at Saratoga finds that peculiar pleasure they most desire. Of all the elegant hotels which here abound we have not space to mention. I will, therefore, speak of those I know, the United States, Grand Union, and Adelphi, confident they can please any one paying them a visit.

The Grand Union Hotel is the great house of Saratoga, having a frontage of 1800 feet; the massive tower which rises in the centre is 200 feet high to the summit, revealing a landscape of 75 miles in circumference of wondrous beauty. It will accommodate 1,300 guests comfortably; it has all modern improvements. To give you an idea of its magnitude: Its piazzas are over a mile in length; halls, two miles; carpets, ten acres; number of rooms, eleven hundred. Over five hundred thousand dollars has been expended in decorating, re-furnishing and embellishing its grounds. Its Cuisine is perfection. The garden or lawn parties given at this hotel are the *recherche* event of the season. The lessee of this establishment is Mr. Henry Clair, who is also lessee of the Metropolitan and Park Avenue Hotels, New York; the latter is the only absolute fire-proof hotel in America. The court, which is one hundred feet square, has electric lights. The garden is a superb bower of beauty, summer and winter. The house has over six hundred rooms and can accommodate eight hundred guests. The library connected has five thousand volumes, accessible to



## CONGRIBS HALL

SARATOGA SPRING.

Open June 16, for the season of 1899, under the management of H. S. CLEMENT, formerly of the Lindell Hotel, St. Louis, and JOHN COX of New York City. RATES PER DAY, \$3.50 to \$4.00. The hotel has been refurnished and thoroughly renovated and equipped throughout.

CLEMENT & COX, PROPRIETORS.

# CONGRUOUS HALL

SAEATOGA SPRINGE.

Open June 1st, for the season of 1888, under the management of H. S. CLEMENT, formerly of the Lindell Hotel, St. Louis, and JOHN COX, of New York city. RATES PER DAY, \$3.50 to \$4.00. The hotel has been refurbished and thoroughly renovated and equipped throughout.

CLEMENT & COX, PROPRIETORS.

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guests; the location is Fifth Avenue, Thirty-Second and Thirty-Third streets, New York. The leap into public favor of this popular hotel during the last year is astounding.

The United States Hotel is a superb establishment, equaling in magnificence the finest summer resorts of the old world. Its construction occupied two years, contains nine hundred and seventeen rooms, with accommodations for eleven hundred guests. In addition, the cottages contain sixty-five suites, with parlors, etc., etc. The dining room is two hundred and twelve by sixty-two feet and twenty-two feet high. The drawing room is eighty-five by sixty-five feet. The ball-room is one hundred and twelve feet by fifty-three feet, and twenty-six feet high, artistically decorated, not to be excelled anywhere. The halls, corridors and promenades present a most brilliant appearance. The garden, with beds of beautiful flowers and velvety lawns, and cool, splashing water through sumptuous fountain jets, lends additional charms. The "cottage wing," for which the public had long felt a need, where privacy and seclusion could be obtained amid the excitement and gaiety of this fashionable watering place, has been added through the energy and care of the proprietors. Here are rooms *en suite*,—from two to seven—parlors, baths, etc., with separate tables and attendants. The presiding genius of this establishment, is the Hon. James M. Marvin. Associated with him are Messrs. Tompkins, Perry, Gage and Janvrin—a combination of sufficient strength to warrant me in saying it is matchless; its equal could not be obtained if you had the hotel keepers of America to select from. This is sufficient guarantee that everything that can

126

THE  
ADELPHI HOTEL.  
SARATOGA.

Open from May to November.

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W. H. McCAFFREY, - PROPRIETOR.

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TERMS MODERATE.

be done for your comfort and your most sanguine hope will be realized during your stay.

Congress Hall was purchased in 1878 by Mr. W. H. Clement, of Cincinnati, Ohio, and Mr. John Cox, of New York, who have placed it under permanent management.

Congress Hall is built of brick, with brown-stone trimmings. The roof is a mansard, with three pavilions, which affords wide and delightful views from the promenades on top. Interior fire-walls are provided to prevent the spread of fire, and Otis elevators afford easy access to all the floors of the house. The rooms are all large, high and well ventilated, and properly provided with annunciators, gas, etc. The halls, dining-rooms, parlors and offices are of grand proportions, and are furnished with an elegance that bespeaks comfort and neatness in all its departments. The ventilation of the dining-room and kitchen has been much improved, and a steam heating apparatus introduced on the main floor for use whenever changes in the temperature require it. Hot and cold water have been carried to every floor, and a large number of baths and closets added for the convenience of guests. The ball-room of the Congress is one of the finest in Northern New York, being most exquisitely frescoed and adorned with costly chandeliers and ornaments. It is in the block across Spring street, but is connected with the North wing of the hotel by a light, graceful iron bridge suspended over the street, properly covered and protected, which when illuminated on hop nights, is very picturesque. Will accommodate fifteen hundred.

The Adelphi Hotel.—This new, comfortable and petite hotel is located on Broadway, adjoining the United States,

TEL,

ber.

PRIETOR.

# ❖ CONGRESS ❖ SPRING ❖

## THE STANDARD MINERAL WATER.

It is a purely Natural Mineral Water, Cathartic, Alterative, and slightly stimulating and tonic in its effects, without producing the debility that usually attends a course of medicine.

It is used with marked success in affections of the Liver and Kidneys, and for Dyspepsia, Gout, Chronic Constipation and Cutaneous Diseases it is unrivaled.

It is especially beneficial as a general preservative of the tone of the stomach and purity of the blood, and a powerful preventive of Fever and Billious Complaints.

Prof. Chandler, who analyzed several of the Saratoga Spring Waters, among them the Geyser, in 1870; Champion, 1871; Hathorn, 1866, and Congress, 1871, says:

"The superior excellence of Congress water is due to the fact that it contains, in the most desirable proportions, those substances which produce its agreeable flavor and satisfactory medicinal effects—neither holding them in excess nor lacking any constituent to be desired in this class of waters.

"As a Cathartic water it almost enters freedom from iron should recommend it above all others, many of which contain so much of this ingredient as to seriously impair their usefulness.

"Respectfully, your obedient servant, C. F. CHANDLER, Ph. D.

"Professor of Analytical and Applied Chemistry.  
To the Congress and Empire Spring Co., Saratoga Springs, N. Y."

The managers of crude, inferior springs, desirous of imitating the purity of the bottled waters of Congress Spring, inject powerful acids in their bottled waters to hold them in solution. Yet in a month or two they will crystallize and deposit certain of their ingredients, so heavily are they laden with lime and iron. With such contrivances, and doctored analysis, cards, etc., they seek to rival the pure and medicinal waters of Congress Spring.

Address

**CONGRESS AND EMPIRE SPRINGS CO.,**

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

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contains one hundred rooms, is convenient to the springs, etc., etc. Its piazza is elevated one story above the street and commands a splendid view up and down Broadway, as well as Philadelphia street opposite. The proprietor, Mr. Wm. H. McCaffrey, is too well known to the traveling community to need one word from me, and the gentlemen connected with the office and other departments of the house, are too well qualified by being the choice of the proprietor, to need commendation. It is "my home" when in Saratoga; that is all I have to say against it. It is the universal opinion of tourists, that no watering place on the continent, of like size, can compare with the unwearying charms of Saratoga. The hotel arrivals some days are upwards of one thousand. One might become almost tired of the world and vote every other place a bore, but Saratoga scenery, Saratoga atmosphere and Saratoga life would still charm by its ever pleasing peculiarities. Saratoga contains 10,000 inhabitants and in the summer season every private house is turned into a boarding house of one or the other class, and therefore boarding houses abound—no space to mention all of them here.

Next in order comes the springs. First in the list is the old and ever popular Congress and Empire Springs. Congress Spring was discovered nearly a century ago—1792—by Hon. James Taylor, member of Congress from New Hampshire. The park connected with the springs is beautifully laid out with walks, groves, flowers, trees, and ponds, in which speckled trout abound, fountains, statuary, live deer, etc., etc.; where night and day the beauty and fashion come for pleasure and to imbibe the water of Congress



and Columbia Springs, which are within the enclosure. Empire Spring, belonging to the same company, is located at the junction of Spring Avenue and Circular Street. This, and Congress Water, were at one time the only waters bottled at Saratoga, and sold the world over. Those who are posted, come here and drink, thus avoiding those waters of other springs which are irritating in their nature and harsh and inflammable to the stomach, injuring the kidneys and producing results irreparable.

#### HATHORN SPRINGS

was accidentally discovered in 1869, and is named after the Hon. H. H. Hathorn, its owner; it is a powerful cathartic. The water is bottled for sale, and is probably the most solid water known, as it is said to contain eight hundred and eighty-eight grains solid contents to a gallon.

#### EXCELSIOR SPRINGS AND PARK,

some distance from town, as well as others I shall mention, you can visit when you take a drive. Washington Spring is on the grounds of one of the hotels. Crystal Pavilion, High Rock, Star, Seltzer, Red, A Spring, Geyser, or spouting spring, Robert Ellis, The Vichy, "The Champion spouting spring," Hamilton, Putnam, Flat Rock, Magnetic, Sulphur, Iron, and Diamond, as well as a number of others which have just been discovered, or may have been before this reaches you. If, however, you are not satisfied with the springs herein mentioned, all I ask is for you to visit the ones mentioned as I did, and accept the cordial invitation of each to take a glass, and if you do not feel the

next day that there are springs enough at Saratoga, your feelings will be different from the sensation felt by the writer of this article, by a large majority. The drives in this vicinity are numerous. The road to the cemetery (which I am informed, by one of the oldest inhabitants, in order to start they were obliged to borrow a corpse from an adjoining county, and now a select few who wish to die happy come and are decently interred,) has been improved, so that the drive there is very much enhanced thereby. By far the prettiest drive, however, is through Broadway from Highland Hill for two miles to Glen Mitchell. The most fashionable drive is that to the lake. Immense sums of money have been expended to widen and beautify this drive, which is 100 feet wide and shaded with trees, and is sprinkled to lay the dust. Visitors pass up on one side and down the other. Saratoga Lake is eight miles long and two and one-half wide. On an eminence on the western shore is Moon's Lake House, proverbial for its sumptuous game suppers. Parties fond of fishing or boating can enjoy this favorite pastime to their full extent. Its fitness for aquatic sports has been verified by the many events of that nature which have taken place on its placid waters since 1871, when the Ward brothers vanquished two English crews selected from the best professional oarsmen of Great Britain. Racing is the turf event of the year, and cannot be described here, only mentioned.

Life at Saratoga is two-fold—Home and Hotel. The former is enjoyed by its citizens who possess some of the most luxurious, refined and elegant houses to be found in the United States. Hotel, or fashionable life is ephemeral in its nature, and like the beautiful butterfly its dura-

## A GREAT PROBLEM SOLVED.

How to Enjoy Traveling During the Season of Navigation—The Story in a Nutshell.

ONE should always travel by the best routes, as comfort and safety are the main things to be considered. The popular verdict of the people has decided in favor of the

### PEOPLE'S EVENING LINE.

The traveling public and the pleasure-seekers all unite in praise of this most magnificent line of River Steamers—the best built and finest equipped in the world. The steamers "ST. JOHN," "DEAN," and "DEAN RICHMOND," comprise the fleet of the First-Class Evening Line on the Hudson River; and for Safety, Speed and Comfort, they are unequalled, being supplied with all the modern improvements of the age, experienced officers, careful stewards, and courteous attention.

The Ladies' Saloon is cheerful and pleasant. The Bridal and Family Rooms are exquisitely and tastefully fitted up; the cuisine unsurpassed, having all the comforts of home.

You will enjoy a refreshing night's sleep when traveling on these Steamers, free from dust, and the noise incident to railroad travel.

Tickets are sold throughout the North, South and East, at all principal Railroad and Steamship Ticket offices over this Line.

Baggage checked to destination.

E. C. SHAFFER, Agent, ALBANY, N. Y. M. B. WATERS, Gen'l Pass'r Agent, ALBANY, N. Y.

## NEW YORK TO ALBANY.

DREW—Capt. S. J. Roe. ST. JOHN—Capt. Thos. Post.  
From Pier 41, North River, Foot of Canal Street,  
near Jersey City Ferry, Desbrosses Street,  
at 6:00 P. M., to

Albany, Saratoga, Mount Pleasant, Lake George, Lake Champlain, Schroon Lake, and the Adirondack Region, Rutland, Burlington, Plattsburg and Au Sable Chain, St. Albans, Vergennes, Ogdensburg, the White Mountain, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Bridge, Niagara Falls, Trenton Falls, Hoosac Falls, Williamstown and North Adams.

State rooms secured and tickets sold in New York at the principal Hotels and Ticket Offices, at the Office on Pier 41, North River, Foot of Canal Street, and on board steamers.

JNO. C. HEWITT, Gen'l Ticket Agent,  
Pier 41, North River, Foot of Canal Street, New York.

## ALBANY TO NEW YORK.

DREW—Capt. S. J. Roe.  
ST. JOHN—Capt. Thos. Post.

Leave Albany at 8:00 P. M. (every week-day), or on arrival at the Steamers' Dock of D. & H. Canis' Evening Trains from the North and West—stepping from cars to steamer. Arrive next morning in time to connect with all Lines for the SOUTH AND EAST.

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tion is short. In these few brief months wealth, beauty, fashion and other ingredients not so desirable, intermingle, and amid the gay whirl and excitement of the ball-room at night one is in a constant ecstacy. From his visit to the springs in the morning, promenades or drives in the afternoon, the music, lawn sociables, and glittering fireworks at night, one wonders what time there is for even nature's balmy, sweet restorer—sleep. Anticipating your stay at Saratoga to have come to an end, you can depart for Albany any morning via Delaware and Hudson Canal Co.'s R. R., in time to take the *Day Boat* down the Hudson to New York, or you may wait until evening, taking the same railroad which will convey passengers and baggage direct to People's Line wharf at Albany, and you step on board one of the palace boats of that line for New York. As both river routes are represented in this work, you can take your choice, or you can take the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R., all rail route direct from Saratoga by palace car. Some having tickets to New York by rail or boat, and desire to visit Boston, I advise everyone to take the Fall River Line to Boston. If you have tickets to Boston via Albany, take the Boston and Albany Railroad, which is first class.

### NEW YORK.

To those visiting New York for the first time, a few words of advice may not come amiss. I therefore suggest arriving, if possible, by daylight. Everyone in the city minds their own business, a credit in some ways; but some people make it their business to fleece the stranger. I would, therefore, say keep your own counsel. If information be required, ask a policeman. Upon arrival, take cars

# HUDSON RIVER BY DAYLIGHT.

(FROM JUNE 1st to OCT. 30th.)

NEW YORK AND ALBANY

## Day Line Steamers

"ALBANY" and "C. VIBBARD,"

Leave New York daily (except Sunday) from foot of Vestry Street, Pier 39 (adjoining Jersey City Ferry), at 8:35 A. M., and foot of 53d Street N. R. at 9 A. M., landing at

WEST POINT,  
NEWBURGH, POUGHKEEPSIE,  
RHINEBECK, CATSKILL,  
AND HUDSON,

CONNECTING AT ALBANY WITH

### SPECIAL SARATOGA EXPRESS,

Arriving at Saratoga 8:00 P. M. (Returning, leave Saratoga 7:00 A. M., and landing passengers alongside the boat). Also with trains for

BUFFALO, NIAGARA FALLS,  
SUSPENSION BRIDGE and the WEST,  
—AND FOR—

MONTREAL AND THE NORTH.

Returning, leave Albany daily at 8:30 A. M. (except Sunday), making same landings, arriving in New York for trains East, South and West.

☞ Dining Saloon on Main Deck. Drawing-room for parties.

C. R. VAN BENTHUYSEN, Gen. Ticket Agt.,

VESTRY STREET PIER, NEW YORK CITY.

or stage, if possible, to destination. If you desire any of the hotels represented in this work, you will always find one or more trusty porters at trains or boats. Avoid, if possible, the hacks, unless you make a fair, square bargain before entering the vehicle; your trunk or valise may accompany you with carriage. You will always find upon all trains or boats, courteous agents of the different baggage express companies, who will take your check, giving a receipt for the same, which relieves you and saves much trouble and annoyance, as their delivery system is prompt and their charges a stipulated price; no deviation, except for quantity.

Something should be said here regarding the metropolis of the American Continent, but space as well as time prevents. As everything seen here is in grandeur superior to elsewhere, the impression made upon the mind while here will be everlasting, I shall not try to befog the mind with as meager a mention as I am capable of giving, but simply mention three of the principal hotels. The one first at hand is the Grand Union Hotel, 42d street, near the Grand Central Depot. Money-getting being the chief aim in life, its proper expenditure should not prove of secondary importance. That travel consumes a much larger portion of our finances than it should, is evident from the fact that but few possess the secret of retrenching in this direction. Two important factors of expense in travel is carriage hire and transfer of baggage, and that the traveling public is more generally becoming disposed to throw off their former burden, is patent from the army of guests who daily register at and fill the 450 rooms (reduced to \$1.00 and upwards per day), at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite the Grand

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New York City.

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CAPT. & J. MOE.

ST. JOHN.  
CAPT. THOMAS FOOT.

PEOPLES LINE STEAMERS,  
ON THE HUDSON RIVER.

**LEAVE ALBANY FOR NEW YORK** Every Week Day at 8 P. M.,  
or on arrival of trains from the  
North, East and West D. & H. Canal Co.'s trains LAND PASSENGERS DI-  
RECTLY AT OUR LANDING, STEPPING FROM CARS TO STEAMER. Arrive next  
morning in time to connect with all lines for the South and East.

**LEAVE NEW YORK FOR ALBANY** Every Week Day at 6 P. M.,  
from Pier 41 N. R., foot of Canal  
Street, connecting at Albany next A. M. with trains for the North, East and  
West, Saratoga, Mount McGregor, Lake George, Lake Champlain, Schroon  
Lake, Cooperstown, Otsego Lake, Richfield Springs and the Adirondack  
Regions. Passengers from the South take Deabrosses Street Ferry from  
Jersey City, landing ONLY ONE PIER FROM PEOPLES LINE DOCK, foot of Canal  
Street, (old 41), North River.

Tickets on sale throughout the North, South and East, at principal  
Railroad and Steamboat Offices.

SARATOGA OFFICE, 369 BROADWAY, Adelphi Building,

H. HOLDRIDGE, Ticket Agent.

J. H. ALLAIRE,	E. C. SHAFFER,	M. B. WATERS,
General Ticket Agent	Agent,	General Passenger Agent,
NEW YORK.	ALBANY, N. Y.	ALBANY, N. Y.

Central Depot, New York City. Its European plan, elegant restaurants, café, lunch and wine rooms, unexcelled cuisine, moderate prices, courteous treatment, unchallenged management, coupled with its guests incurring no expense for carriage hire, or baggage transfer with elevated railway, horse cars and stages to all parts of the city, passing its doors, renders the Grand Union one of the most desirable of homes for travelers in the city, and also established its success and world-famed popularity.

The next on the list is the Grand Central Hotel, Broadway, one of the largest in the city. It has lately been refitted, re-decorated and re-furnished, and under its present proprietors, Messrs. Keefer & Co., is receiving the patronage its merits deserve. It is run on the American and European plans, so that anyone can be pleased. Its graded prices, its location and appointments, together with the friends one meets here (as it is patronized by more Southerners than any hotel in New York), makes it a pleasant place for tourist or traveler. I make it my home when in the city, and feel confident you will be pleased and recommend your friends there after a visit, the same as I do you. There was some talk of changing the name of this "landmark" on account of the thorough change in the hotel and management, although I confess it would be applicable to the situation, as everything else has been changed, it would be better for its patrons to advertise the changes than the new name. Therefore, no matter what they call the Grand Central, it will please you as a hotel, and its prices are not extravagant. I take pleasure in mentioning here "The old Democratic Standard," the Metropolitan Hotel, Broadway, New York. Mr. Henry Clair, the lessee,

T. JOHN.  
T. THOMAS FOOT.

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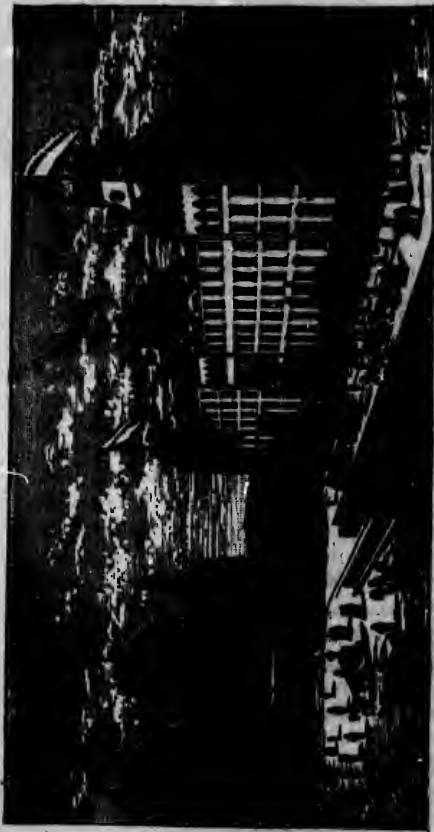
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## THE GRAND UNION HOTEL.

Opposite the Grand Central Depot, New York City.

Offers Travelers and Families arriving at or leaving the city of New York, to visit Niagara, Saratoga, White Mountains, Long Branch, or other summer resorts, Superior Accommodations, Elevator and all Improvements, European Plan. Over 450 Elegantly furnished Rooms, fitted up at an expense of One Million Dollars, reduced to \$1.00 and upwards per day. Richly furnished suites for families, and elegantly arranged rooms for dinner parties, for 10 and upwards. Cuisine and Wines of Superior Merit. The Restaurant, Cafe and Wine Rooms supplied with the best, at moderate prices. Toilet and Bathing Rooms of modern and grand, large scale, value and parcels can be left free.

W. D. GARRISON, Manager.



## ANNOUNCEMENT.

**THE GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,**  
**667 to 677 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY,**

Is centrally located for both business and pleasure seekers. Having been thoroughly renovated and refurnished, and its wide halls, large airy rooms and spacious parlors, it is justly recognized as the best family hotel in the city. It is kept on the

**AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLAN,**

250 Rooms set aside for (\$1.00) one dollar per day and upwards, and 400 Rooms on the American Plan, at \$2.00 and \$3.00 per day, special rates being made for permanent guests. This hotel is easy of access from the different railroad, steamship and steamboat terminals.



This Hotel, through the liberal and courteous management of the new proprietors, is fast gaining ground with the traveling public, whose every comfort and convenience is cheerfully consulted. All communications promptly answered by

**KEEFER & CO.,**

Grand Central Hotel, New York City.

numerous for mention here. Trimountain, or Three Mountains, as Boston was originally called, is a peninsula of about 700 acres, almost surrounded by the sea. Its climate in the hottest part of seasons is deliciously cool, bracing, and invigorating, and it is undoubtedly one of the healthiest cities in the world. Its harbor, one of the best on the coast, is about twenty miles long by eight wide. Its many islands and coast are lined with thousands of delightful summer resorts, reached by numerous railroads and steamboats every hour of the day, forming a panorama of busy life and pleasure to be seen nowhere else. Its drives inland are none the less interesting and picturesque, whether we visit the classic shades of old Harvard, the romantic walks at Wellesley, or the hundred delightful suburban villages, whose well-kept streets, bright lawns, and elegant gardens simply reflect the elegance and taste within the homes of those who made Boston what it is. The excellent horse-car service of Boston is one of its best institutions. Nowhere else in the country is this important convenience to visitors so complete as here. The broad, handsome open cars reach all points within ten miles of the City Hall, and give visitors a most delightful opportunity to see the attractions at the least possible charge.

Boston, the capital of Massachusetts, embraces Boston proper, East Boston, South Boston, Roxbury, West Roxbury, Brighton, Charlestown, and Dorchester. Boston proper, or old Boston, was very uneven in surface, and originally presenting three hills, Beacon, Copp's, and Fort, the former of which is about 130 feet above the sea. The Indian name of this peninsula was Shawmut, meaning

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"Sweet Waters." A narrow strip of land called the "Neck," joined the peninsula to the main land; this neck was formerly overflowed by the tide, but has been filled in and widened, and is now thickly built upon. East Boston occupies the West portion of Noodle's, or Maverick's Island. Here is the deepest water of the harbor, and here the ocean steamers chiefly lie. The wharf now used by the Cunard steamers is 1,000 feet long. South Boston extends about two miles along the South side of the harbor, an arm of which separates it from Boston proper.

The first white inhabitant of Boston was the Rev. John Blackstone, supposed to have been an Episcopal clergyman, and to have arrived in 1623. Here he lived until 1630, when John Winthrop (afterward the first Governor of Massachusetts) came across the river from Charlestown, where he had dwelt with some fellow emigrants for a short time. About 1635 Mr. Blackstone sold his claim to the now populous peninsula for £30, and removed to Rhode Island. The first church was built in 1632; the first wharf in 1673. Four years later a post-master was appointed, and in 1704 (April 24th) the first newspaper, called the *Boston News Letter*, was published. The "Boston Massacre" happened March 5, 1770, when three persons were killed and five wounded by the fire of the soldiery. In 1773 the tea was destroyed in the harbor, and Boston bore a conspicuous part in the opening scenes of the Revolution. The city was incorporated in 1822, with a population of 45,000, which had increased to 136,881 in 1850, to 177,850 in 1860, and 250,526 in 1870. By the recent annexation of the suburbs of Brighton, Charlestown, W. Roxbury, etc., the population has been increased to 341,919, (in February,

1876). Population 362,876 in 1880. On the 9th of November, 1872, one of the most terrible conflagrations ever known in the United States swept away the principal business portion of Boston. The fire broke out on Saturday evening, and continued until noon on the following day, when it was brought under control, but again broke forth in consequence of an explosion of gas, about midnight, and raged until 7 o'clock Monday morning. The district burned over, extended from Summer and Bedford street on the south, to near State street on the north, and from Washington Street east to the harbor. About 800 of the finest buildings in the city were destroyed, causing a loss of \$80,000,000.

#### OBJECTS OF ANTIQUARIAN INTEREST.

Among "buildings with a history," the most interesting in the United States, next to Independence Hall, in Philadelphia, is Faneuil Hall. This famous edifice, the "cradle of liberty," is in Dock Square, which also has an historical fame because of the meetings of the Revolutionary patriots that were held there. The building was erected in 1742, by Peter Faneuil, a Huguenot merchant, and by him presented to the town. Its original dimensions were 100 by 40 feet. Destroyed by fire in 1761, it was rebuilt in 1763, and enlarged to its present dimensions in 1805. A full length portrait of the founder, together with the pictures of Washington, by Stuart, of Webster, by Henley, of Samuel Adams, by Copley, and portraits of John Quincy Adams, Edward Everett, Abraham Lincoln, and Governor Andrew, adorn the walls. The basement of the hall is a market. The old State House, in Washington street, at the head of

State street, was erected in 1748 and was for half a century the seat of the "Great and General Court of Massachusetts," being the building of which such frequent mention is made in revolutionary annals. It has long been given up to business purposes, the interior having been completely remodeled, and the edifice surmounted by a roof which has wholly destroyed the quaint effect of the original architecture. Christ Church (Episcopal), in Salem street, near Copp's Hill, is the oldest church in the city, having been erected in 1722. It has a lofty steeple, and in the tower is a fine chime of bells. The Old South Church, corner of Washington and Milk streets, is an object of much interest, it is of brick, and was built in 1729, on the site where the first edifice of the society had stood since 1669. The church was used as a place of meeting by the heroes of '76, and during the British occupation of the city, was used as a place for cavalry-drill. It barely escaped the flames in the great fire. The Old South Society having erected a new place of worship on Boylston street, near the Hotel Brunswick, the old building was offered for sale, when a patriotic effort among the people originated a subscription for the purpose of raising funds to secure its preservation. King's Chapel (Unitarian), corner Tremont and School streets, was founded in 1686, and the present building, a plain granite structure, erected in 1750-54. Adjoining the church is the first burying-ground established in Boston. In it are buried Isaac Johnson, "the father of Boston," Governor Winthrop, John Cotton, and other distinguished men. On the corner of Washington and School streets, is the Old Corner Bookstore, a building dating from 1712. The old North Burying-ground, on the brow

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of Copp's Hill, was the second established in the city, and is still sacredly preserved. Here lies three fathers of the Puritan Church, Drs. Increase, Cotton and Samuel Mather.

#### THE OLD CEMETERY IN THE COMMON.

In that corner of the Common bounded by Tremont and Boylston streets, and lying directly between the Masonic Temple and the Public Library, is an old burying-ground, shut off from the Common and the streets by an iron fence. It was formerly known as the South, and later as the Central burying-ground. It was opened in 1756, but the oldest stone is dated 1761. The best known name upon any of the ancient stones is that of Monsieur Julien, the most noted *restaurateur* of the city a century past, and the inventor of the famous soup that still bears his name. This cemetery is the least interesting of the old burying places of Boston, and is consequently seldom noticed by the stranger.

There are according to the directory nearly two hundred hotels in the city. With that fact in view I shall mention first the Hotel Brunswick which ranks as high as any hotel on the continent, kept on the American plan. For European, Young's Hotel as recently fitted up is the best of its kind: for "Old Landmarks" the American and United States. In suggesting to intending visitors to Boston the name of the "Old United States Hotel" the proprietor feels justified in recommending the house for just what it is, no more, no less. I am at home when in the United States Hotel, Boston; it pleases me, and I am positive it will please you. The hotel was built over half a century ago,

as a great family hotel, wherein most of the owners and their families resided. As a consequence, it was arranged more for safety, comfort, and convenience than the more modern and pretentious hotels.

The hotel covers an entire square, nearly two acres of ground, surrounding large open spaces, by which every room in the house is open to the sunlight and plenty of fresh air; and there are no guests' rooms above the third floor, while eight separate and distinct stairways reach from the upper floor to the street.

These items of sunlight, and rooms below the clouds, with plenty of direct and convenient accesses to the street, will recommend themselves to all thinking people, and will need no comment by us.

Terms.—The present proprietor took possession of the property in 1880 for a long term of years at a nominal rental; and it has been the aim to make it a comfortable and homelike house, regulating the charges according to rooms required, from \$2.50 to \$3.50 per day, thus meeting the wants of the most economical or the most sumptuous, our motto being excellence without extravagance. Let me call your attention to

### THE HOTEL BRUNSWICK,

situated on Boylston street, corner of Clarendon, is one of the grandest, pleasantest, and most handsomely furnished hotels in the world. Its site is very delightful and easily accessible. It is just across the street from Trinity Church, the Institute of Technology, and the Society of Natural

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— THE —  
**BRUNSWICK.**

The Best Located Hotel, from all Standpoints, in Boston.

Beacon Street, Dartmouth Street, and all Back Bay  
Cars pass the Brunswick, both ways.

THE GRANDEST HOTEL IN NEW ENGLAND.



Terms \$5 00 per Day.

BOYLSTON STREET, COR. CLARENDON,  
BOSTON, MASS.

BARNES & DUNKLEE, Proprietors.

"More pleasant and profitable sights can be witnessed by the  
Tourist from this Hotel than any place in the city."

History, and is within a few minutes' walk of the Museum of Fine Arts, Public Garden, Boston Common, Boston Art Club, Mechanics' Association building, Chauncy Hall School, Providence Railroad Depot, and several of the new church edifices, among which are the New "Old South," Arlington-street, First Church, Central, and Emanuel. It is as convenient to depots and all parts of the city as are any of the old hotels. Boylston street, on which the Brunswick fronts, is a fine thoroughfare 90 feet wide. The "Beacon-street," the "Huntington-avenue," the "Dartmouth-street," and all Back Bay cars pass directly in front of the hotel: a facility offered by no other leading hotel. The Brunswick is conducted on the American plan, the terms being \$5.00 per day. The building, designed by Peabody & Stearns, the Boston architects, is essentially fire-proof. It covers more than half an acre of ground, is 224 by 125 feet, six stories high, with basement, and contains 350 rooms. The chambers are supplied with all modern conveniences: every apartment has hot and cold water and every suite a bath-room. The Whittier passenger elevator is one of the most luxurious in Boston. The structure is of brick, with heavy sandstone trimmings. The principal finish of the first two stories is of black walnut. On the right of the principal entrance are two parlors for the use of ladies, and on the left of the main entrance is the gentlemen's parlor. The ladies' parlors were wholly refurnished in 1881 and 1882, and are now probably the handsomest hotel parlors in this country. On the easterly side of the house is the new dining-hall, dedicated upon Whittier's seventieth birthday, when the proprietors of *The Atlantic Monthly* gave the dinner at which so many noted

American writers were present. On the right of the ladies' entrance is the large dining hall, 80 feet long by 48 feet wide. Both dining-halls have marble-tile floors, the walls being Pompeian red, and the ceiling frescoed to correspond. The five stories above are divided into suites and single rooms, all conveniently arranged, and provided with every modern improvement, including open fire-places, besides steam-heating apparatus. Everything seems to have been done to make the house homelike, comfortable and attractive, and free from the usual cheerless appearance of hotels. The cost of the building was nearly a million dollars. It was built in 1874, and enlarged in 1876. President Hayes, when attending the Harvard Commencement in 1877, with his family and suite, occupied rooms at the Brunswick. The rooms were entirely re-furnished, and the hotel elaborately decorated, for the occasion. At this hotel General Grant was given a complimentary banquet on the return from his trip around the world. Many of the Harvard classes, the alumni of Bowdoin College and of Williams College, the Bar Association of Boston, and mercantile, literary, social and other organizations, have selected this as the place for their annual dinners.

Ever since the Brunswick has been open it has been filled with the wealthiest class of transient and permanent guests; the former including a good part of the distinguished people who have been in Boston during the past seven years, and the latter including many of the best-known citizens. The proprietors are Amos Barnes and John W. Dunklee, under whose skilled hands the Brunswick has become one of the most famous hotels of modern times.

I have endeavored to describe faithfully and correctly the route over which you have passed, dear reader. There are, doubtless, some whose knowledge of particular points is greater than my own; to those I say most cheerfully, note them down, and forward to me, and, I assure you, they shall have a position in the next edition of this work, as my object and aim is to make this a perfect guide for any person desirous of making this the finest trip on the continent.

After returning home and resuming the cares and position which you left behind for this trip, may you be filled with animation, life and health acquired by your excursion trip down the St. Lawrence, etc., and the pleasant memories of scenes witnessed, wonders visited, as well as the beauties of nature revealed, you will have double the vigor to prosecute the duties devolving upon you, with only spare time on hand to speak to your acquaintances and friends, recommending them to make the same trip, not forgetting to mention The "Phat Boy's" Historical Delineations as a guide for hotel and all points of interest connected with the trip. I will now lift my hat to the tourist and others who have made the trip, and bid them a temporary farewell. Hoping to see, next vacation, yourself and friends, I only say

ADIEU.

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