

some interest in the inhabitants of several retired but pleasant spots. I was carefully landed in the jolly boat, under a bright moon, at a pretty beach on Chimney Point; and after a few hours' repose at the inn, examined with interest the striking features of that neighbourhood, not less interesting in scenery than in history. On the elevated point, while a fine breeze was blowing, I traced out an old breastwork, once extending from cove to cove, and a redoubt which looked up and down the lake for a great distance, while the ruins of Crown Point lay exposed to the eye on the opposite side of the lake, here reduced to the breadth of a river. What a commanding position! Nothing could pass this way without sailing long in the range of the artillery of the old fortress, then passing it in review with broadside exposed to the batteries within musket-shot, and afterward, if it could survive this risk, steering for several more in the range of one of the five great redoubts, which were in advance of the angles of the main-work. I crossed the ferry, and rambled about the solitary ruins, but found them in a pretty good state of preservation. The original fort, erected by the French on the shore, is near the landing. The long, broad, and low point, the end of which is occupied by the fortifications, is overgrown by young trees, which have sprouted since its evacuation, and there is a grove of the same age as that at Ticonderoga. The parade within the fortress was green, and almost as smooth as if still in use; while only the want of roofs and glass in the brick buildings surrounding it, and the growth of sumacs round the parapet, showed that the place was deserted. The barracks were occupied partly by sheep and partly by swallows; and the solitary contemplation of the scene around awakened many reflections on past events.