



Picturesque America; or, the land we live in

a delineation by pen and pencil of the mountains, rivers, lakes, forests, water-falls, shores, cañons, valleys, cities, and other picturesque features of our country ; with illustrations on steel and wood, by eminent American artists

Bryant, William Cullen

New York, 1874

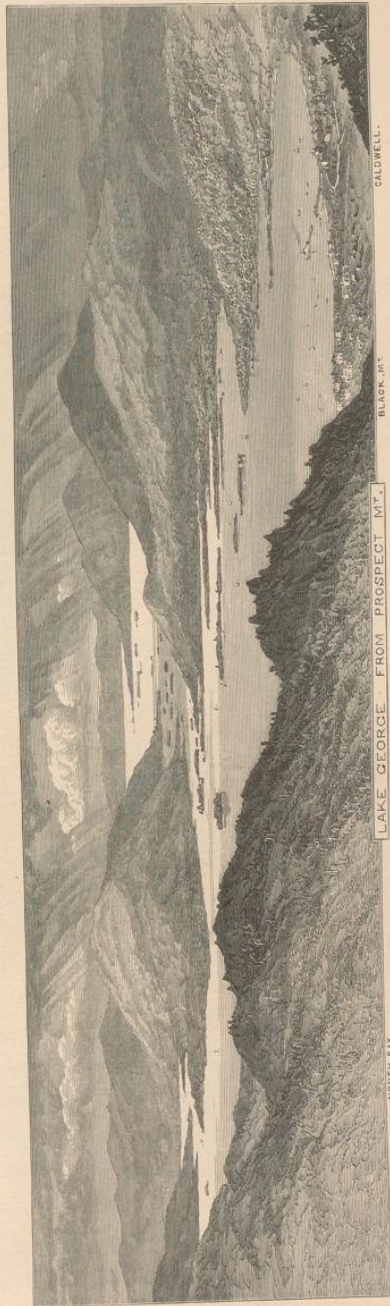
Lake George And Lake Champlain.

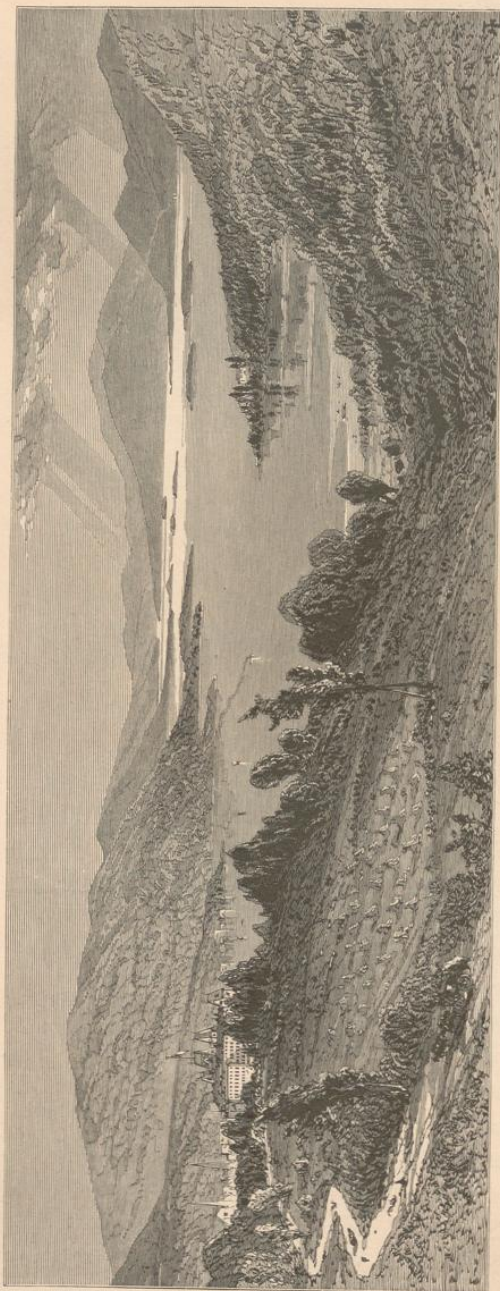
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LAKE GEORGE AND LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY FENN.

IT is somewhat remarkable that in the physical conformation of our country the northern part should be studded with innumerable lakes, while below the southern boundary of New-York State this feature should disappear. Apart from those grand inland seas which form the northern limits of the Union, there are gathered within the borders of New York a number of charming expanses of water that may be equalled, but are certainly unexcelled, in natural attractions by any lakes in the world. There are beautiful lakes in Maine, in New Hampshire, and in Vermont; in these States there are, indeed, famous contributions to our far-northern lake-system; but New York may claim the palm, both as regards the number and beauty of its inland waters. It is preëminently a State of lakes. In the great northern woods their name is legion; and not only is the western boundary encircled by lakes, but the interior is fairly crowded with these beautiful miniature seas, of which we have only to mention Cayuga, Seneca, Canandaigua, Otsego, Oneida, to recall to the reader a succession of pleasing pictures. Below New York the lake-system disappears. In Pennsylvania there are none much above the dignity of ponds, and but few of these. In Northern New Jersey there are two handsome sheets, one of which extends across the border into New York. All the vast mountain-region of Virginia, East Tennessee, and North Carolina, is utterly without lakes—a singular circumstance, inasmuch as the





Lake George, from Glen's-Falls Road.

conditions would appear to exist for the formation of these water-expanses.

Of all the New-York lakes, Champlain and George are the most famous historically, the most beautiful in picturesque features, and the best known to tourists and pleasure-seekers. They are united by a narrow stream, through which the waters of one flow into the other; and, as we glance at them upon the map, the lesser lake would seem to be merely a branch of the larger one. The name of "Horicon," which the Indians applied to the lake, is said to mean "Silver Water;" they also had another designation for it—"Andiartarocete," meaning "the Tail of the Lake." It is to be regretted that the most beautiful of our lakes should be the only one without either a pleasing or a distinctive name. Had the lake been a less busy scene, had it filled a less important place in our early annals, the Indian name of Horicon would gradually have been accepted by the occasional hunters and pioneers that would have reached its shores, and thus attained a recognition before ambitious captains had sought to impress the name of their far-off king upon it. The French, also, sought to rob it of its Indian designation. It was they, of the white races, who first discovered

it; and so struck were they with the transparency and clearness of its waters that they called it Lake St.-Sacrement, and actually prized its water so highly as to transmit it to Canada for baptismal purposes.

Lake George is situated in Warren County, New York, about sixty miles, in a direct line, north of Albany. It is thirty-four miles long, from one to four miles wide, and is said to have a depth, at places, of nearly four hundred feet. Its long, narrow form gives it the character of a river rather than of a lake, or, at least, of the popular idea of a lake; but many of our lakes have this elongated form, Cayuga and Seneca being almost identical with Lake George in the general features of their conformation.



Fort George.

The waters of Lake George flow into Champlain by a narrow rivulet at its northern extremity, the distance which separates the two sheets of water being not more than four miles. The surface of Lake George is dotted with many small islands—one for each day in the year, so it is popularly asserted—while its shores lift themselves into bold highlands. The lake is fairly embowered among high hills—a brilliant mirror set in among cliffs and wooded mountains, the rugged sides of which perpetually reflect their wild features in its clear and placid bosom. "Peacefully rest the waters of Lake George," says the historian Bancroft, "between their rampart of highlands. In their pellucid depth the cliffs and the hills and the trees trace their images; and the beautiful region speaks to the heart, teaching affection for Nature."

Approaching Lake George from the south, the tourist takes the Saratoga Railway at Albany for Glen's Falls; thence the lake is reached by stage-coach, a distance of nine miles. If the traveller is fortunate enough to secure an outside seat upon the coach, the ride will prove to him an entertaining one throughout, but specially charming will be the first glimpse of the lake as the coach approaches the terminus of its route at Caldwell. One especial sensation is in reserve for him. The spacious Fort William Henry Hotel, situated upon the site of the old fort of the same name, stands directly at the head of the lake, with a noble expanse of its waters spread out before it. The coach is driven with a sweep and a swirl through the grounds of the hotel, and, suddenly turning a corner, dashes up before the wide and corridored piazza, crowded with groups of people—all superb life and animation on one side of him, and a marvellous stretch of lake and mountain and island and wooded shore on the other—such a picture, in its charm and brightness and completeness, as the New-World traveller rarely encounters. The scene, moreover, never seems to lose its charm. Always there is that glorious stretch of lake and shore bursting upon the sojourner's vision; he cannot put foot upon the piazza, he cannot throw open his hotel-window, he cannot come or depart, without there ever spreading before him, in the soft summer air, that perfect landscape, paralleled for beauty only by a similarly idyllic picture at West Point, amid the Highlands of the Hudson.

At Caldwell one may linger many days, learning by heart the changing beauties of the scene. There is a superb bird's-eye view of the lake that may be obtained from the summit of Prospect Mountain, on the southern border of the lake. A road from Caldwell leads to the top. Formerly the view from this mountain was wholly obstructed by trees, but an observatory has been erected, from the summit of which a glorious picture of the whole region is spread out before the spectator. Some conception of this prospect—it is but a faint one, for art struggles always inadequately with large general views—may be gathered from the first illustration accompanying this paper. A more agreeable idea of the conformation of the southern part of the lake may be obtained by means of the second engraving, this view differing little from the one obtained from the piazza of the hotel. This prospect, it will be observed, stretches down what is called the North Bay (see initial picture), the main course of the lake being shut from view by projecting points of land, which form what is known as the Narrows. At this point is one of the most charming features of the lake—a great cluster of islands, numbering several hundred, varying in size from a few feet to several acres. The nearest island to Caldwell is known as Tea Island, lying about a mile distant from the landing. Its name is derived from a "tea-house" erected there for the accommodation of visitors, but of which only the stone-walls now remain. This island is covered with noble trees, and bordered with picturesque rocks. Here parties come for picnics; here lovers come to saunter among the shaded walks, or to sit upon the rocks and watch the ripples of the

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W. H. WOOD

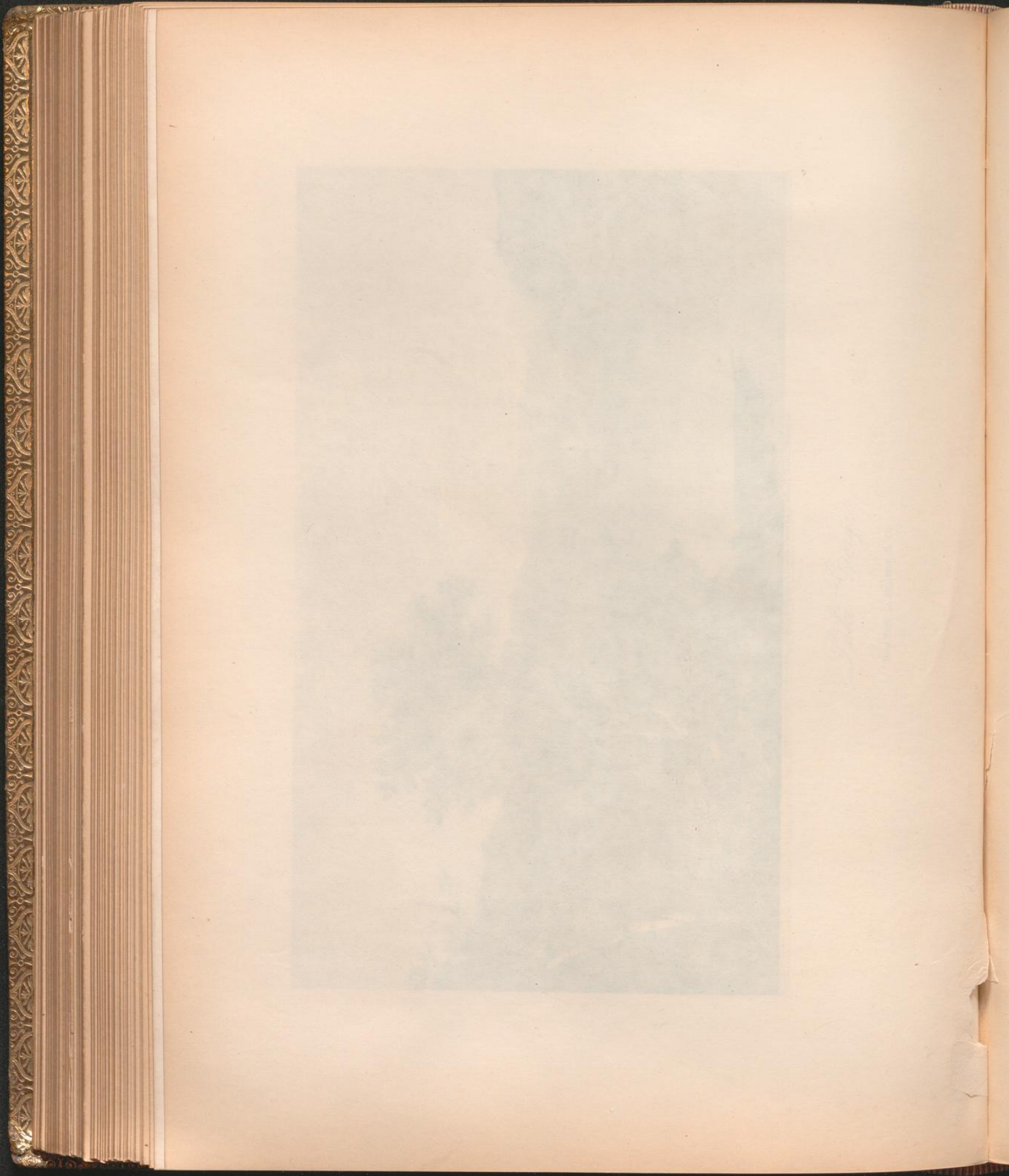
Engraved according to Act of Congress and taken from a view of the Mountains of Georgia, North Georgia.

Lake George

New York, D. Appleton & Co.



VIEW OF THE GARDENS





SCENES ON LAKE GEORGE.



Lake George, South from Tea Island.

transparent waters. There are many beautiful islands dotting the surface of Lake George, but none more picturesque and charming than this.

There are several ways of enjoying the scenery of Lake George. A steamboat makes a daily trip to its northern terminus, thirty-four miles distant, returning the same day. A small pleasure steam-craft may also be chartered for an independent exploration of the lake; or, if one chooses, he may course the entire circuit of its shores with a row-boat or sail-boat. There are public-houses along the route, at which he may rest.



Sloop Island.



Lake George, North from Tea Island.

The winds from the mountains, however, are fickle, and a sail must be managed with more than ordinary precaution and care. But no more delightful expedition could be devised than a sail around this American Como, as we frequently hear it called. The wild and rugged shores, the charming little bays and indentations, the picturesque islands, the soft beauty of the waters, the towering mountains—all make up a continually changing picture, full of a hundred subtle charms. One may, in such an expedition, go prepared to camp at night, thus adding another relish to the pleasure of the jaunt. Camping-parties are a special feature of Lake George; in the summer months they may be seen on almost all the larger islands, adding a very picturesque feature to the scene.

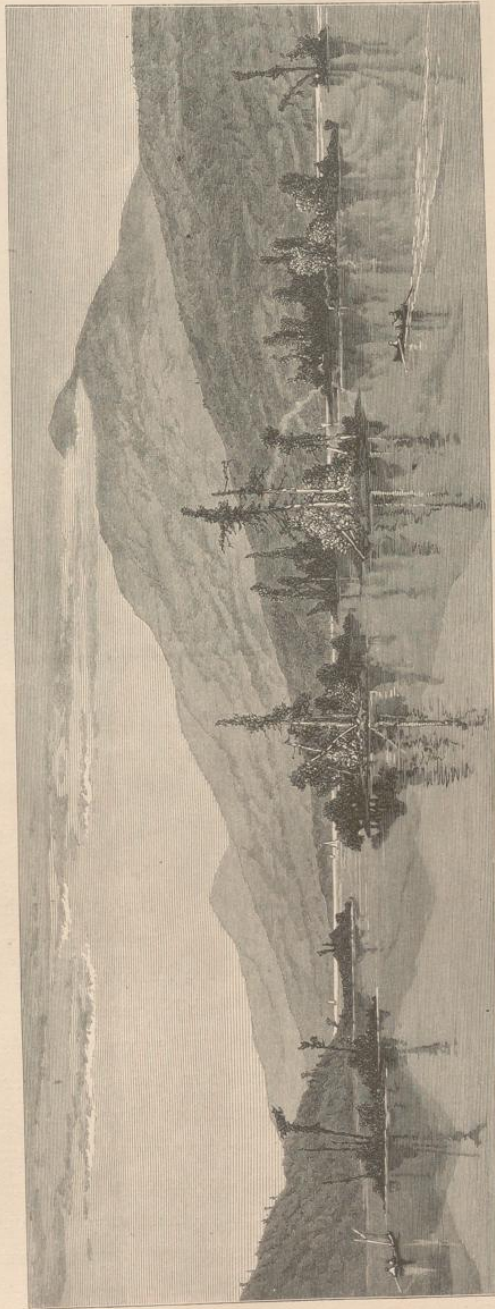


The Hermitage.

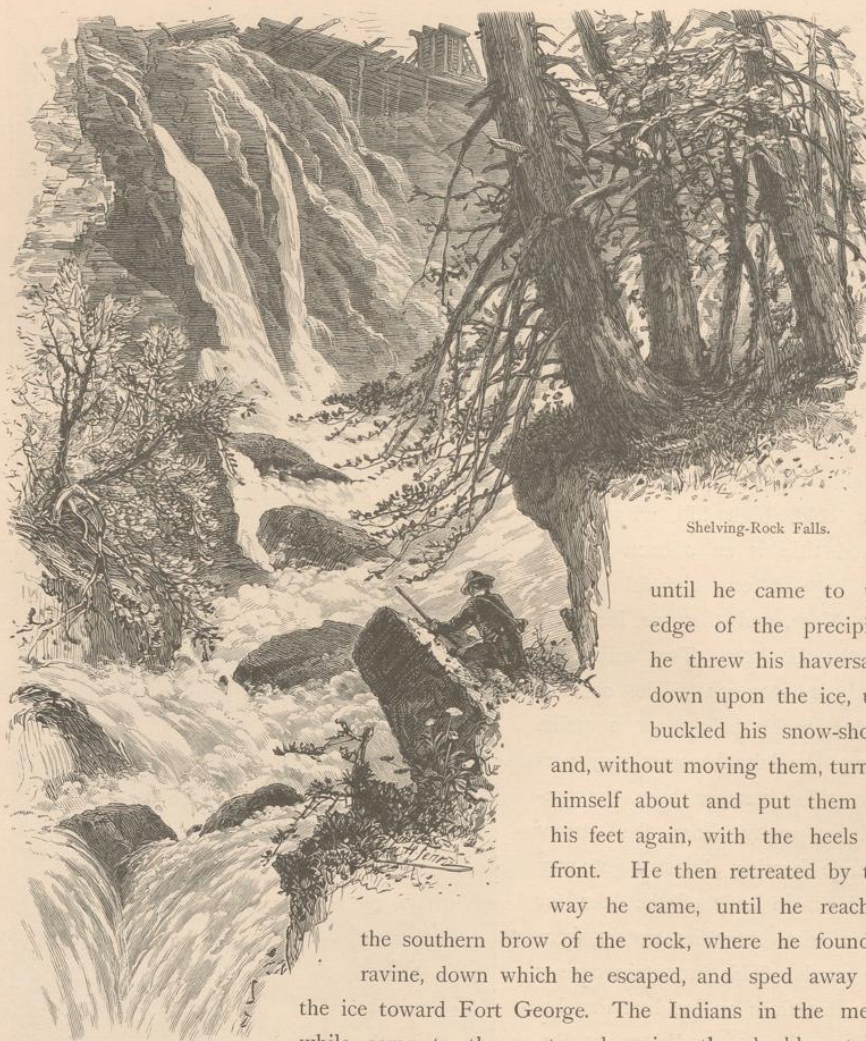
Let us imagine ourselves on the steamer *Minnehaha*, gliding 'out' from the landing at Fort William Henry Hotel, on a voyage down the lake. Our first point of interest is Tea Island, already described. A mile and a half farther on is Diamond Island, so called on account of the beautiful quartz-crystal found in abundance here. Beyond are the Three Sisters; and along the eastern shore is Long Island, which from the lake appears no island at all, but the main shore. We pass Bolton, ten miles from Caldwell; the Three Brothers; a richly-wooded island called Dome Island, near Tongue Mountain, which forms the east side of Northwest Bay; and then come to the Hermitage, or Recluse Island, where a gentleman from New York has erected a neat villa among the trees, and thrown a graceful bridge to a little dot of an island at hand. A more charming situation for a summer sojourn could scarcely be imagined. Near Recluse Island is Sloop Island, so called for reasons which the reader will readily detect by glancing at our illustration. There is no prettier island in the lake. We now come to Fourteen-Mile Island, at the entrance of the Narrows, where there is a large hotel. At the Narrows the shores of the lake approach each other, the space between being crowded with islands. This is one of the favorite portions of the lake; the tourist can have no greater pleasure, indeed, than a winding sail around and among these wooded and charming islets. Here also, on the eastern shore, is Black Mountain, the highest of the peaks that line the lake-shore. It is well wooded at its base, although frequent fires have swept over its surface, while the summit of the mountain stands out rocky and bare. Its height is a little over two thousand eight hundred feet. The view from the summit is very extensive, but, like all panoramic pictures, not easily represented by the pencil. The ascent is laborious, but is often undertaken by tourists, guides being always ready for the purpose. Here also may be made an agreeable diversion to Shelving-Rock Fall, situated on a small stream which empties into Shelving-Rock Bay about a mile south of Fourteen-Mile Island. It is a very picturesque cascade, and is specially appreciated because there are very few water-falls in this immediate vicinity. It is a beautiful spot, and much resorted to by picnic-parties. Beyond Black Mountain we reach the Sugar-Loaf Mountain; Bosom Bay, with the little village of Dresden; and Buck Mountain on the left. Buck Mountain is so called, according to report, from the tragical fate of a buck, which, being hotly pursued by a hunter and his dogs, leaped over the precipitous side of the mountain facing the lake, and was impaled on a sharp-pointed tree below.

The next place of importance that we reach is Sabbath-Day Point. Why this tongue of land bears this designation, is unknown. It was once supposed to have been so named because General Abercrombie, in his descent of the lake in 1758, in his expedition for the capture of Fort Ticonderoga, landed his troops here on Sunday; but it is now known that the point was reached by him on Wednesday, instead of Sunday. There is also evidence that the place was known as Sabbath-Day Point at an earlier period. This tongue of land juts out from a tall, precipitous hill, just beyond which is

another hill of corresponding height. The intervening space is known as Davis's Hollow. Mr Fenn has sketched this scene from the north, showing it just as the declining afternoon sun is sending a flood of radiance through the hollow, forming a rich and glowing contrast of light and shadow. From Sabbath-Day Point, the view up the lake is grand, Black Mountain assuming a commanding place in the picture. The next most noticeable point is Anthony's Nose — a bold, high hill, whose borrowed title is an offence. There can be but one rightful Anthony's Nose, and that we look for on the Hudson. Two miles beyond is Rogers's Slide, another abrupt rocky height, at a point where the lake becomes very narrow. The steamer hugs the precipitous, rocky shore, the narrow passage forming almost a gate-way to the main body of the lake for those who enter its waters from the north. This mountain derives its name from an incident that befell, according to tradition, one Rogers, a ranger conspicuous in the French and Indian War. The story runs that, in "the winter of 1758, he was surprised by some Indians, and put to flight. Shod with snow-shoes, he eluded pursuit, and, coming to this spot, saved his life by an ingenious device. Descending the mountain



Black Mountain, from the Narrows.



Shelving-Rock Falls.

until he came to the edge of the precipice, he threw his haversack down upon the ice, unbuckled his snow-shoes, and, without moving them, turned himself about and put them on his feet again, with the heels in front. He then retreated by the way he came, until he reached the southern brow of the rock, where he found a ravine, down which he escaped, and sped away on the ice toward Fort George. The Indians in the meanwhile came to the spot, and, seeing the double set of tracks, concluded that they were made by two persons who had thrown themselves down the cliff rather than fall into their hands. But, on looking about, they saw Rogers disappearing in the distance on the ice, and, believing that he slid down the dangerous and apparently impassable cliff, hastily assumed that he was under the special protection of the Great Spirit, and so gave up the chase." This is the story, but, of course, there are numerous skeptics who throw doubt on the narrative, and not without reason, as it appears that Rogers was a notorious braggart, whose deeds and misdeeds fill no little space in the local history of this region.

Beyond Rogers's Slide the lake is narrow, the shores low and uninteresting, the



Davis's Hollow, Sabbath-Day Point.

water shoal, and soon the northern border of the lake is reached. From the steamboat-landing Concord coaches run to Ticonderoga, on Lake Champlain, four miles distant. The waters of Lake George flow through a narrow channel, at Ticonderoga village, about midway between the two lakes, tumbling down a rocky descent in a very picturesque fall. A portion of the water is here diverted, by a wooden viaduct, for the uses of a mill. Mr. Fenn has depicted this scene at the hour when he saw it, with the sun just sinking in the western sky, and a twilight shadow darkening the tumbling waters. The



Black Mountain, from Sabbath-Day Point.

vagueness of the semi-light gives, with a certain charm of mystery, a melancholy tone to the picture. At another hour, of course, the waters dance and sparkle in the light;

but there are beauties in the gray shadows of the evening full of a sweetness and poetry of their own.

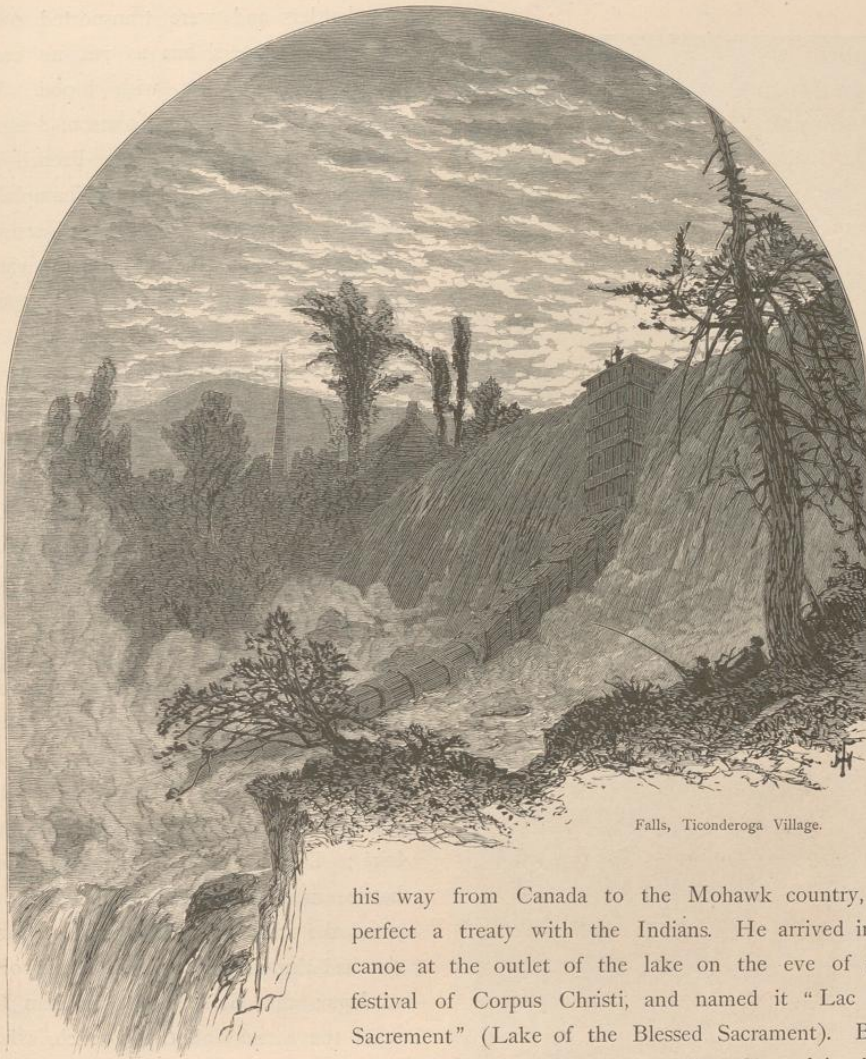
Lake George has many associations as well as charms. Few places in our country are more associated with historical reminiscences, or so identified with legend and story. Just as Scott has made the Highlands of Scotland teem with the shadows of his imagination, Cooper has peopled the shores of this lake with the creations of his fancy. Who can wander along its shores without thinking of Cora and Alice, and Hawkeye, and, more than all, of that youthful figure in whose melancholy eyes is foreshadowed the fate of the last of the Mohicans? In all American literature there is no figure so enveloped in poetic mystery, so full of statuesque beauty, as Cooper's Uncas; and, on these shores, the too frequent vulgar nomenclature should give place to an heroic name like that of the brave and beautiful Mohican. We have Rogers's Slide, and Flea Island, and Sloop Island, and Hog Island, and Anthony's Nose, and Cook's Island, and Black Mountain—but on what spot have Hawkeye and Uncas, whose shadows ever seem to haunt



Rogers's Slide.

the lake and its shores, impressed their immortal names?

Lake George fills a large place in the colonial history of New York. The lake was first seen by white men in 1646, the discoverer being Father Jagues, who was on



Falls, Ticonderoga Village.

his way from Canada to the Mohawk country, to perfect a treaty with the Indians. He arrived in a canoe at the outlet of the lake on the eve of the festival of Corpus Christi, and named it "Lac du Sacrement" (Lake of the Blessed Sacrament). But, in 1609, nearly forty years earlier, Champlain had heard of the lake from the Indians, and, in ascending that lake which now bears his name, with a party of friendly Indians, he endeavored to reach it; but a battle occurred at Crown Point with the Algonquins, which, although victorious for the Indian allies of the Frenchman, frustrated his design.

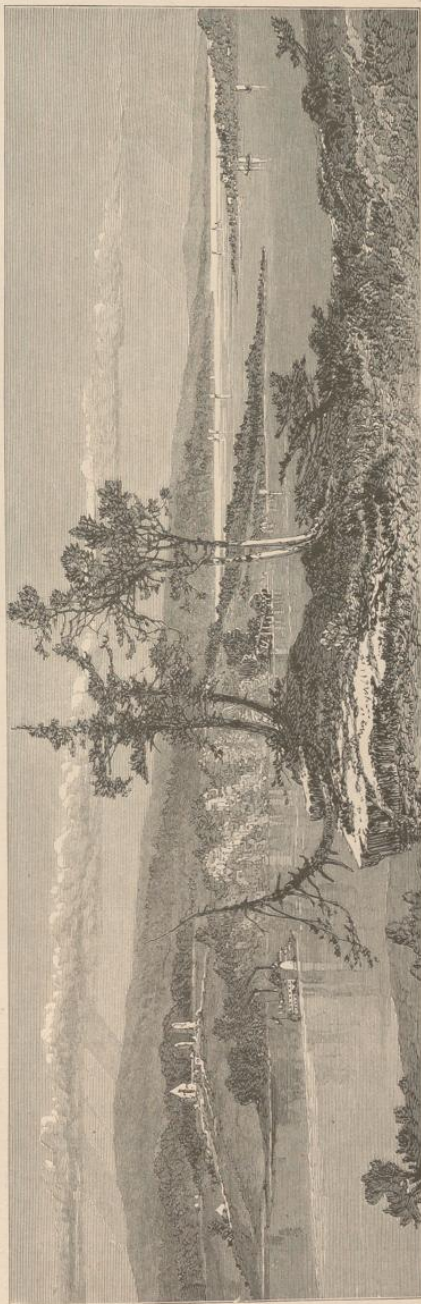
We hear of the lake being visited by various scouting-parties, and forming the channel of communication between the Canadian French and the Indian tribes southward; but it was not until the French War of 1745 that the lake came into conspicuous notice. It then became the great highway between the North and places southward; armies reached



Fort Ticonderoga.

its borders and were transported over its silvery waters, but as yet no contest had stained it with blood. In 1755, General William Johnson, designing to operate against the French at Crown Point, on Lake Champlain, reached its shores with a small army; and this zealous captain, with the view of asserting the supremacy of his sovereign over this region, ordered that it should be known as Lake George, a command which has been only too literally obeyed. While here, the French General Dieskau, with an army partly composed of Indians, appeared on the scene. Colonel Williams, with twelve hundred men, was dispatched to meet him. A battle took place at a brook about four miles east of the lake. Colonel Williams was drawn into an ambush; he was killed at an early part of the conflict, and the command devolved on Colonel Whiting; a retreat was ordered to the main body at the lake; Dieskau followed, and another battle ensued at the place where now stand the ruins of Fort George. Johnson had thrown up a slight breastwork of logs; this defence enabled him to repel the attack of the French, who, after five hours' fighting, were compelled to retreat. After this contest a fort was thrown up near the spot, and named Fort William Henry, in honor of the Duke of Cumberland, brother to the king, the site of which is now occupied by the hotel of the same name. After this event we hear of numerous minor contests on the lake and its

shores. The English sent scouting-parties and troops down the lake; the French sent them up the lake; and hence ensued an endless number of collisions, with not a few romantic incidents pertaining thereto. Among these contestants was one Israel Putnam, whose later career in the struggle of the colonies for independence all the world knows. Two years later, in 1757, occurred a momentous contest at the southern boundary of the lake. The Earl of Loudon was in command of the English forces in North America. He was planning a general attack upon the Canadas. Colonel Munro was in command at Fort William Henry. Several unsuccessful attempts had been made by the French upon the fort; but now General Montcalm, the French commander, determined upon a concentrated effort for its capture. He embarked from Montreal with ten thousand French and Indians. Six days were occupied in reaching Ticonderoga; then, after some delay, the main body of the army were transferred to Lake George, and ascended the lake in boats. It is a stirring picture that comes up before the imagination — this placid sheet, these sylvan shores, all astir with the "pomp and circumstance of war." All was in preparation for defence at Fort William Henry and Fort George. Fort William Henry is described as a square, flanked by four bastions. The walls were built of pine-trees, covered with sand. It mounted nineteen cannon and four or five mortars, the garrison consisting of five hundred men. Seventeen hundred men occupied a fortified position on the



Fort Ticonderoga, from Eastern Shore.



Looking south from Fort Ticonderoga, Lake Champlain.

site of the ruins of Fort George. The siege lasted six days, but the courage of the English soldiers was unavailing. They were compelled to surrender, the conditions being that the garrison and the troops of the fortified camp should march out with the honors of war, in possession of their arms and baggage; but the Indian allies were uncontrollable, and a horrible massacre ensued. This bloody incident was soon followed by another brilliant spectacle. In July, 1758, sixteen thousand men assembled, at the head of the lake, under General Abercrombie, and, in a fleet of one thousand boats, descended in stately procession to the northern terminus, with the purpose of attacking Ticonderoga. The expedition was unsuccessful. But, one year later, General Amherst, with about an equal force, traversed the lake on a similar, and, as it proved, more successful expedition. His capture of the forts on Champlain brought peace to the shores of Lake George; but afterward in the Revolution it became the centre of stirring scenes at the time of the Burgoyne invasion.



Ticonderoga Landing.

It is only four miles from the steamboat-landing on Lake George to Ticonderoga, on Lake Champlain,

a distance traversed by Concord coaches in connection with steamers on both lakes. Fort Ticonderoga is a picturesque ruin—one of the few historic places in America that is untouched by the hand of improvement and unchanged by the renovations of progress. Its crumbling walls are full of history; few places in America, indeed, have so many romantic associations, or have undergone so many vicissitudes of war. It was built in 1755 by the French, who had already occupied and fortified Crown Point, on the lake-shore, some ten miles northward. The French called it *Carillon* (chime of bells), so named in allusion to the music of the water-falls near it. We have already mentioned General Abercrombie's attempt to capture it in 1758, and Lord Amherst's more successful campaign in the following year. The French, being unable to maintain the fort, abandoned and dismantled it on the approach of the English forces. Soon after, Crown Point was also abandoned. The English enlarged and greatly strengthened the two fortifications, expending thereon ten million dollars, at that time an immense sum for such a purpose. The fort and field-works of Ticonderoga

extended over an area of several miles. After the cession of Canada, in 1763, the fort was allowed to fall into partial decay. At the breaking out of the Revolution, in 1775, it readily fell into the hands of the Americans, under the eccentric leader Colonel Ethan Allen. In 1776 there was a struggle, before the walls of the fort, between British and Americans, in which the latter were compelled to take refuge under



Lake Champlain, near Whitehall.

its guns. In June, 1777, General Burgoyne invested it, and, July 4th, having gained possession of the summit of Mount Defiance, which commanded the fortifications, compelled the garrison to evacuate. In September of the same year, the Americans endeavored to recapture it. General Lincoln attacked the works, took Mounts Hope and Defiance, captured many gun-boats and stores, but failed to get possession of the fort



Lake Champlain, near Ticonderoga.

itself. After the surrender of General Burgoyne, it was dismantled, and from that time was suffered to fall into ruin and decay.

Mr. Fenn has given us several interesting drawings of this relic, showing, at the same time, the beauty and character of the surrounding shores. There is one picture that vividly recalls a verse from Browning :

“Where the quiet-colored end of evening smiles
 Miles and miles
 On the solitary pasture where our sheep
 Half-asleep
 Tinkle homeward through the twilight, stray or stop
 As they crop—
 Was the site of a city great and gay,
 (So they say).”

But all artists delight in bringing these suggestions of peace in contrast with the associations of strife.

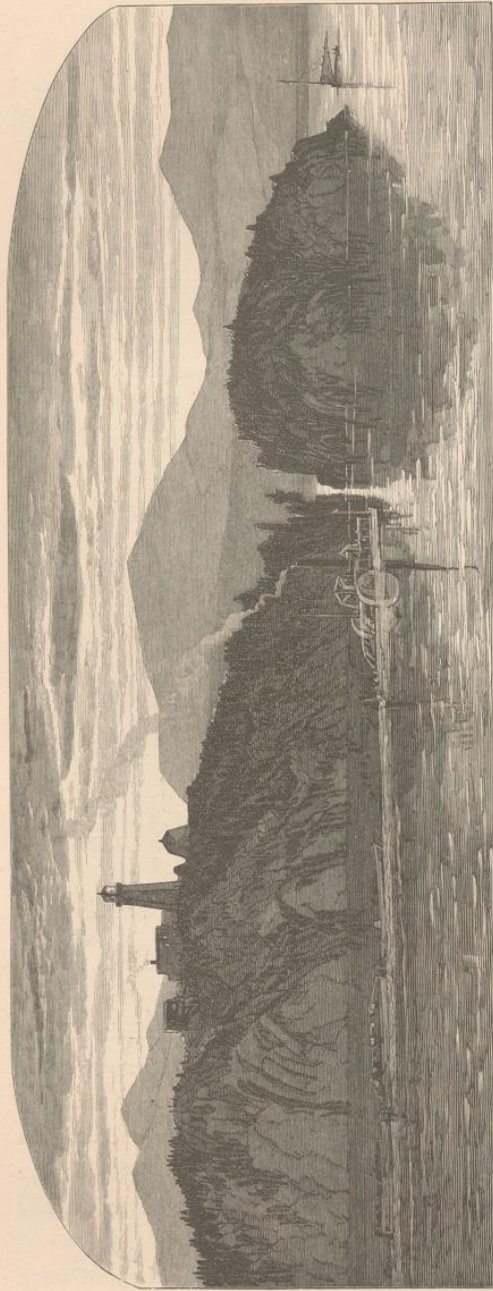
We are now on Lake Champlain. There is a very striking difference in the shores



Crown Point and Port Henry, Lake Champlain.

of the two lakes. On Lake George the mountains come down to the edge of the waters, which lie embowered in an amphitheatre of cliffs and hills; but on Lake Champlain there are mountain-ranges stretching in parallel lines far away to the right and left, leaving, between them and the lake, wide areas of charming champaign country, smiling with fields and orchards and nestling farm-houses. There are on Lake Champlain noble panoramas; one is charmed with the shut-in sylvan beauties of Lake George; but the wide expanses of Lake Champlain are, while different in character, as essentially beautiful.

It is in every way a noble lake. Ontario is too large—a very sea; Lake George is perhaps too petty and confined; but Champlain is not so large as to lose, for the



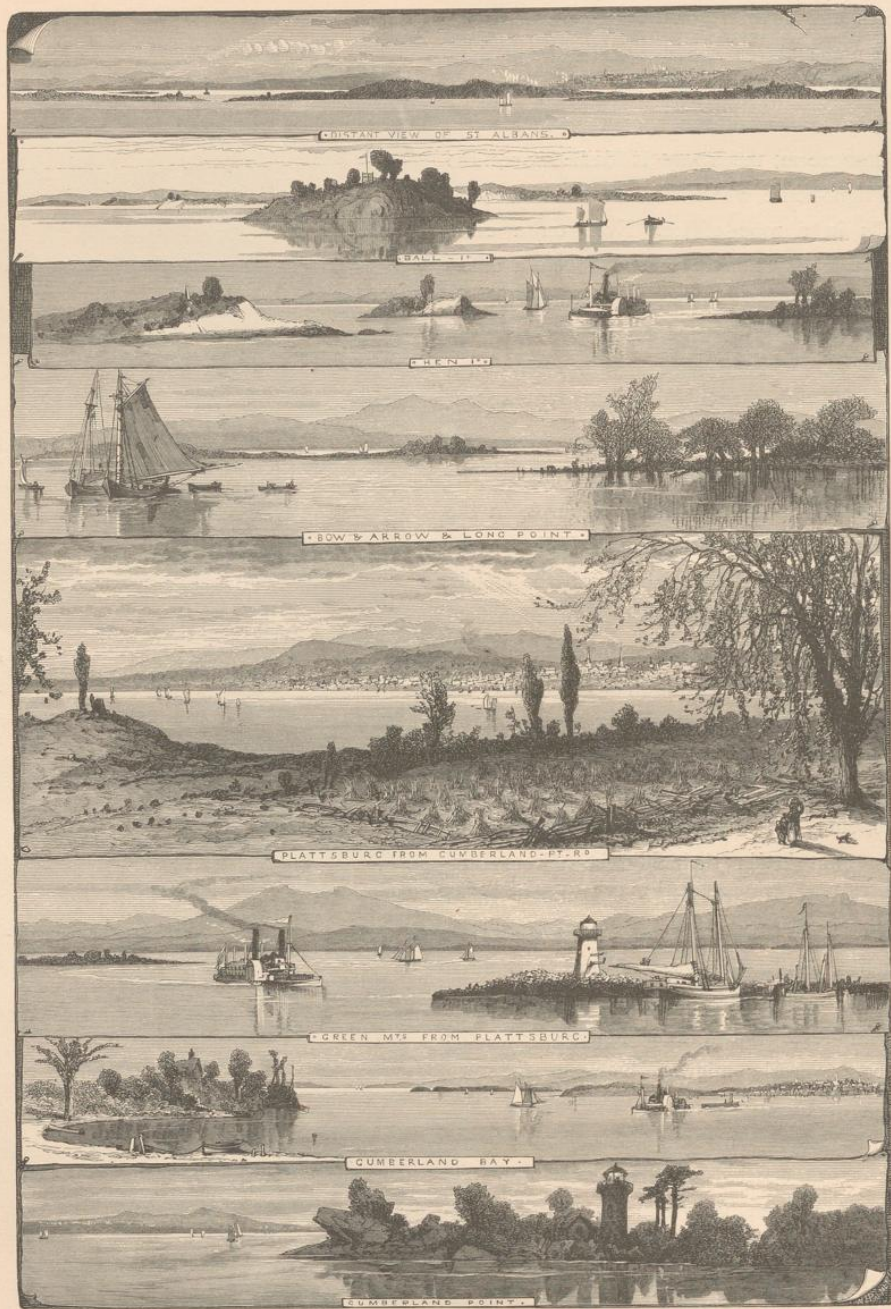
Split Rock, Lake Champlain.

voyager upon its waters, views of either shore, nor so small as to contract and limit the prospect. The length is one hundred and twenty-six miles, its width never more than thirteen miles. The traveller who reaches it at Ticonderoga from Lake George loses a view of the extreme southern portion; but this is scarcely a matter for regret. The head of the lake is narrow, and, at Whitehall, the shores are mainly low and swampy. North of Ticonderoga the lake begins to widen, and, at Burlington Bay, expands into a very sea. The first point of interest above Ticonderoga is Crown Point, the history of which is closely identified with that of Fort Ticonderoga. The steamer makes several stopping-places; but the villages, while attractive-looking, have no claims to the picturesque. Some miles below Burlington, a spur of the Adirondacks stretches down to the shore, forming the only steep cliffs directly on the border of the lake. These cliffs extend for several miles, and terminate in a point of land known as Split Rock, where a portion of the rock is isolated by a remarkable fissure, and converted into an island. From this point opens a broad expanse of water stretching for sixty miles. There is almost always a wind upon this sea of waters, and at times the blasts that come sweeping down from the

north are full of vigor. There are occasions when the waves come tumbling upon Split Rock like an ocean-surf; so fiercely, indeed, do the seas assail the spot, that, in many a winter storm, the spray is dashed over the tall light-house, where it enshrouds the round walls in a robe of ice. Even on a calm summer's day the traveller discovers a difference as he enters this spacious area, for the placid sweetness of the lake-surface has given place to a robust energy of motion, and a certain brilliant crispness replaces the mirror-like calm of the lower portion. Here, too, the distant mountain-views are superb. The Green Mountains, on one side, purple in the hazy distance; the Adirondack Hills, on the other, mingle their blue tops with the clouds. One may study the outlines of Mansfield and Camel's Hump, the highest of the famous hills of Vermont, and search for Whiteface amid the towering peaks of the Adirondacks. At Burlington Bay the lake is very wide, numerous islands break its surface, and the distant Adirondack Hills at this point attain their highest. From Burlington to Plattsburg (one hundred miles from Whitehall) the shores are of varying interest, similar in general character to those below. At Plattsburg the lake has its widest reach, but a long island breaks the expanse nearly midway between the two shores. St. Albans is on the eastern shore of the lake, near the northern boundary of Vermont. Between Plattsburg and this place Mr. Fenn has grouped a succession of views which tell their own story with sufficient fulness. Rouse's Point, twenty miles from Plattsburg, is at the extreme boundary of a western fork of the lake, situated in



Burlington Bay.



LAKE CHAMPLAIN, FROM PLATTSBURG TO ST. ALBANS.

Canada, on the border-line between the two countries. From this point the waters of the lake flow into the St. Lawrence by a narrow stream known as Sorel or Richelieu River.

Champlain, like Lake George, has a romantic and stirring history. It was discovered in 1609 by Samuel de Champlain, commander of the infant colony of the French at Quebec. He had left the colony with a small number of Indians, who were proceeding to give battle to a hostile gathering of the Algonquins. He was accompanied by only two French companions. Making a portage at the Chambly Rapids, the party reëmbarked, and soon emerged upon the great lake, which, if our records are correct, then, for the first time in the long ages, knew the presence of the white man. The French officer promptly named it after himself—a vanity we shall not complain of, inasmuch as the designation is simple, euphonious, and dignified. On this expedition Champlain reached a point between the later fortifications of Crown Point and Ticonderoga, where ensued a contest between the Iroquois and Algonquin Indians, which speedily resulted in victory for the former. The discovery of this superb inland sea led the French to ambitiously plan a great state upon its shores. At Crown Point they built a fort called Fort Frédéric, and laid the foundation of an extensive settlement, under the expectation of making this place the capital of the new empire. Twenty years later the fort at Ticonderoga was built. But, in 1759, as we have seen in our brief history of Ticonderoga, the power of the French on the lake was overthrown, and their magnificent projects vanished into air. During the Revolution, the lake saw but little fighting after the fall of Ticonderoga and Crown Point; but, in 1814, it was the scene of a naval battle of no little magnitude, in which the American Commodore Macdonough defeated the English Commodore Downie. The contest took place at Plattsburg, on Sunday morning, September 7th. The American fleet consisted of fourteen vessels, eighty-six guns, and eight hundred and eighty men; while the English force numbered sixteen vessels, ninety-five guns, and one thousand men. It is stated that, before going into the fight, Commodore Macdonough assembled his officers and crew on the deck of the flagship *Saratoga*, and solemnly implored Divine protection in the approaching conflict. The result of the battle was the surrender of the entire British fleet, with the exception of a few small gun-boats. Commodore Downie was killed. While this struggle was going on upon the lake, a body of fourteen thousand men on land, under General Provost, were attacking an American force, at Plattsburg, of inferior numbers, under General Macomb; and this contest also resulted in victory for the Americans.

From that day to the present hour the lake and its shores have known unbroken serenity. Fleets of vessels have traversed its waters, but they have been on peaceful errands. Vast armies have sailed up and down its channels, invaded its towns, penetrated the forests and assaulted the mountains that surround it, but they have been armies of pleasure-seekers.