

sunlight of to-day. As we passed Crown Point, which has a history of nearly 300 years (1609), and were speculating on the derivation of its name, the captain of the steamer, himself part French Canadian, Rochleau by name, informed us that it was *Pointe a la Chevelure*, or Scalp Point, the reference being to the uncomfortable Indian habit of peeling their captives' skulls. Ticonderoga was reached at 11.30, and here we had to part with Kimball, who started by railway for New York.

The rail took us hence to Baldwin, Lake George, 4 miles, and we got the steamer *Horicon* down that lovely sheet, which Willie said looked like Como, barring the vineyards and the bold hills. Could anything surpass the luminous olive green tint of the water at Rogers' Rock? What a pity Wiman was not with us, to be rested and soothed by the placid beauty of the scene. Townsend detected an English party on board, (two ladies with their knitting and a gentleman with a California frog in a box) which Howells or Henry James might have made something of from an American "Point of View." Tom chatted with them about old England for a full hour. Caldwell fulfilled all expectations for picturesqueness, and the Fort William Henry hotel for size. Leeds and Raynor had come with us, intending to take boat from Albany to-night, and when we parted from them we had seen the last, for this summer, of the New York section of the party. The Canadians stopped at Saratoga, 6.30 p.m., and put up at the Clarendon.