

Or perhaps better :

Truths which lay hid in darkest night  
My pen shall bring again to light.

## LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

To return to the steam-boat, on Lake Champlain, though it is greatly inferior in size and accommodation to those on the North River, (at least so was the boat which conveyed me; but a new one has just commenced running, which is said to excel them in elegance and speed) yet it will bear a comparison even with the English post-chaise, or other mode of easy and rapid conveyance; in despite of Dr. Johnson's *ipse dixit*, that life had few things better to boast than riding in a post-chaise—because, if I remember right, 'there was motion or change of place without fatigue;' since to these agreeable circumstances the steam-boat adds the conveniences of a tavern, of which Johnson was so fond, and the advantage of a bed at night, without loss of time.

The creek, as we call such waters, or to use the English phrase, the river, winds round broken crags, shagged with fir-trees, for many miles, before it becomes more than just wide enough for the steam-boats to veer round in. Yet in a gloomy cove, near the harbour, sufficient space has been found to moor the five or six sloops of war that were taken from Commodore Downie upon this lake.

Toward evening we entered Champlain Proper. The lake gradually widened to an expanse of fifteen or twenty miles, and the sun set, gloriously, behind golden clouds, and mountains of azure blue, whose waving outline, at an elevated height, was finely contrasted by the dark stripe of pines and firs, that here lines the unvarying level of the western shore.

The solemnity of the scene was heightened with indistinct ideas of Burgoyne's disastrous descent in 1777—of the melancholy fate of the first Lord Howe in the year 1759, and of anterior scenes of massacre and horror which rendered the sonorous name of Ticonderoga terrific to our peaceful ancestors—after passing the ruins grey of this dilapidated fortress (the French called it elegantly Carillon, from the hub-bub usually kept up there in time of war) and those of Crown Point (called by them Fort la Chevelure, or the scalping place) a barbarous denomination which the English melted down into Crown Point, still indicative of the same savage practice.

I awoke in the night under these solemn recollections; and the morning-star was shining in, with perceptible reflection, at the little window of my birth. It is now peculiarly bril-