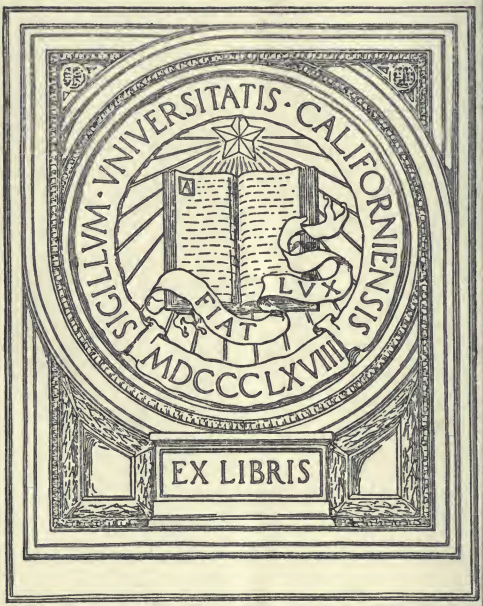
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THE

FOREST ARCADIA

OF

NORTHERN NEW YORK.

EMBRACING

A VIEW OF ITS MINERAL, AGRICULTURAL, AND TIMBER RESOURCES.

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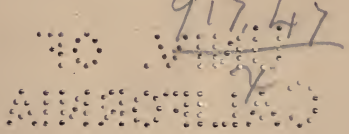

STEREOTYPED AT THE
BOSTON STEREOTYPE FOUNDRY.

TO THE

HON. FREDERIC W. LINCOLN, JR.

IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF THE INTEREST TAKEN BY HIM IN THE REGION OF COUNTRY DESCRIBED IN THESE PAGES, AND AS A MARK OF THE AUTHOR'S APPRECIATION OF THE MANY ACTS OF PERSONAL KINDNESS RECEIVED FROM HIM DURING THE FRIENDLY INTERCOURSE OF MANY YEARS,

THESE SKETCHES

ARE AFFECTIONATELY

DEDICATED.

PREFACE.

THAT portion of the great wilderness of Northern New York visited by the writer, lies in St. Lawrence county, on the western slope of the Adirondack Mountains. It forms part of an extensive plateau, which is said to embrace an area of many thousand square miles. Its elevation is from fifteen to eighteen hundred feet above the sea.

The ascent from the St. Lawrence is gradual, and, apparently, by a series of steps, until the highest level is reached. The country is watered, principally, by the Grass and Oswegatchie Rivers, and is studded with numerous lakes and ponds. Cranberry Lake is the largest sheet of water in the region, having an extent of five miles, and a width of from two to three miles.

The rivers following the stratification of the country flow by circuitous windings into the St. Lawrence.

The main branch of the Grass and the Oswegatchie are valuable streams.

This section has, thus far, escaped the notice of the descriptive tourist. It is comparatively level, and contains a large surface of good farming lands. It is, at the same time, not devoid of romantic interest; but the means of access to it are so limited as to debar the ordinary pleasure-seeker.

It presents none of the facilities afforded by the Saranac region, where the interior woods are penetrated by a series of lakes and streams, opening into each other, with occasional portages, thus exempting the visitor from the fatigue of much travel on foot.

Since these notes were penned, however, and as a result of the visit herein narrated, the lake has, in a general sense, been opened to the public. The Lake George road has been cleared of dead wood, and straightened; six to seven miles of new road cut to the Windfall; a saw-

mill built upon the river but a short distance above the old Indian fishing-ground; and the romance of that secluded scene, as pictured by the writer, somewhat dispelled.

The mineral resources of the plateau are of great value, and will hereafter make a large item in the productive wealth of the Empire State.

Immense ranges of magnetic iron traverse the country, and there are also indications of more valuable minerals in a few localities.

Of its agricultural importance, too much cannot be said.

The soil is rich and strong, and yields abundantly the usual products native to this latitude.

Its chief value in this respect consists in its peculiar adaptation to the grazing of cattle.

The climate is that of the hill country of New England.

To the lover of Nature, it presents the greatest variety of attraction, and to the sportsman, abundance of game upon the land, and fish in the lakes and streams.

That it should have been suffered to lie so

long undeveloped by the spirit of enterprise and active industry which surrounds it on all sides, is indeed a marvel.

These hasty sketches of à ramble through its silent recesses, taken for the purpose of an examination into the value of the lands, must necessarily lack that variety of incident and adventure which usually follow upon the movements of the hunter and the fisherman. The reader must, therefore, be charitable, and if he can find these deficiencies counterbalanced by any merit of another kind, the writer will be content.

To F. B. Hough, Esq., author of a History of St. Lawrence and Franklin Counties, — a work of great research and value, — obligations are due for many facts and incidents occurring in these pages.

DORCHESTER, 1864.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER VI.

CHAPTER VII.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHAPTER IX.

CHAPTER X.

CHAPTER XI.

CHAPTER XII.

CHAPTER XIII.

CHAPTER XIV.

CHAPTER XV.

CHAPTER XVI.

CHAPTER XVII.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CHAPTER XIX.

CHAPTER XX.

THE FOREST ARCADIA

OF

NORTHERN NEW YORK.

CHAPTER I.

On the Road. — Rouse's Point. — The St. Lawrence River. — Potsdam Junction.

TIME — five o'clock of an afternoon in June; place — the station of the Boston and Lowell Railroad; and then a long slide on iron runners — a slide in midsummer, over green meadows and laughing waterfalls, that gleam for a moment in the level sunlight, and suddenly take wing, — through narrow rock channels, chiselled out of the ribs of the earth, rousing the echoes from their lair in the caverns, — under the jutting edges of high precipices, — through valleys that sleep in the shadows of the mountains, these marvellous iron-footed and fiery-hearted forces hold on their way, without break, without weariness, and without rest. The flaming sun in the west sinks slowly behind

the hills, a soft twilight shades and cools the atmosphere, and night comes after to close the gates; but there are no gates that bar the iron horse, and there is no night dark enough to hide the flowing of his mane.

I sink down into the depths of my own thoughts, and by insensible degrees into a still deeper deep, where thought becomes merged in dreams, and thus I remain until I am startled by the cry, in a loud and rough voice, of a name that I am sure, in my half-aroused state, I have never heard before. But all doubt is soon dispelled. Rouse's Point is a mundane and familiar sound, and I remember that I am on the road to the Forest. Follow me, gentle reader, if you will. I will endeavor not to exhaust your patience. I may sometimes be trivial, but hope not to be tedious.

Rouse's Point lies in the north-east corner of the Empire State, in the angle formed by the Canada line on the north, and the waters of Lake Champlain on the east. Looking northward, the eye sweeps a level country to the St. Lawrence River, and eastward, the upper waters of the lake bounded by the shores of Vermont and Canada. It is, therefore, in a military point of view, a place of considerable importance; but incapable, so far as I could

judge, of any very strong defensive works. Fort Montgomery, constructed by our government, and now nearly, if not entirely complete, occupies an imposing site on the north shore of the lake, but is rendered comparatively valueless by the new ideas in fortification and gunnery which have been evolved out of the present war.

The land in the neighborhood, and for much of the distance within reach of the eye, on the north side of the Ogdensburg road, is quite level, with occasional elevations of no great height. A large portion is, also, cleared and under cultivation. In other respects Rouse's Point is scarcely more than a railroad hostelry. It fumes, and frets, and fizzes, and sneezes at all hours of day and night, but I believe, happily, it rests on Sunday.

There is but little to call for description in the surroundings of the station. The air is torn with the angry snarl of that inevitable institution, the one or two horse power wood sawyer, in which the poor brutes are kept upon an endless round, baited, perhaps, by the sight of a wisp of hay which they are never permitted to reach. The poet may talk or sing of "man's inhumanity to man," but man's inhumanity to the horse is a more pervading

evil. There is the usual collection of small shops, stocked with such wares as suit the uncertain humors of a hurried passenger, with an occasional pretentious private dwelling, the habitation of a retired superintendent, or some still active conductor — estimable representatives, it may be, of these two useful and respectable classes, which Dr. Russell says, form an important element in the stratum of our society. This, at best, is all that strikes the eye of one who is not permitted to linger. I was so fortunate as to have from this place as far as Chateaugay, — in the *patois* of the county, *Shattegee*, — the company of an active and well-known citizen of Vermont, an ex-senator of the United States, from whose descriptions of the country and general conversation I derived information. His presence led to much discussion of political topics, and many pros and cons about the war, in all of which there was between us great coincidence of opinion. The slow rate of speed enabled us to exhaust a variety of subjects before the train drew up at Chateaugay.

The ride over the Ogdensburg road is decidedly monotonous. There is no scenery. The country is generally bare and flat. The road, however, is well managed, but without any ex-

travagance in the matter of speed. The cars are good, and the conductors polite. My frankness compels me to say that as you advance towards the St. Lawrence the imagination is slightly raised by the thread of blue haze which one sees in the distance floating above its mighty current.

I envy not the man whose soul is not alive to the influences of a great river. Shooting along the iron planes on that pleasant June morning, and gazing out over the wide expanse of hill and meadow that separated me from it, a little drowsy from the broken rest of the previous night, and a little dreamy from the associations of the place, the river became a distinct personality. My fancy busied itself with its eventful history. When did it first receive its form out of the void of the old Chaos? Through how many cycles of pre-Adamite time was it scooping its bed, smoothing and fertilizing its shores, for the use and habitation of the latest man? I imagined it might tell us something of the superior race, whose existence upon this continent, beyond the reach of the remotest tradition, is but little more than a myth; something more than we shall learn from any other source, of the successive generations of red men, who built their homes upon its banks, and sailed

upon its waters. It might tell us of its wondering surprise on beholding the white face of Jacques Cartier and his companions, and following him, the long succession of white faces — the priest with his shaven crown, his crucifix and rosary; the hunter with his dog and gun, and the woodman with his axe. Perhaps it was this startling transition, this shifting of a scene in the panorama of man and the ages, that made its waters grow pale, as the old chroniclers would have us believe was rather the effect of the great earthquake. Full of these thoughts I could not help apostrophizing the weird and hoary genius of the stream, — wishing it health, a free course, and good verge for an unimaginable length of time to come.

> "Flow on, broad river, to the sea,
> As thou hast flowed, since the bright circling spheres,
> To their glad company
> Welcomed the young earth with its golden years."

And much more that was cut short by the sudden stoppage of the train at Potsdam Junction, from whence a pleasant drive of an hour took me to the village of Potsdam.

CHAPTER II.

Potsdam. — Beauty of its Environs. — Market for Lumber and Produce. — Potsdam Sandstone.

THIS place, situated upon the Racket River, is one of the ten towns first settled in St. Lawrence county, and a thriving village of some twenty-five hundred inhabitants. The whole township is, I believe, ten miles square, and contains a population of seven or eight thousand. It is provided with good schools, numerous religious societies, and many other advantages of our progressive civilization. The people are also cultivated and public-spirited.

The village possesses great beauty of situation. Its streets are wide and well shaded, and the capacities of the town for extension and improvement are very superior. There is abundant water-power in the centre of business, and lower down the river, which is never at any season of the year exhausted. Several mills for the manufacture of various kinds of lumber, a flour mill, and one or two small factories, furnish means of employment, and give life and animation to the place. For some reason or

other, perhaps the want of proper management or a penny-wise policy on the part of the railroad, in the matter of transportation, the lumber interest has not yet received any very prosperous development. I was told that some years since a great excitement prevailed in this business, and a large outlay of capital was made upon the Racket River, but without satisfactory returns, probably for the reasons which I have suggested.

Nobody, however, who has examined the timber resources of the forests lying upon the shores of the lakes and streams which feed the Racket, and upon the banks of the river itself, can for a moment doubt that the time is coming when a large business will be done here in the manufacture of lumber.

Potsdam is also a large market for the sale of the dairy produce of the neighborhood. It may yield in this respect to Canton, which, distant about ten miles west, and lying nearer to the New York market by the Rome and Watertown road, possesses some advantages over it. If I were not afraid of making myself unpleasant, I would like to go into some of the statistics of production in this noble county, which may justly be considered one of the brightest jewels in the coronet of the Empire State, and appar-

ently the most neglected. The last census exhibits the tremendous strides which St. Lawrence county has taken during the last decennial period in dairy produce, for which the soil, being largely of limestone formation, is particularly adapted.

I hazard nothing in saying that the day is not far distant when this county, in the figures of agriculture, will loom high above any other section of equal extent in the country. I spent a night and the better part of a day visiting several localities, among others the Academy, a well established, and, as I understand, successful institution; the Episcopal church, which enjoys a situation of great picturesqueness and beauty, but particularly with my friend Morton, who had put a few flies in his pocket, for offensive purposes, and a preparation of tar in his valise, as a measure of defence against another kind of flies, of which Isaac Walton makes no mention, in a ramble to the quarries of the Potsdam Sandstone.

Here I make a mark, because it was my first entrance upon that warfare in which he that putteth off his armor may well exult over him that putteth it on. This was the day on which I crossed the Rubicon, or rather the Racket, and passed into the Mosquito territory. I

think if Cæsar, when he crossed the classic stream, had met the swarm of insects which attacked us on the banks of this noisy river, he would have given up all his dreams of glory, or else, the foremost man of all the world would have found himself reduced to the tender mercies of a cedar smudge and a vulgar pot of tar. The walk was a hot and very tedious one, and greatly aggravated by the insufficient measure of its length given us by several authorities at the hotel.

The landlord contended for a mile and a half, while the barkeeper maintained stoutly that it was two miles. I believe it turned out to be three or three and a half. Well, here we are, face to face with this old Silurian, and a wrinkled old beldame it is. It is a veritable ancient, and lifts its head, — covered with gray and dishevelled locks, and wet with the dews of the primitive night, sphinx-like into the broad sunlight of the new era, — challenging every passer by for the meed of reverence due to its great antiquity. I can appreciate the sensations of Belzoni while measuring the head of the colossal Memnon; I can imagine how Layard felt when he beheld the first trophies of his exploration at Nineveh; and I can conceive of Captain Speke's emotions when the conviction

flashed upon him that he had discovered the source of the Nile; but I can hardly account for the feeling of awe with which I regarded this old red rock.

I bowed myself low in its presence, and with something of the supplicatory tone of Hamlet in addressing his father's ghost, I bespoke it in this wise: "Hail! time-honored relic of the old Creation — child of the great Earth — Mother! A degenerate son of Adam stands before thee to invoke thy gracious favor. Unfold the great primordial mystery of thy birth!"

At this moment a rumbling sound proceeded from the mouth of the cavern. It may have been that one of the quarrymen had just loosened a shapely slab well suited for the Montreal market, which, sliding down the declivity, had aroused the echoes; but my excited imagination seized upon it as the voice of the oracle, and the interpretation was this: "Who art thou that makest the day hideous with thy cries? Hast no better employment than to stand here winking thine eyes and slapping thy face? What sayest thou of Adam? Before Adam — I was. Go study the books of thy philosophers — wise men in their own conceit, who handle the rich food of the ages with chopsticks, and drop two mouthfuls for every one they succeed

in swallowing — and thou shalt find my history, written down with all the precision of fish, flesh, and fowl in a modern bill of fare. The eldest of the Silurian dynasty! Silurian! What a name? Am I not among the eldest of creation? And who is this Azoic Esau, with his Laurentian and Huronian spawn, that would cheat me out of my birthright?"

Thus ended this improvised colloquy. The Potsdam sandstone is regarded, I believe, as the lowest stratification of the earth's surface in which fossils have been found. Some marks discovered by Prof. Emmons indicate the presence of fucoids at some period of its deposition; and the manner in which the layers of rock, of different thicknesses separate, would seem to warrant the conclusion that these lines of division were caused by intermediate depositions of shells, occurring at varying periods of time.

I was told at the quarry that a shell had been taken out of the bed a few weeks previous, but it was not shown. The prevailing formation of this region of country, with the exception of this patch of sandstone, consists of what is called Primary rock. It is composed of simple minerals, thrown together by the action of heat. The elements of these primary rocks are generally quartz, hornblende, and feldspar, arranged

in regular or irregular strata, and highly inclined. This combination is termed gneiss rock. The copper, lead, and iron ores are usually found in the gneiss, and within the limits of this formation. St. Lawrence county is, doubtless, rich in metals. This has been already demonstrated by the discovery of valuable mines in various parts of it.

The Potsdam sandstone lies in the form of a man's foot, the heel resting upon the north line of Jefferson, and the great toe upon the east line of Franklin county, and reaches in its greatest length probably from fifty to sixty miles. I suggested to Morton that the colossal pre-Adam in his migration from the north pole had dropped here the sole of one of his shoes, and this, perhaps, may not be thought more extravagant than some of the conceits of the pre-Adamite philosophers.

The stone, as we observed it at the quarry, is arranged in regular layers of from two to ten inches. The color is a reddish brown. The strata dip towards the north-west at an angle of about thirty degrees, as nearly as could be determined without instruments. The color I understand to be darker than that of the stone quarried at Malone. It is cut with great ease, and is of great value for building and tiling.

Having finished our visit, the master of the quarry, who proved to be from Massachusetts, was good enough to allow one of his men to set us across the river, which is rapid at this point, in a light skiff. The task required considerable sinew in the oarsman, and was attended with a shade of nervousness on the part of his freight, lest one of his oars should break; in which case, if no greater damage had ensued, two middle-aged gentlemen would have got pretty thoroughly soaked.

From the river side we clambered up an ascent of an hundred feet, and were glad to rest upon the ridge, gathering, while we sat upon the grass, sprigs of a tiny red flower, growing close to the ground, but which, from the neglect of my education in botanical science, I am not able to describe technically; suffice it to say, that partially concealed as it was by its own humility, the flower resembled small globes of red coral. It is a modest flower, and being then in a sentimental mood, I put a few of them in my wallet to send home to the lady of my heart; but having occasion afterward to make change for a palm leaf hat which I had bought in the village, I was so unfortunate as to lose them. Morton amused himself by looking through a small telescope, which he had brought from Boston, at

the domes and spires of the distant town. He was kind enough to lend it to me for a few minutes, but for some reason or other I could not find the focus. After getting quite rested, we struck for the Pierrepont road, and that attained, pursued our weary way.

The day was hot, and the road dry, so that after walking about a mile I was fain to get bestride a rail fence, and wait for something to turn up. The much-desired something soon appeared in the shape of a two-horse wagon. Never having been a proud man at home, and looking with dread upon the three miles of road before us, which could only be footed, it did not cost me a single twinge to sue very meekly for a lift. The driver was a good-natured fellow of the country, to whom it came as natural as eating and drinking to do a clever thing; he brought up his noble pair of grays at once. Now it so happened that while Morton made his ascent at the tail of the wagon, I made mine at the fore; and as it proved that our obliging friend was a collector of wood ashes for the manufacture of the useful article of potash, and that he had already secured a considerable quantity, Morton was placed at great disadvantage. This disadvantage, I am sorry to say, was, unwittingly on my part, aggravated

as we started off briskly down the road, by the interest which I could not help taking in the horses. It aroused the driver's enthusiasm, and led him to touch up first one and then the other. The shaking of the wagon, together with the action of the wind which blew in our faces, naturally disturbed the light ashes. The result of all this to my companion in the tail of the wagon can be imagined, but not described. On turning round to observe whether he was enjoying equally with myself the great felicity of the ride, I found him, to my amazement, in a state of almost complete obscuration. At first I was afraid he had fallen out, but on the driver's bringing his team to a dead halt, he gradually reappeared, but looking for all the world as though he had just crept out of the crater of Vesuvius, and withal so utterly woebegone, that both the driver and myself fairly roared with laughter. Morton thought it best to alight, and getting down myself, we soon found our way to the hotel, where an abundance of water and a comfortable dinner soon set every thing right.

CHAPTER III.

Ride to Russell. — Fine Views. — Great Dairy Region. — Apparent Comfort of the People. — Massachusetts Farmers contrasted. — Hard to realize the State of War.

OUR party was increased in the afternoon, much to our gratification, by the arrival of another friend, who proposed going on with us to Russell. This gentleman, to the credit of his Vermont raising, proved himself to be a perfect master in rural science. If there was any thing he did not know in the wide field of stock-breeding, with all its modern refinements, I have failed to discover it since. Whether he talked of the most valuable and attractive traits in horses, the best manner of treating different soils, or discriminated the varieties and peculiarities of foliage of the forest trees, he seemed always at home.

Thus reënforced, we were quite well prepared for another stage, and making the necessary arrangements for a double-seated open wagon and a good pair of horses, with an intelligent and cheerful driver, we set off from Potsdam at two o'clock in the afternoon for Russell.

The distance between the two places, by the route we took, which passed through South Canton, avoiding the principal village, was stated to be about eighteen miles. I should be inclined to set it at something higher; in fact I never had to do with such miles as they reel out in this country, and I made it a practice to add ten per cent. to all the statements given me.

This is provoking to a traveller, to be obliged to do a sum in addition, when substraction would suit him so much better. We had in this ride, however, all the poet's enchantment without regard to the distance. The sun was slightly obscured by passing clouds, and the air so fresh as to make a light overcoat not uncomfortable. It should be understood that from the St. Lawrence River, as you approach the forest region of Northern New York, the land rises gradually, until it attains its greatest height in the Adirondack ranges. This rise seems to me to be broken by a series of steps or plateaus.

I believe, therefore, the received opinion that the country on the north or north-west slope of the Adirondack hills is a rough and mountainous one, to be incorrect. We shall have travelled, when we have reached the farthest point to which these notes carry us, a distance

of forty-five or fifty miles in a course almost due south from Potsdam, and nowhere have we found the forbidding characteristics which have been so generally imputed to it. On the contrary, there was through the whole extent of our route more than a fair average quantity of valuable farming lands.

A short distance beyond South Canton our road lay across one of these plateaus which I have described. The elevation was so considerable that one of our party imagined he could see the St. Lawrence River. This, perhaps, might have been if the view had not been obstructed by intervening woods. But, nevertheless, the whole valley lay spread out before us, gradually receding from the point of observation to the course of the river, and beyond, on the Canada shore, ascending again until the view became lost in the ridges of Laurentian hills that skirted the distant horizon. To make the picture complete, the sun which had been concealed behind a wall of purple clouds, suddenly burst the gates of his prison-house, and a flood of fire rolled out upon the hills. Anon, the same clouds, rifted and ascending, fashioned themselves into all imaginable shapes, simulating always the majestic forms of Nature: sometimes a huge iceberg floating upon a sea of

azure, and again the snow capped peaks of Alpine hills, ever changing, and lessening with every change, until they faded at last into the clear cerulean of the upper heaven.

This was a scene, taking it altogether, of unsurpassed beauty and sublimity, and one which required no effort of the wonderful faculties with which the Creator has endowed us to enjoy completely. But to describe it so as to convey the impressions made upon the spectator is beyond the power of art.

And this landscape, beneficent and inspiring, unfolds itself day after day upon this magnificent plateau, before an appreciating, but perhaps unlettered people, incapable of reflecting back any of its glories. They have the sense to enjoy, without the soul to be inspired. There may be some Miltons among them, but if there are, they are as yet "mute and inglorious."

There was an air of repose and comfort along the road, which pleased me exceedingly. Nobody seemed to be in a hurry; the farmer who answered our questions by the roadside, spoke in a tone self-possessed and calm. The fields were well cleared for half a mile on either side, and well-fenced, and the houses were generally framed, set back a little from the road,

and well ordered. Beyond the clearings, and flanking them for miles, were dense groves of sugar maples, — called in this country sugar bushes, — their luxuriant plumes nodding to each other in the evening breeze as we rode by. Occasionally the tinkle of a cow-bell broke the almost perfect silence. Every thing seemed to be wrapped in a "dream of peace."

This appearance of ease and absence of fret, which distinguished all the well-to-do farmers whom I met in this region, so entirely different from the habits of those I had been accustomed to see at home, at first surprised me; but a better acquaintance with them, and a few familiar questions and answers, furnished me with abundant reasons for the contrast.

The Massachusetts farmer, with but few exceptions, has to deal with a soil on which the gifts of Nature have not been lavished. That which is not absolutely sterile possesses no great richness or fertility; in fact, Nature scarcely performs her part, so that the compensations of the husbandman but rarely exceed the cost of the labor expended. In other words the farmer never accumulates. In a majority of instances he pays his way, feeds and clothes his family, and perhaps partially educates his children, but his life is one of constant hardship, attended with

many disappointments, and rewarded by few of the luxuries of life.

Here, among this people, the facts are different. Notwithstanding they are two degrees north of Massachusetts, and subject to winters of greater severity, the peculiar qualities of the soil which they cultivate much more than overcome these disadvantages. It is strong and rich, producing abundantly without that amount of exhausting labor required upon a New England farm. The secret of its wealth is to be found in the formation on which it rests, furnishing, as this formation does, the specific elements needed to produce the most nutritious grasses, To use the words of the great master, the soil possesses

> —— "the powerful grace that lies
> In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities."

And these are the conditions which have made these lands productive of so much wealth. The farmer devotes himself to the keeping of cows, — some farms having as many as two hundred, — and the making of butter and cheese, which he can readily sell without moving it, at the highest market price. Instead of the severe labor in the field of preparing the ground, planting, hoeing, and reaping, his whole attention is turned to the "fresh fields and pastures

new" that surround his modest dwelling. He milks his cows, churns his butter, smoking his pipe meanwhile, with the greatest possible contentment. It was pleasant to find so much cheerfulness and ease among these farmers, and to learn, as I did, that most of them were emigrants from the New England States. But perhaps some doubting spirit may question the fairness of the picture which I have drawn of farm life in St. Lawrence county. If there is one such, let me recommend him to go and see for himself.

In the midst of so much rural quiet and seclusion it is almost impossible to realize the convulsions which are elsewhere shaking the foundations of the country to its centre.

"Under what fortunate star," I asked Morton, "are this people living, that while other lands are devastated, and other homes made desolate, they should be so happily exempted."

"You must remember," he replied, "that wars very rarely spread over any wide surface of a country. Their course is something like that of the tornado, which, gathering up all the elements of destruction, precipitates itself upon one centre, destroying every thing as it moves forward; and for this reason the success of all great operations in war depend upon con-

centrated forces. It is only when armies are divided, and directed on different points, that their ravages become distributed. This will hold, I think, of nearly all the wars of ancient or modern times."

"Is that true of the Roman wars, and particularly of the campaigns of Cæsar, which were spread over many parts of several countries, carrying ruin every where; or to come down to modern instances, of the wars of the elder Napoleon, particularly in Italy and Spain, or even of the war which we are now carrying on for the suppression of this rebellion?" I asked.

"The wars of the Romans, during the aggrandizing period of the empire, as also those of Napoleon, might properly be excepted. The animating spirit in both was conquest, and in their prosecution new countries were penetrated in all directions; our case is scarcely an exception, inasmuch as the war has, to a great extent, been confined to certain fixed lines, and within these lines, on both sides, the people generally have suffered no great hardships. To be sure they have been subjected to onerous taxation, have been called upon to perform service in the field, and restricted of some of the luxuries, if not conveniences, of life. It is this fact which has enabled countries to speed-

ily recuperate after long and exhausting wars."

"Well, you may be correct," I replied, "but what do you think of the doctrine that war, instead of enervating, invigorates nations?"

"I have no doubt, myself, that it does develop new energies, as well as call into action some which have lain dormant."

"In other words, it unlooses the caged lion and permits him to roam at large with death in his jaws."

"Subject to the military code."

"The essence of the military code enjoins the killing of your enemy with the greatest possible celerity and certainty. But as I see you have got your eyes open, and are about putting on your wisdom cap, I will retire in good order."

A little farther on we espied an urchin, with bare feet, playing in the street, of whom I asked, —

"How far is it to Russell, my lad?"

"Twenty rods, sir."

"Thank you."

And sure enough, there lay the village nestling under the hill.

CHAPTER IV.

Village of Russell. — Morning Aspect. — Situation of the Town. — Visit from the Squire. — His long Identification with the Forest. — Description of the Country. — Indication of the Route.

AWAKING early the next morning, after a night of unbroken rest, thoroughly refreshed and reanimated, I was constrained to say, with Sancho Panza, "God's blessing upon the man who first invented that selfsame thing called Sleep, which covers a man all over like a cloak." But Sancho had a rare trait in his nature, the quality of forgetfulness, which enabled him to dispel the

> —— "fantasies
> Which busy Care draws in the brains of men,"

and lap himself in the deepest profound of slumber.

It is only those who live nearest the sources of life, and with whom the simple instincts of nature comprise the whole sum of existence, that walk in the Elysian gardens.

The man of speculation, the editor, scholar,

and statesman behold with longing eyes the coveted dream-land afar off, but rarely ever reach it. There is one thing, however, which is a great help to this class of humanity, and that is, a tolerably clear conscience, and I should also add, as appropriate to the season, a good mosquito netting. With these provisions, the first of reflection, and the second of art, we may repair somewhat the deficiencies of Nature.

Fortunately for me, I was quite comfortably off in the first particular, not altogether as to the fact, but the condition precedent, good intention — which, I am aware, some of the old divines would have considered a poor merit; in truth the greatest of demerits, if we may believe them to have been sincere in their very definite statement of the use to which good intentions have been applied in the realm of Pluto. Neither had I the netting, — and I did not need it; there was but one mosquito in my chamber during the night, and he, poor solitary, thirsting for blood, but unwilling to attack singly, fell into a state of melancholy, and droned like the two first lines of Goldsmith's Traveller, until I fell asleep. But the morning, how delicious it was! If the air was not full of balms, it was full of oxygen. I seated myself upon the stoop of the hotel, that I might

breathe all its freshness, and at the same time, take a survey of the village. The time was propitious, for there were but few persons yet moving in the streets to distract the attention. It lies upon the sides and base of an amphitheatre, enclosed by ranges of high hills, not widely apart, and arranged in the form of an extended ellipsis, through the length of which the Grass River sends its dark and reluctant current. I should not, perhaps, use a term which implies a conscious unwillingness on the part of the stream to deliver its waters to the regions below, for in point of fact it is dammed here for the benefit of two or three manufacturing establishments. The hills which make the walls of this natural Colosseum are of volcanic origin, and interesting subjects for the geologist.

Four roads, running at right angles, centre in the town; the hotel stands upon one corner, and the other corners are occupied by shops; about sixty dwelling-houses, mostly painted white, and many of them with green plats in front; two moderate sized churches; two blacksmith's shops; a bridge, which never could have been built on its present foundations, but must have been taken up in Canada, or somewhere else, and providentially dropped by the great tornado; a three-story brick arsenal,

constructed during the last war, for what earthly purpose, nobody has yet discovered, standing like a grim sentinel over the whole, and you have as good a picture as I can draw of the quiet village of Russell. This will do for a rough sketch — and now for a few touches in detail. Opposite the hotel, — which is built of brick, and has an air of decayed gentility about it, — is a grass plat, with an old house upon it, a little retired from the street, which, a conspicuous sign upon the front informs me, is occupied by the *modiste* of the village.

I notice this with interest and pleasure, and express my satisfaction by imbibing frequent additional draughts of the healthful breezes that sweep down from the hills. So, I said to myself, we are not yet beyond the pale of Fashion. Presently a door opens, and a maiden descends by a single step into the green lawn, glittering with the morning dew, and tripping lightly to the well, returns again, her face glowing in the warm rays of the smiling Phœbus, who is just taking his first look into the valley.

Then follows the busy note of preparation for the day; many and various housewifely duties, I can observe, distract for a while, this little tenement; but before the sun, using the leverage of the hill, has spun his wheel far up into

the blue vault, peace descends upon it, and the open door discloses to my view the maiden quietly disposed in a low chair, looking out upon the sunrise and the "dew enamelled mead," and plying her fingers nimbly in that art of arts, priceless to the fair daughters of Eve, which, taking nothing from beauty which Nature has given, superadds to it the graces of a creation of its own. In the desire to make my descriptions graphic, I mean not to be led into the use of language which may seem of doubtful significance, and I therefore say, once for all, that the people of Russell are both intelligent and hospitable, and the ladies not only pretty but agreeable; they treated me well, and if governed by no higher motive in what I may have occasion to say about them I shall not forget the selfish maxim, Speak well of the bridge that carries you safely over.

In the midst of these observations and ruminations, Morton joined me, and we proceeded together, under the direction of the assiduous and obliging landlord, to take a brief lesson in gastronomy.

After breakfast I was honored with a call from the Squire of the village. This is a compendious title in Northern New York, and covers a multitude of functions. He is some-

times a lawyer, and sometimes not; our squire is simply a magistrate with powers similar to those of our trial justices in Massachusetts, but not a lawyer, at least, in the technical sense. He is always pretty sure to be a person of strong common sense, and what others have learned from books, he has gathered from the wide field of human experience.

The squire had graduated at the University of Hardknocks, so he told me, — a very liberal institution, recognizing no differences of creed in religion or politics. Founded on the principle of self-support, the students and faculty shifted for themselves; and what they lacked in this particular was made up from the benefactions, or malefactions, as the case might be, of other learned or unlearned societies. He said that when he went up for his degree, instead of receiving the usual parchment, he was knocked down two or three times in order that the faculty might determine, by the manner in which he recovered himself, whether he was fairly entitled to it. With this training, the squire entered upon active life. Himself, and his father before him, have either led or participated in most of the original and later surveys of the once unbroken wilderness of St. Lawrence county. Though not an old man,

he has seen this wilderness — pushed back, year after year, by the vigor and enterprise of hardy emigrants seeking new homes — bud and blossom as the rose. With his compass and single chain-bearer, he has traversed uncounted miles of hill and valley, lake and stream. The lakes, by the rude raft which the practised woodsman knows so well how to fashion, and the rivers by the most primitive of all bridges, — that of some stately pine or hemlock, which his axe, with unerring skill, has laid from bank to bank, — moving always on compass lines, he has crossed the beaten and devious paths of the wild deer, scared the bear and the panther from their dens in the rocks, bivouacked upon the old hunting and fishing grounds of the Indian, and, perhaps, spread his pallet at night under the shade of trees that have fanned with their youthful boughs the red-skinned mother and child. His long identification with the progress of the settlement has stored his mind with a vast amount of facts and incidents valuable to the historian, while his life in the woods, furnished, as it must be, with many "hairbreadth 'scapes by flood and field," will enable him to lengthen out the winter evenings of his old age, and afford unending amusement to his grand and great-grand children.

Now, squire, I said to our visitor, but in a less abrupt phrase than this, we have come up here to get a breath of fresh air, eat a little dried deer's meat, if we may not get it fresh, catch a few fish, if we can, see the great woods, and learn something about the country, and we shall be greatly obliged if you will open your stores of information and experience for our benefit.

The squire crossed his legs, brushed his forehead with his hand in his usual way, set his hat a little back upon his head, and began as follows: —

"I can give you nothing but a little dry detail. When old Nathan Ford came to the present site of Ogdensburg, in 1796, having made his journey partly by land and partly in batteaux up the Mohawk River, thence to the Black River, and across Black Lake into the Oswegatchie, and so down to the St. Lawrence, the whole country was a wilderness; since that time, civilization has rapidly advanced. By resting one point of a pair of compasses upon this place, and extending the other to Ogdensburg, you will find the distance in a straight line to be about thirty miles. This will nearly represent the width of the strip of settlement and population on the west

border of the county, following the course of the St. Lawrence. The Potsdam and Watertown Railroad, which has taken the place of the old turnpike, forms the channel of communication and trade. Now, on the north side of the county there is a strip of nearly equal width, extending from Lake Champlain to Ogdensburg, penetrated by the Northern Railroad. These two belts comprise the present limits of settlement and civilization. Keep one point of your compasses upon Russell, and swing the other round to the mouth of the Saranac River on Lake Champlain, and the distance is, in a straight line, about one hundred miles. The whole of this space, with the exception of some few settlements about eight miles from this, and on the lower and upper Saranac, you will find to be pretty much in the condition in which Nature left it, broken here and there by a clearing and a solitary log-house. Advance the extended leg of the compasses to Mount Marcy in the Adirondacks, and you have a distance of sixty to seventy miles without any settlements. Now, contract the leg of the compasses, and place it upon Cranberry Lake, the reservoir of the Oswegatchie River, and you have, as I understand you, the point of your destination."

"Yes, and we would like to take you along with us."

"Well, I had rather be whipped than go into those woods at my time of life; but if you say you cannot get along without me, I suppose I must yield to your wishes."

At this point of the conversation the squire was called out by one of his clients.

CHAPTER V.

A Day's Excursion. — The Love of Gold, and Modes of seeking it. — Old Traditions of valuable Minerals. — The Squire as a Magistrate. — A Son of Erin. — Discovery of a supposed Vein. — Incredulity of the Squire. — Actual Result.

THE universal love of gold seems to be one of the great mysteries of human nature. Is it an instinct implanted in man, or simply a passion excited by the rivalries, necessities, or ambitions of life, or is it only an acquired habit? Of its existence as a living fact, in all ages and among all races, there is not a doubt. Its latent fires are found in all diversities of constitution, under all religious and political systems, and in all ranks of society, and need but a breath of favoring wind to be fanned into flame. Its least influence is observable in agricultural and mechanical pursuits, and its greatest in the marts of trade and upon the exchanges of populous cities. Its intensity is increased by the attrition of numbers. When we have discovered the relation of one man to another in point of personal contact, we have found the ratio of the stimulus operating upon each. There are many phases

of this instinct, or passion, in which the gross and sordid quality becomes purified in strong and adventurous natures. With such natures, gold is the exciting cause, but the love of adventure furnishes the stimulus to its attainment. The most remarkable characters among the explorers of new countries, either for spoil or the discovery of auriferous deposits, appear to be governed in nearly equal degrees by the love of the coveted treasure itself, and the excitement, risk, and daring required to obtain it.

There is one phase of this ruling sentiment which is the most uninteresting of all, because devoid of any redeeming qualities. It is that exhibited by our modern alchemists, — and by this term I mean those who, instead of transmuting the baser metals into gold, infuse the gold into baser metal; in other words, debase the coin of the realm. This is a more dangerous, but simpler method than that of the universal solvent of the old alchemists, and certainly far more practical than a fruitless hunt after the philosopher's stone. In these instances, the mechanical ingenuity, as well as risk, required to accomplish results, probably yield the necessary excitement. There are, also, these curious circumstances connected with them which are worth noting. The old alchemists,

many or most of them, were voluntary recluses. The new alchemists are pretty sure of becoming involuntary recluses. If the former sought in vain for the philosopher's stone, the latter very often find it, but find it harder to cut than had, perhaps, entered into their calculations. But of all the many ways in which men seek to obtain wealth, that of mining for the precious metals presents perhaps, the most powerful attractions. It is almost inconceivable that it should be so, when the amount of labor and fatigue, to say nothing of the frequent disappointments of raised expectations to which it subjects its votaries, is considered. It affects all classes of persons alike; the educated and refined, as well as the rude and unlearned. It is, however, a strictly legitimate occupation.

It requires an amount of toil to achieve results pretty equally proportioned to the rewards obtained; and, notwithstanding the great sums realized in many instances, it is doubtful whether, in the average of the whole number of persons employed in the business, more compensation is received than would be obtained from the same amount of labor bestowed upon the cultivation of the soil.

Now, I may be asked the purpose of this dissertation upon so trite a subject, and I will

answer. The region round about this place, as I have previously intimated, has acquired considerable celebrity on account of the great variety and beauty of its minerals. Mr. Hough, in his admirable History of St. Lawrence and Franklin Counties, enumerates a long list, — sufficiently large in numbers to make a most interesting cabinet of curious and valuable specimens. In connection with this fact, there are floating about many traditions, derived from the Indians, of silver mines, reported by them to exist in certain localities hitherto undiscovered. These facts and traditions have excited and kept alive among a few individuals in this community, a hankering after this precious metal, which Dame Nature so scrupulously hides under her green apron, and of which she stoutly refuses, as yet, to give any sign.

No scientific search or exploration for this mineral had ever been made; but at the time of our visit, one or two persons, not possessed of the requisite knowledge or practical experience, were sinking shafts in one or two places, on the conjectural theory that they would lead to veins of silver or lead. To one of these openings our curiosity led us on this occasion.

I might, therefore, designate this chapter as "A Search after the Philosopher's Stone," and

the preceding remarks may be taken as an introduction to the incidents of the day. Before the squire left us to attend his client, as narrated in the last chapter, whose business, he afterwards told us, consisted of an application for a writ against a neighbor for trespass, damages laid at five dollars, — out of which he was not to be dissuaded without a long argument, — we had arranged with him for a conveyance to take us to two or three interesting localities. By the way, this habit of discouraging litigation, to which the squire seems addicted, is not only unprofitable, but extremely unprofessional. Its effect, in the course of time will be to destroy one of the bulwarks of Anglo-American liberty — namely, the privilege to sue. You may as well annul trial by jury, and the writ of habeas corpus, as close up the avenue by which private vindictiveness may vent itself. It is a dangerous innovation.

"'Twill be recorded for a precedent," and in some later Anno Domini, just as like as not, eventuate in a total extinction of courts, lawyers, and juries.

I told him as much, after he had taken his seat beside me in the wagon, hinting, at the same time, that there might possibly be a few people who would consider his action merito-

rious, but with the generality he would be held to be a prophet out of his time. To which he replied, like a Christian gentleman, the essence of my humble magisterial duty is to preserve the peace; and, according to my judgment, the best way to preserve it is to strive to allay the bad passions of men, which, in most cases, are but momentary, and readily yield to reflection; and promote a good understanding, and peaceable settlement of differences. Of course, if these efforts fail, I have no other alternative but to surrender myself a reluctant minister of the legal formularies.

Getting our party together and disposing ourselves in that curious, but not uncomfortable conveyance, a New York wagon, away we rattle, down one slope to the river and the bridge, — the same bridge which, from its singular concavity in the centre, and general awry, I conjectured had dropped from somewhere, — and up another slope on the opposite side, to the top of the hill. Stopping there for a few moments to examine an excavation in the ledge, I picked two or three fine specimens of iron pyrites out of a vein in the rock, and laid them by as the beginnings of a collection which I hoped to obtain before the conclusion of my jaunt.

"What is the character of these rocks?" I asked the squire. "Volcanic, I suppose," he replied, "though I don't pretend to much knowledge on such subjects. They appear to have been thrown up by the action of heat, at some time or other. They are to be found in several places in the neighborhood, and extend sometimes for miles in the form of drifts." This was evident enough, on every side, as we trotted along through the sparse settlements which were interspersed between the village and the forest.

Our road, for several miles, lay through a more broken country than we had yet seen, but the roughness of the land had not intimidated the settler. On every hand were good farms, partially or wholly cleared, and the axe was still busy in the hands of stalwart men, who looked the woods in the face without wincing. There were many Irish, and a few Scotch, mixed with the mass of New England emigrants, whose enterprise had led them to seek a home far away from the centres of civilization. By and by we reached the clearing of an honest son of the Emerald Isle, whom the Squire called Patrick, — and a fine meadow he had, too, behind the rude log-house which sheltered his little family. Patrick's farm contained about one hundred acres, and had cost him but

little more than a dollar an acre. Nature had already prepared the ten-acre meadow to his hands, and his own labor had notched into the woods a fine large corn patch and a pasture for his cows, so that Patrick has become a landed proprietor, with an abundance of cultivatable soil for his present wants, and as much more as he might require whenever he could find sufficient courage and sinew to attack the old trees again. Patrick lived in the simplicity of nature, far enough from the haunts of men to have the wild doe come at evening to feed on his fragrant meadow, and perhaps gambol with his children, and near enough to the post-office to enable him to hear occasionally from the Old Country. What could Patrick desire more? Yes, there was one thing that Patrick wanted, and that was money. Whatever else pioneer settlers may have, this is always a rare commodity with them; and with this filthy lucre, must I confess it, I bribed this honest Irishman, this Blennerhasset of the wild woods and lakes of Russell, to show me the way to the magician's cave.

I am inclined to think, however, that the squire's influence, as well as Patrick's characteristic good nature, had as much to do with his alacrity in yielding to our wishes as the

sight of the much-soiled postal paper which I presented to his admiring gaze. "Patrick," said the squire, in his blandest manner, "we are in search of the philosopher's stone."

"Sure, yer honor, and it is that same I am looking afther meself."

"In other words," continued the Squire, "these gentlemen, whom you see, have taken the notion that there are some curious things buried up, somewhere about here, in the bowels of the earth, and I have an idea, also, that some man or magician has been searching, with pick and shovel, for these hidden treasures."

"If it's that ye mane, squire, jist be aisy till I pit on me boots, and I'll tak ye to 't immadetly."

Leaving our wagon in the road in charge of the driver, and with Patrick for pilot, we plunged into the woods. There had been a fine mist all the morning, and the day was unusually warm for the season. Our clothing was already pretty well soaked, but if any dry spots were left, the dampness of the trees and the undergrowth soon finished them. In addition to these external causes, the long walk occasioned an amount of perspiration that would have frightened the most ultra Thompsonian. By the time we had got down to the

last point of exhaustion, Patrick came to a dead halt, like an Indian who has lost his trail.

"Well, what now, Patrick?" asked the Squire.

"We are all right, yer honor; just climb up to the top of the hill yonder, and you'll find the cave."

Following Patrick's direction, we clambered up an ascent of some forty or fifty feet, and saw indeed an opening in the rock, which had been temporarily covered in with boards. I was seized with an irresistible curiosity, but the squire sat down upon the hill, and smiled an incredulous smile. Remembering in my youthful reading of the story of Aladdin, that when the magician had brought him to the mouth of the cave, after embracing him, and putting a ring on his finger, he bade him pronounce the name of his father and grandfather, and raise up the stone, I thought it best to follow the same formula, which I did; but, I regret to say, without the success which attended the incantation of Aladdin. I then removed the boards and disclosed a deep cut, or hole, in the edge of the cliff, in what, perhaps, would be termed a vein. Sliding down the wall of the rock to a depth of five or six feet, I plumped, unexpectedly, into about a foot of water, the

collection of the rains of the two or three previous days. A pick and shovel, and two or three drills, first attracted my attention. On the right of the opening was a small cavern of unknown extent, displaying upon its sides and roof some fine specimens of quartz, mixed with corruscations of lime, in the form of stalactites. Selecting a few of the best specimens, I crawled out to the surface. On the outside were some evidences of the quite recent presence of the magician. I called the attention of the squire to some broken quartz, which lay in small piles upon a smooth place on the rock, and to a bark fire upon the opposite side.

"This is undoubtedly the silver-bearing quartz," I said. "You see that the stone has been broken into convenient sizes, and yonder is a fire prepared for some purpose connected with its reduction."

The squire smiled again his incredulous smile.

I filled my wallet with the broken rock, and retracing our steps down the hill, chaperoned by Patrick, we were shown out of the wood. A pleasant drive in the cool of the afternoon brought us safely back to Russell, well soaked and very hungry.

I chanced to meet the magician, or rather

the very matter-of-fact person who was sinking the shaft visited by us, a day or two afterwards, and my curiosity prompted me to ask him a question or two.

"You seem to have a very promising opening up in the woods."

"Wall, I don'no how it'll turn out," he replied.

"Don't you find any mineral yet?"

"Not exactly; but we think we are pretty near the vein."

"What was your object in breaking up and powdering the quartz?"

"For tamping, to use in our drills."

"And what was the purpose of the fire?"

"O! that was a bark smudge, to keep off the mosquitoes."

And this proved to be one of the many cases of persistent but unsuccessful mining.

CHAPTER VI.

Preparation and Start for the Forest. — Beautiful Road. — Richard Allen's. — In the Woods. — Lake George Road. — Clifton Ore Bed. — Brown. — The Squire's Garden.

UP before daylight, and busy preparing for a start. Our party was to consist of six persons, whose separate functions may be stated as follows : —

The writer, adventurer, and captain by courtesy ; Morton, amateur, and bearer of the mathematical instruments, consisting of a small pocket compass, a box of flies, and the beforementioned telescope, with the distracted focus ; The squire, surveyor and guide, in charge of the historical and topographical department ; Bennett, mineralogist, carrying pick and shovel ; Clark, axe-bearer ; and lastly, Brown, the inimitable, whose merits are too conspicuous for any initial disguise, cook and general factotum.

Morton and myself were a good deal exercised to find the last point of reduction, consistent with health and comfort, to which we could bring our clothing and baggage, but at

last settled upon this very satisfactory digest. For personal attire, — a full suit of thick under flannels, a light pair of woollen pants, linen coat, straw hat, and a pair of heavy boots, well greased.

Our pack consisted, first, of an India rubber blanket, which we had brought with us from Boston, a large woollen shawl, an extra suit of woollen under garments, two towels, three pocket handkerchiefs, half a pound of castile soap, slippers, brush, comb, and various other small matters of the toilet; the whole weighing, when tightly bound together in the rubber blanket, about twenty-three pounds; to this was affixed the necessary straps for suspending it across the back. We took the additional precaution to have made for us, in duplicate, a mosquito covering for the face, which, drawn over the head, under the hat, was closed tightly about the neck by a narrow strip of elastic. These were made large, so as to stand off from the face as much as possible. Morton brought with him two or three boxes of some noted preparation against insects, of the merits of which I am not able to speak, as I did not use it, but if mosquitoes have the sense of smell, I think it must have taken off the edge of their appetites. In the matter of provisions,

our outfit was extremely frugal, if not meagre. It consisted mainly, of about twenty pounds of salt pork, four or five dozen hard boiled eggs, a bag of Boston crackers, a few loaves of bread, one pound of tea, and two dozen lemons, with a large cake of maple sugar. The cooking utensils were limited to one iron frying-pan, a tin tea-pot, six small tin pans, with an equal number of knives, forks, and spoons. In addition to all this, it should be mentioned, that Brown, out of his own prudence and forecast, was specially provided with a remarkable-looking tin canteen, which, from time to time, as the exigencies of travel required, emerged mysteriously from the hidden depths of his coat pockets, and as mysteriously disappeared again. It will be remembered that these various articles were to be distributed among six persons, and carried upon their backs, in addition to those necessary changes of clothing, indispensable to comfort in camp. I make this particular enumeration of comestibles, and the table service used by us on this excursion, for the benefit of whoever may follow in our track; and I also respectfully commend it to the notice of those luxurious gentlemen, who make the tour of the lakes and forests of the Adirondacks, by way of the Saranac River and Tup-

per's Lake, lounging comfortably in a hired batteau, interrupted once or twice by an insignificant portage, it may be, but provided with tents and cots, unlimited stores of preserved meats, and rivers of champagne. Try it once on this side of the mountains, gentlemen, on such viands as you may find it pleasant to carry on your backs for thirty or forty miles, and I will guarantee that you shall come out of the woods stronger, if not wiser men.

Nothwithstanding our preparations were confined within such narrow limits, I was surprised to find how many last things were to be brought together at the time we had fixed upon for starting.

I had confidence in Brown, because the squire had pronounced in so decided a manner upon his merits as to leave nothing open; but it seemed to me that he had got the village, at an unseasonable hour in the morning, into a very distracted condition, without bringing himself any nearer to the completion of his business.

There was Aldrich to be brought down with his long three-seated wagon, and pair of dark bays, — the off horse the best of the two. There was the axe to be ground, — I wondered Brown had not thought of that the night

before. There were the lemons, about which the squire had balanced until I threw in my weight, — and the clerk of the store, where they were to be obtained, was asleep in the upper story of the hotel.

I began to fear that Brown, in undertaking to act as quartermaster and commissary, had assumed too many functions for his quantity of brain, but I must say I was happily disappointed. Like some of our best generals, there was with him a little appearance of flurry and disorder on first taking the field, but as soon as the fight opened, it was amazing to see how sublimely impassioned he was.

All difficulties were at length overcome, and before the mist had lifted, or the sun had shot a single dart into the sleeping valley, we were well on our way. Up and down hill, like the road of life, winding through pleasant valleys, and crossing the gorges of streams, skirting beautiful ponds, set like pictures of silver in the shadowy woodlands, all fragrant with the breath of the morning, Aldrich's ponies brought us, before mid-day, to the little village of Monterey, and the hospitable cottage of Richard Allen. This neighborhood, for it is scarcely a village, is eight miles from Russell, but is, nevertheless, embraced within the territorial limits of that town;

and although there are one or two clearings and farm-houses beyond, it forms the last settlement before entering the forest. Here we were glad to descend, for the heat was become intense, and rest ourselves upon the greensward. Richard was pumping an old-fashioned churn, in front of his door, as we entered, but as his labor had not reached a consummation, and could not be left, we were constrained to accept his discourse mixed with the regular thud of the churn-handle. But Richard's second self, the excellent Mrs. A., was not complicated in her husband's difficulty; and taking the honors upon herself, which Richard, if he had been his own man, would, no doubt, have graciously dispensed, invited us into the house, and presented us with such a glass of raspberry wine as it had never been our good fortune to taste before.

Leaving Allen's, we very soon struck into the thick woods, following the devious course of what is called the Lake George road. This road was cut, as I understood, during the war of 1812. It must have been a work of great labor and cost.

Starting from Russell, it threads the valley of the Grass River, until it reaches the centre of Harewood, whence it diverges, in a southerly direction, towards the region of the lakes. It

penetrates the whole extent of the forest. The squire informed me that but one vehicle had ever passed over it.

It is now a tangled yarn, and "no twister ever twisted a twist" like it.

It is said to have been originally laid out with considerable engineering skill, and with the single exception of Bend Hill, in Clifton, as far as we followed it the grades were certainly quite reasonable. It is easy to conceive how soon a road cut through an extensive forest, if ever so well made, left to itself, and but little travelled, would fall a prey to the forces of Nature. In some places enormous trees had fallen across it, which the next coming hunter or woodsman had lacked the energy to separate with his axe and roll out to the side, preferring to make a new path around their upturned roots. Elsewhere the growth of young wood assisted the process of obliteration.

On the sides of the hills, in the valleys and swamps, the spring and autumnal rains have scored it terribly. One or two of the old causeways were still in tolerable condition, the timbers having set at defiance the principle of decay for nearly half a century. I do not know by whom this road was built, whether by the general government, for military purposes, or

by the State of New York. If by the latter, it is incredible that it should have been suffered to go to ruin, intersecting, as it does, a country of such vast importance in agricultural and mineral resources. Its repair is essential to the settlement and development of these lands, and if taken hold of now, before any further waste ensues, the cost would be but trifling.

Referring to my note-book, I find that Aldrich carried us three miles beyond Allen's, distance eleven miles from Russell, before the road became so much obstructed as to make any further passage of the wagon impracticable. Here our party descended. The packs were taken out, and after a short rest and lunch, slung; when, the squire taking the lead, the rest of us followed in single file,—Brown bringing up the rear, with a little mountain on his back, on the top of which the coffee-pot and frying-pan kept up a jangled din as we moved through the silent woods.

Phew! what a weight is twenty-three pounds, suddenly thrust upon the back of one accustomed only to the burden of a light sack coat! and what a road for such a burden, contrasted with the smooth pavement of State Street!

I felt as though somebody had jumped upon me, and fully realized the sensation of relief it

would afford me to shake him off. I think I can appreciate the willingness with which the soldier parts with his knapsack on a long march.

At first it seemed impossible for me to carry this really light pack, but, to my surprise, the longer I carried it, the lighter it grew; and what with the diversion of mind occasioned by the novelty of the scenery, in its ever-changing pictures of hill and vale, rock and stream, over-arched by lofty pines and hemlocks, through which the sunlight scarcely penetrated, and wrapped in a dim cathedral gloom, or the occasional sallies of my companions, I soon lost all feeling of discomfort from it.

We took our first rest and lunch at a shanty about a quarter of a mile from the Clifton ore bed. It was a rough log-house, with the roof fallen in, and refusing even shelter from sun or rain. Retiring a little from the small clearing which had been made here at some former time, we were soon disposed, each in some selected nook of shade and leaves. Brown descended to a brook near by for water, which, clear and cool, and discreetly mixed with lemons and maple sugar, furnished a most acceptable drink. The Clifton ore bed is four miles from Allen's, and our temporary halting-place was at the be-

ginning of the ascent to Bend Hill, an elevation of considerable height.

Again shouldering our packs, the line of procession was taken up as before. I was greatly amused by Brown's appearance as he adjusted his Ossa upon Pelion, mixing in a good-natured grumble with every clash of the pot and kettle, — a most proper person was he for a woodsman. His name described the pervading color of the old forest. His complexion, coat and hat, were brown, and blended well with the sober tints of the trees. He might have stood for one of these sylvan patriarchs if it had not been for a little weakness in his knees which led him to prefer sitting to standing; but a right good-natured fellow he was, keeping his patience always with every body except the mosquitoes and black flies, against whom he would occasionally launch a double-shotted sentence.

"Pesky things!" he said, as he trudged along behind me up the rugged hill, "what on airth they were made for I never could tell, but I s'pose for some purpose or other besides tormenting me. There! take that, old brown belly!" giving his face a slap, and with the action bringing the pot and kettle into resonant contact.

"Restrain your choler, Brown," I replied, "we haven't seen the worst of it yet."

"Strain my collar! If I don't break my neck I shall be glad, with this load on my back, and twisting my head all round the compass to get rid of the spiteful critters."

"You have been in these woods too often, I had supposed, to be so much annoyed by such trifles."

"Yes, I have carried the chain for the squire on two or three of his surveying tramps, and I allers found they bit the worst in June of any other month. There's nothing good for 'em but a smudge. I wouldn't give a tinker's sodder kettle for all the grease in Russell; you may keep rubbin 't on all day, and the plaguy things is so cute they'll wait till the ile gets a leetle dry, and the smell blown off, then down they'll come upon you all at onct."

"Smoke is the grand specific, then?"

"That's the paycific, and nothing else. A pipe 's a good thing; you lights your smudge, smokes your calermet, and gets a little peace."

"That accounts for the aborigines always living in so much smoke, perhaps."

"You mean the Injuns. Wall, I s'pose so. Howsomever, chimbleys hadn't been invented in them days."

We had now, after a toilsome tramp of four miles, reached the other side of Bend Hill, and

were passing through a flat meadow of limited extent. The squire dropped behind to point out to me the beauties of the picture.

"I call this my garden," he said; "I have never yet passed through it without stopping to admire and praise."

The spot was indeed creditable to the squire's sensibility and taste. A wide floor of rich loam extending for a quarter of a mile on either side, and covered with a carpet of green velvet, the emerald green of June, dotted here and there with a few young maples in all the freshness of young life, and occasional clumps of ferns, and tapestried with the flickering lights and shades of an afternoon sun, made up the landscape. Behind us the tall pines from which we had just emerged, rose up over the rounded crest of Bend Hill like an army of giant knights, their dark plumes waving in the wind, and with poised lances, listening for the sound of the trumpet to descend into the peaceful vale below.

The contrast between the frowning woodland shrouded in gloom, and filling the soul with an oppressive sadness, and the light and laughing vistas of this verdant meadow, was very striking and impressive; but we found, on passing over it, the impressibility of the soil greatly out of proportion to the impressiveness of the dis-

tant view. In fact, the squire's garden turned out to be, like many of the illusions of life, exceedingly fair to the eye, but a very unstable reality to the feet. Our boots sank to their tops in its stagnant ooze, and glad we were to regain the solid earth on the other side. Moving forward more briskly, after getting out of the swamp, we soon came to a point on the Lake George road nearest to Copper Falls, the direction to which was indicated, as the squire pointed out, by a blazed spruce tree of enormous size. Here we were to rest.

I venture to say that no militia company ever ordered arms with greater quickness or precision, than our party dropped their packs under the spreading branches of this remarkable old spruce. The tramp had been a hard one.

"Water! Brown," cried half a dozen voices in a breath; "water! water!"

Slap, slap, slap, was heard in all directions, and with the greatest possible haste smudges were lit in three or four places on the borders of our camp ground. Morton commenced oiling up. I took my pipe, and throwing myself back into a hollow between two outgrowing roots of the tree, gave myself up to the feeling of exhaustion which had seized every nerve and muscle of my body.

CHAPTER VII.

Heraldry of the Woods. — Forest Literature. — Copper Falls. — Tormented by Mosquitoes. — The Fall. — A Raven. — Old Superstitions. — Sir Thomas Browne. — An Incident.

BEFORE I left Russell, I had determined on visiting this interesting water-fall, which lies on the Grass River, sixteen miles from that village; and as the distance from the road was short, and the time to be consumed would still leave us margin enough in which to reach our proposed camp before nightfall, unless we made a complete break down, I started up, after getting a little rested, to take the squire's directions.

"Where is the hatchet, Brown?"

"Here it is, sir."

"I will take that; Morton has the compass, and Bennett will take the pick. As for the squire, we'll leave him in charge of Brown and Clark, with the understanding that the camp shall not be removed before we return; but first, I must get from his condescending goodness a lesson or two in the heraldry of the

woods. "What say you, veteran forester, as to this mystery of blazonry, or *blazing*, as you call it?"

"It is a very simple matter," responded the squire, "and doesn't require any nice definitions; what we call *blazing* a tree is slicing off with the hatchet, in some conspicuous place, a portion of the bark and wood of about the size, or two or three times the size of the hand, as a mark; for instance, I will give you a course to the river, — and, indeed, you can't miss it, for if Brown will hold his peace, so that you can listen, you may hear the sound of the fall; you will then slash the trees as you go along, on both of the inner sides of your course, and if you mark well the point where you leave the woods and strike the river, you will have no difficulty in finding your way back."

"Was this a practice with the Indians?" I asked.

"No, I think not, as a general thing," he replied. "Blazes talked too loud for them; the breaking of a small branch, or the bending of a sapling, or some still less perceptible mark, served to assist their natural instinct."

"Doesn't this slashing hurt the life of the tree, squire?"

"Not at all; you must girdle it in order to strike the vital principle."

"Perhaps it is a foolish idea, but I am one of those who believe in the sensibility, if not consciousness of vegetable life. I don't think you can cut a tree in that manner without hurting it; waiving that, however, I am going to suggest to you an idea which has arisen out of this conversation, and it is this, that extremes meet in language as in every thing else. Now, this word *blaze*, in woodcraft, is used in its original and true sense, I apprehend, which is, to mark, to publish to general notice; but if you were to slash my side, or my back, in the manner you propose to slash these trees, I should be constrained to use a common, but in this case, very appropriate vulgarism, and say, 'You hurt me like the *blazes!*'"

"Capital!" cried Brown.

"That reminds me," Morton said, "of a story told of a celebrated western Methodist clergyman, who put up at the Astor House soon after it was built, and on asking for a room, was shown up, through many passages, into the upper story. After being a day or two in the house, he became so much confused and irritated by the difficulty of finding his room, that one day he rushed desperately into the office.

"'Is Mr. Stetson in?' he asked of a gentleman behind a counter.

"'Yes, sir,' was the reply. 'I am Mr. Stetson,' in the bland tones which that gentleman knows so well how to use.

"'Have you a broad-axe in the house, sir.'

"'I doubt if we have, but I can send out in a moment and get one,' he replied. Then followed a whistle, and, 'Here, Patrick, take this gentleman's order;' but Stetson's curiosity having become excited, he asked the clergyman, —

"'For what purpose do you wish it, sir?'

"'I want to *blaze* my way up to my room, so that I may be able to find it hereafter, without being obliged to have a porter tied to my heels all the time.'"

"There is a good deal of significance in these blazes," continued the squire. "I have occasionally been as much startled on seeing, in some of my surveying excursions, in the secret depths of the wilderness, where I could hardly believe any white man had ever trod before me, a fresh blaze, as Crusoe was on observing footprints in the sand; and then again, they have their chronology. I have always been able to tell very nearly the age of a blaze — my own marks I have no difficulty in detecting; and they are, also, good memorizers. I never see a blaze of my own making, though it may have been years ago, and altered by the healing process, with-

out recalling the circumstances under which it was made — perhaps the train of thought which occupied me at the time."

"This is really sentimental, squire; and thus you have been for years writing your history upon these old trees! — symbolizing your joys and griefs, and the secret aspirations of your soul, in a language to which you alone possess the key. Fortunate man! this is an autobiography to be coveted; there's no field here for fulsome flatterers or envious critics. I can imagine the severe dignity with which you will reply to the enterprising publisher who, on reading these notes, shall solicit the materials for your life and adventures, to be comprised in a stipulated number of pages.

"'Sir,' you will say, 'my autobiography is already written. It is not reckoned by pages, but by miles. It did not require pen, ink, or paper. It is not embodied in the common forms of language. It cannot be read of all men, but of only two. I who stamped it with the seal of my consciousness upon the forest trees and Him who reads our inmost thoughts.'"

Leaving the camp behind us we struck into the forest, in the direction indicated, marking the trees as we advanced. It was not long before we heard distinctly, the noise of the

rapid, increasing as we approached the river, but such an approach; there was no beaten path, not even a deer track to relieve the feet, but one commingled mass of dense undergrowth, trunks of trees, great and small, in all stages of decay, lying prone upon the earth, like soldiers fallen in battle, in some cases overgrown with moss, and in others reduced to sodded ridges, which caught the feet and sent us plunging headlong. A wide strip of sunlight at length opened upon the vision, and the river was before us. We emerged from the woods at the foot of the fall, and waited a moment or two to be fanned by the cool breezes, which its rushing current swept down upon us.

Foot-sore and weary, I felt a strong inclination to strip and throw myself into the stream, but the impracticability of doing that was soon demonstrated by the myriad swarms of mosquitoes and gnats that filled every atom of space. Surely it was not safe to expose any greater amount of surface to these imps of torment. Determined, however, before proceeding any further, to bathe my feet in the tempting wave, I sat down upon a smooth rock, close to its edge, and pulling off boots and stockings, dropped my feet in the water. Ah! how shall

I describe the delicious sensation of coolness which permeated every part of my body? But it was too much bliss to last; for what I gained in coolness and rest below the line of the water, was more than counteracted by the pursuing and puncturing hate of all above it; and yet the skies looked placidly down, the waters smiled and gurgled in the eddies of the rapid, and the forest trees, serene and stately, stood like tall sentinels upon the shore. I never before appreciated the difference between taking off and putting on one's boots. In fact, I never supposed there was any appreciable difference between the two operations until now.

I succeeded in getting on my stockings quite comfortably, but when it came to the boots, — first, right boot, both straps in hand, and foot in the leg. Phew! what a storm of insects! I drop the boot and slap, slap, slap; and failing, after three attempts, to get the boot on, pick them both up and move off towards the top of the fall in stocking feet, in search of a square foot of Heaven's free air that is not set with needles.

Well, here we are at the top of the fall.

From a rock jutting over the stream, I was able to obtain a very good view of it. I have used the term *fall* improperly in this case. It is not a fall in any correct sense, for the waters

neither come down as they do at Niagara, or even at Trenton. It is rather a shoot, — the river rushing down an inclined plane through crooked channels, which have been hollowed out of the trap-rock by the action of the current.

I was disappointed in the volume of water, which was not as great as I had expected to see.

There were no startling effects of any kind, no abrupt precipices, no roar like near or distant thunder, no blare as of a trumpet; but, raising its voice sufficiently loud to be heard for a considerable distance, in tones of sadness, rather than anger, it seemed to chide the brooding silence of the surrounding woods.

I sat down upon the rock, and soon lost myself in the entrancing spirit of the scene. Was ever solitude more profound? but it was the solitude of the individual man in the great throng of Nature.

"To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been; —
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and see her stores unrolled."

Byron

The dense, dark evergreen forest, extending on all sides for miles and miles, towered above and

around me. How insignificant is man in the majestic presence of Nature! and what a sense of his insignificance is forced upon him by the aspect of these great forces of original creation! The life of man is but a day, — the life of Nature is coexistent with the life of God; it sweeps on forever. The lofty and flute-like voice of this river, the sad and pervading monotone of the forest, have chanted here their hymn of praise to the Creator, unconscious of the existence of man, for uncounted centuries.

Hark! what sound is that? It is the croak of a raven. Perched upon a branch of a tall hemlock, on the opposite side of the river, he sat looking down upon me with a grotesque inquisitiveness, apparently seeking to attract my attention by his guttural cries.

It was the first I had seen since coming into the woods, and I could not resist a momentary feeling of superstitious awe as I listened to his ominous voice; but it was only momentary, for I have not a trace of superstition in my nature; and besides, the shade of old Sir Thomas Browne came to the rescue, — wisest of men, and prince of authors! — whose clear reason and vast knowledge dispelled so many of the black phantoms which ignorance and credulity had raised and kept alive in the dark ages.

"Ill-omened bird! as legends say,
Who hast the wondrous power to know,
While health fills high the throbbing veins,
The fated hour when blood must flow."

Preach away, Master Raven! it is all the same to me; you are but one of the vast tribe of habitants of these woods, and you are not more likely than any other to be the selected augur for this occasion; but, I must confess, I don't fancy too much of your music.

I seized a stone, and would have thrown it at the tree to hasten his flight, but my hand was withheld by the sacred associations connected with the bird. "Are not these associations the source of all the old superstitions concerning him?" I asked myself. From among all the feathered tribe the raven was selected by the Almighty to feed the prophet Elijah; and he is spoken of elsewhere as the object of his special care.

No. According to Sir Thomas Browne the superstition is older than the recorded history of pagan nations. "Because many ravens were seen when Alexander entered Babylon, they were thought to prenominate his death; which, though decrepit superstitions, and such as had their nativity in times beyond all history, are fresh in the observation of many

heads, and by the credulous and feminine party still in some majesty among us."

There he goes! sailing away over the evergreen sea, and I am not sorry to lose his company.

Succeeding at last in getting into my boots, I recalled my companions, and we traced our way back to camp.

Our arrival was the signal for a move; packs were shouldered, and the squire, striking out into the path, took his place at the head of the column. I lingered behind to confabulate with Brown, who brought up the rear with his own pack and whatever else those preceding him had chosen to forget. This failure of the divine faculty seemed to affect every other member of our party by turns at each of the halting-places, and Brown was thus kept inordinately piled up to the end of the journey.

The conversation that ensued was of an ejaculatory character, being much broken, on his part, by sallies of both hand and voice at the swarms of mosquitoes that, sagaciously observing his inability to make much defence against their attacks, selected him as an especial victim. I have never known a man in the course of my life, into whose history and habits of mind I have been able to penetrate far, that had not

some particular idiosyncrasy, some ruling idea, or some act of personal heroism, which constituted the centre of his moral system, around which every other circumstance revolved, to be attracted or repelled, in the exact proportion of its sympathy with, or antipathy to, the central magnet. We had not proceeded far before I learned that Brown's history had been, comparatively, an uneventful one. He was raised in Vermont, had been out West, and had also followed the squire, as chain-bearer, in one or two of his surveying excursions, in all which he had not been entirely unheroic; but the chief event in his life, the one which appeared to give him the most satisfaction, and by which he measured every other, was a trip he had once made to Poughkeepsie with a drove of cattle.

What there could be in this most uninteresting and matter-of-fact incident to absorb so much reflection, I sought in vain to discover; but it was evidently the hinge on which every thing else turned. After sundry questions, the answers to which brought no satisfactory solution, I fell back on a theory of my own, which I fancy rests on a good philosophical basis. No man ever imparts the whole of his consciousness to his fellow. In all our communications

with each other there is always more kept back than is disclosed. Now, this cattle driving was, probably, but an incident to some other act or event that happened to Brown on his way to Poughkeepsie, that was really of so much weight as to become the load-star of his future life.

Perhaps he had found a sweetheart or wife in some village tavern, or a bag of gold hid in the cleft of a rock by the wayside, which, if the owner had not reclaimed it, might have saved him from the misery of carrying this pack, and being tortured by these mosquitoes.

There was certainly a secret history to this journey with the cattle, for whenever I referred to it, as I would occasionally do, tossing it at him in a joking way, I observed how quickly it touched him, as though a pleasant thought had been hit.

But enough of this; suffice it to say that Brown occupied me with the shifting scenes of his pastoral drama until we reached the next rest, which was at Bromaghin Shanty.

CHAPTER VIII.

Bromaghin Shanty. — Who was Bromaghin? — Abundance of Deer. — Lawlessness of Hunters. — The Big Spruce. — Entrance to Harewood. — The Squire makes a Speech. — Unexpected Festivities.

"WHO was Bromaghin?" I thundered at the squire, indignant at the style of architecture which that gentleman had adopted in the building before us. The squire fell back, apparently as much staggered as if I had asked him who was the author of Junius, — that vexatious question which every body asks, but nobody answers.

"Who was Bromaghin? Why, he was Bromaghin, and something more, — he was an Irishman, — who

> 'Came to *this* beach, an exile of Erin,
> The dew on his forehead hung heavy and chill.'

"If he had confined himself to beech, instead of degrading the princely pine, in the building of this shanty, I should be more content with him, I suspect, squire, he had more dew inside than out when he set about this work."

"You are inclined to be facetious, sir."

"I don't know the word, squire, or rather I do know that there is such a word in the language, but it has gone out of use. Bromaghin Shanty! — it is a pity Vanbrugh could not have seen it before he built Blenheim."

It was a house about eight feet square, and as many feet high, built of pine logs, squared on two sides, and nicely jointed together at the ends; the top was covered with slabs of the same wood, except on one side of the roof, where a hole was left open for the escape of smoke.

The entrance was about four feet long and two wide, with the lower part eighteen inches above the ground, so that in going in two simultaneous motions of the body were necessary, to wit: the raising of the right or left foot to achieve the straddle, and a depression of the head and shoulders. If it happened that the last movement was not executed in time, a blow on the face, or some part of the head, was inevitable.

As Rock Shanty, our headquarters in Harewood, although somewhat larger, was constructed on the same plan, I had frequent occasion to observe the ludicrous appearance of the human biped when at the middle point of entrance. On the inside nothing was to be

seen but the face, one arm, and one leg, and on the outside the back, arched and protruding, the other leg and a part of the other arm.

"Bromaghin was a hunter, I suppose, squire?"

"Yes, he was all of that, and something more, — he was a poacher."

"Ah! ha!"

"And not only a poacher, but a trespasser," continued the squire.

"And not only a trespasser, but a very good shot, I suppose; but where were your laws, Mr. Magistrate, that this bold Robin Hood was not seized in the act of his trespass, and brought to condign punishment?"

"Laws; ha! ha! Well, that is a good one. The only law that I ever heard of in these woods, relates to the bark of these trees and the bite of the mosquitoes, and that is the law of self-preservation. In that you have both bane and antidote, for what a bark smudge can't do for mosquitoes nothing else can."

"I am amazed, squire, that a man of your gravity should treat so serious a matter as this with such levity. This Mr. Brummagem."

"Bromaghin."

"Bromaghin expatriates himself from the Emerald Isle, where he must have formed a pretty accurate knowledge of the sacredness of

a gentleman's preserves, makes a voyage of three thousand miles, and a journey of five hundred, and with no fear of the laws before his eyes."

"Or of snakes and mosquitoes."

"Comes into these parks, and deliberately sets himself to work building substantial lodges, three or four miles apart, to secrete or shelter himself while pursuing his ranges for deer."

"Did you ever hear of the famous park of the Duke of Devonshire in England, squire?"

"I think I have."

"Well, what do you think His Grace the Duke's Steward would have said, if, on coming down to his breakfast some fine morning, he had been told that during the night or the day previous some member of the Bromaghin family had been constructing a lodge, which he had completed, and was therein lying in wait to shoot the first buck that should cross the range of his gun?"

"I suppose he would have said—His Grace; as every good Churchman should do."

"This is trifling," I replied, somewhat heated. "I shall begin to think that you gentlemen in the settlements are in the habit of levying black mail upon these freebooters. I suppose they sometimes bring you down a fat buck?"

"Never a bit too fat, you may be sure."

I found this to be rather tender ground with the squire, and therefore dropped the subject.

Brown had by this time mixed a refreshing drink, concocted of lemons and maple sugar and the most delicious water taken from the brook near by, and smudges having been lighted, we enjoyed a half hour's grateful rest and reverie.

At a signal from the squire we were once more upon the road, but had not proceeded far before a deer broke from the covert, and darted off into the recesses of the wood. Brown wished he had had his gun with him. Not one of us had brought a weapon of any kind, and I was glad of it. Our mission was a peaceful one,—to spy out the land for purposes of useful industry, and not to slay; and, indeed, if I had possessed the means at hand, I doubt if I should have found the heart to attempt the life of one of these beautiful creatures. Nevertheless, I yield to no man in my partiality for deer's meat, and could have feasted as heartily upon a flitch of venison as any one of my companions. This game is abundant in these forests, and as yet, on account of the almost unlimited extent of its ranges, in good preservation. On the skirts of the forest it is hunted without mercy, but so much time and labor are required to reach its

inner sanctuary, no very great waste has taken place.

I have referred to the extent of its ranges, and I suppose I shall speak within bounds when I say that it covers an area of dense wood of from fifty to seventy-five miles. And a delicious country it is for these wild gazelles, full of rivers, lakes, ponds and brooks, the ponds studded with the precious yellow lily, of which the deer is so fond; and when the brooks fail to yield their limpid streams, the pitcher-plant in the deep meadow presents its cup of cold water with almost thoughtful kindness. Rich wild grasses cover the meadows and swamps every where, and there would seem to be no drawback to the felicity of these innocent children of Nature but the cruelty of man. The squire informed me that one hunter, during his time, had taken fifteen hundred deer from Harewood and its adjacent lands.

So far as I could judge, this region, as I have already remarked, has not been much frequented by sportsmen, the fatigue incident to penetrating it very far much more than overbalancing the gratification to be realized. The pursuit of the deer has been confined, therefore, to a very few persons, who have taken it up as a matter of business, and, doubtless, have found profit in it.

We had now reached the tree which the squire called "the big spruce," three quarters of a mile from the west line of Harewood, for we were still in Clifton. He seemed to have a particular kindness for this old veteran of the wood; taking off his hat, and advancing towards it with the stately precision of a militia inspector, he surveyed it from root to crown.

"All right, I presume," I said; "not a button missing."

"Not a button," he replied; "but you must remember, sir, that it is a year since the last inspection, and my stout grenadier has in the mean time been supplied with an entirely new set."

"Splendid old fellow, squire; hero of an hundred battles, he is yet unscarred, and good for fifty more."

"You set him too high; I doubt if he has more than fifty inscribed upon his medallion. He wears his honors well, stoops to no man, but shelters all."

"A very king, of the highest type of kingship."

"There I think you are mistaken again. In the kingdom of Nature, absolute truth and intrinsic virtue govern. The pine possesses the true quality of kingship among the trees of

this forest, and his right there is none to dispute. He is monarch of all he surveys."

"And our tall friend here?"

"Is simply a man-at-arms."

"Always at his post?"

"And always spruce."

These detached colloquies, which were never without a little spice of wit and drollery, seemed to lighten our packs and shorten the road.

Leaving the big spruce far behind us, we began to ascend a gentle acclivity towards Harewood. When we had reached a certain point, I observed the squire to halt, and halting myself, I looked forward to discover his purpose in arresting the line of march. Before us was a wide entrance to the wood, flanked on either side by two enormous hemlocks, whose branches were so interlaced as to form an almost perfect semblance of a magnificent cathedral arch. A dim religious light pervaded all beyond. The imaginative eye might seek in vain for some flaw, some discord in the arrangement of the parts, by which the illusion would become shattered and broken. The practical eye would have seen nothing but two trees, of nearly equal size, standing opposite to each other, with an open space between.

Affected by the grandeur of the picture and

its pleasing associations, I had fallen behind my companions, and stood rapt in contemplation. Meanwhile the squire had planted his back, or rather his knapsack, against the side of one of the trees, and beckoning me forward, removed his hat, and with a very stately obeisance, addressed me as follows: —

"Sir, I have had the honor and happiness to lead you thus far into the recesses of the forest. You now stand upon your own territory, and my function is at an end. It is henceforward yours to command, and mine to obey."

Without ever having possessed much facility for extempore speaking, I felt some hesitation about attempting a formal reply: but as the squire, I observed, had not replaced his hat, and remained in an attitude of expectation, I uncovered myself, and slapping my face once or twice to clear away skirmishers, responded thus: —

"Sir, I appreciate the skill and fidelity with which you have led us into this Arcadia. I accept, with regret, the declination of your further formal services, and I renew to you the assurances of my distinguished consideration."

This, as must appear to the reader, was an entirely impromptu affair, and unanticipated by me, as otherwise, with some little preparation,

I might have acquitted myself better. In fact, I blamed the squire very much, afterwards, for not giving me an opportunity to arrange my thoughts. Moreover, the formality of these addresses, equally unexpected by my fellow-voyagers, with all the attendant circumstances, seemed to impress them with the idea that they were pre-arranged, and that some festivity would naturally follow, which I think the squire had not contemplated, inasmuch as the sun was getting low, and we had yet between two and three miles to travel before reaching camp.

Brown had commenced unloading himself at once, on the conclusion of these ceremonies, and had wandered off in search of a brook, and the other gentlemen disposed themselves in various horizontal positions. As soon as Brown returned, the feast was set in order, and the bill of fare was, substantially, this: being without pepper, of course there was no soup; *roast*, — cold fried pork; entrees, — hard boiled eggs; pastry, — crackers and cheese; sweetmeats, — maple sugar; liquors, — lemonade.

The cloth having been removed, the squire proposed, as the first regular toast, —

"The President of the United States."

As there happened to be nobody in our party holding an office under the general government,

which was surprising, considering that there were six of us, the toast was responded to with three cheers. I then proposed, —

"The Union, with all the honors; — and confusion to traitors."

Brown signified his intention to propose "The Great Mogul," but the Squire frowned upon him so severely that he repented of it.

The sun refusing to stand still, we made all haste to reach Rock Shanty before nightfall, and were safely landed there at seven o'clock.

CHAPTER IX.

First Night in Camp.— Harewood Lodge.— Romance of the Place. — Aspect of Nature. — My Companions an Odd Mixture. — Camp Fire lighted. — Attempt to Sleep. — An Alarm. — An Unseasonable Controversy.

ROCK Shanty, so named from a large bowlder of gneiss rock, which the geologists would probably inform us had been, at some remote period, dropped here by an iceberg, or dissipated glacier — not glazier — appeared, when found, to be about the kind of thing we had anticipated.

Mr. Bromaghin, the architect, had not deviated in the least from his peculiar style, but had worked on a somewhat larger scale. The house was, therefore, not only more imposing than the one we had left behind us, but possessed the additional merit of being spacious.

A man of reasonable height could stand erect in it, and six men of average size could lie comfortably upon the floor without overlapping or dovetailing.

I said the shanty appeared as described, when found, but the great difficulty was to find it, — a difficulty that a good deal perplexed the squire

on our first approach to it, and not a little daunted two of our companions at a subsequent period, as I shall narrate hereafter.

"The rock is a certain indication," said the squire.

"A certain indication of what?" I asked.

"That we shall find the shanty within eighty rods of it."

"If that be so," I replied, "measure out your eighty rods then in any direction, and let us travel round the circle until we strike it."

This suggestion touched him a little, as he knew that we were all much exhausted by our long tramp, and relied upon his familiar acquaintance with the locality; so, without further remark down he sprang into a tangled hollow, to reappear on the other side for a moment, and then to disappear again in the thick wood beyond. But a few minutes elapsed before we heard his voice in the distance, and following the sound in the direction which he had taken, we soon came to a little dell, cleared of trees, in the bottom of which stood the hostelry of Harewood Park. I would have been better pleased to have seen the smoke curling from its roof, and to have met some fat Boniface, redolent of venison steak, greeting us with a welcome smile, but this would have rendered Brown's function

useless, and brought our voyage of adventure down to the standard of common life.

If this were a romance instead of a veritable narrative, the necessity of the drama, as well as the prevalent taste of the times, would require a highly wrought description of all the surroundings of this forest hermitage. Many fine sentences would have to be written, with effective warmth and color, to describe objects that I must content myself with gathering up in a few lines.

Nay, more, the imaginative reader would be by no means satisfied, unless its timbered walls were made the theatre of some startling tragedy, or at least the chosen abode of some recluse, whom one of the world's fair but false ones had poisoned with her sting, and flung out into these uninhabited woods, to feed on silence, or whatever else might serve to allay the fever of disappointed hopes. The gratification of being able to mix in, with the commonplace incidents of this true story, any thing of the kind mentioned, is, perhaps, unhappily denied me. But yet the place, the time, and the different characters of the company thus strangely thrown together, were not wanting in a certain romantic interest. The scene was wild, but devoid of any thing harsh or forbidding in its wildness.

Here Nature, in dishabille, with locks un-

kempt and loosened zone, reclined at ease in her most secret chamber, beyond the possible reach of intrusion, and neither thinking of, or caring for the critical philosophy of the outside world; — an emerald-crowned Cleopatra, revelling, somewhat coarsely, in the midst of her great vassals, and by the greater strength of her head putting many of them under the table, where they lay in all stages of surfeit, and lapsing into a great sleep.

This is perhaps rather stilted, but it shall go for what it is worth. There is, at least, some color of truth in these fancies, and if the reader had viewed with me, on that evening, this woodland recess, I can scarcely doubt that his imagination would have framed similar pictures. To descend to minute particulars. The lodge stood near the centre of the hollow, from which the ground rose gradually, and was encircled by a belt of stately trees at ten or fifteen rods distance on either side.

On one side, the land trended down to a little brook of insignificant dimensions, fed by some unfailing spring in the hill beyond, and whose waters were sweeter to the taste than the fabled stream of Castaly, and over all this, a cloudless June sky, studded here and there with a few diamond points, spread its purple arch.

As I have already said, my fellow-voyagers were an odd mixture, some of them first known to each other only within a few days.

The squire, in some sort tenant of the place and a magistrate, suave in manners, but firm in act, of good English stock. Brown, the cattle-driver, raised among the green hills of Vermont, and a thorough Yankee; Clark, derivation unknown,— tall, gaunt, and long-bearded, a counterfeit presentment of the immortal John — not Milton, or Dryden — but Brown; Bennett, from the mines of Cornwall, young and athletic, and well posted in his particular calling, but rough in his dialect; Morton, staid, practical, and sincere, descendant of Morton, of Puritan memory; and lastly, the author, claiming a cavalier for his ancestor, and the wrong side at Naseby and Marston Moor, as part of his inheritance. Thus you will perceive that an English inn of two centuries ago, and the inevitable two horsemen of the prolific James, were trivial circumstances for the introduction of a romantic drama compared with Rock Shanty, on the particular night of which I am writing, and the motley company who pressed themselves upon its hospitality. The truth of history obliges me to say that that hospitality was not stinted.

It gave us its bare walls, with six feet of mother earth, and kindly shelter from the dews of night; and if its beds were not down in one sense, they were certainly *down* in another, and as low down as one could well get without pick and shovel.

Overcome by fatigue, we welcomed its homely walls with as much satisfaction as if they had been walls of marble, and lost no time in making ourselves perfectly at home. A fire was lighted in the fireplace of the great hall, which was formed of three spruce logs for a back plate, and two shorter logs of the same wood for andirons. This was rendered necessary by the dampness and mould which had accumulated in the building during the long absence of Mr. Bromaghin, either at his house in town, or some other of his country-seats. The ruddy glow of the fire displayed to full advantage its fine interior, together with sundry conveniences hitherto unobserved in the darkness, quite important to our comfort, — pegs for our coats and hats, and a narrow shelf extended along on one side for the reception of the packs. During the time occupied in observing and availing ourselves of these dispositions, Brown had, in front of the shanty, laid the foundations of a great fire, which was destined

not to go out while our visit lasted, and piling high with dry brush and such dead wood as lay near at hand, waited but for a match to set it ablaze. The match was applied, and soon a fierce red light filled the hollow, through which the dark trees, sentinelled about the camp, were seen standing out in bold relief, and magnified to twice their ordinary proportions. So much accomplished, this worthy began to busy himself with preparations for supper.

The contents of his immense pack were spread out upon the green carpet, the cooking utensils were placed on one side, our magnificent table-service carefully handled and laid by itself, to be furbished for the occasion, when the more solid provisions, which lay at the bottom of this apparently bottomless receptacle, were developed in the order in which they had been originally deposited.

Rashers of pork were, at my request, cut as thin as the dull edge of the knife would admit of, the hard-boiled eggs, by a happy thought of the squire, were also cut thin and laid with the slices of pork in the pan.

The pan was placed upon the fire and held by Clark, while Brown went to the brook for water with which to make tea.

A flat board, bearing the marks of previous

use, was found, and placed across two logs for a table, and upon this our supper was laid with as much regard to ceremony as circumstances permitted.

The fried pork and eggs were garnished with Boston crackers, cheese, and maple sugar, and our drink was brewed from the ambrosial leaves of the celestial land.

After supper, pipes were lit, stories began to circulate, jokes were tossed about from one to another, and the merry laugh went round, until, admonished by the lateness of the hour, and our need of sleep, one after another crept into the shanty, and were soon disposed upon the floor, each man thinking his own thoughts, and sinking by degrees into a state of unconsciousness.

Before I had entirely lost myself, a startling sound was heard on the roof of the shanty — some animal, whether a bear, fox, or woodchuck, was a mooted question among my companions, upon which they divided pretty equally; there being two for the bear, two for the fox, and two for the woodchuck. I stuck firmly to the woodchuck, while the squire, balancing for some time between the fox and the latter, finally went over to the fox.

In reality I cared not which or what it might be, except so far as it might be the means of breaking up our night.

Bennett and Clark declared they would no longer remain in the shanty, and, suiting the action to the word, withdrew to the fire.

What a ridiculous business this is, I said to myself, that the repose of half a dozen grown men should be disturbed by so trifling a matter!

Comfortably couched upon the fragrant broom, and covered with such shawls and coats as were at hand, there seemed to be nothing in the way of a good night's sleep. But, alas, for human expectations, and especially the expectation of slumber, after having been shaken by a nightmare!

The two men were certainly scared by the mere suspicion of a bear or a fox, but, without myself, being disturbed by any sensation of fear, the occurrence left upon me a fit of wakefulness which I found it hard to dispel. I was, however, again gradually losing myself, when to my great dismay, the squire, who had been lately reading a speculative book on the "Pre-Adamite Man," commenced a discussion on the Scripture history of creation. I was sorry he went so far back, — and happening, in the course of the conversation, to express an opinion not exactly orthodox, whether from conviction or to elicit debate I could not say, Morton felt called upon to controvert it and set him right. Both parties

warmed up to the work, and after ranging over a wide field of theological topics, finally settled down upon the doctrine of Election. All the labyrinths of that mysterious dogma were explored, and every argument of the scholiasts brought into use, until the squire, beginning to show some signs of weakness, his language became gradually less connected, and at last ceased altogether.

On the outside of the shanty Bennett and Clark, from whom all sense of drowsiness had departed, sat beside the crackling fire smoking their pipes and filling each other's ears with marvellous stories. The former had from early youth worked in a Cornish mine, and was describing the descent into the darkness of the pit, hundreds of fathoms beneath the surface — down, down, deeper and darker, — and his broken and half distinguishable words formed the last feeble link between my conscious life and the vacancy of sleep.

CHAPTER X.

Up before Sunrise. — Description of Harewood. — Set out for the Lake. — The Great Windfall. — The Squire gets raspish. — Two fine Views. — Old Indian Fishing Ground. — Cranberry Lake. — Source of the Oswegatchie River. — Lunch. — Return.

THE reader having in the last chapter been made acquainted with Harewood Lodge, may naturally be curious to know something of Harewood Park, the outlying estate of that magnificent squatter sovereign, Mr. Bromaghin, and I shall proceed to gratify him. This I can more conveniently do now than hereafter, from the fact, that by arrangement over night we were to be aroused at four o'clock in the morning for a tramp to the windfall, the Oswegatchie River, and Cranberry Lake, all of which lie either within, or contiguous to the bounds of this gentleman's property. We were so aroused, and I was rejoiced to find that my boots had been well greased by the thoughtful Brown, with the remains of last night's supper I presumed, and stood on the outside of the shanty waiting my pleasure.

Our breakfast was but a repetition of last night's meal, and no ingenuity on the part of the cook availed any thing to change or modify the standing dish.

Before retiring for the night I had ordered beefsteak and truffles for our matutinal feast, and Brown had replied with such an emphatic, gratified assent, as to have convinced the least credulous of mankind, if the contrary fact had not been known, that these articles were in the larder, and there would be no occasion for any resort to the market to obtain them. Under this illusion, happily conceived, and well sustained by the piquant style in which the dishes were served, breakfast was despatched.

At five o'clock, long before sunrise, each man was booted, girded, and hooded for the day's march.

Brown was to be left behind as post guard.

But, before setting out, I must keep my promise with the reader, and describe Harewood.

I will be so far literal in my description of this delightful locality, as to say, that the town is nine miles long and five or six miles wide, and contains some thirty thousand acres. It was originally sold by the State of New York, under patent, to one Macomb, somewhere about

the beginning of the present century, and is known and described as part of "Macomb's great purchase."

The extent of this purchase will be appreciated, when it is stated that it embraced upwards of two millions of acres of territory, in which no white man had ever struck an axe, numerous lakes, and almost entire rivers, from their sources in the mountains to their mouths in the St. Lawrence, — a territory large enough to make two or three German principalities, where a quarter of a million of people might not only subsist, but grow rich on the mere products of the soil. What I shall say of Harewood, may as truthfully apply to many other parts of this wide domain, all of which, so far as my observation extended, has been wonderfully gifted by Nature, except, perhaps, in the greater picturesqueness of scenery peculiar to Harewood, furnished by the lake upon its southern border, the Oswegatchie River debouching from it, and coursing its western line, and the Grass River, which, running from east to west, divides its northern half. These two rivers are scarcely more than three miles apart, both of them are broken at intervals by rapids, and present numerous sites for water-power. I am fully conscious that this is a very prosaic statement, and that I shall be considered

a most unreasonable mortal if I expect to invest Harewood with any charm of romance or dream of poetry by these practical details. I have drawn but the hard and rough outlines of the picture, the filling up must be left to such suggestions as may occur in the further progress of our ramble, through which I hope to keep myself in sympathy with the reader, but if I fail in raising his imagination, or touching his heart by the inspiration of the beautiful in nature, which affected me on beholding these scenes, I can only say to him, with the minstrel, substituting Harewood for Melrose, and leaving out the moonlight, thus placing him at perfect liberty to choose his own time.

> "If thou wouldst view fair Harewood aright,
> Go visit it——"

and see for yourself.

The sun was just gilding the bolls of the tall hemlocks as we wound our way, in Indian file, through the thick undergrowth skirting our camp ground, into the maze of the Lake George road, and winding with that, for some little time, in a southerly direction, the squire, who was leading, suddenly left it and threw himself into the wood.

"Where now?" I cried out, holding fast to

the old trail, which was Broadway itself, compared with the trackless jungle, without trace or bound, into which we were asked to plunge ourselves.

"All right," he replied, turning round and beckoning me forward, "I have been over this line with the compass and marked the trees. It is a straight course to the Windfall.

Resigning myself to his unerring skill, though much against my inclinations, in view of the difficulties which already presented themselves, I permitted him to lead me as a lamb to the slaughter, trusting to some special interposition to avert the final catastrophe, whatever it might be.

The route had the merit of being straight — straight as the bee flies, but for pedestrians a few crooks would have made it a good deal easier. The squire's marks had been made two years before, and although perfectly plain to him, were the most illegible kind of writing to the unlearned, — a few discolored slashes on the sides of the trees, with here and there a sapling cut, and the top bent over on the outside of the line, constituted the whole literature of this track to the windfall.

It led us over hills, across streams, and through swamps, with undeviating directness, but the greatest of all the obstructions that lay

in our path consisted of the great number of dead trees over which we were obliged to pass, some of enormous size. The distance to the windfall was four miles, and it seemed to me that we must have straddled five hundred logs before reaching that point.

After much hard travel, and a few falls, we at length saw through the gloom of the forest, the opening of the great windfall, which, under the burning rays of a meridian sun, contrasted with the darkness of the woods upon its borders, shone like a band of gold. Proceeding beyond the well-defined edge of the wood, and ascending a little knoll, we were enabled to observe and enjoy the beauty of the landscape. On our right the Oswegatchie River rolled darkly and rapidly. In front Cranberry Hill, and the highlands upon the shores of the lake, which lay two miles beyond, loomed up in the distance. On our left the broad savannah of the windfall, bare of trees, and covered with wild grasses, rose and fell, as far as the eye could reach, in graceful undulations.

My curiosity was greatly excited to know something more about this windfall than I had yet heard. "What is the history of this windfall?" I asked the squire.

"It is the effect of one of the most remark-

able tornadoes that ever visited this continent, I apprehend," he replied, "which occurred on the 20th September, 1845, commencing in Upper Canada, and extending two hundred miles in a direct line, almost due east, to Lake Champlain, which it followed to its head.

"At three o'clock, P. M., it was at Antwerp, at five on the Saranac, at six at Burlington, Vermont, and at Shoreham, Vermont, in the evening.

"On Saturday, at noon of that day, some gentlemen standing on the wharf at Coburg, C. W., happening to cast their eyes upon the water, were struck with the appearance of a strong current setting directly out from shore. It seemed as if the whole lake was going away bodily. It presently returned to a height two feet higher than usual, and continued to ebb and flow at intervals of eight or ten minutes till night.

"At Port Hope, the steamer Princess Royal could not get into port at all. It was at the time supposed to be the effect of an earthquake, and perhaps was.

"The work of destruction began a mile east of Antwerp, and in its course through the forest it swept all before it, leaving a track of desolation half a mile wide, in which nothing was left

standing. Its appearance was described by those who observed it at a little distance, as awfully sublime, it being a cloud of pitchy blackness, from which vivid lightnings and deafening thunder incessantly proceeded, and the air was filled to a great height with materials carried up from the earth and branches torn from the trees. Torrents of rain and hail fell along the borders of the track, and much damage was done by lightning. It entered the county in Fowler, and crossed that town and Edwards, where it entered the uninhabited forest, and was not further witnessed.

"You can imagine, but it is impossible for me to describe," continued the squire, "the appearance of this mass of timber, as I first saw it not long afterwards; every tree, great and small within the line of its course, taken up by the roots, and thrown together in the most unutterable confusion, and piled in some places to the height of the tallest trees left standing upon its margin."

"You say this occurred in 1845. How is it that this great convulsion has left so few marks behind it? I should have expected to see the ground covered with the dead trunks and roots of the trees, but on the contrary it is as clear as a prairie, and as blooming as a young widow just gone into colors."

"In course of time," he replied, "the timber became dry; lying across the track of the hunter on his journey to the lake and the streams beyond, it presented a most vexatious obstruction. Doubtless some selfish person of this class, reckless of the injury he might do to the property of another, on which he was pursuing his unlicensed sport, yielded to the temptation presented by the combustible condition of the branches, and set it on fire. The principle of decay has done the rest. There are a few of the old logs left. Here is one of them," said he, kicking his foot against a charred stump, "but there are not many."

"What is in the way of ploughing up the windfall and planting it, or laying it down to grass?" I asked.

"Nothing," he replied, "You may run a plough for miles along the clearing, even into Jamestown and Piercefield, without striking a rock, and as to the quality of the soil, dig in it as deep as you like, and you will find it a series of layers of decayed vegetation, the waste of, who knows how many, successions of forests since the beginning of creation."

"And perhaps beyond," I suggested, by way of bantering him on his pre-Aadmite notions.

"*Vox et preterea nihil*, I believe they say at college," he replied.

"Fox, and pretty near a hill?" I said impertinently. "I can see the hill, but where is the fox?"

"That is bad," he replied, "and altogether unworthy of you. Such a pun as that might do in the settlements, but its perpetration here is a desecration of these woods. A bad pun, do you know, is very much like a bad egg in a basket of sound ones."

"How so?"

"Because the bad egg is not only bad in itself, but reflects suspicion upon all the rest. Now, if this pun is a fair sample of the eggs in your basket, I would recommend you to be careful how you handle them."

"Enough, squire, I cry *Peccavi;* and the next time you quote Latin, I will get somebody else to parodize it."

Morton moved off towards the river, and placing himself upon a projecting rock, to the great satisfaction of the mosquitoes, amused himself with the uncertainties of angling, which, after all, is a species of gambling, at least it was so in his case to-day, for the encouragement of a dozen nibbles led only to the tantalization of two serious bites, and a final result of no fish at all.

Bennett wandered away in search of rocks, and soon returned with two or three specimens picked up upon the surface of the ground, two of copper and iron pyrites, and another of magnetic iron. The squire and I sauntered down to the river towards the northern edge of the windfall to a point which overlooked the old Indian fishing ground.

The river, after leaving the lake two miles above, descends rapidly over a bed of small stones, nowhere in its course broken by any considerable fall, until it reaches the fishing ground, where it becomes smooth and unruffled in a pool of still water. This was the resort of the Oswegatchie Indians, probably, in the old aboriginal days, for fish. The dark and still water, hidden under the mantling tops of the trees, the broad course of the river above winnowing its way down through the gay sunlight, the wide and far-reaching open land of the windfall hedged in on either side by the sharp lines of the forest, and the rounded green tuft of Cranberry Hill in the distance, viewed from another standpoint, and under a different light from the one just described, made up as fine a picture of American landscape, in a state of nature, as one might wish to see.

Keeping the bank of the river, we now moved

upward in the direction of the lake. A splendid pine grove of twenty or thirty acres, on the side of a hill that sloped down to the stream, detained us for some time under its grateful shade. A little further on, the squire led us to a perfect gem of a pond, oval shaped, and beautiful as a mirror of silver, set in a framework of emerald, festooned with lilies. Returning from the pond to the river bed, we pushed forward, and soon had the gratification of beholding the lake spread out before us. We stood for a moment on the point of land where its crystal waters, transparently calm, and hitherto unvexed, were about to plunge themselves into the tumult of river and ocean life forever, never to revisit the scenes of early pastime in the sheltered nooks of their highland home.

"Roll on bravely, bright waters, glad and strong in your innocency, as yet hopeful and unmurmuring, but soon to be dashed against the sharp edges of many trials, win your way to the great river of the north, mingle your sparkling currents with its mighty tide, and sweep on together into the infinity of ocean, singing this song, arranged for you by one of the sweetest of songsters": * —

* Rev. Charles Kingsley.

"Clear and cool, clear and cool,
By laughing shallow, and dreaming pool;
Cool and clear, cool and clear,
By shining shingle and foaming weir;
Under the crag where the ouzel sings,
And the ivied wall where the church-bell rings,
Undefiled for the undefiled;
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

"Dank and foul, dank and foul,
By the smoky town in its murky cowl;
Foul and dank, foul and dank,
By wharf and sewer and slimy bank;
Darker and darker the further I go,
Baser and baser the richer I grow;
Who dare sport with the sin defiled?
Shrink from me, turn from me, mother and child.

"Strong and free, strong and free,
The floodgates are open, away to the sea;
Free and strong, free and strong,
Cleansing my streams as I hurry along
To the golden sands and the leaping bar,
And the taintless tide that awaits me afar,
As I lose myself in the infinite main,
Like a soul that has sinned and is pardoned again.
Undefiled for the undefiled,
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child."

Cranberry Lake is the natural reservoir of the Oswegatchie River, receiving and holding the waters of many small streams, of which Oswegatchie Inlet is the principal. The river flows directly out of the lake without parade or circumlocution, in the most quiet and natural

manner possible. I have never seen, and cannot conceive of a more beautiful system than that which Nature has instituted in the arrangement of these waters, and could not but express to the squire my great surprise that it had not attracted more general notice.

It was now high noon, and though fascinated to an extraordinary degree by the many objects of interest which surrounded us, it brought with it a reminder that we had yet to see more of the lake before retracing our steps to our camp. Leaving, then, the outlet behind us, we followed the sandy margin of the lake to the farthest point which our spare time would admit of. Here we formed a temporary camp, lit the inevitable smudge, filled our cans from a clear brook near by, emptied our haversacks of such food as we had brought with us, despatched it briefly, smoked our pipes, and then lay down under the spreading branches of a venerable pine for a short siesta. An hour's sleep refreshed us all mightily, but was attended with some little discomfort to myself. I lay on my back, and on getting up felt a sharp rheumatic twinge in my right shoulder, which I was inclined to attribute to the strain of climbing over so many trees on our way up. But the squire disputed the text.

"No, sir," he said, "you should have lain upon your stomach, as I did; then you would have presented that part of the body which contains the most vital heat to the dampness of the ground. So you see, that is one of the things you have to learn before you can become a thorough woodsman."

"Thank you," I replied, "I have always had to buy my experience dear, and sell it cheap."

Looking out upon the lake from where we sat, and recalling some of Scott's fine descriptions of lake scenery in the highlands of Scotland, repeating here and there a favorite stanza, I could find nothing that seemed to meet so well the spirit of the scene, the unbroken stillness of the surrounding woods, the bright placidity of the lake, and the clear blue sky arching over it, as those fine lines of Percival's to the beautiful Seneca. There was but one thing wanting in the picture, and that was the wild swan, which, perhaps, might have been supplied higher up by a loon, or a wild goose.

"On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,
And round his breast the ripples break,
As down he bears before the gale.

"How sweet at set of sun to view
This golden mirror spreading wide,

And see the mist of mantling blue,
Float round the distant mountain side!

"On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
O, I could ever sweep the oar,
When early birds at morning wake,
And evening tells us toil is o'er."

Before I had poured the whole of this rhapsody into the delighted ears of the Naiads of the lake, the forms of my companions were disappearing one after another in the thick wood behind, on their return to camp. I had no choice left but to tear myself away from the fascination of the scene, before it was too late for me to follow their trail. Fortunately for our wearied limbs, we found a good Indian path until we struck the Lake George labyrinth, and following that, with heavy steps, until dusk, arrived safely in camp.

CHAPTER XI.

Morton and Brown go out to shear, and come home shorn. — Lost in the Woods. — The Squire's Experience, — an Incident that happened to his Father.

TO-DAY, in the hope of diversifying our diet, which had been confined to salt pork as the staple, Morton made early arrangements for an excursion to the Grass River, where the squire confidently assured him he would be able to take a few trout. The river, which in many places is quite noisy, although at no great distance from our camp, was too far off to be heard. He carried a pocket compass with him, but unwilling to trust himself to the woods without a guide, Brown volunteered to bear him company.

The squire gave them the course which they were to pursue, and enjoined them to slash the trees plainly as they advanced towards the river, and when they had reached it, to establish some prominent mark at the point of emergence, so that, if they should wander up or down the stream, they might be able to regain the trail to the camp when they should have finished their sport. Flushed with antici-

pation, Morton plunged into the woods, followed closely by the whilom cattle-driver.

It was a dull and misty day. The woods were saturated with moisture. The squire, with the remainder of our party, had departed on a tour of exploration, of several miles, beyond the river into the north part of the township. Fatigued by my tramp of the previous day, I had elected to remain in camp. I was thus left alone, and wrapping myself in my shawl, lay down before the blazing fire to attempt to repair the broken rest of the last night, which had been more or less disturbed by the restlessness of my companions.

The last sound I heard before falling asleep was the crackling of the underwood, through which, in the distance, Morton and his man Friday were working their way to the river. I was awakened by hearing again the same sound. How long I had slept I could not tell, as my watch had run down. The sun, however, had penetrated the dun of the morning, and I was thus enabled to determine the time of day. It must have been near two o'clock. I jumped up immediately, filled with uneasiness on account of the non-appearance of the fishermen. They had contemplated remaining out about two hours, but several hours had now elapsed since they left camp.

I listened intently, to catch, if possible, some sign of their approach, but without success. The crackling sounds which had aroused me had ceased.

They might have been made by a deer, a bear, or perhaps a panther, which are not unfrequent in these woods.

Thinking it possible that it might have been Morton or Brown, or both, wandering wild upon the borders of the camp, without being able to find it, after replenishing the fire, I ascended the little wooded ridge which shut in the shanty, and raising my voice to its highest pitch, repeatedly invoked the name of Brown. The echoes only answered from their caves. The frightened partridges, with their young broods, went whirring through the glen. The woodpecker struck up his familiar tattoo, and the raven uttered his fiendish croak, while the fine and silver-sweet pipe of the wheat-bird, unscared, repeated its gay song of "Sow your wheat,—wheat, wheat," but there was no human answer. Having too much good sense to run the risk of losing myself in search of something already lost, I returned to the fire, and, relighting my pipe, sat down upon a log, to wait for something to turn up. I had not taken more than two or three whiffs

when I heard again the breaking of branches, now near at hand. Throwing down my pipe, I sprang in the direction of the sounds, and reaching elevated ground, to my surprise and pleasure, saw the perplexed Brown almost crazy with excitement and fear, thrashing through the wood in a direction opposite to the camp, evidently entirely unconscious that he was within a stone's throw of it. Having him now safe in hand, I felt a wicked inclination to pay him off for depriving me of my dinner; but when I appreciated the complete distress of the old man my heart relented.

He was quite near to me, but, being myself partially concealed behind a clump of bushes, could not have seen me. I suddenly stepped out from behind it, and said, in a very dry, deliberate tone of voice, —

"Why, Brown, what is the use of making so much noise? you appear to be gone stark mad, man."

"Good gracious! is that you?" he replied, "if I ain't happy, then I never was in my life!" and on he came towards me, a most ludicrous picture of distress, surrounded with a halo of mosquitoes, and reeking with perspiration.

"Where is Morton?" I asked.

"Hasn't he come in yet? I left him fishing

on the rocks two hours ago. Here I have been two mortal hours wandering about in these woods. After leaving camp we struck a little brook which we followed to the river, and coming back, if you will believe me, I have been up and down that brook, or some other, at least four times in trying to recover the lost trail."

"Didn't you slash the trees as the squire directed?"

"Yes, we did any amount of slashing, but to no purpose."

"Brown, we must now set about recovering Morton. He should have been in long since; we will strike out in different directions, and halloo at the top of our lungs."

"Just wait a moment until I can get a mouthful of something to eat, for I am completely used up, and as hungry as a bear."

I gave him time to replenish his inner man, but before he had finished, Morton's voice was heard in the skirt of the wood. Restored now to a contented frame of mind, and it being full time for the return of the squire's party, Brown entered upon the preparation of dinner. Morton, to our chagrin, had caught nothing; he had fished and fished with more bites from the flies than any thing else, and had given it up in disgust. Seeking in vain to find the place where

he had emerged from the wood, he had wandered up and down the river, with half a cracker in his pocket, for a long time, at one time feeling that he would be obliged to follow the course of the stream down to the settlements, a following which, considering its labyrinthine windings, and his being unprovided with food, would have soon exhausted his strength.

The squire, with his detachment, soon appeared, footsore, hungry, and weary. The pork was particularly well fried, and after finishing our meal there was a glow of satisfaction all round, and some little fun. The squire was merciless towards Brown, in his way.

"He never could follow a course," he said, "and I am to blame for sending him out with Mr. Morton; however, it's all over now, and we'll say no more about it.

"But, after all," he continued, "it is an easy matter to get lost in the woods. I have had some experience of that myself. These two familiar facts are worth remembering, — the moss always gathers on the south-west side of the trees, and the tops of the trees lean towards the north-east. These indications, without a compass, are of some value.

"I remember that I was out here surveying, with a companion who was a pretty good woods-

man himself, a few years since, when a similar occurrence happened to us. We had established our camp, I think, at no very great distance from this place, and had been engaged all day on a remote line. It was quite late in the season, too late for such business in the woods. We had taken with us in the morning just sufficient food for a frugal lunch at noon. As night drew on, after we had finished our work, we shouldered our packs, and set forward towards the camp. We were several miles distant from it, and our course, without the help of any beaten path or trail of any kind, lay through swamps, over hills, and across streams, in as nearly a direct line as it was possible to determine it.

"We had not accomplished more than half the distance, according to our calculation, before a fine sleety rain set in, and it began to grow dark.

"This had the effect of quickening our movements. In an hour more we had reached a point where, supposing our course to have been correctly laid, we ought to find our camp. We anxiously looked about us for some marks we could recognize; but the spot had not a familiar sign any where.

"I began now to distrust myself. My com-

panion confessed himself to be entirely at loss. It is singular how completely a man breaks down under such circumstances. Half an hour before, though much exhausted, we were as brave as lions. Neither of us would have believed it possible that we should, so soon afterward, show the white feather. But the fact is we had taken a sort of panic, which the increasing darkness was not calculated to diminish. A little reflection, however, brought us to ourselves, and we resolutely went to work groping about within a circuit of a mile, to find the much desired haven, but in vain. It was a hopeless task; and being convinced of its hopelessness, we commenced the preparation of such shelter as we might, to protect us from the rain. This was soon arranged, and building a fire we dried our clothes as well as we could, and then lay down, supperless, to await the return of daylight. You can imagine our feelings, when I tell you, that on awaking the next morning, in the pool, almost, in which we had slept, and taking a look about us, we saw our dry and comfortable camp, not a dozen rods from us! I could have swung a cat into it.

"If you are not already tired of this kind of thing I will relate an occurrence which happened to my father, on one of his surveying excursions, in 1798.

"You must know that he was engaged in some of the first surveys of this wilderness. It is not long since that I was employed in running the lines of a town which lies in the south-east corner of St. Lawrence county, and when I approached the spot where I expected to find the post which he had set up to establish the corner of the county, a half century before, as a confirmation of the line which I was running, I was greatly disappointed in not being able to discover a mark of any kind; but feeling sure that he had carefully indicated the spot, I looked about me upon the ground, and presently found the post, which had rotted off and fallen, with his initials distinctly legible upon it. But this is a digression. It was while on this survey, I believe, that my father, having procured a supply of provisions, about twenty-five miles below Tupper's Lake, from a party which had been sent there for the purpose, turning back with his companions, pursued the south line to the extreme south-western corner of the county, where they camped for the night. In the morning, it being foggy and misty, two of his men had conceived that the course he proposed to take, in order to reach the High Falls on Black River, S. 25° W., was not in the direction of their homes, notwithstanding

the evidence of the compass, and absolutely refused to accompany him. The course they proposed to take was back on the south line towards Lake Champlain, and nó argument or expostulation could convince them of their error. My father endeavored to remonstrate, by showing that the line was obscure, and would soon be lost, and that they must then wander at random and perish in the forest, which had then no limits but the St. Lawrence, Black, and Mohawk Rivers. But finding entreaties vain, he divided his provisions equally between them, and they shouldered their knapsacks and started. At this trying moment, those that remained, tortured with fear that the missing men would be lost, and that their blood would be required at their hands, resolved to remain where they were for a short time, in the hope that the deluded men would lose their course, and call for assistance before they got beyond hailing distance, and so it proved; for their receding forms had scarcely disappeared in the distance before they became confused and perplexed, and a faint shout in the distance conveyed back to those who remained, the welcome news that the misguided men had discovered their folly in time to be saved.

My father, who had been listening intently,

to learn whether such would not be the result, instantly sprang to his feet, and darted off in the direction of the cry, and at length overtook them, to the great relief of all parties.

CHAPTER XII.

Iron Ore Beds. — Indications of other Minerals. — No Geological Survey. — Iron, King. — Professor Emmons on the Sanford Veins. — Magnetic Iron. — Its Value. — Accessibility. — General Deductions.

HAVING alluded to the iron deposits of this region, in which we have pitched our moving tent, I am not going to let you off, squire, without some further discussion of their merits. I should feel ashamed of myself, and I know you would, if, after our extended wanderings over the country, enjoying the picturesqueness and beauty of the scenery, and drinking in health and pleasure at every step, we should go home empty-headed, taking nothing with us of practical information or utility to be added to the general stock of knowledge.

I am not disposed to magnify the importance of this exploration, but this I may say, without fear of contradiction by you or any body else, that while it is true that you have, years ago, in the course of your surveys, observed and noted the existence of the numerous beds of iron which pervade this forest, it has been left to us to

establish the reality of these deposits, their vast extent, the character of the ore, and the important fact of their accessibility to the industry of man. So far as I am informed no geological examination has ever been made of this district, as, if I am not mistaken, the survey of Dr. Emmons did not extend west beyond the Cheney and Sanford veins in Essex county, excepting a visit made by him to Cranberry Lake, in a rain storm, in 1839.

I have seen allusions to the magnetic deposits of Oakham, Harewood, and Sherwood, which I conclude were derived from information obtained and imparted by you. We have thus had the field pretty much to ourselves.

I shall not allude to the copper veins at Copper Falls, or those on the north side of the Grass in Harewood, or the many specimens of floating rock containing copper pyrites picked up by us along the route to the lake, or the very encouraging indications of silver lead, possibly the silver of the Indian traditions, noticed near the sources of this river in Oakham, because this would take me from my present purpose; it will be sufficient to say that these towns lie in the direct range of the Canada copper veins, which have proved so valuable; and this fact, taken in connection with the

very decided indications to which I have referred, furnish strong *prima facie* evidence of the existence of some of these minerals. But iron is king, squire, since cotton has been dethroned, and claims our undivided allegiance.

"I would rather prefer gold at sixty per cent. premium, I think. Gold rules by a sort of divine right, and no man disputes its supremacy."

Because it makes every man its slave, and that has always been the effect of the theory of divine right in kingship, as demonstrated by practical experience, while, on the other hand, iron is a constitutional monarch, governing by wise laws, respecting and securing individual rights, pampering none by largesses, but rewarding all who are disposed to labor, with the cheerful fruits of their industry. Iron, then, we will consider as enthroned, and sits, we might almost say, upon the everlasting hills.

You will hardly require me to demonstrate the value of iron as an article of domestic utility and commerce, or to point you to the sources in Europe from whence we have drawn, and still continue to draw, immense supplies, particularly Great Britain, notwithstanding that we are in possession of iron enough, of the richest quality, to supply the world, — for

these facts are well known to you. It is only necessary to the matter in hand that I should refer to them. The points I wish to discuss with you and determine as a test of the value of our cursory examination of this region, are these, —

First, the existence of vast deposits of magnetic ore.

Second, their accessibility.

Third, their value for the uses of commerce.

Under the first head, then, we have to note the iron mountain in Oakham, which, I believe, owes its first discovery to your survey in 1852, and which our subsequent examination proves to have been correctly characterized by you as inexhaustible, and of the best quality; as to which, all possible conjecture has been set at rest by subsequent visits, and by assays which show a high per centage of pure metallic iron.

The same remarks apply to the veins in Harewood, Sherwood, Grandshue, and Clifton, which, though not lying in mountain masses, display the same features as to extent and resources. I do not know how I can better convey an idea of the fact of their vast capacity than by transcribing a paragraph from Prof. Emmons's examination of the Sanford vein which lies distant from where we are, in Hare-

wood, about thirty miles in a south-easterly direction, this vein forming the limit of his western exploration.

It will be remembered that the ore of the Sanford vein is of the same character as that of the mines mentioned above, with allowances for slight variations, namely, the magnetic oxide, which is the prevailing type of the ores of Northern New York. He says of that vein,—

"In order to obtain a correct conception of the amount of ore in the Sanford hill, we may estimate its solid contents; or if we merely estimate the amount of ore at the depth of two feet from the surface, we shall find that it amounts to six millions eight hundred and thirty-two thousand seven hundred and thirty-four tons, a large proportion of which may be removed, or raised without the use of power.

This amount of ore will produce at least three million tons of iron of the best quality, and cannot be worth less than one hundred to one hundred and twenty dollars per ton in market.

This you will admit, squire, to be a fair criterion by which to judge the extent of the veins which we have examined in this neighborhood.

I now come to the next point, the accessibility of these mines, and I suppose you will

talk to me about the Saratoga and Ogdensburg Railroad, which is a chronic subject with you, as the only means of delivering these ores at market, following, as you say, on your familiar acquaintance with the topography of the country, that road should do the valley of the Grass or Oswegatchie River westerly to the St. Lawrence, in close proximity to these beds.

I proceed to foreclose any argument which you may wish to make on that head at this time, by granting that the opening of that road from tide water at Troy or Albany to river and lake navigation at Ogdensburg, thus furnishing both an eastern and western market, would leave nothing more to be desired. But let us consider their present accessibility, and we will take, as our stand-point, the outlet of the Oswegatchie at Cranberry Lake, and it is a good standpoint, both from its centrality and the fact that for two miles below the river affords all the water-power that would be required to manufacture the ores.

Standing then upon the shore of the lake where the river commences its descent, and looking east, we have the iron mountain in Oakham, four miles distant, looming up over the surrounding hills; turning round to the south, the mines in Sherwood, three miles distant, and to the north, the mines in Harewood, three to four

miles distant. The lake, several miles in length, is bordered with timber suitable for charcoal, which may be transported in summer across the water, and in winter over the ice.

Now let us look westerly towards the junction of the Ogdensburg and Rome Railroad at De Kalb, which we shall have to strike in order to reach the lakes on one hand, or Troy and the Hudson on the other, with our ores and manufactured iron.

It is ten miles from this point where we stand to the Clifton ore bed, on the way down, twelve miles from thence to Russell, the ark of your habitation, and ten miles from Russell to De Kalb, in all thirty-two miles of carriage road to be overcome before reaching rail; but when we have reached De Kalb we shall have but nineteen miles of railroad to navigation at Ogdensburg, a depot for the markets of the St. Lawrence and the West. Can there be a doubt in your mind, squire, that manufactured iron, of the quality to be produced from these primitive ores, can be delivered over this road to the railroad; thirty miles distant, at a large paying profit? If you have any, I have none.

Our next consideration is as to the value of these ores; and as there is nothing like being well fortified by good authorities, as you must

have learned in your judicial experience, I will again quote Prof. Emmons.

"I have only to remark," he says, "that probably no ore in this country has produced iron of a better quality than that now under consideration; or, perhaps, it would be better to say, as capable of producing better iron."

Without entering at all on the statement of facts in proof of this assertion, I shall refer the reader at once to Prof. Johnson's report, where he will find a statement of the experiments which were instituted for the trial of this iron.

When it is considered that this iron was not manufactured by the most approved process, but rather in a rough and unscientific mode, it seems to be clearly established that there is something very extraordinary in this ore to produce the kind of iron which is proved by experiment it actually does. And who can doubt but that in scientific hands it will prove fully equal to the best Russian and Swedish irons, which have been so long celebrated and used in the manufacture of steel. Such, at any rate, I conceive to be the qualities of the iron that it is a matter of national importance that the operations in its manufacture should be conducted in the best possible mode. There are

some particular uses to which it can be applied, and for which there is nothing equal to it made in this country; namely, where there is much wear or friction, and at the same time great tenacity required, as the axles of locomotive engines, railroad cars, or chain cables for ships of war, large spikes, nails, &c. Iron is so much used in the present state of society, and so many lives depend on its quality, that it is a subject of great importance to secure for public use that quality of it which shall not jeopardize life and limb in the public conveyances on the great thoroughfares of the nation.

From these premises, squire, I deduce the following conclusions: —

That there exists in the region examined by us extensive deposits of magnetic ores, inexhaustible in quantity.

That all of these deposits are accessible to markets.

That the quality of the iron is that most approved by science and practical experience.

That there is an unlimited forest of wood, sufficient to supply iron works on a large scale, for a long period of years, and any amount of water-power that can be desired.

And here I leave the subject.

CHAPTER XIII.

Beaver Dams. — Trapping. — Wild Animals. — The Yagesho. — Credibility of Indian Traditions.

I HAD a great desire to see a beaver dam; and thinking it not improbable that one might be discovered in the course of our wanderings, so abundant were the evidences of their former existence, I kept constantly on the look-out, but only to be disappointed. In answer to my inquiries, the squire gave me this information.

"This country," he said, "must have been full of them in old times. I have seen them but rarely, and should not know in what direction to take you to find one. Many of these tamarack swamps, as we call them, that we have passed through, and you have found so treacherous to your Boston boots, were formerly small lakes or ponds, formed by the industry of the beavers, whose intelligence is beyond that of all other animals, and whose constructive talent is almost human. There was a time, and I think it cannot be very remote, when

they swarmed here, and had much to do with changing the water-courses. There is no region in the United States, probably, better suited to their peculiar habits, as there is none so much interspersed with lakes and ponds as this. How far many of these may be attributed to their labors, it is difficult to decide; but the evidences multiply every where that they were once masters, if not of the shores, at least of the lakes and streams."

"Do you think the Indians were in the habit of trapping for them?" I asked.

"Yes, before the coming of the whites into the country, moderately, and for purposes of clothing, but not enough to check their multiplication materially. After that time the Indian soon learned the value of their skins as an article of traffic, and, together with the white trapper, began to hunt them remorselessly. The fire-water, gilded toys, and red cloth of the Europeans were too much for the primitive races, both of man and beast, in this country. I said that many of these swamps through which we have passed were their work. I have not the least doubt of it. When these industrious families became extinct, there was nobody to keep up the repairs; the mounds were gradually worn away by the action of heavy

rains and freshets, and the meadows, in the course of time, left bare. I think you can find no where stronger proof of the far-reaching design of Providence than in the operations and effects of this comparatively insignificant creature, so wonderfully endowed by its Creator. Confined to the northern and north temperate latitudes, it would seem as if their whole mission had been for long periods of time, by patient industry, to prepare the soil for the cultivation of civilized man, by checking the wash of the hills, and thus forming the numerous and rich meadows that contribute so much to human sustenance and comfort, and constitute so charming a feature in our northern landscape. They are gone, but have left their memorials behind them, to bless the latest race of man.

"What are they who built the Pyramids with the bloody sweat of millions of human beings, to flaunt their pride in the eyes of all coming time, compared with these little unconscious workers who have laid up a single meadow?"

"You are getting eloquent, squire."

"I have no eloquence, sir; I speak as I think and feel. And here, this fine country, prepared by these long processes for the hand of man, abandoned by its original owners, cleared of its ferocious animals, and with nothing in it

to fright or harm, but every thing to nourish, comfort, and cheer, the birds even vocal with the promise of wheat, which they cannot sow, but only sing, still waits for the coming man. I cannot, at times, repress the indignation which I feel on account of this neglect."

"It will come right in time, squire. That great highway of the world, the valley of Central New York, rich in itself, through which European immigration has poured into the West to still richer fields, is at the bottom of it. Your county has thus far been filled up by sturdy New England stock; wait a little, and you will find that these delicious pasture lands will not go a begging. I would rather have an acre lot on one of these meadows than five acres of the best bottom land in Illinois. Why, with a railroad from the centre of this region you are but twelve hours from the metropolitan city. Your fat ox, feeding in the morning on the hill yonder, may be served on the next morning for breakfast at the Astor or the Fifth Avenue; — but we are wandering. Let us speak of the animals, about which I would like to know something more. You said, a moment since, that the country was cleared of ferocious beasts. You, doubtless, had forgotten the woodchuck that disturbed us in camp the other night."

"I believe I told you I thought it was a fox."

"I know you did; but you will remember the doubts which I suggested. Foxes I supposed rare."

"They are not so plenty as they were, but still may be hunted with success. The bear and the panther are still inhabitants, in a secluded way. The wild deer roam at will; numerous enough, notwithstanding the persistent ravages of the hunters. The moose ——"

"Ah, yes; the moose. I should like to see a moose, and perhaps shoot one, if I could bring him down without hurting him. That's what I call fine game."

"You will hardly have a chance to do either one or the other. That beast is getting very scarce. This wilderness is become too much hemmed in on all sides by settlements to suit the taste of that great ruminator. There is no impenetrable background for him, as there is in the interior of Maine, where he still flourishes; and yet I cannot imagine a region better suited to his habits than this, abounding, as it does, in lakes and rivers, and especially rich in the flowering maple upon which he delights to feed. The moose, if not already extinct in these woods, will soon become so. But there is

another animal, unknown to our day, that deserves mention. The Indian traditions give an account of a strange and ferocious animal which was said to roam through this wilderness two or three centuries ago, and the manner in which it was finally conquered and extinguished. The yagesho, as it would be pronounced in English, was an animal much superior to the largest bear, remarkably long bodied, broad across the shoulders, but thin or narrow just at its hind legs, or where the body terminated. It had a large head, and a most fearful look. Its legs were short and thick. Its paws had toes, with nails or claws, nearly as long as an Indian's fingers spread wide. It was almost bare of hair, except the head and the hinder parts of its legs, in which places the hair was very long. For this reason the Indians gave it the name of naked bear. Several of these animals had been destroyed by the Indians, but the one of which this account is given had escaped them, and for several years had, from time to time, destroyed many Indians, particularly women and children, when they were out in the woods gathering nuts, digging roots, or at work in the fields.

"Hunters, when overtaken by these animals, had no way of escaping, except when

a river or lake was near at hand, by plunging into it and swimming out or down the stream to a great distance. When this was the case, and the beast was not able to pursue farther, he would set up such a roar as could be heard for a great distance, making every Indian hearing it to tremble. This animal preyed on every beast of the forest. It would catch and kill the largest bears, and devour them. While bears were plenty the Indians had less dread of him; but when this was not the case, it would rush through the woods, searching for the track or scent of hunters, and follow them up. The women became at last so much alarmed by his ferocity as to be unwilling to venture out to work, and thereupon the men of the tribe assembled for the purpose of devising some plan by which he might be destroyed. At or near a lake which had two outlets, one on the northerly and the other on the southerly side, this beast had its residence, of which the Indians were well informed.

"A resolute party, well provided with bows, arrows, and spears, made towards the lake.

"On a high, perpendicular rock they stationed themselves, climbing up by means of Indian ladders, and then drawing these after them, after being well fixed, and having taken up a

number of stones, they began to imitate the voices and cries of the various beasts of the woods, and even that of children, in order to decoy him thither. Having spent some days without success, a detached party took a stroll to some distance from the rock. Before they had reached the rock again the beast had got their scent, and was in full pursuit, but they reached the rock before he did.

"When he came to the rock he was in great anger, springing against it with his mouth wide open, and seizing upon it as if he would tear it in pieces. He had several times sprung nearly to the top of the rock.

"During all this time numbers of arrows and stones were discharged at him, until, overcome at last by the innumerable shafts of his foes, he fell down and expired. His head was cut off and carried to the Indian settlement on the North River, and there set up on a pole for observation; and the report spreading among the neighboring tribes, great numbers came to see it and exalt the victors."

"Do you believe that story, squire?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied; "I see no reason to disbelieve it. It is a veritable tradition, transmitted by the Indians from one generation to another, and imparted by them to the first set-

tlers. The Indian, before he became corrupted by contact with the whites, was the most truthful of all the human race. It is remarkable how carefully they preserved their traditions, and with what consistent accuracy they narrated them; and besides, does not your science teach you that many animals, more ferocious, if possible, than the one described, formerly existed, but have since become extinct? I doubt much if, two hundred years hence, the existence of the moose, about which we have been talking, will appear more credible than that of the yagesho."

CHAPTER XIV.

Put the Squire to sleep on Mining. — Early History in England. — Former Unpopularity in this Country. — Enthusiam of the Old Spaniards. — Development wisely reserved to our Day. — Great Production of Metals. — Neglect of Iron.

"PUT on another log, will you, Brown?"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"I see you have filled your pipe again, squire, which is an indication that you mean to spend a part of the night beside the fire."

"Suppose I spin you a thread on the subject of mining, which has occupied much of our conversation during the last day or two."

"Make it as short as you please, and not too tough."

"I mean to talk like a book."

"That's discouraging, for there are but few books that talk well."

"Most people are acquainted with the appearance and properties of the various metals in common use, but there are but few that have ever taken the trouble to inquire into their history, or the mode by which they have been obtained.

"I do not propose to take you back to the Babylonish era, or the temple of Solomon, to demonstrate how much more extensively and elaborately used they were in the early periods of the world, — that would exhaust two or three pipes, — but shall content myself with the chronological date of the Phœnicians, that remarkable people in whom the commercial enterprise of the old world seems to have been most conspicuous.

"As their ships are known to have sailed beyond the pillars of Hercules, it is probable that the first commerce in British metals commenced with them. The tin mines of Devonshire are historically known to have been worked before the British invasion. A very able work on the early history of these mines has been lately published in England, full of authentic data of the most interesting kind. *

"The original supplies of tin seem to have been derived from the Scilly Islands, the ancient Cassiterides, a wild and romantic cluster of rocks about nine leagues from the Land's End; but it was from Cornwall and Devon that the chief supply of tin and lead was obtained. Dartmoor, a granitic range of hills, the back-bone of the country, abounds with the vestiges of ancient tin mining in innumerable

* Mr. G. Chowen.

stream works, which have lain deserted for centuries. The method of mining practised by the Danmonii was of the most simple character. Their mining utensils were formed of wood, made from the box, the oak, or the elm tree, for iron, at that remote period, had not come into use. The tin was obtained from the sedimentary deposit, which for ages had been accumulating in the valleys. This metalliferous stratum consisted then, as now, of a heterogeneous mixture of peat, gravel, the debris of the decaying tors, and tin-ore matter, which, from time to time, had been swept by mountain torrents from the neighboring hills, and during floods carried pellmell into the glens below, there to be quietly deposited, on the subsidence of the waters. Thence, in those times the tin was probably obtained with as little trouble as peat is at present. The mines were either open cuttings or shallow explorations, and the ore procured by merely burrowing beneath the surface, — a process now called shoding and streaming. The metalliferous gravel or tin ore thus obtained, being of greater specific gravity than the surrounding matrix, was easily separated by washing, and, with perhaps less trouble still, melted and cast into moulds. Tin fuses very readily. The metallic tin, ac-

cording to Whittaker, was then beaten into squares, and some of it formed into drinking-cups, pitchers and basins. The surplus was collected for exportation, and taken, in the first place it is said, to the Isle of Wight, the mart for those whose traffic was in tin. Thence it was conveyed by Gallic traders to Marseilles and Narbonne, on the shores of the Mediterranean, where it was bought up by factors, and transmitted overland to Central Asia, and even to the most remote provinces of India. In exchange for their tin, the ancient Britons received salt, earthen-ware, and brass, — articles which were highly esteemed among an uncivilized people, although intrinsically of less value to their possessors.

According to Strabo and Tacitus, gold and silver were also raised in this country, and there can be no doubt that it was so. Even at the present day gold is frequently found in small quantities intermixed with tin ore. Indeed, historians have attributed the exaggerated notions which the Romans had formed of the quantity of the more precious metals existing in Britain, as the chief incentive to the descent of that people on the island; although there appears no evidence of their having employed themselves in mining after Britain became a Roman province.

That the Saxons were equally negligent of the mineral resources of the country, is manifest from the circumstance that no mention is made in Domesday-book of the mines.

Had such works been in operation, the agents of the Conqueror would have recorded the fact. In progress of time, and after Britain was completely subjugated, the Normans are said to have engaged in mining with advantage.

In later times, it is found that kings and commoners, nobles and parsons, were severally proprietors of the mines, for there is a fascination inherent in mining, which, to some persons, in every degree, is perfectly irresistible. Of these adventurers, some were unusually successful, others were less fortunate. But they all did well, except the parsons, who do not appear to have improved their fortunes.

After the Conquest, the earliest accounts we have of mining, is in the reign of Richard I., when the produce of the mines in Devonshire was one of the principal resources of the earldom of Cornwall.

In the tenth year of King Richard's reign, the earldom being then in the crown, William de Wortham accounted to the exchequer for the ferm and issues of the tin mines of Devon and Cornwall, and in the fourteenth year of King

John's reign the same individual accounted for the sum of one hundred marks for the ferm of the stannaries in Cornwall, and two hundred for that of Devon; from which it is evident that the mines of the latter county were at that time more productive than those of the former. It appears, however, that the mines were not then so productive as they soon afterwards became, for the immense wealth which enabled Earl Richard, in the reign of Richard III., 1257, to purchase the title of King of the Romans, was attributed, by foreign historians, to the revenue which he derived from the mines of his earldom. During the latter part of this reign, the treasury was much enriched by the unusually great returns of the lead mines of Beer Alston and Combe Martyn. In the year 1293 William de Wymondham accounted to the treasury for two hundred and seventy pounds of silver raised in this county, which was given towards the portion of the king's daughter, Eleanor, then married to the Duke of Barr. Three years subsequently there were impressed three hundred and sixty miners out of Derbyshire and Wales to work in the Devonshire mines, which yielded a great profit. Towards the close of the reign of Edward II., in 1326, the mine of Brylande, which is supposed

to have been the Beer mine, was then in the king's hands, and certain persons were empowered to elect miners in the counties of Devon and Cornwall, and to bring back such as had deserted from the works. During the early part of the eighteenth century the lead mines in Mary Turvey were worked by Mr. Moore, who was also engaged in searching for copper in this and some of the neighboring parishes. Not long after this period mining again started into notice; some small quantities of tin, the produce of a mine at Dartmoor, wrought by certain poor men, about eighty years since, attracted the notice of speculators, who engaged in numerous undertakings of the kind, and not finding in their own neighborhood a sufficient number of persons of the same views as themselves, endeavored to obtain support in London, and with some success. Many mines were thus set to work, but for want of skill or discretion, they generally proved unprofitable. This brings the history of mining down to the close of the eighteenth century.

The progress made in England in mining industry, since the beginning of the present century, is patent to every body.

Mining in the United States is of very recent date, and has never been regarded with much favor.

It is not necessary to go very far back to recall the unfavorable judgment, which weighed so heavily against these enterprises, at a time when the popular current seemed to be setting in a favorable direction. Every body remembers the incredulity with which the first heralds of success in California were received by the more sober portion of the community, and it was a long time before many could be brought to believe that there would be any continuous yield of gold sufficient to reward the multitudes who were embarking in its pursuit. But what a change has been effected, not only in public opinion, but in the condition of society, by the vast developments of this precious metal, within but little more than a decade of years!

It seems almost incredible that the enthusiasm of the old Spaniards, more than two centuries ago, which events in our day prove not to have been without method in its madness, should have so completely died out, that, in the long intervening space, there is no sign of a searcher for the true El Dorado.

It requires no great wisdom now to see that if these deposits had been fully disclosed at that point of civilization, human condition and progress would scarcely have been the gainer by it. The time was not full. The masses of Euro-

pean population were but as soft clay in the hands of the potter, and the potter's hands were gloved in iron — feudal iron. Many of the higher arts existed, but they were costly arts, cultivated by the few, and necessarily restricted within narrow limits. There was no dissemination among the many. The feudal lords and the priesthood were the only great lights in the midst of wide wastes of darkness. There were no useful inventions, no productive industries, and there was no sense of human comfort to break and cheer the thick night of ignorance and superstition. If these immense stores of wealth had been open to the cupidity, lust, and brutality of the masters of that age of the world, is it difficult to see that the great mass of humanity, instead of being energized and elevated by its influence, would have become still further debased and enslaved?

And for this reason: the capacity of man, the resources of his intellect, and the power of his hand, had not begun to be tried. He was, himself, unconscious of the elements of growth which lay dormant within him, and there was no room for growth, even if the seminal principle had begun to act.

Well was it, then, that these wonderful developments were reserved to this later age;

to a time when man has reached a full consciousness of his powers, responsibilities, and duties; to a time when money may be applied to so many springs of healthful action, and conduce to so wide and general diffusion of happiness.

While every one now admits the inexhaustible resources of the gold districts of the United States, and the richness of the silver mines, with some limitations, there is not altogether a settled impression as to copper, especially among those who are not conversant with the results of the last three or four years.

If the aggregate production of the copper mines of Lake Superior and Canada, together with the production and waste of this metal in California, during the last year, were summed up, I feel quite sure it would settle every doubt in any man's mind as to the value of this branch of our mining enterprise.

With respect to iron, for which there are so many more uses than either of the metals which I have named, it must be said there is evinced a most unaccountable neglect. There is no country in the world which possesses such an abundance of the best iron as our own. It lies, not every where, but in many sections, in such masses as to astonish the most cursory observer.

But it is only lately, and since the stimulus which the demands of the war have imparted to it, that it has begun to attract attention. The prices of iron manufactures have become greatly enhanced; and I believe it is a fact that the machinery employed in the country at this moment, in the working of iron, is inadequate to the task of supplying the calls made upon it. There is one thing that seems to me evident, and it is, that the value and price of iron must be very much increased by the large production of the more precious metals. If this theory is well founded, it will serve, if not immediately, certainly at no late day, to bring to more general notice, this important branch of industry.

CHAPTER XV.

The Squire on Boston Enterprise. — Mineral Value of the Region. — Means of Access to it. — Saratoga and Ogdensburg Railroad. — Direct Route from Boston to Canada and the West.

YOU are a smart people, you Bostonians, the squire said to me one day, but a little spasmodic in your smartness.

When you have accomplished some brilliant feat, instead of making that the stepping-stone to something higher, you are too apt to throw yourselves back upon the success already achieved, perhaps to fall into a fit of staring admiration, or to listen to the sweet applauses of the rest of mankind.

When this fit of admiration is over, you are ready to take hold of something else. Consequently, after you have done any really great work, it takes you a decade of years to talk it out, and write it up.

Now, I suppose you know that we are indebted to Boston enterprise and capital for the Northern Railroad, from Rouse's Point to Ogdensburg, out of which have grown the

Potsdam and Watertown, and the Ogdensburg and Rome roads, which have done all the work that has been done during the last twenty-five years in developing the resources of this county. From our metropolitan city, overflowing with wealth, we have received little, and from the State government not as much encouragement as we have really deserved.

When you built the Northern Railroad for us, you conferred upon us an immense benefit, and I think some of you were far-sighted enough to see, at the time, — notwithstanding the momentary loss suffered by you in its construction, — that the day was not far distant when the road would make a full return to you.

That day has come, my dear sir, for that road has now become one of the principal channels of trade between Boston and the West. I know the importance of your Western Railroad; but that road stops at the tide water of the Hudson River; and I can see the immense advantages you will derive from the completion of the Hoosac Tunnel road; but that road, also, must find its limit at the same point. Practically, therefore, the Northern Road is the only arm you have for reaching the waters of Canada and the lakes for the trade of those regions. This is a very long arm, with considerably more

elbow in it than I should suppose your freight-payers would like; but it is a good deal better than no arm at all, and, indeed, it is a very good arm, and one that will never lack employment.

As I said before, Boston did a good thing when she built that road, but there she has rested, I suppose to get it well written up, historically; but Boston is a commercial city, and an anxious competitor with not only New York, but the other growing cities upon the Atlantic seaboard, in the race for foreign trade, and she cannot afford to stand still; in fact, she cannot stand still; she must either advance or fall back. Well, now, since the completion of the Northern Railroad, British capital has stepped in with the design of cutting us all off. The St. Lawrence River has been picketed from the lakes to Montreal, against us, by that great masterpiece of British sagacity, the Grand Trunk Railroad, sometimes called the bugbear of timid minds, but which is no bugbear, but a substantial reality, with an actual body and almost a soul — seeking to absorb, and absorbing by its enormous capacity, almost the entire business of Upper Canada, and also a large portion of that of our Western States; a moiety of which, however, is permitted to find its way to Portland, enriching that city, and fostering its foreign

commerce, which, I believe, goes very much against your grain. Now I am going to tell you a secret, and you may use your discretion about mentioning it. Here is a section of country which has never heard the whistle of a locomotive, and never dreamed of such a thing, and does not know the sound of a carriage wheel, of at least one hundred miles in extent, in a direct line to the termini of your Great Western and proposed Hoosac. The whole distance from one given point of railroad connection to another is of course greater; but I limit myself to an approximate statement of the extent of the really valuable iron and timber region. You use a great deal of iron in Boston, and timber is getting scarce with you. My secret is this: you can have this iron and this timber in any form in which you may please to desire them, for your domestic industries at home, or for shipment abroad, for the mere asking; but the request must be made by a competent engineer, backed by a strong posse of road and bridge builders, and enforced by a powerful combination of steam and iron. In other words, you have only to take hold with the gentlemen who have undertaken to build the Saratoga and Ogdensburg road, with that liberality and vigor which characterize your people, assisting them to shape

public opinion, lending them capital if they need it, and, generally, doing all those things necessary to be done in the prosecution of an enterprise of this kind, to secure the rich harvests which lie here waiting for the hand of the reaper. But beyond all this, there is the great harvest of Canadian and Western trade, for which this road will furnish a direct, short, and unencumbered channel. Take a look at your map of the State of New York, which I am glad to see you have brought with you, and we will go into a few particulars.

Troy, or its neighborhood, if not now, must ultimately become the great half-way station between Boston and the lakes, on the one hand, and the St. Lawrence River, with the vast territory of Upper Canada, on the other. Therefore, with your great Massachusetts roads completed and consolidated, and in the most effective manner capacitated for the largest amount of business which may be required of them, you will naturally look to Troy as the head spring, or rather as the great reservoir, from whence this business is to flow.

If the facilities for the delivery of produce at that centre should prove to be insufficient or cramped, then the full amount of business which you might reasonably expect, and abundantly

provide for, will not only not be obtained, but the capital invested in these works, as well as that employed in the foreign commerce of Boston, must necessarily be subjected to loss.

Looking at the map, you will observe that the New York Central Railroad, the principal channel of western communication with Boston, strikes tide water at Troy.

Following that line to Rome, you will find this channel, — already overflowing, — additionally fed by the Rome and Ogdensburg road, which is obliged to describe a half circle, almost, with a loss of from fifty to sixty miles, to reach Troy.

It is by this route that all produce delivered at Ogdensburg, which is not directed over the Northern Railroad, must proceed in order to reach Boston. Of the present encumbered condition of Ogdensburg with respect to western freight, your merchants have had lately no little experience.

This road, heavily burdened with New York business, and the Northern road, with its elbow crooked up to the forty-fifth degree of latitude, constitute your chief avenues of connection with Canada and the West.

The route of this projected road, as I understand it, will be something like this: Starting

from Saratoga, connected by rail with the termini of your roads at Troy, it follows the waters of the Hudson River to Long Lake, branching off to the Adirondack iron ore beds and forges in Essex county; from Long Lake, after penetrating the ridge dividing the waters of the St. Lawrence from those of the Hudson, it must either strike the head waters of the Grass River, and follow its channel, which is not a hundred rods from where we are, or those of the Oswegatchie, and follow that down to De Kalb, the junction of the Ogdensburg and Rome road. I know, from personal familiarity with the ground, that both of these routes are not only feasible, but more than ordinarily free from difficulties for such a country as this. It would seem almost as if Nature, by design, had left these passes open for this purpose.

The New York Central and the Northern roads, as may be readily seen, traverse the circumference of an immense circle of territory, embracing an area of thousands of miles of undeveloped country, penetrated by no railroads, rich in agricultural resources, surpassingly rich in minerals, and covered with valuable forests. The Saratoga and Ogdensburg road proposes to cut this orange directly through its centre, both for the sake of the juice which the orange con-

tains, and to open a way to other oranges which lie beyond. The distance from Saratoga to De Kalb, the nearest connecting point with Ogdensburg, is about one hundred and fifty miles; it may be something more, but not much.

Sixty-four miles of the road above Saratoga were graded, and many of the culverts built, several years since, in anticipation, then, of its immediate completion; but either a want of appreciation on the part of the public, or unfortunate management, caused the work to be neglected, and finally to cease. It is now in new hands, and needs only that public attention be directed to its great merits, in connection with the commercial interests of both Ogdensburg and Boston, to insure its success.

An examination of the distances on the principal routes to the St. Lawrence River, considered simply with reference to commerce beyond Ogdensburg, and leaving out of view the large local business between Saratoga and Ogdensburg, furnishes a striking illustration of the correctness of the views which I have expressed.

Distance from Boston to Ogdensburg via Northern Road, ... 400 miles.

Distance from Boston to Ogdensburg via New York Central, . . . 452 miles.

Distance, estimated, via proposed Saratoga and Ogdensburg, . . . 365 miles.

Making a difference in favor of the latter road, and the commerce of your city, of eighty-seven, as against the Central, and thirty-five miles against the Northern.

These figures suffice to demonstrate the importance of this road as shortening the distance between Boston and the St. Lawrence River thirty-five miles by the most direct route, independently of the fact that it will furnish, as I have said before, a new, direct, and unencumbered channel for western produce seeking a market on the seaboard.

The position of Ogdensburg cannot be overestimated. It lies at the foot of lake navigation, where all the large steamers, lake vessels, and propeller lines terminate their down trips, including numerous Canadian steamers, which do not touch at any other American port, and where the river steamers from Montreal terminate their upward trips. In addition to which, as has been already intimated, it is the only point where the Grand Trunk road may be successfully tapped.

In view of these facts, is it not plain that this road would conduce very much to the interests of Boston? — and your Western Railroad

which is so rich and successful, would act wisely if it secured a controlling interest in it.

In making these statements, you will perceive that I have left New York city altogether out in the cold; but my apology for that must be, that I am talking to a Boston man, and so far Boston has been a better friend to us than New York.

"You seem to have left yourself out, too, squire."

"How so?"

"I acknowledge that Bostonians, as a class, are easily tickled, and that this highly-wrought picture of yours of these delectable mountains, and this, I will not say, imaginary railroad, has made a strong impression upon me. In fine, I agree with all you have said, but, nevertheless, I have not failed to detect the cat in the meal."

"What can you possibly mean, sir?"

"I mean that if this road is built, it will advance the price of your lands to ten, and perhaps twenty dollars an acre, if they happen to lie near it, and benefit Ogdensburg and its neighborhood as much as Boston."

"Granted, sir; and this is the best argument that can be urged for its construction. If my lands are to be quadrupled in price by the

building of this road, it will be because the produce of these lands can be sent to market in exchange for your fish and cotton manufactures."

CHAPTER XVI.

No Evidence of Indian Settlement. — Interesting Relics. — Oswegatchie and St. Regis Tribes. — Legend of the Bell of Saut St. Louis. — Rev. John Williams.

"HAVE you noticed in your wanderings over this forest any traces of Indian occupation or settlement?" I asked the squire, one evening, as we sat round the camp fire.

"No," he replied, "I cannot say that I have. I am inclined to believe that these woods were never inhabited by red men. They were doubtless visited for purposes of hunting and fishing by the tribes living in the valley of the Mohawk, and at a later day by the Oswegatchies, and the colony at St. Regis. There are no evidences of former habitation, and no signs of any cultivation of the soil, such as have been observed in many other places. There is also an entire absence of any of those remarkable features which in some parts of the country have attracted so much curiosity, and afforded food for speculation. No mounds or earthworks of any kind. The Indians seem to have been content with occupying the lower banks of

the rivers which descend from this plateau, the St. Regis, Racket, Grass, and Oswegatchie, perhaps from their nearness to the St. Lawrence, then, as now, the great avenue of communication among the tribes.

"I have been told that many interesting relics have been found at and near the mouths of these rivers, and along the shores of the St. Lawrence, but at no great distance from the river, which are attributed to early races, and a remote period of time.

"The Oswegatchie Indians date from a settlement made at what was then called La Presentation, near the present site of Ogdensburg, consisting of some of the Abbe Picquet's Iroquois disciples; and this place became the seat of a French mission, which lasted until the conquest of the place by the English. The colony became much reduced, and was entirely broken up about the beginning of the present century. The St. Regis tribe, located upon the St. Lawrence River, at a point between the mouths of the Racket and Saint Regis Rivers, is a colony from the Mohawks, which, yielding to the persuasions of the early French missionaries, embraced the Catholic faith, and first emigrating to Caughnawaga, or the Saut St. Louis, thence sent a colony to the present site of St. Regis.

"I remember an interesting legend connected with the Caughnawagas, which I have either heard or read in my younger days, and will try to relate it to you in my homely way, if you are not too sleepy. It is that of the Bell of Saut St. Louis.

"'Father Nicholas, the French priest, having assembled a considerable number of Indians, who had been converted to the Catholic faith, had established them in the village which now bears the name of the Saut St. Louis, upon the River St. Lawrence.

"'The situation of the village is one of the most magnificent which the banks of that noble river presents, and is among the most picturesque which the country contains.

"'The church stands upon a point of land which juts into the river, and its bell sends its echoes over the waters with a clearness which forms a striking contrast with the iron bells which were formerly so common in Canada, while the tin-covered spire of the church, glittering in the sunlight, with the dense and gloomy forests which surround it, give a character of romance to this little church, and the legend of its celebrated bell.

"'Father Nicholas having, with the aid of the Indians, erected a church and a belfry, in one

of his sermons explained to his humble auditors that a bell was as necessary to a belfry as a priest to a church, and exhorted them to lay aside a portion of the furs that they collected in hunting, until enough was accumulated to purchase a bell, which could only be procured by sending to France. The Indians exhibited an inconceivable ardor in performing this religious duty, and the packet of furs was promptly made out, and forwarded to Havre, where an ecclesiastical personage was delegated to make the purchase. The bell was accordingly ordered, and in due time forwarded, on board the Grand Monarque, which was on the point of sailing for Quebec.

"'It so happened that after her departure one of the wars which the French and the English so often waged, sprung up, and in consequence the Grand Monarque never attained her destined port, but was taken by a New England privateer, brought into the port of Salem, where she was condemned as a lawful prize, and sold for the benefit of her captors.

"'The bell was purchased by the village of Deerfield, upon the Connecticut River, for a church then about being erected by the congregation of the celebrated Rev. John Williams.

"'When Father Nicholas received news of

the misfortune, he assembled his Indians, related to them the miserable condition of the bell, retained in purgatory in the hands of heretics, and concluded by saying, that it would be a most praiseworthy enterprise to go and recover it.

"'This appeal had in it, as it were, a kind of inspiration, and fell upon its hearers with all the force of the eloquence of Peter the Hermit in preaching the Crusades.

"'The Indians deplored together the misfortune of their bell, which had not hitherto received the rite of baptism; they had not the slightest idea of a bell, but it was enough for them that Father Nicholas, who preached and said mass for them in their chureh, said that it had some indispensable use in the services of the church.

"'Their eagerness for the chase was in a moment suspended, and they assembled together in groups, and seated on the banks of the river, conversed on the unhappy captivity of their bell, and each brought forward his plan, which he deemed most likely to succeed in effecting its recovery.

"'Some of their number, who had heard a bell, said that it could be heard beyond the murmur of the rapid, and that its voice was

more harmonious than that of the sweetest songster of the grove, heard in the quiet stillness of evening, when all nature was hushed in repose.

"'All were melancholy, and inspired with a holy enthusiasm; many fasted, and others performed severe penances, to obtain the deliverance of the bell, or the palliation of its sufferings.

"'At length the day of its deliverance approached; the Marquis de Vaudreuil, governor of Canada, resolved to send an expedition against the British colonies of Massachusetts and New Hampshire. The command of this expedition was given to Major Hertel de Rouville, and one of the priests of the Jesuit college at Quebec was sent to procure the services of Father Nicholas to accompany the expedition.

"'The Indians were immediately assembled in the church, the messenger was presented to the congregation, and Father Nicholas, in a solemn discourse, pointed to him as worthy of their veneration, from his being the bearer of good tidings, who was about departing for his return to Quebec, to join the war. At the end of the discourse the whole audience raised, with one voice, the cry of war, and demanded to be led to the place where their bell was detained by the heretics.

"'The savages began to paint themselves in the most hideous colors, and were animated with a wild enthusiasm to join the expedition.

"'It was the depth of winter when they departed to join the army of M. de Rouville, at Fort Chambly. Father Nicholas marched at their head, with a large banner, surmounted by a cross, and as they departed from their village their wives and little ones, in imitation of women of the Crusades, who animated the warriors of Godfrey of Bouillon, they sang a sacred hymn, which their venerated priest had selected for the occasion. They arrived at Chambly, after a march of great hardship, at the moment the French soldiers were preparing to start on their march up Lake Champlain.

"'The Indians followed in their rear, with that perseverance peculiar to their character. In this order the Indians remained, following in silence, until they reached Lake Champlain, where all the army had been ordered to rendezvous. This lake was then frozen, and less covered by the snow than the shores, and was taken as a more convenient route for the army. With their thoughts wrapped up in the single contemplation of the unhappy captivity of their bell, the Indians remained taciturn, and during this pensive march exhibiting no symptoms

of fatigue or fear, no regret for their families or homes, and they regarded with equal indifference, on the one hand, the interminable line of forest, sometimes black from dense evergreens, and in others white from loads of snow; and, on the other, the bleak lines of rocks, and deserts of snow and ice, which bordered their path.

"'The French soldiers, who suffered dreadfully from fatigue and cold, regarded with admiration the agility and cheerfulness with which the Indians seemed to glide over the yielding surface of the snow on their snow-shoes.

"'The quiet endurance of the proselytes of Father Nicholas formed a striking contrast with the irritability and impatience of the French soldiers.

"'When they arrived at the point where now stands the city of Burlington, the order was given for a general halt, to make more efficient arrangements for penetrating through the forests to Massachusetts.

"'In leaving this point De Rouville gave to Father Nicholas the command of his Indian warriors, and took the lead of his own himself, with compass in hand, to make the most direct course for Deerfield. Nothing which the troops had thus far suffered could compare

with what they now endured on this march through a wild country, in the midst of deep snow, and with no supplies beyond what they could carry.

"'The French soldiers became impatient, and wasted their breath in curses and complaints at the hardships they suffered; but the Indians, animated by a zeal which sustained them above the sense of hardships, remained steadfast in the midst of fatigue, which increased with the severity of their sufferings. Their custom of travelling in the forest had qualified them for these hardships, which elicited the curses and execrations of their not less brave but more irritable companions.

"'Some time before the expedition arrived at its destination the priest Nicholas fell sick from over-exertion. His feet were worn by the labor of travelling, and his face torn by the branches, which he neglected to watch, in his eagerness to follow the troops.

"'He felt that he was engaged in a holy expedition, and recalling to mind the martyrdom of the saints, and the persecutions which they endured, he looked forward to the glory reserved for his reward for the sufferings which he might encounter in recovering the bell.

"'On the evening of February 20th, 1704, the expedition arrived within two miles of Deerfield, without being discovered. De Rouville here ordered his men to rest and refresh themselves a short time, and he here issued his orders for attacking the town.

"'The surface of the snow was frozen, and crushed under the feet, but De Rouville, with a remarkable sagacity, adopted a stratagem to deceive the inhabitants and the garrison. He gave orders that in advancing to the assault his troops should make frequent pauses, and then rush forward with rapidity; thus imitating the noise made in the forest by the irregular blowing of the wind among branches laden with ice. The alarm was at length given, and a severe combat ensued, which resulted in the capture of the town, and the slaughter and dispersion of the inhabitants and the garrison.

"'The attack occurred in the night, and at daybreak, the Indians who had been exhausted by the labors of the night, presented themselves before Father Nicholas in a body, and begged to be led to the bell, that they might by their homage prove their veneration for it. Their priest was greatly affected by this earnest request, and De Rouville and others of the French laughed immoderately at it, but the

priest wished not to discourage them in their wishes, and he obtained of the French chief permission to send one of his soldiers to ring it in the hearing of the Indians.

"'The sound of the bell in the stillness of a cold morning, and in the midst of the calmness of the forest, echoed clear and far, and fell upon the ears of the simple Indians like the voice of an oracle. They trembled, and were filled with fear and wonder. The bell was taken from the belfry, and attached to a pole in such a manner that four men could carry it, and in this way it was borne off with their plunder in triumph, the Indians glorying in the deliverance of this miraculous wonder. But they shortly perceived it was too heavy a burden for the rugged route they pursued and the yielding nature of the snows over which they travelled. Accordingly, upon arriving at the point on the lake where they had left it, they buried their cherished treasure, with many benedictions of Father Nicholas, until the period should arrive when they could transport it with more convenience.

"'As soon as the ice had disappeared, and the bland air of spring had returned, giving foliage to the trees, and the fragrance and beauty of flowers to the forests, Father Nicholas again

assembled at the church his Indian converts, to select a certain number of the tribe, who, with the assistance of a yoke of oxen, should go and bring in the dearly prized bell.

"'During this interval, all the women and children of the Indian village having been informed of the wonderful qualities of the bell, awaited its arrival with eagerness and impatience, and regarded its advent as one of those events which but rarely mark the progress of ages. As the time approached when the curious object should arrive, they were assembled on the banks of the river, and discoursing upon the subject, when far off, in the stillness of the twilight, there was heard from the depths of the forest a sound, which, from being feeble and scarcely audible, became every moment louder. Every one listened, when presently the cry arose, "It is the bell!" "It is the bell!" and in a moment after the oxen were seen emerging from the wood, surrounded by a group of Indians, and bearing the precious burden on a pole between them. They had hung upon the beam and around the bell clusters of wild flowers and leaves, and the oxen were adorned with garlands of flowers. Thus marching in triumph, Father Nicholas entered his village, more proud of his success, and received with more heartfelt joy, than a

Roman general returning in triumph from the conquest of nations.

"'From this triumphal march, in the midst of the quiet of the evening, which was broken only by the murmur of the rapid softened by the distance, arose the shouts of rejoicing as the cortege entered the village, and the idol bell was deposited in the church. Every one gratified his eager curiosity by examining the strange and musical metal, and the crusade had been crowned with unqualified success.

"'In due time it was raised to its place in the belfry, and has ever since, at the accustomed hours, sent its clear tones over the broad bosom of the St. Lawrence, to announce the hour of prayer and the lapse of time; and although its tones are shrill and feeble beside its modern companion, they possess a music, and call up an association, which will long give an interest to the church of the Saut St. Louis, at the Indian village of Caughnawaga.'"

"That is a very good story," I said to the squire, when he had finished his narrative and commenced relighting his pipe, "and is, without doubt, substantially true."

"There are some additional facts of interest connected with it. The Rev. John Williams, minister at Deerfield, was, himself, together with

his wife and five children, two having been killed by the Indians, among the captives taken by De Rouville, and carried into Canada, — Mrs. Williams, being unable, from fatigue and weakness, to keep up with the party, was tomahawked on the second day of the return.

The remainder of the family reached Canada after a journey of frightful suffering, and were two years afterwards released from captivity. Among the surviving children was a daughter, Eunice, who affiliated with the Indians, and from her descended the Rev. Eleazar Williams, who, if not now, was a few years since a minister at St. Regis.

NOTE. — The squire probably derived this story from the translation from the French by Mr. Hough. I have chosen to think so, and adopted it. The following note appended to the legend by the translator I have also copied. "The old church of Caughnawaga was, in 1845, replaced by the present large and substantial stone edifice, erected with funds given the Indians for that purpose in consideration of lands which the government had appropriated to itself as having belonged to the Jesuits, but for which they awarded the value on its being proved that this mission had never belonged to that order. In 1830 a large bell was presented by the English government to the church, and hangs by the side of the time-honored and venerable relic which forms the subject of this legend. The latter originally bore an inscription in the Latin language, but this has been effaced by the chisel, probably by its New England owners, to prevent any identification by

those for whom it was originally intended. Adjoining the church stands the priest's house, which presents the same appearance as when Charlevoix, the traveller, abode in it. The room is still pointed out where he lived, and the desk on which he wrote a portion of that history which has made his name celebrated."

CHAPTER XVII.

Alone in Camp. — Communion with the Trees. — Influences of the Forest. — Its former vast Extent. — Improvident Waste of its Wealth. — Probable Fate of these Woods. — Economic Value of the Forest.

A SOLITARY in camp, a solitary in the great woods, my companions absent on distant expeditions, and no human ear within reach of my voice, the sole tenant of this lodge in

> ——— "a vast wilderness,
> [Of] boundless contiguity of shade," —

as vast and boundless as the poet could have conceived or wished, I spent the greater part of the day. It was a memorable day, from the fact of its being the seventeenth of June, and I hallowed it by an elaborate inscription upon the smooth disk of a giant hemlock, which had been stripped of its bark to furnish a roof for our rustic arbor. This done, and some small household occupations disposed of, I began to feel the want of society. It could only be a "society where none intrudes," community of kind being out of the question. There is the society of books, which never forces itself upon you, but

meekly waits your bidding; but that was denied me, for books could have found no place in our distended packs.

Deprived, then, of the society of my fellow-man, and of books, the reflected image of his speech and thought, I sought the society of Nature. "If but these trees had language!" I said to myself. "There is no speech or language but their voices are heard among them;" and these voices, plaintive and low, came sweetly to my ears through the glistening rain.

But who shall be the interpreter, and what shall be the interpretation? Alas! this language must overtask the subtlest human skill; and these voices, mingling together in familiar and kindly intercourse throughout the wood, with nice differences of sound, perceptible to an acute ear, but incomprehensible to human understanding, may continue to whisper their secret loves and pains into the ear of day and night without fear of discovery.

And yet I felt, as one feels in the society of kind and sympathetic people of another race and language, whose words are unintelligible to the ear, but whose looks and motions, full of grace and condescension, go directly to the heart.

And this universal language, more wonderful than the Pentecostal gift of tongues, and com-

mon as well to Nature as to man, brought me into such close companionship with the trees, that I doubt, if we had been able to impart intelligible sounds to each other, whether the pleasure would have been so great to me as that which I enjoyed under the influence of this mysterious bond of unity and love, the inspiration of Him to whom all animate and inanimate things are one.

But I must admit that my pleasure would have been heightened if I had had at my side some appreciative student of Nature, versed in the lore of the forest; not a hard and dry analyst, or mere technical scholar, but some kindly-natured man, who knew the constitutions and habits of these companions of my solitude, and knew them all the better because he loved them. He might, perhaps, have taught me to look for the source of this wondrous sympathy and nearness, without supervening bar of coldness or distrust, in that intelligence which lies deeper than language, by which the thought of one man interprets the thought of another; by which my heart and the hearts of these trees lay open to each other, and pulsated together in perfect unison. Gentle monitors! who speak not to repel, but to draw closer to them; who upbraid not, and pass sentence upon none, but in-

vite to love and virtue by the revelation of their own great peace.

> "Come, lay thee in the cooling shade,
> And heal the hurts that sin has made,"—

they seemed to say to me.

This delightful charm which the forest exercises over a man of appreciative nature is not its only merit. The Creator made it not alone as a mantle of beauty, to cover the naked rocks and hills, or fringe the lakes and rivers, but for necessary and practical uses. I wish it could be said, with truth, that this beneficent design has not been frustrated by the great destruction which has been visited upon it from one side of the continent to the other.

For a long time after our fathers came to this country, and before the infant colonies had started into much growth, its realm was as boundless as the sea.

The infant settlements were confined to the narrow edge of the sea-shore, and all beyond was an unbroken wilderness, scarcely penetrated to its inmost recesses, except by the adventurous hunter and trapper, or the hardy pioneer.

But after the great exodus of European peoples commenced its Western movement, to be added to the natural and rapid increase of our

own population, and when by the happy fortune of our war of independence, the government became settled upon its liberal basis, the forests began to give way;—like the hard pressed line of an enemy upon the field of battle, they kept constantly falling backward, retreating in good order, with their faces to the front, but always retreating.

On looking over the immense surface of territory, which has been thus defloured of its virgin beauty, one cannot fail to be struck with the unnecessary waste which has followed upon the settlement and population of the country. All sense of the beautiful, all true ideas of the value of the tree to the soil, all appreciation of the instructive spirit of the woods, seem to have become merged and lost in a mad cupidity, which has overreached itself. Might not these forests have been thinned and husbanded, instead of being utterly destroyed, with great gain to all? Might not our cold northern soil have been made to double its present production under their grateful warmth and shelter? Might not our population have retained that braced and healthful vigor and tone, both of mind and body, which characterized our ancestors of two or three generations back? These are questions that admit of but one answer.

The strong contrast between the rude but hearty civilization which flourished among our people when the forest was an institution, and that which exists now, I fear gives not a little support to the rough but truthful lines of the poet, —

> "Who liveth by the ragged pine
> Foundeth a heroic line;
> Who liveth in the palace hall
> Waneth fast and spendeth all."

What has become of these vast contiguous shades, these shoreless seas of emerald bloom, this incalculable wealth of vegetable life? I ask, and am not obliged to wait long for an answer.

The builder of ships touches his hat to me with a complacent smile. Think you, sir, that the Golden Fleece could ever have been freighted without ships? or that the Phœnician trader could have threaded the pillars of Hercules to found a city, from whence a ship was to bear the discoverer of this continent across an unknown sea, without ships? or that England could have vanquished the Spanish Armada without ships? Ships are as necessary to the New World as the Old. You ask me what has become of these forms of beauty and strength that glorified the land in the old times? and I

answer, They have shipped in the country's service, sir. They have left their native soil, not on compulsion, but by natural destiny, giving up their young and their mature life, to bear her commerce into all seas, or, as her brave defenders against enemies abroad or traitors at home, to man her wooden walls, and carry her flag into the deadliest rage of battle. Many have fallen by disease in noxious climes, many have found their graves in the caverns of the sea, and not a few have been struck down in the contest of arms. But did these brave spirits suppose, when they left their homes upon the hill-sides or in the verdant valleys, that the tender shoots — the young and straight saplings, whom they had left behind to gladden the old homesteads — were to be offered up an unwilling sacrifice to the greed of gold? I think not, sir.

This is the language of hyperbole, but, nevertheless, contains truth. The waste of the forest has been, beyond all power of computation, disproportionate to the necessary uses of the people; and while this waste has been going on, no attention has been paid to planting, or the fostering of such remaining woodlands as still retained the elements of growth. Too much land was originally cleared for husbandry, more than could be cultivated with profit, and this error, the most

unlikely one that we should suppose a settler would commit, lies at the root of the matter. This remark applies more particularly to some of the older States. In the eastern part of Massachusetts, for instance, any considerable body of wood, of large growth, is scarcely to be found.

In the midst of this dense forest, it is difficult for me to realize the barrenness which makes so marked a feature of that section of my native State. Its bald hills and naked plains, dear to the hearts of those born upon the soil, but cold and inhospitable to the eye of the stranger, I could wish might receive the garniture of these woods. One in a thousand of these trees, which might well be spared, and benefit all that should remain, transplanted in congenial soil, would cause them to bloom and blossom as the rose. There is certainly no element of beauty comparable with the scenery of the forest. The almost endless variety of forms and colors of the trees, each having its peculiar and plainly-marked characteristics, but all blending and harmonizing together, and the beautiful natural order in which they stand grouped, are effects which never fail to impress the beholder.

As I cast my eyes around upon the forms of these my pleasant companions, and reflect upon the doom that awaits them, I cannot repress a

sigh. The mercenary lumberman, with his unsparing axe, will soon be here, and the new settler, following in his track, dreaming of smooth hill-sides and wide clover fields, will finish with fire and sword what the lumberman has left.

Thinking these thoughts, and tasking the meagre stock of sylvan knowledge, unassisted by study, or long familiarity with the woods, which I possessed, I fear my day, that might otherwise have been profitably occupied, was idly spent.

I should be ashamed to say that I did not attempt, with such lights as I had, to learn something of the individual traits and family relationships of these companions of my solitude, or that when my solitude was broken by the return of my fellow-voyagers, I did not feel a sense of loss. The mystic chord which had bound us together in sweet communion for so many hours, was sundered by the rude contact and rough voices of the omnivorous herd that swept down into the hollow, and henceforward we stood apart.

I cannot, however, conclude this chapter without referring to the varieties of wood, suitable for use, that prevail in this forest. If economy is the synonyme for prudent and thrifty

management, such economy applied to the cutting of these woods, and their adaptation to the wants of commerce, must insure a continuous source of wealth to its proprietors.

The coniferæ, or pine family, are the ruling class, including the pines, firs, junipers, cypresses, spruces, and hemlocks, commonly characterized as evergreens; but there are numerous deciduous trees mixed in with these, or standing by themselves in groups — the ash, walnut, and cherry, together with several varieties of the maple, among which the sugar-tree, with its luxuriant foliage, attracts particular attention. I infer from the appearance of the many thick groves of these trees which I have seen, that the sugar-maple attains perfection in this county. The white pine is distributed sparingly. There are some noble specimens, fit to carry the flag of an admiral, scattered among the spruces and hemlocks, and there are some large groves of fine trees; but, as a general thing, the spruces and hemlocks make the rule, and pine the exception. The wealth of this forest may, therefore, be classified in this manner: First, the spruces; second, the hardwoods; third the hemlocks; and fourth, the pines. The first and third of these classes are of almost incalculable resources, and they are fast becoming appre-

ciated as substitutes for the pine, which is rapidly disappearing. The hemlock, hitherto neglected, will have a double duty to perform, and one of these duties, not least in importance, is, to furnish bark for the tanners, who are now put to their wit's end for a sufficient supply. The second class, including the hardwoods, will derive a greater value from their proximity to the iron ore beds, and the absence of mineral coals.

This great wilderness has been estimated to contain six million acres of timber land.

Mr. Thomas McCaw, who, several years ago, made a critical examination of a large portion of its area, and whose judgment is beyond question, makes this estimate of the quantities of material to be found upon one acre, as a mean of the forest, namely: thirty cords of merchantable wood, one spar of 128 cubic feet (as a mean), five cords of hemlock bark, 2280 feet, board measure, of pine lumber, 13,680 feet, board measure, of spruce, hemlock, &c., 6840 feet maple, birch, beech, &c., and the mean net value, per acre, to be $201.

It is only necessary, therefore, to multiply the six million acres by $201 to obtain the aggregate timber value of the forest.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Breaking up Camp. — Regrets. — Pleasant Memories in Store. — Bustle of Preparation.

THE time had now arrived for making preparations to return to Russell, and the following morning was fixed upon for our departure. I looked forward with a feeling of pleasure to restored communications with friends at home, from whom we had been as much separated for several days as if we had been shut up in Hudson's Bay, there being at present no mail route to Harewood Park; but this feeling of pleasure was tinged with a fine regret, the fruit of Nature's kindly influence, that this woodland home, which had sheltered us with so much care, these stately trees which had fanned us by day, and whispered in our dreams at night, these feathered household pets, whose notes at morning and evening had rung in our ears their accordant changes, the gay and hopeful wheat-bird, full of the joyous promise of the coming grain, the plodding and mechanical woodpecker, always busy, and thinking only of the present, the dark-visaged raven, clouding the sun with

his wings, and dashing our joy with his muttered warnings, were to exist hereafter but as memories, — pleasant memories, which, however much covered up with the dust, or jostled by the rude turmoil of every-day life to which we were about to return, shall visit us often hereafter, in moments of rest and reflection, with their soothing balm.

My companions, with the exception of Morton, did not seem much affected by any sentimental feelings. They were accustomed to long absences from home, and to look upon such experiences as we had had during the last few days as matters of practical business, bestowing more thought upon any trifling mishap which might obstruct or retard the wish or purpose of the moment, than all the associations of home, or of the place in which our habitation had been fixed, with its vast surroundings of forest, lake, and river. And yet there is no man, however much hardened he may have become by rough contact with the outside world, or severe hardship in the woods, that ever loses entirely his susceptibility to the tender and subduing influences of Nature.

> "Whoso walketh in solitude,
> And inhabiteth the wood,
> Choosing light, wave, rock, and bird

> Before the money-loving herd,
> Into that forester shall pass,
> From these companions, power and grace," —

sings the poet,* and it is true.

I may have misjudged the sensations of my fellow-voyagers, and I am sure I had no right to judge them at all, much less to include the squire in any statement implying a want of proper sensibility to these influences. He was the eldest among us, having passed, by some years, the middle stage of life, and was now on the descending grade. After a few days' pleasant sojourn among his old friends of the wood, his eyes naturally turned towards the distant village. The cares of his family, and the calls of his business, overmastered the passion of his earlier life.

I imagined that Brown, who really had no great love for the woods, would have been much more at home, and far happier in the village, tapping a pair of boots, and between each blow of the hammer retailing to some admiring visitor the story of his trip to Poughkeepsie, than he could possibly be in the forest, where the fear of getting lost hung over him like a pall, and the mosquitoes and black flies singled him out for their sharpest vengeance. He

* R. W. Emerson.

began to hum a tune, on the conclusion of the council, or "smoke," as it might properly be termed, which fixed our return on the morrow, and this was a significant circumstance.

I felt so much provoked by his unseasonable cheerfulness as to be half inclined to throw a boot at him. There is nothing that exasperates a man more than to hear his friend or his squire, to whom he has communicated some decision disagreeable to himself, and which he supposes may prove equally disagreeable to the other party, either begin to whistle Hail Columbia, or sing the fag-end of some old song. There is an unpleasant surprise in it that tries the nerves. We are so selfish, naturally, that we cannot bear that what gives us displeasure or pain should be welcomed with delight and satisfaction by another. I forget the tune that Brown hummed, if I knew it at the time, but it might have been the shred of a song he had heard the drovers sing in the fire-light of some ancient tavern in the valley of the Mohawk, and it may have run something like this, without injustice to the profession: —

"A merry life the drover leads,
Up and down, up and down;
Driving far his mottled breeds
To the town, to the town.
Hoa! holla! you skulking star,
Gee up! you speckled brown."

But whatever the song might be, it was evident that Brown's heart was drawing home to the familiar lapstone and the corner gossip of the village; and I can only say that if he makes as much capital in the way of story-telling out of this adventure as he made out of the Poughkeepsie raid, his society will be much sought after.

The natural if not inevitable consequence of all housekeeping, even on a small scale, and for a short period, whether in civilized life or in the woods, is to get your furniture, your table services, cooking utensils, and out-door implements,—so widely scattered as to require something more than a drum and fife to call them together again when they are wanted for a flight.

This was exactly our case. Mr. Bromaghin having taken out his furniture, and leaving nothing but a few fixtures, made it necessary for us to rehabilitate the lodge in every essential particular, and what the scanty materials brought with us could not furnish, was of necessity compassed by the ingenious brain and ready jackknife of our valued servitor. His constructive talent was also employed in the building of a summer pavilion, but a short distance off, and opposite the lodge, which served to extend the range of our domestic establishment.

As an effort of architectural skill, this structure, consummated in one day, during our absence, deserves remembrance. It was extremely creditable to him. Not the severest critic, even Mr. Ruskin himself, could have questioned its faultless lines. Its length was that of a respectable fire-log in the woods, and its height sufficient for a short man to stand erect in it.

It had but one fault, and that was occasioned by the nature of the material used in the roof, which consisted of branches of broom; and this fault was, that a parasitical worm would occasionally drop himself down from the lofty ceiling upon the face of the recumbent sleeper. Over this extended surface, therefore, our portable property was distributed in the most promiscuous manner.

Brown applied himself industriously after supper in collecting together those articles which had come with us from the distant settlement, and were bound to return thither, while the squire made a cache, improperly so called in this case, in one of the trees, on the skirt of the wood, of the remainder of our provisions, for Bennett, who was expecting to return in two or three days for further explorations; and these things accomplished, Morton and myself

resumed our seats upon the log in front of the fire.

The warm sunlight was now slowly melting into shade, but, lingering, as if loth to depart, upon the edge of the forest, it flooded the tops of the trees like a sea of fire. The dark green bolls of the hemlock, swayed gently by the evening breeze, were for a moment all ablaze with its lambent flame, but the sun, dropping suddenly into the distant wood, left them black as funeral plumes. Through the silent arches behind us the dark shadows, a spectral host, were hastening up from the east, and soon filled all the grove. Sitting thus in the fire-light, and watching the fantastic forms into which the decaying embers fashioned themselves, the evening settled into night, and night into sleep.

CHAPTER XIX.

Homeward bound. — Imperfect Knowledge of the Region. — Conjectures of the first Settlers on the Hudson. — Territory of the Iroquois. — Sources of the Rivers. — Water Communication between the Hudson and the St. Lawrence. — Clifton Ore Bed. — Richard Allen's. — Separation from my Companions.

BEFORE the sun had climbed above the tops of the trees surrounding our camp, each man had shouldered his pack, and stood waiting for the word of command. Brown took another look at the cachè, to be sure that it was so disposed as to defy the efforts of animals to reach it. The decaying embers of the fire were raked together, to prevent any possible danger of its communication to the grass, or dry wood of the lodge, and then, mounting the wooded ridge, we made our last adieus to the Lares and Penates of Harewood Lodge, and plunged into the thicket. The day was clear but warm, and our downward tramp to the settlement, diversified by occasional halts for rest and refreshment, a few inconsiderable accidents, and much discussion, was in all else devoid of particular incident. I remarked to the squire,

as we set out, upon the lack of information at present existing as to the interior region from which we were now taking our departure.

"Yes," said he; "I doubt if much more is generally known of the country upon this side of the plateau to-day, at least, by those who derive their knowledge from books, than was familiar to the early settlers, several generations ago; and I question if a page of descriptive matter relating to it can be found. The lake region east of us has been explored and described, and admirably, too, by Mr. Street and Mr. Hammond; but their visits did not extend much, if any, beyond Tupper's Lake. The conjecture of the first settlers on the Hudson River was, that the head waters of that river extended to the St. Lawrence. De Laet observes that, looking up the river, 'certain high hills were seen, from which the waters of the river proceeded, and to all appearance it reaches to the great River St. Lawrence, in Canada, for our skippers testify that to this fort Indians came from St. Lawrence, and even from Quebec.' In his day, the Dutch settlements were confined to the banks of the river, and all that was known of the sources of the Hudson and the interior lakes, was founded upon vague reports of the Indians and the flights of birds."

"You are undoubtedly correct, squire; for, before coming up here, I sought in every direction for some published work which should lay open to me the secrets of this treasure-house, but in vain. The books you mention I found with difficulty, but read with pleasure, as also that of Mr. Headley. As an illustration of this complete dearth of facts, there was published, in 1824, a history of the State of New York, including the aboriginal and colonial annals; — a work of considerable research, dating back to the conjectural races who first peopled America, in which, referring to this region, the writer says, 'An exact knowledge of the northern sources of the Hudson, and its branches, has hardly yet been acquired, in consequence of the wild condition of the region which embraces them.' Imagine a man sitting down to write a history of New York, filling two hundred pages of his book with aboriginal traditions and facts, an extended and critical examination of the evidences of the existence of white races on this continent, long descriptions of the Indian tribes and the voyages of the old discoverers, and turning off the sources of the Hudson River with the paragraph which I have quoted!"

"You are unnecessarily severe, sir; it is not

the business of a historian either to explore or make a topographical survey of the country about which he writes. All that you have a right to expect of him is, that he shall faithfully collect together and chronicle all the existing facts. I think your author, whoever he might be, was a little lame. If he had visited the state department at Albany he might have learned something more than he evidently knew of the arrangement of these waters, from the partial surveys which had been made previous to that time."

"Was this plateau included in the territory of the Iroquois?"

"Yes, it was; and it is not at all improbable that the Indians, on their way from the St. Lawrence to the Hudson, as De Laet suggests, passed through these woods and waters. They are more likely, however, to have followed the Black River to the Mohawk, and that river down. Their route between the river and Lake Champlain would naturally lie along the track we are now pursuing, and you can feast your imagination, if you like, upon the idea that this road was once thronged with redskins. I referred to the conjectures of De Laet, as to the sources of the Hudson River, for the purpose of giving you some idea of the

sources and direction of the rivers that fall from this plateau, which I have not been able to do until now. There are at least six great ranges of mountains that traverse the northern portion of the State. The most westerly of these ranges is termed, by the geographers, the St. Lawrence. We are, at this moment, within eight miles of one of the principal eminences forming a part of this range, which, in respect to altitude, is a molehill compared with Mount Marcy, Mount Seward, or Mount McIntyre, of the Adirondack group, — and that is what we call the Iron Mountain, in Oakham. This range appears to make the dividing ridge, westerly, between the waters that flow into the St. Lawrence River, the chain of lakes in Hamilton and Essex counties, and the sources of the Hudson. This range is penetrated by the Racket River, on the easterly side of Oakham, which finds its source in Lake Emmons and Racket Lake, and is one of the principal tributaries of the St. Lawrence on the western slope of the plateau.

"The Grass takes its rise on the north and east sides of the mountain, in Oakham. On its west side are two feeders of Cranberry Lake, the reservoir of the Oswegatchie River. You will see, therefore, that this ridge constitutes

the water-shed in greater part of both the Grass and Oswegatchie Rivers. The latter is also fed by Oswegatchie Inlet, which enters the Lake from the south-west, and lower down by several small branches. The source of the St. Regis is found in the cluster of lakes north of the Upper Saranac. These four rivers form the principal waters descending to the St. Lawrence.

"The Saranac and Ausable Rivers flowing north-east into Lake Champlain, receive their waters chiefly from the Saranac and other lakes.

"Thirty miles distant from where we stand the Hudson River reaches its Briarean arms into the great number of lakes scattered over Essex and Hamilton counties.

"I should also state that Bog River, on the south side of the mountain in Oakham, flows into Tupper's Lake, and may be considered one of the feeders of the Racket. Thus you will perceive, that if we could find a hill bare of trees and high enough, we should be able to see every one of these great water-courses setting out upon their different journeys to the distant horizon. But a bare hill is the greatest of all rarities in the wilderness.

"An English writer published in London, in

1799, a Journal of Travels in North America and Lower and Upper Canada, in the years 1795–7, in which it is stated that the sources of the Hudson and Oswegatchie Rivers approach so near each other, except only a few portages, as to admit of their being navigated by batteaux from the St. Lawrence to the Hudson.

"We have seen that this could not be true of the Oswegatchie, whose branches do not approach the Hudson, unless, by a long portage, Cranberry Lake were connected with Bog River and Tupper's Lake, in which case by following the upper course of the Racket the head waters of the Hudson might be reached. The foreign traveller of 1795 seems to have been much better informed than the native historian of 1824.

"On the whole I think it highly probable that the reports of the Indians to De Laet were true, and that it may have been possible for an Indian to take his canoe from the Hudson River to the St. Lawrence in the following manner: namely, up the Hudson River to Ord's Falls and Lake Harris, thence to Rich Lake, thence to Lily Pond, thence to Long Pond, thence to Catlin Lake, thence to Round Pond, thence (a portage of about one quarter

of a mile) to Long Lake, thence down the Racket River to the township of Piercefield. In the southern portion of Piercefield there is a succession of ponds and marshes, extending from the Racket River into the township of Jamestown to the Grass River. The banks of the ponds and the borders of the marshes show that in times past the water stood on a level some four or five feet higher than at present, but by some breakage in the natural dams of earth, by reason of the working of beavers, or from some other cause, these waters have, to a great extent, been drained off into the Racket and Grass Rivers. The marks of a higher elevation of the waters spoken of are clear and distinct; such as a natural embankment around the ponds and marshes, showing the old shores distinctly delineated by the old growth of trees to what was the water's edge of the ponds, and the banks of sand and soil piled up by the action of the water. Undoubtedly there used to be a water communication by this route from the Racket to the Grass River, somewhat similar to the natural canal between the Grass and the Oswegatchie Rivers in Canton. But here we are at Bromaghin Shanty again."

We were now about to cross Bend Hill,

which makes the only serious obstruction between Russell and the lake.

On our way up the squire had intimated his intention to explore the valley on the north side of the hill, to see if it were not possible to find a route for a road by which the bad grades of the hill could be avoided.

He, accordingly, after a short rest, took the hatchet, and directing us to pursue the track over the hill and wait for him at the Clifton ore bed, four miles further on, committed himself to the woods, and was immediately lost to sight. The remainder of the party commenced the ascent with slow steps, for the sun was now getting high, and the heat intense for a day in June, and, besides, the mosquitoes were excessively troublesome. Morton and myself, trudged along together, with Brown in advance, loaded down with his tremendous burden.

Our sagacious servitor had occupied some of his leisure moments in camp, in the preparation of two stout canes, about five feet in length, to assist him on his homeward tramp, but they proved so great a hindrance, by occupying his hands, which were every moment needed to brush away the mosquitoes, that they could not have relieved him much.

Morton and I were greatly amused by the ludicrous motions which he made with the sticks; every time he raised them, his hands were carried to his face to slap the mosquitoes, and the bottom of the canes went wide into the air; and these motions were so constantly repeated as to make it very funny. He had not proceeded far, however, before he came to a resolution to give them up altogether, and turning round to me, said,—

"How the mosquitoes do bite. You look pretty well fagged out. Here, take these sticks, they'll help you."

"No, I thank you, Brown," I replied. "You are very kind. I am getting along finely."

"Plague take the things, then!"—throwing them on the ground, and pushing forward.

We had a quiet laugh at the old man's expense. I picked up the sticks, which he had so carefully elaborated, but so incontinently abandoned, and found them a rod and a staff.

After two hours of weary travel, we at length, reached the Clifton ore bed, and were glad enough to throw down our packs and rest. The squire had not yet come in from his exploration of the new route.

The Clifton ore bed is one of the great veins of iron, about which so much has been said in

these pages, that stratify this forest from one side to the other, and it is really a great vein. We estimated its width to be from thirty to forty feet. The quality of the ore is excellent, in no important particular different from that in the beds in Oakham, Harewood, and Sherwood. It had been worked, to some extent, for the supply of one or two local forges, but at the time of our visit was as desolate and solitary as it is possible to imagine. The owls and bats might have made their nests, and dwelt in perfect security in the log-house which had sheltered the few workmen formerly employed in the mine; but since these notes were originally penned, a change has passed over the dream of this part of the forest. The spot, so lonely at the time of my visit, has been made to echo and reëcho the sounds of the pick and the drill; rough voices fill the arches of the solemn woods, the roads groan under the weight of massive crystals of virgin ore.

We had not more than shaken the dust of the road from our feet before other spirits, not less ambitious and enterprising, became inspired by the heralded fame of the iron El Dorado, and our footprints were trodden out by the crowd that followed us. They came to the Clifton ore bed, saw, and were conquered.

The mine is now worked, and cannot but prove profitable, as well as of great local benefit. Asking the reader to pardon this digression, I resume my narrative. — We had concluded our lunch, and were lounging lazily under the shade of the trees, when the squire rejoined us, completely wilted down. He had succeeded in finding a practicable route for a road at the foot of Bend hill, and had carefully marked it by slashing the trees. Brown made all haste to set before him such refreshments as our nearly exhausted stock admitted, and we had soon the satisfaction of seeing our worthy friend restored to pristine strength and vigor.

Once more upon the road, and after an hour or two's travel, we reached Richard Allen's, in the cleared village of Monterey. I say *cleared*, for the impression made upon me on leaving the shadows of the woods, and coming into the broad sunlight of the open country, was like that of the sudden parting of a black cloud which has obscured the sun and darkened the earth, or like taking off one's hat at mid-day and walking bareheaded. The fields looked marvellously smooth and clean, as if they had been combed with a fine-tooth comb, and the fences, curious arrangements of small wood, looked as delicate as the reeds in my lady's work-basket.

The hospitality dispensed by Mrs. Allen was excellent, in point both of taste and quality; — an open air wash, in water from the purest spring in St. Lawrence county; soap that looked as tempting as a Bologna sausage; and an immaculate towel, — to all these things was superadded a tumbler of raspberry wine; — and what more can be said?

By dint of much diplomacy, a wagon was secured to take our party, together with the packs, to the village of Russell, where we arrived, without accident or further incident, at about dusk, — a very tired and a very hungry set; and here, with the exception of Morton, I separated from my fellow-voyagers; — the squire to resume the routine of his every-day life, Bennett to make preparations to return again to the forest, for the purpose of an extended examination of its more hidden recesses, Clark to meditate upon the uncertainties of mining, and, perhaps, to put in a few more blasts, and Brown, — ah! we could not part with him so suddenly; no. While Morton and I lingered in Russell, Brown occupied our first thoughts in the morning and our last at night. I wish him well.

CHAPTER XX.

The Squire at Home. — Canton. — Ogdensburg. — Its fine Situation. — First Settlement. — Many beautiful Buildings. — Home.

AFTER a day or two of rest at Russell, we began to look homeward, but before taking our departure, we made a ceremonious call upon the squire, at his own house, and in the bosom of his family.

The squire at home was quite another person from the squire in the woods. The ancient straw hat and claret-colored guernsey jacket were laid aside, and he appeared in a nicely-fitting bottle-green frock, with velvet collar, and a rigidly-starched dickey. It was evident that he was not a neglected man among the feminine part of his household. Our adieus were short, but very hearty on both sides.

On our way down we spent a few hours in Canton, accepting an invitation to dine with an estimable gentleman of that village. We were most agreeably surprised by the fine appearance of this place, which is the shire town of the county. Its location upon the Grass River,

near abundant water-power, in the midst of one of the best agricultural regions of Northern New York, and connected by railroad east and west, gives to it great advantages.

These advantages are evidently fully appreciated by its citizens, whose activity and enterprise are every where apparent, on even the most cursory survey of the town. An extensive business street, with many large brick stores, well filled with merchandise, denote unusual growth and prosperity; while the public buildings, churches, and academies evince the fact that they have not been negligent of those higher interests which form the cement of society.

After dinner, we took the train for Ogdensburg, where we arrived in season for a comfortable supper. This city is finely situated upon the eastern shore of the St. Lawrence River, and at the mouth of the Oswegatchie, whose waters we had observed, only a few days back, from the shores of Cranberry Lake, setting out upon their circuitous journey of seventy-five to one hundred miles, to the great river, thence to find their way into the Atlantic Ocean.

We could not help giving our old acquaintance a pleasant salutation. Of course no city could be better located for commercial pur-

poses. It forms a sort of middle-ground for navigation, that of the lower waters, on their upward trips, meeting here the navigation of the lakes. Besides, it is the terminus of the Northern and Rome and Ogdensburg railroads, and the connecting point, from the east, with the Prescott and Ottawa and Grand Trunk roads. The business of these roads, in their connection with this place, is, comparatively, in its infancy.

A quarter of a century hence, if the internal commerce of the country keeps its present ratio of increase, Ogdensburg will become a place of great magnitude and importance.

Ogdensburg was originally called Oswegatchie, and a settlement was first made under the auspices of Samuel Ogden, by Nathan Ford, in 1796. The early settlement was attended with many difficulties and drawbacks, which were not finally altogether surmounted until after the war of 1812. Ogden derived his title from the State of New York, but some British subjects, having procured leases from the Indians, undertook to establish a settlement under these leases, and generally to obstruct the plans of Mr. Ford, who appears to have been a man of more than ordinary energy and prudence, but they were compelled to succumb at last.

Its situation upon the Canada frontier operated greatly to its disadvantage during the second war with Great Britain, inasmuch as it kept the business of that whole section in a disturbed state for several years. Emigration was prevented from coming in, and, in addition, many of the old settlers were compelled to seek more secure abodes elsewhere. Thus all industrial enterprises were prevented, and the great natural advantages of the place left unimproved.

I took a stroll the next morning, with my fellow-voyager, through some of the streets, and was agreeably surprised to find so many elegant churches and private mansions. The Potsdam sandstone, which is observed in use in some part of almost every building, either for walls, foundations, or tiles, from this city to Malone, and perhaps beyond, was here brought into a more tasteful arrangement; and some of the houses built of this material were not only substantial in appearance, but quite imposing. I was, however, much better pleased with the Toronto brick, which, being made of a delicate cream-colored clay, very soft and agreeable to the eye, are admirably adapted for private dwelling-houses, but too light and airy for massive structures. How well they will bear

exposure to the atmosphere, I was not able to determine.

The principal hotel of the place, the Seymour House, is every thing that a traveller could wish, — quiet, unostentatious, and comfortable in all its arrangements.

And this is all that a sojourner, of but a few hours, might reasonably be expected to say of the city of Ogdensburg.

At noon we took the cars on the Northern road, and, chatting, dozing, and dreaming through the remainder of the day and the following night, were safely set down the next morning in Boston.