

in 1757, I will again with
of the Mohicans."
is excellent bass fishing
ry information, &c. may
at Caldwell. The bass is
and when hooked affords
ort than a salmon; but is

destination. In my way, I
General Burgoyne sur-
gain entered a steam-boat,
of returning, for the last

I had no idea in how short
ed; but to see "bolting"
go on board an Albany
free as much as possible,
free negro stewards are
of the stair-case, to prevent
in before the bell rings.
eration is gradually sus-
as if they were all think-
Groups of lank thin-jawed
grooming" towards the door,
ound it, in expectation of
ing to the repeated assu-
within, that no gentleman
mitted before the time. "At
se negro guards escape as
isk in their motions, they
headlong down stairs, or
and the open doors. In
ate, 150 or 200 persons have
nd an excellent breakfast of
hot rolls, corn cakes, salted
c. is demolished in an in-
The crowd then slowly
three-fourths of them are
ould be afflicted with dys-
usually accompanied the
ver be revived by the Ame-

ew York, I employed my
d, the race-ground on Long

Island, and other places which I had left unseen. The
race-ground is inclosed with a high paling, and although
well kept, is not on so large a scale as might be expect-
ed.

The Americans believed that their horse, Eclipse, was
faster than his celebrated English ancestor, till a paper
appeared in their Sporting Magazine, proving that had
they run together, their horse, which is undoubtedly a
very good one, particularly up hill, would have been
thoroughly beaten. They have a mare, named, I be-
lieve, Arietta, which is said to be exceedingly fast for a
mile, and is coming to England, to try her speed at
Newmarket.

The Americans boast that they are able to raise
an army of cavalry at a moment's notice; and they
refer you to the backwoods, and tell you that a boy can
ride almost as soon as he can walk. This is true enough
of their riding to plough, or to church, or along the
road; but I do not remember to have seen a horse take
a leap in the United States but once,—and he had no
rider on his back. It is very rarely that an American is
seen with a good seat on horseback. I should say,
generally, that the Americans were bad riders, excepting
the New Yorkers,—and they are Americans. I think
they are the worst I ever saw. They have neither a
military seat, nor a fox-hunting seat, nor a Turkish
seat, nor even what Geoffrey Gambado would term
"the mistaken motion;" but they ride up and down
the Broadway with the toe almost invariably very much
below the heel; and the back and shoulders, like the
"genteel and agreeable" of the same author, of course
inclined forward; at the same time it must be confessed,
that as they have neither cavalry nor fox-hunting, it is
not surprising that they cannot ride.

I witnessed an extraordinary exhibition, purporting
to be a burlesque upon the militia system, and got up
with no inconsiderable share of humour. A person on
horseback, masked, in the uniform of Napoleon, wearing
a small figure of him on either shoulder, and carrying
an enormous tin sword, headed a band of ragamuffins,
habited as their wit and ingenuity dictated to them.
Pateboard, pumpkins, spits, and hay-bands, with a hun-
dred other things of the same kind, being put in requisit-
ion to aid the spirit of buffoonery, and assist in ridicul-
ing the militia. The only motto among the many that