

at 9.30, after having spent two or three hours walking from spring to spring—one more celebrated for cures than another—tasting the water of each, all very nice and refreshing, and all the streets delightfully shaded by very fine trees.

We continued our way north by steamer, up Lake George (so called after George III.), 33 miles long by about $3\frac{1}{2}$ wide, bordered on both sides by prettily shaped and wooded mountains; the boat winding in the midst of more than 200 lovely little islets, covered with trees and ornamental shrubs and flowery gardens and some little villas, which, on a small scale, comforted us for not having, later on, seen the "Thousand Isles" in the St. Lawrence.

After leaving Lake George and traversing the short space of land between the two, we embarked on a larger steamer, up the much grander and wider Lake Champlain, 120 miles long, with an occasional breadth of 12.

Lovely peeps of the Adirondack and Green Mountains, passing the picturesque ruins of Fort Ticonderoga, notable for the famous exploits of Colonel Allen of Vermont and his "Green Mountain boys," in 1775; and, previously, for many fights during the wars with the French, especially for the unsuccessful attack upon it made by General Abercrombie in 1758, which cost the lives of 2,000 men and of the young and gallant Lord Howe, second in command; a model to all, and whose loss was a great blow to our forces—but of which we gained final possession a year later.

From Lake Champlain we proceeded by train, and had our first experience of American "sleepers" and cars, vaunted by natives as the "perfection of travelling comfort;" although all who can afford it take care never to enter them, but have private "cars" of their own, containing dining, drawing, and bedrooms—roomy and com-