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AND
LAKE
CHAMPLAIN

By S. R. STODDARD

FORTY-FIRST YEAR





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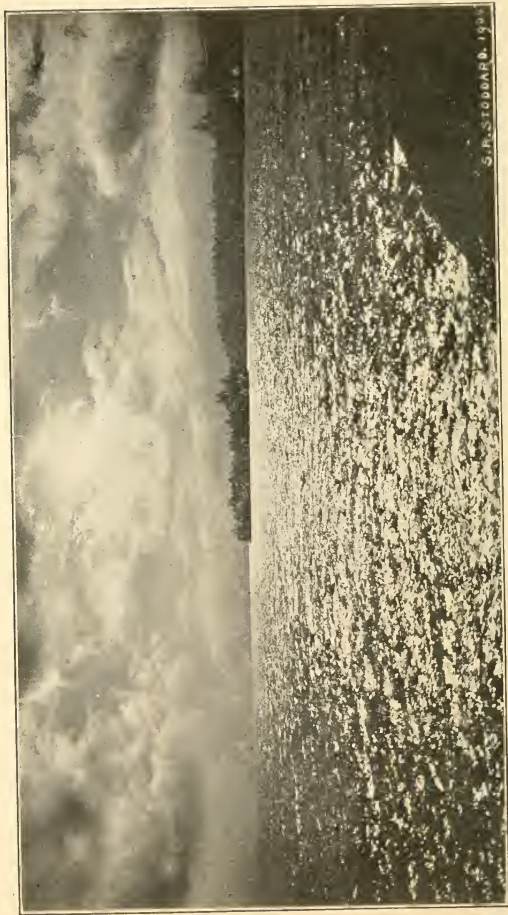
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S. F. STODDARD, 1905

"A MEMORY OF LAKE GEORGE."

LAKE GEORGE

AND

LAKE CHAMPLAIN

(ILLUSTRATED)

A BOOK OF TO-DAY

BY

S. R. STODDARD

Forty-First Annual Edition

GLENS FALLS, N. Y.

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR

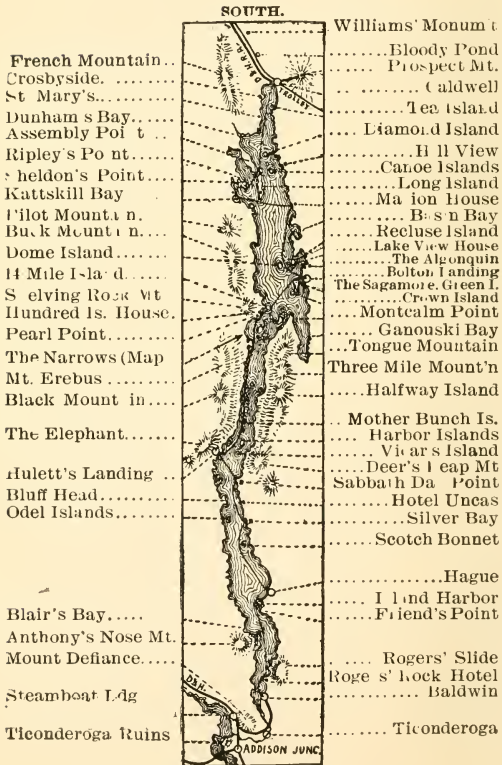
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INDEX MAP OF LAKE GEORGE

For North Bound Travelers.



North End of Lake.

••• Southbound travelers read up.

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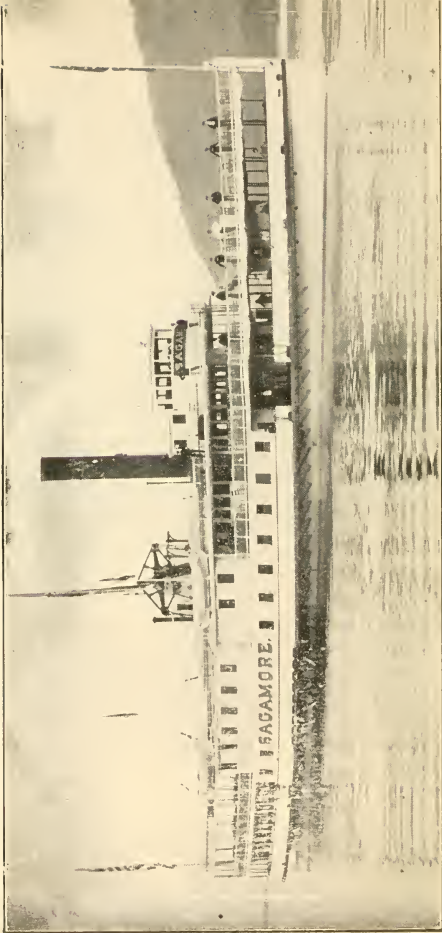
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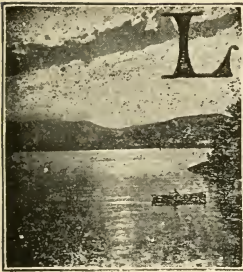
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STEAMER SAGAMORE.

LAKE GEORGE.



LAKE GEORGE! How the heart bounds and the pulse quickens at sound of the words that bring with them thoughts of the "Holy Lake." In fancy again we breathe the air, heavy with the odor of pines and cedar, or fragrant with the breath of blossoming clover. Again we wander among the daisies and buttercups that

gem the hill-side sloping so gently down to where the wavelets kiss the white beach, or, floating among the verdant islands, watch the sunlight and shadow chase each other over the mountain

A memory of the past comes to me as I write of good old days now past and gone; when lumbering coaches toiled heavily along where now go swiftly glancing trains; of tally-ho, now crowded out by monsters breathing fire and smoke; of sounding plank in place of shining lines of steel. More comfortable now undoubtedly are its luxurious cars, but the poetry has gone with the dear old stages, and the new things of the day have made the going commonplace.

Changes about its shores have also come with time, but in changeless form the hills still hang above it and rightfully and becomingly it still holds its proud title "Queen of American Waters."

Lying along the south-eastern margin of the Adirondacks it has gathered within itself a part of all the beauties of the Great Wilderness, combining the grandeur of its widest mountain lakes with the quiet loveliness of its peaceful valleys. The graceful foliage of Keene Valley, the rounded headlands of the queenly Raquette, the repose of stately Placid, the rugged grandeur of dark Avalanche, have each their counterpart here, all blended in one grand harmonious whole.

Its water of marvelous purity has a distinctive color of its own. The Raquette River flows red and the Opalescent amber while this, in its shaded depths, is a positive green. Its tributary streams are few and short—spring-born in the encircling hills for it is itself but a great overflowing spring resting in the hollow of the verdure-covered rocks. Islands rear themselves in solitary grandeur, or are gathered in dainty clusters on its face. Of old it was said there was an island for every day in the year and an additional mysterious, illusive, little sprite of a one that appeared only in the years divisible by four, but the unimaginative survey of 1880 proved that there were but 220 including every considerable rock around which the water breaks. Its surface is 346 feet above tide and 247 feet above Lake Champlain into which, at the north, with many a wild leap and rapid race, it empties.

During July and August, Lake George teems with nomadic life in all its varied forms. White tents gleam among the dark-green foliage; vagrant communities appear and disappear as if by magic; lonely islands are suddenly astir with busy throngs; its sometimes solitudes resound with joyous shoutings, as of

boys let loose from school; its tree tops blush with bunting, the very shores put on a flannelly hue, while its rocks are flecked with blue and gray, and shadowy points are all abloom with its duck and dimity. Happy are they who are permitted to taste the pleasures, and overcome the difficulties, of actual camp life at Lake George.



CAMP LIFE.

The Camp. To the novice in camping-out a few hints may not be inappropriate. The house that covers may be a shanty of boughs in absence of anything better. It sounds well later when you talk about "roughing it," but is unsatisfactory in practice. A tent may be made comfortable with the outlay of a little time and work. There are clubs that own fishing boxes or cottages, more or less elaborate in construction, some of rough boards simply with bunks for sleeping in, and with chairs, tables, stoves, etc., others with a considerable degree of elegance. Some of these can be rented for the week or season, the price being from \$12 to \$20 per week, including the use of a boat or two and in many cases a well filled ice house. The poorest cottage is an improvement on the best of tents in stormy weather.

The Camp outfit should include a light axe, long-handled frying-pan, tin pail for water or coffee, tin plates, pint cups, knives and forks and fishing tackle. A stove-top laid on a fire-place made of stones and mud and supplied with one length of stove pipe will be appreciated by the cook. Spruce boughs for a bed, with rubber blanket to guard against possible dampness, and two or three good woolen blankets for covering, should be included among the necessaries.

A small bag to fill with leaves or moss for a pillow, pays for itself in one night, but a real feather pillow is better.

Boats and provisions may be obtained at almost any of the hotels. Bacon, salt pork, bread and butter, Boston crackers, tea, coffee, sugar, pepper and salt, with a tin box or two for containing the same are among the things needed. Milk can be obtained regularly at farm houses, berries found on the mountains and wilder islands. Ice is a luxury which may be contracted for and thrown from the passing steamer daily. A hole in the ground with a piece of bark over it forms a very good ice box. A drinking cup of leather, to carry in the pocket, is handy at times. Whiskey is unnecessary, a damage and often a disgrace to the party. If you take it habitually to prevent colds as at other places don't think it necessary here. Colds are never taken here by sleeping out under the stars, and there is little in the pure air and sunshine in keeping with the stuff.

Clothing ordinarily worn answers every purpose, flannel or woolen preferred with roomy shoes and a soft felt hat. Wide brimmed straw hats are usually a nuisance. **Ladies**, wear what you have a mind to (you will, any way), but let me respectfully suggest that it be mostly flannel, with good strong shoes under foot and a man's felt hat over head—take the man along, too, if you want to, he will be useful to row you about, take the fish off your hook, run errands, etc.

The islands of Lake George except the following belong to the State, and under existing laws cannot be purchased: Tea, Diamond, Canoe, Long, Elizabeth, Three Brothers, Dome, Recluse, Belvoir, Hiawatha, Leontine, Green, Crown, Fourteen Mile, Flora, Turtle and Harbor Islands.

The Law says: "The lands now or hereafter constituting the forest preserve shall be forever kept as

wild forest lands." All the islands of Lake George, except those named above, are a part of the forest preserve in charge of the State. A number of these islands are occupied by responsible parties who have expended considerable money in beautifying and making them comfortable for summer occupancy, others are subject to lease for a term of five years at from \$50 to \$150 per year. Islands not leased to individuals may be occupied by camping parties at will so long as the laws governing public lands are observed. The **Fish, Game and Forest Commission** has the same power to bring action for trespass and to recover damages for injury, or to prevent injury to the preserve which any owner of lands would be entitled to bring, and officers acting under the Engineer of forests, or the Commission, may, without warrant, arrest any person found violating any provisions of the act creating the commission. The fire wardens have power to call upon any person in the territory in which they act for assistance in suppressing fires. Any person who shall willfully or negligently set fire to any forest lands belonging to the State, shall be liable to a fine of not less than fifty or more than five hundred dollars, or to imprisonment of not less than thirty days nor more than six months.

Fishing of the best can be had at Lake George in the right season by one possessed of a proper knowledge of the sport and the best ground. This knowledge is purchasable and can be had by the employment of competent guides who with service furnish boat and bait at about \$3 per day. The game fish are the lake trout and black bass. The trout are usually taken by deep trolling early in the season, and with live bait in deep water later. Black bass are caught by trolling or still fishing over rocky ground. Rock bass and perch abound on certain well-known ledges while the plebeian "bull-head" flourishes on the softer

bottom. This last fish, while not considered edible in many waters is here firm of flesh and palatable. Brook trout fishing makes a fair return for labor expended, the yield in the various streams emptying into the lake being in adverse ratio to the whipping they get. Here the various "flies" that are comparatively valueless for lake fishing may be used to advantage.

Hunting is little considered here although the woods yield a fair share of birds and small game, while deer and black bear are not uncommon in the mountains along the narrows.

Discovery. The existence of Lake George was first made known to Europeans in 1609, through the writings of Samuel de Champlain, who, while he mentions its existence, is believed to have gone no nearer to it than Crown Point or possibly the falls at Ticonderoga. In the month of August, 1642, a war party of Iroquois, returning from Canada to their homes in the Mohawk Valley, passed through Lake George with three prisoners, tortured and maimed. The captives were the French jesuit, Father Jogues, Rene Goupil and Guillame Couture and are believed to have been the first white men to see its waters.

Isaac Jogues, who first saw, and seeing, wrote of Lake George, was born at Orleans, Jan. 10, 1607; entered the Jesuit Society at Rouen, 1624, and three years later removed to the college of LaFletche. He completed his divinity studies at Clermont College, Paris, and was ordained Priest in February, 1636. In the spring of that year he embarked as a missionary for Canada, arriving early in July, and soon proceeded to his far-away station on the Ottawa River in the land of the Hurons. On his return from Quebec where he came for supplies in 1642, he was captured with his party and carried through Lake George to the Mohawk Valley, suffering torture at that and va

LAKE GEORGE.

rious other times. The following year, in July, he made his escape by aid of the Dutch at Ft. Orange, who sent him to France, where he arrived about Christmas, and was received with great honor and reverence. In 1644 he returned to Canada, and in 1646 returned by the old route to his former masters, the Mohawks, a missionary from his superior, and an ambassador for the French nation, to ratify a treaty with the savages. Once more he returned to Canada, and once more passed over the holy lake to his "Mission of the Martyrs," where on his arrival he was met by torture and paid the penalty of his zeal with his pure, devoted, self-sacrificing life.

The name under which the lake has been known has changed with passing years, and peoples. When Champlain came it was known to the Indians as "Andia-ta-roc-te" (place where the lake contracts). On the 29th of May, 1646, Father Jogues again arrived at the outlet, accompanied by Sieur Bourden, engineer in chief on the governor's staff, and six friendly Indians, and it being the eve of the festival of Corpus Christi, named it in commemoration of the day - "Lac du St. Sacrament" (The Lake of the Blessed Sacrament). In 1755, General Johnson encamped at its head and called it *Lake George*, in honor of George the Second, and then reigning king of Great Britain. The name of "Horicon," interpreted to mean "Silvery Water," has been generally accepted as historical, and advanced by admirers as one more indication of the poetic temperament and appreciation of the beautiful fitness of things possessed by the noble Red man. It was, however, simply a fancy of Cooper's. He says (in "The last of the Mohicans" introduction to edition of 1852): "It occurred to me that the French name of this lake was too complicated, the American too common-place, and the Indian too unpronounceable for either to be used famil-

iarly in a work of fiction." Cooper spelled the word "Horican" instead of Horicon, which is now the spelling accepted generally by orthographers.

Historical. In 1609, Hendrick Hudson ascended the North river to its junction with the Mohawk and the same year Champlain sailed as far south as Crown Point, on the lake which now bears his name. At that time the *Algonquins* occupied the land north of the St. Lawrence, and the Five Nations (a powerful confederacy, consisting of the *Mohawks*, *Oneidas*, *Onondagas*, *Cayugas* and *Senecas*) were gathered in the valley of the Mohawk. They called themselves *Aganuschiasi* or "united people;" by the Delawares they were called "Mingoes;" by the French "Iroquois" and by the Dutch "Maquas." The tribes of the North and South were continually at war with each other. The land between the St. Lawrence and the Mohawk was debatable ground, and along the shores of St. Sacrament and Champlain a solitude, for the lakes formed a pathway through the wilderness, over which savage nations were constantly going to war against each other. This had driven all who were inclined to occupy the land beyond the mountains; and presumably gave the larger lake its Indian name, signifying "the Lake that is the Gate of the Country." The English had secured the right to the country claimed by the Five Nations by virtue of a treaty with that people; the French claimed it by right of Champlain's discovery. Both nations aimed to keep the friendship of the Indians, in which the wily French met with the greater success, extending their lines, by means of zealous missionaries and enterprising traders, who carried beads and fire-water, and the bread of life to the red man, by means of which a good many English scalps were taken.

In 1731 the French advanced to Crown Point and built a fort, which they called "St. Frederick." The

slow English remonstrated, but at that time took no active measures to resist the advance on what they claimed as their territory. The Indians that gathered around the fort were a constant menace to the exposed homes of the English settlers of the Upper Hudson, and often was the story told of a sudden descent on some unprotected point, a rifle shot, a gleaming knife or bloody tomahawk, and a retreat by the light of a burning building. In the suggestive words of the French reports concerning their Indian allies, they occasionally "struck a blow and returned with some scalps."

General Johnson, (afterward Sir William), was dispatched in 1755 to take charge of affairs. He arrived at the head of Lac du St. Sacrament August 28th, and at once renamed it, calling it Lake George, in honor of the then reigning King of Great Britain. Not content with this hydraulic victory he issued a proclamation, in which he said: "I propose to go down this lake with a part of the army, and take post at the end of it, at a pass called 'Ticonderogue,' there to await the coming up of the rest of the army, and then attack Crown Point." September 8th, while General Johnson was waiting to note the effect of his proclamation, the Baron Dieskau, with 1,400 men 600 of whom were Indians, advanced to attack Fort Lyman, now Fort Edward. When within four miles of Fort Lyman the Indians refused to proceed further, it is thought from their fear of the cannon there. Dieskau then turned the head of his little army toward Lake George, and had reached the place where Williams' monument now stands, when news was brought that the English were approaching from Lake George. Forming an ambush in shape of a hollow square, open toward the north, the points extending on each side of the road, the French awaited the coming of the enemy, which soon appeared—1,000 Eng

lish and 200 Indians—under Col. Ephraim Williams and old King Hendrick. It happened that among Dieskau's Indians were some of the great league of the Iroquois, who, seeing that the English were accompanied by a party of their sworn friends, fired guns in the air as a warning, and, by this act, turned what might have been the annihilation of the detachment into simply a bad defeat. The French opened fire at once. Colonel Williams and King Hendrick fell, and the English retreated, followed by the French. The noise of the engagement was heard at Lake George, and a force of 300 was dispatched to the assistance of the English, while breastworks of fallen trees were thrown up with all haste in front of the camp. Soon came the English in confusion, closely pursued by the French, but the guns of the fort could not be brought to bear on the approaching party without endangering friend and foe alike. It appeared to be Dieskau's object to keep thus close on the heels of the retreating English, and enter the fortified camp with them; but as the survivors tumbled over the logs among their friends, they noted with wonder that the French halted while their Indian allies skulked in the swamps. The pause was for a few minutes only, but it afforded the English time to perfect their plans of defense, and, when the French did finally advance, they were received by a well-worked battery against which they could not prevail. The attack was spirited, and the defense stubborn. The engagement began a little before noon, and lasted until about four o'clock, when the enemy retreated, and the English took their turn at pursuit. Dieskau was wounded and taken prisoner, dying afterward, it is said, from the effect of his wounds. Johnson was also wounded early in the day, and the command devolved on General Lyman, who behaved with unexceptionable bravery throughout the entire engage-

ment. The French loss, killed and wounded, was nearly 400 men; the English about 300. Johnson, having earned glory enough, did not advance on Ticonderoga as announced, but spent the remainder of the season in building Fort William Henry.

Vaudreuil, with 1,500 French and Indians, came over the ice to attack Fort William Henry in March, 1757. The assault was made at two o'clock on the morning of the 19th. The garrison was apprised of the enemy's approach and repulsed him successfully, but could not prevent his setting fire to a number of sloops and batteaux, that were frozen in the ice, in front of the fort. Portions of these huiks may still be seen imbedded in the sand at the bottom of the lake under favorable condition of air and water.

The Marquis de Montcalm, with nearly 8,000 French and Indians, advanced on Fort William Henry, early in August, following Vaudreuil's unsuccessful attack. Colonel Morro, then in command, withstood the siege for six days in hopes of relief from General Webb; but, receiving none, sent a messenger to Montcalm stating the terms on which he would evacuate the fort, which were substantially that the English should be allowed to march out with the honors of war, carrying arms and baggage. The terms were agreed to by Montcalm, and at noon the next day the English marched over to the entrenched camp, there to remain until the following morning, leaving the sick and wounded under the protection of the French.

The massacre that followed will ever remain a blot on the fair fame of Montcalm. While the English were passing out of the fort even, the Indians swarmed in through the embrasures, and murdered the sick and helpless. The horrible scenes that followed are thus described by Father Robaud in his "Relations": "I saw one of these barbarians come



1757

forth out of the casements, which nothing but the most insatiate avidity for blood could induce him to enter, for the infected atmosphere which exhaled from it was insupportable, carrying in his hand a human head, from which streams of blood were flowing, and which he paraded as the most valuable prize he had been able to seize." The following day was but to add to the horrors of the time. When the English marched out of the entrenched camp in the morning, the insufficiency of their escort became apparent. But *three hundred* French were sent to guard the whole. The savages swarmed in the woods on every side and hung like a dark storm-cloud along their path. Low, ominous muttering, like distant thunder, came from the surging crowd at first then rising higher and higher broke in fury as with fierce yells the savages fell on the panic-stricken English, striking them down in the face of their helpless guard. The butchery, which at the first was the work of a few, soon became general. The helpless women and children were murdered without pity, men were torn from the ranks, while the savages like wild beasts, fought among themselves for the sickening prize of a human scalp.

It is difficult to free Montcalm from responsibility for the horror. He knew the nature of the savages and must have known of their treatment of the sick and wounded in the old fort the day before, and yet, with 6,000 French at command he sent only 300 to protect the long line of men, women and children from the savages, who, like wild beasts, thirsted for their blood. The number that perished is unknown, but has been estimated by some as high as 1,500. The object of the French accomplished, they returned north, leaving the fort a heap of smouldering ruins, and the bones of the English bleaching in the sun. General Putnam, who arrived as the French were retreating

down the lake, describes the scene as horrible in the extreme, the air filled with the stench of decaying bodies and of burning flesh of those that had been thrown among the still smoking ruins.

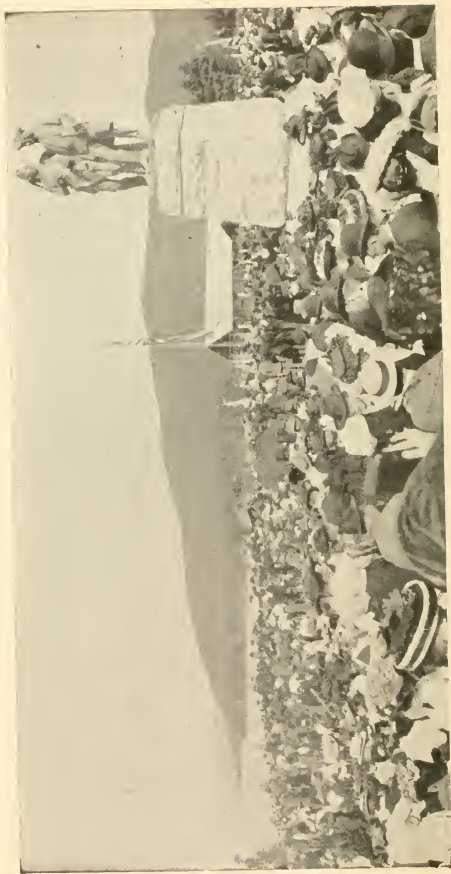
Enter Abercrombie, 1758. Another act in the great drama of the Lake. A year has passed away, and the curtain rises on a scene of wondrous beauty. The same old mountains slope down, amphitheater-like, around the Lake; the mists of midsummer hang over the land; martial music fills the air, the sound of bugles and of highland pipes echo from the mountain side, and a thousand boats, bearing 15,000 men, in all the varied colors of royal court, of clan and forest, with banners waving, and hearts beating high with hope, move away over its glassy surface. Thus, on the morning of July 5th, 1758, Abercrombie embarked and sailed to the attack of Fort Ticonderoga. On the following day, at Trout-Brook, Lord Howe fell, and the evening of the 9th saw the inglorious return of the defeated army.

Amherst came the following year, passed the same way to the capture of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, driving the French into Canada.

Fort William Henry was built of pine logs and covered with sand. The ruins are in the sandy, tree-covered bluff west of the railroad depot, between it and the Fort William Henry Hotel. The outline is still preserved, showing the form of the old fort, nearly square, flanked on the west, south, and a part of the east side, by a ditch, and on the north by the lake. The "Old Fort Well" was within the fort and still remains near the east side, partially filled with stones and rubbish. Where the fence which now incloses the grounds on the east would run, if continued out into the lake deep under water, is the old Fort dock. Outside the dock a little way, may be

seen an old hulk, with blackened ribs and keel half hidden in the sand, which is supposed to have been one of the number sunk by Vaudreuil in February 1757. Shell and cannon balls have been taken from it at different times, and in 1820 two small cannon were removed from the wreck. The fort was built by the provincials in September, October and November, 1756, under the direction of Major William Eyre, and named "William Henry," in honor of the Duke of Cumberland, father of George III, the then reigning King of Great Britain. Major Eyre later was made chief engineer of the army and in 1759 laid out the fortifications at Ticonderoga.

Fort George is east of old Fort William Henry, on the low bluff, around which the railroad swings as it turns away from the lake. It was built in 1759, by General Amherst (the portion completed being but a bastion of what was then designed for an extensive fortification) and was occupied as a military post while the necessity for one lasted. It was commanded (!) in 1775 by Capt. John Norberg, "in a little cottage as a Hermit where I was very happy for six months;" taken possession of by Col. Bernard Romans, May 12 (two days after the capture of Ticonderoga by Ethan Allen), and held by the Americans until the close of the Revolution. It is now but a great heap of earth held in place by the walls, which are quite well preserved on the east side and sloping off from edge toward the centre and north. The greater portion of the stonework has been removed, and burned to make lime. *On the table land, a little to the southwest of the fort, was the old entrenched camp, the scene of the engagement between Dieskau and General Johnson in 1755.



BATTLE MONUMENT UNVEILING, SEPTEMBER 8, 1903.

Battle Monument stands on the open ground Society of Colonial Wars of the State of New York and unveiled with imposing civic and military ceremonies September 8, 1903. The figures, representing Gen. Sir William Johnson and the Mohawk Chief King Hendrick, are of bronze, 9 feet high, standing on a pedestal of Barre granite 12 feet in height. On the west face of the die, cut in clear bold letters, is the inscription.

BATTLE OF LAKE GEORGE.

SEPT. 8, 1775.

On the north side overlooking the lake is the following:

Confidence inspired by this victory was of estimable value to the American army in the war of the Revolution.

Facing the east the inscription is as follows

1903.

The Society of Colonial Wars erected this monument to commemorate the victory of the Colonial forces under General William Johnson and their Mohawk allies under Chief Hendrick over the French regulars commanded by Baron Dieskau with their Canadian and Indian allies.

The south face says:

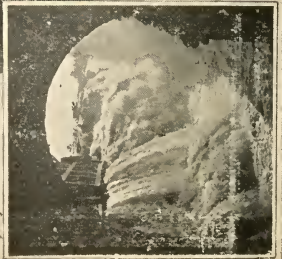
Defeat would have opened the road to Albany to the French.



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Glens Falls, N.Y.

"CHE-PON-TUC"
Indian name of
Glens Falls, meaning
"A difficult place to
get around"



GLENS FALLS.

GLENS FALLS is on the northward bend of the Hudson River where it comes nearest to Lake George after breaking through the Luzerne Mountains from the west, thence turns southward to the sea. To the eye of one from above it would appear as the focus of a network of radiate roads, like a great spider's web, spreading out over the plains, its main thoroughfares divided again and again as they lead countryward to fasten on the mountain passes round about. Six miles down the river is Fort Edward—the Fort Lyman of old, at the southern end of "The Great Carry," which passed by Glens Falls to the head of Lake George, ten miles further north. Just beyond the northern border of the town runs the Half-Way Brook, notable in old Colonial records. Beyond this the trail led through French Mountain Pass to the Lake over "the Dark and Bloody Ground" of savage times.

Glens Falls was known to the Indians as Chepon-tuc, meaning "a difficult place to get past." To those who traveled by canoe the term seemed fitting. In 1762 a patent of Queensbury was granted to "several of our loving subjects" by George III. A large portion of this patent was purchased by one Abraham Wing, who erected a grist and



CIT S DAY IN BANK SQUARE

saw-mill at the Falls. Later, on a convivial occasion, Wing sold his birthright for a mess of pottage—or to speak more plainly—transferred his right and title to the name to a Col. Johannes Glenn, for the price of a “wine supper,” which the latter paid for and the name was changed to “Glenn’s” Falls.

The town is high, dry and delightful, with shaded streets and solid business blocks. In 1908 it was incorporated a city and is showing all a city’s push and perquisites. It is the metropolis of Northern New York, the market and source of supplies of a large tract of rich outlying country east and west, and is the center of industries and enterprises extending outward to points that have made it of national importance. It has many churches of various denominations, schools of the highest standing under universities, places of amusement of varying grades, and a theatre equal in elegance and appointments to any north of New York, its patrons favored with productions seldom given outside the great cities.

There are two daily papers, the **Post-Star** (morning) Democratic and an adept in trenchant English, and **The Times** (evening paper) a stalwart Republican, a great news gatherer, and gaining steadily for itself a position and influence such as is accorded to papers like the **Troy Times** and **Springfield Republican**.

The **Glens Falls Insurance Company**, organized in 1849, has, through its agencies, made the name of its birth place familiar to the public from Maine to Mexico, and attained a national prominence with a well grounded reputation as one of the soundest institutions of the kind in existence.

For a fact many a Lake George tourist has heard more about this company and its officers than of the city after which it was named. Its proud record is of an institution that "never failed in its obligations and never made a mistake." It has well earned its distinguishing title of "Old and



Tried." The new home office building, facing Monument Square, erected in 1912-1913, is commanding, substantial and chaste, and a structure in which almost any city might take becoming pride. The officers of the company are: R. A. Little, President; E. W. West, Vice-President; J. L. Whitlock, 2d Vice-President; H. A. Dickinson, Secretary; C. J. DeLong, Treasurer.

Hotels have an excellent reputation. First as approached from the south is **The Rockwell House**, George M. Taylor, proprietor. Rates, \$3.00 per day.

Hotel Ruliff on Monument Square opposite the Glens Falls Insurance building; M. Frazier & Son, proprietors, is \$2.50 per day.

Hotel Madden is opposite the Empire Theatre and is much appreciated by commercial travellers. Rates \$2.50 up per day.

Smaller houses catering to various classes are at varying prices and accommodations to suit.



MASONIC TEMPLE.

This massive brick and stone structure was presented to the Masonic Association of Glens Falls in 1912 by the Glens Falls Insurance Company and moved intact across the street to its new location north of Hotel Ruliff to make room for the larger building required by the Insurance Company's expanding needs.

When in Glens Falls shop at Goodson's, the modern department store, where every convenience and comfort awaits you.

The Glens Falls Auto Co. at top of Glen Street hill, a block outh of the Rockwell, can make any needed repairs and furnish all necessary supplies.

The Empire Garage on Warren Street is a maker of Automobiles as well as agent for some of the best machines on the market.

The Shirts, Collars and Ladies' Shirt Waists manufactured in Glens Falls factories are world famous. This industry, starting back in 1876, has become so prominent as to overshadow even the fame of Troy along these same lines. There are now ten prominent factories, whose business is constantly increasing, and whose output in 1909 amounted to \$3,323,000. This would represent in actual pieces made and handled a total way up in the millions. There are employed in all the factories about 2,450 persons. The average combined weekly pay-roll during the manufacturing season is about \$20,000 to \$25,000 a week.

The Glens Falls Portland Cement Co., manufacturers of the celebrated "Iron Clad" brand, are where the railroad crosses the canal approaching from the south. Beginning about twenty years ago with an experimental outfit, this enterprise has kept pace with the tremendous advance of the cement making industry, and today is excelled by none of its competitors in completeness of its equipment or quality of its product. The

company obtains its raw material from its quarries in Saratoga County, giving continuous employment to more than two hundred men, and turning out more than half a million barrels of Portland Cement every year. Practically all of its cement is used in the very best class of engineering construction, undertakings exacting the highest standard of excellence, notably the New York State Barge Canal, the Spier Falls Dam, paper mill, power and filtration plants, railway and bridge works.

The **Viaduct** spans the river in place of the old bridge, stretching across to points well up the hill on either side of the Falls, and is an attractive feature of the southern approach.

The **Hudson River Water Power Company** is among the latest great works of the section. It was conceived and carried onward to completion by a Glens Falls boy, whose capital at the start was chiefly brains and nerve. Its work was the harnessing of the Hudson at various points and the conversion of its energy into electricity to be sent out through cables to various cities, extending as far as Albany at the south, supplying power and light and heat to various enterprises within a radius of fifty miles from its great dam at Spier Falls. It is the fourth largest work of its kind in the world.

On the island steps descend to the rocks, and near the lower



THE CAVE.

end where they are notched and broken out, one may climb down to the level of the water, and enter the cave made memorable by Cooper in his "Last of the Mohicans." In the dry season the volume of water is confined within the channels worn deep on either side, or finds its way in rivulets down across the pitted buttresses of black rock. Here the ledges, which in the spring freshets are covered with a foaming torrent, are worn smooth almost as polished marble. Natural stairways lead in places to the top, and at intervals, holes in the rock, round and deep, are filled with water, with possibly at the bottom a remnant of the stone, which, under the action of the waters, has worn itself away in vain turnings about in its deepening prison. Of these holes, one, called the "Devil's Punch Bowl," is nearly six feet in diameter and about the same in depth.



Vast mills for the manufacture of paper of the newspaper kind stand on either side. Into them go logs that have floated down from the Adirondacks, to appear in a little while in wide and mile-long sheets wound on rollers, to go thus to the cities and appear as the great dailies.

The Glens Falls Paper Mill Co., now a part of the International Paper Company, whose extensive wood pulp, sulphite and paper mills are located here and at Fort Edward, six miles farther down the river, is the largest single producer of newspaper in the world, the combined capacity being 600,000 lbs. or 300 tons each 24 hours of paper, plus 100 tons of sulphite and a much larger product of wood pulp. Wood pulp is manufactured in a large mill near the south end of the bridge, and vast quantities of wood that, until recently, was considered almost valueless, now finds its way to the mill in logs and comes out in thick sheets to be turned into paper in the adjoining mill.

The Finch-Pruyn Company's mill, erected in 1904-5, is on the north side of the river, below the bridge—a model mill from foundation-stone to chimney-top, and fitted with every modern appliance of the paper maker's art. Its intake canal, cut through the solid rock from the head of the falls to where it delivers water to its many wheels, with its retaining wall of unbroken concrete, is alone well worth inspection by those interested in hydraulic engineering.

Of old lumber was king and to it Glens Falls owes its early prosperity. Saw mills were along the banks where now stand the paper mills and on all sides were lumber piles. They lined the

banks of the river away above where of old they walled in the canal for a long distance. At the Feeder Dam were more saw mills and more piles of lumber. In those days the sawing capacity of these mills was 600,000 standard logs per annum. This means 120,000,000 feet of lumber, or 30,636 4-10 miles of boards eight inches wide. If laid end to end they would extend around the earth with a long lap to spare.

Lime is next in importance to lumber. In quantity manufactured it is equaled in the United States only at Rockland, Me., and in point of quality stands at the head. The best rock found here when calcined is from ninety-five to ninety-eight per cent. pure, being the purest and whitest lime to be found on the continent. It is used extensively by tanners, bleachers of cotton goods, and manufacturers of paper, wire, gas, glass, etc. The limestone is embraced in an area of not more than 250 acres, beginning at the head of the falls, and extending in a narrow belt on either side for perhaps near a mile down the river, the strata dipping slightly toward the south, and disappearing under the hill along that side. For a depth of about thirty feet it lies in thin strata which is used largely in the manufacture of the Glens Falls Portland Cement. Next comes a stratum of grey marble, from two to three feet in thickness, and under this the solid black marble, twelve feet thick. This is almost a pure carbonate of lime; in its native state of a bluish grey; calcined, it is whiter than snow. The tunnel on the south side from which the rock has been recently taken, extends a considerable distance into the hill—a vast room with rock-roof, supported by many massive columns, and well worth a visit. Lime was first burned here about the year 1820, by

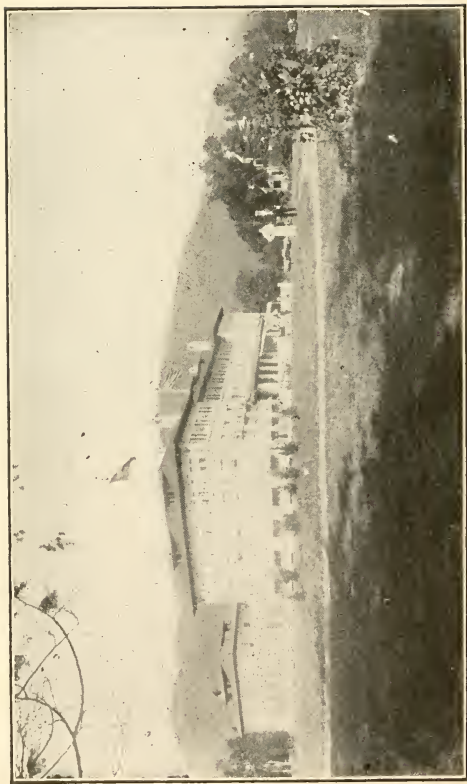
Powell Shaw, then simply for home consumption. It was first manufactured and shipped to an outside market (Troy) by K. P. Cool, in 1832.

Lime Kilns—clouds by day and pillars of fire at night—are below the falls. They are of the patent or "perpetual" kind, with a burning capacity of 75 to 125 barrels each per day. Two sets of hands are required to attend them, the fires running night and day. There are 23 of these kilns. They are well worth visiting. About 500 men are employed in this industry. The average production for the past twenty years has been about 450,000 barrels per annum, the greater part of which is shipped direct to consumers. The kilns are owned and operated by the F. W. Wait Lime Co., The Sherman Lime Co. and the Finch & Pruyn Co.

Black Marble (which is the purest carbonate of lime in the world, with perhaps the exception of the Irish and Belgian marble), in its native state, is of a dark blue; wet, it becomes black; polished, it shines like jet. Blocks are quarried as large as four feet square and nine feet long. It is cut into slabs for tiles, table tops, mantels, interior decorations and ornamental work by "gangs" of soft iron plates or "saws" working horizontally across the block, the cutting power obtained by means of a flinty sand. See them saw and note how, under dripping water, the toothless saws eat their way through the solid rock.

* * * * *

Glen Lake is five miles north of Glens Falls. It is reached by trolley and by the trains of the D. & H. The Lake is something more than two miles in length and one in width, with French Mountain lying toward the north.



FORT WILLIAM HENRY HOTEL FROM THE EAST

LAKE GEORGE.

LAKE GEORGE is the name of the village at the south end of St. Sacrament in place of the time-honored old one of "Caldwell," and it is in order for people who live at various points to explain that they are not at Lake George really, but only encamped round about the waters thereof. It is a comely village awakened to the newer life of thrift and enterprise in place of the slumbrous past, with growing civic pride and independence in its modern ways and belongings, yet delightful in its combination of the old and new and restful in its shaded streets and beautiful mountain setting.

Hotels and boarding houses are varied and sufficient ordinarily for all occasions, the price ranging from \$1 to \$4 a day, according to season and accommodations.

Fort William Henry Hotel is at the head of Lake George just west of the ruins of that famous old fort after which it was named. It looks out northward, commanding one of the most beautiful of the noted views of this most beautiful lake. It stands centrally on a bluff in the pathway of the winds that draw through the notch north and south between the mountains and out over the surface of the lake. High mountains rise east and west but gradually in gentle lines that make for restfulness, casting long shadows in the dewy mornings and glorious afternoons.

Broad piazzas and northern windows and balconies reveal miles of receding shores that stretch to where verdant islands close the narrowing way and the big mountains stand guard above the Narrows. The house is built and furnished in old colonial style. Stone and slate and concrete give it an air of substantiality that appeals to such as prefer substance to display while surrounding trees and plants and flowering shrubs soften all.

The house is modern in all its fittings, modern in all appointments. It should meet all reasonable requirements of young and old in its admirable combination of luxuries and conveniences that have now become necessities to the discerning traveller. Amusements will be found fitted to languid and strenuous alike. Riding, driving, motoring, motor-boating, sailing, rowing—each has its votaries and here all may find satisfactory means of enjoying their own. It is simply to touch a button at the office and the thing is done.

A new resort feature of this section is the opening of the house for winter guests. For such entertainment was it built and equipped and amply meets all requirements at all times. Its initial season was a great success as evidenced by an overflowing house. Later experience under the general manager, Albert Thieriot, has demonstrated that season has little to do with success where seasonable sports are offered and an all-the-year house has no reason to lament the passing of the summer where the winter's guests are provided with such comforts as may be had at home. Such has been the effort of the management, and it has resulted in a sense of cozy comfort seldom found at a summer inn. It was for this purpose it was comfortably furnished, and from the time when the first



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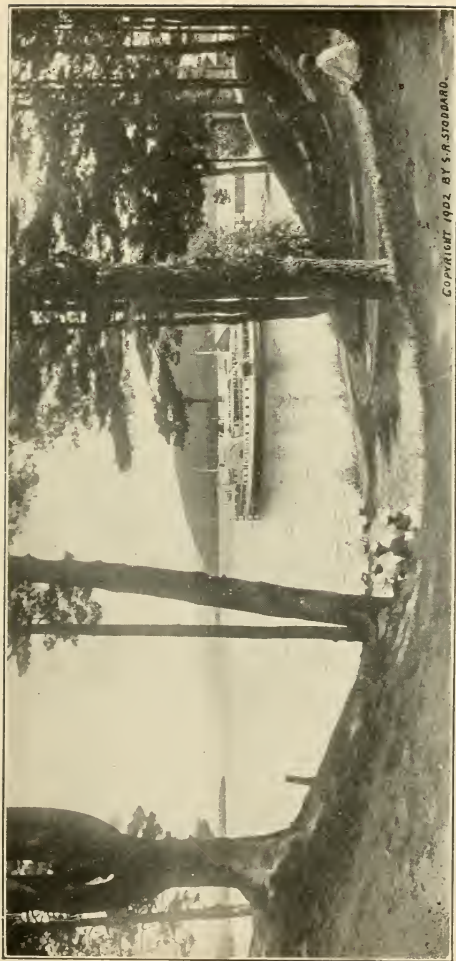
RUINS OF FORT WILLIAM HENRY

Built by the English 1755. Captured by the French, followed by massacre 1757. See

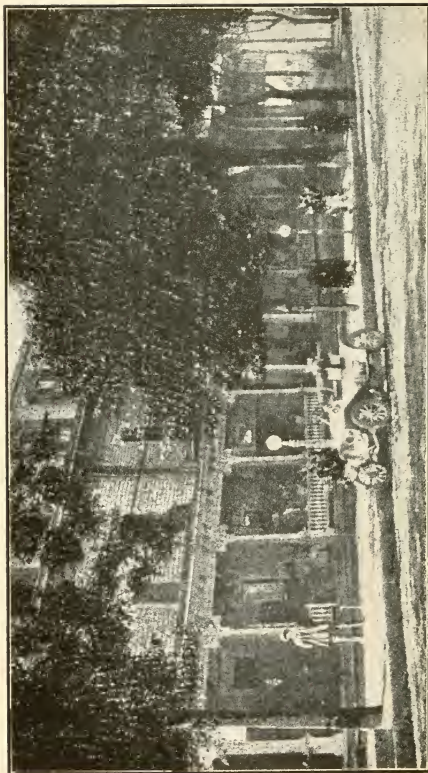
page 13

June bride moves shyly across the screen until the frosts bring the sturdy sportsman, nothing of sudden change which makes living so uncomfortable at the average summer hotel is felt here. With winter come winter's amusement, snowshoeing, skeeing, curling, toboganing and kindred sports, for which visitors journeyed to Montreal, are here in perfection, less than an afternoon's trip from the great metropolis. For reservations or particulars address the Fort William Henry Hotel, Lake George.

Mr. Thieriot is general manager of hotels and dining service of the Delaware & Hudson system, including the "Fort William Henry" at Lake George, and the "Hotel Champlain" at Bluff Point, as well as manager of the Dining Car service maintained by the company between Montreal and Wilkesbarre; on the steamers of Lake George and Lake Champlain and the various depot restaurants along the way. Resident managers will be in charge at the hotels, with experienced stewards on the boats, on trains and at station restaurants. Mr. Thieriot has earned distinguished recognition as a commissariat in steamboats and hotels. As executor of the late Rosa Delmonico estate and as manager of the famous "Delmonico's" for years, he has gained a wide experience with famous people of two hemispheres. He comes naturally by his love for Lake George, as his father, Ferdinand Thieriot, former owner of Green Island, where now stands the stately Sagamore, was among those who a half-century ago, labored enthusiastically for the recognition of the "Queen of American Lakes." And now the son, equipped with ripe experience and overflowing with perennial youth, comes back to serve where as a boy he played years ago.



NORTH FROM FORT W. M. HENRY



THE WORDEN

The **Carpenter House** is on the main street of the village, which continues northward along west of Fort William Henry Park. This house will provide for about 50 people. Rates, \$2 per day; \$7-\$12 per week.

The **Worden** is at the head of the lake, facing east, the north piazza looking out on the Lake, where the street descends to Pine Point, a favorite resort for guests of the house. The Worden will accommodate about 100 guests. An omnibus runs to all trains and boats, free for guests of the house. The house is substantial and convenient. It is open during the summer and is under the management of Edwin J. Worden, owner and proprietor, who is energetic and capable as indicated by the thorough manner in which improvements have been made. There are bath and toilet rooms on upper floors. It has electric bells, the best of modern spring beds. There is a fine piazza along the front, and balconies on the first floor, facing the north and west. \$3.50 day; \$18-\$21 week.

The **Arlington Hotel** adjoins the Worden on the south. Also under the management of E. J. Worden. Capacity about 60. A free 'bus runs to all trains. Rates \$2 per day; \$9-\$12 per week.

The smaller hotels and boarding houses are to be found in and about the town. Address for particulars Mrs. G. B. Schermerhorn, Mrs. Max I. Bentley, James T. Crandale, Fred E. Truesdale, Jerome Burton, Charles J. Frommel.

toll-gate, thence around the mountain, approaching the summit point finally from the southwest, by which the ascent is gradual. From the observatory here fully one-half of the lake can be seen, and the main peaks of the Adirondacks easily distinguished.

To Glens Falls is perhaps the most interesting drive, all things considered, of any at Lake George. It runs through French Mountain Pass over the historic "Dark and Bloody Ground."

A Smooth Rail! an open car! a wild rush through a mountain pass out over a fresh green country on a bright morning! What more delightful combination can be imagined—unless the morning be changed to a warm summer's night with all its accompaniment of light and laughter, which is the regular belongings of a trolley party of young people of all ages! Such are easily the features on the electric line at Lake George, and the visitor will stop short of one of the pleasantest of possibilities who does not go a-trolleying. Finely appointed cars can be chartered for excursions along the line, with guides, well up in the history and traditions of main points of interest. For special service A. E. Reynolds, General Manager, may be addressed at Glens Falls.

The Ruins of Fort Gage are about one mile south of Fort William Henry, where the trolley cuts through the big hill. The lines of earthworks may still be traced through the pines that now cover them.

Bloody Pond is a mile farther south at the right—a stagnant pool which in the spring is nearly covered with lily-pads and great white pond lilies, and in the summer becomes almost dry. It is told that a

LAKE GEORGE.

party of the French (after driving the English into their fortified camp at Lake George, and being driven back in turn, in the engagement in which Williams and King Hendrick were killed) were seated around the pond partaking of their evening meal. Unsuspecting of danger from the south they were surprised by a party of English advancing from Fort Edward, who poured in upon them a destructive fire. Totally routed, the French fled in confusion, leaving their



BLOOD' POND.

dead and wounded on the field. The dead were thrown into the pond by the English, and the water turned red with their blood, from which circumstance it received its name. - **Williams' Monument** is about three miles south of the lake, and west of the plank road. It is a plain marble shaft, blue and white, standing on a huge boulder, which is itself inclosed within an iron fence. It was erected in 1854 by the graduates of Williams' College, in memory of the founder of that institution. On it are inscriptions in Latin, to show the learning of those who erected it, and in English, telling what it is all about. From it we learn that it was "*Erected to the memory of COLONEL EPHRAIM WILLIAMS, a native of Newtown*

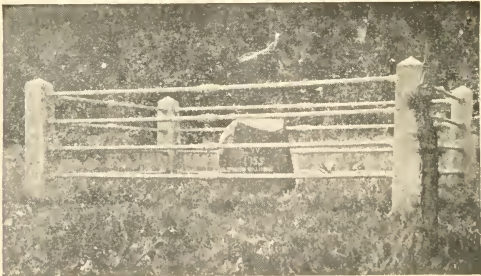
LAKE GEORGE

Mass., who, after gallantly defending the frontier of his native State, served under General Johnson against the French and Indians, and nobly fell near this spot, in the bloody conflict of September 8, 1755, in the 42d year of his age."



The old military road of colonial days ran along on the hill just above the monument, identical with the country road that is there now. A little way south on this road is a rude stone slab inclosed by an iron railing. It bears the inscription: "E. W., 1775, COL EPHRAIM WILLIAMS," and is supposed to mark the place where Col. Williams

was buried. The drive continued south passes French Mountain, with its ancient and once celebrated Half-



Way House, which retains much of its quaintness yet—albeit touched with the modern element

STEAMBOATS.

THE first steamboat on Lake George was the "**James Caldwell**," Captain Winans commanding. It was built about the year 1816 to '20. It had two long boilers and a brick smoke stack, and could go the entire length of the lake in one day—nearly, if not quite, in the time a smart man would row the distance. But it was suspected this stupendous achievement of engineering skill could never have been attained without the connivance of the evil one, and was very properly struck by lightning on one of its early trips. Even this warning did not prevent the stiff-necked owners from attempting to run her the second year, and she was mysteriously burned with fire while lying at her dock at Caldwell. It was thought later, however, that she caught fire from over-insurance.

The next boat that kissed the waves, "**The Mountaineer**," was built about 1824. It was commanded by Captain Larabee. This boat was sided with three layers of boards: the first running fore and aft the second from keel to wale, then a layer of tarred paper, and the outer boards running fore and aft again. All were fastened together with wooden pins, making a very strong basket-like boat, which, when the waves ran high, would bend and twist about in a way that eels might envy and vainly strive to imitate. This boat also required nearly the whole day to make the length of the lake and it was considered an unwarrantable loss of time to stop along the way to take a passenger aboard as any good oarsman could row out and put

LAKE GEORGE.

one into the steamer's yawl (which was always towed behind), without interfering with her headway in the least. The passenger in the yawl could then pull up by the tow-line and climb on to the steamer's deck without much trouble. This boat ran until 1836.

The "**William Caldwell**" came on in 1838 and ran until 1850, when the "**John Jay**," Captain J. Gale, took her place, running until 1856. July 29 of that year, as she was passing Friend's Point, on the home trip: a fire broke out in the engine room, and burned so fiercely that all efforts to extinguish it were in vain. Rounding Waltonian Isle the bow was pointed toward the shore, the intention being to run her on the beach a little north of Hague. Capt. E. S. Harris, then pilot, stood at the wheel until the tiller ropes burned off, then going aft shipped the tiller and steered by guess. Blinded by the smoke he missed the beach, the boat struck on a rock and rebounding, slid back into deep water, where it burned down to the water's edge and sank. Six lives were lost on this occasion.

"Old Dick," who, for several years, wandered up and down the lake, with his box of "Rattell Snaicks," at "sixpents site," was aboard when the boat struck. The box containing the "snaicks" was washed ashore with a little girl clinging to one end, while, from the trap-door at the other end which had become unfastened, the heads of the reptiles were lifted up, swaying and moving about as they were tossed by the waves, until the box grounded when they glided over the side, across the beach, and disappeared in the thicket.

The "**Minne-ha-ha**" began in 1857 and ran until 1876. Her hull now rests in the little bay north of Black Mountain Point.

The "Ticonderoga" (side-wheel steamer), was built at the company's ship yard near the outlet, and launched August 23, 1883. Its dimensions were 172 feet in length over all, 28 feet beam, 9 feet hold, greatest width of guards 46 feet, draft loaded, 4½ feet. This boat was destroyed by fire at Rogers' Rock, August 29th, 1901.

The steamboat service at present is thorough, convenient, and satisfactory to the public generally. The boats belong to the Champlain Transportation Company, with offices at Burlington, Vt. The boats on Lake George and Lake Champlain (connected by train between the two) form a continuous day line through the two Lakes.

The original "Horicon" was built at the landing near the outlet in 1876, and re-built at Baldwin in 1902. After continuous service for 35 years 1911 sees the faithful craft on the road to the scrap heap and a new "Horicon" to take its place and name.

The Sagamore was built at Baldwin by the W. & Fletcher Co., of Hoboken, N. J., in 1902. The boat is thoroughly up to date in its fittings. Its dimensions are 224 feet length over all, 30 feet moulded beam, 54 feet beam over all. The hull is of steel divided into three water-tight compartments by bulkheads. It has a vertical beam engine, cylinder 44 inches in diameter, 10 feet stroke of piston, has Morgan feathering wheels and will make 20 miles an hour. It has steam steering gear; is lighted by electricity, and has a 14-inch search light. The hurricane deck is arranged for the convenience of passengers, and is accessible aft by companionways leading from the deck below. The dining-room is on the main deck.

The **Horicon** (new) was built at Baldwin during the winter of 1910-1911. It is 231 feet long, 59 feet beam, has three decks with passenger accommodations for 1500 people; dining room located on main deck aft, seating capacity 100 persons. The hull and engine were contracted for through the well known shipbuilding firm, W. & A. Fletcher Co., Hoboken, N. J. The hull was launched December 1st, 1910. The boat is provided with two boilers 10 feet 6 inches wide, 26 feet long; the engine is the jet condensing beam type, diameter of cylinder 52 in., stroke of piston 10 ft. Patent feathering wheels 22 1-2 ft. diameter, 8 ft. 9 in. wide, with curved steel buckets. The dining cabin, quarter-deck and main saloon is finished in butternut with cherry trimming to show the natural wood. The boat will develop a speed of 21 miles an hour.

The "Horicon" leaves Lake George (south end of the lake), at about 10:00 a. m. (on arrival of the train from Albany and Troy and connection from the Hudson River night boats and N. Y. through sleeping cars), and touching at the various landings reaches Baldwin about noon, where passengers are transferred by rail to the Champlain boat at Montcalm Landing. In the afternoon the Horicon returns from Baldwin with passengers from the Champlain boat, connecting at Lake George station with trains south to Troy, Albany and New York. Fare through the Lake \$1.50 either way. Excursion tickets good on date of sale only. The Sagamore runs on Sundays, during July and August. The dining room is on the main

deck. Dinners are served going north and immediately after leaving Baldwin, going south. Price \$1.00. The table is wholesome, substantial, and of the best material and served in good manner. To feast the eye on the beauties of Lake George and satisfy the craving of a healthy appetite, such as Lake George air usually brings is a happy combination of good things.

The "Mohican," new (built in 1908), length over all, 115 feet; 26 1-2 ft. beam outside the guards, twin screw propeller, with two direct acting com. Her regular trip is between Lake George, Pearl Point and Paradise Bay during July and August.

The boat is subject to charter when not running on regular trips. During May, before the larger boats are in service, and in October, after they have been withdrawn, the Mohican makes the round trip daily, Sundays excepted, leaving Baldwin at about 7 a. m. Returning leaves Lake George station about 2:40 p. m., or on arrival of train from the south.

During July and August the fast power boat, "The Mountaineer" (new), leaves Lake George station at 10:00 a. m., 3:00 p. m., 5:00 p. m. and 8:00 p. m., making signal landings along the west shore as far as Marion, thence across to Victoria Lodge and Kattskill Bay, returning by the east shore.

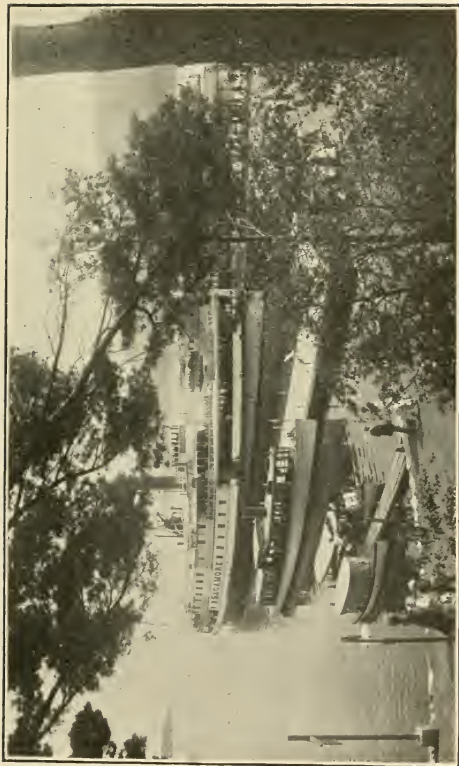
The motor boat "Pampero" during July and August also leaves Lake George station at 9:00 a. m., 2:00 p. m., 4:00 p. m. and 7:00 p. m., making signal landings along the east shore as far as Assembly Point, thence across to Marion and the Country Club, returning by the west shore.

Both of the above trips occupy about an hour and a half and furnishes a delightful short excursion trip for parties visiting Lake George with only a limited time at their command. Only hand baggage is carried. Fare for the round trip, 50 cents; fare between Lake George and Marion House, Pilot Knob or Kattskill Bay, 35 cents; fare between other intermediate landings, 25 cents.

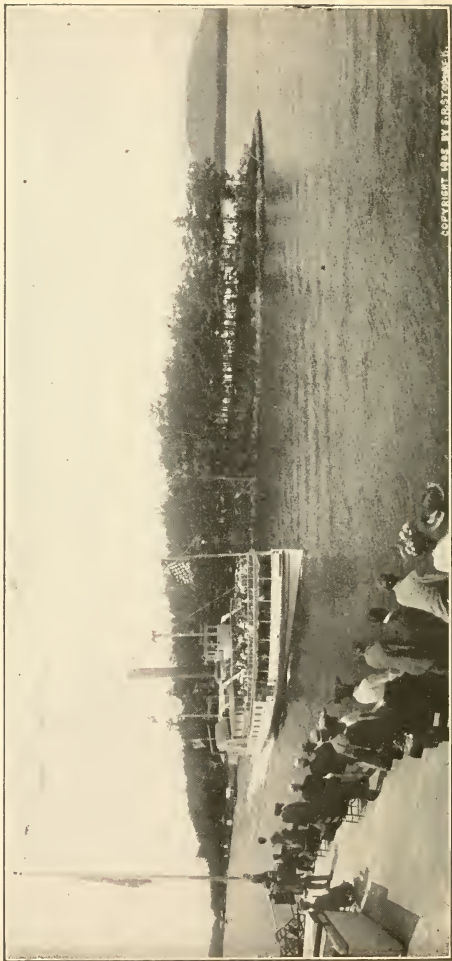
Small steamers may be chartered at from \$15 to \$25 per day.

The Marine Railway, branching from the main line and extending out into deep water at the head of Lake George is of extreme value and convenience to motor-boat owners who may wish transfer from the Hudson River or other points. By this arrangement boats drawing six feet or less can be run out into floating depths, reducing the possibility of injury in handling by old methods to a minimum, and, ordinarily with good economy, the rates ranging from \$10 to \$35, as given in tariff, which will be furnished on application to the D. & H. officials.

The fare through the Lake is \$1.25 with privilege of return free the same day. Other distances in proportion with like return, usually for which enquire of the Purser on board.



AT LAKE GEORGE LANDING



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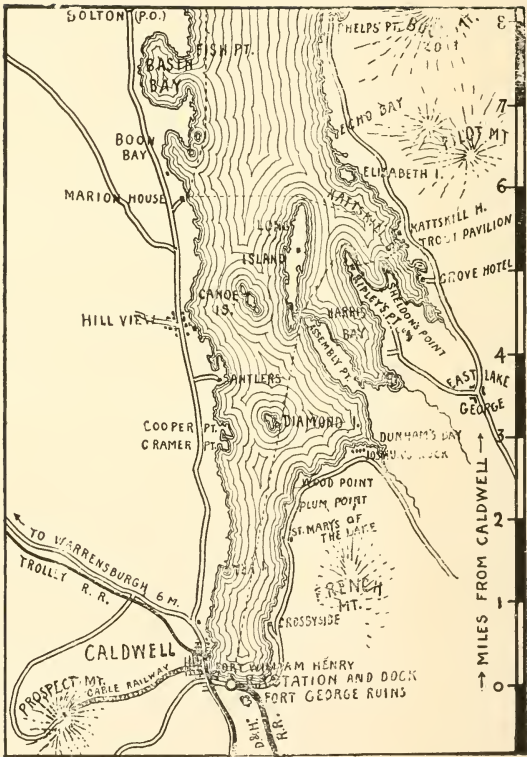
MEETING OF THE SISTER BOATS—KATTSKILL BAY.

DOWN THE LAKE.

By aid of accompanying page maps and outline cuts distributed through the book, the reader should have no difficulty in locating points of interest as seen from the steamboats. Travelers from the north should read paragraphs in reverse order, beginning at Ticonderoga. "East" and "west" indicate side to look from the channel usually taken by the steamboat. Distances given are air-line distances from Caldwell, unless stated differently.

From the station landing look down the Lake. The outstretching point extending from the west terminates in Tea Island, about a mile distant. Over this is seen Tongue Mountain, and a little at the right, the round top of Shelving Rock. About two miles beyond Tea Island, at the right, is Diamond Island; beyond this, partially hidden by it, is Long Island, at right of Long Island is Assembly Point. About two miles away on the right is Plum Point; on the high ground, a little nearer, is seen the summer place of the Paulist Fathers. Nearer, showing as a headland is Crossyside. Over the Beach at the east, rise the slopes of French Mountain and back toward the south, among the trees, are the ruins of Fort George. Toward the west is Prospect Mountain, at its base on the west shore, the village of Lake George.

Tea Island is a little gem by the west shore somewhat resembling the crater of an extinct



MAP OF LAKE GEORGE.

Section No. I,

volcano, with the rim broken away on the east side, forming a beautiful harbor in miniature. Tradition says Abercrombe buried gold and valuables here.

A little further north where the road runs well up the side of the rising ground at the west is the summer home of George Foster Peabody, philanthropist of national fame.

St. Mary's of the Lake, on the east side, is the summer place of the Paulist Fathers, who also own Harbor Islands, camping there occasionally in the summer time.

Plum Point, a half-mile north of the St. Mary's received its name, it is said, because of the large



I 2 3 4 5
 APPROACHING DIAMOND ISLAND LOOKING NORTH.

1 Diamond Island; 2 Tongue Mt. Sanford Islands, 4 Assembly Pt ;
 5 Buck Mountain.

quantities of plums once raised here. The casual observer will see no plums, and may not see the point. **Dunham's Bay** opens up on the right. At its head is Lake George Park.

Diamond Island, near the centre of the lake, three miles from its head, was so named because of the fine quartz crystals once found here in considerable quantities. It was fortified and used

as a military depot by Burgoyne after his capture of Ticonderoga in 1777, and the same year was the scene of an engagement between the English then in possession and a party of Americans under Col. John Brown, resulting in the defeat of the latter.

Cramer's Point (west side two and three-fourths miles) was an island when the islands all belonged to the state, but it is said that a former owner of the adjoining shore looked upon it with longing eyes, and one night the kind waves, or something equally efficacious, filled up the intervening space with earth, the island and the main land clasped hands across the muddy chasm and the two were made one so that thereafter no law was found to put them asunder.

The Antlers is the large building on the west (three and one-half miles). Jerome Burton, proprietor.

Reid's Rock is just north of Cannon Point (west three and three-quarters miles). A man named Reid, whose love for rum had taken him across the lake one stormy night in late autumn, was found on this rock in the morning frozen stiff, and covered with ice from the dashing spray.

Crcut Bay is entered between Reid's Rock and Cannon Point. "The Healing Spring" is just over the ridge west of this bay, and may be reached along shore.

Diamond Point (west 4 miles) comes next. The quartz here, like that of Diamond Island, occasionally yields very pretty crystals. Sampson Paul, an Indian, who flourished over half a cen-

tury ago, once with a common fishing spear here, killed a panther as he was coming out of the water benumbed with cold. **Diamond Point House** boats do not land. Reached by carriage from Lake George, or by small steamers. P. O., Hill View. Geo. W. LaSalle, proprietor. **Canoe Islands** (west 4 1-2 miles), east of Diamond Point House, about midway between it and Long Island. Here in 1880 the American Canoe Association was organized.

Long Island is the largest island at Lake George, being something more than a mile in length. The deed by which it was transferred by King George to private parties, bears date of July 4, 1770. The house near its centre is the summer place of its owner, Dr. D. S. Sanford, of New York, who, here with his three charming girls, spends the long summers in robust idealism, which recognizes nothing finer in the world. As a fad-remarkable can be seen on this mile-long island every specie of tree and shrub common to Lake George and its latitude and some that may be termed exotic.

South Island, separated by a shallow strait from Long Island, usually displays two or three model Canvas camps occupied by free permission of the owner.

Assembly Point is at the right, 4 1-2 miles from Caldwell, beyond, is **Harris Bay**, about three quarters of a mile in width, extending south more than 1 1-2 miles, at one place almost making an island of Assembly Point. Near its head is the Happy Family group of four pretty little islands. This section is quite noted for pickerel fishing.

Ripley's Point extends northward about a mile east of Assembly Point (right 5 1-2 miles from Caldwell). It is a pleasant colony of cottage camps, popular and populous during the summer, with Glens Falls, Hudson Falls and Fort Edward people.

Horicon Lodge, which stood on Ripley's Point, was destroyed by fire in 1911. The landing is maintained for the accommodation of cottagers. P. O. Cleverdale.

Hotel Willard is on Sheldon's Point with capacity for about 100 guests. Rates are \$3 and up per day, \$12 to \$17.50 per week.

Grove Hotel (right 7 miles), is among the trees on the east shore of the bay that makes deep down into Harrisena. Capacity of the house and cottages about 75. \$2 day; \$8-\$10 per week.

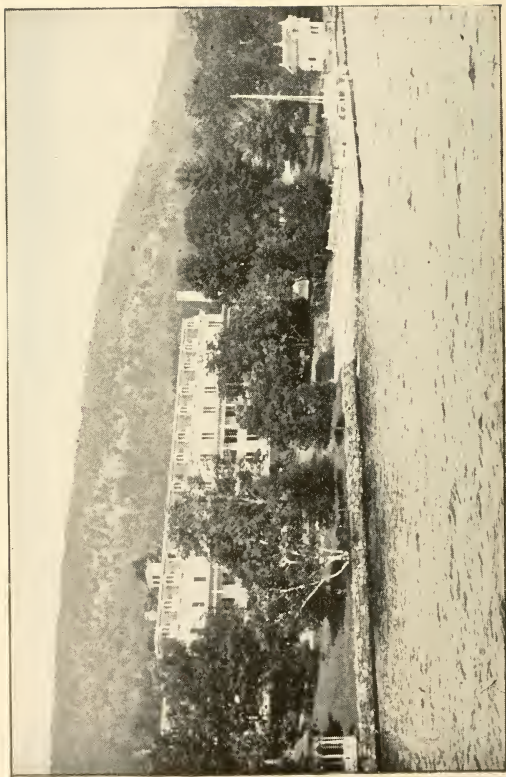
Trout Pavilion is on the east side of Kattskill Bay, seven miles from Caldwell as the boat runs. Its pleasant grouping of hotel and cottages among the trees impress one favorably. Accommodations are here afforded for nearly 100 guests. Water comes from a mountain spring and a farm connected with the house supplies fresh vegetables. All steamers land. The place is quite noted as a fishing resort. All necessaries of the sport with guides and boats are supplied. George H. Cronk-

nite, who as boy and man, has resided here all his life, is proprietor. Rates \$2-\$3 day; \$12 to \$15 per week. Long distance telephone in office.

Elizabeth Island appears as a point of the shore north of the Kattskill House.

Pilot Mountain (right, 7 miles, air line from Caldwell), nearly sharp at its summit, descends steeply to the Lake at points where we touched. **Buck Mountain** (right, 9 miles), a grand rocky, round-featured dome on the east, rising 2,000 feet above the lake. With Pilot Mountain on its south flank it is locally known as the "deer pasture."

Marion House is on the west side of the lake, 5½ miles north of the steamboat landing, at its head. All line boats land on their trips north and south. Accommodations are here offered for 250 guests. A regular postoffice, telegraph and telephone are in the house. Golf, tennis and croquet grounds are on the hotel preserve. Boat and carriage liveries supply all needs. Picturesque roads along shore and backward over the mountains invite to riding and driving, and shaded walks to that best of exercise for which nature has made provision. About the house are a variety of native trees—oak, pine, birch and butternut. Directly west is a bluff, with forest at base and summit and in the depths good hunting for the smaller game. The house has communicating rooms and rooms with private baths. Guests of the Marion



HOTEL MARION.

have golf privileges on the Lake George club course subject to N. Y. rules governing kindred ganizations. The proprietor is a member of the American Motor League and the needs of the motorists have been anticipated in a new garage with necessaries and supplies. Rates are from \$3 up per day, \$20 up per week with \$35 and upward for two in one room. For particulars apply to Joseph H. Marvel, Westside, N. Y.

The **Lake George Club** has its home in the fine building, modern in every feature, a little way south of the Marion. W. K. Bixby is president. The club is composed of men who are recognized as having the best interests of Lake George at heart. It has been called the "Millionaires' Club" but you can stop for \$50 a year if you are all right otherwise.

Victoria Lodge is on the east side, about 8 miles from the head, with a number of lesser cottages scattered along at the foot of Buck Mountain. Postoffice, Pilot Knob, N. Y.

Northward from Hotel Marion are a number of pretty little islands and the fine sweep of Basin Bay. The Three Brothers' Islands, now united by a continuous bridge, were owned and during the season occupied by the late Spencer Trask.

Bolvoir Island, seeming a point of the main land until a narrow passage way reveals the open bay at the west, belongs to Rev. Geo. W. Clow of White Plains. A number of modest cottages are here among the trees. **Recluse Island** is just east of Belvoir Island, the steamer passing on the east and circling round it toward the west to make

Bolton Landing. It is owned by Hon. Pliny T. Sexton, of Palmyra. This island was the subject

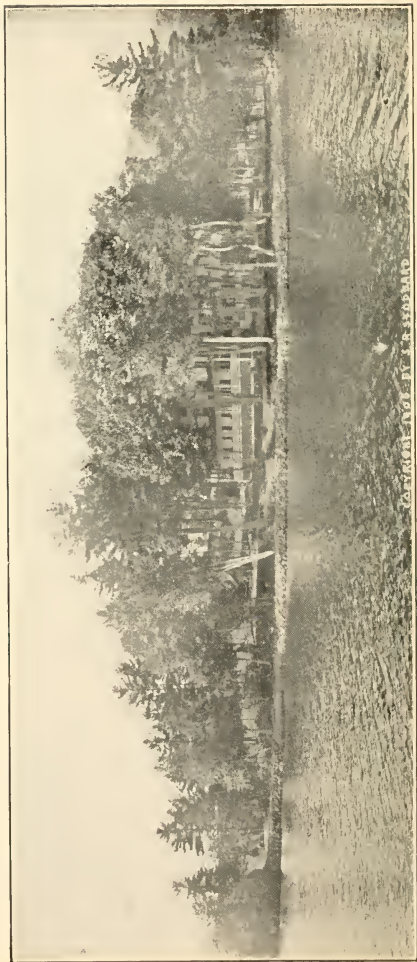


1 Recluse ; 2 Crown ; 3 North West Bay ; 4 Tongue Mountain , 5 Dome ;
6 The Narrows ; 7 Shelving Rock ; 8 Black Mountain.

Looking north from near Dome Island, of the "earthquake hoax" of 1868, at which time it was reported in the New York papers as having sunk 80 feet below the surface. A graceful bridge connects it with what was once known as sloop island. Dome Island is nine miles from Caldwell, near the centre of the lake. Seen from the north or south, it has the appearance of a huge emerald dome, somewhat flattened, but bearing enough of the appearance to justify the name. This island was purchased from the State in 1856, for \$100. It is also the property of the owner of Recluse Island. A gold mine is in the side of Buck Mountain, near the water's edge, easterly across the lake from Dome Island. It is said that gold is here in paying quantities and that platinum is also found. **The Calf Pen** is a notable notch in the rock along shore near the gold mine. The section between this and Dome Island is noted as deep water fishing ground.



MAP OF LAKE GEORGE.
Section No. 2.



LAKE VIEW HOUSE.

The **Lake View House** is on Bolton Bay, westward from Belvoir Island. Capacity about 100. Rates \$2.50 to \$3.00 day, \$12.50-\$17.50 per week. B. A. Morey, Proprietor. P. O., Bolton, N. Y.

The house stands on a point of land projecting from the west shore, surrounded by a grove of native trees affording the maximum of breeziuess with a minimum of exposure to the sun. The grounds are picturesque and the effort has been quite successfully made of leaving nature's perfect work comparatively untouched while relieving the place of unsightly objects and making all trim and accessible. The outlook is unsurpassed anywhere for quiet and beauty as revealed in retreating headlands and pretty grouping of island forms and gate-like openings in the distant Narrows, beyond which rises giant Black Mountain. A pleasant feature is the tennis court among the trees, completely shaded from morning and afternoon sun. All the amusements common to summer places may be enjoyed here. A large room for hops, etc., affords opportunity for evening gatherings. A dark room on the grounds is a convenience appreciated by amateur photographehrs. A motor boat makes regular trips to and from the public landing on the arrival of the regular steamers. Guests of the house are welcome to free transportation whenever the boat runs, and the

going back and forth is a feature approved of by many. The Lake View is deserving of the highest commendation, although as the proprietor all too modestly expresses it, "Just a plain, old-fashioned house, where the young people may enjoy themselves and quiet people take comfort." There is a distinct departure this season in that a "grill" has been added in a new detached building.

Sweet Brier Island, north of the Lake View, at the entrance of Phantom Bay. The bold point north of Sweet Brier Island and the handsome villa back of the little bay, surrounded by an ample lawn on which are seen statues of men and beasts, belong to William Demuth of New York.

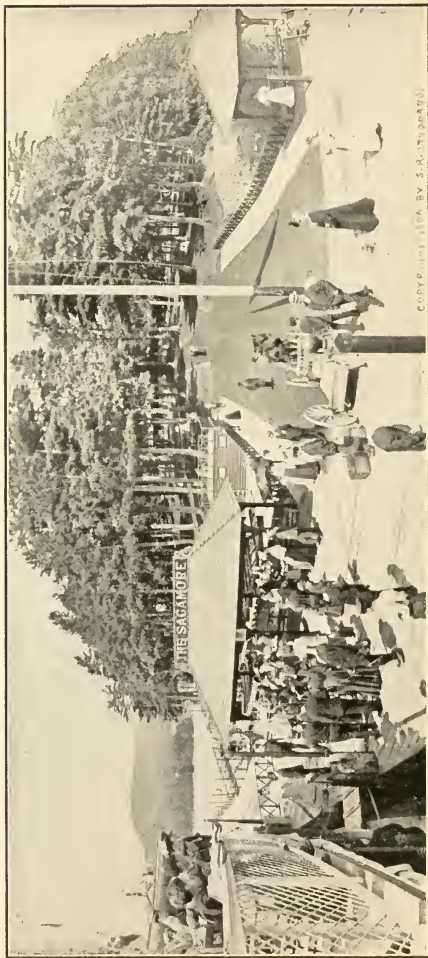


THE ALGONQUIN.

The **Algonquin** is on the west shore of the little bay back of Sweet Briar Island with capacity for 75 guests. Its furnishings are up-to-date and the house presents an attractive appearance with its surroundings of locusts and maples. The house is again under the management of its owner, E. G. Penfield. Address Bolton Landing. Daily rates at the Algonquin are \$2.50 to \$3.50; per week, \$14.00 to \$23. Open June to September. \$3.00 per week. Rates for board, \$2.50 to \$3.00

Bolton Landing is a little north of the old landing place, the dock building gabled and shingled on roof and sides. The Church of St. Sacrament is on a spur of the hill southwest of Bolton Landing, its bell tower, like some dwarf lighthouse, standing in front. A little to the north is the Roman Catholic Church. A Baptist Church is at the village, still further along. The village of a single street, lies back a little way a picturesque and pretty hamlet, restful, drowsy even, calm and attractive.

Wilson's is a comfortable house on the west side of the village street, with accommodations for about 30. Rates, \$2 per day; \$9-\$14 per week. Open all the year. The Stewart House, a little farther north, takes boarders during the summer. Apply for particulars.



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SAGAMORE: LANDING.

Motorists bound north should take steamer here at Bolton Landing for Sabbath Day Point, Hague or Rogers Rock landing. Fare to Sabbath Day Point \$2.50 to \$3.50, according to rating of car. Driver free. The drive over Hague Mountain is difficult and should not be undertaken except by the surest of hill climbers.

The Fenimore is at the west end of the bridge that connects with Green Island. J. H. Flaherty, Proprietor.

The Sagamore, which stood at the south end of Green Island, was totally destroyed by fire April 12, 1914. Its rebuilding is uncertain. The cottages surrounding are owned by members of the club and occupied by them pending decision. T. Edmund Krumbhels, former manager, is proprietor of the Kirkwood of Camden Heights, South Carolina.

From the Sagamore dock the boat runs almost due east toward the Narrows, about two miles distant. **Crown Island** (west 10 miles), but a little distance from Green Island, is the summer place of William T. Wells, President of the Wells Rustless Iron Company, of New York. A picturesque Queen Anne cottage on the swelling south shore thickly growing trees rising evenly to its royal summit, with glimpses of winding walks caught from the passing steamer, suggests the refinement of summer rest and seclusion on this "Tight Little Island" **Northwest Bay** (or "Ganouski," as the Indians called it) extends northward about four miles beyond Crown Island. When midway of the Lake notice in the abrupt termination of the long mountain extending southerly beyond Shelving Rock, the **Sleeping Beauty**, in fine profile

against the sky, with face thrown backward and chin uprising from the lower forests at the south. The **Bungalow Islands** form a pretty group near the east shore in the bay south of Shelving Rock. On one, the late Delevan Bloodgood, medical director U. S. Navy, has built picturesquely after the fashion of the East Indian bungalow. Along the rocky shore of the mainland are many pretty bays and headlands. At one point a little brook makes out over a beach; up this stream, a little way, is a little gem, among cascades, called Shelving Rock Falls. Turning toward the west we see **Tongue Mountain**, rugged and broken, west of the Narrows, which sloping gradually southward, terminates in Montcalm Point, owned by Mr. J. Buchanan Henry. West of the mountain is Northwest Bay. "Green Oaks," the summer place of E. Corning Smith, of Albany, is on Turtle Island, lying within the Narrows northeast of Montcalm Point. Nearer is **Oahu Island** (west 11 miles), the property of Gen. P. F. Bellinger, of Elizabeth, N. J. Gen. Bellinger occupies the cottage toward the south, while the one near the north end is the summer place of J. W. Moore, Chief Engineer U. S. Navy. **Fourteen Mile Island** is on the east Why called Fourteen Mile Island the oldest inhabitant does not pretend to say. It is presumed, however, that fourteen miles was the estimated distance from Fort William Henry before actual measurement demonstrated it to be less. The island has an area of twelve acres. On the east side of the island, separating it from the mainland, is a narrow and deep channel, through which the largest steamers can pass. Here is another dock where excursion steamers land. This island



Phantom Island

IN THE NARROWS.

Black Mountain.

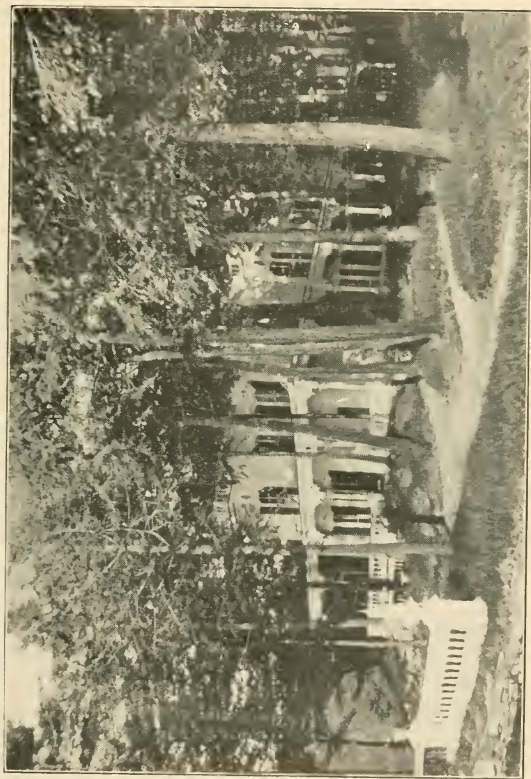
belongs to W. H. Beardsley, of the Florida East Coast Railway.

Mr. George O. Knapp of Chicago, whose summer place stands back on higher ground against Shelving Rock, owns the main land and shore from Shelving Rock Bay to Black Mountain Point.

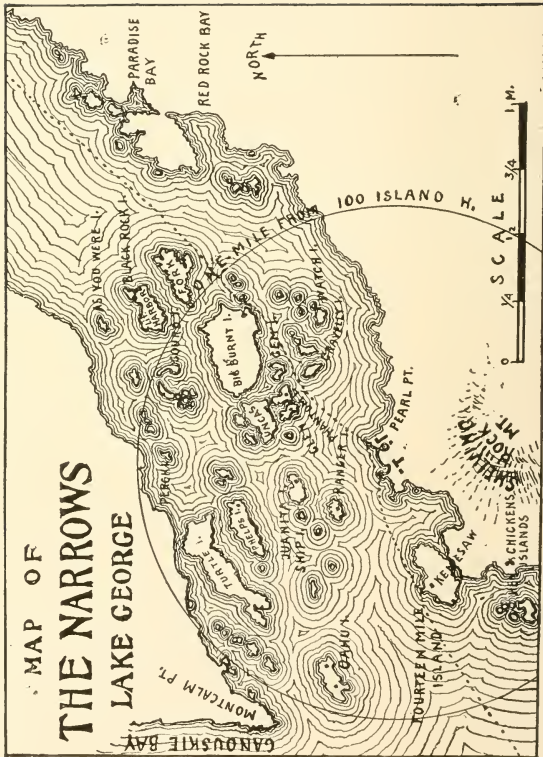
The Pearl Point House, standing on the extreme point of land projecting from the east shore out into the Narrows, is the only hotel in this part of the lake.

Rambling, quaint and profusely ornate in architecture, Pearl Point attracts much attention and admiration. It has piazzas on all sides resulting in cozy nooks with choice in wet or dry, sun or shade, heat and cold. The abundance of native trees that crowd close about almost hides it from view, yet with clear space below, admits free passage to every breeze that comes to it over the surrounding water. Including nearby cottages, it will provide for 100 guests. Boating is possible in nearly all weathers, even in winds, which might interfere in the more open lake. Fishing is equal to the best grounds of the Narrows. Long distance telephone brings the outside world near. It is under the management of Dr. J. Sutherland Stuart. Rates, \$4 per day, \$17.50-\$21 per week single, \$28-\$42 double. Post Office, Shelving Rock, N. Y. Dr. Stuart in winter is manager of Maitland Inn, Maitland, Fla.

The Islands of the Narrows are best seen from the rocky outlook a little way up on the side of Shelving Rock. West is Ranger Island, with the pretty cottage and sharp-peaked tower. Next toward the north is Juanita, where the Bullard brothers (and sisters) come. On Glen Island, next at the north, the "Cold Water Club," com-



PEARL POINT.



posed of solid men from Glens Falls, become boys again every year; see map page 68. The pretty cottage on Phantom Island is owned by J. A. Holden, State Historian, of Glens Falls, and will be occupied by himself and family during the season. Gravelly Island is the nearest to Pearl Point at the north. Over toward the west shore, between Ranger and Juanita Islands, can be seen parts of big "Turtle" and "Phelps" Islands. All of these



3

WEST FROM SHELVING ROCK.

1 Ranger Island ;

3 Juanita Island.

islands except Turtle belong to the State.

Burnt Island is the largest of the Hundred Island group, and occupies a central position toward the north. **As-You-Are Island** is the last of the group near the west shore. Once an old hunter who had been a soldier snapped his flintlock musket at a deer that had taken refuge here but

missed fire, and he cried excitedly, "As you are till I prime." The frightened creature, not knowing which way to turn, stood until a second snap rendered flying impossible. **Little Harbor Island**, east of the last named, has on its north border one of the curious holes in the rock caused by the action of moving water and bowlders kept turning until they wore their way down into the softer



4 5 6

NORTH FROM SHELIVING ROCK.

1 Tongue Mt.; 2 Deer's Leap; 3 Black Mt.; 4 Pearl Point; 5 Phantom Island; 6 Gravelly Island; 7 Paradise Point.

rock. **Fork Island**, its shape suggesting its name, terminates the cluster at the northeast. **French Point** projects from the west shore, 13 miles north of Caldwell and is owned and occupied during the summer by Mr. W. Stanford of Schenectady.

Paradise Bay, on the east side, opposite French Point, is usually the objective point in the excursions made from the head of the lake. It is separated from Red Rock Bay on the south by Para-

dise Point. At its northern entrance are a number of pretty islands. There are other islands about here, some rising abruptly from the depths, moss-draped and thicket-crowned, while others only see the light when the water sinks to its lowest level. All around are treacherous shoals and reefs, and when the light is right and the water rough, you may see the surface checked and spotted by the bright green that marks their position, while the little steamer with many a graceful turn, threads the labyrinth as the verdant gateways open and close along her course.



NARROWS FROM THE NORTH.

Black Mountain stands on our right, the "Monarch of the Lake." It stretches away to the north, seeming to recede as we approach and to travel with us, its granite crest lifted over two thousand feet above us, its rocky sides seamed and scarred and reddened by fires that have swept over it in times past. A sentinel, it seems, overlooking the whole lake and mountains round about; the first to welcome the rising sun, and at evening, glowing in the splendor of the dying day, while the valleys below are misty with the shadows of coming night. From its sum

LAKE GEORGE.

mit, 2,661 feet above tide, and 2,315 above Lake George, nearly the entire lake may be seen. To the north is Lake Champlain; at the east lie the Green Mountains; on the west and north the Adirondacks rise one above another, while away toward the south,



BLACK MOUNTAIN.

like a thread of silver, stretches the mighty Hudson. If you make the ascent don't forget to take an extra blanket or heavy shawl, and don't forget the luncheon. From Black Mountain Point a road ascends to the top of Black Mountain.

Half Way Isle is under the west shore, the centre of a circle, of which the circumference is the rim of a mountain that rises, amphitheater-like, around its western side. The "**Three Sirens**," lovely and inviting, but surrounded by dangerous shoals and reefs, are near the middle of the lake nearly opposite Half Way Island. **Hatchet Island** is one of the same chain; the derivation of the name is unknown, but tradition connects it with an Indian hatchet which some one found there some time. **One Tree Island** is just west of the channel usually followed, which here runs close under the east shore. The

the north end of Mother Bunch group. Water constantly drips over its face, and cives (a species of garlic growing in tufts), spring spontaneously from its fissures. The largest boats can be laid up along side of this rock in still weather.

The Harbor Islands are near the center of the lake, the west channel passing close by their western border. They are owned by the Paulists, who received a title to them from the State in 1872, and who occupy them occasionally as a camping place. The group is the first of any considerable size on the west



1

2

3

SOUTH FROM SABBATH DAY POINT.

1 Black Mountain;

3 Deer's Leap.

side, north of the Narrows, and was once the scene of one of the bloodiest engagements in the history of the lake. On the 25th of July, 1757, a party of between three and four hundred English, commanded by Col. John Parker, left Fort William Henry, and under cover of the darkness proceeded down the lake on a scout. When near this place, at dawn of the next morning, dark objects shot out from among the islands to meet them, while the savage war-whoop sounded on all sides. As the yelling horde advanced the English became panic-stricken and sought safety

LAKE GEORGE.

in flight, but their clumsy barges were no match for the light canoes of the enemy. Some threw themselves into the lake and succeeded in reaching the shore and were there pursued and struck down by the savages. One hundred and thirty-one English were killed outright, twelve escaped, and the rest were taken prisoners. Father Roubaud, a Jesuit priest, says in his "Relations": "The first object which presented itself to my eyes on arriving there was a large fire, while the wooden spits fixed in the earth gave signs of a feast—indeed, there was one taking place. But oh, Heaven, what a feast! The remains of the body of an Englishman were there, the skin stripped off and more than one-half of the flesh gone. A moment after I perceived these inhuman beings eat, with famishing avidity, of this human flesh; I saw them taking up this detestable broth in large spoons and, apparently, without being able to satisfy themselves with it; they informed me that they had prepared themselves for this feast by drinking from skulls filled with human blood, while their smeared faces and stained lips gave evidence of the truth of the story." The good father attempted to reason with them, but to no avail. One said to him: "*You have French taste; I have Indian; this food is good for me.*" offering at the same time a piece of the human flesh to the horrified priest.

Vicar's Island is just north of the Harbor Islands. Here, on its northern border, an affecting incident transpired once, of which Captain Sam Patchen, who lived at Sabbath Day Point at the time, was the hero. One winter's day the Captain conceived the idea of sailing his grist to Bolton mill on the ice, so, piling the bags of grain into the old cutter and with a pitchfork held firmly in his hands for a rudder, he hoisted sail and sped away before a strong north wind. The old man was, it is said, given to

LAKE GÉRGÉ.

spiritual things and had, on this occasion, hoisted in rather too much rye in the liquid form to conduce to the safe transportation of that in the bags. The ice was "glare," and the cutter sailed well—remarkably well; but there was not so much certainty about the satisfactory behavior of the steering apparatus. The craft insisted on heading directly for the island, and could not be diverted from its course. An idea now occurred to the veteran. The cutter was of the kind called "jumper," a mettlesome old jumper at that, and the captain had great confidence in its ability to do whatever it undertook, so he decided to jump the island. He tried it! It was not, strictly speaking, a success, for when the cutter reached the shore it paused against a rock, while Sam who seemed anxious to get along continued on some distance with the bags and finally brought up deep in a snow drift. Captain Sam was *always* dignified, but on this occasion it is said his manner of resting on that snow-drift was remarkably impressive. Even the snow felt moved, and the island itself was touched. When finally he came out and set his radiant face homeward, the records say that it was *not* a Sam of joy or a Sam of thanksgiving, but a Sam abounding in language that would have set a mule driver up in business, and brought despair to the boss canvasman of any circus that ever was.

Deer's Leap Mountain is on the west, a little way north of Vicar's Island. The top is rounded, the side facing the lake a perpendicular wall of rock. At its foot are great fragments of rock, that have fallen from time to time, said to be the home of the rattlesnake. Here, once on a time, a buck, pursued by hunters, was driven and reached the brow of the precipice with a pack of yelling hounds close at his heels.

"Not the least obeisance made he;
Not a minute stopped or staved he—

LAKE GEORGE.

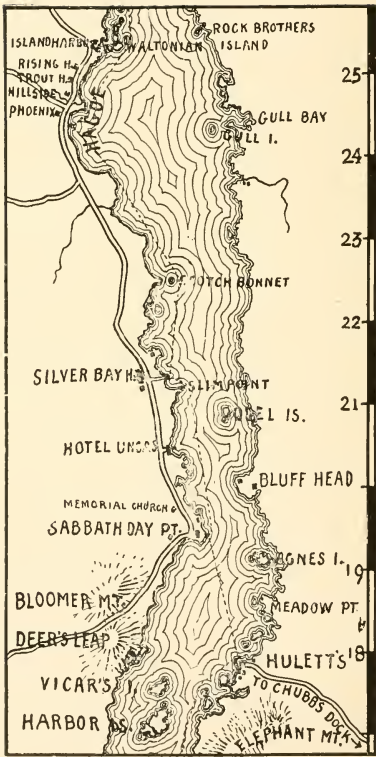
but leaping for life, far out over the giddy height fell and was impaled on the point of a tree below.

Hulett's Landing is north of Black Mountain, at the base of the mountain known as the Elephant, 18 miles from Caldwell. The main group of buildings, with the various cottages and bungalos, accommodate 250 guests.

Meadow Point, with a cluster of pretty cottages, is north of Hulett's on the same shore.

Hog's Back is the rugged mountain extending along on the east. Near its highest point Putnam and Rogers once came upon an Indian encampment, and, after the heroic manner of warfare in those days left none to tell the tale. North of Hog's Back stretches Spruce Mountain—strikingly bold and precipitous. **Bluff Head** is the long point extending out from the east shore. The late Rev. A. D. Gillette, D. D., for many years pastor of Calvary Church, New York, made this his summer home. His widow and sons, Dr. Walter R. and Daniel G. Gillette, have cottages here now.

From **Hulett's Landing** we run diagonally across the lake to Sabbath Day Point, about two miles distant. As we draw near to the point glance backward toward **Black Mountain** and note how the old giant asserts his supremacy, rising up to overtop his less stately supporters. A little further along and he is again the stately center of the picture. **The Elephant** stands back there at the north end of Black Mountain. Note his well formed head toward the west; his eye; the rift that marks the outline of his massive jaw; the wrinkled neck and great rounded back with scattered bristles of dead pines clearly defined against the sky be



MAP OF LAKE GEORGE.
Section No. 3.

yond. **Sugar Loaf Mountain** is over at the left of the Elephant. Its summit, viewed from a little distance north of Sabbath Day Point, looks very like a pig lying down, with his sharp nose pointing east. These animals were undoubtedly of the lot created "In the beginning." **Twin Mountains** are seen in the southwest from Sabbath Day Point. The southernmost one is the Deer's Leap, the other known locally as Bloomer Mountain.

Sabbath Day Point (west, about 19 1-2 miles from Caldwell) has been the scene of many stirring incidents in the history of Lake George. It commands the approach by water on either hand, and would naturally be selected for a camping place by parties who might have reason to expect the advance of an enemy. Here, in 1756, a body of provincials, under Putnam and Rogers repulsed a superior force of French and Indians. On the 5th of July, 1758, Abercombrie, with his splendidly equipped army of over fifteen thousand men, landed for rest and refreshment, remaining until near midnight, when he moved down the lake, leaving immense fires burning, to give his watchful enemy the impression that he was still there. In July of the following year it is said Gen. Amherst, with twelve thousand men, landed and passed the Sabbath with appropriate religious ceremonies. To this circumstance is sometimes ascribed the name, although it had been known as Sabbath Day Point for some years. Regarding the name it is not even certain that "Sabbath Day" was the name first applied. In the "life and correspondence of Charles Carroll of Carrollton," pages 376-

381 first Vol., the following items in his journal of April 20, 1776.

April 20—"We were informed that the west shore of the lake at the place called Sabatay Point was much incumbered with ice. The country is wild and appears incapable of cultivation. It is a fine deer country and likely to remain so, for I think it will never be inhabited.

April 22—There is but one settlement on Lake George. Sabatay Point. I understood there were about 60 acres of good land at that Point.

The name "Sabaty" appears to be French and it is probable that the residents gradually Americanized the name to "Sabbath Day" by its similarity of sound is the conclusion reached by Joseph F. Griffith who is authority for the above.

Concerning the first settler, the following documentary evidence is found in the office of the Secretary of State, at Albany:

New York Colonial Mss. Land Papers, Vol. XVII. Page 148.

To the Honorable Cadwallader Colden;
Esqr. His Majestys Liet Governor &
Commander in Chief of the province of
New York & the territories depending
thereon in America &c.;

In Council

The Humble petition of Samuel Adams
Humbly Sheweth:

That your petitioner hath been Encouraged to Errect a house of Entertainment for the Convenience and accommodation of Passengers on Sabbathday Point on Lake George in the County of Albany and hath resided there for the space of Two years last past and hath at much Labour and Considerable Expence made Improvements thereon, with Intention o^e applyiny to your Hon-

our for his Majestys Letters Patent for the same when a convenient opportunity presented — — —

That there is about the quantity of Two Hundred acres & no more of Improvable land on said Point, & the Quantity of Three Hundred Acres or thereabouts which it not improvable being barren & mountainous but which would be of service to your petitioned as an outrift for Cattle and your petitioner having already occupied & possessed the same & being desirious of making further improvements thereon.

Your petitioner Humbly Prays that your Honour would be favorably pleased by His Majestys Letters Patent to grant unto your Petitioner & His Heirs. The said Quantity of Five Hundred acres under the Quit rent provisos Limitations & Restrictions Prescribed by His Mejestys Instructions

And your Petitioner will ever pray Sabbathday Point June 20th 1764.

Samuel Adams.

By order.

Endorsed—20th June 1764

Petition of Samuel Adams

for lands at Sabbathday Point

Delivered 7th August by

Wm. Gilliland

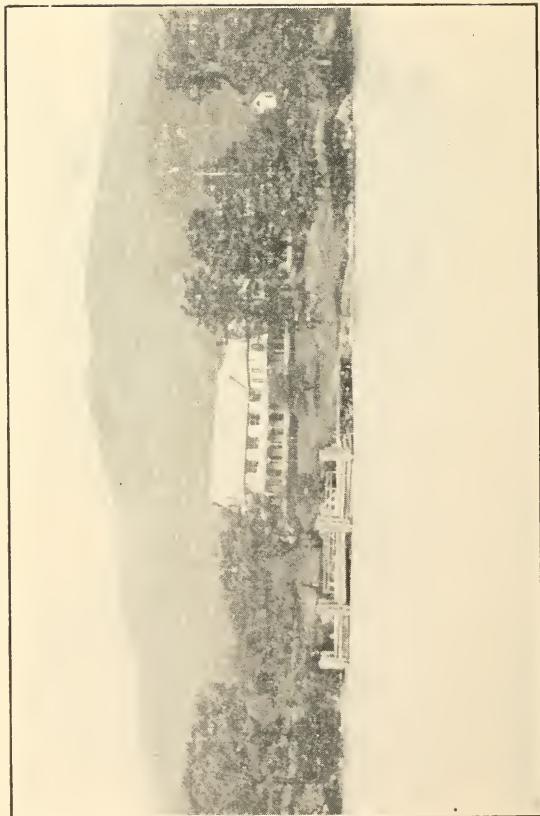
No. 19

3rd June 1766 Read in Council

& referred to a Committee

& reported and granted.

In 1798, Captain Sam Patchen (hero of the cutter ride to Vicar's Island) built a log-house near the site of the present building, since which the point has never been without its resident family.



SABBATH DAY POINT HOUSE.

Sabbath Day Point House, enlarged since the old days, is a wholesome and attractive place with all a farm's welcome and surroundings. Accommodations are here in house and cottages, for 100 guests. F. A. Carney, proprietor. There are cosy parlors, dainty home-like guests' rooms and a table exceedingly wholesome and of immaculate neatness. The farm of 500 acres furnishes fresh vegetables, butter, cream and eggs. All steamers land at the dock. There is a telegraph and long distance telephone in the house. Electric lights and garage are among modern necessities.

A recent addition provides a large dining room with windows opening east, west and south, and a number of very desirable sleeping rooms increasing the accommodations to 100. In the words of the proprietor, "We do not have many rules. Guests are allowed to do anything that ladies or gentlemen would care to do." There is a fine bathing beach here sloping gradually from the lawn into deep water and another on the circling bay at the west. The books found on the shelves are wholesome and suggestive of a high intellectual standard. Row boats may be had here at \$3.00 per week. Rates for board, \$2.00 to \$2.50 per day; \$12.00 to \$18.00 per week. Southbound autoists are advised to take the steamer from Sabbath Day Point to Bolton Landing to avoid difficult mountain climb. Fare, \$2.50 to \$3.50, according to rating. Driver free.

Grace Memorial Chapel, just north of the Point, was erected in 1885, in memory of the wife of Mr. Norman Dodge, daughter of Rev. A. D. Gillette, D. D. It is undenominational. Services are held during the season by visiting clergymen.

Hotel Uncas is on the west shore a little more than a mile north of Sabbath Day Point. Rates for board \$2.50 and upward per day. James E. Burt, Owner and Proprietor.

The Mohican House and Annex is on higher ground just north of Uncas landing. The view from the piazza is superb and reveals one of the beauty spots of the lake. The Mohican is modern and offers more than usual in attractions and all that is desirable in a summer hotel. A ladies' orchestra furnishes music for concerts and the modern dances. See page 199.

Silver Bay is on the west, 22 miles from the head of the lake. It owes its existence as a resort to Mr. Silas H. Paine of New York, who, as a summer resident, occupies the large cottage on high point just north of the landing.

"The Silver Bay Association for Christian Conference and Training" owns buildings and land consisting of nearly 1500 acres with a half-mile of lake shore.

The equipment includes a large main building (186 rooms), Forest Inn (76 rooms), Overlook, nine cottages, eight furnished cottages for house-keeping, Memorial Building with auditorium (seating 1,000), six class room buildings, boat house, bath house, athletic field, general store and gymnasium.



SILVER BAY

The Association property and privileges are available only for delegates to the conferences, for which address C. L. Gates, General Secretary, No. 124 East 28th St., New York City. After June 1st, Silver Bay, N. Y.

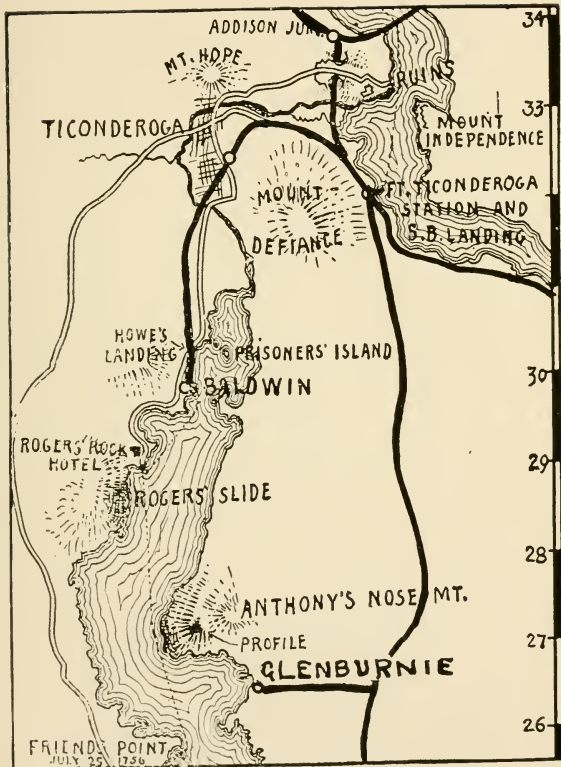
The line steamers do not land at Silver Bay on Sundays.

"Scotch Bonnet" is the name given to a little island lying just west of the steamboat channel, a mile north of Silver Bay. It was so named because of a tree which once grew upon it, resembling in shape a Scotch cap or bonnet.

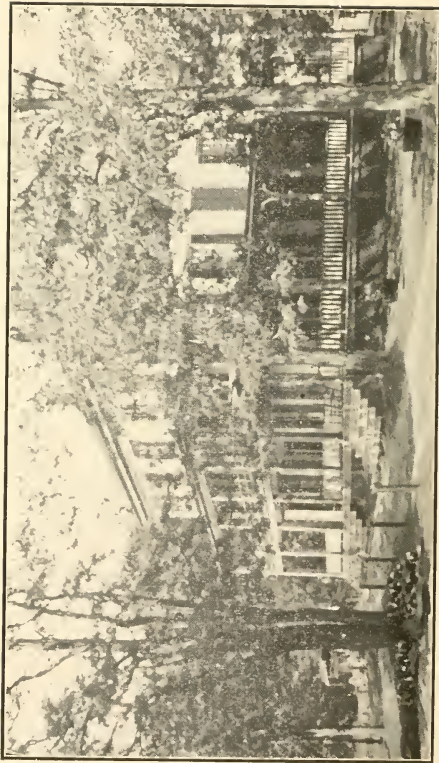
Camp Iroquois is at Glen Eyrie on the east shore a little more than two miles north of Silver Bay. Originally planned as a camp for Manly Young Men it has outgrown the original design and become a colony giving room for half a thousand with a liberal sprinkling of substantial families. Geo. F. Tibbitts, originator of the idea, still maintains the management. Postoffice address, Glen Eyrie-on-Lake George.

Hague is situated on a broad, sweeping bay, at the west side of the lake, 28 miles from its head. The general character of its scenery is peaceful, lacking the grandeur of the Narrows, but possessing a great variety of foliage, with graceful elms, whose slender branches droop and sway like the weeping willow, the like of which is seen nowhere else at the lake. A walk up the valley road, leading west, gives a number of the most charming bits of scenery imaginable.

Hotel Phoenix is a large white three-story building seen just a little way north of the steamboat landing. F. W. Baumerfiend, Manager. Lawn and meadowland belonging to the house reach



MAP OF LAKE GEORGE.
Section No. 4.



PHOENIX HOTEL

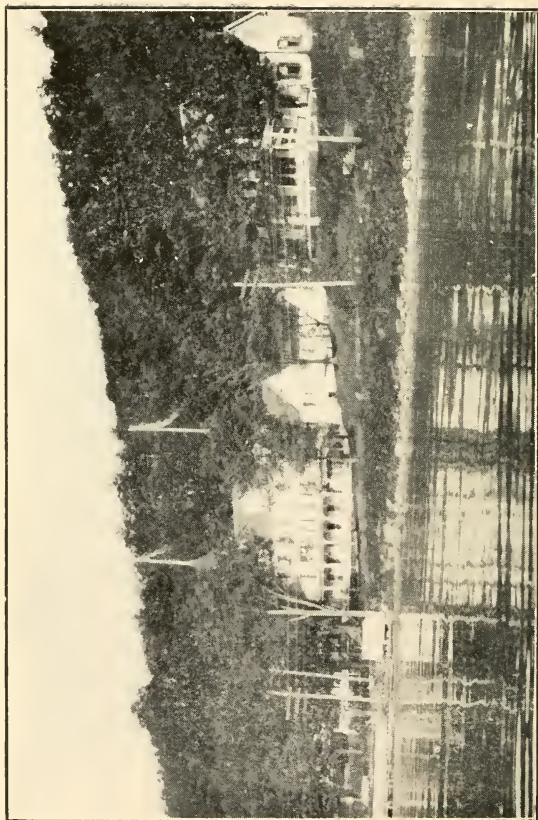
out to the bathing beach on the water front. It is homelike and attractive, with a good table supplied with vegetables, milk and eggs from the hotel farm. It will accommodate 50. Rates, \$2 up per day; \$10 to \$14 per week, according to room. See Page 194.

The Hillside is where a brawling brook comes down a few rods north of the Phoenix. Capacity about 80. Location, grounds and outlook are exceedingly picturesque, while the house and proprietor have an excellent reputation and a host of friends. (See page 190). John McClanathan, proprietor.

The Iroquois (color olive) is third of the notable hotels. It has capacity for about 75. \$2.50 per day. E. T. Wilcox, proprietor.

The Trout House, three stories, painted white, is partially hidden among the trees. Capacity about 120 guests. Open all the year. Richard J. Bolton, proprietor. Rates, \$2.50 and upward per day. \$12 to \$21 per week. A free carriage runs to and from the steamboat landing during July and August. See page 199. The outlook from the Trout House is charming, and often painted by artists. A pretty sand beach circles along in front of the house. The changed road and rearrangement of grounds, with modern improvements and additions to the hotel make it one of the handsomest in all the northern parts of the lake while under its present management it has gained a reputation for spreading one of the very best of tables. That Mr. Bolton has the confidence of his fellow citizens is expressed in the fact that he was recently made sheriff of his county by a large majority.

The Rising House, a short distance north, is on the flank of a hill crowding close against the road well shaded from the afternoon sun, with piazza



TROUT HOUSE AND ANNEX.

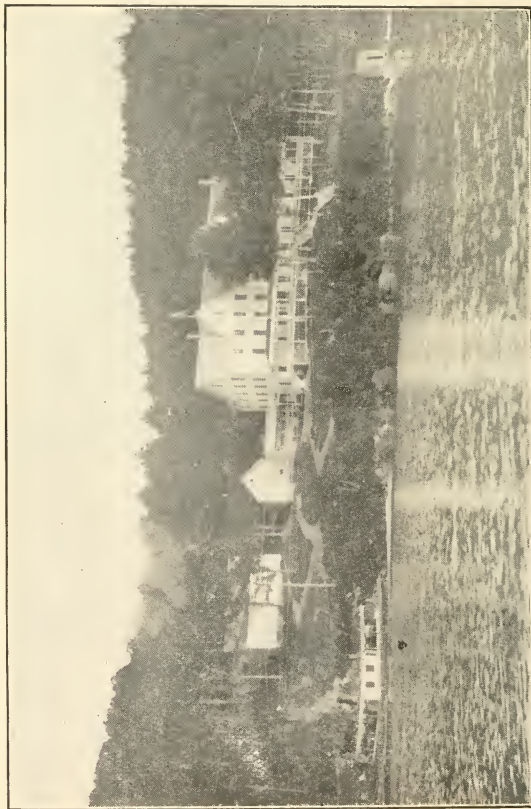
on the front which under the protecting trees affords a fine extended lookout east and south. It is three stories in height, accommodating 100 guests. It has hot and cold water baths and whatever is considered essential in modern fittings. Necessary supplies for hunting, fishing graph office is in house. Rates, \$12.50 and upwards per week; transients \$2.50 and upwards per day. B. A. Rising, proprietor. See page 198.

On the west side of the mountain beyond are the graphite works belonging to the Dixon Crucible Company of Jersey City.

Continuing northward the road winds along the shore, passing **Calamity Point** where, embedded in the white sand, lie the remains of the steamboat "John Jay," destroyed by fire here July 29, 1856. It burned to the water's edge and six lives were lost.

Back in the bight of the bay, nearly hidden among the trees, is the picturesque cottage of Harry W. Watrous, the artist, and Mrs. Watrous, the novelist.

Island Harbor (west, 1 mile north of Hague Landing), was the name given to the cozy hotel and cluster of cottages on the west shore of the bay formed by the enclosing group known as Cook's Islands. It is much frequented by sportsmen and has a record for big fish, approached by few resorts along the Lake. During the past winter additions and many improvements have been made. The water supply is from a spring 1000 feet above the lake. A bathing beach is in the closed harbor. Altogether it is wholesome, attractive and delightfully informal. The location shows lovely vistas through the islands and affords safe boating in covered waters even in the roughest of



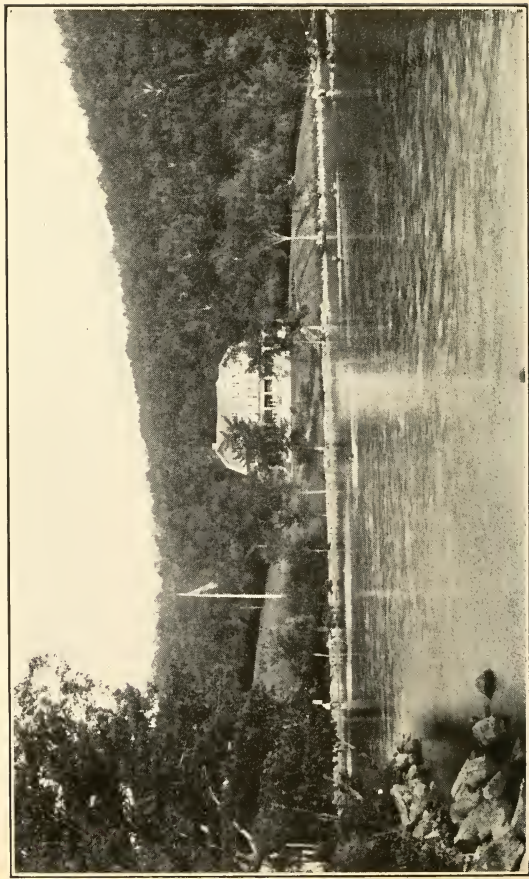
RISING HOUSE.

weather. The drives and foot-paths through the shady woods nearby are exceedingly picturesque. Island Harbor has accommodations in house and four cottages for 100 guests. It has modern conveniences and is lighted by acetylene gas. A glass-enclosed dining room overlooking the lake is a delightful place. Home-cooking of the best type, whole-



some and sweet, is a notable feature. Rates are \$12.50 per week; \$2.50 up per day. See page 197. B. A. Clifton, proprietor. P. O., Hague.

Waltonian Isle is the outermost and largest of the group of nine islands lying outside Island Harbor, state land, preempted and occupied during the summer by that princely squatter and royal entertainer and promoter of sports—Col. W. D. Mann of "Town Topics." Ten miles away at the south, the "Elephant" stretches his huge bulk across; over his head Black Mountain stands guard, growing misty along the distant narrows. At the north is **Friend's Point**, a pleasant tree-bordered meadow, quiet and beautiful enough now, but of old the scene of many bloody engagements, being then, as now, a favorite camping ground.



GLENBURNIE INN FROM STEAMBOAT LANDING

LAKE GEORGE

Glenburnie Inn and Cottages. Glenburnie is located six miles from the northern end of Lake George on the eastern shore. Here one truly finds a Paradise,—the natural woods with their rocky shores and sandy beaches fringed with trees, alternating for a distance of nearly two miles from the shore line of this beautiful Glenburnie estate, which has an extent of nearly five hundred acres.

The famous Anthony's Nose Mountain, well known for its stately profile, together with Record Mountain, are a part of this property.

Glenburnie Inn stands upon a slight elevation but a short distance from the water's edge and fairly at the foot of the rugged and picturesque Anthony's Nose Mountain. The Inn is a comparatively new structure building along modern lines. The interior, including all of the bed rooms, is of wood-work finish, an idea carried out in many of the summer homes in this region. In both living and dining rooms are large rustic fire-places. The building is equipped with modern sanitary plumbing, acetylene gas light, long distance telephone and telegraph connections. No part of the Inn is more appreciated than the broad piazza across its entire front. Here in the midst of delightful surroundings one finds every form of recreation and pleasure. The Glenburnie golf links, located on rolling ground overlooking the lake and in close proximity to the Inn, have become very popular.

The rates at the Inn and Cottages vary from \$3.00 to \$4.50 per day, or from \$14.00 to \$25.00 per week, depending on size and location of rooms. Special rates to those stopping for the season and during June and September. Consumptives are not entertained. For further information regarding accommodations address, Henry L. Messner, Glenburnie Inn, Glenburnie-on-Lake George, New York. See page 199.



Three
ADIRONDACK CAMP
BOYS

"Adirondack Camp" is on a commanding point reaching out from the east shore, south of Blair's Bay and directly across the lake from Friend's Point. Here Dr. Elias G. Brown of New York has established a camp for boys and fitted it up to delight the youthful mind. Dr. Brown has had large experience in the care and training of boys and has enlisted college men as counsellors and assistants. Practical camping, woodcraft and nature-study are taught; and an important feature of the summer's outing is the attention paid to physical development. There is every kind of sport—tramping with an Adirondack guide, mountain climbing and canoeing, tennis, baseball, basketball, tether-ball and kindred games. The boys sleep in tents. Their food is prepared by a professional colored cook, but the campers do all the rest of the work about their quarters, following the universal custom in camping out. Bathing and boating are under the supervision of counselors, but here boyish men and manly boys are held by a band of good fellowship that is found best near to the earth. Rainy days—they do sometimes come even here—the youngsters get an insight into the woodsman's ways of doing things in the workshop, or delve into the boys' story books, with which the library is supplied. The party is made up of boys from good homes, and draws from New York city, and also many distant points. A convincing little book, written by the leader, explains the scope of the camp and gives interesting particulars, for which, during summer, address Dr. Elias G. Brown at Glenburnie, N. Y., or in winter at The Mountain School, Allaben, N. Y.

Anthony's Nose extends west along the north side

of Glenburnie. It is heavily wooded, excepting in spots where a cliff is presented or where its western point rounds over sharply into the lake. From a position well back on the south side of Blair's Bay can be seen a perfect face in profile, with smooth brow, Roman nose, firm lips and bearded chin looking out toward the west from the perpendicular wall at the second mountain step. In



I 2

NORTH FROM WALTONIAN ISLE.

1 Rogers' Rock Mt.; 2 Friends' Point; 3 Anthony's Nose Mt.

passing we run close to the point of the mountain, so near at times that a stone could be easily tossed against its iron-stained sides.

Rogers' Slide is toward the west, a mountain nearly a thousand feet high, with smoothly rounded top and precipitous sides. Nearly half of its entire height is a smooth wall of rock descending at a sharp angle to the water's edge. It is rich in minerals.

Graphite or black lead exists here in considerable

LAKE GEORGE.

quantities, and many beautiful specimens of garnet have been found along its sides and summit. The story of its name is as follows: In the winter of 1757-8, Robert Rogers, with a small party of his Rangers, was sent to make observations at Ticonderoga and Crown Point. Near the outlet of the lake he fell in with a party of the enemy, and in the skirmish which ensued became separated from the rest of his party. Pursued by the savages he made for the summit of what was then called Bald Mountain, possibly with the object of putting in practice the ruse which his dare-devil nature may have suggested. Arriving at the brow of the precipice, he threw his knapsack down over the cliff, and loosening the



ROGERS' SLIDE.

things that bound his feet to his snow-shoes, without moving the latter, turned about face and laced them on his feet the reverse of the way they were made to be worn, and on them "made tracks" down a ravine at the south-west to the lake, thence to the foot of the Slide, where he regained his luggage and proceeded on his way. The Indians following to the edge of the



ROGERS ROCK HOTEL AND LAKE GEORGE FROM THE NORTH

LAKE GEORGE.

precipice found where apparently two wearers of snow-shoes had come together—for the toes of each pair pointed in the same direction. They saw also in the track made by the falling bundle down the cliff evidence that the two, whoever they were, had gone that way to certain death. And when they saw the man they had been pursuing making off on the ice, seemingly unhurt, it took the form of a miracle, and they, feeling that he must be under the protection of the "Great Spirit," with characteristic reverence for their Deity desisted from further pursuit.

The Rogers' Rock Hotel stands on a promontory just north of the Slide. This property was bought in 1903 by the Rogers' Rock Hotel Company. The grounds have a lake frontage of over one mile and extend backward fully a half mile to include Rogers' Rock mountain. Near by are deep waters and running brooks. From its commanding position it looks out over the narrowing waters of the outlet and south to where Black Mountain stands guard over the way. A road winds through the wood and up the mountain, and woodland paths run here and there to retired nooks, or views of vantage, with guideboards pointing the way. Ten steamboats all land on regular trips. Small boats in variety give facilities for fishing or pleasure excursion. A cottage about 150 feet above the house, and another at lake shore, give guests a choice in altitudes afforded by no other hotel at Lake George. The house abounds in quaint, old-fashioned furniture and bric-a-brac. Electric bells connect office with guests rooms, which are of good size and fitted with comfortable beds and plenty of linen. A never failing

mountain spring furnishes a bountiful supply of pure water.. A large greenhouse and ample spaces are devoted to flowers and lawns. Gardens aggregating more than five acres, furnish the table with fresh vegetables in variety and abundance. Meals are served at small tables daintily appointed. Fresh vegetables, meats, fish, milk, cream, butter and eggs are given special attention. The billiard room and bowling alleys removed from the house to the landing are in perfect order. The fleet of new rowboats, equipped with spoon oars, cushions, back rests, etc., should meet the requirements of the most exacting. Capacity of house, 100 guests. Postoffice in the hotel. Address Rogers Rock Hotel, Rogers Rock, N. Y. See page 196.

Rogers' Rock Mountain may be ascended by a good path leading from the hotel. From the top may be had a view of surprising grandeur and extent. On its summit, appearing as a tiny bird cage from below, is seen a summer house built by Boston's celebrated divine, the Rev. Joseph Cook, whose birth-place is just over the other side in pleasant Trout Brook Valley. Visitors will do well to take the advice of that celebrated divine who built it as inscribed on the walls.

“Here let the honest American sit down,

Look around,

Thank God and take courage.”

He will see the lake and Black Mountain at the south, the hills and valleys of Vermont and Massachusetts on the east, at the north the valley of Lake Champlain, and on the north and west the foothills of the Adirondacks.

North from Rogers' Rock Hotel is a beautiful bay, stretching in a broadening curve to a sharp, sandy point, its abrupt shores dotted by a number of pretty villas. Beyond the point is Baldwin.

Baldwin is thirty-four miles from Caldwell. Here the steamboat trip ends. Of old the steamers ran nearly a mile farther, but the channel was winding and uncertain. Here the morning boat from the south delivers up its passengers to the waiting train which conveys them overland to Ticonderoga, where the steamer, "Vermont," is taken for points north on Lake Champlain. The Lake George boat, after taking on board the passengers brought from the north starts on its return trip through the lake.

Mount Defiance, a little elevation east of the outlet, commands Fort Ticonderoga, lying over beyond, and received its name when, in 1777, Burgoyne, from its summit, trained guns on the old fort.

Prisoners' Isle is out in the lake north of the steamboat landing. One tradition says the French used it as a prison pen. Another version places the English in possession, and a party of French taken by Abercrombie in the early stages of his advance on Ticonderoga, placed here for safe keeping. In the night the prisoners escaped by wading ashore, the water on the west being only about knee deep.

Howe's Landing is the bit of circling beach west of Prisoners' Isle, where Abercrombie, with his army of 15,000 men, landed, on the 6th of July, 1758, and advanced toward Ticonderoga. Toward the north, the lake rapidly narrows to a mere creek and hastens to its fall, the crystal water discolored by the clay of the bottom. Here at the outlet, once, when May flowers

were blooming in the wood, came the Martyr Priest who gave it the beautiful name of St. Sacrament. A century later another Frenchman went southward over its waters. The first came with bible and cross, preaching peace; the second with fire and sword and a hord of savages to the destruction of fated Fort William Henry. The following year came Abercrombie from the south, to be driven back while the flower of the British army lay on the bloody field of Ticonderoga; next came the army of Amherst and before it, the French were swept northward, their hold on "the lake, that is the gate of the country," gone forever.

The Upper Falls of Ticonderoga may be seen on the left as we approach to cross the outlet. Pulp mills, etc., here, give employment to a large number of operatives. Toward the north where the waters of the outlet circling to the east are joined by those of Trout Brook from the valley of the west Lord Howe, the idol of the English army and the life and actual leader of Abercrombie's unfortunate expedition in 1748, was killed. A stone bearing a rudely scratched inscription recently discovered, marked a grave believed to have been that of the young nobleman. He, with General Putnam, was at the head of his detachment following the French who retreated as they advanced. Putnam remonstrated with Lord Howe for unnecessarily risking his life where an ambush was to be expected, but the young leader persisted. Near the spot indicated by the stone they fell in with a party of the French. At the first fire Lord Howe fell, and his detachment was thrown into confusion that for a while threatened

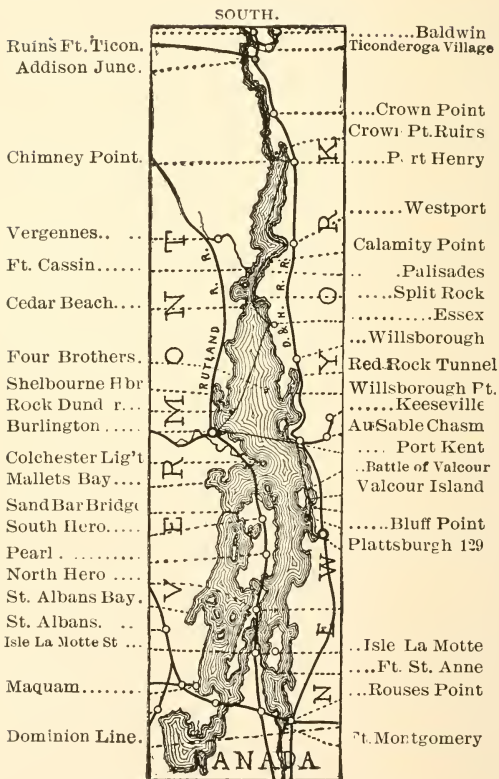
took refuge behind trees and fought after the unusual Indian fashion, until the main body rallied and returning to the charge, forced the French to retreat. The death of Howe seemed to paralyze the English for a time, and they returned to the landing at Lake George or bivouacked on the field for the night. This delay gave the French time to strengthen their defences at the old lines and made it possible for them to repel successfully Abercombe's superior force when it advanced the following day.

Ticonderoga (village), three miles from Baldwin and two from Lake Champlain, is a prosperous village of 6,000 inhabitants. The water power is considerable. The town has made rapid strides in improvements and growing wealthy in manufacturing interests. The **Burleigh House** is the best hotel.

The **Lower Falls** of Ticonderoga at the lower edge of the village, are picturesque as well as utilitarian where they make their last leap to the level of Lake Champlain. From this point the stream is navigable for small steamers down to where it empties at last at the base of the historic promontory. **Mountcalm Landing** is at the east foot of Mt. Defiance, five miles from Baldwin. Here Lake George trains connect with the Champlain steamer and with cars north and south. The old fort can be seen at the north, about a mile distant from the landing.

Distance from this point to Montreal is 142 miles; to Boston, via Leicester Junction, 204; via Whitehall and Rutland, 214 miles; to Saratoga, 61 miles; to New York, 214 miles. For matters relating to the old Fort Ticonderoga see page 97

North-bound travellers read down.



South-bound travellers read up.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN was known to the Indians as "*Canî-adere-quarante*," said by learned authorities, who copy it from some one else, to mean "the lake that is the gate of the country." **Samuel de Champlain**, a Frenchman, was the first white man known to have seen the lake, when, in 1609, he accompanied a party of native Canadian tourists on a gunning expedition toward the south, where he fell in with a party of Iroquois and succeeded in bagging a number. Samuel was of a vivacious, happy disposition, as witness his felicitous description of the manner in which he, at the first shot, brought down three out of four Aborigines, who broke cover, then pursued and killed some others. After this adventure, which happened the same year that Hendrick Hudson sailed up the river that now bears his name and eleven years before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock, Champlain wrote an account of the affair, modestly calling the sheet of water explored after himself. It may be worthy of note that exactly two centuries after Champlain's passage in a canoe and one year after Fulton's steamboat went up the Hudson, the first steamboat was launched on Lake Champlain. To the French, who did not choose to recognize Champlain's right to the name, it was known as *Mere les Iroquois*, or "Iracosia." A book published in 1659 speaks of it as "the lake of Tro-

quois, which, together with a river of the same name, running into the river of Canada, is sixty or seventy leagues in length. In the lake are four fair islands, having store of game for hunting. Stagges, Fallow Deer, Elks, Roe Bucks, Beavers, and other sorts of beasts " In shape the lake is very like a long, slim radish, with long roots and outbranching river fibers. Whitehall is at the little (south) end of the radish. At Burlington it is quite a respectable vegetable; then come blotches of rock and islands, and beyond that, the leaves, spreading out on either side and toward the north, overlapping the Canada line.

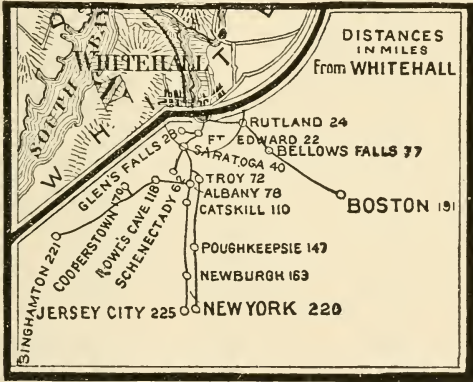
On the east is Vermont, sweeping away in a broad, cultivated plain that gradually ascends to the ridges of the Green Mountains. Along the southern and central portion of the lake the rocky, western shores come abruptly to the water's edge. Westward, rising ridge on ridge, the highest, misty with distance, are the Adirondack Mountains. Here and there are little bits of cultivated land and breaks in the mountains that are gateways to the wilderness. Farther north the mountains fall away from the lake and a level, well-cultivated country presents itself.

Its length from Whitehall to Fort Montgomery is $107\frac{1}{4}$ miles. Its greatest width, which is near the outlet of Ausable river is $12\frac{1}{8}$ miles. Measuring north into Missisquoi Bay on the east side (which extends down into Canada, and is separated from the outlet by Alburgh Tongue), the extreme length of the lake is about 118 miles. Its elevation above tide is 99 feet. Its greatest depth (at a point $1\frac{1}{8}$ miles southeast of Essex landing) is 399 feet.

The principal islands are near the north end. The two largest are known respectively as North and South Hero, and collectively as Grand Isle, the two forming a county of Vermont.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

The "D. & H." Railroad, extending along the west shore of Lake Champlain, is a link in the air line between New York and Montreal, and the main artery of travel between the two great cities. At various points, rail or stage routes diverge, leading into the wilderness.



Whitehall, at the head of Lake Champlain, is 220 miles north of New York, and 78 from Albany. It was originally called Skeenesborough, after Col. Philip Skeene, who accompanied Abercrombie in 1758; was wounded in his attack on Ticonderoga, and, after Amherst's victorious advance the following year, was appointed commandant at Crown Point, at which time he projected the settlement. In 1765 he obtained a grant of the township, and, in 1770, took up his residence here. On the breaking out of the Revolution he took sides with the Royalists, accompanied Burgoyne in his expedition against Ticonderoga, and was captured with him at Saratoga. His

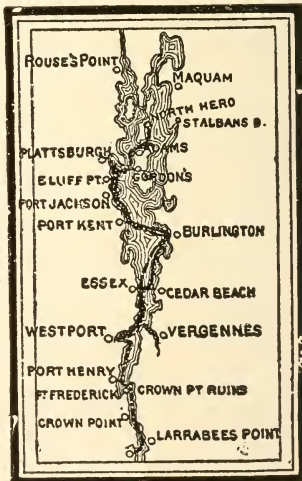
LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

property was confiscated by act of Legislature in 1779.

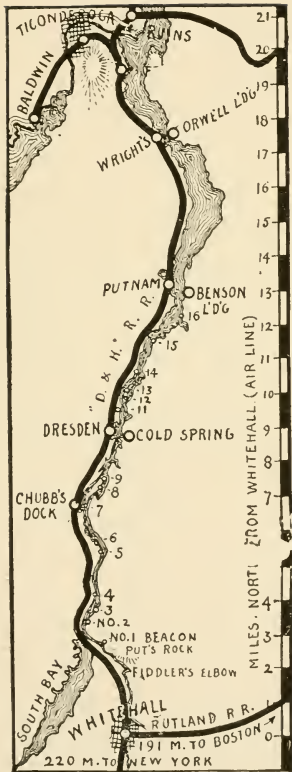
Leaving the station at Whitehall the train runs north through the principal street of the town, and entering a tunnel emerges in sight of the narrow section of the lake, crossing a marsh-bottomed basin, toward a notch cut out of its northern rim. Just before entering this rock-cut, we see on the east a short double crook, in the narrow lake, known as "**Fiddler's Elbow,**"

where, under water, are the hulks of some of the vessels engaged in the Battle of Plattsburgh in 1814. On the high point of rocks just over and slightly to the north of the Elbow is Fort Putnam, where General Israel Putnam lay in ambush, waiting for the French and Indians under the command of Marin.

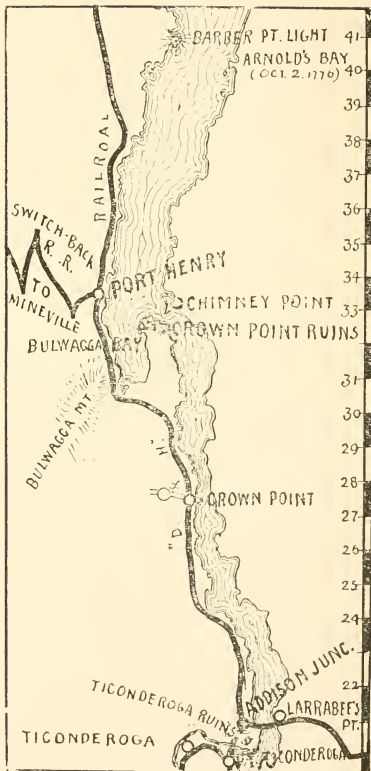
Montcalm Landing (formerly Ticonderoga Station), is 23 miles north of Whitehall. Ticonderoga-Orwell auto ferry crosses here.



Steamer Vermont here deposits her load of passengers from the north, bound south by train via Whitehall or via Baldwin for points on Lake George, and receives tourists from Lake



MAP OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN.
Section No. 1.



MAP OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN.
Section No. 2.

George and the south for the return trip to Plattsburgh and the north. The "Vermont," a new steamer, taking the place of one of like name, withdrawn, is 263 feet long 35 foot beam (63½ foot beam over all) and is provided with forty-five state rooms for guests and passengers. It is lighted throughout by electricity and has an electric search light. It leaves Plattsburgh at 6:45 a. m., and, touching at intermediate landings, arrives at this point about noon. Returning, leaves on arrival of passengers from Lake George and the south. The dinners served on Lake Champlain have been noted for years for their wholesomeness, and for the plethora of good things with which the table is loaded. On the other hand, the appetite which a ride over Lake George or Lake Champlain gives a body is also a constant source of wonderment—and it costs just a dollar here to do justice to the one and satisfy the other. A trip through Lake Champlain on this boat is a delightful experience,

Fort Ticonderoga (ruins) are 24 miles north of Whitehall, and can be seen on the promontory lying about one mile north of Montcalm landing. Here were enacted the principal events in the play of the lake. Here savage tribes contended for the country on either hand, and here two great nations struggled for the prize of a continent which neither could retain, while precious blood flowed like water for this, the key of the "gate of the country," by its position elected to become historic ground.

Claimed by the Hurons and Algonquins on the north, and by the Five Nations on the south, Lake Champlain and permanently occupied by neither. It lay between sections that were continually at war

LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

with each other—the bloody middle ground, over which each party in its turn swept, carrying ruin in its path. This had made the lovely shores a solitude when Champlain, in July, 1609, sailed south with the Indians from the St. Lawrence to make war upon their southern enemies. His graphic account of the **first battle on Lake Champlain**, in which Europeans were engaged, is interesting reading:

“I left the rapids of the river of the Iroquois on the 2d of July, 1609. * * * On coming within two or three days' journey of the enemy's quarters, we traveled only by night and rested by day. * * *

“At nightfall we embarked in our canoes to continue our journey, and, as we advanced very softly and noiselessly, we encountered a war party of Iroquois on the 29th of the month, about ten o'clock at night, at the point of a cape which puts out into the lake on the west side. They and we began to shout, each seizing his arms. We withdrew toward the water, and the Iroquois repaired on shore and arranged all their canoes, the one beside the other, and began to hew down trees, with villainous axes, which they sometimes got in war, and others of stone, and fortified themselves very securely.

“Our party, likewise, kept their canoes arranged the one alongside the other, tied to poles so as not to run adrift, in order to fight all together, should need be. We were on the water, about an arrowshot from their barricades. When they were armed and in order, they sent two canoes from the fleet to know if their enemies wished to fight; who answered that they 'desired nothing else,' but that just then there was not much light, and we must wait for day to distinguish each other, and that they would give us battle at sunrise. This was agreed to by our party. Meanwhile the whole night was spent in dancing and singing, 'as well on one side as on the other, mingled

LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

with an infinitude of insults and other taunts, such as the little courage they had, how powerless their resistance against their arms, and that when day would break, they should experience this to their ruin. Ours, likewise, did not fail in repartee; telling them they should witness the effects of arms they had never seen before, and a multitude of other speeches as is usual at a siege of a town. After the one and the other had sung, danced and parliamed enough, day broke. My companions and I were always concealed, for fear the enemy should see us, preparing our arms the best we could, being, however, separated, each in one of the canoes. After being equipped with light armor, we took each an arquebus and went ashore. I saw the enemies leave their barricade; they were about 200 men, of strong and robust appearance, who were coming slowly toward us, with a gravity and assurance which greatly pleased me, led on by three chiefs. Ours were marching in similar order, and told me that those who bore three lofty plumes were the chiefs, and that there were but these three, and that they were to be recognized by those plumes which were considerably larger than those of their companions, and that I must do all I could to kill them. I promised to do what I could, and that I was very sorry they could not clearly understand me, so as to give them the order and plan of attacking their enemies, as we should indubitably defeat them all; but there was no help for that; that I was very glad to encourage them, and to manifest to them my good will when we should be engaged.

“The moment we landed they began to run about two hundred paces toward their enemies, who stood firm, and had not yet perceived my companions, who went into the bush with some savages. Ours commenced calling me in a loud voice, and making way for me, opened in two, and placed me at their head, marching about twenty paces in advance until I was within thirty paces of the enemy.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN,

“The moment they saw me they halted, gazing at me and I at them. When I saw them preparing to shoot at us I raised my arquebus, and aiming directly at one of the three chiefs, two of them fell to the ground by this shot, and one of their companions received a wound, of which he died afterward. I had put four balls in my arquebus. Ours, in witnessing a shot so favorable to them, set up such tremendous shouts that thunder could not have been heard; and yet there was no lack of arrows on one side and the other. The Iroquois were greatly astonished, seeing two men killed so instantaneously, notwithstanding they were provided with arrow-proof armor woven of cotton thread and wood. This frightened them very much. Whilst I was reloading, one of my companions in the bush fired a shot which so astonished them anew, seeing their chiefs slain, that they lost courage, took to flight and abandoned the field and their fort, hiding themselves in the depths of the forest, whither pursuing them I killed some others. Our savages also killed several of them, and took ten or twelve prisoners. The rest carried off the wounded. Fifteen or sixteen of ours were wounded by arrows; they were promptly cured.

“After having gained the victory they amused themselves; plundering Indian corn and meal from the enemy also their arms, which they had thrown down in order to run the better; and after having feasted, sung and danced, we returned, three hours after, with the prisoners.

“The place where the battle was fought is 43 degrees some minutes latitude, and I named it Lake Champlain.” The cape referred to by Champlain, “which puts out into the lake on the west side,” is believed to be Crown Point, and the shores of the peninsula just west of Crown Point ruins, the place where Champlain then encountered the Iroquois to

LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

their confusion. The French claimed the country by virtue of Champlain's discovery, and in 1731 advanced to Crown Point and erected Fort St. Frederick. The English held this territory to be their's by right of purchase and treaty with the Five Nations. Gen. Johnson was sent, in 1755, to drive the French from Crown Point, but while he halted at Lake George, Baron Dieskau made his famous dash around French Mountain, defeated Colonel Williams, and attacked the main army at the head of Lake George, to be defeated in turn. He then retreated to Ticonderoga, and began the erection of a fort, which he called "*Carillon*." In 1757, somewhat enlarged, it was occupied by Montcalm, who marched thence to the attack on Fort William Henry and returned victorious but with his crown of laurel dripping with the blood of slaughtered women and children.

The old French lines, about a mile back from the point, was the scene of the bloodiest battle of the place. July 8, 1758, the day following Lord Howe's death at the outlet of Lake George, Abercrombie ordered an advance. Here the French were securely entrenched behind the breastworks which can still be distinctly traced through the woods, extending across over the ridge of the promontory and down on either side. In front of this line, for a hundred yards, oak trees had been felled, and lay with the branches sharpened, and pointing outward. Up to this the English marched, and endeavored to force their way, while a steady fire from the enemy cut lanes and alleys through their columns, and swept them away like leaves before the whirlwind.

Three times did the Scotch Highlanders cut their way to the very summit of the ramparts, and while some, toppling over, pierced with many wounds, fell fighting to the last, the rest, borne back by the furious storm of iron which flew from that line of fire, retreated sullenly to re-form for another advance.

For four hours, under the hot July sun, this unequal contest lasted, the English columns advancing like waves of the ocean, to dash in impotent fury upon that terrific shore of death, and, breaking, recede in rivulets of blood. The recall sounded at last, and they retreated in disorder—frightened when no man pursued—to their boats at Lake George, where they re-embarked, and returned to Fort William Henry without bringing a cannon to bear on the enemy.

Abercrombie reported 588 killed and missing, and 1,356 wounded. Of this number the Forty-second Highlanders alone lost, killed and wounded, over 600, including all but two of its officers. The French force engaged was 3,458; loss, 271 wounded; 197 killed and missing.

When Abercrombie ordered the advance, he took up his position at the saw-mills, a mile in the rear (a post of great danger in case the roof had fallen in), where he valiantly remained until a retreat was decided upon, when, with unparalleled bravery, he gallantly led the advance, and by the most profound strategy succeeded in escaping with the remnant of his army—consisting, then, of only about thirteen thousand men—from Montcalm's overwhelming force of thirty-five hundred!

General Amherst came in 1759, entrenched before the old French lines, and prepared to lay siege to the fort. The French, finding that they could not hope to successfully resist, abandoned the works on the night of the twenty-sixth of July, setting fire to them as they went. The flames soon communicated with the shells and loaded guns, which kept up a continuous discharge for some time; then the English advanced and took possession, finding no enemy to resist, save the fire, which was soon extinguished. The French retreated down the lake leaving Fort St. Frederick also in possession of the English, who enlarged

and strengthened it on a scale of great magnificence. But never a shot or shell sped from the costly embrasures against an advancing enemy. Time passed, and, touching the massive walls, they, piece by piece, fell away, and when the cloud which had so long threatened, burst, and the colonies were at war with the mother country, they scarcely afforded protection for the company of lazy red coats comprising the garrison at the time.

Ethan Allen, tells in his narrative, written in 1779, of the capture of Fort Ticonderoga:

“Directions were privately sent to me from the then colony (now State) of Connecticut, to raise the Green Mountain Boys, and, if possible, to surprise and take the fortress of Ticonderoga. This enterprise I cheerfully undertook; and, after first guarding all the several passes that led thither, to cut off all intelligence between the garrison and the country, made a forced march from Bennington, and arrived at the lake opposite to Ticonderoga on the evening of the ninth day of May, 1775, with two hundred and thirty valiant Green Mountain Boys; and it was with the utmost difficulty that I procured boats to cross the lake. However, I landed eighty-three men near the garrison, and sent the boats back for the rear guard, commanded by Col. Seth Warner; but the day began to dawn, and I found myself under a necessity to attack the fort, before the rear guard could cross the lake; and, as it was viewed hazardous, I harangued the officers and soldiers in the following manner: —

“ ‘Friends and fellow soldiers, you have, for a number of years past, been a scourge and terror to arbitrary power. Your valor has been famed abroad, and acknowledged, as appears by the advice and orders to me from the General Assembly of Connecticut, to surprise and take the garrison now before us.’ I now propose to advance before you, and in person conduct

you through the wicket-gate; for we must this morning either quit our pretensions to valor, or possess ourselves of this fortress in a few minutes; and, inasmuch as it is a desperate attempt, which none but the bravest of men dare undertake, I do not urge it on any contrary to his will. You that will undertake voluntarily, poise your firelocks.'

"The men being, at this time, drawn up in three ranks, each poised his firelock. I ordered them to face to the right, and at the head of the center file, marched them immediately to the wicket-gate aforesaid, where I found a sentry posted, who instantly snapped his fusee at me; I ran instantly toward him, and he retreated through the covered way into the parade within the garrison, gave a halloo, and run under a bomb-proof. My party, who followed me into the fort, I formed on the parade in such a manner as to face the two barracks which faced each other.

"The garrison being asleep, except the sentries, we gave three huzzas, which greatly surprised them. One of the sentries made a pass at one of my officers with a charged bayonet, and slightly wounded him. My first thought was to kill him with my sword; but in an instant I altered the design and fury of the blow to a slight cut on the side of the head; upon which he dropped his gun, and asked for quarter, which I readily granted him, and demanded of him the place where the commanding officer kept; he shewed me a pair of stairs in the front of a barrack, on the west part of the garrison, which led up a second story in said barrack, to which I immediately repaired, and ordered the commander, Capt. De La Place, to come forth instantly, or I would sacrifice the whole garrison; at which the captain came immediately to the door with his breeches in his hand; when I ordered him to deliver me the fort instantly; he asked me by what authority I demanded it; I answered him. 'In

the name of the Great Jehovah, and the Continental Congress. The authority of the Congress being very little known at that time, he began to speak again; but I interrupted him, and with my drawn sword over his head, again demanded an immediate surrender of the garrison; with which he then complied, and ordered his men to be forthwith paraded without arms, as he had given up the garrison. In the meantime some of my officers had given orders, and in consequence thereof, sundry of the barrack doors were beat down, and about one-third of the garrison imprisoned, which consisted of the said commander, a Lieut. Feltham, a conductor of artillery, a gunner, two sergeants, and forty-four rank and file; about one hundred pieces of cannon, one thirteen-inch mortar, and a number of swivels. This surprise was carried into execution in the grey of the morning of the tenth of May, 1775."

In 1777 the brilliant General Burgoyne, with 7,500 men, came from the north and laid siege to Ticonderoga. St. Clair, who was then in command, had barely sufficient troops to man the principal works, and when the English took possession of Mt. Defiance, from which they could drop shot right over into their midst, he abandoned the fort, stealing away on the night of July 4th. After the capture of Burgoyne at Saratoga, the British retired into Canada, but in 1780 the old fort was again occupied by the troops under General Haldiman. Then came another enemy, silent, but resistless as the march of time—frosts to rack and tempests to beat upon the old walls, until they totter and fall away, disappearing one by one, hastening the time when naught shall remain but the sounding name they bear.

The Ruins of To-day.—The old battery on the bluff, above the fort steamboat landing, is said to have been the original Carillon. Back on the higher



FORT TICONDEROGA RUINS.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

ground are the barrack walls, trenches and bastions. On the west, beyond the outlet of Lake George is Mount Defiance.

Opposite the fort

at the south-east, the lake

is narrow-

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by the

near ap-

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of Mt.

Inde-

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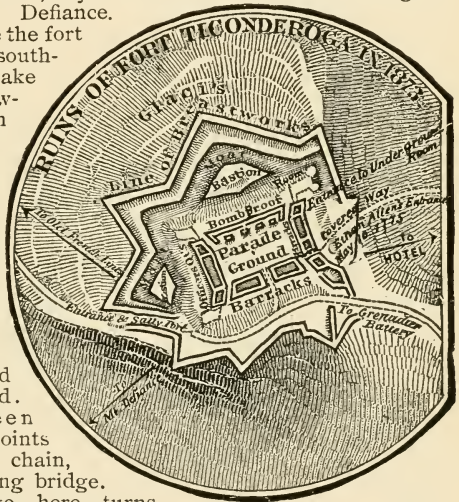
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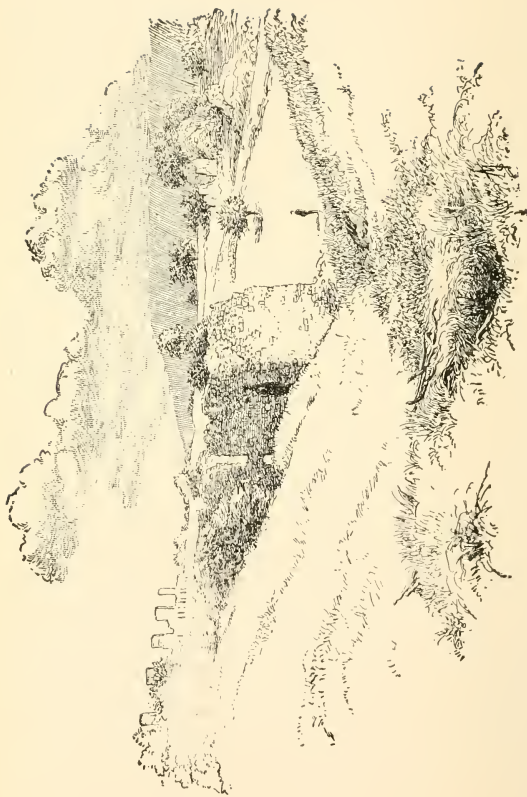
was also

fortified while St. Clair held command. Between the two points ran the chain, or floating bridge.

The lake here turns toward the north, the water washing three sides of the promontory. Across the locust-covered flat, just north of the ruins, from a point near the drawbridge, lay Ethan Allen's route in 1775.

The name is the composite of a dozen or more Indian terms with something of the same sound, as *Ticonderoga*, *Tieuderoga*, *Cheonderoga*, etc., the words used by the natives meaning the *coming together* or *meeting of waters* (Colden, 1765 · Pownell, 1774). Carillon, the French name, means "music racket, a chime."





CROWN POINT RUINS.

The Old Fort and Garrison grounds consisting of about 700 acres were ceded by the state toward the close of the century to Columbia and Union Colleges, and in 1818 purchased by William Pell, the great-grandfather of the present owner, Stephen H. P. Pell. Efforts have been repeatedly made to interest both the state and national governments in the care of the old fort, the owners expressing a willingness to sell at a nominal price if the preservation could be guaranteed, but in vain. They have now undertaken the restoration of the old building as nearly on original lines as can be determined.

Larrabee's Point is on the Vermont shore, a mile north of the ruins. For hotel see page 198.

Crown Point Landing is 11 miles north of Fort Ticonderoga.

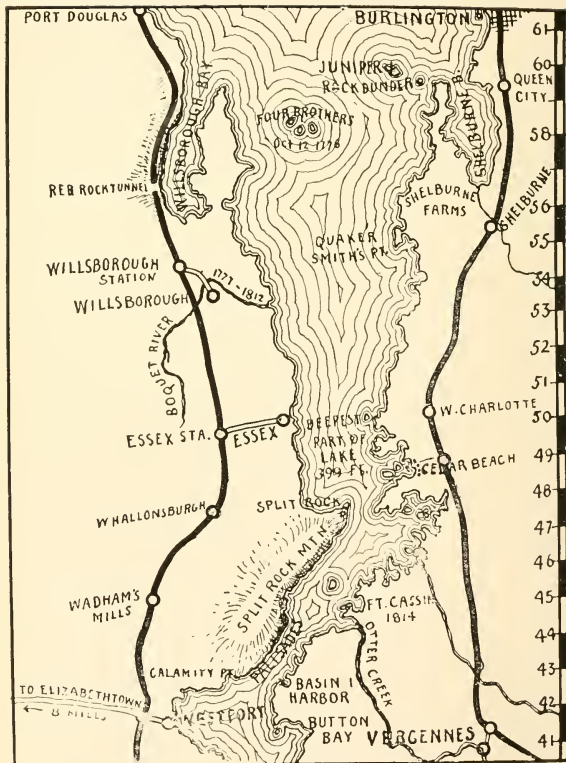
Crown Point Ruins are six miles north of Crown Point landing. The lake is here narrowed down by



1 2
APPROACHING CROWN POINT RUINS FROM THE SOUTH.

1 Crown Point Light House ; 2 Port Henry ; 3 Chimney Point.

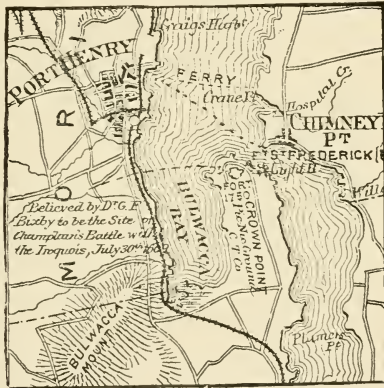
the land extending from the west on which the ruins stand, its easternmost point marked by a stone light-house. Chimney Point approaches from the east side. Beyond the light-house, at the narrowest place in the passage, are the scarcely visible remains of Fort St. Frederick, built by the French in 1731. Crown Point



MAP OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN.
Section No. 3.

Fort standing over toward the west was commenced by Amherst in 1759, and completed at an expense of over ten million dollars. The extensive earth-works, and the walls of the barracks, still in a good state of preservation,

indicate the strength and extent of the fortification—from which, however, no gun was ever fired at an approaching foe. Dr. Bixby designates the shores of the peninsula west of the ruins as the probable site of Champlain's battle with the Iroquois in 1609.



In absence of positive proof there is much historical evidence to indicate that the battle did really occur here. No historic point on the lake is thrust forward "from the west shore" into more unavoidable prominence.

The land on which the ruins stand, 25 acres in extent, was presented to the State in 1910 by Witherbee, Sherman & Co., of Port Henry, to be held forever as public property.

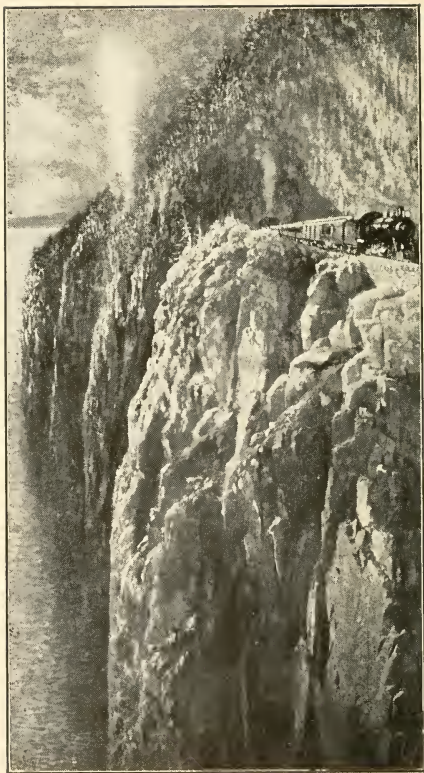
The Champlain Memorial is erected here at the extremity of the point. It takes the form of a monumental light house, built jointly by the States of Vermont and New York. A heroic statue of Champlain in bronze faces the east and in the



FORT ST. FREDERICK RUINS—Crown Point



THE CHAMPLAIN MEMORIAL



THE RED ROCKS OF WILLSBOROUGH

base is Rodin's symbolic "La France," which was presented by France to the United States and installed with becoming ceremonies by a distinguished company of citizens of our sister Republic, who came over the ocean for that purpose. The Monument is a fitting memorial to the discoverer, who gave his name to the noble lake.

Port Henry, two miles northwest of Crown Point Ruins, is exceedingly picturesque, with a number of elegant private residences, occupied by the iron magnates of that section.

The Lee House is an excellent hotel. J. E. McNulty, proprietor. Rates \$2-\$3 per day. Open all the year. Free bus to trains.

The G. R. Sherman, steam ferry boat, runs six round trips daily (4 trips Sundays) through the summer months between Port Henry and Chimney Point on the Vermont shore, landing at Fort Frederick on signal. Boat leaves Port Henry at 7.30 a. m. and Chimney Point at 8, and at two-hour intervals thereafter. Fare for automobiles or double teams, with driver, between points, 65 cents; single horse 40 cents; for the single passenger, 15 cents.

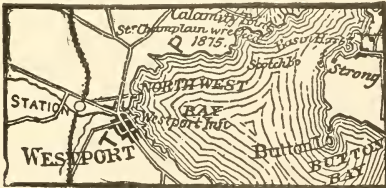
Moriah is two miles west of Port Henry. Schroon River is 17 miles (Jackson's Hotel, Carson); thence west to Newcomb (36 miles) and to Long Lake, a total of 50 miles. Stage daily, Sundays excepted.

* * * * *

The Lake Champlain and Moriah R. R. is seven miles long, extending from Port Henry to the ore beds at Mineville 1,300 feet above. The grade at one point is 256 1-2 feet to the mile. The average is 211 feet. It contains three "Y's," where the nature of the ascent renders a curve impracticable.

Westport is a pretty little village, on a deep bay, setting into the western shore of Northwest bay, 25 miles north of Fort Ticonderoga and 40 miles south of Plattsburg. It is a favorite gateway into Elizabethtown and Keene Valley and possesses in its broader environment attractions that recommend it to the summer visitor above most interior resorts.

The Westport Inn stands on the brow of an abrupt eminence a hundred feet above the lake and overlooks a tennis lawn shaded by fine elms, the picturesque steamboat landing, the great sweeping amphitheatre of hillside leading away to right and left, the circling shore of the bay and the beautiful chain of Green Mountains across in Vermont. The house has broad piazzas and is neat and well furnished from basement to belvedere. It has cozy parlors and dining-room, with large open fire-places. The table is superior and the service most efficient. There are bath rooms and perfect drainage. Water comes from a wonderful mountain spring 500 feet above the lake. A



number of detached cottages add to the attractions, furnishing altogether accommodations for 150 guests. Golf

links on rolling ground afford an excellent course with interesting hazards. Good boating and fishing facilities and bathing places with fine bot



THE WESTPORT INN.



Port Henry, approaching Crown Point
Ruins

tom, and convenient bath houses, are here. The golf club house has billiard and pool tables and a shower bath. There are two small steamers and a launch for rent. The Champlain steamers touch four times each day at the wharf at the foot of the grove. Excursions by these steamers, running at convenient hours, are popular. Long distance telephone and W. U. telegraph in the house. H. P. Smith, who has been connected with the Inn since its opening, is manager. Mr. Smith is also manager of "The Foot hills," Nordhoff, Southern California.

Westport Inn Garage and livery is at foot of hill on the way to the station. M. E. Lott, proprietor.

Glenwood Inn, at the north edge of the village, spreads an exceptionally good and wholesome table. Rates; \$2 per day. Special on application. John L. Sherman, proprietor. It has most of the commercial travel and is open all the year. Free carriage to station.

The Westport, a small house at the station, should not be confounded with "**The Westport Inn**," mentioned above.

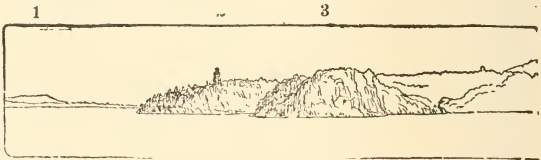
Elizabethtown is 7 miles west of the station. By auto stage connecting with principal trains, \$1.

A small propeller runs from Westport to Vergennes daily, on arrival of steamer Vermont from the south, returning in the morning to connect with the south-bound boat.

Split Rock Mountain extends along the west shore, terminating in a sharp point 8 miles north of Westport. Barn Rock (a corruption probably of Barren Rock) shows the upturned edges of strata lying at a sharp angle with the surface in a bold

little way north, are grand perpendicular cliffs. Rock Harbor, a mile further north, shows an "effort," where Gotham's one time Boss, Tweed tried his hand at digging ore. Grog Harbor—a charming little cove despite its name—is near the northern end of Split Rock Mountain.

Split Rock is at the northern end of the



SPLIT ROCK FROM THE NORTH.

1 Grand View Mt., Vt.; 2 Split Rock Light; 3 Split Rock.

mountain bearing the same name. In the uncertain records of old Indian treaties, it is claimed that this rock marked the boundry line between the tribes of the St. Lawrence and those of the Mohawk Valley.

Otter Creek enters the lake from the east something over five miles north of Westport. This is the longest river in Vermont and is navigable to Vergennes whose spires may be seen some distance inland. Fort Cassin stood at the mouth of Otter Creek. Bits of the ruins are still visible. Within the creek a portion of the American squadron was fitted out in 1814, which, under Commodore McDonough defeated the British Commodore Downie, at Plattsburgh, in September of that year.

Vergennes is eight miles back from the lake as Otter Creek runs, although in an air line but lit

tle more than half that distance. It is one of the oldest cities in New England, chartered in 1788. It is also the smallest incorporated city in the country. The city limits include an area of 1 1-4 x 1 1-2 miles.

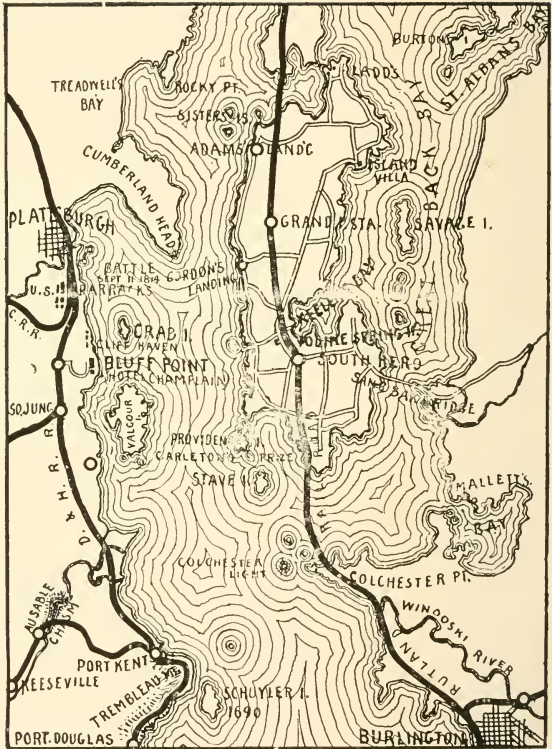
Essex, a small vilage on the west shore, is 10 miles north of Westport. The Boquet river empties into the lake four miles north of Essex landing. It is navigable for about a mile. It was a rendezvous of Burgoyne's flotilla, in the advance on Ticonderoga, in 1777, and in 1812 was entered by British gunboats to work the destruction of the little village of Willsborough, a mile inland.

Willsborough Point, a low peninsula about four miles long by one wide, separates Willsborough Bay from the main lake.

The Four Brothers are near the middle of the lake east of Willsborough Point. Here occurred the running engagement between Benedict Arnold and Captain Pringle, in 1776, in which the English were victorious. Juniper Island is north-east of the Brothers surmounted by a lighthouse.

After leaving Essex Landing the boat passes the Vermont side in the approach to Burlington. Back inland are the two highest peaks of the Green Mountains—Mansfield, 4,360 feet above the tide, and Camel's Hump, the Leon Couchant of the French.

Shelburne Harbor is east of Pottier's Point. Here are the shipyards of the Champlain Transportation Company. It is worthy of note that but one year after Robert Fulton's steamboat was launchel on the Hudson River a steamboat was launched at Burlington. It could run five miles an hour without heating the shaft!



MAP OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN
Section No. 4.

Rock Dunder is a prominent object, as we near Burlington. It is a sharp cone, 20 feet high, above water, believed by Winslow C. Watson, the historian, to be the famous "Rock Regio" so frequently mentioned in colonial records.

Burlington is a city of nearly 25,000 inhabitants, 70 miles north of Whitehall. Burlington has quite an extensive lumber market and also a varied line of manufacturing interests, including cotton and woolen textiles, refrigerators, chairs, screens, blinds, doors, sash and machinery. Two railroads center here, the Portland and the Central Vermont. Direct train service is had with noted eastern mountain and coast resorts. The distance from Burlington to Montreal is 95 miles; to Fabyans, 120; to Portland, 211; to Lake Winepesaukee, 140, to Concord, 174; to Boston, 230.

The Champlain Transportation Company operating the lake steamers has its general office here.

The steamer "**Ticonderoga**" was built in 1906, is in service from April to December each year, and during the season of summer tourist travel, June to September, operates a round trip between Westport and St. Albans Bay each day, touching at Burlington, Port Kent, Plattsburg and the Islands.

The "**Ticonderoga**" is 220 feet long, 57 feet 9 inch beam over all, hull of steel, with three water tight bulkheads, steered and heated by steam, and lighted by electricity; is a modern, up-to-date vessel in every respect, and is in construction very similar to the "**Sagamore**" on Lake George.

The steamer "**Chateaugay**" is in service June 15 to September 15 each year, and is employed in



TREMBLEAU HALL.

handling excursion traffic during the summer months, and on Mondays and Saturdays performs regular service between Burlington and St. Albans Bay.

The **Lake Champlain Yacht Club** has a convenient club house a little way north of the steamboat landing.

Clochester Point reaches half way out across the broad lake north of Burlington, and still further west are Clochester reefs and light-house—a blood-red light marking the outermost rock at night.

Port Kent is on the west shore of the lake 10 miles from Burlington.

Trembleu Hall on the high land a half mile north of the station, is most attractive. Capacity 125. Farrell & Agate, proprietors. Rates \$3.00 to \$4 per day, \$15.75 to \$21 per week. Free carriages to trains and boats.

Mrs. Adgate's welcome at the Hall though quiet, is most cordial. At once you feel at home with the freedom of the unwatched. to meet you. Mrs. Adgate's welcome at the Hall though quiet, is equally cordial. At once you feel at home with the freedom of the unwatched. There is no suggestion here of hand out-stretched with upturned palm. There is no thought of locked doors or barred preserves. The place is yours to occupy in comfort. The house stands on high land overlooking the lake, surrounded by locust and maple trees with stately Lombardy populars, lawn is like velvet, the walks gleaming white as

They run to various points. The table is whole some abundant, cleanly and with pleasing service. A broad piazza and rustic summer house are available for lounging. Open fire places are in the public rooms, electric lights throughout in public and private places. It has modern plumbing and sanitary appliances. A feature of perennial interest to young and old who enjoy the piano, the dancing, the amateur theatricals and the games which are liable to last far into the night is the casino removed some distance from the main building. For meditation is the open grove of thrifty pines on high ground backward from the house, where the ground is carpeted with the brown needles. For excursions a gentle climb may be had to the top of Trembleau Mountain at the south, or a walk to the mouth of the Au Sable River at the north, or a trip to Au Sable Chasm three miles away, by the electric car which runs at convenient intervals—this last being one of the essentials of the day and place.

The Ausable Inn is delightfully situated on a slight rise overlooking the lake and only two minutes' walk from the shore, just north of the station at Port Kent.

To those who like the comforts of home—and who does not—the Au Sable Inn will appeal.

The proprietors, M. E. and D. A. Weatherwax, have long studied the needs of the tourists, and as they call their place, "a resting place for the traveller," they have made it truthfully fit its title. See page

The K. Au S. C. & L. C. R. R. runs from Port Kent, passing over Au Sable Chasm (3 miles) near its head, affording a good view of Rainbow Falls and continuing 2 miles further reaches Keese

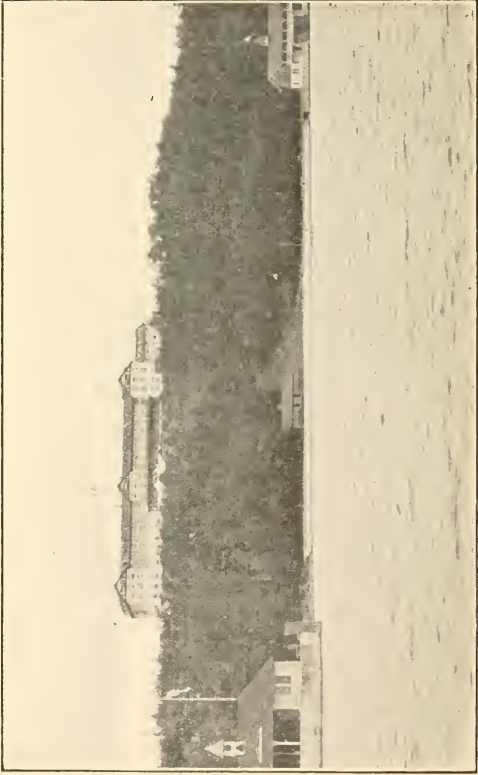
ville, the end of the road. At Au Sable Chasm Station 'busses are taken (25 cents round trip) for Hotel AuSable Chasm (\$4 up per day). Accommodations are here in house and cottages for 200

large share of the patronage of the house is in excursion parties. House and chasm are owned by stock company. F. W. Adams, Manager.

Au Sable Chasm affords a fine illustration of rock fracture and erosion. Admission is gained through the lodge, a picturesque octagonal building near its head. Entrance fee, 75 cents. The boat ride is 50 cents additional, including carriage back to hotel or station. Large parties are admitted at reduced rates. Guides are unnecessary, as guide-boards and signs call attention to notable places. The chasm is something over a mile in length from Rainbow Falls to the Basin, and upwards of a hundred feet in depth, the enclosing walls at points rising vertically from the water.

Returning to the steamer, we see, three miles north of the landing at Port Kent, the sandy mouth of the Au Sable river. "Au Sable means "of sand." Across from this point is the widest uninterrupted portion of the lake, the distance being nearly eleven miles.

Benedict Arnold was born in Norwich, Conn., January 3d, 1741, and died in London, June 14, 1801. As a youth, turbulent; as a soldier, ambitious and bold to rashness. Jealous of his fellow officers, the transition from discontented rebel to infamous traitor was easy. A brilliant commander—his fall was like that of Lucifer.



HOTEL CHAMPLAIN, FROM THE EAST

Hotel Champlain is situated on a lofty bluff on the west shore of Lake Champlain overlooking a mighty expanse of water on the east and north. South and west extends a far reaching plain of checkered field and forest that vanishes into blue where the Adirondacks in a great panorama of serrated mountain peaks rise beyond. With no near mountain heights to dwarf its own strong setting Bluff Point commands scenes wonderfully varied, yet restful to a degree that few places can approach.

Valcour Island lies below like a garden bordered with its varying belt of shrubbery. Beyond dotted here and there with islands, stretches the broad lake to the shores of Vermont, the Green Mountains beyond rising into the heights of Camel's Hump and Mount Mansfield. North and east are Grand Isle and the Great Back Bay; at the north, Cumberland Head, the sweeping circle of Plattsburg Bay, where occurred that splendid naval battle of 1814—the last, as the battle of Valcour, 1775, was the first, with the mother country—and nearer, the little island where sleep the dead of that eventful day.

Surrounding the hotel is a wooded park of eight hundred acres traversed by winding drives and shaded walks, with rustic seats and pavilions at notable view-points. A number of commodious cottages subject to special assignment of guests are scattered about on the grounds. A wide sand ybeach—the Beach of the "Singing Sands"—extends along the lake shore with bathing houses, boat house, etc. Tennis court (with dirt floor) is on the lawn in front of the house on the west.

Along the lake shore toward the south, and extending over rolling country westward is an eighteen-hole golf course with commodious club house. This course has been recently greatly improved and extended, and is a prime favorite among discriminating players.

Hotel Champlain is furnished in Louis XVI style and in its equipment combines every modern convenience, and is absolutely fire-proof.

This house, like the Fort William Henry Hotel at Lake George, is in the Delaware & Hudson Company chain, and is under the management of Albert Thieriot, General Manager of hotels and dining service department for the company. Address Hotel Champlain for reservations and particulars during the season. In winter, Fort William Henry Hotel, Lake George.

Cliff Haven, site of the Champlain Summer School, is just north of Bluff Point—in summer a busy village and a center of intellectual advance.

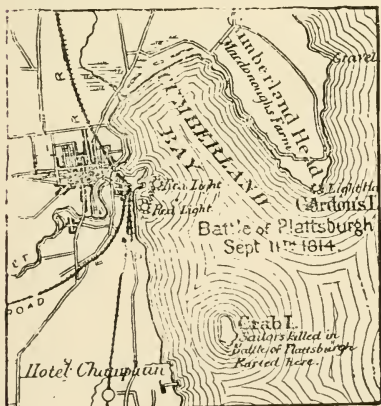
Isle San Michel (of old called Crab Island) is the burial place of the sailors and marines who fell in the battle of Plattsburgh. North of this, and projecting well out across the lake, is Cumberland Head, from which the shore recedes toward the north and west, then comes back in a wide sweep, embracing Cumberland Bay.

The Battle of Plattsburgh took place here in 1814. Stripped of detail, the account of this decisive battle is as follows: On Sabbath morning, September 11th, 1814, the American land forces under General McComb, and the American fleet under Commodore Macdonough, were simultaneously attacked by the British land and water forces, under General Sir George Prevost and Commodore Downie. The engagement resulted

in a complete victory for the Americans, only a few small boats of the enemy effecting a successful retreat. The British also lost immense stores, abandoned in their retreat—which served them right for breaking the Sabbath.

The Barracks, occupied by several companies of soldiers forming a regular U. S. Army post, are near the lake shore, about a mile south of Plattsburgh.

Plattsburg, on the west shore of Cumberland Bay, is a thriving city of 8,000 inhabitants. It is of considerable commercial importance, being on the direct line between New York and Montreal, 311 miles from the former and 74 miles from the latter.

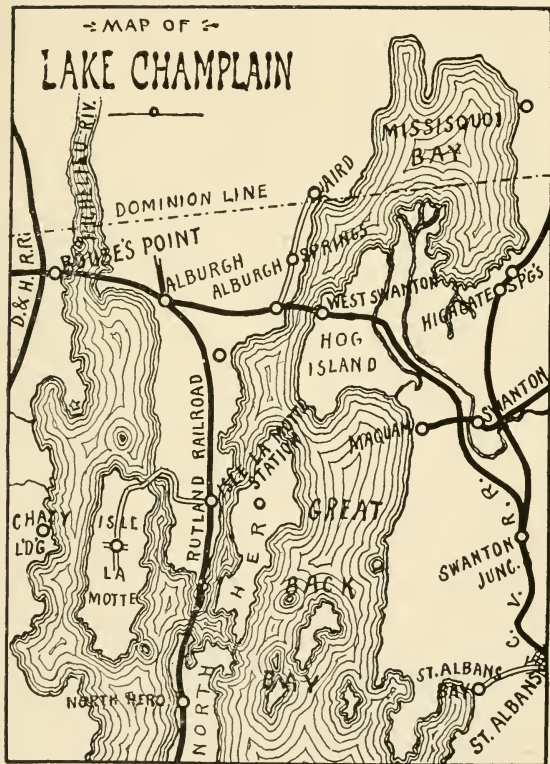


“Plattsburg is thoroughly cosmopolitan, with an opinion to offer on every question of the day, exerting no mean influence through its wide-awake daily newspapers and its notable weekly, the *Plattsburg Republican*”—instituted

in 1811—and notwithstanding its age, one of the most reliable and ably conducted Democratic

weeklies in the State. The town has numerous churches, high and graded schools, State Normal School

The First Settler in this region was Count Charles de Fredenburgh, a captain in the English army. The wararnt conveying the land to him bore date June 11, 1769. The property reverting to the state after the Revolution, was granted in 1784, to Zephaniah Platt and others, and incorporated into the town of Plattsburgh, April 4, 1785. A company was then organized which, in June of the same year, erected a mill a Fredenburgh Falls. The estimate of expense contained, among other items, the following: "For bread, \$65; for rum, \$80." They used a great deal of bread in those days. In the year 1800 Plattsburg possessed a population of less than 300. Within the county limits were owned at this time 58 slaves



MAP OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN.
Section No. 5.

The **New Cumberland** is on the main street and leads as the commercial hotel. It has electric elevator, steam heat and electric lights. Rates, \$2.50.

The **Witherell Hotel** is a fine house, with an excellent reputation. W. H. Howell, proprietor. Rates, \$2.50 up. It has a grill room and caters acceptably to automobile tourists.

It is quite the correct thing for parties bound south over Lake Champlain, arriving in Plattsburgh at night, to go aboard the steamer "Vermont," where excellent accommodations are provided, and rise and breakfast at their leisure after the boat leaves her dock in the morning.

Cumberland Head, near which occurred the naval battle of 1814, is three miles from Plattsburgh. Continuing northward the west shore is low but picturesque in its irregular line of deep bays and projecting points, but of little interest historically except for the old fort that once stood on Point au Fer, built, according to the best authorities, in 1774, and the still older one, Fort St. Anne, on Isle La Motte, built in 1660.

Chazy Landing is of special note as the landing place where Sweet's Auto Ferry ties up on the York side and crosses over to Isle La Mott on call, opening up a most delightful route extending the length of the main Islands to near Burlington. (Ferriage, \$1.00). The roadbed is largely slate and unusually good in all seasons.

Rouse's Point, according to the United States Coast Survey, is about 107 miles north of Whitehall. It is a place of considerable commercial interest, and the most important port of entry on the frontier.

Hotel Columbia is at the southern border of the village of Rouses Point, which here stretches a mile along shore north and south. It is open only during the summer and caters specially to automobilists

The Champlain House is at Champlain, N. Y., on the road to Montreal from the south. It is under new management, Mr. J. M. Disco being the proprietor. It is a house for travelling men and makes a special appeal to automobile parties. Of both it receives its full share, and rightly so.

Rates are \$2.00 per day and upward; \$12.00 to \$14.00 a week.

Fort Montgomery, a little way north of the long bridge, is an interesting ruin belonging to the United States. About a mile north of this a belt of woodland marks the boundary line between the United States and Canada.

* * * * *

The Islands of Lake Champlain lie principally in its northern and broader parts. The larger ones are North and South Hero and Isle La Motte, which, with others of less note, and with Alburgh Tongue—extending from the north centrally 11 miles south of the Dominion line—constitute Grand Isle, a county belonging to the State of Vermont.

The Rutland Railroad, extending from Bellows Falls on the east and Chatham and White Creek at the south, via Rutland to Burlington, and continuing to Colchester Point, strikes boldly out into Lake Champlain, giving one the novelty of sailing over the waters on a railroad train. By this long fill of solid rock the south end of South Hero is reached.

South Hero, the largest of the islands, is 12 miles long and fills about one-third the width of the lake. Hotels and farm-houses furnish accommodations at from \$7 a week upwards. The station for the southern portion is South Hero, near the little hamlet of the same name which is picturesquely situated on the south side of Keeler's Bay. (P. O. South Hero, Vt.). Locust Grove, Island House, Squires Spring House and others furnish entertainment. The land is rolling, with wide spreading orchards, and farms under a high state of cultivation. The roads are notably good for driving and bicycling.

Squires' Spring House is about a half mile north of South Hero station. It faces east overlooking Keeler's Bay. Accommodations are here offered for about 50 guests.

Gordon's Landing is on the west shore of the island about 4 miles from Squires' Spring House and directly east of the city of Plattsburg to which steamboats run daily during the season. Accommodations are offered at the farm house of D. I. Center for about 20 guests. Four miles north of South Hero station is Grand Isle station.

The Island Villa is on the east side on a point extending into the Great Back Bay three miles from Grand Isle station (see map, page 118). Frank A. Briggs, proprietor. Carriages meet all trains, fare 50 cents.

Ladd's is at the north point of South Hero. Here a swinging bridge connects with North Hero opening to give free passage to the steamboats that ply between Plattsburgh and other lake ports and the various landings on the Great Back Bay.

North Hero Station is 8 miles north of Grand Isle station, near the hamlet of North Hero on City Bay, which opens east into Great Back Bay. Steamer daily, except Sundays, from this point, to Plattsburg.

The **Irving House** looks east over this bay. It is cozy and inviting with a modest but specially wholesome and inviting table. Rates, \$2 per day, \$10 to \$14 per week. J. H. Dodds, proprietor. P. O., North Hero.

All that has been said of the beauty of South Hero Island applies with equal force to North Hero the character of the landscape in all its fascinating variety being much the same.

Pelota Point is on the west shore of North Hero Island and here a third crossing of the Lake is effected to Alburgh Tongue.

Isle LaMotte is 9 miles north of Cumberland Head. It is $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles long by about $1\frac{1}{2}$ wide. About its southern extremity are valuable black marble quarries. On its west shore, midway, is the site of a fort, built in 1812, and near its north end the ruins of Fort St. Anne, built in 1766. The postoffice, located centrally, is Isle LaMotte, Vt. Communication with the New York shore is had by ferry to Chazy Landing and to Alburgh Tongue by bridge at the north end of the island (Isle LaMotte station on the Rutland Railroad). A number of small inns and farm houses, where summer boarders may find accommodations, are scattered about North Hero, Isle LaMotte, and Alburgh Tongue.

Alburgh Tongue is a broad peninsula, extending into the lake from the north.

Alburgh Springs is near the east shore of this Tongue, a mile north of **Auburgh Station**, seven miles east of **Rouse's Point**.

The Great Back Bay, on the east of these central islands, is a revelation. It might remain undiscovered for years by the voyager through from north or south if not especially sought for. Glance at the map and you will note that it forms by considerable the larger body of the lake at its north end. It is entered through the narrow passage between North and South Hero Islands or through the long, slim passage at the north. At the south it is cut across by **Sand-Bar Bridge**. At the north the water is dotted with numerous small islands. East, **St. Albans Bay** enters deep into the mainland.

Continuing northward around **Hog Island** (made an island by the united waters of **Maquam** and **Charcoal Creeks**) the spreading delta of the **Missisquoi River** is found. Extends north **Missisquoi Bay**, four miles wide, north into the **Dominion of Canada** an equal distance. **Highgate Springs** is on the shore of the bay, backward southeast from the **Delta**. It is 14 miles north of **St. Albans** and about two miles south of the **Canada line**.

And here we must say good-bye, and—whether your course leads westward to the sparkling waters that mirror the **Thousand Islands**; northward to the splendors that cluster around **Mount Royal** and the quaint places of **Quebec**, or eastward, to where you lose yourself among the mighty fastnesses of the **White Hills of New Hampshire**—wish you "**Bon voyage**" and many happy returns

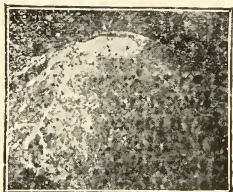
SARATOGA.

SARATOGA'S healing waters were known to the Red men ages before the European came, but the first white man known to have tasted them was Sir William Johnson, Bart., who heard of the wonderful cures wrought by "the great medicine spring," and in 1767 was borne on the shoulders of men to where he saw the sparkling flood bubbling up from unknown depths, self-walled in the ages past in the wondrous High Rock Spring.

About twenty years after Johnson's visit a house was erected here to provide accommodations for its constantly increasing number of visitors. In 1789 Gideon Putnam built his log house, and in 1803 opened the first hotel, patriotically calling it "The Union." It was considered a fine house in those days, although differing somewhat from the present hotel of the same name.

The water was used only as a medicine in that early time but as the village grew and new springs were discovered, it became quite fashionable to have some incipient ailment that necessitated a trip to "the Springs," and the drinking of their waters, until at last people who could not scare up the ghost of an excuse for going, with unblushing effrontery admitted that they went simply because they wanted to. And to-day Saratoga stands the gayest and most fashionable resort of culture and refinement among watering places on this continent, if not indeed in the world.

High Rock Spring was the first one known at Saratoga. Sir Wm. Johnson drank of its waters in 1767, and almost everybody who has visited Saratoga has taken them since. It is an irregular cone-shaped rock about four feet in height, built up by deposits of the water in unnumbered years of the past. When General Johnson came, and until quite recently, the water did not flow over the top, although it unquestionably had at some previous



time; but a few years since, the owners lifted the rock, by a powerful hoisting apparatus, and stopped the lateral flow, and now, as of old, the crystal stream bubbles up over its miniature crater. The rock weighs several tons, and is composed principally of carbonate of lime. Beneath it were found four logs, two of which rested on the other two at right angles, and were evidently placed there, with an object, by some one. Under this was found seven feet of mixed tuffa and muck, then a layer of the rock formation two feet thick; then one foot of muck inclosing another log, and below this three feet more of rock, while there, seventeen feet beneath the apex of the rock, they found *the embers and charcoal of an ancient fire*. As the formation is similar to that of the stalagmite the same course was adopted to discover its age. It was found to contain eighty-one pores to the inch, and with this as a starting point the following estimate has been made :

High Rock, cone 4 feet, 80 lines to the inch.....	3,840	years
Mixed muck and tuffa, 7 feet.	400	"
Tuffa 2 feet, 25 lines to the inch.....	600	"
Muck, 1 foot.....	130	"
Tuffa, 2 feet.....	900	"
	5,870	"

By whom was the old fire kindled. What ages have passed since its light gleamed out among the forests that covered the now busy place? The Indian traditions of the time when water ran over the rim, were misty with age when the white man came; beyond that turn back nearly six thousand years and we reach the time when Adam was a mere stripling and Eve in her short clothes. We modestly draw the curtain and take a drink to her, and the first man who could not tell a lie.

Congress Spring is the oldest known at Saratoga, except the High Rock, and was once the most popular.

The **Columbian Spring**, in Congress Park, a few rods from the Congress is a fine chalybeate water.

The **Geysers Spring** is near Geysers Lake, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles south of the village. It was discovered in 1870, by experimental drilling in the solid rock striking the vein at 140 feet below the surface. It is pleasant to the taste and very cold, being removed but a few degrees from the freezing point. It is a powerful cathartic, while at the same time by proper use its minerals may be retained as a tonic.

The village has a population of about 15,000 which, in the summer season, is increased to many times that number. Its principal street is Broad-

way, a beautiful elm and maple shaded avenue, running through the center of the village, from the plains at the south, up to the gently rising ridge of the mountain chain that terminates here. Near its southern end are the principal hotels; at the north elegant private residences and smaller boarding-houses. East, along a lower level, is the spring producing section, extending from a mile above the village, south to the Congress, and, in but a few exceptional cases, the flow of mineral waters is confined principally within this belt.

Hardly anything in the whole town hints business, except the business of providing pleasures, amusements or comforts to the host which comes solely on the business of pleasure seeking.

Saratoga has the largest hotels in the world; the most perfectly appointed and the best conductel. As to their restrivtive merits, opinions concerning this delicate point are as diverse as the places themselves are varied.

The United States Hotel, most notable of the great houses, is unique in many respects. The front on Broadway is 337 feet in length with a broad piazza on Division Street, ending at Railroad Place.

The Worden faces the United States on Division Street (the street which leads east from the railroad station), its main front being on Broadway. The house is a good one, nicely furnished, and its table excellent. It is open the year round, and will accommodate about 300 guests. J. M. Kelley, proprietor. Rooms en suite with bath. Rates \$3 to \$5 per day; \$17.50 to \$35 per week. Restaurant and grill connected. Especially a favorite with autoists and famous for its gatherings in state and national conventions.

Hotel American is on Broadway, just south of the United States Hotel. It has steam heat, elevator and modern appliances generally. George A. Farnham, proprietor.

The **Grand Union Hotel** with all its splendid front, its busy stores and its army of employes, is just south of the American-Adelphi.

The famous old Congress Hall, which stood opposite the Grand Union, is no more—butchered to make a Federal holiday—absorbed by the greedy Government on conservation bent to be added to Saratoga's many beautiful parks, uniting the famous old Congress Park with the also somewhat famous old Canfield Park and Clubhouse for the public good.

C. Luther, proprietor.

HOW TO GET THERE.

How to get to Saratoga and Lake George is a question often asked. The Hudson, over whose bosom or along whose shores the journey lies, is pre-eminent among the rivers of America., all of which may be found most entertainingly set forth in "The Hudson," by Wallace Bruce. If you would retain its features permanently before the eye, the "Panorama of the Hudson," by the same hand, is an admirable hand-book, a titled and indexed picture of both shores, stretching almost its entire navigable length.

Day Boats on the Hudson, The "Washington Irving," "Robert Fulton," "Albany" and "Hendrick Hudson," are splendid specimens of shipcraft, with steel hulls, 400 feet in length, accomodating 4,000 passengers, are the fastest steamboats in the world. They were built for carrying passengers exclusively. The spacious cabins are finished in highly polished woods, handsomely paneled, and are furnished

luxuriously and adorned with statuary and paintings. The dining rooms are on the main deck, where the traveler can enjoy an excellent dinner served on the table d'hote plan, and lose nothing of the view along the river while so engaged. The boats leave New York and Albany at about 8.30 a. m. daily (Sundays excepted), touching at the principal landings on their way, meet near Poughkeepsie, and arrive at their destinations at about 6 p. m. Fare \$2.00. A pleasant feature is an orchestra on each steamer. During the season fast trains run to and from Saratoga to connect with these boats, running through to Lake George. F. B. Hibbard, G. P. A., Desbrosses Street Pier, New York. See page 2.

Hudson Navigation Company—This line offers to the public the superb night service between New York-Albany and Troy, by means of the S. S. "Berkshire" and S. S. "C. W. Morse," and the boats of the new night express service, the "Trojan" and "Rensselaer." The latter leave Troy daily at 9 p. m. and Albany at 11 o'clock. From New York, 9 p. m.

The Berkshire and Morse service gives a boat from New York every day from Pier 32—just north of Desbrosses street—at 6 p. m. From Albany daily at 8 p. m.

The magnificent "Berkshire" is all that could be desired by those who desire luxury in travel. Dancing may be had after 9 in the Ball Room on the upper deck of the Berkshire and in the dining saloon of the Morse.

The state roads are magnificent from Albany north. Why not take your auto aboard as far as Albany—then enjoy your motoring? See page 2.

The Delaware and Hudson Railroad has become the most important carrier of summer travel in

this section and is using its great resources most energetically and effectively for the development of northern New York. Lake George, the most beautiful and romantic of American waters, is reached by this road only, which touches the lake at the south end by one of its branches, and at the north end by another branch. By it also, the tourists find entrance to the Adirondack Wilderness, through all the gateways on its eastern border, which is the picturesque section of the "Great North Woods," to Keene Valley, Lake Placid and the Saranac and St. Regis regions. During the season of summer travel ten trains run through to Lake George every week day. A train with sleepers attached leaves Lake George week days at 9 p. m. and on Sunday night at 10:30, arriving in New York at 7 the next morning. M. J. Powers, General Passenger Agent, General Office at Albany, N. Y.

The Adirondack Division of the "D. & H." system, has its southern terminus at Saratoga, and runs across the country, through the hills to Corinth, thence up the valley of the upper Hudson to North Creek, a distance of 57 miles. By this route the Blue Mountain, Raquette and the Long Lake regions of the Adirondacks are reached. Connections are made at Hadley with free carriages to the Luzerne hotels; at Riverside with automobile stage for Chestertown, Schroon Lake and Brant Lake; and at North Creek with stages to Minerva and Blue Mountain Lake. Supplemental to the Adirondack railroad and stage line to Blue Mountain Lake is the line of steam yachts which run through Blue Mountain, Eagle, Utowana and Raquette lakes with their connecting streams, affording one of the most delightful excursions,

Railroad Excursions.—The principal and most delightfully varied one is by rail to Lake George, through the Lake by steamer and return by rail via Ticonderoga and Lake Champlain. The ruins of Fort Ticonderoga are worth a day's visit. Au Sable Chasm is one of the wonders of the country. It should have a part of two days for comfortable "doing." For particulars and rates on these and other excursions, apply at the local information bureau, or send six cents in stamps for "A Summer Paradise," to M. J. Powers, G. P. A., Albany.

The Hudson Valley Railroad runs cars from Congress Street north to Glens Falls and Lake George and from their station on South Broadway at short intervals to Geyser and past the race course to Kaydeross Park.

Saratoga Lake Branch of the H. V. Rwy. offers an attractive excursion of local interest and a comparatively inexpensive trip. The road passes the "Ten Springs," and branching near Saratoga Lake, runs east to Schuylerville, and south along the east shore of the lake to a junction with the main line one mile east of Mechanicville. A steamer runs from the lake station to White Sulphur Springs and Park

Quebec Steamship Company to Bermuda. To the average person it comes with something of a shock to learn that within forty-five hours sail from New York lies a summer playground whose beauties almost baffle description. We have gotten into the habit of thinking of Bermuda as a Winter resort, but every year it is visited by thousands during the summer months and is becoming more and more popular. It is cooler than some of the Middle Atlantic coast resorts.

When you plan your summer vacation, next time let Bermuda come to your mind and write to the Quebec Steamship Co. for information concerning this Atlantic Paradise. See page 3.



SARATOGA RACE TRACK.

GUIDE BOOKS *and* MAPS

Published by S. R. STODDARD, Glens Falls, N. Y.

THE ADIRONDACKS ILLUSTRATED, 16 mo., issued annually; 288 pages. Paper 25 cents. Gives routes, railroad, steamboat and stage fares; hotel rates, etc. By mail 30 cents.

LAKE GEORGE AND LAKE CHAMPLAIN, historical and descriptive, 16 mo., 224 pages. Paper 25 cents. Contains sectional maps of the two lakes and cuts of mountains, islands, etc., as seen from the passing steamer. By mail 30 cents.

MAP OF THE ADIRONDACK WILDERNESS. Pocket edition on map-bound paper. Cloth cover, with complete index of places, lakes, mountains and rivers, \$1.00. Paper (without the index), 50 cents.

"It is the most complete map of the Adirondack region ever published."—*Forest and Stream*.

AUTOMOBILE TRIPS. A road map covering the Champlain Valley and the whole Western and Eastern Adirondacks from Albany to the Dominion Line, distinguishing important roads, with conditions for the current year. Illustrated with views of hotels, giving rates for board, etc., in two colors—50 cents.

MAP OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN. Scale $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles to an inch, with smaller maps of the Richelieu River, and route and distances to important points. 25 cents.

MAP OF LAKE GEORGE. Scale 1 mile to an inch. Approved and adopted by the N. Y. State Engineer and Surveyor in 1880. 25 cents.

CHART OF LAKE GEORGE. Hydrographic Survey of 1906-7-8, shows measurements up to 6 feet on shaded surface, with approximate deeper soundings throughout the entire lake. Scale, 3 inches to the mile. Price, \$5.00.

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The most ideal route from

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through the picturesque and historic valley of the
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Waterford, Mechanicville, Round Lake,
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Stillwater, Schuylerville, Greenwich, Fort Edward,
Hudson Falls, Glens Falls,

Lake George

and Warrensburg
traversing

The Battlefields of Saratoga

and Lake George and the route of
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Time Tables and other information cheerfully
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A. J. SELLECK, General Passenger Agt
GLENS FALLS, N. Y.

Lake Champlain and Lake George

"THE HISTORIC GATEWAY"

The attractive tourist route to or from the Adirondack, White and Green Mountain resorts, Saratoga Springs, Montreal and Canada.

D. & H. morning train from Saratoga Springs, Albany and points south connect at Lake George station with steamer through Lake George and Lake Champlain, due at Plattsburg 7:00 p. m. and connecting with train for Montreal.

The lake steamers are new, large vessels built for comfortable pleasure travel, with latest and finest equipment.

DELICIOUS MEALS IN MAIN DECK DINING ROOM.

The daylight trip over these beautiful, historic lakes is long to be remembered.

Tickets on sale at all tourists agencies and ticket offices throughout the country.

Send 2 cents postage for colored map folder with time table. New York office 1354 Broadway

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D. A. Loomis,

Gen. Manager.
Lake George Steamboat Co.



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**DELAWARE
 and HUDSON**

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 THE SHORTEST AND MOST PICTURESQUE
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New York and Montreal

New standard-gauge, through-car line to Lake Placid, Saranac Lake and intermediate Adirondack mountain points. Cafe or dining-cars on day trains. Through parlor and sleeping cars.

THE ONLY DIRECT LINE TO

Saratoga Springs, Lake George, Lake Champlain, Hotel Champlain, Adirondack Mountains, Au Sable Chasm, Sharon Springs and Cooperstown.

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Send 6 cents postage for "A Summer Paradise," 300-page illustrated guide with hotel directory, etc.

M. J. POWERS,
 Gen'l Pass'r Agt.
 Albany, N. Y.

STODDARD'S

Chart of Lake George

From Hydrographic Survey of 1906-7-8.

Indicating in varying shades subsurface soundings up to six feet in depth with deeper measurements on white outside the six-foot contour, and in brown showing visible and land features above.

The regular steamboat channels and courses are clearly shown and outline sketches of islands and mountains from indicated points of view are given.

The scale is three inches to one mile, on tough linen paper eight feet long, folded accordion fashion between board covers to open like leaves of a book or rolled as may be desired.

The price is five dollars, express paid.

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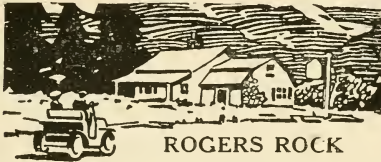
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REPORT NAVIGATION COMMITTEE

Sept. 2, 1910

CHARTING--We found that a careful survey of the Lake had been recently made by private enterprise, the results of which appeared last month in a chart published by S. R. Stoddard of Glens Falls.

We have examined this chart thoroughly, visiting a considerable part of the Lake, taking soundings and bearings of various reefs partly to verify it, but especially to form an accurate judgment of the points of danger requiring marking, and we are so impressed with its clearness and accuracy that we feel that in this direction our work is done.

Signed, C. O. Kimball,
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