

which started at two in the morning. The French sailors dancing and playing the whole way—one grand riot and mutiny. One of the men collaring the captain, on his being ordered to leave the awning over the cabin, none offered to assist the captain. Bright warm day.

*July 8.*—Passed by Berthier, and not by Sorel, to Montreal—slept on board.

*July 9.*—Left luggage at Heward's, and embarked in the *P. Victoria* for LaPrairie, and then to St. John's by the railroad. Fell in with a little Yankee from Worcester, in Massachusetts, who stuck to me a long way. At St. John's embarked in the *Burlington* steamer—Capt. Sherman. A perfect boat, pure white like a plaster model. Captain very gentlemanly—passed the Isle aux Noix, and entered Lake Champlain at Ft. Champlain, an old regular Fort, which is on the American territory. Lake and scenery very fine. Touched at Plattsburg, Port Kent, Fort Edward etc. and Burlington. Walked about it—saw Bishop Hopkins Institution and the University. A striking town.

*July 10.*—At Whitehall and up Wood Creek—a mountain locked pass, covered with forest, then on to Fort Edward by canal, and then by stage to Saratoga through beautiful woods. Saratoga an elegantly laid out place—with rows of shady trees on each side of the broad streets, and all the hotels provided with commanding piazzas. Stopped at the United States Hotel, crowded.

*July 11.*—To the High Rock spring, etc.—at 3 in stage to Caldwell, stopping at Glen's Falls by the way—dark and rough towards the end of the journey.

*July 12.*—Embarked in the pretty little steamer *Wm. Caldwell* and sailed down Lake George—a luxury of the highest order—mountain, island, lake and associations. After landing took stage to Fort Ticonderoga, visiting Falls on our way. Ticonderoga exquisitely interesting and sweetly situated. Crossed Lake Champlain in ferry to Larrabee's point, and