

SOUTHERN APPROACH TO LAKE GEORGE.

LAKE GEORGE.

BY T. ADDISON RICHARDS.

THE rain-drops upon our roof and against our window-pane trip in elfin measure—the harsh voice of old Boreas melts into a zephyrous breathing—glad sunshine illumines the dark clouds—and the gleeful rainbow spreads her magic sceptre of peace over the earth, as we nib our pen this wintry morning to conjure up summer memories of the gentle Horicon. Happy talisman—this remembrance of the Beautiful!

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this joyous Abstraction—conquering the pains and fears of the Actual!

“An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.”

In a twinkle, dear reader, we leave the deluged city and its dripping causeways far behind us, and drop our fancies down with the glittering sky, the merry mountain-tops, and the laughing island-bowers, deep into the crystal caves of the Queen of Waters: but you, who perchance know not the way so well as we, may need some guidance thither. Geography and topography are not the most alluring studies in the repertory of human lore, yet they have their uses, and claim their meed of deference from the most abstracted gazer from Nature up to Nature's God.

The number, beauty, and variety of the lakes and lakelets is one of the most striking features of American scenery; and the Empire State holds within her boundaries a most Benjamin-like share of these pearls of nature. It is needless for her to boast of Cayuga, Pleasant, Piseco, Schroon, Paradox, Champlain, and numberless other delicious scenes, while with fair Horicon alone she may challenge all the earth. This bright gem—gem of purest water—is befittingly set in a surrounding of kindred beauties, shedding its effulgence upon the most attractive portion of the most picturesque State in the Union. It is as accessible in all directions as steamers, railways, and plank-roads can make it. And what magnificent modes of access! The Canadian, dropping down Lake Champlain, nods to the Adirondacks on one hand, and to the Green Mountains on the other, as he hastens to pay a morning call; while the Southron glides swiftly through the



AMONG THE ISLANDS.

enchanted fastnesses of the Hudson, and peeps into the gay saloons of Saratoga, as he runs up to dinner or tea. And what cordial and hospitable greeting and entertainment they receive—moral and physical! What gracious smiles from the hostess, and what dinners and teas from the stewards of her hotels!

The transit of Lake George is a link in the high road from the States to the Canadas, by which happy accident men of business toils may worship God for a moment through the still, small voice of His handiworks, without abating a jot of their devotion to Mammon. The general scenery-hunter and the fashionable tourist "do" the Lake without trouble, in connection with their devoirs at Saratoga—a good preparation, had Horicon need of such a foil as the intellectual and moral fast of a sojourn at that temple of empty gallantries and unreal life.

The Indian, true to that dominant emotion of his heart—a pure and reverent love of Nature—always fervently worshiped at this shrine, and baptized it humbly—in sympathy with its own character and sentiment—Horicon, or the Silvery Waters; he called it too Canideriout, or the Tail of the Lake, from its relative position to the proximate waters of Champlain. The French Catholics, equally obeying the specialities of their *morale*, christened it, in honor of their religious creed, Lake Sacrament; while the Anglo-Saxon, no less mindful of his highest and holiest love, made it do homage to his egotism, and named it after himself—Lake George! To this hour, well-a-day! the voices of poetry and of religion are drowned in the more clamorous cry of human pride and selfishness.

Who can say what deeds of heroism and horror, of love and hate, the shores and depths of Horicon may have witnessed in the forgotten ages of the past, when the red man alone was lord and master. What unwritten histories, rich and strange, may lie buried in its sealed waters. Certainly, since its story has found chroniclers, numberless events of classic and historic charm have clustered thick around it. The poet and the romancer have embalmed it in the quaint old rhyme and in winsome story. Brave armies lie

under its sods, and its ripples now break over the graves of once gay and gallant fleets. Not a few of the most daring and important events of our Colonial wars, and of our Revolutionary struggle, endear these haunts to the national heart. We shall recall these records of the lyre, and these "moving accidents by flood and field," as briefly and comprehensively as we may, as in our traverse of the lake we reach the several points and scenes with whose story they are interwoven.

Let us start, as nine out of ten of you will, from the piazza of one of the giant hotels of Saratoga. We may manage the whole intervening distance of twenty miles, either wholly on an easy plank-road, or in part by the more rapid railway. We say of the latter route, "in part," because not yet has the demon voice of the locomotive profaned the holy stillness of Horicon. By either path, we shall pass over the last and most interesting part of the journey at a decorous and convenient pace.

As we jog on, we may, if we are poetically or archæologically bent—as one is apt to be under such circumstances—recall the woeful story of the ill-fated Jenny Mc'Crea, and the victory of Gates, and defeat of Burgoyne on Bemis' Heights, both stories of the vicinage. After dinner at Glen's Falls, we may delight us with the angry and tortuous passage of the upper Hudson, over immense barriers of jagged marble; and looking into the past, we may espy the hiding-place of Cooper's fair creations—Alice and Cora Munroe, with their veteran guardians, Uncas and Hawk-Eye. The clamor of human industry at this once quiet spot would now drown the foot-fall of the Mohican better than ever did his stealthy moccasin.

Midway between these famous falls and the lake, we take a peep at Williams' Rock, a venerable boulder on the wayside, remembered with the fate of its god-father, Col. Williams, killed here in the "soul-trying" times. The action which immortalized this ancient druid has given a dreary interest to another spot hard by—a deep-down, dank, and dismal "Bloody Pond," where sleep the poor fellows who were left to pay the scot at this sad merry-making.

From this point we catch our first glimpse of the watch-towers of Horicon; and soon after a joyous gleam of water blesses our vision, growing into a broad, far-spreading sea, studded with mythical isles and edged with gallant hills. Then the little village of Caldwell peeps up to greet us, and hastening to grasp its extended hand, we are soon cosily housed in the parlors of Sherrill's famous house, at the head of the Lake. The unusual course of the Horicon, from south to north, results in a little jumbling of the ups and downs of travel, sending the loiterer down the lake, while he is going up the shore, or road, and *vice versa*: thus leaving the queenly water open to the derogatory imputation of an insane weakness for standing on its head! Sup with the model appetite achieved by your day's travel—puff your Havana lazily as you commune for an hour upon the piazza, with the slumbering waters—sleep serenely, as under such gentle influences you infallibly must—rise betimes, and breakfast befittingly, as you will, upon Sherrill's immaculate trout, and if no very heinous sins press you down (like the leaded ends of the toy pithmen), there is no saying whether you yourself will be found standing upon your head or feet, for it requires but a marvelously short time here to make you a "boy again," and to revive your ancient passion for wild-oats.

It is the custom of many folks to take the steamboat at Caldwell, after breakfast, traverse the entire lake to Ticonderoga, get back again to tea, and consider the thing done: but as these people are only themselves "done," we shall consider their custom more honored in the breach than in the observance. Catch us, forsooth, wast-

ing Lake George on a single day's pleasure! We are not such thriftless prodigals. We are here *chez le* Commodore: we know when we are well off, and we are going to upset our trunks and make ourselves comfortable.

The morning is advancing, and we had well nigh forgotten our bath. To pass a day here without this luxury is to make but a shabby use of the blessings of Providence. What is Stoppani, with his "hot and cold?" or Rabineau, with his "salt?" in comparison with the vast crystal tub in which you here make your daily ablutions? A few steps—your skiff (skiffs abound) is manned; a few pulls, and that dreamy isle whose mazes you threaded last night with the blue wreaths of your cigar, is reached; one plunge, and your youth is renewed—you are in Elysium:

"We have been there, and still would go,
'Tis like a little heaven below!"

Our morning bath accomplished, now let us, like Shakspeare's hero, "sit upon the ground, and tell sad stories of the death of kings." Here, in the cooling shadow of the stately hemlock, so gracefully softened by the lighter humor of the more genial birch—the Socrates and the Alcibiades of the woods. Yonder, to the northward, are gathered, in promiscuous and crowded groups, as if to do honor to your coming, all the mountain-tops of the neighborhood. It is the same glimpse, seen nearer, as that caught occasionally in our approach to the Lake yesternight, and which we have sought to transcribe in our frontispiece. The islands lie chiefly off there in the distance; but so abundant are they, that quite enough still stand around you and dot the



SHELVING ROCK.



SCENE NEAR BOLTON.

water, like exclamation-points, in all directions. With the changing hour—dawn, sunset, and night; with the varying weather; from the calm of drowsy morning to the eve of gathering storm, these islands are found in ever-changing phases. As they sleep for a moment in the deep quiet of a passing cloud-shadow, you sigh for rest in their cooling bowers; anon, the sun breaks over them, and you are still as eager to mingle in their now wild and lawless revelry. You may shake up the Lake like a kaleidoscope, seeing with every varying change a new picture, by simply varying your relative position to these islands. Now you have a foreground of pebbly beach, or perchance of jagged rock, or of forest *débris*, with the spreading water, and the distance-tinted hills, to fill up the canvas; or, peeping beneath the pendant boughs of the beach and maple, an Arcadian bower discloses vistas of radiant beauty.

Still new volumes open as you thread the shores on either hand. This you may do, for some dozen miles on the western side, upon a comfortable carriage-way. Some four miles onward, you pick up the accompanying picture of "Shelving Rock," a feature which gives saliency to the landscape in all directions. Hereabouts, this particular grouping is seen over and over again, with sundry variations. Behind the Shelving Rock rises Black Mountain, a bold and omnipresent spirit in the scenery of Horicon: to be got rid of only by turning your back upon him—a discourtesy to which there is no temptation.

The charm of many of the islands and localities embraced in the view from Caldwell, is

pleasantly heightened by associations of historic incident. Diamond Isle was once (who, now watching its peaceful aspect, would ever think it!) a *depôt* for military stores and war-clad bands. Long Point, hard by, in 1757 formed with the shore a harbor for the *bateaux* of Montcalm. Yonder too are still found the ruins of forts, and other adjuncts of the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war. Fort William Henry, the most interesting of these relics, was built by the English during their colonial wars with the French, in 1755. Two years after, it was destroyed by the Gallic general, Montcalm, on the surrender of the English garrison. The circumstances of this capitulation are too tragical to be easily forgotten. As the conquered troops were leaving the fort, under the promise of protection and escort, they were savagely attacked by the Indian allies of the victors, and fifteen hundred were slain or made captives, the French looking calmly and perfidiously on the while, and denying all succor or interference. To complete the horror of the scene, the mangled corpses of more than a hundred women strewed the ground.

In this vicinage are the ruins of Fort George; and close by was once a third fortification, named in honor of General Gage. The history of neither recalls to our memory any very active scenes.

Caldwell, though possessing not over two hundred inhabitants, is yet the most considerable village—indeed the only one worthy of the name—until you reach Ticonderoga, at the north end of the Lake. Its position at a terminus, and on the high road of travel, together with its well-ordered summer hotel (the favorite Lake House,

at whose table we have thus far in our journey been delighting our souls with the rich products of the angle and of the chase), have made it the place where tourists most do congregate. In every respect it is capital head-quarters. Still there are other resting-places and bivouacs none the less desirable from being more secluded and quiet. Chief among these is Bolton, some three leagues distant by road or water, and Garfield's, still another decade of miles removed. At both of these landings are admirable hotels, with every facility for a satisfactory immolation of Old Tempus. A new inn has been very recently erected opposite Caldwell; and Toole's, some miles beyond, on the eastern shore, is well known to the hunting and fishing visitors.

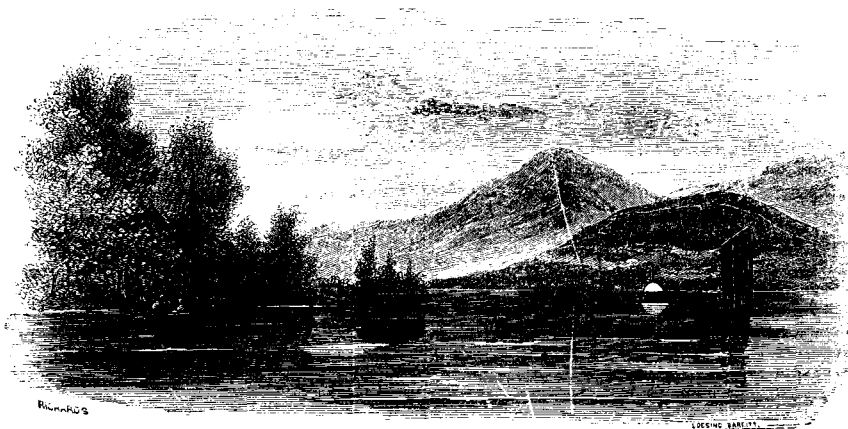
But of all the haunts on the Lake, Bolton is pre-eminent in its array of natural beauty. In no other vicinage can you put out your hand or your foot, and in one leisurely pull on the water or in one quiet stroll on the shore, possess yourself of so many and so richly contrasted pictures. The genuine lover of nature may linger long at other spots, but here is his abiding place. Bolton is a township which, while having a name to live, is yet dead. It possesses a shadowy conglomeration of huts, which the modesty of the good Boltonians themselves dares not dignify with any prouder appellation than that of "the huddle." The farm-houses round about are reasonably thick and well to do, certainly; but still Bolton, in the vocabulary of the stranger, is neither more nor less than the "Mohican House," whose esteemed commandant is Captain Gale, a name next to that of "Sherrill" most gratefully interwoven with the carnal history of Horicon. Yes! the Mohican House is Bolton, and Bolton is the Mohican House; even as Bardolph was his nose, and his nose was Bardolph. Great are both!

Among the genial spirits who were our few fellow guests here during two happy moons, some year or so ago, was one of Italia's most gifted daughters, whose voice has rung in melody through all this wide land, yet never in such sweet and winning harmony, and with such

worthy accessories, as under the starry canopy and amidst the enrapt stillness of Horicon. "*Casta diva che in argenti,*" floating spirit-like over the glad waters, and gently echoed by listening hill and isle, is not quite the same thing as when sent back from the proscenium of "Astor Place." Our Signorina had "the heavens and earth of every country seen;" had known and loved Katrine and Windermere, Constance, Lomond, Geneva and Grassmere, had grown to womanhood on the sunny banks of immortal Como, yet found sweet Horicon more charming than them all. What better evidence of the sweet poetry and power of the lovely theme of our present memories can we have than the earnest and enduring emotion and sympathy it wins from the most cultivated souls, no less than from the wonder-stricken novice amidst the *chefs-d'œuvres* of nature?

It is no slight task to determine in which direction here, to seek the picturesque—whether in the bosom of the Lake, on the variedly indented shores, or on the overlooking mountain tops. Every where is abundant and perfect beauty. Among our poor trophies of the pencil we have preserved a little glimpse looking southward from the edge of the water at Bolton. Our only regret is, as we offer it with its companions, that, with our best seekings, we may still appear to the reader, too much like the pedant in Hierocles, submitting a brick as a sample of the beauty of his house.

The average width of Lake George is between two and three miles. At the Mohican House, this average is exceeded; indeed, at one other point only, is it any where broader than here. All the leading features of the locality are happily commanded here. The islands within range of the eye are many and of surpassing beauty—and among them is that odd little nautical eccentricity, called Ship Island, from the mimicry in its verdure of the proportions and lines of the ship. The landing is near the mouth of the northwest bay—a special expanse of five miles, stolen from the main waters by the grand mountain promontory aptly called the Tongue. It is



SHIP ISLAND AND BLACK MOUNTAIN.



THE NARROWS.

the extension into the Lake of this ridge of hills which forms the Narrows, entered immediately after passing Bolton. Contracted as the channel is at this point, it seems yet narrower from the greater elevation of the mountains among which are the most magnificent peaks of the neighborhood. Here is the home of Shelving Rock, with its hemisphere of palisades, and its famous dens of rattlesnakes; here too, monarch of hills, the Black Mountain, with his rugged crown of rock, holds his court. Tongue Mountain is the favored haunt of the Nimrods in their search for the luscious venison. Speaking of the chase reminds us that we owe a line to the sister sport of the angle. It is in the vicinage of Bolton that both these delights may be best attained, and particularly is it the field, *par excellence*, for piscatory achievements. Were it not that so very little credence is placed in the avoirdupois of fishermen, we would allude modestly to the weight of certain astonishing creatures of the trout and bass kind, which we have ourselves persuaded to the hook.

Charming as are the scenes from the surface of the Lake, they are surpassed by the glimpses continually occurring in the passage of the road on the western shore (the precipitousness of the mountains on the other side admits of no land

passage), and commanded by the summits of the hills. Leaving Bolton, the road which has thus far followed the margin or the vicinage of the water, steals off, and sullenly winds its rugged and laborious way across the mountains, offering nothing of interest until it again descends to the Lake near Garfield's—a tedious traverse of a score of miles or more. The interval is much more rapidly and pleasantly made on the steamer. From Sabbath-Day Point and Garfield's, the road again jogs on merrily in the neighborhood of the water. Descending the mountains at the northern end of this central portion of the Lake road, you catch a noble and welcome panorama of the upper part of the Horicon. But returning to Bolton—we were about speaking of the delightful scenes from the shore thereat. Within a short walk northward, an exceedingly characteristic view is found looking across the mouth of the Northwest bay to the Narrows. From all the eminences or from the shore, the landscape is here of admirable simplicity, breadth, and grandeur. It is seen most justly as the morning sun peeps over Black Mountain and its attendant peaks. Looking southward from various points yet further on, fine views of the head of the Lake are obtained—among them our sketch of the master feature of the southern extremity—the French

mountain—terminating a pleasant stretch of lawn, hill, and islanded water.

It is while the eye is filled with such scenes as these modest hill-tops offer, more perhaps than when embowered in the solitudes of the island shades, or than when wandering by the rippling shore, that the soul is most conscious of the subtle nature of the charms which make us cling to and desire ever to dwell near Horicon. This secret and omnipotent essence is the rare presence of the quiet and grace of the beautiful—heightened, but not overcome, by the laughing caprices of the picturesque, and the solemn dignity of the grand in nature. The beautiful alone, wanting that contrast and variety which keeps curiosity alert and interested, soon wearies and cloyes—the sublime calling forth feelings of astonishment, and sometimes even of terror, stretches the fibres so much beyond their natural tone as to create pain, so that the effect, however great, can not be very enduring. When these several qualities are united, as they are in the luxuriant, changeful, and wide-spreading landscape of Lake George, a pleasant and lasting sensation of delight is the result—a healthy tone of pleasurable excitement, in which are avoided the extremes both of the languor of beauty and the painful tension of emotion produced by the sublime.

The attractions of Horicon will be yet more perfect when time shall effect the additional infusion of the picturesque, which will follow the enterprise, opulence, and taste of increasing population. Though now exhibiting all the elements of perfect beauty, she yet bides her time for complete development. She is now, to her sister waters of the Old World, as the untaught forest maiden is to the peerless queen of the boudoir and saloon. The refining and spiritualizing hand of art will soon enliven her quieter features, and

soften her rougher characteristics. Ruined battlements and legendary shrines may never deck her bluffs and promontories in the mystic veil of romance, but happy cottages and smiling homes of health and content will climb her rude acclivities, and merry summer villas will peep gleefully out of the clustering shrubbery of her lovely isles, bringing to the heart more grateful thoughts and hopes than would the vaunted accessories of older spots, inasmuch as they will whisper of a yet higher civilization and of a nobler life.

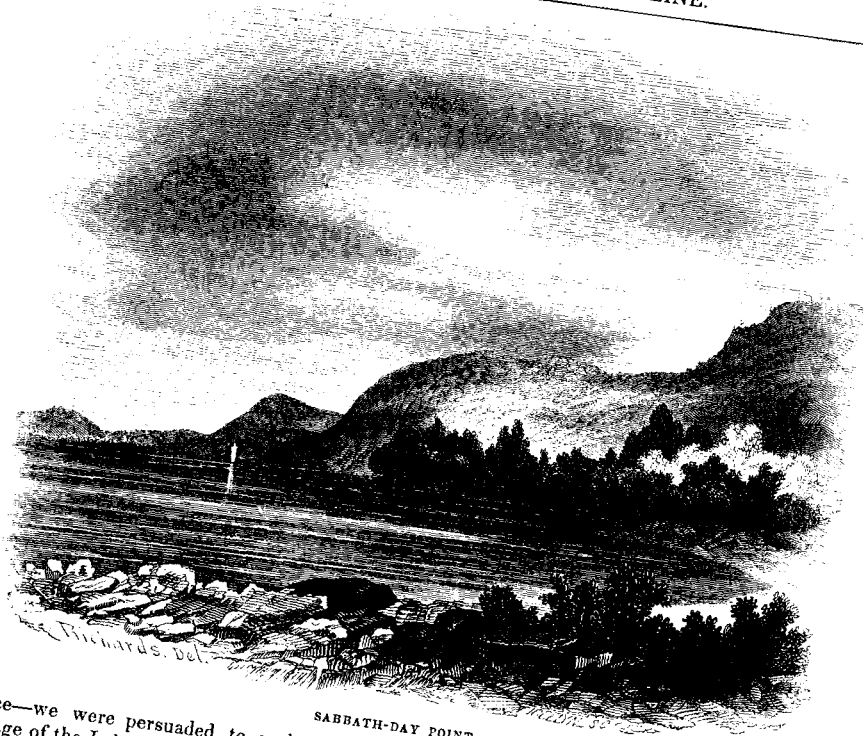
So admirably attuned are all the elements of beauty in the scenery of Lake George, that on our first acquaintance with the region we could scarcely imagine it ever to appear under a different aspect than the sunny phase in which we then saw it. So perfect did nature appear, both in the general sentiment and in the most minute detail, that we could think of her doing

“Nothing but that, more still, still so, and own
No other function—”

As we gazed around upon the chattering waters and upon the rejoicing hills, we wondered whether storm and cloud ever darkened their radiant face—whether the wrath of the mad and unchained elements ever managed to break the spell of calm repose. But we learned in due time that, as the mildest eye will sometimes glance in wrath, and the rosiest lip will curl in scorn, so the black scowl of the tempest would gather upon the brows of the peaceful hills, and hide the smile of the gentle floods of Horicon—only, though, soon to pass away, and leave hill and water more verdant and sparkling than before. When the air is thus cleared by storm or shower, the surrounding hills glitter in almost painful distinctness, each stem and stone from the base to the crown of the mountains seeming to come within the grasp of your hand. Once—deceived by this false sem-



FRENCH MOUNTAIN.



SABBATH-DAY POINT

blance—we were persuaded to undertake the passage of the Lake and the ascent of the Black Mountain. "It is so easy and simple a matter," said our adventurous friends, "and may be managed so readily and so rapidly." Alas! poor deluded wretches! Well was it that our fancy came with the rising of the sun, and that no delay followed in the execution, for night fairly overtook us before we regained our domicile, under a firm conviction of the verity of the old proverb touching the deceitfulness of appearances. As a memento of this excursion, we brought back a rattlesnake, which we demolished on the way; and the skin of which one of our party, following the sumptuary habits of the people, afterward wore as a hat-band. Turning from the position whence we have been gazing upon the French Mountain, we may detect, upon the extreme left, the petite area of Fourteen Mile Island, lying at the base of Shelving Rock, and near the entrance to the Narrows. This is a famous temporary home of the Nimrods who chase the deer over the crags of the Tongue Mountain, opposite. The domestic appliances of this rude resting-place are as nomadic as the roughest hunter could desire.

On the Pinacle, a lofty peak west of the hotel, a more extended panorama of the Lake is obtained. We often climbed to the summit of the hills on the road westward from Bolton; once we found ourselves there at the very peep of day, when the stern and rugged phiz of Black Mountain was bathed in the purple light of the rising sun; the few fleeting clouds visible in the heavens were tinged with gold, doubly gorgeous in contrast with the gray hue of the unilluminated hills beneath, the blue waters, and the yet sleeping islands. Still a few moments, and "heaven's wide arch was glorious with the sun's returning march." Floods of living light swept over the extended landscape—the hundred islets rubbed their sleepy eyes, and joyously awoke again, while the waters threw off the drapery of their couch in the shape of long lines of vapor, which the jocund king of day—merrily performing the rôle of chamber-maid—busied himself in rolling carefully up on the hill-side, and hiding away until they should be again required. It was one of those magical scenes of which the poet and painter more often dream than realize.

Thus far our panorama gazings have (from the intervening of the Tongue) shown us only the southern end of Horicon. At the 2200 feet elevation of the Black Mountain, the eye sweeps the entire extent of the Lake—of Champlain, lying at its eastern base—and of all the region round, to the peaks of the Adirondacks, and the green hills of Vermont. But very few tourists, and the green the Nimrods even, brave the toils of an ascent to the crown of this stately pile. The way is wearisome steep and beset with dangers. Watching with due precaution for the rattlesnake, an indigenous product of all this region, you may overlook the approach of the bear, or unexpectedly encounter the catamount—not to mention the host of less distinguished animals, "native here, and to the manner born."

When you are ready, or necessitated rather,

to say adieu to Bolton (for continual parting is the sad alloy of the traveler's rare privilege of varied greeting), the little steamer will pick you up all in the morning betimes, and whisk you through the Narrows to your next bivouac, at Sabbath-Day Point.

The passage of the Narrows, either in storm or sunshine, at noon-tide or night, is not the least agreeable item in your Lake experience. The waters here reach a depth of four hundred feet, and so surprisingly translucent are they, that you may watch the gambols of the finny peoples many fathoms below the surface. In most parts of the Lake you may count the pebbles at the bottom as your skiff glides along.

We shall be set ashore at Sabbath-Day Point in a batteau, for want of a steamboat landing. Such a convenience was once found here. Once Sabbath-Day Point was a point every body longed to know. A commodious and fashionable summer hotel stood here, and a miraculous old landlord did the honors in his own remarkable way. Hotel, landlord, and visitors have all vanished. Nature, though, yet remains—*young, lovely, and riant* as ever. The pleasant strip of meadow pokes its merry nose into the Lake with the saucy impudence of other days, and scans with wonted satisfaction the glorious sweep of the waters, as they vanish southward in the defile of the Narrows; or northward, reflect on their broad expanse the Titan phiz of good Saint Anthony, and the rocky flanks of Roger's Slide.

In 1756, a handful of colonists here successfully repelled a stormy onslaught of the Indians and French. Here too, in 1758, General Abercrombie and his gallant army lunched, *en route* from Fort George, at the head of the Lake, to

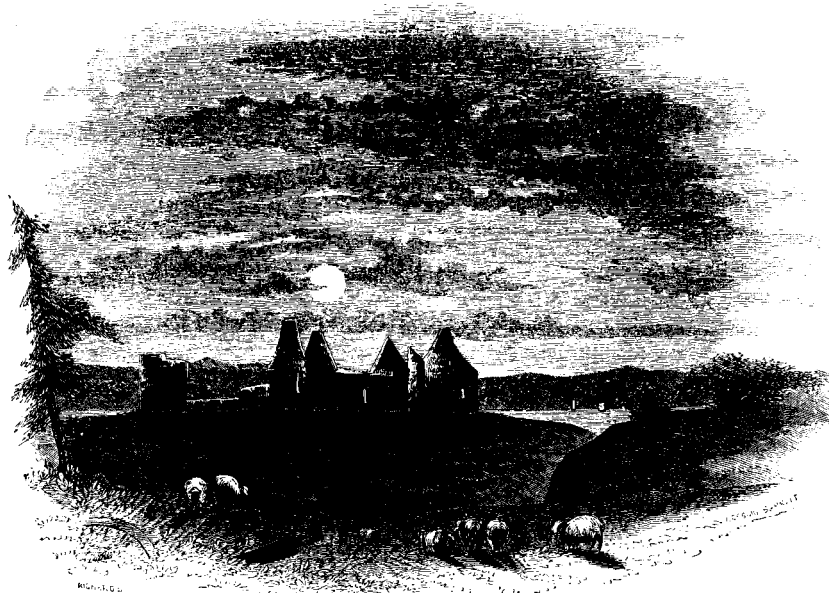
attack the French at Ticonderoga. The sky was gemmed with stars, and the disc of the moon fell unbroken upon the motionless waters, as this glorious array of a thousand boats, bearing sixteen thousand men, pursued their stealthy march. As the brilliant cavalcade debarked, the bright uniforms sparkled in the beams of the rising sun, and the morning being the Sabbath, the little cape was happily called Sabbath-Day Point. Here again, in the memorable 1776, the patriot militia dealt some successful back-handers to the Tories and their Indian allies.

From Sabbath-Day Point we may re-embark on the steamer, or continue our journey by land, as the road now touches the Lake again. Three miles onward we make the little village of Hague, if village it can be styled. The visitor will remember the locality as Garfield's—one of the oldest and most esteemed summer camps. Judge Garfield would seem to have an intimate acquaintance with every deer on the hill-side, and with every trout in the waters, so habitually are these gentry found at his luxurious table. An excellent landing facilitates the approach to Garfield's, and the steamboat touches daily, up and down.

The shore route hence to Ticonderoga is through a pleasant country, well worth exploration. We will pursue our journey now by water. Just beyond, the Lake is again reduced to Procrustean limits, as it brushes between the opposing walls of Roger's Rock and Anthony's Nose. The reader is doubtless familiar with the ruse by which Major Rogers, flying from the Indians in 1758, persuaded them that he had achieved the marvelous feat of sliding down this grand declivity; thus cleverly reversing the



ROGER'S SLIDE AND ANTHONY'S NOSE.



RUINS OF TICONDEROGA.

theory of the sublime Western poet—seeking to—

—“Prove that one Indian savage
Is worth two white men, on an av’rage!”

North of Roger’s Rock the character of the Lake changes; the wild mountain shores yield to a fringe of verdant lawn and shady copse, and the water grows momentarily more shallow. This last variation was a god-send to the first English captives, detained by the French and Indians in the olden time, upon Prisoner’s Island, hereabouts. At a quiet moment they took French leave, and waded ashore!

Directly west of Prisoner’s Island is Howe’s Landing, the point of debarkation of the mighty flotilla which we met at Sabbath-Day Point: and here, too, good reader, is *our* landing, and the end of our voyage of Horicon.

You will now collect your traps, and stepping with us, into one of the carriages which await—take a pleasant jog of four miles down the merry outlet of Lake George, and through the two villages of Ticonderoga, or “Tye,” as they are familiarly called, to the brave old fort which the sturdy Ethan Allen so audaciously seized, “in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress.” In this little four-mile gallop of Horicon to Lake Champlain, the water makes a descent of two hundred and thirty feet, forming in the journey two series of very considerable cascades, called the Upper and the Lower Falls; both made industrially available by the denizens of the villages just mentioned. This ride, with its opening vistas of the valleys and hills of Vermont; its foaming cataracts; its charming revelations of the grand waters of Champlain; and, above all, its termination amidst the remains of the famed old Fort, is a welcome sequel to the day’s delights.

Nothing could be more charmingly picturesque than the position and surroundings of the hotel at this memorable spot: the fairy-like air of the verandahed and latticed little house, its dainty walls gleaming in the drops of sunshine which steal from beneath the “sloping eaves” of the verdant grove which encircles it, and the rich velvety lawn sloping so gently to the very edge of the water.

Within immediate reach of this quiet and secluded retreat, stands the ancient Fort, looking proudly down, even in the feebleness and decrepitude of age, upon the scenes which once looked to its strength for protection and defense.

Ticonderoga, though geographically belonging to Lake Champlain, is essentially, in all its historical associations, and in all its natural beauties, part and parcel of Horicon; and nowhere may we more appropriately end our day’s rambles than within its quiet shades.

Let us linger yet a moment, while the moonlight holds, amidst these eloquent mementoes of the past. Once these aged and tottering piles braved the defiance thundered from the frowning brow of yonder mountain. Here many of that glad and gorgeous array which we have twice met, found a gory resting-place. Here the feeble arm of a young nation first grew strong to humble the pride of tyrant power.

Feeble and mouldering walls, too weak to bear even the tender embrace of the clinging ivy! You were once the envied and the vaunted glory of the three great powers of the earth. France, Britain, and America successively confessed your strength. You are no more a contested prize, and never again may you be. Quiet is within your walls, and Peace dwells among the nations.



FERRY HOUSE AT BROOKLYN, 1791.

GROWTH OF CITIES IN THE UNITED STATES.

EVERY thing in the United States presents the aspect of freshness, vigor, and elastic vitality to the European on his arrival here, and he is continually impressed with the consciousness that he is in the midst of a vast progressive movement of a people young, lusty, and indomitable, toward the highest social refinement, political wisdom, and national grandeur. The cities and villages appear as if they were recently commenced, and were being rapidly pushed toward completion, to appear well at some great cosmopolitan fete near at hand. To the citizen of some old town in Continental Europe which was embalmed in history centuries ago, and where a new house has not been erected, nor an old one altered, within the memory of man, every thing here seems in its nativity—a magician's wand appears to be summoning vast marts of commerce from the blue waves of the ocean, and beautiful villages from the bosoms of the forests.

We have many startling data with which to illustrate the wonderful progress of our country in industrial pursuits, social refinement, and true national greatness; but there is none more tangible than the growth of our cities. We will select for illustration, only three, from a single State—the cities of *Brooklyn*, *Rochester*, and *Buffalo*, in the State of New York. The wonderful vitality which has stimulated the growth of each has been drawn from separate and distinct sources: Brooklyn from its proximity to a great and increasing commercial city; Rochester from the inherent energy, industry, and enterprise of its aggregating population; and Buffalo from its eligible position in the great pathway of commerce between the Atlantic and the States along the Lakes and the Father of Waters. Brooklyn is like the child of a rich parent, nursed into life and placed in good society without much personal endeavor; Rochester is like a sturdy youth, with ax and spade, sent forth from the

homestead roof to hew down the forest, let in the blessed sunlight to the bosom of Mother Earth, and then to seek sustenance and manly vigor from the generous soil; and Buffalo is like a publican and toll-gatherer upon the highway, growing rich and lusty upon the spendings of troops of wayfarers, who eat, drink, and are merry, pay tribute, and pass on.

BROOKLYN is earliest in date and greatest in population. Within its corporation bounds Sarah Rapelye, the first white child born on Long Island, inspired her earliest breath, two hundred and twenty-eight years ago. The hills around were called *Breucklen* (broken land) by the Dutch, and the orthoepy has but little changed, now that a beautiful city covers their slopes and crowns their summits, and the Dutch language is no more heard. When settlements and farms increased upon Long Island a ferry was established. A broad flat-boat for man and beast was provided, and the rental of the privilege to navigate the channel was appropriated to the building of the old City Hall in Wall Street, New York, where Washington was inaugurated President of the United States. A ferry house was built upon the Brooklyn side, where the farmers ate and drank, and parties from New York went to devour delicious fish, served in Epicurean style. The ferry house was famous for these things all through the dark period of the Revolution, when many a scarlet uniform was seen beneath its "stoop," its owner often "hob-and-nob" over a plate of fish with a rebel of bluest dye. Long years afterward the ferry house continued to be a solitary tenant of the soil, where now is so much life—so much of brick and mortar, merchandise and confusion.

A friend of the writer (John Fanning Watson, Esq., the well known annalist of New York and Philadelphia), whose memory, vivid as morning light, goes back full sixty years, has given him, in a letter recently written, a picture of Brooklyn as it appeared to him in boyhood, and with it a pencil sketch of the ferry house, depicted at the head of this article. The house stood upon the high bank, some thirty or forty feet above the water, and the road to the little ferry wharf below was cut through the bank, where Fulton Street now terminates. At the bottom of the bank, about one hundred and fifty yards below the ferry house, was a large fresh water spring, from which almost every vessel that came into the harbor procured a supply. To that spring young Watson went with a boat's crew, in 1791, and filled casks with water, to supply their vessel anchored in the stream. Then New York was a comparatively small city. The ship yards (foot of Catharine Street) were upon its extremest verge; the City Hall Park was close by the green slopes that terminated in the "Fresh Water Pond," where the *Halls of Justice* now stand, and beyond were orchards and "milk farms," whose "bars" opened into the "Bowery road to Boston." Among the luxuries enjoyed by young Watson at that time, was a stroll in "Brannan's Garden," just out of town, on the Greenwich road, near