

The  
Picturesque  
St. LAWRENCE  
RIVER

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*The* EDITH *and* LORNE PIERCE  
COLLECTION *of* CANADIANA



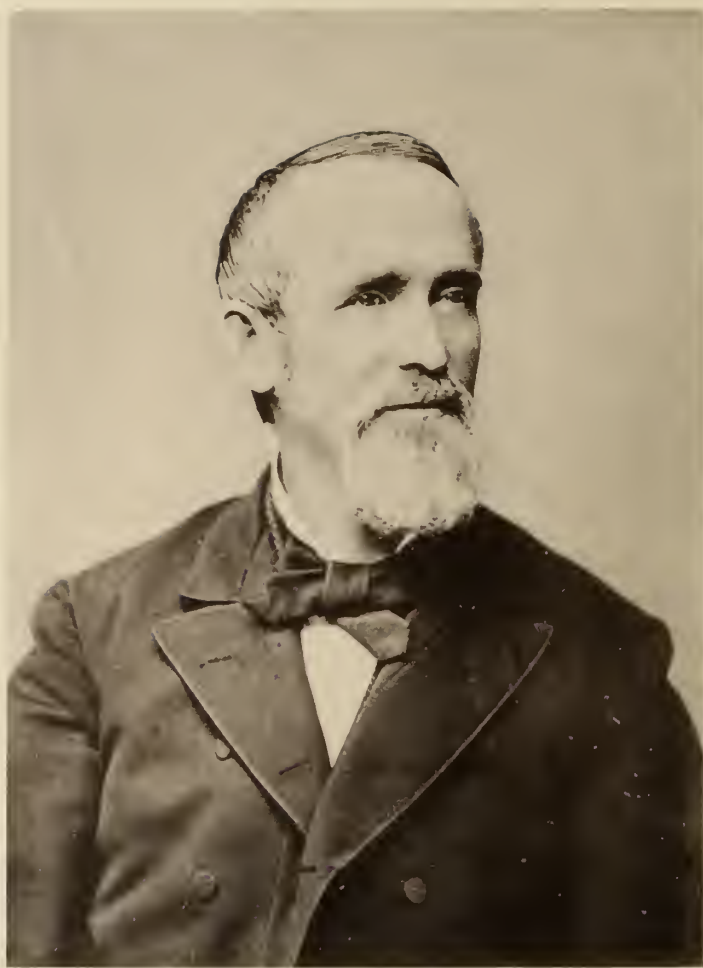
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*Jno. A. Haddock*  
*Philadelphia, Pa.*

A SOUVENIR

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THE  
THOUSAND ISLANDS

OF THE  
ST. LAWRENCE RIVER

FROM  
KINGSTON AND CAPE VINCENT TO MORRISTOWN  
AND BROCKVILLE

WITH  
Their Recorded History from the Earliest Times, their Legends, their Romances,  
their Fortifications and their Contests

INCLUDING BOTH THE  
AMERICAN AND CANADIAN CHANNELS

*PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED*

With Views of Natural Scenery, as well as Pictures of many Summer Villas,  
Steamers, Fishing Scenes, &c.

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PUBLISHED BY

JNO. A. HADDOCK, of Philadelphia, Pa.,

*A Native of Jefferson County, N. Y.*

Under the Patronage of the Thousand Island Club of Alexandria Bay

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ALEXANDRIA BAY, N. Y.

1895





HON. ELDRIDGE G. MERICK, OF CLAYTON.

ONE OF THE PIONEERS OF THAT TOWN.





## INTRODUCTORY.

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THERE have been many attempts to depict the Thousand Islands, with their ever-varying, changeful scenery, and the opulence of their later adornment. Some of these efforts have been honest but inefficient, some sporadic and fitful, others resulting only in a poor attempt to make money out of a subject too grand for such a purpose. And so, year after year these Islands have lacked a chronicler and a delineator who should present important improvements as well as natural scenes upon the printed pictorial page. The inquiry for a book that should meet the constant and earnest demand for truthful delineation of the fairest spot on earth, has induced a few gentlemen, some of them connected with the Thousand Island Club, to prompt the undersigned to present to the public something that should measure up to the occasion. Accordingly the subscriber, who is the latest Jefferson County historian, is now giving his attention to this subject, and this Prospectus is published with a view of interesting the property owners on the river in a book which shall earnestly portray the river and its islands as they exist to-day, as well as the grand improvements made and being made there.

It is in no sense a money-making scheme, the promoters being only desirous that the book shall pay its own way, as it should, and be a fair representation, up to date, of the Islands of the St. Lawrence and their present environments, and be at the same time, also, a fair illustration of the progress made up to 1894 in the art of typography and artistic decoration.

In this spirit, then, this Prospectus and these sample pages are issued, in the full belief that the book will fill a want which has been felt for the past three years among the intelligent and appreciative class who come annually to this section, the importance of which appears to be permanently established.

JNO. A. HADDOCK.

Residence, 1321 N. 7th St., Philadelphia, Pa.,

P. O. Address, WATERTOWN, N. Y.

CROSSMON HOUSE,  
ALEXANDRIA BAY, 1895.

## COMMENDATORY.

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OFFICE OF CORNWALL BROS.

ALEXANDRIA BAY, N. Y., Oct. 31st, 1894.

Mr. JOHN A. HADDOCK :

*Dear Sir*—I have heard that you are about preparing an elaborate and highly illustrated history of our river, to be sold as a more worthy Souvenir of our river and islands than has yet appeared. I have for some years felt the want of such a book, many copies of which my sons could sell over their counter here if it could have been procured. Having known you personally many years, I have full faith in your ability and zeal for the preparation of such a work, and I wish you much success and encouragement in your labor, which will, I hope, be remunerative.

Your friend,

ANDREW CORNWALL,

One of the original owners of all the American islands from Round Island to Morristown.

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Mr. JOHN A. HADDOCK,

Watertown, N. Y.

*My Dear Sir*—Having heard you express your ideas as to a needed book which should suitably illustrate the natural beauties of the Thousand Island Archipelago of the St. Lawrence, with views of leading cottages and sketches of the individuals occupying them, I take pleasure in approving your plan, and do not hesitate, from my knowledge of you personally, to fully believe you will carry out all you undertake in making a book which will be a Souvenir to be treasured by all who can appreciate the grandest river and the most beautiful islands upon the globe. Wishing you great success, I remain,

Very truly yours,

JAMES C. SPENCER,

*Vice President Thousand Island Club.*





ISLAND KATE, SUMMER HOME OF THE LATE MRS. D. C. TOMLINSON.

## INTRODUCTORY AND DESCRIPTIVE.

WHERE is in North America a mighty river, having its head in remote lakes, which though many in number, are yet so great that one of them is known as the largest body of fresh water on the globe—with a flow as placid and pulseless as the great Pacific itself, yet as swift in places as the average speed of a railway train. Its waters are pure and azure-hued, no matter how many turbid streams attempt to defile them. It is a river that has no freshets nor scarcely any drying up, no matter how great the rain or snow-fall or how severe the drouth on all its thousand miles of drainage or of flow—so grand and yet so lovingly beautiful as to enthral every appreciative soul.

It rises in the great fresh-water sea, and ends in the greater Atlantic—some places ten miles wide, at others less than a mile. This great river has never as yet had a respectable history, nor more than an occasional artist to delineate its beauties. It runs for very many miles between two great nations, yet neglected by both, though neither could be as great without it—a river as grand as the La Plata, as picturesque as the Rhine, as pure as the Lakes of Switzerland. Need we say that this wonderful stream is the *ST. LAWRENCE*, the noblest, purest, most enchanting river of all God's beautiful earth?

This noble stream drains nearly the whole of that vast region lying between the 41st and 49th degrees of north latitude, and the 60th and 93d parallels of longitude—a region perhaps not as extensive nor as productive as that drained by the mighty Mississippi, yet the flow of water in the *St. Lawrence* must exceed that in the Mississippi, for the current in the former is rapid, while the latter, except in great freshets, is contented with a medium flow. Rising in 49° north latitude, the waters of the *St. Lawrence*

flow down through their many lakes to near the 41st parallel, whence they are impinged towards the north, and at Cape Vincent take an almost northeast course, following that general direction until they reach the great sea—entering it on almost the same parallel of longitude that crosses its remote source in British North America. Why its history has so long remained unwritten, and why this noble river is not more generally known, is perhaps accounted for in part by the fact that the *St. Lawrence* traverses a region of country remote from the great thoroughfares of the world's commerce or trade. It lies along the boundary line of business. Its banks, to be sure, are dotted here and there with thriving towns and cities, several of considerable importance in the world's traffic, but its grand use is in connecting the great lakes with the ocean. The region through which it passes is one of great interest. The geological formation attracts the attention of the student and the artist. It bears on its face the unmistakable traces of a primeval condition, found nowhere else on our continent, and probably not in more striking beauty anywhere on the face of the globe. Its picturesque windings, pure water, wonderful atmosphere, and great and varied beauty of scenery, are witnessed in such wonderful and lavish profusion nowhere else.

The air is an element of more worth than weight, and exceeds all others in its ability to impart pleasure and comfort, as well as to pain and annoy. Every pleasure or pain is affected by the quality of the air we breathe. The atmosphere has not only to do with our temporal happiness and comfort, but it has very much to do with making character. It has been observed that the inhabitants of high, rugged countries, who breathe the clear, pure air of heaven, are those who come nearest to living the lives of noble



freemen. The spirit of liberty and honor is said to inhabit the mountains, while the spirit of dependence, sloth and venality is found in the humid, luxurious low countries; and as man, so nature partakes of that spirit and element which build up and beautify. The air of the St. Lawrence region is one of its greatest attractions. It is pure, clear and invigorating. The early dawn and the evening twilight there are among the loveliest on the globe.

Next to air in importance comes water, the eldest daughter of creation. It was upon the water that the spirit of creation first moved. It is coupled with water that the greatest beauty in nature is found. It is the element that God commanded to bring forth living creatures abundantly; the element without which all creatures on land, as well those within its folds, must perish. Moses gives it the first place, and justly so, because out of it all things came. Nowhere is there a stream which resembles the St. Lawrence in the particular feature of its purity and the rarefying influences of the atmosphere. Throughout its entire length this great stream has the clearness and purity of a mountain spring, and the water and air combine to make more beautiful and enjoyable those natural attractions in scenery for which it is fast becoming known to the traveller and the world in general. Yet its wonderful breadth of attractiveness, in all its wide range, is even more imperfectly understood.

If the waters of the St. Lawrence are attractive and full of enjoyment and recreation for the pleasure-seeker, its thousands of beautiful islands present pictures grand and sublime—pictures of which the poet-painters have only dreamed. Its romantic and unwritten history is only an attractive field in which facts assume the air of fiction. The romance of American history is an interesting and important harvest, which is fast passing away, and soon will be lost forever, unless garnered into the great treasure-house of the printed page, where it can be pre-

served for the coming ages. No section of the continent is the scene of events more important and numerous, in our unwritten history, as that through which this great river flows. For it has been the principal artery along which the pulse of civilization throbbed for ages in its struggles to penetrate the unknown region of the island seas of the far West.

Its civilization is older than that of any other section of the continent. The scenes and struggles on its banks have been nobler, grander and more persistent than those of any other section. Nowhere else can be found such determined and herculean efforts. Coupled with this, in turn, have come some of the sublimest and grandest examples of Christian faith and forbearance to be found anywhere, for the civilization and conversion of the native North American and the possession of this continent. Almost every village and hamlet—especially of the lower portion of the river—has a history full of stirring records, important in the first settlement of this continent, while the upper St. Lawrence is closely identified with all the leading events of the early history of our own country; and, in addition to this, has an interesting local history, illustrative of the events and trials undergone by a struggling pioneer people for the enjoyment of the priceless boon of Liberty.

To reach back down the line of years past, and gather up the forgotten and almost lost scenes and incidents, and weave about these newly-discovered sources of beauty and popular resources of pleasure the history of early days and discoveries, and preserve it all, embellished by the hand of the artist, for future ages, is not a work of ease, though we have found it a work of pleasure. History will take us back more than fifteen hundred years, and we find that there are few martyrs in the Church of Rome whose name or fame rests upon a more lasting or better foundation than that of St. Lawrence. And yet in the New World it has found a fame and foundation that shall be admired



GEO. M. PULLMAN'S CASTLE REST, AT ALEXANDRIA BAY.





long ages after the story of his deeds and even the holy church which canonized his bones may have been forgotten. It is gratifying to know that the object of our adoration is so honorably and worthily christened, although in learning this we are reminded of the ceaseless spirit of change written upon all things. St. *Lawrence* the martyr has become St. *Lawrence* the river.

The stereotyped falsities of history are very many in America, and they creep upon us with our eyes wide open. They come because legend takes the place of fact. The writer who would dare seriously to dispute the claim of Columbus to the honor accorded him for nearly three hundred years, would be bold indeed; and yet the position that he was *not* the discoverer of America has been attempted to be maintained. The Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, and came to found a government where they could enjoy religious freedom and liberty, and open an asylum for the oppressed of all other countries. But long before them there came a colony whose sole purpose was TO FISH; and the nation they founded has vied with the other, and grown more mighty and formidable in wealth and greatness, if not in glory. It seems not altogether unlikely that the American nation may develop characteristics which will be better evidence of its origin and the original purpose of its founders than can be found in the piety or exalted purpose of the Pilgrims. So, everywhere, the great incentive to explore and extend government bounds and influence has been that gain might follow; yet seldom has the original intent and purpose been fully realized.

As early as 1500, great fleets of British and Norman sailors visited Newfoundland, whose cod-fisheries were even then known throughout the Old World. The coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador were visited many times by these great fishing fleets before any attempt was made at exploring the Gulf of St. Lawrence or the river, even at its mouth. The Spaniards had then

begun to seek for treasure on the southwest coast of America. Faint glimpses of the great father of water had gone out to the world, and strange stories came from the Indians of its source and the great lakes beyond. Jesuit missionaries, little by little, dared to penetrate the great unknown, and suffer the cruelties and hardships of life in a wilderness teeming with savage men and beasts. Spain was pushing her researches, and the Old World was filled with reports of strange people and of a strange land. Of course, fiction and romance are never idle, and they clothed the whole in wonderful beauty and decked the New World with gold, precious stones and gems of rarest worth and excellence.

It was under these circumstances that Jacques Cartier, a French sea captain, in 1534, came with two vessels to explore the great river that empties through the Gulf into the Atlantic, and which had been known by the Labrador and Newfoundland fishermen for nearly a hundred years. He landed at the mouth of the river in the Spring, and had not proceeded far—in fact, had not entered the river at all—before he became satisfied that the Spaniards had been there before him; and as he progressed further, he found unmistakable evidence that these restless, undaunted explorers had several times visited those shores in search of mines. They had ascended the river some distance, but abandoned the search after amusing themselves in cruel treatment of the natives. It is claimed by some that the name of Canada comes from a corruption of their expression of disgust and disappointment—"Aca-Nada" (here is nothing), which the natives picked up and held on to, without knowing its meaning, for the purpose of designating the place and associating with it the strangers who came. Whatever may be the merit or truth of this story, it has the authority of the oldest and best historian of Canada (Heriot).

Cartier returned to France during the Summer, having accomplished little or

nothing by his journeying. The next year he made another voyage to the Gulf, which was almost as barren of results as his first one. He effected a landing on the north entrance of the river, and called the place St. Nicholas, which name it still bears. He also named a bay on the same coast St. Laurence, for the reason that he entered the bay on the 10th of August—St. Laurence's fast-day. Thence the name has spread the entire length of the river. The Spaniards were the first to explore the river, but, by a strange coincidence, a Frenchman names it after a saint of Spanish birth and education.

Cartier passed up the river on this voyage as far as where Montreal is now situated, and there he remained during the Winter, becoming acquainted with the natives, trading with them and studying their habits, customs and language. This point was at that time something of an Indian village, under the name of "Hochelaga." In the Spring he returned to France, and for four years the wars and internal troubles of his own country prevented any further visits or explorations.

About 1542 King Francis First issued letters to Francis de la Roque, Seigneur de Roberval, giving him power of the King over "Canada, Hochelaga, Sageucnay, Terre Neuva, Labrador," and other countries or "cities" of the New World. The commission was almost equal to the command to go forth and possess the earth. Six ships embarked in this expedition, Cartier accompanying it as chief captain. A portion of the party settled at Quebec, but the most of those who remained settled at Montreal—Cartier among the number. The vessels returned to France laden with furs which were gathered during the Winter. The next year they came again, and found the little colony in good condition. Cartier then explored the river to the mouth of the Saguenay, and the new scenes could hardly be believed even by those who were in the midst, much less by those who listened to the report of them. This feeling is still shared

in a pleasurable degree by those who behold for the first time the scenery of the lower St. Lawrence and its tributaries. A third expedition to Canada was undertaken two years after, under Roberval, but it proved a failure—all the ships being lost, and no survivor was left to tell the story.

The growth of the French colony was very slow, and its history is one of great hardships and privation. The rigorous climate, the immense number of bloodthirsty and hostile natives, the great number of wild beasts, all combined to neutralize and circumscribe every effort at happiness, and even a tolerable existence was hardly attainable. Then follow the expeditions of Champlain, who traversed the discoveries of Cartier, and penetrated still farther west, and reached out to the north and south through the tributaries of the great river; and for the first time the exploration of the country was begun in earnest. Companies were formed, and aid and assistance obtained from the French government, and large investments were made by capitalists and speculators. The Indian wars and massacres which followed have scarcely parallels in American history. The great tribes of Algonquins, Hurons and Iroquois roamed at will from the upper Mississippi to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and began to look with jealous eyes upon the incursions of the white man. The fur-trade began to be the great business of the colonists, and the St. Lawrence river was the thoroughfare by which the tribes from the lake country were enabled to reach Montreal, where they disposed of their stock of skins. It was by this trade that the river was opened up to the adventurous white man.

The events of these years, and the progress of civilization are interesting; they are the very romance of American history, and pertain to that which is fast becoming the most enjoyable and pleasing portion of our continent in Summer. From the foot of Lake Ontario to Prescott is a continued stream of romance and beauty, which our



VIEW FROM THE OLD SETH GREEN HOUSE.





artist will portray by his camera. Surely the region in Summer is one calculated to make us ask, as we move amid the delights,

“Was it not dropt from heaven?”

Not a breath but bears enchantment; not a cliff but flings on the clear wave some image of delight. Every turn and motion of the boat bring new views, new scenes, new life: scenes that fascinate the eye, and pictures that draw the soul in wondering admiration to the great Artist Divine. Be it ours to muse on such scenes; ours to glide through them from daybreak till the beautiful night creeps on and broods in solemn stillness over all. Through all the years of life the memory of such scenes last; they come in dreams, and we revisit them in memory's treasure-house. They draw us nearer the really good and beautiful which we all some day hope to enjoy.

The work in hand is one of importance to Canada and the United States, and is of especial interest to persons who live within the section of country covered by it, as well as to all admirers of American scenery. The scope and design is sufficiently broad to comprehend everything of interest. The picturesque portion will be within the limits named and artistic. Views of scenery and of villas will alone make the work of great value. The scenes will not only be new, never before having been presented to the public in this complete form—but the enjoyment and improvement of them by the pleasure seekers who make the islands their permanent Summer homes, is also a new feature in American Summer-life, and adds very much to the natural beauty. These islands are little petty kingdoms, lying in close and friendly proximity to each other—ruled by no power except the wishes, comfort and happiness of those who call them “Home.” In the upper St. Lawrence there are over fifteen hundred of these islands. A large portion of them are owned by wealthy persons, many of whom have built upon them fine residences, and

laid out tasteful grounds. Within the past few years the improvements in this direction have been very great. One immense camp-meeting enterprise has called into existence hundreds of fine cottages on the largest island, and many desirable residences on the lower end of the same, while every island, during the Summer month, seems to bear its portion, if not of permanent Summer-homes, of transient tenting or camping parties. Skiffs and steam yachts being the only means of getting from island to island, or from an island to the main shore, they are of course numerous, and very handsome and expensive ones are plenty. They move silently about, with fishing or visiting parties, in the day-time; and when the soft evening air, so peculiar to this region, has settled down, and the beautiful sunset faded out, the different islands will become illuminated; boats loaded with happy pleasure-seekers glide about among them; the music of bands and of voices floats out upon the pure, clear air, over the placid waters—and the heart cannot but respond in its fullest gladness. Nowhere on earth, away from the silent Adriatic, has the poet's dream of Venice been so fully, rapturously realized. For full forty miles in the upper St. Lawrence, (between Cape Vincent and Brockville.) where these islands are thickest, the scenery by day is grand and inspiring, while the illuminations, the music, the flashing boats and the festivities make the evenings enchanting.

The detailed descriptions will begin with Cape Vincent, and, passing through the canal, to the old and interesting city of Kingston (Ontario.) Some of the picturesque islands will follow; then Clayton, (French Creek), a growing town and Summer resort on the American shore at the entrance to the Thousand Islands; Gananoque, on the Canadian shore opposite; then the beautiful Round Island, so near Clayton; then Grenell's Park, the fine Pullman Hotel near by. Then the Thousand Island Park, largest of all the improvements, and upon the

head of the largest island in the river (Wells Island); Central Park and Westminster Park (on the lower end of Wells Island); Point Vivian and Alexandria Bay, well known for the past twenty-five years for its fine hotels and elegant society; then Brockville and Prescott, two thriving Canadian towns, with Morristown, opposite Brockville. These places are all within the Thousand-Island group.

It is our purpose that the work shall go into details sufficiently to make all subjects clear and intelligible that are touched upon,

and to cover conscientiously the whole field mapped out. We hope to make the book satisfactory and acceptable to the intelligent and patriotic people on both sides of the dividing line between the two governments, and under whose observation and enlightened criticism it must ultimately pass. Upon their patriotism and support we do not hesitate to rely; and, so relying, we press forward to complete the great work upon which we have entered.

JNO. A. HADDOCK.

#### AMONG THE ISLANDS.

ELIZABETH WINSLOW ALLDERDICE.

(In the "Continent.")

Dreaming we sailed one summer's day,  
A day so long ago,  
Dreaming as only idlers may  
In summer noontide's glow,  
Dreaming as only light hearts can  
Before the weight of years  
Has fettered mirth with cruel ban  
And freighted life with tears.

Sailing 'mid islands green and fair  
On broad St. Lawrence tide,  
Where worldly thought and worldly care  
All entrance are denied—  
Nothing but nature still and sweet,  
Nature beyond compare,  
The shining water 'neath our feet,  
Around the summer air.

White clouds move slowly o'er the blue,  
White shadows lie below;  
They stir not at our gliding through,  
So lazily we go.  
The fisher's craft with sails unfurled  
Drift with us down the tide,  
While yachts from out the busy world  
Far in the offing ride.

The Isles are green, so richly green  
With leaf of birch and pine,  
The lordly oak and forest queen  
Their graceful limbs entwined,  
The slender cattails, brown and tall,  
Nod us a welcome near;  
No sound save gurgling ripples fall  
Upon the tranced ear.

The fisher's hut beside the shore  
Seems sleeping with the tide;  
No shadows through the open door  
Across the threshold glide.  
With dreamy drift we slowly steal,  
Heedless of passing time;  
We hear the ripples on our keel,  
Singing their low sweet rhyme.

That low sweet music echoes yet,  
Those islands green and fair,  
That summer day we ne'er forget,  
Its balmy, blissful air.  
Relentless time has swept us down  
Life's ocean broad and deep,  
But later fortune's smile or frown  
Ne'er bids that memory sleep.

#### THE THOUSAND ISLES.

The following lines, by Caleb Lyon, of Lyonsdale, are very old, but will be read with interest:

The Thousand Isles, the Thousand Isles,  
Dimpled, the wave around them smiles,  
Kissed by a thousand red-lipped flowers,  
Gemmed by a thousand emerald bowers;  
A thousand birds their praises wake,  
By rocky glade and plummy brake,  
A thousand cedars' fragrant shade  
Fall where the Indians' children played;  
And fancy's dream my heart beguiles,  
While singing thee, the Thousand Isles.

No vestal virgin guards their groves,  
No Cupid breathes of Cyprian loves,  
No Satyr's form at eve is seen,  
No Dryad peeps the trees between,  
No Venus rises from their shore,  
No loved Adonis, red with gore,  
No pale Endymion wooed to sleep,  
No brave Leander breasts their deep,  
No Ganymede—no Pleiades—  
Theirs are a New World's memories.

There St. Lawrence gentlest flows,  
There the south wind softest blows,  
There the lilies whitest bloom,  
There the birch hath leafiest gloom,  
There the red deer feed in spring,  
There doth glitter wood duck's wing,  
There leap the mascolonge at moru,  
There the loon's night song is borne,  
There is the fisherman's paradise,  
With trolling skiff at red sunrise.

The Thousand Isles, the Thousand Isles,  
Their charm from every care beguiles;  
Titian alone hath grace to paint  
The triumph of their patron saint,  
Whose waves return on memory's tide,  
La Salle and Piquet side by side.  
Proud Frontenac and bold Champlain  
There act their wanderings o'er again;  
And while the golden sunlight smiles,  
Pilgrims shall greet thee, Thousand Isles.



THE OLD SHIP HOUSE AT SACKETS HARBOR.

Torn down by the United States about 1882; and the "New Orleans," also sold for her timber and metal.



BROOKLYN TERRACE, THOUSAND ISLAND PARK.

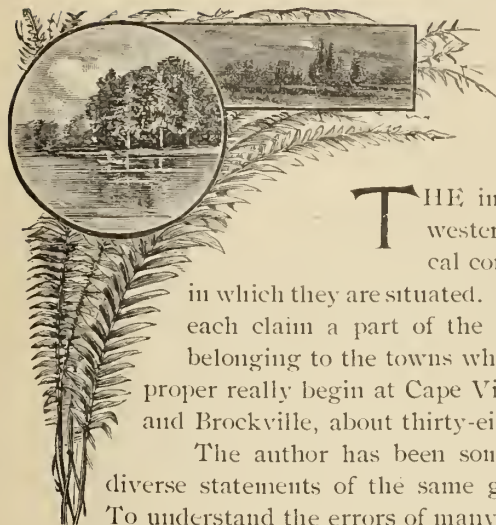
SUMMER RESIDENCE OF BYRON A. BROOKS, OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.





# The Thousand Islands.

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## THE CHAIN OF TITLE.

THE importance of these islands, which form the north-western boundary of Jefferson county, demands historical consideration distinct and separate from the towns in which they are situated. Cape Vincent, Clayton, Orleans and Alexandria each claim a part of the islands, since they are mapped and described as belonging to the towns which front upon the river opposite. The islands proper really begin at Cape Vincent and Kingston, and extend to Morristown and Brockville, about thirty-eight miles below, and are about 1,500 in number.

The author has been sometimes puzzled what to believe as he listens to diverse statements of the same general facts as related by different individuals. To understand the errors of many such statements at once demonstrates the unreliability of oral testimony, and the importance of serious investigation before making a record for the printed page. It was once believed by many that Wells Island was for a time held half-and-half by both Canada and the United States. The inconsistency of such a location of the dividing line between two governments will be apparent to the most casual observer. But under such misinformation there were numerous settlements by Canadians upon that important island, claiming that they were within the limits of their own country. The truth is that in the treaty division of these islands there was no attempt to divide any island. The treaty called for a line running up the "main channel of the St. Lawrence," but when the commissioners came on to locate the line, they found two main channels, both navigable, though the southeast (the American) channel was by far the straightest, and is undoubtedly the main channel of the river at that point; and so the commissioners "gave and took" islands under the treaty, Wells Island falling to the United States because so near its main shore, and Wolfe Island going to the Canadians for a similar reason.

The place which this beautiful region holds in American history is second only to that occupied by New England and Plymouth Rock, while the memories and traditions which cluster around it are as thrilling and romantic as are to be found in the new world. Wars, piracy, tragedy and mystery have contributed to its lore.

The St. Lawrence was discovered by Jacques Cartier, the French explorer, in 1535, but he did not proceed further up the stream than to explore the St. Louis rapids above Montreal. There is much uncertainty as to the identity of the white man who first gazed upon the beautiful scene presented by the Thousand Islands. The early discoverers were less interested in scenery than in the practical things which pertained to navigation, trade and travel, and the spreading of Christianity. Champlain, in 1615, beginning at the western end of Lake Ontario, explored that lake and the St. Lawrence to Sorel river, thus passing through the Thousand Island region on to Lake Ontario and the Bay of Quinte.

How or when or by whom the world's attention was first called to this archipelago is a matter of doubt, but certainly at an early date it had impressed itself upon the lover of the grand and beautiful, for at least two centuries ago the French christened it "Les Mille Isles"—The Thousand Isles. The later and more completely descriptive English name for it is "The Lake of a Thousand Islands." The St. Lawrence has marked the line of separation, and the Thousand Islands have been the scene of some of the important campaigns in four great conflicts between nations. The first was the Indian war between the Algonquin and the Iroquois, which continued many years, with occasional intermissions. The second struggle was between the French and English, and some of its hostile meetings and victories and defeats took place among the islands and on the neighboring shores. In the American Revolutionary war with England, and that between the same forces in 1812, the defense of this locality was of decided importance.

Some of the most exciting incidents of that disgraceful military adventure known as the Patriot War, with its intermittent outbreaks from 1837 to 1839, took place on this part of the river, notably the burning of the British steamer Sir Robert Peel, near Wells Island, on the night of May 29, 1838, and the battle of the Windmill, near Prescott, Ont., November 13, of the same year.

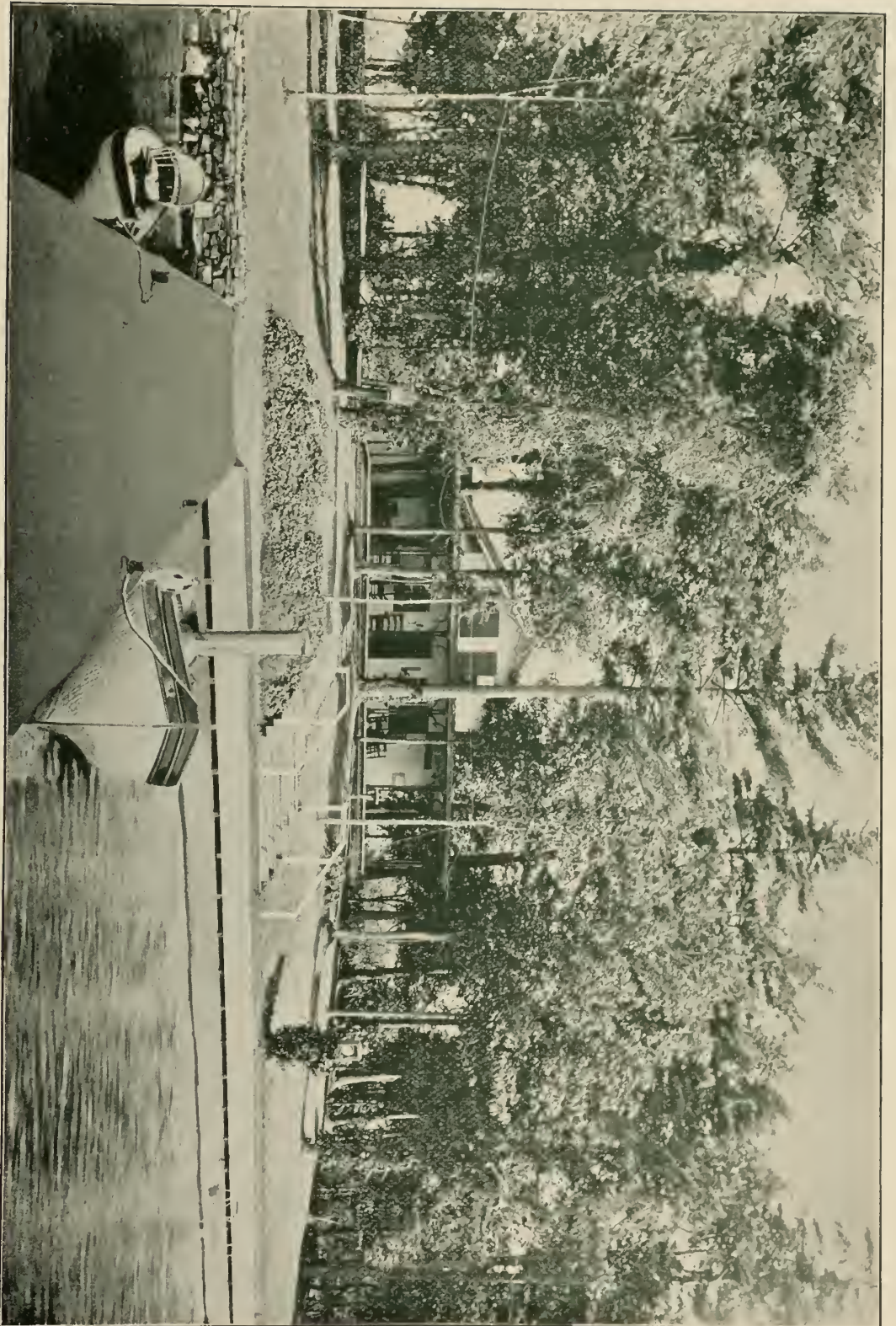
The development and wonderful increase in the value of these islands have been more especially due to influences which have originated at Alexandria Bay. The islands were transferred to the State of New York through the several treaties with the aboriginies, following the same chain of title by which the main shore, from the Hudson to the St. Lawrence, came under the proprietary and governing control of the State. The dividing line between the United States and Canada passes somewhat arbitrarily among the islands, varying in size from a small pile of rocks covered by a few stunted trees, to others quite large—one of them (Wells Island) containing nearly 10,000 acres of arable land. This valuable island was conceded to the United States under the treaty with England, negotiated at the close of the war for independence. The State of New York, by patent under its great seal, conveyed the islands to Colonel Elisha Camp, a distinguished citizen of Sackets Harbor, N. Y. In 1845 Azariah Walton and Chesterfield Parsons purchased (not from Col. Camp, but from Yates & McIntyre, of lottery fame, whose title came from Camp), the northwest half of Wells Island and "all the islands in the American waters of the river

St. Lawrence from the foot of Round Island (near Clayton) to Morristown," a distance of some thirty-five miles. The consideration was \$3,000. Eventually the Parsons interest was purchased by Walton, who became sole owner, and continued as such until the firm of Cornwall & Walton was established in 1853, when they purchased nearly the whole of the remaining half of Wells Island, and then that firm became sole owner of all these islands, having

vested in them all the rights and title originally granted Colonel Camp by the State of New York. To Hon. Andrew Cornwall, for nearly fifty years at Alexandria Bay, and always its devoted friend and advocate, is due the greatest credit for the movement which has developed the Thousand Islands, and he is yet spared to greet each season the great company who come year by year to enjoy the grand river.







THE OLD SETH GREEN HOUSE, AS REBUILT.  
VIEW TAKEN FROM THE WHARF IN FRONT OF SAME.



The value of the islands was quite nominal until they fell under the new firm's control, and even for several years afterwards. Eventually there grew up a demand for them, and they were sold low, but with a clause in the conveyance requiring a cottage to be erected within three years. Col. Staples obtained as a free gift the grounds upon which he erected the Thousand Island House. As

an indication of the present value of at least one of these islands, it is now made public that \$10,000 was offered and refused for an island sold by Cornwall & Walton for \$100. The Canadian islands were not, of course, included in the grant to Camp, Yates & McIntyre, or Cornwall & Walton. A considerable number of these Canadian islands were lately sold by the government.

### EARLY INDIAN HISTORY.

"In the beginning," so far as history or traditions extend back into the past, this region was the border-land of the Algonquin and the Iroquois,—the former dwelling for the most part to the northward and eastward, while the latter, at least in the later period, had their principal homes along the lakes and rivers of Central and Western New York.

At various places upon the hills that overlook the level portions of Jefferson County, and here and there in St. Lawrence County below, are traces of ancient defensive works, consisting of a low ridge and a shallow ditch, more or less circular in outline, or made across a point of land that was on the other side protected by natural banks easy of defense. These were, doubtless, banks of earth, thrown up against the base of upright posts set close together in the ground, and before the introduction of fire-arms, they must have been an effective shelter against any means of assault known in Indian warfare. Around these places, and in localities that must have been pleasant homes for a people that lived by hunting and fishing, there are found broken pottery, stone implements, and flint arrow heads, which obscurely mark the residence, and indicate the employment of a race that has passed away. In a field on the hillside east of Watertown, there was found many years since, a flat stone covering a little pit full of bones that had evidently been picked up and

buried by friendly hands after long exposure on the surface, and some of these had evidently been gnawed by wild beasts. Was this the place of some battle between the native tribes? In one of these trench-enclosures in the town of Rutland there have been found human bones in the places where the combatants must have fallen in attempting to enter or defend this stronghold of the olden time.

The early historians of Canada record the fact that a bloody war was going on between the Adirondacks or Algonquins on the St. Lawrence, and the Iroquois or Five Nations of the region now included in Central and Western New York, when the country was first visited by the French. Champlain took part in this war on the part of the former, and by the use of fire-arms, hitherto unknown in Indian warfare, turned the tide of success for a time in favor of his allies—but gained thereby the lasting hatred of their enemies toward the French. The origin of this warfare is traced by tradition to a long time before the first appearance of the white man, and although not measured by moons or seasons, it still appeared to be consistent and probable,—and according to the little that could be gathered, was as follows:

The Algonquins and the Iroquois had lived for a long time in harmony, the former being the stronger, and chiefly subsisting by the chase, while the latter were more inclined to fishing and agriculture. Now and then



the young men of the two races would go out on their hunting expeditions together, but in these the superiority of the man who killed the game, over him who skinned and dressed it, was always insisted upon, and when the party saw an opportunity it was the business of the one to pursue and slay, and of the other to stand by and see it done.

At one time half a dozen of each class were out in the winter on a hunting excursion together. They saw some elk, and immediately pursued them, but the Algonquins, presuming on their superiority, would not suffer the young Iroquois to take part, at the same time giving them to understand that they would soon have business enough on hand in taking care of the game they were about to kill. Three days were spent in vain pursuit, for although they said there was an abundance of game, ill luck followed them at every step.

At length the Iroquois offered to go out themselves, and the former not doubting but that a like failure would soon put an end to their unwelcome comments upon their own efforts, consented. The tide of success turned in their favor, and the Iroquois soon returned with an abundance of game. Mortified at this result, the jealous Algonquins the next night killed all of their successful rivals, as they lay sleeping. The crime, although concealed and denied, was soon discovered, and the Iroquois at first made their complaints with moderation—simply asking that justice should be done to the murderers.

No attention was given these complaints, and the injured party took justice into their own hands, solemnly vowing to exterminate the haughty race or perish in the attempt. Long series of retaliatory inroads were from this time made by each into the territories of the other, which finally ended greatly to the advantage of the Iroquois, and in the almost total annihilation of their enemies. The St. Francis Indians are a remnant of this once powerful tribe.

At the time of first surveys, the traditional line between the Indians of Canada

and the Iroquois of New York, extended from the mouth of French Creek, in the village of Clayton, across the country to Split Rock on Lake Champlain; and on the map drawn by Arent Marselis, a surveyor of the last century, and now found in the State archives, one of his lines runs "to an old fort which stood on the creek, called *Weteringha-Guenterre*, and which empties into the St. Lawrence about twelve miles below Carleton Island, and which fort the Oneidas took from their enemies a long time ago."

This fixes the identity of this stream as the "French Creek" of the present day, and the site of the fort, as in or near the present village of Clayton. It may tend to confirm the traditions recorded by La Hontan, Colden, Charlevoix, and others, and furnish a connecting link between written history and the unrecorded past.

#### THE AVENGING INROAD OF THE IROQUOIS UPON THE FRENCH.

Early in July, 1688, an act of perfidy on the part of the French brought down upon their settlements the terrible vengeance of the Iroquois. Passing down the St. Lawrence, they landed at Lachine on the 26th of July, and fell upon the unsuspecting inhabitants, burning, plundering and massacring in all directions, and almost up to the defenses of Montreal. They lingered weeks in the country, laid waste the settlements far and wide, and returned with the loss of only three men. The French lost about a thousand persons by this inroad, and many prisoners were carried off for a fate worse than sudden death.

The French at Fort Frontenac were compelled to burn the two vessels they had on the lake, and abandon the fort, first setting a slow match to the powder magazine. The fire happened to go out before the powder was reached, and the place was soon plundered. The garrison set out in seven bark canoes, traveling only by night, and after much difficulty reached Montreal.



THE BONAPARTE HOUSE AT NATURAL BRIDGE, N. Y.



THE COLUMBIAN HOTEL AT THOUSAND ISLAND PARK.





## FRONTENAC: THE OLD FORT AND ITS BUILDERS.

WHAT OTHERS HAVE WRITTEN ABOUT IT, WITH VARIOUS SPECULATIONS AND ASSUMPTIONS. A MINGLING OF FACT AND FICTION.

BY MAJOR J. H. DURHAM.

FOR more than half a century, the traveller on the River St. Lawrence by way of the American channel, has not failed to notice a group of stone chimneys standing on the bluff at the head of Carleton Island. Inquiry, or perchance an examination, disclosed the fact that the greater portion of these old chimney stacks stood within an elaborately fortified enclosure, of which the outlines are not only distinct, but in a degree quite perfect; so much so that the plan is readily determined, the system identified, its armament adjudged, its magazines and barracks located, and, in short, its whole scope, object and intent made reasonably plain.

These pertinent inquiries naturally follow these observations: When were these elaborate works built, and by whom? What is their history? Where can one find an account of them?—remained unanswered. No one knew. The oldest inhabitant of the adjoining village of Cape Vincent knew nothing of their origin beyond the merest conjecture, notwithstanding the fact that where the "Old Fort" stands is the oldest settlement in the town. At times a little ripple of interest would be stirred up by some newspaper article, or perchance a magazine writer would embody the local legends concerning it into a readable article, and give them to the public; but, after all, it was incomplete and unsatisfying to one who possessed any desire to delve into the history of the past, and unearth the antiquities of long ago.

That these ruins had not reached a period when they were to be really classed with antiquities, was evident enough, but the desire to know their origin was, at least, akin to the antiquarian feeling; and hence almost everyone who saw them became more or less

possessed of a desire to know more of their origin. It was astonishing, too, that so little was known of them. It was incomprehensible how such an elaborate work could have drifted from out all human knowledge save that of conjecture. But so it was. French and English authors were silent on the subject, nor did the archives of either nation, so far as known, or those of the United States, throw any certain light upon the subject. Even the Colonial History of New York, within the borders of which State the ruins are, failed to give any clew; and yet to it the searcher naturally turned for information.

In view of the mystery surrounding the Old Fort, what wonder that the people generally attributed to it a great age? It grew to be an established fact in the minds of most people that it was erected sometime during the last century; and some went back to the time of Count Frontenac, in 1696, and attributed the building to Capt. Sieur du Luth, an officer serving under that nobleman; but a careful reading of Count Frontenac's expedition against the Onondagas, in the last days of July, 1696, as found in the Colonial History above mentioned, shows that idea to be untenable. Then, too, numerous relics had been found in the vicinity of the fort; buttons, brooches, and belt-plates had been ploughed up; coins had been found; but it was chiefly the numbers and devices on the buttons which seemed to set at rest the mooted question as to the nationality of the troops who once occupied the grounds.

THESE WERE UNMISTAKABLY ENGLISH.

The ornaments found were evidently portions of some Indian finery, and proved

nothing; and although most of the coins found were English, French coins were not entirely wanting, and hence by these relics nothing was proven.

In common with everyone else the author of this sketch, on seeing the ruins for the first time had his curiosity greatly aroused; and like everyone else, made many inquiries, only to experience a disappointment. He did not for a moment believe that a work of this seeming importance, and costing the outlay in money this must have cost, garrisoned as it must have been, armed as it undoubtedly was, could utterly pass into oblivion, leaving no record in the archives of the nation or government by whose orders it was constructed. He not only believed that there was a record somewhere, but he determined to find it if possible. A fortunate circumstance brought this about sooner than he expected.

It is not deemed best to lay before the reader everything of importance that has been written on the subject, which is really but very little, considering the interest which it has aroused from time to time. No seeker after the true history of the Old Fort was more persistent in his researches than the late Dr. Hough, of Lowville, who finally succeeded in solving the problem so nearly that but little more remained to be done. In his "History of Jefferson County, N. Y." published in 1854, Dr. Hough gives everything he has been able to ascertain up to that time. It is fair to say, however, that Dr. Hough, writing of Carleton Island, or rather of the Old Fort in 1854, and again thirty years later, differs materially. He says: "The most interesting relics of the olden time, within the county, are the ruins of Fort Carleton on Carleton or Buck's Island, called by the French *Isle aux Chevreuils*, about three miles from Cape Vincent, and in the middle of the south channel of the St. Lawrence. The island, when first discovered by our settlers, was partly cleared; it has an undulating surface, is composed of Trenton limestone and is very fertile.

"The surface near its head, where the fort is situated, rises by an easy grade to a spacious plain fifty feet above the river, which was precipitous in front, and overlooked a small peninsula but little elevated above the water, and affording on each side of the isthmus safe and ample coves for the anchorage of boats. On a point of this land the government is about to construct a light-house.

"The area under the hill was completely protected by the works on the heights above, and from its great fertility afforded an abundance of culinary vegetables for the garrison. Traces occur showing that cannon were planted on conspicuous points, and the trace of a submerged wharf is still seen, as are also wrecks of vessels in the bottom of the river adjacent. In the rear of the works may be seen the cemetery; but time has defaced the inscriptions upon the headstones, except the following: '*J. Farrar, D. Fy 1792.*'

"Forty years ago (in 1814) carved oaken planks were standing at many of the graves. Several chimneys occur outside of the intrenchment and on the peninsula in front of the fort. About a dozen still stand within the works, which are built of stone, in a permanent and massive manner, the flues being very small, and the bases enlarged and well founded. Near the brow of the hill is a circular well about ten feet in diameter, and supposed to be at least as deep as the level of the river, but being partly filled with rubbish, this could not be determined. Here are also excavations supposed to be for magazines.

"The plan of the fort shows it to be after the system of Vauban, and forms three-eighths of a circle of about 800 feet in diameter; the abrupt face of the hill, which was doubtless protected by a stockade, not requiring those defences which were furnished to the rear. The ditch is excavated in rock, is four feet deep and twenty-two feet wide. The covered way is twenty-four feet wide, the counterscarp vertical, the outer parapet four feet high, and the glacis formed of materials taken from the ditch.





VIEW IN SEVEN ISLES, PROPERTY OF GEN. BRADLEY WINSLOW.



“The rampart within the ditch was of earth, and is very much dilapidated. Ravellins were made before each re-entrant angle, and at the alternate salient angles bastions were so placed as to command the fort and its various approaches very effectually. No knowledge is derived from settlers of the character, the work, or the number or size of the enclosed buildings, except that a range of wooden block-houses within the intrenchment was once occupied by a corporal’s guard and a few invalids. The premises had fallen into decay, and were entirely without defensive works; a few iron cannon were lying on the beach or under water near the shore, and the gates had been robbed of their hinges for the iron, which had been pawned by the soldiers. The premises have at all times furnished a great abundance of relics, among which were coins, buttons, etc., whose inscriptions and devices without exception indicate an English origin, and a period not earlier than the French war. The figures, 60, K, 8, V, IX, 34, 22, 29, 84, 21, 31, etc., which occur on the buttons found, often accompanied by the devices of the thistle, anchor, etc., doubtless designated the regiments to which their wearers belonged.

“On the declaration of war, the guard was surprised and captured without resistance; the buildings burned, and never after used as a fort. The State reserved the island for its supposed importance in a military point of view, in their sale to Macomb. In 1796, the surveyors of this purchase found a corporal and three men in charge, and there were four long twelve and two six-pound cannon mounted. But little is said by historians and travellers of this place, as it appears never to have been the theater of events that gave interest to the former, and was not in the channel commonly taken by regular vessels, and therefore seldom visited by the latter.”

In conclusion, Dr. Hough refers to a manuscript document preserved in the archives of Albany, which he thinks “throws light upon the subject.” This manuscript, it ap-

pears, was drawn up in November, 1758, by the Marquis de Vaudreuil, then governor of Canada, on the defenses of that country, and which was submitted to the Marquis de Montcalm, who gave it his approval. It was to the effect that a force of 1,500 men should be sent to erect a post at the head of the St. Lawrence, after the plans of M. de Fontleroy, a distinguished military engineer of that period, it was to be the center of military operations instead of Frontenac, or any one of that group of islands lying in the Bay of “Niohoure,” to the right of the entrance to the St. Lawrence river; because the English might enter the St. Lawrence without being seen from those places.

It was to be an extensive work, susceptible of defense by an army; a fleet was to be built, and in short it was to become the grand military and naval rendezvous for the whole frontier. The Chevalier de Levy, one of the most efficient military engineers of his time, was to take charge of the work. There are, however, no records to show that such a work was ever begun, and it is highly improbable that the matter ever went farther than the Marquis de Vaudreuil’s able paper, and Montcalm’s “entire approval.” Certainly Carleton Island could not have been chosen, because it fails to answer the requirements; and in fact there is no single point “at the head of the St. Lawrence” which commands both channels, or which would answer all the specifications of the Marquis de Vaudreuil’s paper; and it is extremely probable that a thorough examination showed this to be the fact, and hence the project was abandoned. Besides this, had a work of such extent and importance been completed, it would have inevitably superseded Frontenac, as was, indeed, intended; and would have become a place of so much importance that its history could never have been so entirely lost sight of, as it seems that of the supposed French fort on Carleton Island has been.

Lossing, in his “Field Book of the Revolution,” makes no mention whatever of the



Old Fort at Carleton Island; but in his "Field Book of the War of 1812," after having spent a couple of hours, perhaps, in a personal inspection of the ruins, he jumps at the following conclusion: "The English found it quite a strongly fortified post at the conquest of Canada, at a little past the middle of the last century, and perceiving its value in a military point of view—for it commands the main channel of the St. Lawrence—they greatly strengthened it." It is needless to say that the above statement, unsupported as it is, by any evidence whatever, is pure assumption. There is no proof whatever, that the French ever occupied the island as a permanent trading post even, to say nothing of military occupation, of which there is not the slightest trace of evidence, but there are many reasons why they should not have so used it.\*

According to Bouchette, in his "History of Canada," the first occupation of Carle-

\* Abner Hubbard, who at that time resided at Hubbard's Bay—now known as Millen's Bay, or "Riverview"—together with some of his neighbors, as soon as they heard of the declaration of war, went over to the island at night and took possession of the fort. The entire garrison consisted of three decrepit old soldiers and two old women. It is needless to say that the garrison was completely surprised, and surrendered without firing a gun. It was marched immediately to Sackets Harbor, and delivered into the hands of the military authorities to be dealt with according to the laws and usages of war. Hubbard, and his army, which tradition says consisted of "two men and a boy," have always been credited with having burned the barracks; but this is denied by relatives of Hubbard now living. It is said that a party of soldiers came over from Kingston, burned the barracks and entirely dismantled the fort.

ton Island was by the English in 1774, and it is highly probable that Bouchette was right; as it was not until some time after Canada fell into the hands of the English that trading posts were established along the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario, reaching in 1775 as far west as Detroit. Among the most prominent of these early traders, was Mr. James Robinson, who had a store at Fort Niagara at the mouth of the Niagara river; and who kept a factor on Deer Island to attend to the reshipment of his goods from that point—where they were received by batteaux from Montreal—to Niagara. This factor clerk was Archibald Cunningham. It further appears from the perusal of an old letter written by Mr. Francis Goring, late in the autumn of 1776, died at Niagara, that he became a clerk in the employ of Mr. Robinson, and later on he was Mr. Robinson's principal business manager, and eventually bought out his employer, who returned to England in 1781 or 1782.

A letter from Mr. Cunningham to Mr. Goring, written October 22d, 1778, is dated at "Carleton Island." It is evident then, that the change of name from "Deer" to "Carleton" took place about the 25th of October, 1778. After speaking of having news of an engagement between the British and French fleets, Mr. Cunningham says:

(Extract.)

"SIR. \* \* \* There is also certain advice of the taking one, and destroying two capital Rebel Frigates, which is the most that is done this Campaign, at least that we can hear of.

I am Dear Sir Yours most Sincerely

ARCH'D CUNNINGHAM.

Carleton Island, 22d Oct. 1778.



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Your friend and servant,

**JNO. A. HADDOCK,**

**Watertown, N. Y.**

**Room 44 Flower Block.**







