

peared near sunset, when the broad and green slope to the margin of the clear water was striped with the long shadows of trees and mountains, and the surface of the lake was calm, and the opposite ridge of French Mountain raised its immense curtain of foliage, as it were, perpendicularly to the clouds.

In this place a very different excitement seems to affect the visitors from that which is felt at the Springs, where there is no scenery to draw off the thoughts from ourselves and each other. The conversation at table seemed improved, and the various parties had a variety of objects before them for the day: walks, rides, and boat parties, to visit the forts or to make an excursion to Tea Island. One would hardly think that the house could be much visited in the winter season; but I found some of the family speaking familiarly of Montreal and its inhabitants, who, I learned, often come down in parties in sleighs.

I had several strolls along the shore on both sides of the lake near Ticonderoga, traced out the old French lines on which General Abercrombie's army made so ridiculous an attack in 1758, and climbed to the redoubts on Mount Independence. It is melancholy to renew the impressions which must have been made by the aspect of these hills and headlands, these woods and waters, at night, when, after General St. Clair had ordered the evacuation of the fortress and the retreat of the troops, the sudden bursting out of a fire in a building at the foot of Mount Independence illuminated the scene, betrayed the motions of the Americans, and awakened the fire of their enemies.

There is an extensive, wild, and mountainous region north and west from this spot, where there are hardly any inhabitants, except the beasts of the forests. I heard, in a log-house, some exciting tales told about deer-hunting; and on a warm afternoon, I heard an old man talk in the following strain, as he was sitting in the sun, surrounded by several bantering farmers' sons:—

"You are a stranger, sir, I presume, and perhaps don't know me nor my family. That's the way with the world: these boys that have grown up don't know but what their