

were then sung by them in shaking the whole time. regular dance, holding hands, a most uproarious tune; sung in a small circle, who gave the others as they afterwards in the room, singing very loudly and heavily, first on one foot, then on the other, hands the whole time before they broke into their sides, and looking at each other in procession. The service that they all fairly sang a hymn, as if they were in a choir.

I have seen such a curious collection of the chin and lower part of the face very small, giving to some an almost idiotic, whilst others disfigurement of that wildness of countenance distinguished the fanatic comely: but there was scarcely a male or female, whose features were so account or other.

I rode to Schenectady, in the railroad, and was carried forward with a rapidity which I had been carried in a stage-coach, but by no means so the rattling was very loud. I found that at present contains a large number of people at some future period to New York. Its pretensions to prosperity, arising from the railroad, through it in its way from the central situation, and the growth of the surplus population of

Trenton Falls, fifteen miles from Albany, disappointed: there was not a single waterfall more like artificial. The trout fishing on which they are situated, has been ruined by the damming of the river for a visit to the Niagara had spoiled me for thinking, the author of the remarks that having seen

St. Peter's, he should be contented with his parish church ever afterwards. I thence proceeded to Saratoga, the Cheltenham of America: but the company which throng to it from all parts of the Union, being its only attraction, and the season being over, I passed through it without stopping there more than an hour. The vicinity of Ballston Springs, which are near it, are much prettier. The waters of both are saline and chalybeate at the same time. The guide books are so filled with accounts of the marches, counter-marches, successes, distresses, and final surrender of General Burgoyne, that I make no apology for merely remarking, that he surrendered to the American General Gates at Schuylersville in the county of Saratoga, on the 17th of October, 1777. From Saratoga, I proceeded to Lake George, passing by Glen's Falls, so admirably described in Mr. Cooper's novel of the Last of the Mohicans. Unfortunately for me the steam-boat on the lake was laid up in ordinary, and I was obliged to content myself with a ride for a few miles along the banks. As far as I could judge, I thought the scenery equal to that of the finest of British lakes, generally, with the exception of Loch Lomond. It is thirty-six miles long; but it has no where the majestic breadth of the famed Scottish lake. Its mountains are not so lofty as Ben Lomond, and it has not the weeping birch of the highlands of Scotland, or the arbutus of the lake of Killarney; but it can boast of an unrivalled clearness of water, a most delicious perfume from the gum cistus, (vulgo, sweet fern) which grows abundantly on its margin; and the autumnal foliage reflected on its surface is certainly far more beautiful and brilliant than any thing of the kind that Great Britain can display. Cultivation was to be seen in many parts; but there were no splendid country seats, and the majestic beauty of this lovely lake must be contented to remain destitute of those unrivalled ornaments, so long as democracy holds sway over the mountains that surround it.

At the head of the lake stands the village of Caldwell, and near it are the ruins of Fort George and Fort William. It would far exceed the limits of this work, were I to take notice of the numerous battles that have been fought during the last eighty years in the vicinity of Lake George; for an account of the massacre that took place after the surrender of Fort William-Henry, by Major Monroe, to the French troops under the command