

A
COMPLETE HISTORY
OF
LAKE GEORGE:

EMBRACING

A GREAT VARIETY OF INFORMATION AND COMPILED
WITH AN ESPECIAL REFERENCE TO MEET
THE WANTS OF THE

TRAVELLING COMMUNITY;

INTENDED AS A

DESCRIPTIVE GUIDE:

TOGETHER WITH A

COMPLETE HISTORY AND PRESENT APPEARANCE
OF TICQNDEROGA.

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BY HENRY MARVIN.  
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PREFACE.

IN submitting this little volume to the consideration of an intelligent public, I trust I have made such a presentation as will meet the approbation of all those who indulgently peruse its pages. The design of this little work, is to present to the reader, and to convey as accurately as possible, a full and complete history of Lake George; embracing every possible object of interest connected with its history, its islands, mountains, and legendary associations; together with the graver details of history. In fact, every thing which I judged as likely to enhance the interest of its pages.

Our knowledge of the past, is necessarily derived from the information of others; and while I have been benefited by their researches, I deem it but an act of courtesy to acknowledge the obligation, which I believe I have invariably done. I have not deemed it necessary to present sketches of the scenes I have attempted to describe—only prefacing the work with an

excellent map—from the fact, they are too familiar to most travellers, and more particularly so, because art furnishes, but a poor and inaccurate portraiture, where nature is so beautifully displayed.

It would be unjust in me to conclude this simple introductory, without returning my sincere thanks to MOSES HARRIS, Esq., patriarch of the Lake, to whose knowledge and experience for sixty years past, I am in the main indebted, for much of the materials of this little volume.

The best tribute of thanks that I can offer him, for he is now far “in the sear and yellow leaf,” is the heartfelt wish, that his “eve of life” may be as serene as the morn was bright and joyous.

If these pages afford to the reader, but half the pleasure I derived from hearing the story of the Lake, as told by my venerable informer, together with the additional pleasure of its compilation, it will have performed its pleasing office, and fully, and most satisfactorily, requited the labors of the

AUTHOR.

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HISTORY OF LAKE GEORGE.

CHAPTER FIRST.

INTRODUCTORY — GLENN'S FALLS — DESCRIPTION OF
THE FALLS — BLOODY POND — BATTLE OF LAKE
GEORGE, SEPT. 8, 1755 — ANECDOTE OF HENDRICK,
THE INDIAN SACHEM.



DEAR READER :—Consider me
as the viewless spirit of a
kind informer, and as such,
allow me to travel incognito
with you, through the scenes
our Guide Book may describe. Shall
I make the salutation at "Ty," or at
Moreau Station, the depot where, from
the cars, in flaming capitals meets the
eye, "Plank Road to Lake George!" The
old stage coach, despite the elegancies of
art, still maintains its primitive simplicity.
and in this age of steam, and "fast contri-
vances," is it not a pleasant change from the

din and noise of cars, to the easy rolling of the swinging coach? At the station, coaches from the two hotels, the United States, and the Lake House, are in readiness to convey passengers. The ride to the lake is exceedingly pleasant; formerly it was a very tiresome and fatiguing journey. The soil, composed of a loose sand, rendered it tedious and perplexing in the extreme, and company from Saratoga were a whole day in making the journey to the lake. Now we travel over a good plank road, which extends as far as Chester, and through a wild and almost unbroken region of country, which from its variety and picturesqueness of scenery, greatly relieves the tediousness of travel. But the progress of art, in conformity with the progressive spirit of the age, will soon send the rattling car on its impetuous way, and the iron horse, superceding every convenience of travel, will soon make our stage route "among the things that were." Five miles from the station is Glenn's Falls, situated upon the high, left bank of the Hudson, fifty-three miles

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from Albany, and seventeen from Saratoga. It received its name from Mr. Glenn, the first settler, and is now one of the most enterprising villages in the State. The bridge we cross, is nearly 600 feet long, resting in the centre upon a marble island, and from its centre there is a fine view of the falls. These falls have a total descent of about seventy feet; the water flows in one sheet over the brink of the precipice, 900 feet in length, and when in full flood, rushes in one mass down the cataract, producing to the beholder, a grand and imposing spectacle. In ordinary seasons, the river is divided at the falls into three channels by rocks piled in wild confusion and beautifully carved and polished by the rushing waters. These falls have evidently receded from a position lower down the stream. The banks below are in some places seventy feet in perpendicular height, formed of rocks, and are beautifully stratified. Many fossils are imbedded in the rocks, among which, the trilobite is quite plentiful. Among the rocks below, are what is termed "big snake," and the "In-

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dian cave ;" the former is a petrification on the surface of a flat rock, representing the appearance of a huge serpent, the latter extends through the small island, from one channel to the other, and is pointed out as the place where figured the young heroines of Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans." The natural music of the falls might have chimed in pleasing accordance with the pitch-pipe of David, and the "Isle of Wight," for here Uncas the last of the Mohicans advised, and Hawk Eye kept his vigils.

Leaving the Falls, for there is nothing further to interest or amuse, our attention is not again particularly engaged, until we arrive within about two miles of the lake, where we may observe on the right hand side of the road, a small slimy pond, called "Bloody Pond." It is near 300 feet in diameter, presenting no attraction, but is memorialized in history as being near the battle ground where Williams and his men were slain. It received its name from the number of corpses thrown into it, giving to the water, as tradition avers, a bloody hue.

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The celebrated battle of Lake George, on September 8, 1755, was fought in the vicinity of "Bloody Pond." The battle was between the provincial troops under Major General, afterwards Sir William Johnson, aided by a body of Indians under Hendrick, the Mohawk chieftain, and a body of French Canadians and Indians, under Baron Dieskau, a French nobleman; the baron embarked at Fort Frederick, at Crown Point, with 2000 men in batteaux, and landed at Skeensboro', near Whitehall. Having understood that Johnson lay carelessly encamped at the head of lake George, he determined to attack him. The following account of the conflict that ensued, is given by Dr. Dwight, who received much of his information from eye witnesses of the action:

On the night of Sunday, September 7, at 12 o'clock, information was brought that the enemy had advanced four miles on the road from Fort Edward to Lake George, or half way between the village of Sandy Hill and Glenn's Falls. A council of war was held early in the morning, at which it was resolv-

ed to send a party to meet them ; the number of men determined upon at first was mentioned by the general to Hendrick, and his opinion was asked ; he replied, " If they are to fight they are too few, if they are to be killed they are too many." The number was accordingly increased. General Johnson also proposed to divide them into three parties. Hendrick took three sticks and putting them together, said to him, " put these sticks together and you can't break them, take them one by one, and you will break them easily." The trick succeeded, and Hendrick's sticks saved the party and probably the whole army from destruction.*

* A singular instance of artfulness is related of Hendrick which I extract from "*Lossing's Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution.*" Sir William Johnson obtained from Hendrick nearly one hundred thousand acres of choice land now lying in Herkimer county, north of the Mohawk in the following manner : The sachem being at the baronet's house, saw a richly embroidered coat and coveted it. The next morning he said to Sir William, " Brother, me dream last night ;" " Indeed," answered Sir William, " what did my red brother dream ?" " Me dream that coat be mine." " It is yours," said the shrewd baronet. Not long afterward Sir William visited the sachem, and he too had a dream. " Brother," he said, " I dreamed last night." " What did my pale brother dream ?" asked Hendrick. " I dreamed that this tract of land was mine," describ-

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The party detached consisted of 1,200, and were commanded by Col. Ephraim Williams, a brave and skilful officer, greatly beloved by the soldiery, and highly respected by the country at large. Lieut. Col. Whiting, of New Haven, was second in command and brought up the rear. Col. Williams met the enemy at Rocky Brook, four miles from Lake George; Dieskau had been informed of his approach by his scouts and arranged his men in the best possible order to receive them, extending his line on both sides of the road in the form of a half moon. Johnson did not begin to raise his breastwork until after Williams had marched, nor, as a manuscript account of this transaction now before me declares, until after the encounter between Williams and the enemy had begun.

ing a square, bounded on the south by the Mohawk, on the east by Canada Creek, and north and west by objects equally well known. Hendrick was astonished; he saw the enormity of the request, but was not to be outdone in generosity. He sat thoughtfully for a moment, and then said, "Brother the land is yours, but you must not dream again." The title was confirmed by the British government and the tract was called the Royal Grant.—*Simms' Schoharie County*, p. 124.

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Williams marched his men directly into the hollow of the half-moon; this will be explained by the fact that the whole country was a deep forest. When the enemy saw them completely within his power, he opened a fire of musketry on the front and on the flanks of the English at the same moment, and they fell in heaps, and at the head of them their gallant commander. Hendrick, also, was mortally wounded, fighting with invincible courage in the front of his people; he was shot in the back, a fact which filled him with disdain and anguish, as he thought he should be believed to have fled from the enemy. The truth was, the horns of the half-moon were so far advanced, that they in a great measure enclosed the van of the English and fired upon them from the rear. From this fire Hendrick received the wound which terminated his life.

Upon the death of Col. Williams, Lieut. Col. Whiting succeeded to the command of the detachment. He was an officer of great merit and gained much applause at the re-

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duction of Louisburg ; and in consequence of his gallant conduct at that seige, had been made a captain in the regular British service. Whiting, seeing the danger of his men, immediately ordered a retreat, and conducted it so judiciously, that he saved the great body of them from destruction, in circumstances of extreme peril, in which their own confusion and alarm and the situation of the ground threatened their extermination, no less than the superior numbers of the enemy. The noise of the first fire was heard at Lake George ; efforts began then to be made in earnest by the General for the defence of the camp, and a party of 300 men were despatched under Lieut. Col. Cole, to support the retreating corps. A few stragglers, both English and Indians came into the camp and announced what had indeed been already sufficiently evident, from the approaching sound of the musketry, that the French army was superior in numbers and strength to Col. Williams' corps, and was driving them towards the camp. Some time after, " the whole party that es-

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caped," says Gen. Johnson, "came in in large bodies," a decisive proof of the skill and coolness with which Lieut. Col. Whiting conducted this retreat. These men also arranged themselves in their proper places and took their share in the engagement which followed. About half after 11 o'clock, the enemy appeared in sight, marching up the road in the best order, towards the centre of the English. When they came to the bottom of an open valley directly in front of the elevation on which Fort George was afterwards built, and on which the centre of the English army was posted, Dieskau halted his men about fifteen minutes at the distance of little more than 150 yards from the breast-work. I have never seen a reason assigned for this measure, but I think I can assign one; the Indians were sent out on the right flank and a part of the Canadians on the left, intending to come in upon the rear of the English, while the main body attacked them in front. The ground was remarkably favorable to this design, being swampy, thickly forested, and therefore per-

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fectly fitted to conceal the approach of these parties. The Indians, however, were soon discovered by Lieut. Col. Pomeroy, who immediately mentioned the fact to the General; and observing to him, that these people were extremely afraid of cannon, requested that one or two pieces might be pointed against them. They were then near the ground on which Fort William Henry was afterward built. The General approved of the proposal. A shell was instantly thrown among them from a howitzer, and some field-pieces showered upon them a quantity of grape-shot. The Indians fled. The Baron, in the meantime, led up his main body to attack the centre. They began the engagement by firing regularly in platoons, but at so great a distance that they did very little execution. This circumstance was favorable to the English, and soon recovering from the panic into which they had been thrown by the preceding events of the day, they fought with great spirit and firmness.

General Johnson, at the commencement of the battle, received a flesh wound in his

thigh, and the ball lodged in it. He bled freely, but was able to walk away from the army to his tent. General Lyman then took the command and continued in it during the action. This gentleman, who seemed to have no passions, except those which are involved in the word humanity, immediately stationed himself in front of the breast-work; and there, amid the thickest danger, issued his orders during five hours to every part of the army, as occasion demanded, with a serenity which many covet, and some boast, but very few acquire. The main body of the French kept their ground and preserved their order for a considerable time, but the artillery, under the command of Captain Eyre, a brave English officer, who performed his part with much skill and reputation, played upon them with such success, and the fire from the musketry was so warm and well directed, that their ranks were soon thinned and their efforts slackened sufficiently to show that they despaired of success in this quarter. They then made another effort

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against the right of the English, stationed between the road and the site of Fort William Henry, and composed of Ruggles' regiment, Williams', now commanded by Lieut. Col. Pomeroy, and Titcomb's. Here a warm fire was kept up on both sides about an hour; but on the part of the enemy was unavailing. At 4 o'clock, the English and the Indians who fought with them, leaped over their breast-work and charged the enemy. They fled, and were vigorously pursued for a short distance. A considerable number were slain in the pursuit. The wounded, and a very few others, were made prisoners; among these was Dieskau. He was found by a soldier, resting on a stump, with hardly an attendant. As he was feeling for his watch, in order to give it to the soldier, the man suspecting that he was searching for a pistol, discharged the contents of his musket through his hips. He was carried into the camp in a blanket by eight men, with the greatest care and tenderness, but evidently in extreme distress. Hendrick had lived to

he had ever heard. In the Pennsylvania Gazette, Sept. 25, 1755, he is styled "the famous Hendrick, a renowned Indian warrior among the Mohawks;" and it is said that his son being told that his father was killed, gave the usual Indian groan upon such occasions, and suddenly putting his hand on his left breast, swore that his father was still alive in that place, and that there stood his son. Baron Dieskau was conveyed from Albany to New-York, and from thence to England, where, soon after, he died.





CHAPTER SECOND.

—
“Not placid Leman, where I've late been straying,
Nor gifted Pliny's wild tumultuous lake,
Nor maggiore round its islands playing;
More beautiful visions in the mind awake
Than thou fair Horicon! whose waters, bright
And pure, and holy, now first greet my sight.”

HOTELS—GENERAL REMARKS IN REGARD THERETO.



Two hours ride brings us in view of the romantic waters of Lake George, and now that our journey is nearly ended, we must consult our whereabouts to dine; for our ride is an encourager of dinner, or, if late in the day—

“Timid Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!”
invites—

There are two good hotels at the Lake, “the United States” and the “Lake House.”

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The "Lake House," situated on the west side, in the village of Caldwell, is long established and favorably known to travellers; but the increase of visitors has induced the construction of the new hotel, the "United States," erected on the east side. Pleasantly situated on a high bluff, a projection from the main land, it is unquestionably admitted as commanding the finest view of any point on Lake George. Diamond Island, Dome Island, Long Island and Northwest Bay, are conspicuously in view, together with Tongue Mountain and others of equal celebrity. The house is located in a beautiful forest grove, is easy and accessible of communication, built and furnished in modern style, and with every possible regard to taste and convenience. The piazzas to this house are unsurpassed for elegance, and commend themselves to the lover of nature for the fine view to be obtained from them. Bells on the approved telegraphic plan communicate with every room in the house—a desideratum much needed in our summer houses. Baths, conveniently

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arranged, are connected with the house. It is distinctly wished by the author, as honestly due to the travelling public, to state, that both houses have equal facilities of communication. Sensible travellers, reasonably imagine, that a good hotel desirous of popularity, must of necessity have good facilities of communication. Both of the houses at the Lake, are in this respect eminently favored.

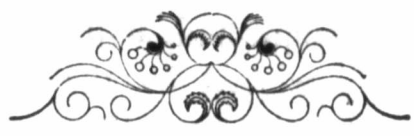
Travellers for the north are conveyed by the excellent steamer "John Jay," which leaves the head of the Lake every morning at 7 o'clock, while those southward bound, are taken over the same road which has brought us thus far.



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CHAPTER THIRD.

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"I care not Fortune what you do deny,
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace :
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shews her brightening face ;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns by living streams at eve—"
—

THE ATTRACTIVENESS OF LAKE GEORGE.



HE idea of sublimity, and the love of the beautiful, is so congenial to every human breast, acting in such perfect accordance with every ennobling faculty of a rational mind, that the true realization of the pleasure, has no appropriate channel for expression. The ingenuity of art, the mechanism of man's devices, may surprise and create astonishment, but the stupendous vastness, and immensity of na-

ture's works, produce far different, and more ennobling feelings.

We enjoy the entertainment of the mind when it feasts on objects of natural beauty, and we gaze with almost a reverential awe upon the scenes and localities which history has memorably described. To an imagination active, and an observation quickened by the perceptive teachings of nature, what a store house of knowledge can the mind accumulate from the rich fields of historic truths. The love of the beautiful and the picturesque, is heightened and increased by the stirring events which may have formerly introduced the feeling, and the scenes where courage and bravery have proved their might, are powerful incentives to awaken a more endearing feeling. Our senses may be absorbed in the contemplation of nature's beauty with but perhaps no association to allure our thoughts, while some sterile and almost forbidden waste, thick with the association of past events, becomes deeply and romantically attractive. Thus it is, that Lake George with its thou-

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sand natural advantages, bears a ten fold more increasing attractiveness from its deep and interesting historical associations.

In the Colonial wars, as well as in the war of our Revolution, no island jutting so fairy like from its caverned depths, but has been the theater of some military exploit, while every mountain top has been made the seat of some fabulous and overruling deity. Is it not a glorious sight, and one calculated to awaken earnest and heartfelt emotions of pleasure as we gaze upon the silvery lake which spreads so beautifully its waters before us? What a deep quiet rests on its mirrored bosom, and how securely float the tiny barks which from their very buoyancy "seem as if suspended in mid-air."

"Billows! there's not a wave! the waters spread
One broad, unbroken mirror; all around
Is hushed to silence—silence so profound
That a bird's carol, or an arrow sped
Into the distance, would, like 'larum bell
Jar the deep stillness and dissolve the spell."

Park Benjamin.

Is it possible that these peaceful waters now so securely slumbering, once cradled

upon their quiet bosom hostile armies, and that these hills, lifting so proudly their summits into the blue vault above us, as if to show

“How earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave vain man below,” have echoed, and re-echoed, to the war-whoop of the revengeful savage?

Look now abroad—another race has filled
These populous borders—wide the wood recedes,
And towns shoot up and fertile plains are tilled ;
The land is full of harvests and green meads ;
Streams numberless, that many a fountain feeds,
Shine, disembowered, and give to sun and breeze
Their virgin waters ; the full region leads
New colonies forth, that toward the western seas
Spreads, like a rapid flame among the autumnal leaves.—*Bryant.*

The march of civilization and refinement has converted the stormy conflict of tumultuary war, into the gentler virtues of husbandry and peace, which, now in a measure, make these hill tops and valleys productive and fruitful. But nature has secured her fortresses on the mountain side, and the wild stalking deer seeks her covert in her mountain fastnesses as confidently as of yore. There is, and ever will be, the same poetic beauty and imagery which characterizes her

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mountain scenery, for the progress of art is only stimulated by pecuniary gain, and here she can never reap a fair equivalent. Thus it is, that these wooded steeps will ever bear the impress of nature's originality, and will continue to wear and to preserve the drapery which the fairy charm of time so mystically weaves about them.



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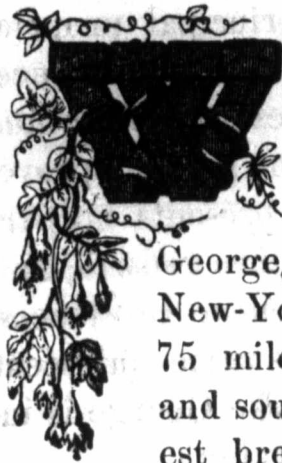
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CHAPTER FOURTH.

WARREN COUNTY — ITS BOUNDARIES—CALDWELL—
LAKE GEORGE—HISTORY—ITS FRENCH AND INDIAN
NAMES.



WARREN COUNTY was taken from the northwest part of Washington county in 1813. It is principally situated on the west side of Lake George, centrally; distant from New-York 240, and from Albany 75 miles; greatest length, north and south, forty-four miles; greatest breadth, east and west, forty miles; with the exception of a small district on the southeast, the whole county is mountainous. The mountains, which are of primitive formation, are covered with a heavy growth of trees, and contain, it is said, abundance of iron ore of good quality,

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but have very small portions of arable soil. The valleys, which are narrow, contain some fertile alluvion, on secondary limestone. The country embraces about half of the Horicon or Lake George, the greater part of Schroon Lake, the whole of Brant Lake and many smaller ones. Caldwell, the shire town of Warren county, was organized in 1810, and named in honor of James Caldwell, Esq., a principal proprietor and benefactor. With all due deference, the village itself furnishes no attraction, and has been subjected to no great improvement for many years. It presents no particular advantages for a future growth, and with the exception of summer residences, will probably remain in its same quiescent and comfortable state. Lake George is indeed a beautiful sheet of water.

"There is a magnet-like attraction in
These waters to the imaginative power
That links the viewless with the visible,
And pictures things unseen."

Its scenery is unsurpassed, and excelled by none in the world. Its waters empty northward into Lake Champlain at Ticon-

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deroga. Along its whole length of thirty-three miles, (and not thirty-six, as is generally stated,) it is numerously interspersed with islands, most every one of which is clustered with historic associations. There are estimated 365 islands in the lake; which number is somewhat exaggerated, but it must be borne in mind, that there are many projections from the main land which have no appearance of an island, and yet virtually are so. It has an average breadth of two miles; four miles being its greatest width. It is 220 feet above Lake Champlain, and 300 above tide water. Its waters are very deep and clear; the average depth being 120 feet. The bed of the lake is of a yellowish sand, and the water is so transparent that a white object may be seen at the depth of near forty feet. Schroon and Brant lakes are beautiful sheets of water, and abound with fish similar to Lake George. The scenery in the vicinity of the lake is of the most wild and picturesque character. A range of mountains rises to the westward, the highest of which

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is Prospect or Rattlesnake Hill, having an elevation of 1500 feet; to the eastward rises a range of mountains, a continuous chain, and designated as the French Mountains. From the summit of Rattlesnake Hill a fine view of the lake can be obtained, but the fear inspired from its "crawling denizens," who make bold to visit near the abodes of men, intimidates most travellers from toiling its weary ascent. The view from French Mountain is immensely grand, and there is no fear of the senses being chilled by an informal visitation from his most "Gracious Snakeship," for it is a singular fact, that the French Mountains are entirely free from them. The Indians named the lake on account of the purity of its waters, Horicon, or Silver Water; they also called it Canderi-oit, or the tail of the Lake, on account of its connection with Lake Champlain. It was visited by Samuel Champlain in 1609, and some suppose he gave his name to the lake instead of the one which now bears it. It also received the name of Sacrament by the French, who

frequently visited the lake, its pure waters suggesting the idea. The remains of Fort George and Fort William Henry, at the head of the lake, are well worthy of a visit. Fort William Henry stood directly on the lake shore, on the west side of a pure mountain stream called West Creek, the main inlet of Lake George.



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CHAPTER FIFTH.

REBELLIOUS subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbor-stained steel,
Will they not hear?—what ho! you men, you beasts—
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage,
With purple fountains issuing from your veins
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground.

Roméo and Juliet.

MASSACRE AT FORT WILLIAM HENRY—MONTCALM'S
DEFEAT ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY—LIEUT. STARK'S
GALLANTRY—MONTCALM'S SUCCESSFUL ATTACK AND
DEMOLITION OF THE FORT, AUGUST, 1757—INDI-
AN FEROCITIES—THE REMAINS OF THE FORT—THE
SPIRIT OF VANDALISM—FORT GEORGE—ITS PRE-
SENT APPEARANCE—FORT GAGE.

“Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale.”

ON the 9th of August, in the year
1757, the head of Lake George was
the theatre of a terrible massacre.
Lord Loudon, Governor of Vir-
ginia, a man of indecision and procrastinate
in all movements, was appointed Command-

er-in-Chief of all the British forces in America. Opposed to him was Montcalm, the active and successful commander, the beloved of the French army, who attempted to capture Fort William Henry, March 16th, 1757; to consummate his design he passed up Lake George on Saint Patrick's eve, and landed behind Long Point, four miles from the fort, and on the next day appeared suddenly before it. He was gallantly repulsed by the little garrison under the command of Lieut. Stark, who, by his ingenuity and the authority he exercised over his men, saved them from total destruction. Most of his men were Irishmen, and as such, they had calculated largely on celebrating Saint Patrick's day, but Lieut. Stark apprehending an attack from some quarter, particularly from Montcalm, exercised the precaution to check the indulgences incident to the day, by ordering the sutler not to issue any spirituous liquors at the expected time, without a written order. When applied to, he pleaded a lame wrist, which incapacitated him from supplying

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their wants. The Irishmen in the regular regiments got drunk as usual, and hence Montcalm's desire that they might be similarly affected; sorely discomfited, but by no means disheartened, he returned to Ticonderoga and mustered all his forces, amounting in the aggregate to 9,000 men, with the intention of speedily carrying out his design of subjugating Fort William Henry. At the time of Montcalm's attack upon Fort William Henry on St. Patrick's day, Webb was at Fort Edward with 4000 men. He visited Fort William Henry under an escort of 200 men, commanded by Putnam, and while there, sent that officer with eighteen men down the lake on a reconnoitering expedition. The enemy were discovered to be more numerous than was supposed. Putnam begged General Webb to allow him to attack them with full numbers, but his importunities were stoically rejected, and he was only allowed another reconnoissance, and from which he barely escaped, but finally reached the fort in safety. General Webb, on this occasion,

acted in the most pusillanimous and cowardly manner ; he caused Putnam to administer an oath of secrecy to his rangers respecting the proximity of the enemy. Putnam, indignant at this proposition of Webb's, as so repugnant to his ideas of soldierly character and discipline, remonstrated courteously by saying—"I hope your excellency does not intend to neglect so fair an opportunity of giving battle should the enemy presume to land?" Webb's cowardly reply—"What do you think we should do here?" greatly exasperated the noble feelings of the heroic Major. By authority of General Webb, who was commander of all the forces at Ticonderoga, Colonel Munroe was ordered with a regiment to re-inforce and to take command of the garrison at Lake George. Montcalm, conscious of success, and flushed with hopes of victory, embarked his troops at the foot of the lake, consisting of more than 9,000 men, an accession to his former numbers of many Indians, who were induced to join with the hope of plunder, together with a

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powerful train of artillery, and landed at the head of the lake. He instantly commenced operations for the demolition of the fort, having a force of less than 3,000 men to contend with. He offered every inducement to Munroe for the immediate surrender of the fort, urging that he was not desirous to proceed in the enforcement of his designs, and doubtless actuated by the most humane of motives, he urged his request. Munroe, deaf to the importunities of his more powerful rival, was confidently expecting reinforcements from Gen. Webb, and strenuously refused compliance. The storming was commenced by the French, and the seige lasted six consecutive days, without much slaughter on either side.

The following account of the capture of the fort, which is so minutely detailed, is extracted from Professor Silliman's Tour :

"The Marquis de Montcalm, after three ineffectual attempts upon Fort William Henry, made great efforts to beseige it in form, and in August, 1757, having landed

ten thousand men near the fort, summoned it to surrender. He had a powerful train of artillery, and although the fort and works were garrisoned by three thousand men, and were most gallantly defended by the commander, Col. Monroe, it was obliged to capitulate; but the most honorable terms were granted to Col. Monroe in consideration of his gallantry. The bursting of the great guns, the want of ammunition, and above all, the failure of General Webb to succor the fort, although he lay idle at Fort Edward with 4,000 men, were the causes of this catastrophe. The capitulation was, however, most shamefully broken; the Indians attached to Montcalm's army, while the troops were marching out of the gate of the fort, dragged the men from the ranks, particularly the Indians in the English service, and butchered them in cold blood; they plundered all without distinction, and murdered women and little children with circumstances of the most aggravated barbarity. The massacre continued all along the road, through the defile of

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the mountains, and for many miles the miserable prisoners, especially those in the rear, were tomahawked and hewn down in cold blood; it might well be called the bloody defile, for it was the same ground that was the scene of the battles only two years before, in 1755. It is said that efforts were made by the French to restrain the barbarians, but they were not restrained and the miserable remnant of the garrison with difficulty reached Fort Edward pursued by the Indians, although escorted by a body of French troops. I passed over the whole of the ground upon which this tragedy was acted, and the oldest men of the county still remember this deed of guilt and infamy."

Fort William Henry was levelled by Montcalm and has never been re-built. Fort George was built as a substitute for it, on a more commanding site, and although often mentioned in the history of subsequent wars, was not, I believe, the scene of any very memorable event.

There is nothing now remaining of Fort William Henry except a few mounds and

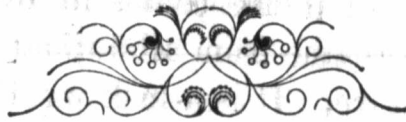
shallow ditches, for time has weaved his spell over the rude masonry of art. The general appearance of the grounds scarcely denote that they have ever been appropriated as the theatre of war, for no vestige now remains, save a time-worn well which supplied the garrison, to indicate the appearance of an entrenched army. Southwest of the fort, at the base of Rattlesnake Hill, is a clearing called French Field. Here it was that Dieskau halted and disposed his men for action. There was a rough stone upon which was inscribed in uncouth characters, Jacques Cortois, 1755. The spirit of Vandalism destroys every association connected with the past,

" Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes, and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh."

seems to have no effect in remedying this gross and unpardonable evil, for not many years ago the stone was broken and part of it secretly carried away, and now, probably, adds to the collection of some carefully selected cabinet. Fort George is about

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midway between the east and west shore, and was erected upon a sloping eminence about a quarter of a mile from Fort William Henry, and probably one-eighth from the lake shore. It was well designed as a fortress, the material for its construction were close at hand, composed of a dark limestone or black marble which covers the surface or protrudes abruptly above it. The east wall is about twenty feet high, and still preserves its original appearance. Passengers for the United States Hotel pass directly by this fort, and are in close proximity with Fort William Henry. The fortress evidently was a safe and secure one, though it has not been the scene of any very memorable event. Southwest of Fort George was a small fortification, hardly a vestige of which now remains, called Fort Gage. It was named in honor of General Gage, who succeeded Lord Amherst as commander of the forces in America in 1760.



CHAPTER SIXTH.

—What envious streaks
Do lace the covering clouds in yonder east :
Night's candles are burnt out and jocund day
Stands tip-toe on the misty mountain tops.

Romeo and Juliet.

THE APPEARANCE OF THE LAKE TEMPERED BY THE
ELEMENTS—THE ECHOS PRODUCED BY THE SOUND OF
THE HUMAN VOICE, AND BY THE DISCHARGE OF
MUSKETRY—THE AMUSEMENTS OF VISITORS—ITS
SAILING ADVANTAGES—FISHING—INTERESTING RE-
MAINS TO BE SEEN—RELICS FREQUENTLY FOUND.

WHAT more enrapturing sight can be
unfolded to the gaze of the
admiring observer than nature
clothed in the panoply of her richest mag-
nificence. When first Aurora peeps with
smiles and blushes to welcome in the day,

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what hymns of thanksgiving in their mute eloquence, breathe from all animate and inanimate nature. It is a task worthy of engaging the attention of the most frequent participant to bask in the first radiant beams of the rising sun, and particularly so when they fall in golden light upon the wave, kissed by the cool breath of the mountain breeze. A sunrise on Lake George! There may be scenes of more startling and thrilling interest, there may be greater evidences of nature's vastness and immensity, there may be chords of feeling which more passionately touch the human breast, but none which exert a more chastening and subduing feeling than the sun's first glimmer through the purpling east. There is such a quiet beauty which associates so happily with the scene, such a congeniality of feeling in the still communings of nature, that in the contemplation you lose your real existence, and live in the bright creation of an ideal world. But above all, are the senses enchained when the pealing thunder shakes the firm

masonry of Heaven, and all the embattled hosts war in the elemental strife. When the skies wear the somber hue of storm and darkness, and the black ominous clouds, so hastily driven, rest angrily upon some mountain's brow, and the sun's faint glimmer through some half discomfited cloud, as if interposing to still the tumult of the approaching storm, the leaping lightning gamboling in pride from crag to crag, now levelling some mighty oak, leviathan of the sod, or darting harmlessly its forked way, when peal on peal afar, the roaring thunder tracks his headlong march, and the hoarse winds pipes its loud breath to the liberal air, crisping the pure lake into a sheeted foam, whose mist conceals all but its turbid bosom, who that has a heart awed by the influences of nature, can resist the magic potency of the awful scene? We gaze on in mute admiration, feeling, but giving no audible expression. Not alone are there scenes to awe and inspire the noblest faculties, but equally so to amuse and interest the curious. The echo

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produced by the sound of the human voice in many parts of the lake, is singularly beautiful. On the east shore, about three-quarters of a mile from the public house, there is a spot

“ Which, in my opinion,
Gives the best echo that you ever heard !
So plain in the distinction of our words,
That many have supposed it a spirit

That answers.”

Three echos can be plainly heard at the call of a name, and with so much distinctness and true inflection of the voice, that one must indeed “suppose it a spirit” that answers. The report of musketry is equally pleasing, and on a still night, the boom of a cannon reverberates grandly among the lofty mountains which environ this lovely lake. Company highly amuse themselves on a fine moonlight night in all manner of aquatic amusements, and the dipping oars as the accompaniment to music, produces the most pleasing imaginable effect. This lake possesses advantages over many other inland bodies of water for pleasure sailing. The winds are generally favorable for this

purpose ; those from the north having a full sweep of some twelve miles to the head of the lake, while from the south, a current of air passes through a wide gorge of the French Mountains, causing a steady and reliable breeze which ensures comparative safety to those who indulge in this healthful amusement. There is some good fishing at the head of the lake, but like other sports, distance and the din of preparation enhances the pleasure of the journey and creates a different degree of satisfaction when attended with some hardship and the necessity of homely fare. The fish caught at the head of the lake are mostly small, but none the less acceptable for the table. Trout, bass and perch are very plentiful ; the former being of large size and of most delicious flavor. Expert anglers can here enjoy their favorite pastime to its full and unlimited extent. I shall point out the best fishing localities as we proceed on our journey through the lake. Near the south shore of the lake, a few rods east of Fort William Henry, in about fifteen feet of

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water, may be discovered when the water is not agitated, part of the hulk of a vessel, probably used by Montcalm for the conveyance of his forces through the lake at the time of his attack upon Fort William Henry. Efforts were made some years ago by two of the village residents to raise it, but it was so decomposed by the action of the water, that their efforts were only partially rewarded. Numerous relics of Indian devices, such as knives and arrow heads, also gun barrels, spikes, cannon and musket balls, have been found in great profusion for many years past, and with the further disturbance of the soil about the locality of the fort many will yet be discovered and brought to light from their long entombment. On the west shore, a few rods north of the village, is an old hulk which travellers will naturally make enquiries about. It was formerly the steam-boat "William Caldwell," which used to traverse these waters, and having fulfilled her expected requirements, she was stripped of all her valuable necessaries and was left

lying upon the strand, where she has been subjected to the action of the elements for the past three years.



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CHAPTER SEVENTH.

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“The south wind was like a gentle friend,
Parting the hair so softly on my brow.
It had come o'er the gardens, and the flowers
That kissed it were betrayed; for as it parted
With its invisible fingers my loose hair,
I knew it had been trifling with the rose
And stooping to the violet—There is joy
For all God's creatures in it.”—*Willis.*

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REMARKS ON TRAVEL—THE STEAMBOAT JOHN JAY—
FUTURE GROWTH OF LAKE GEORGE AS A SUMMER
RESORT—A DESCRIPTION OF THE ISLANDS AND
MOUNTAINS ON THE LAKE, TOGETHER WITH THEIR
NAMES AND ALL THE HISTORICAL AND LEGENDARY
ASSOCIATIONS CONNECTED WITH THEM, AND THE
TRIP TO OLD “TY.”

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REFRESHED and invigorated by the
harmonizing influences at work
around us, exerting an equally
beneficial influence upon the inva-
lid as well as the tourist for pleasure, we
must, to prosecute our journey, secure pas-

sage on board the excellent steamer "John Jay," which leaves her moorings every morning (Sundays excepted,) at 7 o'clock. How beautiful and fine the day appears, and how beautifully it harmonizes with the sentiments in the lines quoted at the heading of our chapter.

The travel through the lake has increased immeasurably beyond the accommodations heretofore afforded, and from the great number of visitors who make their annual pilgrimage thither, a number of good commodious houses might be profitably erected. It is a true assertion, that Lake George will, ere long, vie with Saratoga, its sister rival, in fashion and number of visitors. Contiguous as are the two places, they must eventually coalesce and form the chain of the great northern projected summer travel, as well as become the fashionable and truly healthful resort of city residents. A number of good houses are scattered along the borders of the lake, among which are Low's Trout Pavilion, six miles from the head, Gale's at Bolton, ten

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miles, and Garfield's at Hague, twenty-five miles; the latter being a capital resort for parties of pleasure, justly noted for its good fishing and hunting. But to our journey: What an excellent steamer is destined to convey us through the lake, and under the excellent captaincy of Hozea B. Farr, we may indeed promise ourselves a delightful journey. The "John Jay" is the property of John J. Harris, Esq., one of the energetic men of the day, and a resident of Warren county. It was built under his own immediate supervision, and is in every respect a fine, staunch vessel. Too much praise cannot be awarded to its liberal and indefatigable proprietor for the energy and spirit first displayed in its construction, and under such a train of discouragements, that none but the most foresighted could have possibly conceived its future success. The boat is managed with much liberality, evincing a just appreciation of the wants of the travelling community, with a due regard to speed, and to the higher importance, of confident safety to the traveller.

Having commenced our journey, the first island we pass is Tea Island, near the west shore one mile from the head of the lake. It is a beautiful and romantic isle, with a harbor resembling in miniature, the counterpart of Havana. There is a rustic summer house to be seen upon it, and it is certainly one of the most delightful spots located on the lake. It is much frequented by parties of pleasure, as it is within a convenient distance of both houses. On the east shore, one and a half miles further to the north, is Plum Point. Further to the east, and directly around this point is Dunham's Bay, one and a half miles in length. In the centre of the lake, three miles from the head, is Diamond Island; lying directly in front of Dunham's Bay. It received its name from the number and beauty of the quartz crystals which are found upon it, closely resembling the diamond in their brilliancy and shape. This little island is quite notable in the annals of our revolution, and was used by Burgoyne's army as a depot for military stores in 1777, as well as the scene

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of a close conflict between the garrison who defended it, and the Americans under Col. Brown. This officer under authority of General Lincoln, who at this time commanded a body of New England militia, and between the actions of the 19th of September and 7th of October at Bemis's Heights, got in the rear of Burgoyne's army near Lake Champlain, determined to recapture Ticonderoga, and the posts in the vicinity. He accordingly despatched Col. Brown with full discretionary power to cut off the retreat of the British, and if possible to reduce their supplies. The nature of the service was exactly suited to Brown's energetic and decisive character, and on the 25th of September 1777, by an unexpected surprise he captured all the enemy's outposts, between the landing place at the north end of Lake George and the fortress at Ticonderoga; 200 batteaux, an armed sloop, and 293 prisoners, were the trophies of his daring and intrepidity. He also captured Mount Defiance, Mount Hope, the French lines, besides releasing 100 Ameri-

cans. Elated with his success, he determined, with the vessels that he had captured, to sweep Lake George. The little garrison stationed at the island gallantly defended themselves, somewhat to the loss of the brave republicans. Unsuccessful in this attempt, they sailed for the shore on the south side of Dunham's Bay, where they burned all the vessels they had captured and immediately returned to Lincoln's camp. A mile further to the north, on the west side is Diamond Point. There is an anecdote connected with this Point which I will relate: Some years ago, Anthony Paul, an old Indian, had a camp near this Point, and one day late in the fall, while in the act of supplying his camp with water, he discovered something in the water, evidently making towards the shore. Observing closely his approach, he determined an attack, but having no weapon about him, he called for assistance and his appeal was answered by his wife who brought him a large spear. He waited patiently for the animal's approach dreading a severe en-

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counter ; but the animal, benumbed with the cold, made but a feeble resistance. It proved to be a panther measuring ten feet in length. One mile further to the north, in the centre of the lake, are the Two Sisters. To the east of these islands is Long Island, one mile in length, and containing 100 acres of good farm land. The narrow fertile strip of land, which projects far out into the lake from the eastern shore, and near the south end of Long Island, is Long Point. The estuary between the north side of the point and the mountains on the east, is Harris's Bay, and is designated as the spot where Abercrombie moored his vessels previous to his attack upon Fort William Henry on St. Patrick's eve. East of Harris's Bay is Slim Point. Low's Pavilion Hotel is situated on the east shore, about the middle of Wormer's Bay. It is a good house, conducted by a gentlemanly landlord. The fishing in this neighborhood is considered excellent. We now make a stretch of some four miles in a northwesterly direction, before we can note any more isl-

ands, content however with viewing the extent of scenery here displayed. Near the western shore we pass three small islands, bearing the name of the Three Brothers. The little island which we pass so closely to the right, and upon which a cross is erected is Sloop Island, deriving its name from its resemblance to a sloop. The cross was erected by Madame Parodi in the summer of 1851, and attracts the attention of the traveller. Dome Island directly in the centre of the lake, and distant ten miles from its head is the next considerable island on the lake. It received its name from its close resemblance to the upper portion of a dome, and at the distance of a few miles appears as perfect as though formed by art. Here it was that Putnam left his men, while he informed General Webb of the presence of the Indians and French upon the two islands, near the entrance of north west Bay. Pleasantly situated on the west shore in the town of Bolton, is the Mohican House, kept by G. B. Gale. The fishing in this neighborhood, is esteemed as very excellent. A

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short distance north of Bolton is Green Island, containing seventy-four acres of good tillable land. Hog Island, so named from its resemblance to a hog's back, is a few rods distant. On the east side is Shelving Rock, two miles north of Bolton, a towering cliff, so named from its projecting boldly over the mouth of a brook. This place is famous above all others on the lake for its rattlesnakes. In the centre of the lake, nearly opposite Shelving Rock, is Tongue Mountain, a bold rocky promontory, receiving its name, and justly so, from its close resemblance to a beef's tongue. To the west of this notable mountain, is Northwest Bay, six miles in length. Directly on our east, is a little cluster of islands, familiarly known as the Hen and Chickens. Near the end of Tongue Mountain is Flea Island, so named from the immense number of fleas with which it is infested. Directly to the north of these last named islands is Fourteen Mile Island. Now we enter the narrows and the scene presented is one of quiet, though continued beauty. Here the islands are so

thickly interspersed, varying materially in size, that a very small space is allowed for the steamboat to pass through. On the west side, two miles further to the north, is French Point, and near by are the Two Dollar Islands; one mile to the north of these islands, and in the centre of the lake, are the Hatchet Islands. Some years ago a hatchet was found upon one of these islands, supposed to belong to one of the chiefs of the Mohicans, and from this circumstance they derived their name. Two miles to the north of these islands is Half-Way Island; to the east of which, towers majestically, Black Mountain, rising at an elevation of 2200 feet; its sides are heavily wooded, and it will ever preserve the bold originality of nature. The view from the summit of this mountain is one which amply repays the labors of the traveller, showing an immense extent of country for miles in every direction. At the base of Black Mountain are a number of islands called the Floating Battery Islands, so named from their representing ships in battle array. The

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next island, in the centre of the lake, is Harbor Island, receiving its name from the excellent harborage to be obtained on all sides for vessels of considerable tonnage. On the east shore, the north part of Black Mountain, is Elephant Ridge, first discovered in 1852, by Mr. E. S. Harris, Pilot, and deriving its name from its close resemblance to an elephant's back. It must be borne in mind, that objects are differently represented when viewed from different points, in a measure owing their resemblance from the position in which they are viewed; in this instance, the best view of Elephant Ridge is when opposite Harbor Island. North of this last named island and near it, is Vicar's Island, which we pass directly to the left of; it derived its name from the following incident: "Some years ago there was a man inhabiting this island, who, with a boy, his only son, were its sole occupants. Some fishermen, their nearest residents, happening to land upon the island, discovered its occupant dead and the boy actually wild with grief and

hunger, watching the dead corpse of his father. The boy upon noticing the approach of the men, fled precipitately, but their assurances composed him. They made a suitable disposition of the body, and from their own examination and the incoherent language of the boy, they concluded that he had died in a fit. The child was cared for by the fishermen, and the island named after its unfortunate resident." East of this island is Bosom Boy, back of which is Sugar Loaf Mountain. On the west shore is Short Run Mountain; it derived its name from the great number of deer to be found upon it, and the precipitate haste with which they took to the water when pursued by the dogs; it received its name from Moses Harris, Esq., who, in his youthful days, when on his hunting excursions, frequently captured two deers before breakfast. Placing his dog under Buck Mountain and on Rattlesnake Point, the dog so thoroughly understanding his business, would perform all the necessary offices unaided and alone. Secreting himself among the branches of a

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tree, he awaited patiently the approach of the deer into the water, and cautiously lowering himself from his hiding place, he jumped into his frail boat and rowed after the deer in hot pursuit. After a warm chase, in which much agility is required, the tired deer is easily secured. Kind reader, did you ever indulge in this glorious sport? if not, the pleasure of partaking of a fine bit of venison with all the etceteras, is but a tithe to the pleasures of the chase. This is the usual way of taking the deer in this section of country, with the exception that there are men who make it a business to set on their dogs, thereby driving them into the water. The fawns, taken at the proper season, can be easily tamed and become wonderfully tractable and playful. Buck Mountain, on the west side, rising at an elevation of about 800 feet, derived its name from a fine large buck being driven off the ledge by a pack of dogs, who by the fall was shockingly mutilated.

The next important point upon the lake, is Sabbath Day Point, which we pass closely

on our left. It is a narrow fertile strip of land, possessing considerable historical interest. Here, in 1756, a small provincial force pursued by a party of French and Indians, and unable to escape, made a desperate resistance and defeated their assailants; it received its name from General Abercrombie, who, with his fine army, as already noticed, in batteaux and whale boats debarked for a few hours rest and refreshment. Lord Howe collected the bravest of his officers around him, who with Capt. Stark, (the revolutionary general,) whom he invited to sup with him, discussed with the greatest warmth and anxious solicitude, the fortress at Ticonderoga which they were about to assail. Deeply solicitous for the welfare of his army, he acted as one who felt a sad presentiment possessing his mind and over which he seemed to have no control. How truly it was verified we have before noticed. It was early on Sunday morning when they were again in motion, and from this circumstance it received its name. The armament consisting of 1600

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men, is described as presenting a most imposing appearance. Major Rogers "compares it to a splendid military show." Howe, the gallant English officer, led the van of the flotilla. The regular troops occupied the centre and the provincials the wing. The sky without the shadow of a cloud, was radiant with the gems of night, and the silver lake was quiet and motionless, not a breeze ruffling its deep and crystal waters; their oars were muffled, and so silently did they move on in the darkness, that their progress was not even observed by the enemy's scouts, nor had they the least intimation of their approach at the proposed landing until suddenly rounding a point, their whole numbers were displayed to their astonished view. At this Point, in 1776, a severe battle occurred between a party of American militia of Saratoga county, and a body of Tories and Indians. Both were scouting parties and their unexpected meeting gave rise to a severe encounter. The Americans were signally victorious, having killed

and wounded about forty of the enemy. The scenery in the vicinity of the Point, is of the most bewitching character, even to a prodigality of the picturesque and beautiful, representing nature in her most gorgeous attire, and in correct harmony with the peaceful heroism of the times. Opposite to this Point is Bluff Point; on the east shore, about a mile further to the north, is Odell Island. An accident occurred some years ago near this island which I will relate: "A gentleman was invited by two or three others to join in a sailing excursion, and they having before partaken somewhat too freely, became so venturesome and reckless, despite the steadily increasing gale, that the fear incited by their apparent carelessness, induced him to request them to put him ashore. The boat was ballasted with stone, consequently his alarm, for in case of a capsize she must inevitably go to the bottom. This proposition instead of producing the desired effect, caused them to proceed more carelessly in managng the boat. Ridiculing his idea

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and considering him as timid, they, to ensure his confidence and dissipate all unnecessary fears, secured themselves by portions of the rigging; the man at the helm tied the main sheet rope fast to his body, while the others were similarly entangled. Entertaining no hope of their compliance to his wishes, he watched a favorable opportunity, and as they neared Slim Point, which is two and a half miles north of Sabbath Day Point, and the water being shoal, he jumped overboard and waded to the shore. They laughing at his timidity and wishing him a pleasant journey, tacked about and were soon far from the land. The rescued one, for so he providentially believed himself, watched their progress with fearful misgivings; his doubts were but momentary; for a flaw of wind struck the frail bark suddenly and she immediately capsized, and all on board were entombed in a watery grave. The gentleman I allude to is still living, and is now one of the first men of Saratoga county." On the west shore, two and a half miles north, is an island

known as the Scotch Bonnet, receiving its name from its close resemblance to a Scotch bonnet. Further to the north, two miles, is the little village of Hague. This is the widest part of the lake. Here may be found a good hotel conducted by Garfield, and is justly noted as the best place on the entire lake for fishing and hunting, and as being a great resort for parties of pleasure. The first islands we pass after leaving Garfield's, and almost directly to the east, are Cook's Islands. Friend's Point is the next locality of any interest; it received its name from the following incident: "During the war, two scouting parties accidentally meeting, a skirmish seemed to be inevitable, each taking the other for a deadly enemy; they proved to be of the same party, but the darkness of the night and their accidental meeting, confounded them, and only when about to engage did they discover their mistake;" from this circumstance this point has been most appropriately named.

On the east shore is Anthony's Nose, a bold, prominent hill. A fine echo is here

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produced by the sound of the human voice. Four miles northward of Garfield's, and on the western shore is Rogers' Rock ; or familiarly known as Rogers' Slide. The "slide" itself is about two hundred feet, with a descent on an angle of about twenty-five degrees from meridian. The whole height of the rock is probably near four hundred feet. It presents a singular appearance ; appearing from its smoothness, as though hewn by art. The scene here presented is one of sublime beauty, masses of rocks confusedly piled, tower on either side ; while our little steamer majestically ploughs the pure waters, which lave their rocky base. It received its name from Major Rogers, commander of a corps of Rangers, who in the winter of 1758 was surprised while on a reconnoitering expedition by a party of Indians, and put to flight. Shod with snow shoes he eluded pursuit, until coming to the summit of the mountain he tasked his ingenuity, which alone saved his life. Descending to the smooth rock he cast his haversack of provisions down upon the ice,

slipped off his snow-shoes, and without moving them, turned himself about and put them on his feet again. He then retreated along the southern brow of the rock a few rods, and down a ravine he made his way safely to the lake below, and fled on the ice to Fort George. His device was signally successful. The Indians in the meanwhile approaching the spot, noticed the two tracks evidently made by two persons, both apparently approaching the precipice, and their wise conclusions suggested to them the idea, that two persons had cast themselves down the steep rock, sooner than fall into their hands. On looking about, to their surprise they discovered the bold major on the ice, making his way with all possible speed, while they, believing that he had slid down the steep rock, with that characteristic reverence, considered him as under the guidance and protection of the Great Spirit, and relinquished all further pursuit. Within a mile of the landing is Prisoner's Island; it is thickly covered with shrubbery, and was used by the French in the seven year's

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war for their English captives. One side is fordable, and the first party confined there, through the carelessness of their victors, made good their escape by wading to the shore. A few rods to the west of this island is Howe's Landing. Leaving Sabbath Day Point early in the morning, Abercrombie's army reached this place by noon, and pushed their way forward towards Ticonderoga. The ride of four miles to the fort is a pleasant one, though the road is hilly, but the scenery is ever new and changing. We cross the outlet of the lake twice, first at the upper Falls, and next at the lower Falls half way between the two lakes of Champlain and George. Here the thriving village of Ticonderoga is situated. Arriving at the Fort about noon, we can dine at the "Pavilion," await the arrival of the Champlain steamers, or if returning through Lake George, have ample time to inspect the ruins of time honored old "Ty," the most memorable fortress connected with our Revolution.



CHAPTER EIGHTH.

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"This is the hallowed spot where first unfurling,
Fair Freedom spread her blazing scroll of light,
Here, from oppression's throne the tyrant hurling,
She stood supreme in majesty and might."

Dewey.

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A DESCRIPTION OF THE FORTRESS OF TICONDEROGA—
ITS HISTORY AND PRESENT APPEARANCE—ABERCROM-
BIE'S ATTACK ON TICONDEROGA, JULY 8, 1758—HIS
DEFEAT—ANECDOTE OF YOUNG LORD HOWE.



As we gaze upon the ruins of venerable old "Ty," what emotions are excited, and what a degree of patriotism thrills through the breast of every true American! Here still remain a few crumbling remains of perishable greatness; but amid such scenes and associations, what a degree of generous feeling awakens the heart to patriotic impulses, even warming the soul of the veriest churl. Sacred is the ground

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on which we tread ; hallowed are the scenes through which we linger. With age, associations are matured, and what becomes gray with time, we reverence as a part of true religion. There is a voice " which speaks with most miraculous organ" in every relic of the past ; there is an indescribable feeling which overflows the channels of expression ; there is almost an idolatry connected with events which have been honorably memorialized ; and how signally is it instanced in the appearance of this memorable fortress. Imagination and art may sketch its ruined walls, but they wear a more majestic and imposing appearance, when viewed by a personal inspection. Ticonderoga was erected by the French in 1756, and was called by them Carillon, signifying chime, jingling noise. It is distant from Albany ninety-six miles, and has been a fortress of great celebrity in both colonial and revolutionary history. The Indians applied the name of Cheonderoga, an Iroquois word, signifying sounding waters, on account of the rushing waters of the outlet

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of Lake George at the Falls. It was known only by its Indian name till 1763, at the close of the French and Indian war. The ruins are situated on a peninsula, comprising about 500 acres, and at an elevation of about 100 feet above Lake Champlain. It was a very safe and secure fortress, surrounded on three sides by water, and on the fourth by a swamp, and the only approachable point defended by a breast-work. It was commanded by Mount Defiance on the south side of the creek or outlet, which rises at an elevation of 750 feet above the lake. General Burgoyne's troops to the utter astonishment of the little garrison stationed at the fort, appeared on the summit of this mountain July 4th, 1777, and so completely were they in his power, that General St. Clair fully justified an immediate retreat, which he effected under cover of the night. Of this event I shall speak more particularly hereafter. Let us in due form, chronicle the various events historically connected with this renowned fortress. Prior to Montcalm's attack upon

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Fort William Henry in August, 1757, this fort was the rendezvous of the French troops, and continued as such until Quebec was threatened, in 1759, by an expedition under Wolfe, up the St. Lawrence. The following account of the conflict, is in part from the third volume of Macauley's History of New York. Abercrombie in person, conducted the expedition against Ticonderoga and Crown Point, July 3, 1758. He embarked all his forces, amounting to near 700 regulars and 10,000 provincials, on Lake George, on board of 900 batteaux, and 135 whale boats, with all necessary provisions, artillery and ammunition. The splendor of the military parade was eminently imposing. A late writer, Dr. Dwight, thus describes it:—"The morning was remarkably bright and beautiful; and the fleet moved with exact regularity to the sound of martial music. The ensigns waved and glittered in the sunbeams, and the anticipation of future triumph shone in every eye. Above, beneath, around, the scenery was that of enchantment. Rarely has the

sun, since that luminary was first lighted up in the heavens, dawned on such a complication of beauty and magnificence." Having reached the landing place early the next morning, which was in a cove on the west side of the lake near its issue, he immediately debarked his forces, and having formed them into three columns, he marched to the enemy's advanced post, composed of one battallion in a logged camp and completely routed them. He urged his march towards Ticonderoga with the serious intention of investing it, but his route lying through a thick wood, which afforded no regular progression, the ranks were broken by their falling in one on another. This was in a measure owing to the ignorance of his guides and the bewilderment of his troops, who unexpectedly fell in with a French detachment that had lost its way. Lord Howe being advanced at the head of the right centre column, led on the troops in this skirmish, and though the enemy were completely routed, and 148 taken prisoners, the victory was purchased at a dear

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rate, for Lord Howe, together with one other officer, besides privates were slain.* This was a sad discouragement to Abercrombie. Perceiving the fatigue of his troops, he judged it expedient to fall back to the landing place. A detachment under Col. Broadstreet, was ordered to take possession of a saw-mill in the vicinity of Ticonderoga which the enemy had abandoned. Abercrombie again advanced towards Ticonderoga, where he was informed from the prisoners the enemy had assembled eight battalions, in the aggregate to 600 men. Montcalm commanded a force of 4000 men when Abercrombie approached, but was in

* "This young officer was the idol of the army. From his first arrival in America, he had accommodated himself and his regiment to the peculiar nature of the service. He cut his hair short and induced the regiment to follow the example. He fashioned their clothing for the activity of service and divested himself and them of every article of superfluous baggage. When near Ticonderoga, Major, afterward General Putnam, with about 100 men advanced in front of the army as a kind of scouting party. Putnam endeavored to prevent Lord Howe from accompanying him, saying, 'my Lord, if I am killed the loss of my life will be of little consequence, but the preservation of yours is of infinite importance to this army.' The only answer was, 'Putnam, your life is as dear to you as mine is to me—I am determined to go!' They soon met the left flank of the enemy's advance, by whose first fire his lordship fell."—*Humphrey's Life of Putnam.*

daily expectation of an increase to his numbers by a re-inforcement of 3000. troops under M. De Levi. The English commander deemed it a favorable time to strike a decisive blow. Bivouacing for the night, he sent his engineer, early in the morning, to examine the condition of the enemy's entrenchments. Satisfied with the prospect of success, he deemed a right disposition of his troops as justly necessary. Stationing a proper guard at the saw-mill and the landing place, he set out with his troops, who marched with great alacrity towards the entrenchments. The French breastworks, eight feet high, had a forbidding appearance to the English soldiers, while the ground before it was covered with an abatis or felled trees, with their bows pointing outward, which, projecting in such a manner, rendered the entrenchments almost inaccessible. The troops despite all these discouragements, marched up to the breastworks with the most commendable bravery and sustained a most terrible fire. Some even mounted the parapet, but they were

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almost immediately slain. The French were so securely defended, that no impression could be brought to bear upon them. The battle lasted for several hours, and was pursued with an obstinacy and pressed with a vigor which proved the determination of the assailants. They were, however, unsuccessful, and having began to fall into great confusion after several attacks, and the carnage becoming fearfully great, Abercrombie sounded a retreat as the only expedient to save his army from a total defeat. The English loss was nearly 2000 men and 2500 stand of arms. The regiment of Lord John Murray sustained the severest loss; one half of the privates and twenty-five officers were slain on the spot, or badly wounded. Never did troops show bolder discipline, or maintain in the unequal strife more determined obstinance; but the fortunes of war were against them, and their thin and saddened ranks reluctantly withdrew from the bloody field. Abercrombie's failure caused him to change his plans. He returned to Albany, not however, until he

had dispatched Gen. Stanwix to build a fort near the head quarters of the Mohawk, and ordered Col. Bradstreet with 3000 troops to attack Fort Frontenac.



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CHAPTER NINTH.

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“THERE is a spirit working in the world,
Like to a silent subterranean fire ;
Yet, ever and anon, some monarch hurl'd
Aghast and pale attests its fearful ire.
The dungeon'd nations now once more respire
The keen and stirring air of liberty.
The struggling giant wakes and feels he's free ;
By Delphi's fountain cave, that ancient choir
Resume their song ; the Greek astonished hears,
And the old altar of his worship rears.
Sound on, fair sisters ! sound your boldest lyres—
Peal your old harmonies as from the spheres.
Unto strange gods too long we've bent the knee,
The trembling mind, too long and patiently.”

George Hill.

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THE CAUSES WHICH INDUCED THE COMMENCEMENT OF
HOSTILITIES—THE ZEAL OF THE AMERICANS—AN
EXPLANATION—ACCOUNT OF COL ETHAN ALLEN'S
CAPTURE OF TICONDEROGA.

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BEFORE attempting a description
of the ruins of Ticonderoga, we
will examine the causes which
induced the infant colonies to
take up arms against their mother
country. Laboring so long under the fet-
ters of a cruel tyranny, they were obliged,

by virtue of a stern necessity, to assume a degree of independence which they well knew would seriously conflict with the interests of their more powerful rival. The apparent contempt with which all their petitions were rejected, the utter disregard with which their remonstrances were treated, begat within the patient, though fearless colonists, such a degree of virtuous indignation as to kindle the flame which lay idly smouldering at the hearthstone of every patriot's heart, and which burned with such an undimmed lustre for after years. The harsh measures adopted in 1775, to force the colonies into submission—the domineering policy of the British government to thwart and disparage the growing energies of republican minds, convinced the Americans that an appeal to arms was inevitable. Their love for the mother country was still strong within them, though the odious stamp act in 1765, had greatly alienated their affections, and every new restraint upon their civil liberties was deeply provocative of some serious result. They had

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indeed borne the indignities of the British ministry with a commendable spirit, and until their patience was completely exhausted. Their greatest apprehension was manifested as to the feeling entertained by the province of Quebec or Canada, to whom they had sent in October, 1774, an address, in which they recounted the grievances of the American colonies, and urging them to affiliate in a common resistance. Its legislative assembly forwarding no reply, congress justly construed their silence into a negative. The strong fortresses of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, the great connecting links between New-York and Canada, early awakened the attention of the vigilant patriots who perceived the necessity of securing these important posts the moment hostilities should commence. With this intent a secret agent was sent into Canada, by authority of Samuel Adams and Joseph Warren, of the Correspondence Committee of Boston, to ascertain the opinions entertained, and to try the temper of the people in reference to the gigantic and important

events of the day. His mission was not wholly successful, for the people were at best but lukewarm, and as they, the colonies, could not rely on their assistance, he proposed the immediate subjugation of Fort Ticonderoga, which was effected by a few determined men, in the following manner.

Before attempting a description of the events which followed, allow me, indulgent reader, to offer an explanation, which, if not entirely excusable, may, from its frankness, in a measure mitigate the severity of censure. The design of this little work, as before expressed, was exclusively a history of Lake George, to serve in the full capacity of the Tourist's Guide, but the important post of Ticonderoga, so historically connected with Lake George, has induced me to give a description of this memorable fortress. But in so doing, I claim one privilege, that of extracting from reliable sources, the battles and sieges in which it has borne a part.

Ramsay, in his history of the American Revolution, thus relates the seizure of the

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fortress of Ticonderoga by Colonel Ethan Allen, on the 10th of May, 1775 :

“ It early occurred to many, that if the sword decided the controversy between Great Britain and her colonies, the possession of Ticonderoga would be essential to the security of the latter ; situated on a promontory, formed at the junction of the waters of Lake George and Lake Champlain, it was the key of all communication between New-York and Canada. Messrs. Dean, Wooster, Parsons, Stevens and others of Connecticut, planned a scheme for obtaining possession of this valuable post. Having procured a loan of \$1,800 of public money, and provided a sufficient quantity of powder and ball, they set off for Bennington to obtain the co-operation of Col. Allen, of that place. Two hundred and seventy men, mostly of that brave and hardy people who are called green mountain boys, were speedily collected at Castleton, which was fixed on as the place of rendezvous. At this place, Colonel Arnold, who, though attended only with a servant, was prosecuting the same object,

unexpectedly joined them. He had been early chosen captain of a volunteer company by the inhabitants of New Haven, among whom he resided. As soon as he received news of the Lexington battle, he marched off with his company for the vicinity of Boston, and arrived there, though 150 miles distant, in a few days. Immediately after his arrival, he waited on the Massachusetts Committee of Safety, and informed them, that there were at Ticonderoga many pieces of cannon and a great quantity of valuable stores, and that the fort was in a ruinous condition, and garrisoned only by about forty men. They appointed him a colonel, and commissioned him to raise 400 men, and to take Ticonderoga. The leaders of the party which had previously rendezvoused at Castleton, admitted Colonel Arnold to join them, and it was agreed that Colonel Allen should be the commander-in-chief of the expedition, and that Colonel Arnold should be his assistant. They proceeded without delay, and arrived in the night at Lake Champlain, opposite to Ti-

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conderoga. Allen and Arnold crossed over with eighty-three men, and landed near the garrison. They contended who should go in first, but it was at last agreed that they should both go in together. They advanced abreast, and entered the fort at the dawning of day. A sentry snapped his piece at one of them, and then retreated through the covered way to the parade. The Americans followed, and immediately drew up. The commander, surprised in his bed, was called upon to surrender the fort. He asked by what authority. Colonel Allen replied, "I demand it in the name of the great Jehovah and of the Continental Congress." No resistance was made, and the fort, with its valuable stores and forty-eight prisoners, fell into the hands of the Americans.* The boats had been sent back for the remainder of the men, but the business was done be-

* The spoils were 120 pieces of iron cannon, one howitzer, two ten inch mortars, fifty swivels, one cohorn, three cart load of flints, thirty new carriages, ten tons of musket balls, quite a quantity of shells, much material for boat building, one hundred stand of small arms, two brass cannon, ten casks poor powder, thirty barrels of flour, some beans and peas, and eighteen barrels of pork.

fore they got over. Colonel Seth Warner was sent off with a party to take possession of Crown Point, where a sergeant and twelve men performed garrison duty. This was speedily effected. The next object calling for the attention of the Americans, was to obtain the command of Lake Champlain, but to accomplish this, it was necessary for them to get possession of a sloop of war, lying at St. John's, at the northern extremity of the lake. With the view of capturing this sloop, it was agreed to man and arm a schooner lying at South Bay, and that Arnold should command her, and that Allen should command some batteaux on the same expedition. A favorable wind carried the schooner ahead of the batteaux, and Colonel Arnold got immediate possession of the sloop by surprise. The wind again favoring him, he returned with his prize to Ticonderoga, and rejoined Colonel Allen. The latter soon went home, and the former with a number of men agreed to remain there in garrison. In this rapid manner the possession of Ticonderoga and the com-

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mand of Lake Champlain were obtained without any loss, by a few determined men."





CHAPTER TENTH.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE RUINS AS NOW REPRESENTED—
INTERESTING LOCALITIES DESCRIBED—VANDALISM—
ITS EFFECTS—LOSSING'S PICTORIAL FIELD BOOK OF
THE REVOLUTION.

LET us, before we proceed further, inspect the ruins of Ticonderoga, and gather such information as time allows prior to the departure of the Champlain steamers. The outlines of the fort, together with its venerable walls, which rise in some places to the height of twenty feet, preserve much of their original appearance. From the remains of the glacis, near the southern range of barracks, looking to the northward, I trust I may convey to the reader, or point out more accurately to the

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close observer, a correct idea of exact localities. So familiar is this fortress to every American, associated as it so strongly is with our Independence, that the full particulars of its memorable history must prove acceptable to every reader. The soldiers' and officers' quarters were securely built of limestone, two stories high, and formed a quadrangle; the space enclosed was the parade. The building on the right, with a chimney on the east end, (the best preserved building to be seen,) is the one in which the commandant of the garrison was asleep when Allen and young Beekman, who acted as guide, thundered forth his request for the immediate surrender of the fort "in the name of the Great Jehovah and of the Continental Congress." On the extreme left is seen Mount Defiance,* and on the right, Mount Hope.† A part of the ram-

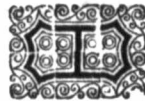
* Formerly known as Sugar Loaf Hill, but changed to its present name by the British, on the day when they erected their battery upon it, for from that height they defied the Americans to resist or dislodge them.

† This title was given to it by General Fraser in allusion to the hope they entertained of dislodging the Americans.—*Lossing's Field Book of the Revolution.*

parts may be seen in the direction of Mount Hope, and the remains of the "French lines" are marked by the woods beyond it; nothing however remaining, except mounds and ditches. The most interesting spot connected with this venerable fortress, and which still preserves most remarkably its original appearance, is the bakery near the southeastern angle of the range of barracks. It is an under-ground room, about ten or twelve feet wide, and near thirty feet long. It was lighted by one window, and contained a fire-place and chimney, which are now in ruins. The ovens on either side of the fire-place are well preserved, and I have found on inspection, to be in good condition and capable of answering their original purpose; they are about ten feet deep. The entrance to this room, which was perfectly bomb proof, is so choked up with rubbish that a descent into it is somewhat difficult.

Here also the crafty spirit of avarice wickedly desecrates the sacred monuments of the past, and every year witnesseth a

gradual decay which this potent destroyer so impiously provokes. To most historical travellers this is the "mecca" of their devotions, and to render their oblations upon the altar of liberty more sincere, they remove, piece-meal, the structure upon which their reverence hinges. The curse of Vandalism is the great bane of the human race, and with us, unless Congress acts decidedly in the matter, all our venerable war-posts must become, in a few years, known only in "song and story." Lossing deserves the thanks of the American people for his timely rescue of many of the scenes and relics of the past; and in his splendid work, "The Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution," he has stored in excellent verse a whole magazine of historical researches and amusing anecdotes, for which I am deeply indebted in the compilation of this little work.





CHAPTER ELEVENTH.

EVACUATION OF TICONDEROGA BY GEN. ST. CLAIR,
JULY 6TH, 1777.

MACAULEY in the third volume of his History of New-York, gives a full account of the evacuation of Ticonderoga by General St. Clair, on July 6, 1777, which I take the liberty of extracting :

“From Crown Point the British army advanced on both sides of the lake, the naval force keeping its station in the centre ; the frigate and gun boats cast anchor just out of cannon shot from the American works. On the near approach of the right wing, which advanced on the west side of the lake, on the 2d of July, the Americans abandoned and set fire to their works,

block-houses and saw-mills, towards Lake George, and without attempting any serious opposition, suffered General Phillips to take possession of Mount Hope. This post commanded the American lines in a great degree, and cut off their communication with Lake George. The enemy charged the Americans, on this occasion, with supineness and want of vigor ; but this charge seems not wellfounded ; they had not men enough to make any effectual opposition to the powerful force which threatened to enclose them. In the meantime, the British army proceeded with such expedition in the construction of their works, the bringing up of their artillery, stores and provisions, and the establishment of posts and communications, that by the fifth, matters were so far advanced as to require but one or two days more to completely invest the posts on both sides of the lake. Mount Defiance had also been examined, and the advantages which it presented were so important, that it had been determined to take possession and erect a battery there. This work, though

attended with extreme difficulty and labor, had been carried on by General Phillips with much expedition and success. A road had been made over very rough ground to the top of the mount, and the enemy were at work in constructing a level for a battery and transporting their cannon. As soon as this battery should be ready to play, the American works would have been completely invested on all sides. The situation of General St. Clair was now very critical. He called a council of war to deliberate on measures to be taken. He informed them that their whole effective number was not sufficient to man one half of the works ; that as the whole must be constantly on duty, it would be impossible for them to endure the fatigue for any considerable length of time ; that General Schuyler, who was then at Fort Edward, had not sufficient forces to relieve them, and that, as the enemy's batteries were nearly ready to open upon them and the place would be completely invested in twenty-four hours—nothing could save the troops but an imme-

diate evacuation of the posts. It was proposed that the baggage of the army, with such artillery, stores and provisions as the necessity of the occasion would admit, should be embarked with a strong detachment on board of two hundred batteaux, and despatched under convoy of five armed galleys, up the lake to Skeensborough, (Whitehall,) and that the main body of the army should proceed by land, taking its route on the road to Castleton, which was about thirty miles southeast of Ticonderoga, and join the boats and galleys at Skeensborough. It was thought necessary to keep the matter a secret till the time should come when it was to be executed. Hence, the necessary preparations could not be made, and it was not possible to prevent irregularity and disorder in the different embarkations and movements of the troops.

About two o'clock, in the morning of July the sixth, General St. Clair left Ticonderoga, and about three, the troops at Mount Independence were put in motion. The house which had been occupied by

General de Fermoy was, contrary to orders, set on fire. This afforded complete information to the enemy of what was going forward, and enabled them to see every movement of the Americans ; at the same time it impressed the latter with such an idea of discovery and danger as precipitated them into great disorder.

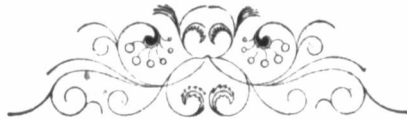
About four o'clock, Col. Francis brought off the rear-guard and conducted their retreat in a regular manner ; and soon after, some of the regiments, through the exertions of their officers, recovered from their confusion. When the troops arrived at Hubbardton, they were halted for nearly two hours and the rear-guard was increased by many who did not at first belong to it, but were picked up on the road, having been unable to keep up with their regiments. The rear-guard was here put under the command of Col. Seth Warner, with orders to follow the army as soon as the whole came up, and to halt about a mile and a half short of the main body. The army then proceeded to Castleton, about six miles

further. Col. Warner with the rear-guard and stragglers remaining at Hubbardton.

The retreat of the Americans from Ticonderoga and Mount Independence, was no sooner perceived by the British, than General Frazer began an eager pursuit with his brigade. Major General Reidesel was ordered to join in the pursuit with the greater part of his Germans. General Frazer continued the pursuit through the day, and having received intelligence that the rear of the American army was at no great distance, ordered his men to lie that night upon their arms.

On July 7th, at five in the morning, he came up with Col. Warner who had about 1000 men. The British advanced boldly to the attack, and the two bodies formed within sixty yards of each other. The conflict was fierce and bloody. Col. Francis fell at the head of his regiment fighting with great gallantry. Warner was so well supported by his officers and men, that the assailants broke and gave way. They soon, however, recovered from their disorder,

formed again and charged the Americans with the bayonet, when they, in their turn, were put into disorder; these, however, rallied and returned to the charge, and the issue of the battle became dubious. At that moment, Gen. Reidesel appeared with the advance party of his Germans. These being led into action, soon decided the fortune of the day, and the Americans had to retreat. The loss in this action was very considerable on the American side. Col. Hale, who had not brought his regiment, which consisted of militia, into action, although ordered so to do, in attempting to escape by flight, fell in with an inconsiderable party of the enemy, and surrendered himself and a number of his men prisoners. In killed, wounded and prisoners, the Americans lost in this action three hundred and twenty-four men, and the British one hundred and eighty-three in killed and wounded.



CHAPTER TWELFTH.

And so, without more circumstance at all ;
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part.

Shakspeare.

A WORD AT PARTING.

GOOD NATURED READER :—It is with no small degree of regret that necessity obliges me to comply with the requirement which the quotation at the heading of this chapter so appropriately implies. Having made my promise good, associating only with you as the viewless spirit of a kind informer, I must bid you an affectionate farewell ; not without offering such words at parting as may soften the asperities of criticism, or if I dare so far flatter myself, rebuke the zeal

of those most emulous. Faulty as I know this little work is, I trust from its genuineness and regard to truth, that the arrows of criticism may fall impotently upon it, and that the wide spreading mantle of charity may cover all serious defects.

I know not how others may feel, but it appears to me in this leave-taking, that it requires no little nerve to disperse all the imaginary personages with which I have communed. There are airy forms which float on silken pinions when thus engaged, who whisper in such captivating tones that the communion becomes the more endearing from its own ideal existence.

The best wish that I can offer you at parting, is, health, happiness and prosperity, with the hope of another re-union.

