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A TRIP TO LAKE CHAMPLAIN AND LAKE GEORGE.

Dear Journal :

AT the present season of the year, when many plans are being laid by your readers for an enjoyable holiday of summer travelling, you will permit me, I am sure, to call attention to a trip which is neither difficult of accomplishment, nor to be surpassed as regards sight-seeing by any summer route on the continent. The present sketch is a reproduction of a few notes-by-the-way jotted down by the writer in the summer of 1880, when, with a party of friends, he visited the historic points enumerated below.

On the morning of the 12th July our party embarked on the steamer *Alexandra*, en route for Lake Champlain. The *Alexandra* was chosen to convey the party as far as Montreal, in order that the sensation of running the rapids in the St. Lawrence river might be thoroughly enjoyed. Under the guidance of Capt. Smith and his trustworthy pilot, passengers by this boat can rely on a sail of unequalled pleasure, the descent of the boisterous rapids on the route to Montreal being not only unattended with any danger, but positively pleasant and exciting to a degree.

Brockville, Prescott and Ogdensburg were passed at an early hour on the morning of the 13th, and as the steamer approached the Long Sault, which are the first rapids of importance, all hands gathered on deck to witness the perilous descent. Majestically the steamer approaches the boiling waters, and with scarcely a quiver of her huge timbers, is caught by the terrific current, and hurled along between hills of white foam and surging water-falls for miles, until the comparatively quiet waters of Cornwall Bay are reached. Great skill, nerve and strength are required to pilot a vessel through the rapids, and the majority of the passengers look on with breathless interest until the descent is over, when a great feeling of relief is experienced. But these are by no means the last or most dangerous of the St. Lawrence rapids. After passing Cornwall—which, we notice, is a large centre of woollen manufacturing—and crossing Lake St. Francis, we are now at the head of the Coteau Rapids. Shooting through these, we find ourselves almost immediately in the far-famed Cedars, which are rapids of great picturesqueness, the stream being divided into several channels by a number of islands. The rich evergreens which hang in primitive grandeur over the banks of these islands form a striking contrast in color to the snow-white foam which crests the turbulent waves of the river, and are a grateful relief to the eye. Following these rapids in quick succession come the Cascades, which present a fine appearance with the sun's rays falling upon the spray and creating myriads of miniature rainbows. At the foot of

the Cascades we enter Lake St. Louis, which is soon crossed, and passing between Lachine on the one side, and the Indian village of Caughnawaga on the other side of the river we arrive at the head of Lachine Rapids—the last and most perilous of all the rapids of the St. Lawrence. Keeping in mid-channel, our pilot boldly steers for what is apparently the most difficult passage. In a moment we are in the rapids, the water around us lashing itself into fury and dashing onward with grand impetuosity. Hemmed in and confined, it gathers itself into masses, and struggling for a moment leaps over sunken rocks in wild confusion. Presently we shoot between several dangerous ledges of rock, which project their rugged tops above the waves. For a moment the steamer seems to swing in a balance. Then with a violent rush she sweeps downwards, and rocking with the violence of the surging waves, plunges through swift currents and eddies to the foot of the rapids. In a few moments we are quietly resting on the placid waters of Montreal Bay.

The city of Montreal presents a fine appearance from the Bay. The immense bridge, the towering spires of the city overlooking the calm waters of the bay, with the huge mountain in the background, form a picture the general effect of which is highly pleasing. Arriving at Montreal about 7:30 p.m., our party spent the evening and the following day in visiting the numerous points of interest in and about the city. As these are all familiar to your readers it is unnecessary to describe them at length.

On the evening of the 14th we left Montreal on the small steamer *Ruby* (which was chartered for the occasion), and proceeded down the river to Sorel, a town of about 5,000 inhabitants, situated at the mouth of the Richelieu River. Turning up the latter stream, and passing several French Canadian villages, we reached Belle Isle shortly after daylight. Belle Isle is a small village on the line of the G.T.R. It was here that the great accident occurred some years ago, when an entire train broke through the bridge which spanned the river, causing great destruction of life and property. A substantial bridge is now erected at this point. After some delay we proceeded on our way through the Chambly Canal, the river in this section being shallow and full of rapids. On nearing St. John's, Que., the country gradually loses its monotonous aspect, and assumes bold and rugged features. An occasional mountain rears its isolated peak in the hazy distance, and approach to the region of the Adirondacks becomes evident on all sides. St. John's was reached about dusk on Thursday evening. This is a flourishing town with some manufacturing. It is the terminus of the Vermont Central Railroad. On the west side of the Richelieu river is a small military barracks, and on the parade ground near the railroad depot, may be seen a large cannon captured by a Canadian regiment from the Russians at Sebastopol. Our steamer remained here all night, and early the following morning started again on her course up the river. After a pleasant run of about 30 miles, we crossed the line between Canada and the United States with British colors flying. The river at this point gradually widens to the dimensions of a lake, and another half hour's sail brought us to Rouse's Point, a small village situated at the foot, or northern end of Lake Champlain. This place is named in honor of Jacques Rouse, a Canadian, who settled there in 1783. The Ogdensburg and Lake Champlain Railroad connects at this point with the Vermont Central, which latter road crosses the lake on a bridge one mile in length. A floating draw of three hundred feet, opened and shut by steam, admits the passage of vessels. About one mile north of the village, upon the banks of the lake, Fort Montgomery is situated. This fort commands the entrance to