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TRYING HIS LUCK.

ADVENTURES

IN THE

WILDS OF THE UNITED STATES

AND

British American Provinces.

BY

CHARLES LANMAN,

AUTHOR OF "ESSAYS FOR SUMMER HOURS," "PRIVATE LIFE OF DANIEL WEBSTER," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR AND OSCAR BESSAU.

"Without registering these things by the pen they will slide away unprofitably."—Owen Feltham.

WITH AN APPENDIX BY LIEUT. CAMPBELL HARDY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA:
JOHN W. MOORE, No. 195 CHESTNUT STREET.
1856.

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PREFACE.

This work is composed of materials which I have gathered within the last ten years, while performing occasional Tours into almost every nook and corner of the United States, and the neighboring British Provinces. It comprehends ample descriptions of the Valleys of the Mississippi and St. Lawrence rivers, with the Basin of the Great Lakes, the entire Mountain-Land overlooking our Atlantic seaboard, and the Alluvial Region bordering on the Gulf of Mexico. It is indeed a kind of Cyclopedia of American Scenery and Personal Adventure, and of Traveling Incidents, calculated to exhibit the manners and customs of our people, and interest the lovers of Natural History and the various Arts of Sporting.

The several parts of the work, as they at present appear, were originally published in the journals and periodicals of the day, and subsequently in as many small volumes, which were all very kindly received by the public, both in this country and England. My chief channel of communication, however, as a Tourist, has been the *National Intelligencer*; but I have also written occasionally for the *New York Observer*, the *New York Express*, the *Southern Literary Messenger*, and *Bentley's Magazine*. Among those who have been my friends, and given me advice, and whose kindly offices I have acknowledged in brief Dedicatory Epistles, now thrown aside, are Messrs. Gales & Seaton, Hon. George P. Marsh, Professor Joseph Henry, William C. Bryant, Esq., Hon. John F. Crampton, and Washington Irving, Esq. I mention these several names with pride and thankfulness, and can only hope that the unpretending literary career of their sometime pupil, will reflect no discredit upon their teachings. With regard to Mr. Irving, I would say that his delightful writings were the first to animate me with a natural, though in my case a daring spirit of emulation, but as I have, in the following letters, his sanction for my folly, I am quite contented. The first had reference to my traveling essays, as they were appearing at intervals, and the second was in answer to a petition for advice on the propriety of the present publication.

Sunny Side.

My Dear Sir:—I would not reply to your very obliging letter of September 10th, until I had time to read the volumes which accompanied it. This, from the pressure of various engagements, I have but just been able to do; and I now return you thanks for the

delightful entertainment which your summer rambles have afforded me. I do not see that I have any literary advice to give you, excepting to keep on as you have begun. You seem to have the happy, enjoyable humor of old Izaak Walton. I anticipate great success, therefore, in your Essays on our American Fishes, and on Angling, which I trust will give us still further scenes and adventures on our great internal waters, depicted with the freshness and graphic skill of your present volumes. In fact, the adventurous life of the angler, amidst our wild scenery, on our vast lakes and rivers, must furnish a striking contrast to the quiet loiterings of the English angler along the Trent or Dove; with country milkmaids to sing madrigals to him, and a snug, decent country inn at night, where he may sleep in sheets that have been laid in lavender.

With best wishes for your success, I am, my dear sir,

Very truly, your obliged

WASHINGTON IRVING.

SUNNY SIDE.

My Dear Sir:—I am glad to learn that you intend to publish your narrative and descriptive writings in a collected form. I have read parts of them as they were published separately, and the great pleasure derived from the perusal makes me desirous of having the whole in my possession. They carry us into the fastnesses of our mountains, the depths of our forests, the watery wilderness of our lakes and rivers, giving us pictures of savage life and savage tribes, Indian legends, fishing and hunting anecdotes, the adventures of trappers and backwoodsmen; our whole arcanum, in short, of indigenous poetry and romance: to use a favorite phrase of the old discoverers, “they lay open the secrets of the country to us.”

I cannot but believe your work will be well received, and meet with the wide circulation which it assuredly merits.

With best wishes for your success, I remain, my dear sir,

Yours, very truly,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

But another of the “Literary Fathers,” who has honored me with his friendly advice, is the Hon. Edward Everett, and, as I have his permission for doing so, I trust my readers will excuse me for printing the following letter:

WASHINGTON, February 19th, 1853.

Dear Sir:—I am much obliged to you for the copy of the English edition of your life of Mr. Webster, kindly sent with your note of yesterday.

I fully concur with the opinions expressed by Mr. Irving, on the subject of a collective edition of your narrative and descriptive writings. Having, during nearly all the time since they began to appear, been engaged in official duties, which have left me but little time for general reading, I am not familiar with all of them; but from what I have read of them, and from Mr. Irving’s emphatic and discriminating commendation, I am confident the series would be welcomed by a large class of readers.

You have explored nooks in our scenery seldom visited; and described forms of life and manners of which the greater portion of our busy population are entirely ignorant. Topics of this kind, though briefly sketched, are, or at least ought to be, in this country, of far greater interest than the attempted descriptions of fashionable life in Europe, which form the staple of those trashy works of fiction constantly poured in upon us from abroad.

Wishing you much success in your proposed undertaking, I remain,

Very truly yours,
EDWARD EVERETT.

As to the concluding division of this work, it is proper that I should make an explanatory remark. It was intended as a kind of Sequel to the preceding Sketches, and consists of after records, the majority of which might have been printed in the shape of letters, when the notes for them were first collected, but were published in the *National Intelligencer* as Editorial Essays, whereby the frequent use of the pronoun we is accounted for. The essays on the Game Fish of the country were written at various periods of my angling experience, so that the reader will occasionally find in the body of the work more full accounts of the fishing streams and their

scenery than in the sequel; while those who feel an interest in the Legendary Lore of the Aborigines, are referred to the additional collection at the end of the work. I also deem it proper to mention in this place, that the first part was written in 1846, the second in 1847, the third in 1848, the fourth in 1851, the fifth in 1853, the sixth in 1853 and 1854, and the seventh from 1846 to 1856.

And now, on glancing over the pages of my manuscript, I am reminded of the many kind and agreeable people, by whom I have been entertained in my manifold journeys, or with whom I have sported in the lonely wilderness, and to all of them would I send a wish for their prosperity and happiness. From them, and from Nature, have I gathered the staple of this work, and the secret of my success thus far, I fancy to be, that I have always written from impulse, with an honest intention, and in the hope of securing the approbation of those only whose hearts beat in sympathy with my own.

One word more. Should some of the earlier passages of my present publication appear, to the matured reader, to be somewhat too fanciful in idea or expression, he will please remember that it is not manly always to condemn the follies of youth;—and I must add the confession, that I would rather be wrong with the warm-hearted lover of nature, than to be right with the cold-blooded critic.

Georgetown, D. C., Summer of 1856.

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

A Summer in the Wilderness:

PAGE

SAINT LOUIS, - - - - - - - - - - - 1

THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER, - - - - - - - - 7

LEGEND OF THE ILLINOIS, - - - - - - - - 12

NAUVOO, - - - - - - - - - - - - 15

PRAIRIE DU CHIEN,- - - - - - - - - - 19

THE LEAD REGION,- - - - - - - - - - 25

THE ALPINE REGION, - - - - - - - - - 29

RED WING VILLAGE, - - - - - - - - - 34

THE FALLS OF SAINT ANTHONY, - - - - - - 38

A RIDE ON HORSEBACK, - - - - - - - - 45

CROW-WING, - - - - - - - - - - - 48

THE INDIAN TRADER, - - - - - - - - - 55

SPIRIT LAKE, - - - - - - - - - - - 59

LAKE WINNIPEG, - - - - - - - - - - 64

RED CEDAR LAKE, - - - - - - - - - - 69

ELK LAKE, - - - - - - - - - - - - 75

LEECH LAKE, - - - - - - - - - - - 79

FISH OF THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI, - - - - - - 84

SANDY LAKE, - - - - - - - - - - - 90

THE SAINT LOUIS RIVER, - - - - - - - - 94

LAKE SUPERIOR, - - - - - - - - - - 100

THE VOYAGEUR, - - - - - - - - - - 110

THE COPPER REGION, - - - - - - - - - 119

SAULT SAINT MARIE, - - - - - - - - - 123

MACKINAW, - - - - - - - - - - - 128

RECOLLECTIONS OF MICHIGAN, - - - - - - 132

A Tour to the River Saguenay:

THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS, - - - - - - - 171
A SPRING DAY, - - - - - - - - - - 188
THE CORN PLANTING BEE,- - - - - - - - 196
LAKE HORICON, - - - - - - - - - - 200
THE SCAROON COUNTRY, - - - - - - - - 211
THE ADIRONDAC MOUNTAINS,- - - - - - - 217
THE ADIRONDAC HUNTER,- - - - - - - - 229
LAKE CHAMPLAIN,- - - - - - - - - - 238
THE GREEN AND WHITE MOUNTAINS, - - - - - 244
MONTREAL, - - - - - - - - - - - 255
QUEBEC, - - - - - - - - - - - - 259
DOWN THE ST. LAWRENCE,- - - - - - - - 265
THE SAGUENAY RIVER, - - - - - - - - 270
SALMON FISHING ADVENTURES, - - - - - - 278
SEAL HUNTING ON THE ST. LAWRENCE, - - - - 288
THE ESQUIMAUX INDIANS OF LABRADOR,- - - - 293
THE HABITANS OF CANADA, - - - - - - - 297
LAKE TIMISCOUTA, - - - - - - - - - 301
THE ACADIANS, - - - - - - - - - - 305
DOWN THE MADAWASKA, - - - - - - - - 309
THE HERMIT OF AROOSTOOK, - - - - - - - 312
THE RIVER ST. JOHN, - - - - - - - - - 325
THE PENOBSCOT RIVER, - - - - - - - - 329
MOOSEHEAD LAKE AND THE KENNEBEC RIVER, - - 333

Letters from the Alleghany Mountains:

DAHLONEGA, - - - - - - - - - - - 343
TRIP TO TRACK ROCK, - - - - - - - - - 351
VALLEY OF NACOOCHEE, - - - - - - - - 355
CASCADE OF TUCCOAH, - - - - - - - - 360
THE FALLS OF TALLULAH, - - - - - - - - 364
THE HUNTER OF TALLULAH, - - - - - - - 369
TRAIL MOUNTAIN, - - - - - - - - - - 374
DOWN THE OWASSA, - - - - - - - - - 378
ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS, - - - - - - - - 384
THE LITTLE TENNESSEE, - - - - - - - - 392
SMOKY MOUNTAIN, - - - - - - - - - 400
THE CHEROKEE INDIANS, - - - - - - - - 407
CHEROKEE CUSTOMS, - - - - - - - - - 413
CHEROKEE CHARACTERS, - - - - - - - - 417
HICKORY NUT GAP, - - - - - - - - - 425
THE FRENCH BROAD RIVER, - - - - - - - 431
BLACK MOUNTAIN, - - - - - - - - - 438
THE CATAWBA COUNTRY, - - - - - - - - 445
THE MOUNTAINS AND THEIR PEOPLE, - - - - - 455
THE NAMELESS VALLEY, - - - - - - - - 460
THE VALLEY OF VIRGINIA, - - - - - - - - 467
MISCELLANEOUS NOTES, - - - - - - - - 472

The Sources of the Potomac:

ROMNEY, - - - - - - - - - - - - 477
MOORFIELD, - - - - - - - - - - - 484
THE HERMIT WOMAN OF HE ALLEGHANIES, - - - 489
ACROSS THE ALLEGHANIES, - - - - - - - 495
THE CHEAT RIVER COUNTRY, - - - - - - - 500
BUFFALO GLADE, - - - - - - - - - - 505

THE CUMBERLAND REGION, - - - - - - - 510

ILLUSTRATIONS VOL. I.

TRYING HIS LUCK, - - - - - - - - - -	*Frontispiece*
LAKE PEPIN, - - - - - - - - - - -	face page 30
BLUFFS ON LAKE SUPERIOR, - - - - - -	“ “ 104
THE VOYAGEUR’S CAMP, - - - - - - -	“ “ 111
DUCK SHOOTING IN MICHIGAN, - - - - -	“ “ 144
DEAD MOOSE, - - - - - - - - - - -	“ “ 234

A

SUMMER IN THE WILDERNESS.

ADVENTURES IN THE WILDS

OF THE

United States and British American Provinces.

SAINT LOUIS.

The River Queen, as Saint Louis is sometimes called, may be looked upon as the threshhold leading to the wild and romantic region of the Upper Mississippi, which is the Mecca of my present pilgrimages. It was founded in the year seventeen hundred and sixty-four, by two Frenchmen, named Laclade and Chouteau, who were accompanied by about thirty Creoles. The first steamer which landed on this spot came from New Orleans in the year eighteen hundred and nineteen; but the number now belonging here is rated at three hundred, many of which are unsurpassed in speed and splendor of accommodations. The population of this city amounts to forty thousand souls. It is elevated some eighty feet above the low-water mark of the Mississippi, and from the river presents a handsome appearance. The old part of the town is inhabited by a French population, and is in a dilapidated condition; but the more modern portion is distinguished for its handsome streets, and tastefully built mansions and public buildings. It might be compared indeed, to a man with a French heart and Yankee limbs; and it is a singular circumstance that its geographical position is within three hundred miles of the centre of North America. Fronting the levee or landing-place are several blocks of stone stores, which give an idea of the extensive business transacted here. On one occasion I saw this wharfing ground so completely crowded with merchandise of every possible variety, that travelers were compelled to walk from the steamboats to the hotels. This city is the home market for all the natural productions of a wilderness country extending in different directions for thousands of miles, and watered by several of the largest rivers in the world. Its growth, however, has been somewhat retarded by the peculiar character of its original inhabitants. The acknowledged wealth of many of its leading men can only be equalled by their illiberality and want of enterprise. But time is committing sad ravages among these

ancient citizens, for they are, from age and infirmities, almost daily dropping into the place of graves. Under the benign influence of true American enterprise, this city is rapidly becoming distinguished for its New England character, in spite of the retarding cause alluded to above, and it possesses, to an uncommon degree, all the worthy qualities which should belong to an enlightened and eminently prosperous city.

There is one unique feature connected with the River Queen, which gives it, at times, a most romantic appearance. It is the point whence must start all distant expeditions to the North and West, and where the treasures of the wilderness are prepared for re-shipment to the more distant markets of our own and foreign countries. Here, during the spring and summer months may often be seen caravans about to depart for California, Santa Fe, the Rocky Mountains, and Oregon, while the sprightly step and sparkling eye will speak to you of the hopes and anticipations which animate the various adventurers. At one time, perhaps, may be seen a company of toil-worn trappers entering the city, after the absence of months, far away on the head waters of the Mississippi or Missouri rivers, where they have hunted the beaver, the buffalo, the otter, the bear, and the deer; and as they steal away to their several homes, from the door of the Fur Company, where they have just rendered their account, it does the heart good to ponder on the joys which will be brought into existence by the happy return. And the Indians, from different nations, who often visit this place, also add greatly to the picturesque appearance of its streets. Summoned by curiosity, they congregate here in large numbers, and while their gaudy trappings and painted faces remind us of the strange wild life they lead, their prowling propensities and downcast eyes inform us of the melancholy fact, that they are the victims of a most heartless, though lawful oppression. And this remark, by the way, reminds me of a living picture which I lately witnessed, and will briefly describe. It was the sunset hour, and I was returning from a ride on the eastern bank of the great river. The western sky was flooded with a saffron glow, in the midst of which floated unnumbered cloud-islands, tinged with deepest gold. Underneath lay the beautiful city, with its church-spires uppointing to the Christian's home; then passed the rushing tide of the Mississippi, ploughed by many a keel; and in the foreground was a woody bluff, on the brow of which sat a solitary Indian, humming a strangely solemn song, as his white locks and eagle plumes waved in the evening breeze. I asked no question of the sorrowing dreamer, but pursued my way, pondering on the cruel destiny which has power to make man a stranger and an exile, on the very soil from which he sprang, and where repose the ashes of his forgotten kindred.

Lover as I am of genuine art, it will not do for me to leave this city, the sturdy child of a new and great empire, without alluding to its treasures in this particular. The bright particular star, who uses the pencil here, is Charles Deas. He is a young man who left New York about eight years ago, for the purpose of studying his art in the wilds west of the Mississippi. He makes this city his head-quarters, but annually spends a few months among the Indian tribes, familiarizing himself with their manners and customs, and he is honorably identifying himself with the history and scenery of a most interesting portion of the continent. The great charm of his productions is found in the strongly marked national character which they bear. His collection of sketches is already very valuable. The following are a few of the pictures which I saw in his studio, which pleased me exceedingly. One, called the Indian Guide, represents an aged Indian riding in the evening twilight on a piebald horse, apparently musing upon the times of old. The sentiment of such a painting is not to be described, and can only be felt by the beholder who has a passion for the wilderness. Another, Long Jake, is the literal portrait of a celebrated character of the Rocky Mountains. He looks like an untamed hawk, figures in a flaming red shirt, and is mounted on a black stallion. He is supposed to be on the ridge of a hill, and as the sky is blue, the figure stands out in the boldest relief. Artistically speaking, this is a most daring effort of the pencil, but the artist has decidedly triumphed. In a picture called Setting out for the Mountains, Mr. Deas has represented a species of American Cockney, who has made up his mind to visit the Rocky Mountains. He is mounted on a bob-tailed, saucy-looking pony, and completely loaded down with clothing, pistols, guns, and ammunition. He is accompanied by a few covered wagons, a jolly servant to be his right-hand man, and two dogs, which are frolicking on the prairie ahead, and while the man directs the attention of his master to some game, the latter shrugs his feeble shoulders, seems to think this mode of traveling exceedingly fatiguing, and personifies the latter end of a misspent life. You imagine that a few months have elapsed, and, turning to another picture, you behold our hero returning from the mountains. Exposure and hardships have transformed him into a superb looking fellow, and he is now full of life and buoyancy, and riding with the most perfect elegance and ease a famous steed of the prairies. The wagons, servant and dogs, are now in the rear of our adventurer, who, comically dressed with nothing but a cap, a calico shirt, and pair of buckskin pantaloons, is dashing ahead, fearless of every danger that may happen to cross his path. These pictures completely epitomize a personal revolution which is constantly taking place on the frontiers. One of our artist’s more ambitious productions, represents the daring feat of Captain Walker, during a recent memorable battle in Mexico. The story is that the

captain, who happened to be alone on a plain, had his horse killed from under him, and was himself wounded in the leg. Supposing, as was the case, that the Mexican savage would approach to take his scalp, he feigned himself dead, as he lay upon his horse, and as his enemy was about to butcher him, he fired and killed the rascal on the spot, and seizing the reins of his enemy's horse, he mounted him and rode into his own camp. In the picture, Walker is in the act of firing. But the painting upon which Mr. Deas's fame will probably rest, contains a large number of figures, and represents the heroism of Captain George Clarke, who, when about to be murdered by a council of Indians at North Bend, threw the war-belt in the midst of the savages, with a defying shout, and overwhelmed them with astonishment, thereby saving his own life and those of his companions. This picture is true to history in every particular, and full of expression.

But enough about these productions of art. I am bound to the fountain head of the Mississippi, and feel impatient to be with nature in the wilderness. Before concluding this chapter, however, I will describe a characteristic incident which I met with in Saint Louis.

I had been taking a lonely walk along the banks of the Mississippi, and, in fancy, revelling amid the charms of this great western world, as it existed centuries ago. My mind was in a dreamy mood, and as I re-entered the city the hum of business fell like discord upon my ear. It was the hour of twilight and the last day of the week, and the citizens whom I saw seemed anxious to bring their labors to a close that they might be ready for the Sabbath.

While sauntering leisurely through a retired street, I was startled by the sound of a deep-toned bell, and, on lifting my eyes, I found that I stood before the Catholic cathedral. I noticed a dim light through one of the windows, and as the gates were open, and I remembered it was the vesper hour, I entered the church. The inner door noiselessly swung to, and I found myself alone, the spectator of a most impressive scene. A single lamp, hanging before the altar, threw out a feeble light, and so feeble was it, that a solemn gloom brooded throughout the temple. While a dark shadow filled the aisles and remote corners, the capitals of the massive pillars on either side were lost in a still deeper shade. From the ceiling hung many a gorgeous chandelier, which were now content to be eclipsed by the humble solitary lamp. Scriptural paintings and pieces of statuary were on every side, but I could discern that Christ was the centre of attraction in all. Over, and around the altar too, were many works of art, together with a multitudinous array of sacred symbols. Just in front of these, and in the centre of the mystic throne, hung the lonely lamp, which seemed to be endowed with a thinking principle, as its feeble rays shot out in the surrounding darkness.

That part of the cathedral where towered the stupendous organ, was in deep shadow, but I knew it to be there by the faint glistening of its golden pipes: as to the silence of the place, it was death-like and holy. I chanced to heave a sigh, and that very sigh was not without an echo. The distant hum of life, alone convinced me that I was in a world of trouble and strife.

But softly! A footstep now breaks the silence! A priest in a ghost-like robe, is passing from one chancel door to another. Another footstep! and lo! a woman, clothed in black, with her face completely hidden in a veil, passes up an aisle and falls upon her knees in prayer. She has come here to find consolation in her widowhood. And now, slowly tottering along, comes a white-haired man, and he, too, falls into the attitude of prayer. With the pleasures of this world he is fully satisfied, and his thoughts are now taken up with that strange pilgrimage, whence travellers never return, and upon which he feels he must soon enter.

Other life-sick mortals, have also entered the sanctuary, offered up their evening prayer, and mingled with the tide of life once more. But again the front door slowly opens, and a little negro boy, some seven years of age, is standing by my side. What business has he here,—for surely this offspring of a slave, and a slave himself, cannot be a religious devotee? I take back that thought. I have wronged the child. The Spirit of God must tabernacle in his heart, else he would not approach the altar with such deep reverence. Behold him, like little Samuel of old, calling upon the Invisible in prayer! What a picture! Twilight in a superb cathedral, and the only worshipper a child and a slave!

THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

THE literal meaning of the Chippewa word *Meseeseepe*, according to some authorities, is Water every where—and conveys the same idea which has been translated Father of Waters; while others assert that the Choctaws called it *Missah-Sippah*, which is interpreted *old*, *big*, and *strong*. When we remember the immense extent of the valley watered by this stream and its tributaries, the latter name must be considered singularly expressive.

That portion of the river known as the Lower Mississippi, extends from New Orleans to the mouth of the Missouri, a distance of about twelve hundred miles. As the highway for a multitudinous number of steam vessels of every size and character, it is of incalculable importance, not only to this country but to the world; but with regard to its scenery, it affords little of an interesting character. Excepting a few rocky bluffs found below Saint Louis, both shores of the river are low, level, and covered with dense forests of cotton-wood and cypress, where the panther and the wolf roam in native freedom, and the eagle swoops upon its prey undisturbed by the presence of man. The banks are of an alluvial character, and as the current is exceedingly rapid, the course of the river is constantly changing. You might travel a hundred miles without finding a place sufficiently secure to land; and the water is always so very muddy that a tumbler full will always yield half an inch of the virgin soil. The surface of the stream is never placid, but for ever turbulent and full of eddies and whirlpools, as if its channel were composed of a continued succession of caverns. Snags and sawyers abound throughout its whole extent. They are taken from the shore by the rushing tide and planted in the channel quite as rapidly as the snag-vessels can extricate them from their dangerous positions.

The Lower Mississippi is probably the most dangerous and least interesting river in the world to navigate, excepting the still more frantic Missouri, which the aborigines called *Pekitanoni*, or muddy water. When not in actual danger, you are likely to be so far removed from it, high and dry on a sand-bar, that the annoyance, like a certain period in our national history, has a tendency to try men's souls. The following picture of an actual

scene on this portion of the great river, may be looked upon as characteristic of the whole. On your right is a series of rocky bluffs, covered with a stunted growth of trees; before you an expanse of water ten miles long and one or two wide; on your left an array of sand-bars and islands, where lie imbedded the wrecks of some fifty steamboats, and in the more remote distance a belt of thickly wooded bottom land. On the water, passing to and fro, are a number of steamers, and immediately in the foreground a solitary sawyer and a hull of a sunken steamboat. This is the spot which has been rightly named the Grave Yard, for hundreds of souls at different times have passed from thence into eternity. When I left the turbid and unruly bosom of the Lower Mississippi, I felt towards it as a person would naturally feel towards an old tyrant who had vainly striven to destroy him in his savage wrath. I should remark in passing, that the bottom lands of this river are not wholly without inhabitants; occasionally a lonely log cabin meets the eye, which is the only home of a miserable being who obtains his living by supplying the steamers with wood. Nailed to a stump before one of these squatter residences, which stood in the centre of a small clearing, I lately saw a board with the following inscription,—“This *farm* for sale—price $1,50.” Though I could not help laughing at the unintentional wit of that sentence, it told me a melancholy tale of poverty, intemperance, and sickness, which are too often identified with the dangers of this wilderness.

I would now speak of the Upper Mississippi, and I only regret that I cannot strike the poet’s lyre, and give to this “parent of perpetual streams” an undying hymn of praise. The moment that you pass the mouth of the Missouri on your way up the Father of Waters, you seem to be entering an entirely new world, whose every feature is “beautiful exceedingly.” The shores now slope with their green verdure to the very margin of the water, which is here of a deep green color, perfectly clear, and placid as the slumber of a child. My first view of this spot was at the twilight hour, and every object that met my gaze wore an unwonted loveliness. Over the point where the sun had disappeared, floated a cavalcade of golden clouds, and away to the eastward rolled on, along her clear, blue pathway, the bright, full moon, and now and then a trembling star,—the whole completely mirrored in the bosom of the softly flowing but ever-murmuring stream. On my right lay a somewhat cultivated shore; on my left a flock of islands, whose heavy masses of foliage rested upon the water; and in the distance was the pleasant and picturesque town of Alton, with its church spires speaking of hope and heaven. No living creatures met my gaze, save a wild duck and her brood gliding into their shadowy home, and an occasional night-hawk as he shot

through the upper air after his living food; and no sound fell upon my ear, but the jingling of a distant cow-bell and the splash of a leaping sturgeon.

Another picture which makes me remember with unalloyed pleasure this portion of the Mississippi, was a scene that I witnessed early in the morning. The sky was without a cloud, and a pleasant sunshine had full sway among the hills. On either side of me was a row of heavily timbered islands, whose lofty columns, matted vines, and luxuriant undergrowth of trees, told me of a soil that was rich beyond compare, but seldom trodden by the foot of man; and in the distance was an open vista, beautified by other islands, and receding to the sky. Now, unnumbered swallows were skimming the water, uttering a shrill chirp; then, the cry of a disappointed blue-jay would grate upon the ear; now, a bobolink and black-bird held a noisy conversation, and then the croak of a raven would descend from the top of some dead tree; now the mocking-bird, the dove, the red and blue-bird, the robin and the sparrow, favored me with a chorus of their own, while the whistle of the quail and the lark would now and then break forth to vary the natural oratorio. And to cap the climax, an occasional flock of ducks might be seen, startled away by our approach, also a crane feeding on the shore, or a bold fish-hawk pursuing his prey, while the senses were almost oppressed by the fragrance of blowing flowers, which met the eye on every side.

By multiplying the above two scenes almost indefinitely, and tinging them with the ever-varying hues and features of the pleasant summer time, and by fancying on either bank of the river an occasional thriving village, "like sunshine in a shady place," you will have a very good idea of Mississippi scenery between the mouth of the Missouri and the Lower Rapids. These are twelve miles long, and the first on the river which impede its navigation. The water, during the dry season, varies from two to four feet in depth on these Rapids, but the channel is so very crooked that even the smaller steamers with difficulty find a passage. Below this point the eye of the traveller is occasionally delighted by a fine prairie landscape, but the following picture may be looked upon as a pretty accurate epitome of the scenery between Nauvoo, at the head of the Rapids, and Rock Island. It was the noontide hour of one of those heavenly days which occasionally make very happy the universal human world. My own heart, which had been darkened by the shadows of life, was made joyous by its dazzling loveliness. The sunshine slept upon the quiet landscape, as sweetly as if the world had never known a deed of sin, while every object which composed the scene performed its secret ministry of good. It was just such a day as George Herbert has made immortal in the following words:

“Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky;
The dew will weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.”

At my feet flowed the tranquil waters of the superb river, from whose very margin receded a level prairie, which soon lost itself, in a rolling country, whose motionless billows receded to the far horizon. On my extreme left lay a range of wood-crowned and dreary looking hills, and on my right a solitary bluff which was as smooth on every side as the most highly cultivated lawn. The atmosphere was soft and of a rosy hue, and made me long for the wings of a dove that I might float away upon its bosom. Flowers of loveliest hue and sweetest fragrance were all around; and the only sound that fell upon my ear was a hum of insect wings. On the bluffs already mentioned a large herd of deer were quietly cropping their food; and in the air high towards the zenith was floating in his pride of freedom, an immense eagle, the seeming monarch of the western world.

Rock Island, whence I date this paper, and which lies in the river midway between the villages of Davenport and Rock Island, is one of the most picturesque points I have yet seen during my journey. It is, literally speaking, a rocky island, and is surmounted by the dilapidated walls of an ancient fortress, and was, in former days, the scene of many a struggle between the red man and his *brotherly* oppressor. But the place is greatly changed. Where once the gayly dressed officer quaffed his wine cup at the midnight hour, the lonely shriek of the owl is now heard even until the break of day: and the rat, the toad, and the spider, have usurped the place where once the soldier hummed his thoughtless song, or was heard the roar of his artillery.

LEGENDS OF THE ILLINOIS.

Starved Rock is the unpoetical name of a singular spot on the Illinois river about sixty miles east of this place, and eight miles south of Ottawa. It is a rocky bluff, rising from the margin of the stream to the height of more than a hundred feet, and is only separated from the main land by a narrow chasm. Its length might probably measure two hundred and fifty feet. Its sides are perpendicular, and there is only one point where it can be ascended, and that is by a narrow stair-like path. It is covered with many a cone-like evergreen, and, in summer, encircled by luxuriant grape and ivy vines, and clusters of richly colored flowers. It is undoubtedly the most conspicuous and beautiful pictorial feature of the sluggish and lonely Illinois, down which I lately made a delightful excursion, and is associated with the final extinction of the Illinois tribe of Indians. The legend which I heard from the lips of a venerable Indian trader, is as follows:

Many years ago, the whole region lying between Lake Michigan and the Mississippi was the home and dominion of the Illinois Indians. For them alone did the buffalo and antelope range over its broad prairies; for them did the finest of rivers roll their waters into the lap of Mexico, and bear upon their bosoms the birchen canoe, as they sought to capture the wild water-fowl; and for them alone did the dense forests, crowding upon these streams, shelter their unnumbered denizens.

In every direction might be seen the smoke of Indian wigwams curling upwards to mingle with the sunset clouds, which told them tales of the spirit land.

Years passed on, and they continued to be at ease in their possessions. But the white man from the far east, with the miseries which have ever accompanied him in his march of usurpation, began to wander into the wilderness, and trouble to the poor red man was the inevitable consequence. The baneful "fire water," which was the gift of civilization, created dissensions among the savage tribes, until in process of time, and on account of purely imaginary evils, the Pottowattomies from Michigan determined to make war upon the Indians of Illinois. Fortune, or rather destiny, smiled

upon the oppressors, and the identical rock in question was the spot that witnessed the extinction of an aboriginal race.

It was the close of a long siege of cruel warfare, and the afternoon of a day in the delightful Indian summer. The sunshine threw a mellow haze upon the prairies, and tinged the multitudinous flowers with the deepest gold; while, in the shadow of the forest islands, the doe and her fawn reposed in quietness, lulled into a temporary slumber by the hum of the grasshopper and wild bee. The wilderness world wore the aspect of a perfect Sabbath. But now, in the twinkling of an eye, the delightful solitude was broken by the shrill whoop and dreadful struggle of bloody conflict upon the prairies and in the woods. All over the country was seen the dead bodies of the ill-fated Illinois, when it was ordered by Providence that the concluding skirmish between the hostile parties should take place in the vicinity of Starved Rock.

The Pottowattomies numbered near three hundred warriors, while the Illinois tribe was reduced to about one hundred, who were mostly aged chiefs and youthful heroes—the more desperate fighters having already perished, and the women and children of the tribe having already been massacred and consumed in their wigwams. The battle was most desperate between the unequal parties.

The Illinois were about to give up all for lost, when, in their frenzy, they gave a defying shout, and retreated to the rocky bluff. From this, it was an easy matter to keep back their enemies, but alas! from that moment they were to endure unthought-of suffering, to the delight of their baffled, yet victorious enemies.

And now to describe in words the scene that followed and was prolonged for several days, were utterly impossible. Those stout-hearted Indians, in whom a nation was about to become extinct, chose to die upon their strange fortress, by starvation and thirst, rather than surrender themselves to the scalping-knife of their exterminators. And, with a few exceptions, this was the manner in which they did perish. Now and then, indeed, a desperate man would lower himself, hoping thereby to escape, but a tomahawk would cleave his brain before he touched the ground or water.

Day followed day, and those helpless captives sat in silence, and gazed imploringly upon their broad beautiful lands, while hunger was gnawing into their very vitals. Night followed night, and they looked upon the silent stars, and beyond, to the home of the Great Spirit, but they murmured not at his decree. And if they slept, in their dreams they once more played with their little children, or held converse with their wives, and roamed the woods and prairies in perfect freedom. When morning dawned, it was but the

harbinger of another day of agony; but when the evening hour came, a smile would sometimes brighten up a haggard countenance, for the poor, unhappy soul, through the eye of an obscure faith, had caught a glimpse of the spirit land. Day followed day, and the last lingering hope was utterly abandoned. Their destiny was sealed, and no change for good could possibly take place, for the human blood-hounds who watched their prey, were utterly without mercy. The feeble, white-haired chief, crept into a thicket and there breathed his last. The recently strong-bodied warrior, uttering a protracted but feeble yell of exultation, hurled his tomahawk upon some fiend below, and then yielded himself up to the pains of his condition. The little form of the soft-eyed youth parted with its strength, and was compelled to totter, fall upon the earth and die. The weary, weary days passed on, and the strongest man and last of his race was numbered with the dead: and a glorious banquet was presented to the vulture and the raven.

NAUVOO.

On my way up the Mississippi, I tarried a few hours at the far-famed city of Nauvoo: and when I resumed my course, I felt like one just awakened from an incomprehensible dream. Surely, surely fanaticism is a most foul fiend, and we ought to rejoice with exceeding joy that He who ruleth the armies of heaven, is yet the protector of earth, and its inhabitants, and will not leave the whole of mankind to the mercy of their idols.

The Mormon city occupies an elevated position, and, as approached from the south, appears capable of containing a hundred thousand souls. But its gloomy streets bring a most melancholy disappointment. Where lately resided no less than twenty-five thousand people, there are not to be seen more than about five hundred; and these, in mind, body and purse, seem to be perfectly wretched. In a walk of about ten minutes, I counted several hundred chimneys, which were all that number of families had left behind them, as memorials of their folly, and the wickedness of their persecutors. When this city was in its glory, every dwelling was surrounded with a garden, so that the corporation limits were uncommonly extensive; but now all the fences are in ruin, and the lately crowded streets rank with vegetation. Of the houses left standing, not more than one out of every ten is occupied, excepting by the spider and the toad. Hardly a window retained a whole pane of glass, and the doors were broken, and open, and hingeless. Not a single laughing voice did I hear in the whole place, and the lines of suffering and care seemed to be imprinted on the faces of the very children who met me in the way. I saw not a single one of those humorous domestic animals, which add so much to the comforts of human life; and I heard not a single song even from the robin and the wren, which are always so sure to build their nests about the habitations of man. The very sunshine, and the pleasant passing breeze, seemed both to speak of sin, sorrow, and utter desolation.

Yet, in the centre of this scene of ruin, stands the Temple of Nauvoo, which is unquestionably one of the finest buildings in this country. It is built of limestone, quarried within the limits of the city, in the bed of a dry stream, and the architect, named Weeks, and every individual who labored

upon the building, were Mormons. It is one hundred and twenty-eight feet in length, eighty feet wide, and from the ground to the extreme summit it measures two hundred and ninety-two feet. It is principally after the Roman style of architecture, somewhat intermixed with the Grecian and Egyptian. It has a portico, with three Roman archways. It is surrounded with pilasters; at the base of each is carved a new moon, inverted, while the capital of each is formed of an uncouth head, supported by two hands holding a trumpet. Directly under the tower in front is this inscription, in golden letters: "*The House of the Lord. Built by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Commenced April 6th, 1841. Holiness to the Lord.*" In the basement room, which is paved with brick, and converges to the centre, is a Baptismal Font, supported by twelve oxen, large as life, the whole executed in solid stone. Two stairways lead into it, from opposite directions, while on either side are two rooms for the recording clerks, and, all around, no less than twelve preparation rooms besides. On the first floor are three pulpits, and a place for the choir; and on either side eight Roman windows. Over the prophet's pulpit, or throne, is this inscription: "*The Lord has beheld our sacrifice: come after us.*" Between the first and second floors are two long rooms, appropriated to the patriarchs, which are lighted with eight circular windows each. The room of the second floor, in every particular, is precisely like that of the first. Around the hall of a spacious attic are twelve small rooms, with circular windows, and a massive lock on each door. At the two front corners of the edifice are two winding stairways, which meet at the base of the tower, and lead to the summit,—while the roof of the main building is arranged for a place of promenade; and the walls of the noble edifice vary from four to six feet in thickness.

Estimating the manual labor at the usual prices of the day, it is said that the cost of this Temple was about $800,000. The owners now offer to sell it for $200,000, but it will be a long time, I fancy, before a purchaser is found.

The history of Mormonism is among the wonders of modern times. The delusion, or shallow imposition, originated with Joe Smith, while he was a tavern idler in Palmyra, New York, about twenty years ago. The "Mormon Bible," or "Book of Mormon," is a jargon of nonsense, which the Prophet cooked up out of what he called the Golden Bible, and which he pretended to have found in the cleft of a rock, to which he had been guided by a vision. Smith's first convert was a substantial, but weak-minded farmer, named Harris, at whose expense the book was first printed in Rochester; and the bloody scenes which attended the sudden death of the Great Impostor, seem only to have increased the number of his blind followers.

The Mormon, who took me over the Temple, and gave me the above information, was nearly broken-hearted. Like the majority of his brethren, remaining in the city, he was without money, and without friends; and yet, it was to be his destiny, in a few days, to push his way into the wilderness, with a large family depending upon him for support. It was in a most melancholy tone, indeed, that he spoke to me the following words: "Mine, sir, is a hard, hard lot. What if my religion is a false one, if I am sincere, is it not cruel, in the extreme, for those who call themselves the only true church, to oppress me and my people, as they have done? My property has been stolen from me, and my dwelling been consumed; and now, while my family is dependent upon a more fortunate brother for support, my little children cannot go into the streets without being pelted with stones, and my daughters cannot go to the well after a pail of water, without being insulted by the young and *noble* among our persecutors. I do not deserve this treatment. I am not a scoundrel, or a foreigner;—far, far from the truth is this supposition. My grandfather, sir, was killed at the battle of Yorktown, as an officer of the glorious Revolution; my own father, too, was also an American army officer during the last war; and all my kindred have ever been faithful to the upright laws of the government. Knowing, therefore, these things to be true, and knowing, too, that I am an honest man, it is very hard to be treated by my fellow-countrymen as a 'vagabond.' O, I love this sacred Temple dearly, and it makes me weep to think that I must so soon leave it to the tender mercies of the *Christian* world."

Thus far had this poor man proceeded, when his utterance was choked with tears,—and I was glad of it, for my own heart was affected by his piteous tale. I gave him a bit of money for his trouble, when he was called to attend a new arrival of visitors, and I was left alone in the belfry of the Temple.

Then it was that I had an opportunity to muse upon the superb panorama which met my gaze upon every side. I was in a truly splendid temple,—that temple in the centre of a desolate city,—and that city the centre of an apparently boundless wilderness. To the east lay in rare beauty the grand Prairie of Illinois, reaching to the waters of Michigan; to the north and south faded away the winding Mississippi; and on the west, far as the eye could reach, was spread out a sea of forest land, entering which, I could just distinguish a caravan of exiled Mormons, on their line of march for Oregon and California. As before remarked, when I went forth from out the massy porches of the Mormon Temple, to journey deeper into the wilderness, I felt like one awakened from a dream.

PRAIRIE DU CHIEN.

JUST above Rock Island are the Upper Rapids of the Mississippi, which extend some fifteen miles, and have a fall of twenty-seven feet. They made a deep impression upon my mind, because it was there that our steamboat swung upon a rock for some thirty hours, and where, soon as we were clear, we ran into a downward-bound steamer, and settled her to the bottom; but fortunately no lives were lost. I noticed on these and the Lower Rapids a certain fly or miller, which were at the evening hour flying about in immense numbers. They are called the Mormon fly, and I was told were found on these rapids alone, and that wherever they alight, there they remain, if not disturbed, until they *die*.

Soon after we had passed these rapids, I enjoyed another prairie scene, which was even more superb than the one I have already attempted to describe. On this occasion the bank in the foreground was covered with grass that must have been at least six feet high, and the only living creatures that I saw were a beautiful doe and her fawn, quenching their thirst in the limpid stream.

The Illinois side of the Mississippi, between the Upper Rapids and the Fever river, which leads you to Galena, is characterized by an extensive range of fantastic bluffs and isolated rocks. Covered as they are with vines and mosses, they present the appearance of ancient ruins; and it requires no great stretch of the imagination to discover towers and turrets of ancient castles, fortress walls that have been partly battered down, and solitary pillars rising in gloomy grandeur, as if to preach a salutary lesson to the passing traveller, upon the ravages of time. This same kind of singular scenery ornaments the river in the vicinity of Dubuque, (which, like Galena, is some distance from the Mississippi,) and extends as far as Prairie Du Chien, only, as you ascend, the bluffs become more lofty and imposing. On the summit of one of the most beautiful of these bluffs is a small cabin and a large wooden cross, where the French trader and miner, Dubuque, was buried, according to his own request, and in a coffin made of solid lead.

Prairie Du Chien is undoubtedly one of the most interesting and beautiful places on the Mississippi. It takes its name from the fact that it was once the camping place of a Fox Indian Chief, whose name was—*The Dog*. The prairie extends along the eastern bank of the river for about ten miles; on the one hand it slopes gently down the river, and on the other is bounded by a range of bluffs, which are some five hundred feet high, and exceedingly picturesque. The houses that shelter the inhabitants of this place are planted without any order, but as it is one of our more ancient trading posts, there is a rude and romantic appearance about them which is quite refreshing. Here, in the form of an isolated square, lie the barracks of Fort Crawford, where the discordant sounds of the drum and the shrill whistle of the fife are often heard; while in another part of the plain are the ruins of an old fortress almost level with the ground. Now a lonely Catholic church is seen holding forth its gilded cross; and now, the store of the Indian trader is surrounded with a herd of Winnebago Indians, who resort here for purposes of trade. The territory of this tribe lies directly on the opposite side of the Mississippi, where the eye is again gratified by a range of wood-covered bluffs, rising directly from the margin of the stream. From the regular lines of naked strata which extend along the sides of all the bluffs in this vicinity, it is evident that the spot called Prairie Du Chien was formerly the bed of the Mississippi, but how many centuries ago this was the case, it is impossible to imagine. And yet if this conclusion is correct, and we remember that there are hundreds of similar prairies as well as bottom lands on the Mississippi, we must also conclude that this stream is now a mere rivulet to what it was in the times of old.

On the bluffs, in the immediate vicinity of Prairie Du Chien, are some of the most remarkable of those strange memorials of a forgotten race which have yet been discovered in our country. Like those of Ohio, Kentucky, Missouri, and Illinois, those of the more northern wilderness will long continue to puzzle the antiquarian, and furnish food for the poet and the moralist. Here the mounds, trenches, and cellars are found connected in one series of works, which seem to have been used for military purposes. Deep under the surface of the ground, tomahawks of brass (differing materially from those now in use) have been found; and stories are told of gigantic skeletons having been disinterred in the neighborhood. The only things which throw any light upon these singular ruins, are the uncouth and unsatisfactory legends of the Indians, who tell us that a race of white giants were once the possessors of the soil which they have inherited from their warlike and victorious ancestors. These vestiges of an extinct race, “lie in their sunless chambers like the spirits of the past, as if in mockery of an age

which arrogates to itself the term of an age of light. They will probably remain for ever a signal rebuke upon the learning of modern times, assuming, as it does, the pride of universal knowledge."

At this place I met and had a long conversation with an Indian trader, who had lived in the wilderness for more than half a century. He gave me an interesting account of the battle of Bad Axe, at which he was present. This spot lies some distance below Prairie Du Chien, and received its name from an Indian, who was killed and buried there at an early day. The trader told me that the word *battle* was not the right one to use in speaking of that conclusion of the Black Hawk war;—it was a cruel *massacre*. The poor Indians were crossing the river (as they had been for days) with all possible despatch, when they were overtaken by a force of three thousand of our well-armed soldiers. The surprise caused great consternation among the Indians; all who could, made their escape, and the leader of *this crowd* was Black Hawk himself. Six of our people alone were killed: and *nine-tenths* of the two hundred red-skins slain, were *women* and *children*. The famished condition of the *enemy* on that occasion must have been melancholy indeed. My old friend told me, that among the scenes which he witnessed on the ground after this massacre, was a dead child, with the meatless bone of a young colt's leg grasped firmly in its little hand;—it had died of starvation while clinging to the body of its murdered mother. And this is a portion of the payment that our Government has ever been in the habit of awarding to the poor Indian, for the splendid territories which were his only inheritance.

The Winnebagoes are about the only Indians who visit Prairie Du Chien for purposes of traffic; formerly, however, it was the congregating place for the nations which lived upon the Fox and Wisconsin rivers, as well as those upon the head waters of the Mississippi. The Winnebagoes were once almost as numerous as the leaves upon the trees, but the nation has been so far reduced that only about three thousand now remain. And a more unhappy people do not exist upon the continent,—warriors, women and children are all apparently broken hearted. In olden times they were a race of brave men and beautiful women, but now they prowl among their native hills a brotherhood of vagabonds, exceedingly poor and universally despised. And yet the white man who was the author of all this misery counts his gold, and congratulates himself with the idea that he is a Christian.

But I am wandering from what I was about to record, viz., the history of a visit to the lodge of Winneshic, head chief of the Winnebagoes. The business which had brought the old man to the Prairie, was, to exchange the skin of a recently captured bear, for a small bag of flour and some ammunition. I had made him a present of tobacco, (which is about the only

currency that a traveller can make use of in the wilderness,) and when it was intimated to him that I should be pleased to visit his lodge, he immediately pressed me to become his guest, which invitation was duly accepted. He had come to the Prairie alone, in a small wooden canoe, in which, at the appointed hour, I seated myself and away we started up the Mississippi. With the language of my old friend I was partially acquainted, and this, with my knowledge of the Indian character, and his smattering of English, enabled me to carry on a respectable conversation. The old man told me that I must keep very quiet in my seat, as he thought me a novice in canoe navigation; whereupon I seized a paddle and feathered it a few moments in a style worthy of the chief himself, which not only surprised but pleased him. After a quiet sail of about an hour, during which time I enjoyed some of the finest scenery and one of the brightest of sunsets, the canoe suddenly turned into the mouth of a little creek, and I was landed at the threshhold of my companion's lodge. It was made of buffalo skins and shaped like a sugar loaf. It stood upon a plot of level ground, in the centre of a brotherhood of elms, and at the foot of an abrupt hill. It was so far elevated as to command a southern view of the Mississippi, extending at least a dozen miles,—the river meanwhile making two or three magnificent sweeps, as if in honor of the beautiful islands which rested like jewels on its peaceful bosom.

The extent of Winneshic's family I was unable to learn, but the only individuals whom I saw at his lodge were his wife, a couple of fine looking boys and a little girl. They were all glad to see me, and treated me with marked politeness. I was invited to a seat upon the handsomest mat in the lodge, and while the chief sat by my side smoking his pipe and entertaining me with the strange wild stories of his life, the wife busied herself in finishing a pair of moccasins, while the children were cooking a wilderness supper. That supper consisted of boiled fish, a roasted duck, and a piece of dough about half baked, all of which we ate with our fingers, and without salt.

After the repast was ended I thought it my turn to entertain my friends, and for this purpose had brought my portfolio of sketches, which were carefully examined by the light of a blazing fire. Some of the scenes I had sketched were recognized by the whole family, and caused them to look with wonder upon my supposed talent and upon the lead pencil which I also exhibited to them. Their astonishment amused me exceedingly, and I greatly increased it by sketching a profile of the chief and his better-half. It so happened that I was successful in my attempt, and when I presented the sketches to the individuals represented, they ransacked every nook and corner of their lodge for something to give me in return. The chief handed

me a beautiful pipe from the famous red stone quarry, while the wife presented me with the most fantastic pair of moccasins in her possession; the little girl gave me a cake of maple sugar, and one of the boys presented me with an eagle's plume, and the other with a bow and arrows.

It was near midnight before I was suffered to lie down to rest but before taking this step I emerged from the wigwam for the purpose of looking upon the Mississippi at that hour. And a lovely sight indeed was it my privilege to behold. The moon was sweeping across her cloudless field of blue—a beautiful but impatient queen—while an occasional star gazed upward from its watch-tower, as if in admiration of the heaven-born spectacle. All the hills and islands were in deep shadow, and before me, far as the eye could reach, lay exposed the windings of the stream, which was brighter than a shield of burnished steel. So very still was the air around, that you might now hear the shrill note of some frightened deer far away upon the hillside; and now the scream of a lonely loon, the splashing of a leaping fish, and the rippling of the rivulet at my feet, which glided into the bosom of its parent stream through a cluster of tall reeds. With this picture and its manifold associations deeply fixed in my mind, I re-entered the lodge, threw myself upon a mat in the midst of my Indian friends, and was soon in a deep sleep.

I arose, on the following morning, at an early hour, and after partaking of a breakfast of boiled fish, I entered, with the chief, into his canoe, and in forty minutes was at my quarters in Prairie Du Chien.

THE LEAD REGION.

THE lead region of the Mississippi occupies not far from one hundred square miles. The two principal towns are Galena and Dubuque, which are both handsome and flourishing. The original possessors of this land were the Saque and Fox Indians, who used to sell to the white settlers on the frontier the ore which they often found upon the surface of their soil. The first white man who went into the mining business here was Dubuque. Of this man many strange stories are related. He was a kind of medicine prophet among the Indians, and is said to have had a remarkable influence over them, as well as over the rattlesnake, the bite of which he pretended to cure by enchantment. He became a great favorite with the Indians, and for a long time was the only man, not of their blood, whom they would suffer to live upon their soil. After his death, they placed him in a leaden coffin of their own manufacture, and buried him on the picturesque bluff which bears his name as already mentioned; and after this they destroyed every vestige of his property.

In process of time, extravagant mineral stories were circulated throughout the country, and the general government purchased the Indian El Dorado of its possessors. The first man who went into the mining business of Galena, after the country had become our own, was Col. Richard M. Johnson. Since that time, thousands of people, on various occasions, have made and lost money in this peculiar business, which, from its very nature, is in reality, a lottery. Lead, lead is the burthen of every body’s song, and the quantities weekly shipped to Saint Louis are truly immense; thirty million pounds having been smelted in a single year. In 1825, a vein of astonishing richness was found by three brothers named Gratiet, and that too, after digging only a single foot, while shafts have since been sunk at least two hundred feet. But a man may dig until doomsday without finding a *lead*, and consequently die a beggar—while another, in a few months will realize a fortune, upon which he is too apt to retire, and then squander at the gaming table, so that you also soon find him an idler, and in want. One individual I have myself known, who came to Galena with five hundred dollars; and having labored with unceasing industry for about three years, and expended

his little fortune, when I saw him, had not the means of purchasing a loaf of bread, and was utterly without employment. Notwithstanding the liberal mining regulations of the government, the fates were against him, and he was compelled to give up his mineral dreams in despair. Another individual, whom I saw at Galena, was remarkably fortunate in his operations. A little more than a year ago he commenced digging a certain hillside, and the first thing he knew, his spade struck against a solid mass of ore. He was encouraged, and proceeded in his excavations, and, in the course of a single year, sold a sufficient quantity of eighty per cent. ore to amount to the sum of twenty-three thousand dollars. His mine is still yielding quite abundantly, and as it is probably the best in this region, I will describe it in a few words.

After descending a shaft of some eighty feet in depth, by jumping into a tub attached to a stout rope, you find yourself in the centre of an immense cave, with chambers leading in various directions. The walls and ceilings are mostly of pure sand, excepting where an occasional solid mass of native lead glistens like silver or gold, in the torch-light. Square blocks of the ore, weighing from half a pound to one hundred, all lie as accurately dovetailed together, as if placed there by the hands of a master mason. While looking upon these singular masses, I could hardly banish the thought from my mind, that we were in view of treasures which had been hidden here in those days when giants inhabited the world. When my curiosity was fully satisfied, I seized the rope, and with a palpitating heart passed upward out of the bowels of the earth into the pleasant sunshine.

Twenty years ago it took forty days to perform a trip to Saint Louis from Galena, and now the same trip is accomplished in as many hours; then in pirogues by means of what was called *bushwhacking*, *cordeling* or *warping*, but now by swift and handsome steamers. Rare society had they at Galena in those days, and the mixture is not yet extinct. The working men are the diggers and smelters, and then come the store-keepers, the black-legs and innocent gentlemen from afar, vagabond Irish, *Wolverines* from Michigan, *Hoosiers* from Indiana, *Suckers* from Illinois, *Buckeyes* from Ohio, *Pukes* from Kentucky, and *Half horse and Half alligators* from everywhere on the Lower Mississippi.

Major Campton is the name of a noted character, who once resided at Galena, and whose hand I have shaken in a not very distant city. He is a powerfully built man, who has spent his whole life among the wildest of mortals, and whose various occupations have caused him to be well known from the banks of the Ohio to the shores of Lake Superior, where he is now figuring in the copper line, having made and lost a fortune at Galena. A natural consequence of his peculiar experience is, that he perfectly

understands the art of fighting: though he is so much of a gentleman, that he could not be called a bully.

It so happened that, while travelling in his own conveyance, and accompanied by his wife, during a pleasant day last summer he came to a halt on the margin of a certain river, and shouted for the ferryman. In due time the indispensable gentleman was ready, and while inquiring the news of the day, he was suddenly smitten by a new thought, and dropping the painter of the old scow, looked inquiringly into the major's face, when the following dialogue ensued:—

"Stranger, is'nt your name Major Campton?"

"Yes, sir, it is. What business have you to transact with me?"

"You are the very man I have long been wanting to see, for you must know that I am the bully of the north."

"Indeed! What do I care for that?"

"I've hearn tell that you are a famous fighter, and I should like to have you give me a thrashing if you can."

"Why, man, I have nothing against you, and do not want to make a fool of myself."

"But you shall, though, my honey; and you don't cross this ferry until it is decided who is cock of the walk."

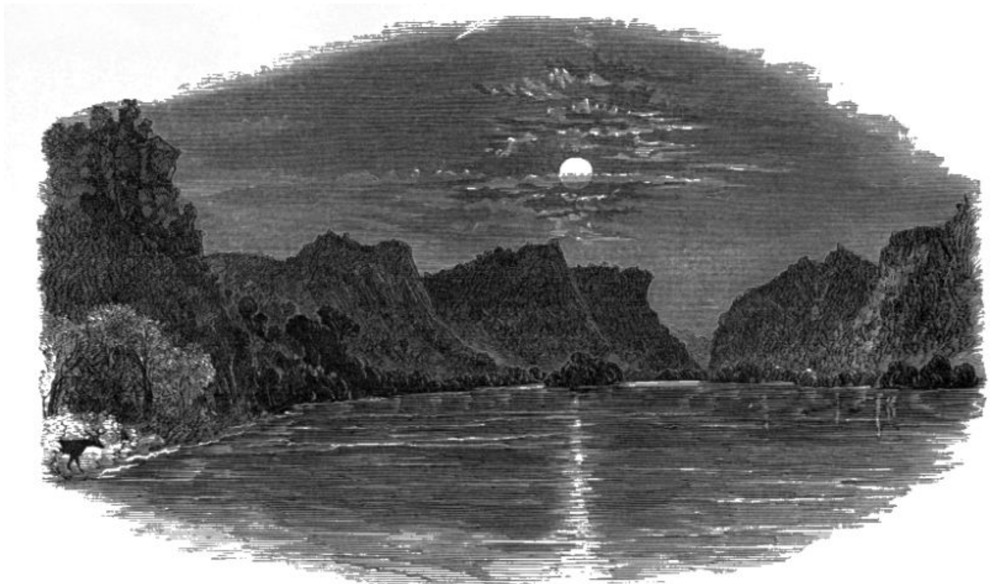
Remonstrance on the part of the major was all in vain, the ferryman was determined to fight. The major held a short consultation with his wife, who was of course in great trouble, but taking off his coat and unbuttoning his straps, he stept out upon a grassy spot and waited for the ferryman's attack. To shorten a long story, the fight was a tedious one, and ended in the total defeat of the challenger, who presented in himself, after the struggle, an admirable picture of border heroism. He had strength enough left, however, to ferry the champion over the river; and when the major offered to pay the accustomed fare, the latter held not out his hand, but making a rude bow, he exclaimed;—"*Not a dime, sir, good afternoon*."

THE ALPINE REGION.

THAT portion of the Mississippi which extends from Prairie Du Chien, to Lake Pepin is the most mountainous and truly beautiful on the whole river, and may with strict propriety be called the Alpine Region. The river here varies from a quarter to a full mile in width, and on either side throughout the whole distance is a range of mountains which sometimes actually bend over the river, and sometimes recede into the interior for several miles. The Mississippi here is rather sluggish, but translucent, and filled with islands which are covered with every variety of forest trees found between Kentucky and the Great Lakes. But the willow and the elm are pre-eminently beautiful. Well do I remember with what delight I mused upon the changing landscape, as our vessel glided onward and onward into the wild and silent wilderness. The mountains of this region are not quite so lofty as the Highlands of the Hudson, (to which they have been compared,) but they are far more picturesque, fantastic, and extensive. At one moment may be seen a cone-shaped mountain rising to the height of some eight hundred feet, and completely covered, to the extreme summit, with a carpet of grass; now the eye will linger on a perpendicular bluff, pictured against the sky, like a fortress of the Mound Builders, and apparently frowning upon the softly flowing stream that laves its foliage-hidden base; now, you sail in the shadow of a pillared temple that seems to prop the sky; and now, along a continued succession of peaks and points that fade away, until lost in the rosy atmosphere of evening. During all this time, your vessel will be gliding around and between the most charming of green islands, some of them containing a solitary grave, others a little brotherhood of Indians, lounging upon the grassy opening before their wigwams; while some happy bird will favor you with an occasional song, or the leap of a trout take the fancy captive, to revel in the cool chambers of the stream. Here it is, too, that the famous Island Mountain rises to the height of five hundred feet, completely covered with trees, and capped by a cluster of broken rocks. It is several miles long and about one in width, and is the largest island in the Mississippi. From time immemorial it has been celebrated for the number of its rattlesnakes, and on a grassy plot at its base stands a cluster of graves,

where repose the ashes of stranger Indians who died upon the island from wounds inflicted by these reptiles.

The next object that I would attempt to describe on my way up the Mississippi, is Lake Pepin. It lives in my memory as the Horicon of the wilderness. It is an extended portion of the Mississippi,—twenty-three miles long, and from three to four wide. It is surrounded with hills, which abound in almost every variety of game; its shores are gravelly, abounding in valuable agates and cornelians; the water is clear, and very deep, and it yields the very best of fish in great abundance. My first view of Lake Pepin (I wish I knew how it came by that name!) was on one of the most charming evenings that I ever witnessed. The cloudless sky was studded with stars, and the moon sailed upward and onward with an uncommon beauty, as if proud of the wilderness world she was then flooding with her beams. For hours did I sit musing upon the eastern shore, near the outlet, whence I could discern no less than sixteen peaks or bluffs, looming in solitude against the horizon. "The holy time was quiet as a nun, breathless with adoration." The water was without a ripple, and reflected in its pure bosom every star, while the moon, as if determined that it should so remain forever, spanned it with a bar of gold. The only sounds that trembled in the air were the hoot of an owl, the wail of a loon, and a hum from the insect world. I looked and wondered, until the night was far spent, and the dew was heavy and cold.



LAKE PEPIN.

It was while tarrying at this lake, that the captain of our steamer was honored by a visit from Wabashaw, or Red Leaf, the head chief of the Sioux nation. He was attended by several of his counsellors, and in all his movements had the bearing of a proud prince. He is a young man, and said to be a brave and eminently successful warrior. Our captain treated him to wine, and I gave him a present of tobacco. The captain was so pleased with the natural curiosity, as he called the chief, that he summoned all his lady passengers to obtain a glimpse. The ladies soon made their appearance, and while staring at the chief, now laughing, and now laying their hands upon his ornaments, a most ferocious glance all at once shot from his eye, and uttering a scornful speech, he bolted from the ring of impudent spectators. The cause of this singular movement was, that it is considered disgraceful for a Sioux chief to be seen in company of women, or to be spoken to and stared upon by them. The only person whose hand he would take on going ashore was mine; and when I happened to meet this chief on a subsequent occasion, he treated me with marked attention, and presented me with a handsome pipe.

At the time that I visited Lake Pepin, there were quite a number of Sioux Indians encamped upon its shores. Among the lodges which I visited was that of a woman, ninety years of age and a widow. She looked exceedingly wretched, but was so intelligent and amiable that I almost fell in love with the old antediluvian. I cannot give the whole of her long story, for it was not all translated to me, but an idea of its character may be obtained from the following episode, which I listened to, seated by her side, and that of her only descendant—a handsome boy. Her attention had been directed to our steamer, which lay moored a short distance off, when she suddenly broke out with the following:—“How rapidly does time fly! A short time ago the light canoe was the only thing that glided upon this lake; but now we often hear the groaning of the great fire-vessel, as it sweeps along like an angry deer. The white man’s conduct appears strange. I cannot understand its purpose. O, I am an old woman and a fool!

“Many, very many have been my trials. Thirty years has my husband been dead. Eight brave sons have I had, but they were all killed in battles with the Chippeways. I also had two daughters, who were like the does of the prairie, but the Great Spirit has long since taken them to the happy land. My only relative, now living, is this boy. O, I am an old woman, and have no business to live!

“But I will not despair. The Great Spirit is at my fireside, and has given me a helper in the dark evening of my days. This boy-hunter supplies me with food. His arrow never fails, and the winds always tell him where to find

the sweet fish. He paddles my canoe, he brings me wood for my fire, and he sleeps by my side in my comfortable lodge. O, I am an old woman! but what is there in the world that I need, and cannot obtain?”

May the smiles of Providence rest upon this mother of a great nation, whose glory is personified in her feeble and decrepit form.

The most romantic legend, however, associated with the Mississippi Horicon, is the oft-repeated story of Winona. She was the daughter of a chief, and lived about one hundred years ago. She was exceedingly beautiful, and universally beloved. Her father had promised her hand to a favorite warrior, but her heart had been pledged to another, not less brave, but more noble and youthful. For many months she would not listen to the wishes of her father; but his sterner nature was roused, and he vowed that she *must* marry the object of *his* choice. Weeks passed on, and she knew that she must yield. Nightly did she meet her accepted lover, but always talked to him of the Spirit Land, as if she had been a queen of that fantastic realm. The marriage-night had been appointed, and the chief had proclaimed a feast. To all outward appearance a change suddenly came over the daughter’s mind, and she smiled and talked like one about to be made a happy bride. Among the delicacies that were to be eaten on the occasion, was a certain berry that was found in great perfection upon a certain hill or bluff. It was a pleasant summer afternoon, and all the female friends of Winona, accompanied by herself, were picking the desired berries.

Carelessly did they all wander up the hillside, while an occasional laugh would ring upon the air; but Winona was only seen to smile, for (though those loving friends knew it not) her heart was darkened by many a strange shadow. Carelessly did the berry-gatherers wander on; when all at once a low melancholy song fell upon their ears, and lo! upon the very edge of a beetling precipice stood the form of the much loved Winona.

Her song was death-like, and when her companions were intuitively convinced of the contemplated deed, they were stupefied with horror. Winona motioned them to keep back, while her song increased until it became a wail. The burthen of it was,

> “Farewell, sisters:—
> I am going to the Spirit Land;
> My warrior will come after me,
> And we shall be blessed.”

One moment more, and Winona, the pride of all the Indian villages on Lake Pepin, was deeply buried in its clear cold bosom. And this is the story

that hallows the loftiest peak of this lake. I obtained it, as here related, from one of her kindred, and I believe it to be true. As to Winona’s warrior, it is said that he lived for many years a hermit, and finally died a madman. So runneth many a song of life.

RED WING VILLAGE.

THE scenery between Lake Pepin and the Saint Croix is not as lofty nor as picturesque as that we have already passed, but its interest is greatly enhanced by the greater number of Indians that we here meet. The Red Wing village is nearly midway between the two lakes mentioned, and contains about six hundred souls. A short distance from this place are two isolated mountains, whence may be seen a magnificent panorama of the wilderness, and when viewed at sunset presents more the appearance of dream-land than reality. These mountains from time immemorial have been used as the altars where Indian war parties have offered up their sacrifices previous to going to battle. At the present time, however, their only inhabitants are rattlesnakes, which slumber on their sunny slopes or in the clefts of the rocks during the long summer. And thus is it throughout the world, in the wilderness as well as the city, death and the beautiful are ever linked together in an unbroken brotherhood.

I only remained at the Red Wing village one night, but such a night I hope never to pass again. An outcast of a trader had furnished the Indians with “fire-water,” and the whole posse of them were quite mad, for spirituous liquor always makes the poor Indian miserably crazy. For want of a better place, I had to sleep in the cabin of this very trader. My bed was on the floor, while my host and his family occupied a couple of beds in opposite corners of the only room in the house. And such horrible yelling and screaming as I heard during the first half of that night, I can never forget. The noises were unearthly and devilish. Now, you might hear the clashing of knives, as some of the more desperate spirits came together in a fight; and now you might hear the sobbings and moanings of a miserable woman, as she exposed and mutilated her body, to perpetuate the memory of a dead husband or child.

But there was one incident which made my hair stand out like the quills of the porcupine. I should premise that the few white people of the wilderness never think of locking their doors at night; and also that the Indians of this region claim it as a privilege to enter and depart from your

cabin whenever they please, and their intrusions are always looked upon as matters of course. It was somewhat after midnight, and the yelling of the savages had partly subsided. I had just fallen into a doze, when I was startled by the stealthy opening of our cabin door and the tread of a muffled footstep. It was intensely dark, but I *knew* it was an Indian, and thought that somebody was about to be murdered. The object in the room made only noise enough to rack my brain, and then was perfectly still. I listened, and with hardly a breath in my body, continued to listen, until I finally slept, and my dreams were of blood, and blood only. The first peep of day, however, awakened me, when I saw directly at my side, flat on the floor, a huge Indian, breathing in his deep slumber like a porpoise. The first intelligence that I heard on going out of the door was, that one Indian had been killed during the night, and that another was at that moment in the agonies of death. As may be supposed, I left the Red Wing village with pleasure.

Lake Saint Croix empties into the Mississippi, and its principal inlet is a river of the same name which rises in the vicinity of Lake Superior. This is the valley through which the traders and Indians have been in the habit of passing, for a century, on their way from the western prairies to Lake Superior, and from the lake back again to the prairies. The river has one waterfall of uncommon beauty. The lake is about twenty-five miles long, from two to five wide, and surrounded with charming scenery. The water is clear, but of a rich brown color, and well supplied with fish, of which trout are the most abundant.

At the outlet of this lake, I visited another encampment of the Sioux or Dacotah Indians, where I saw a noted chief, named Little Crow. He was a handsome man, but both his arms had recently been broken by a rifle ball, which was shot by one of his own brothers,—who was envious of his station as chief. As a punishment for his wickedness, Little Crow had ordered four bullets to be fired at his brother, which of course numbered him with the dead. I saw his grave, and his wife wailing over it, like one sorrowing without hope.

From Lake Saint Croix to the Saint Peter's River, the banks of the Mississippi are steep, and about one hundred and fifty feet in height. The river is here studded with islands whose shadowy recesses are cool during the hottest weather; and I imagine a more delightful region for the botanist to ramble cannot be elsewhere found. The water is clear as crystal, and its bosom is generally covered with water-fowl, from the graceful snow-white swan to the mallard and wood-duck. Isolated Indian wigwams are frequently seen here, pitched on the margin of the stream, and at the foot of vine-covered precipices.

But there are three landscape views connected with this portion of the Mississippi, which I thought magnificent. I witnessed them all during a single afternoon, and in the light of a mellow sunshine. The first was of a rolling prairie that faded away to the western sky, until its outline was lost in the hazy atmosphere. Not a solitary tree did I behold, but a sea of grass, that was delightfully relieved with flowers of every variety of shape and color. Occasionally a breeze would pass across the scene, causing unnumbered tiny billows to quiver over the surface of mightier ones, which seemed to be careering onward to some unknown shore. Covering the foreground of this picture might be seen an immense flock of grouse, feeding, or chasing each other in sport; and then, an occasional prairie squirrel as it sat at the entrance of its hole; while in the middle distance a robber wolf glided over one of the ridges of the prairie, with his form pictured against the sky. The lone lost feeling which possessed me, when I thought of the great prairie-world then lying before me, I cannot describe; it was composed of delight and melancholy, of confidence and fear.

Another picture which I witnessed from a commanding hill top, was an untrodden wilderness of woods, reaching to the extreme horizon on the north. Owing to my elevated position the forest-world appeared level, and, excepting one barren ledge, was without an object to mar the monotony of the scene. On that ledge, however, with the aid of my glass, I could just discern the dead body of some animal, with a black bear reclining at its side, as if sated with his feast; while in his neighborhood were standing some thirty crows in a state of delightful anticipation.

The other scene alluded to was witnessed from the lofty bluff that fronts the mouth of the Saint Peter’s River. Far beneath my feet glided the majestic Mississippi;—on my right stood the handsome and commanding barracks of Fort Snelling, surmounted by the stars and stripes; on my left, the naked peak of the Pilot’s Nob, with a cluster of trading-houses at its base; directly before me, winding away like a mighty serpent between a multitude of islands, lay the deep and turbid Saint Peter’s River; and far beyond—far as the eye could reach—the prairie land, whose western boundary is the Rocky Mountains.

The landscape was indeed glorious, and there was something to gratify my national pride in the flag that fluttered in the breeze; but when I thought of the *business* of that Fort, and the *end* for which the people of the hamlet were living in the wilderness, the poetry of the scene was marred, and I longed to dive still deeper in the wild world which reposed so peacefully before me.

THE FALLS OF SAINT ANTHONY.

THE hamlet of Saint Peter is at the mouth of the Saint Peter's River, at the head of steamboat navigation on the Mississippi. My sojourn here has been interesting from many circumstances. I feel that I am on the extreme verge of the civilized world, and that all beyond, to the ordinary traveller, is a mysterious wilderness; and every object which attracts my attention is made doubly entertaining by the polite attentions I receive from several gentlemen connected with Fort Snelling and the Fur Company.

In this vicinity I first saw an extensive encampment of Sioux or Dacotah Indians, who had, within six miles of the Fort, no less than three large villages. This, as is well known, is one of the most peculiar and savage tribes of the northwest, and as I happen to be here during their gala season, I have had an opportunity of being present at some of their feasts and games.

On one occasion it was announced throughout the village that the Indians were to have a Dog Feast, in which none but the bravest and most distinguished of the warriors are allowed to participate. The idea that lies at the bottom of this rite is, that by eating of a dog's liver the heart is made strong. The feast took place on the open prairie, in the afternoon, and was attended by about one hundred men, while there must have been a thousand spectators. The first step in the ceremony was for the Indians to seat themselves in a circle around a large pole, and devote a few moments to smoking. Their only article of clothing was the clout, and their only weapon a long knife, while their heads were decorated with death-trophies, and their bodies encircled by a belt from which hung all the scalps the wearers had taken. Suddenly a whoop was given, and the whole party commenced dancing to the monotonous music of a drum. Then broke upon the ear the howl, and in a moment more the dying groan of a dog from without the circle of dancers. The carcass was thrown into their midst by a woman. A chorus of deafening yells resounded through the air, the dog was immediately opened, his liver taken out, suspended to the pole by a string, and the dance resumed. A moment had hardly elapsed, however, before the dancers, one after another, stepped up and took a bite of the yet warm and

quivering liver. Soon as this was all eaten, another dog was thrown into the ring, and the same horrible ceremony repeated; and so they continued until the carcasses of several dogs were lying at the foot of the pole in the centre of the dancing crowd. Another human howl ascended to the sky, and the feast was ended. All the while the river flowed peacefully onward, and the mellow sunlight bathed in its own hues the illimitable prairie.

I have also had an opportunity of witnessing in this place the Indian mode of playing ball. There is nothing exclusive in this game, and every male Indian who is sufficiently active may take a part therein. It sometimes lasts for several days, and when I witnessed it, was played by two companies or bands, of about one hundred and fifty individuals each. The balls used are formed of a deer-skin bag, stuffed with the hair of that animal and sewed with its sinews. The clubs are generally three feet long, and have at the lower end a sinewy netting, sufficiently large to hold the ball, and each player is furnished with one of these clubs. With these they catch and throw the ball, and though they are not allowed to touch it with their hands, it is sometimes kept from once touching the ground for a whole afternoon. The station of each party is marked by a pole, on a line with which the players stand, just before beginning the game. The poles are usually about five hundred yards apart. The ball first makes its appearance midway between the parties, to which point a most furious rush is made, and the object to be attained is, for the player to throw the ball *outside* his own line of standing.

The Olympic beauty of this game is beyond all praise. It calls into active exercise every muscle of the human frame, and brings into bold relief the supple and athletic forms of perhaps the best built people in the world. The only *ornaments* worn are of paint and marked all over the body, which, with the usual exception, is entirely naked. At one time a figure will rivet your attention similar to the Apollo Belvidere, and at another, you will be startled by the surpassing elegance of a Mercury. The only music that accompanies the game is a chorus of wild clear laughter. The only drawback connected with it is the danger of getting your legs broken, or the breath knocked out of your body, which are calamities that frequently happen.

There are not many particulars with regard to manners and habits wherein the Sioux Indians differ from their surrounding brethren. Living, as they mostly do, in a vast prairie region, their favorite and principal mode of travelling is on horseback; and away from the larger rivers, you will find them possessed of the finest horses, which they love and protect with true Arabian affection. They are of course admirable horsemen, and very expert in hunting the buffalo. They are cruel and vindictive towards their enemies, and have, from time immemorial, been at war with their neighbors of the

north and west; and their hatred of the white man seems to be a cherished emotion of their nature. Physically speaking, they are a noble race of men and women, but universally considered as the Ishmaelites of the wilderness. Speaking of these Indians, reminds me of their pictorial historian, Capt. Seth Eastman. This gentleman is an officer in the army, and an artist of ability. He is a native of Maine, has been in the service about eighteen years, and stationed at Fort Snelling for the last five. All his leisure time has been devoted to the study of Indian character, and the portraying upon canvass of their manners and customs, and the more important fragments of their history. The Sioux tribes have attracted the most of his attention, although he has not neglected the Chippewas, and he has done much to make us acquainted with the Seminoles of Florida, where he was, formerly, stationed for several years. Excepting a few, which he has occasionally presented to his friends, all that he ever painted are now in his possession, and it was my good fortune to spend many agreeable hours admiring their beauties. The collection now numbers about four hundred pieces, comprising every variety of scenes, from the grand Medicine Dance to the singular and affecting Indian Grave. When the extent and character of this Indian gallery are considered, it must be acknowledged the most valuable in the country, not even excepting that of George Catlin. But what adds greatly to the interest called forth by these pictures is the use to which they are to be applied. Instead of being used as a travelling exhibition to accumulate gold, this gallery is to be presented to a distinguished college, from which the artist will only demand the education of his children. There is something in this movement so foreign to the sordid passion of our age, and so characteristic of the true spirit of art, that the heart is thrilled with pleasure as we remember the American soldier-artist of the wilderness.

I have also had the pleasure of meeting at this point M. Lamarre Piquo, the distinguished French naturalist from Paris. He has been in the Indian country upwards of a year, and is to remain some months longer. He is on a professional tour, collecting specimens in every department of natural history, and for that purpose is constantly wandering along the rivers, through the woods, and over the prairies of the northwest, with no companions but Half-breeds or Indians. He seems to be a passionate lover of his science, and the appearance of his temporary store-room or museum is unique and interesting. Here, an immense buffalo stares at you with its glassy eyes, while just above it, pinned to the wall, may be seen a collection of curious beetles, butterflies, and other insects; then an elk and a deer will display their graceful forms, while at their feet will be coiled up the rattlesnake, the adder, and other frightful serpents; here the otter, the beaver,

the fox, the wolf, the bear, and other native animals; there a complete flock of web-footed creatures, from the wild swan and pelican, to the common duck; here an eagle and hawk, a partridge and scarlet-bird; and there, embalmed in spirit, a vast variety of curious reptiles. M. Lamarre Piquo belongs to that honorable class of scholars, whose labors tend to develop the resources of our country, and among whom we find such men as Wilson, Audubon, Silliman, and Houghton.

Among the natural beauties associated with St. Peter ought not to be forgotten Carver's Cave, the Cascade Waterfall, the Lakes, and the Pilot's Nob. The cave is about four miles below, and was named after Carver, who was the first white man that explored it thoroughly; its Indian name, however, was Wahon-teebe, which means dwelling of the Great Spirit. The entrance to it is on the brink of the river, five feet high and about twice as wide; and the arch within is not far from fifteen feet high and twenty broad. The bottom is covered with sand, which slopes down to a lake of pure water, the opposite boundary of which has never been visited. On one of the inner sides, not far from the entrance, are quite a number of Indian hieroglyphics, partly covered with the moss of by-gone centuries.

About two miles north of St. Peter there empties into the Mississippi a small river, the parent of a most beautiful waterfall, called the Laughing Water. The stream is perhaps fifty feet wide, and after a wayward passage across the green prairie, it finally comes to a precipice of more than one hundred feet deep, and in an unbroken sheet discharges its translucent treasure into the pool below. So completely hidden by a mass of foliage is this fall, that you would pass it by unnoticed, were it not for its ever-murmuring song, and the clouds of ascending spray.

The Lakes in the neighborhood of St. Peter, on the bosom of the prairie, number some four or five, the most conspicuous of which are Harriet and Calhoun. They are not deep, but clear, abound in fish, and encircled with sand. The Pilot's Nob is a grass-covered peak, commanding a magnificent series of views. To the west lies a boundless prairie; to the north and south the fantastic valley of the Mississippi; and to the east a wilderness of forest and prairie, apparently reaching to the shores of Michigan. But let us pass on to the Falls of St. Anthony, which are a few miles above St. Peter.

These falls are more famous than remarkable. They were first visited by Father Hennepin in 1689, who gave them their present name, out of respect to his patron saint. Their original name, in the Sioux language, was Owah-Menah, meaning falling water. They owe their reputation principally to the fact that they "veto" the navigation of the Upper Mississippi. They are surrounded with prairie, and therefore easily approached from every

direction. The river here is perhaps half a mile wide, and the entire height of the falls, including the upper and lower rapids, is said to measure some twenty-five or thirty feet, and they are consequently without an imposing feature. The line of the falls is nearly straight, but broken near the centre by a large island, and just below this are no less than seven smaller but more picturesque islands, which are looked down upon by steep bluffs on either side of the river. For half a mile before the waters make their plunge, they glide swiftly across a slanting, but perfectly flat bed of rock; and after they have reached the lower level, they create a sheet of foam, as if venting their wrath upon the rocks which impede their progress; but in a few moments they murmur themselves to sleep, and then glide onward in peace toward the far distant ocean.

These falls seem to be the grand head-quarters for the eagles and buzzards of the wilderness, which congregate here in great numbers. At one moment a hungry individual might be seen, struggling with a bass or trout, directly in the pure foam; and then another, with well-filled crop, high up in heaven, would be floating on his tireless pinions. At another time, too, you might see a crowd of them hovering over the body of some floating animal which had lost its life while attempting to cross the upper rapids, and exciting indeed was the conflict between these warriors of the air.

Associated with the Falls of St. Anthony is the following Indian legend. A Chippewa woman, the daughter of a chief, and the wife of a warrior, had been cruelly treated by her faithless husband. She was not beautiful, but young and proud, and the mother of a lovely daughter-child. Goaded to the quick by repeated wrongs, she finally resolved to release herself from every trouble, and her child from evil friends, by departing for the Spirit Land, and the falls were to be the gateway to that promised heaven. It was an Indian summer evening, and nature was hushed into a deep repose. The mother and her child were alone in their wigwam, within sight and hearing of the falls, and the father was absent on a hunting expedition. The mother kissed and caressed her darling, and then dressed it with all the ornaments in her possession, while from her own person she rejected every article of clothing which she had received from her husband, and arrayed herself in richer garments which she had made with her own hands. She then obtained a full-blown lily, and crushing its petals and breaking its stem, she placed it on a mat in the centre of her lodge, as a memorial of her wrongs. All things being ready, she seized the child, hastened to the river, launched her frail canoe, and in a moment more was floating on the treacherous stream. According to a universal Indian custom, she sang a wild death song,—for a moment her

canoe trembled on the brow of the watery precipice, and in an instant more the mother and child were forever lost in the foam below.

A RIDE ON HORSEBACK.

My mode of travelling, from the Falls of St. Anthony to Crow-Wing river, was on horseback. I obtained my animal of a Frenchman, who accompanied me as a guide. There was no regular road to follow, but only a well-beaten trail, which ran, for the most part, along the eastern bank of the Mississippi, where lie a succession of prairies and oak-openings. We were each furnished with a blanket, a small stock of bread and pork, ammunition and a gun. Our ponies were young and fleet, and mine was particularly easy and graceful in his movements. The day was scorching hot, but I was so anxious to proceed that I ventured out, and by six o'clock we were on our winding way.

A few hours had elapsed without meeting with a single adventure, when I fixed my eyes upon my gun, (which then seemed to be about six times as heavy as when we startled,) and began to wonder whether I was not in a fair way of illustrating Dr. Franklin's story of the whistle. But before I had a chance even to cast a look behind, I was startled by the report of my companion's gun, when lo! just in the shadow of a neighboring thicket, I saw a large buck make two frightful leaps and then drop to the earth quite dead. In a very few moments the two hind quarters of the animal were enveloped in his hide, and strapped to my friend's saddle; the tune of my intentions was changed, and after taking a lunch of bread we continued on our journey.

Our route, during the afternoon, lay over a portion of the prairie that was alive with grouse. My guide considered them unworthy game for his gun and skill, and left me to enjoy the sport alone. I had no dog to point them, but my horse was so well trained to shoot from, that he answered very well as a substitute. I only had to ride into the midst of a flock, frighten them, bang away, and dismount and pick them up. And this was the manner in which I spent the "lucid intervals" of our frequent "halts," by way of *resting myself*, and *keeping cool*. At sunset I had, fastened to my saddle, upwards of thirty prairie birds.

We were now on the margin of a handsome stream, in a natural meadow, and as we found it necessary to feed and rest our horses, we gave them some water, hobbled them, and turned them at large. In the mean time we amused ourselves by cooking and enjoying a portion of our game, and that was my first supper in the wilderness. We roasted our meat on one stick, while just above it with another stick we melted a slice of pork, for the sake of its salty drippings. We dispatched a comfortable quantity of venison, with an occasional mouthful of pork and bread, and used the brains, legs, and breast of a grouse, for dessert. Our beverage consisted of the purest water, which we quaffed in a position approaching to the horizontal, though our heels were somewhat nearer heaven than our heads. We concluded our repast with an hour's snooze, and by the light of a thousand stars, saddled our horses once more, and resumed our journey.

It was a cool, calm, cloudless night, and we were the only human beings on a prairie which appeared to be illimitable. I was informed, however, that a little speck that caught my eye far to the westward, was the cabin of an Indian trader, whose nearest neighbor, with one exception, was fifty miles off; also that the place was the Mississippi (which we had left for a time) and was known as Little Rock. As I was a good deal fatigued, the poetry of that unique ride did not make much of an impression upon me. I tried to muster a little sentiment on the occasion, but just as it was about to manifest itself in words, my head would suddenly drop upon my shoulder heavier than a clod; and like a feeble, flickering lamp, my senses would revive, only to be lulled again into a doze and nod. But this sleepy state of things was not to last forever. It so happened that we discovered directly in our pathway a solitary wolf, which was snuffing the ground as if on the scent of some feeble creature that would afford him a hearty feast. He was an ugly-looking rascal, and called forth from my companion a bitter curse. At his suggestion we dismounted, and with our guns cocked, approached the wolf, using our horses as a kind of shield. We had approached within a reasonable shot of the animal, when it suddenly started; but seeing nothing but two horses, it paused, pricked up its ears, and seemed to be whetting its appetite for a supper of horse-flesh. In a moment, however, the signal was given, and the two heavy charges of our guns were lodged in the body of the wolf, which was at that instant supposed to be in a precarious condition; and having seen him die, and taken off his hide, we once more mounted our faithful ponies.

Our excitement having subsided, we gradually fell into a drowsy state that was "heavier, deadlier than before." But from this we were also roused, by the tramp or pattering of feet in our rear. We looked, and behold! a herd of wolves were coming towards us on the run. Our horses took fright and

became unmanageable. The prairie devils were now almost upon us, when our horses became alarmed and away they ran, swift as the breeze that suddenly burst upon the plain. It was not long before we left our enemies far out of sight, and at the very moment the day was breaking we reached the mouth of Crow-Wing river. My companion managed to retain his venison, but when I came to count my birds, I found only five remaining, the balance having unintentionally been left upon the prairie as food for the robbers of the wilderness.

CROW-WING.

THE spot thus designated is beautifully situated on the east side of the Mississippi, directly at the mouth of the river known by that name. It is here that the trader Allan Morrison resides, whose reputation as an upright, intelligent, and noble-hearted man, is co-extensive with the entire wilderness of the northwest. He is a Scotchman by birth, somewhat advanced in life, and has resided in the Indian country for thirty-five years. He possesses all the virtues of the trader and none of his vices. He is the worthy husband of a worthy Indian woman, the affectionate father of a number of bright children, and the patriarch of all the Chippewa Indians, who reside on the Mississippi. Around his cabin and two rude store-houses, at the present time, are encamped about three hundred Indians, who are *visiting* him, and I am informed that his guests, during the summer, seldom amounted to less than one hundred. And this is the place where I have passed several of the most truly delightful days that I ever experienced. It is at this point that I am to embark in a canoe, during my summer tour with Morrison, (accompanied by his unique suite,) who is to be my guide, counsellor, and friend, while I wander, according to my own free will, over the lake region of the extreme Upper Mississippi. The particular canoe in which I am to embark, has been made by a Frenchman under my own eye. The process, though simple, was to me most interesting. Birch-bark, cedar slats, and willow thongs were the only articles used; but the first was dried, the second seasoned, and the latter was used in its green state.

Crow-Wing is not only one of the most delightfully located nooks in the world, but it is rich in historical and legendary associations. A famous battle was once fought here, between the Chippewas and Sioux. A party of the latter had gone up Crow-Wing river for the purpose of destroying a certain Chippewa village. They found it inhabited only by women and children, every one of whom they murdered in cold blood, and consumed their wigwams. It so happened that the Chippewa warriors had been expecting an attack, and had consequently stationed themselves in deep holes on a high bank of the river at Crow-Wing, intending to fall upon the Sioux party on their way *up* the river. But they were most sadly disappointed. While

watching for their enemies, they were suddenly startled by a triumphant shout that floated *down* the stream. In perfect agony they looked, when lo! the very party that they were after, came into full view, shouting with delight and tossing up the scalps which they had taken. Many a Chippewa brave recognized the glossy locks of his wife or child, and knew his gloomiest anticipations to be true. They remained in ambush for a few moments longer, and when the enemy came within reach of their arrows, every one of them was killed, while their canoes, plunder, and bodies were suffered to float down the stream unmolested; and the pall of night rested upon the hills, the glens, the waveless river, and the Chippewa camp.

Among the many legends associated with Crow-Wing is one about a white Panther, whose home was here when the world was young. That Panther was the Prophet of a certain Chippewa tribe, and had power to speak the Chippewa language. A young brave was anxious to revenge the death of a brother, and had sought the oracle to learn the success of his intended expedition. The Panther told him that he must *not* go, but wait until a more propitious season. But the young man headed his party, and *went*; and every one of his followers was killed—himself escaping by the merest chance. Thinking that the Panther had caused this calamity, he stole upon this creature and slaughtered it, in the darkness of midnight. The dying words of the oracle were—"Cruel and unhappy warrior, I doom thee to walk the earth forever, a starving and undying skeleton." And it is said that this spectre man, whenever the moon is tinged with red, or the aurora borealis floods the sky with purple, may be seen flitting in solitude along the banks of the Mississippi.

Crow-Wing is the Windsor of the wilderness, for it is the nominal home of the head Chief of the Chippewa nation. His name is Hole-in-the-day, and I had frequent opportunities of visiting him in his lodge. He is about sixty years of age, and a remarkably handsome man. He is stern and brave, but mean, vain, treacherous and cruel. He is in the habit of resorting to the most contemptible tricks, for the purpose of obtaining whisky, with which he always makes a beast of himself. He is constantly in the habit of talking about himself, and exhibiting the official papers which he has received from the Government in making treaties. The following was the most famous of his deeds, and one that he had the hardihood to boast of as something creditable. He and some six warriors, while on a hunting tour, were hospitably entertained in a Sioux lodge, where resided a family of seventeen persons. The two nations were at peace, and for a time their intercourse had been quite friendly. On leaving his host, Hole-in-the-day shook him cordially by the hand, with a smile upon his countenance, and departed. At

midnight, when the Sioux family were reveling in their peaceful dreams, Hole-in-the-day and his men retraced their steps, and without a reasonable provocation fell upon the unprotected family and cruelly murdered every member, even to the lisping babe. And it was in the lodge of this titled leader, that I spent whole hours in conversation, and from whom I received a present, in the shape of a handsome red-stone pipe. It is indeed a singular fact, that the most interesting and intelligent nation of the West should be ruled by such an unworthy chief as Hole-in-the-day.

A word now about his household. He is the husband of two wives, who pursued, while I was present, their various avocations in studied silence. Each of them presented me with a pair of moccasins, and placed before me whole mocucks of maple sugar. In passing I might remark, that when the Indians are hard pushed for flour or game, they will resort to their sugar, upon which they can live for days, and which they consider the most wholesome of food. The children that swarmed about the chief's lodge, I was unable to number. His eldest son and successor I frequently met, and found him to be quite a Brummel of the woods. The following story gave me a glimpse of his character. Some months ago, the idea had entered his head that his father was jealous of his increasing popularity among the *people*. He was seriously affected by it, and in a fit of anger resolved to starve himself to death. His friends laughed at him, but to no purpose. He left his home, marched into the woods and ascended a certain hill, (called Look-Out hill, and used from time immemorial, by the Indians, as a point from which to watch the movements of their enemies ascending or descending the Mississippi,) where he remained four days without a particle of food. He was only rescued from death by the timely discovery of his friends, who took him away by force, and actually crammed some nourishment down his throat.

But my Crow-Wing stories are not all related yet. I here saw *alive* and *quite happy*, a warrior who was once *scalped* in a skirmish on the northern shore of Red Lake. His enemies left him on the ground as dead, but wonderful to relate, he gradually recovered, and is now as well as anybody, but hairless, of course, and wears upon his head a black silk handkerchief. The summer after this event he was hunting buffalo in the Sioux country, when he had another fight with two Indians, both of whom he succeeded in butchering, and one of those very men was the identical Sioux who had taken his scalp a few months before.

During my sojourn here, I have had frequent opportunities of witnessing the Indian mode of swimming. To speak within bounds, there must be some sixty boys at Crow-Wing, who enjoy a swim about every hour. When not in

the water, they are hard *at work* playing ball, and all in the sweltering sunshine, with their ragged looking heads entirely uncovered, and their bodies almost naked. Just as soon as the child is loosened from its prison cradle, it is looked upon as a fit candidate for any number of duckings, which are about its only inheritance. These children are just as much at home in the water as a full-fledged duck. They swim with great rapidity, always extending one arm forward, like a bowsprit, and holding the other closely at the side. They are so expert in diving that when a number are pursuing a particular individual, and that one happens to dive, the whole of them will follow after, and finally all come up fifty or a hundred yards off. To bring up a pebble from a hole twenty feet deep is looked upon as a very common feat. This art seems to be inherent in their nature, and is the gift of a wise Providence;—for all their journeys are performed on the water, and their canoes are as frail as frailty itself. It is very seldom that we hear of an Indian being drowned.

The only Indian ceremony I have witnessed at this place is called the Begging Dance. A large party of *brave* warriors had come to pay their white father (Mr. Morrison) a *disinterested* visit, but as they were nearly starved, they said not a word, but immediately prepared themselves for the dance, that is universally practised throughout the nation. It was night, and all the people of Crow-Wing were stationed in a large circle before Morrison's door; while one swarthy form held aloft a birchen torch, which completed such a picture as was never equaled upon canvas. The everlasting drum, and rattling of "dry bones," commenced their monotonous music; when the most ridiculously dressed man that I ever beheld, stepped out from the crowd and commenced dancing, keeping time with a guttural hum. Upon his head was a peaked woollen hat, and his flowing hair was filled and entangled with burs. On his back he wore the remnant of an ancient military coat, and on one leg the half of a pair of breeches, while his other propelling member was besmeared with mud. In one hand he held the empty skin of a skunk, and in the other the gaunt body of a dead crane. Immediately after this rare specimen, appeared in regular succession about twenty more dressed in the same manner, and when all out, their dancing capers were even more uncouth and laughable than their personal appearance. The object of all this was to exhibit their abject poverty, and create an atmosphere of good nature; and it was their method of asking Mr. Morrison for food. Soon as he had supplied them with flour and pork, they ceased dancing, seized the booty, and departed for their wigwams to enjoy a feast. On the following day, this band of gentlemen made their appearance, painted, and decked out in most splendid style, with the feathers, ribbons, scarlet leggins, and other

ornaments which they had kept hidden until after the dance and feast were ended.

I have as yet accomplished but little in the way of hunting; that is, but little for this region. On one occasion I killed seven fine *looking* ducks, which turned out, however, to be unfit to eat, as they were of the dipper species, and a little too fishy even for my taste; at one time I killed twenty-five pigeons; at another, about a dozen grouse; and last of all a couple of young coons. The latter game, I would remark, afforded one of the most delectable of feasts.

But in the way of fishing, the waters about Crow-Wing have treated me to some of the rarest of sport. The Mississippi at this point contains a great variety of fish of the mullet and sucker genus, but the only two desirable kinds are the muskalounge and a very large pike. I tried some of these with a fine hook hidden in a frog, but I could not tempt them in that way. The *fashionable* mode for taking them is with a spear, by torch-light, and during half the hours of one night I performed the part of a devotee to fashion. My pilot was an Indian, and we went in a birchen canoe, using birch-bark for a torch. There were quite a number of canoes out that night, and the gliding about of the various torches, the wild shores, the ever-varying bed of the river, and my own occasional struggle with an immense fish,—conspired to throw me into a nervous state of excitement which has not entirely left me at the present moment. I did think of mentioning the number of prizes that were taken on that memorable night, but my modesty forbids; I will only say that I saw extended on the shore a muskalounge that weighed thirty-seven pounds, and a pike that almost weighed twenty-four.

Two miles east of Morrison's house is a little lake, some four miles in circumference, which is said to contain no other fish than black bass. My own experience tells me that this report is true. I angled along its sandy shores a number of times, and could take nothing but bass. They were small, weighing about a pound, of a dark green color on the back, sides a brilliant yellow, and belly white. I took them with a fly, and to the palate found them delicious eating.

THE INDIAN TRADER.

The Indian trader belongs to the aristocracy of the wilderness. His business is to barter with the Indians for their furs, as the agent of some established fur company. He is generally a Frenchman, whose ancestors were traders before him, and of course a native of the wild region he inhabits. Such are the facts with regard to the individual I am about to portray, and I purpose, by this specimen, to give my reader a faithful idea of the class to which he belongs.

The residence of my friend is on the Saint Peter's river, near the brow of a picturesque point formed by a bend of the river, and his nearest white neighbor is *only* two hundred miles off. The dwelling that he lives in is built of logs, and contains one large room and a garret. Adjoining this cabin is another of the same character, where he keeps his merchandise which consists chiefly of pork, flour, blankets, blue and scarlet cloths, and various kinds of trinkets. His household is composed of an Indian wife and a full assortment of half-breed children, who are generally possessed of a good deal of natural shrewdness, but of course utterly ignorant of books and the ways of the civilized world. Adjoining the trader's residence is about one acre of ploughed ground, where he cultivates a few common vegetables; and he keeps a solitary cow, which yields him the only luxury that he enjoys. His live stock is very extensive, but not of that character which is profitable,—it is peculiar to the wilderness, and in our section of country would be called a menagerie. The following is a correct list of my friend's treasures in this particular, viz.:—one grizzly bear, two black bears, two fawns, one fox, one coon, one eagle, one crow, one cormorant, a flock of wild geese, two swans, and one owl. In addition to these I ought to mention a herd of Indian dogs, and a brotherhood of Indians, who are nearly always encamped in the vicinity of the trader's dwelling.

Now, as to the manner of the trader's life. Though I did not intend to make a hero of my friend, I must say that the life he leads is heroic to an uncommon degree. His resting time is during the summer months, when his principal business is to obtain his merchandise and attend the various Indian

payments that may happen to be made. But during the winter, which is long and very severe in this region, he visits, with one or two companions, the hunting-grounds of the Indians,—leaving his home heavily loaded with goods and provisions, and returning, still more heavily laden with packs of furs and peltries. The hardships and privations that he then endures, would, in a single month, destroy a common constitution; but they are treated by him as matters of very little consequence, for his constitution seems to be of an iron nature. Several days does he sometimes spend without a particle of food;—now, snow-bound in the pathless woods, and now surrounded, perhaps, by a band of hostile Indians, who may succeed in robbing him of his furs. Now it is his fortune to struggle for life with some half-famished beast; and now he has to endure the frightful dangers of fording angry and partly frozen rivers. Cold, fatigue, and hunger are at the foundation of almost every scene that he passes through during the cheerless winter months of every year, in the Indian Territory of the northwest.

The intellectual and moral character of our Indian trader is what would be expected from a man in his condition. He knows not how to read or write, and is consequently dependent upon a clerk for the prosecution of his epistolary business and the keeping of his memorandum books. In politics he is nothing, as he has not, from his location, the privilege of voting; but his sympathies are invariably with those officers of the Government who project and carry out measures nominally for the benefit of the poor Indians, but more particularly for his own. In religion, he is a blind adherent to the Pope of Rome. The glittering dollar appears to be the star of his ambition. Having been for many years an agent for the famous American Fur Company, he has become hardened, and, like his *teacher* in the science of oppressive monopoly, seldom hesitates at any course of conduct that will prove lucrative. He avows himself the best and only friend of the Indian, and yet his every act of kindness is accompanied by a moral stab. He buys a pack of furs and allows the hunter the current price, but then he pays him in flour at perhaps *fifty* dollars per barrel, and blankets at ten dollars apiece;—but far worse, he sells to the benighted savage the baneful fire-water, which makes him a devil.

But the trader has some redeeming qualities, and I know not that I am disposed to write him down as more ignorant or wicked than his *civilized* fellow-men in the same sphere of life. At the same time that he imposes upon the poor Indian, in more ways than one, it is also true that he is his friend when cold and hungry. The Indian is such a thoughtless and improvident creature, that it is absolutely necessary he should have some one to watch over him and keep him from starving. And often is the trader's

duty, in this particular, faithfully performed; with all his faults, he would sooner die than see an Indian suffer from want of food. Take the trader away from the cares of business, as you sometimes may employ him as your guide in a hunting expedition, and you will find him a most interesting companion. Strange as it will seem, he is a devoted lover of nature, and being superstitious, he has a legend in his head for every picturesque nook of the woods and prairies, and for every beast or bird that may happen to cross your path. He is well acquainted with the geography of the northwest, and makes an occasional rude map upon birch bark, which are of great value to those who execute them on a large scale for our Government. That portion of Nicolet's map, representing the extreme head of the Mississippi, was made upon bark, by Francis Brunet, one of these very men. The Indian trader is also well acquainted with the traditionary history of the Indian tribes, and knows well the character of every chief and remarkable personage now living. He has a kindly nature, and his whole conduct is agreeably softened by an innate politeness. He is, to sum up all, a most romantic, but very useful and influential character, and in intellect the aristocrat of the wilderness.

I may append with propriety to this sketch, a few words about the fur trade generally, as it now exists beyond the Mississippi. A division took place in the American Fur Company a few years ago, and while one party was headed by Pierre Choteau, and traded on the Missouri, the other remained under the guiding hand of Ramsey Crooks, and confined its operations to the region of the Great Lakes. The principal men in this fur trade, before and since the family division, succeeded in accumulating large fortunes, but both of the companies are now supposed to be insolvent. For my part I am not surprised at this result, when I know the overbearing and monopolizing character of these companies, and when I believe in the theory that iniquity has its reward even in this world. Many of the deeds that have been, and are still, sanctioned by the so-called American Fur Company, are of such a character as to be worthy of the severest condemnation. But of its many iniquities I will mention only one. This company has located its agents in every eligible corner of the wilderness, for the ultimate purpose of accumulating gold; and when the poor missionary of the cross has crept along through untold hardships to plant the banner of a pure religion, for the benefit of the red man, he has been insulted and driven away. But I like not this theme, and will let it pass into forgetfulness. When I am told that the beaver and the otter and other valuable animals are rapidly becoming extinct, and that the glory of the American Fur Company is for ever

departed, I cannot but believe that there is a wise and just Providence, who holdeth the world in the hollow of his hands.

SPIRIT LAKE.

THIS Lake, which the French have named Mille Lac, and certain ignorant Yankees, Rum Lake, was originally called by the Chippewas, Minsisagaigoming, which signifies the dwelling place of the Mysterious Spirit. In form it is almost round, and nearly twenty miles across in the widest part. The shores are rather low, but covered with a luxuriant growth of oak, hard maple, and tamarack. It is shallow, but clear and cold, has a rocky bottom, yields a variety of fish, contains only three islands, which are small and rocky, and is skirted with a barrier of boulder rocks.

The Mysterious Spirit alluded to above has acquired a great notoriety on account of his frequently taking away into the spirit land certain people whom he loved. Sometimes he would take them for a few days, and sometimes he would not return them at all. The following stories were given to me as facts, and I know were actually believed. An Indian, with his family, had encamped upon the lake for one night, and just as he was about to depart on the following morning, he could not find his only child, a little girl. At one moment she was seen picking up some pebbles near her father's canoe, and the very next was gone. For six days did they seek the child, but in vain. On the seventh day, however, as they were about to depart once more, (having given up all hope of recovering the lost one,) they looked, and behold! she was again picking up pebbles beside the canoe, as unconcerned as if nothing had happened. When questioned, she answered that she had only been taken away by a beautiful lady to a beautiful land, where she had been happy in seeing many beautiful things.

Once when there was a party of Indians encamped here, a favorite young girl was discovered to be missing, and her friends, supposing that she had been drowned, were mourning bitterly at her departure; one day she made her appearance in her father's lodge, as if nothing had happened, and was accompanied by two dogs. Her story was, that an old woman had taken her to an island, presented her with the animals, and bade her prepare for a long journey. She was absent for three weeks, but on the day of her return was numbered with the dead.

A little boy was also once lost on the margin of this lake. The only trace of him that ever could be discovered, was one of his arrows found lodged in a tree. And the Indians believe, too, that the aged mother of Hole-in-the-day (the great chief) was also carried away by this Mysterious Spirit. One thing is certain, say they, she disappeared in the twinkling of an eye from the party with whom she was travelling many years ago. These are indeed idle legends, but give us an insight into the Indian mind.

The following is an historical fact, which only proves the obstinacy of the principal actor. Many years ago, a chief named White Fisher, with his family and a party of braves, were encamped in one large lodge on the north side of Spirit Lake. A friendly Indian entered the cabin at sunset, and told the chief that he had seen a war-party of three Sioux on his trail. The chief scorned to believe the story, because his dreams told him nothing about an enemy. In a short time his eldest son returned from his evening hunt, and said that he had also seen three Sioux in the woods about a mile off;—but the father continued to disbelieve. Finally the chief's own brother told him a similar story, which was also treated with contempt. It was now morning, and the chief made his appearance outside of his lodge, and was about to go upon a hunt;—but in the twinkling of an eye three balls passed through his body, and he died. Every single member of his household was killed, excepting his youngest son, who was taken prisoner, lived in the Sioux country for twenty years, but finally returned to his own people, and he was the identical individual from whose lips I obtained the above facts. He is now a chief, and universally known by his father's name, Wabogike, or White Fisher.

On the west bank of Spirit River, where it leaves the lake, is the rude grave of Kitcheoseyin, or Elder Brother, who was one of the most famous orators of his nation. He was a noted chief, and on one occasion had given up into the hands of the white men a certain Chippewa murderer. His people were very angry at him, and it was currently reported that he was about to be assassinated. He heard of this interesting movement, and immediately summoned a council. The warriors were all present, and when the pipe had been passed entirely round, the chief stepped forward and addressed the council in the following words, which were repeated to me by one who heard them:

"Friends, relatives, and brothers. My object in calling you together in council is this. I hear that you desire to take away my life because I have given up to the white men a Chippewa Indian, who had murdered one of their people. I have done so, brave men, and I think I have done right. That man who committed the murder was a *bad dog*,—he was not a true

Chippewa Indian, and for his wicked deed he deserves to die. Had we been at war with the white nation, it would have been well,—but we are at peace.

"But, brothers, I understand that you accuse me of siding with the pale faces, and that you think such conduct wrong. I do love the white men, and I do not think my conduct wrong. Who is it, I would ask you, that supplies us with food when game is scarce, and who gives the warm blanket to protect us from the winter cold? Who is it that gives us the guns that we so much need, and the tobacco that we so much love? You know that it is the white man, and you know, too, that you act like fools to blame me for my conduct, and seek to kill me because I would be an honest Chippewa.

"I tell you, warriors, that I do love the white man, and I am ready to die for his sake. You cannot compel me to change my opinion. Make a hole in the lake yonder, take me by force and place me under it until I am almost dead, then pull me up and ask me, 'Will you side with the white man now?' and I will answer, 'Yes.' Do it again, and again, and again, and I will always answer, 'Yes,' and also that 'the white man is the best friend we have.' Friends, I command you to go home, and ever hereafter mind your own business."

Strange as it may seem, this speech had the desired effect, and entirely quelled the rising storm. The chief was not killed, but died many years afterward with the lockjaw, from a cut that he accidentally received on his foot.

The ruling chief of Spirit Lake, at the present time is Naguanabic, or Outside Feather. He is said to be the most worthy, intelligent and influential of all the Chippewa chiefs. I spent many agreeable and instructive hours in his lodge, and among my Indian curiosities there is nothing that I value more highly than the presents I received from him. It does my heart good to remember the old man, and the beautiful lake which is his home.

A son of this old Indian, while hunting, once pursued a deer to a very great distance, which he finally captured. Out of revenge for the *improper* conduct of the animal, the cruel Indian tortured it in a variety of ways, and came home boasting of what he had done. At the feast usually given on such occasions, this old chief addressed his son in the following words: "We are thankful to the Great Spirit for furnishing us with food. But my son has acted very wrong in torturing that animal, and if the laws of the Great Spirit are not changed from what they were in times past, that boy shall not be privileged to kill another deer during the whole winter." And I was told that he did not, and that no cruel hearted man ever can, under similar circumstances.

It was from the lips of this aged Indian that I obtained the following legend.

A thousand winters ago, the Great Spirit caused the sun to be fastened in the heavens, for the purpose of destroying the world on account of an enormous sin which had been committed. The men of that time assembled together in council, but could devise no means to avert the calamity. The animals of the earth also held a council, and they were about to give up all hopes of a release, when a small animal stept forth and avowed its intention of gnawing off the string that held the sun. He entered the earth, and after traveling a long time, finally reached the desired planet and accomplished his purpose. The heat of the sun, however, was so great, that the sight of the heroic little animal was impaired, and it returned to the earth—a poor blind mole.

LAKE WINNIPEG.

WINNIPEG, is the first lake of importance which the traveler *passes through* on his way up the Mississippi from Crow-Wing, and it is a namesake of the great northern lake. The banks of the river throughout this long distance do not average more than about ten feet in height, and are all the way covered with a stunted growth of trees, where the birch, the elm, the pine, and the spruce mostly predominate. It is so exceedingly winding here, that by making a portage of fifteen rods, you may often save some three or four miles of canoe travel. The stream varies from an eighth to half a mile in width; sometimes shallow and rapidly running over a rocky bed, sometimes widening into a shallow lake, and sometimes deep, and running sluggishly through a soil of clay or sand, and almost blocked up with snags and sand bars.

The meaning of Winibigoshish, or Winnipeg, is, muddy water. The lake is twelve miles in length and perhaps ten in width. It is nearly round, has no islands, but a gravelly and sandy bottom, and is surrounded by a handsome beach; the water is clear and shallow, and it contains no fish but those that I have elsewhere mentioned as peculiar to this section of the Mississippi. The surrounding country is a dead level, composed of continuous woods, which are everywhere interspersed with lakes and rice swamps, where unnumbered water-fowl have lived and multiplied for centuries.

The only inhabitants that we found on the shores of Winnipeg, were three bands of Chippewas, numbering in all about one thousand souls, who were drawn together by an agent of the American Fur Company who had come to barter with them. We pitched our tent in the midst of their encampment, or village, and managed, so far as I was concerned, to spend a day and night among them quite pleasantly. Immediately on my arrival there, I heard something about a contemplated bear hunt. It happened to be the month when this animal performs its annual journey to the south, whence it returns in October. A number of them had already been killed, and there was a crossing place on the Mississippi, where a good marksman might take one almost at any time. I found that there were but two men

going on the hunt, and, as a present of tobacco soon initiated me into their good graces, the party of course was increased to three. We started at sunset and descended to the crossing place in a canoe, where we ambushed ourselves in one of the wildest recesses of the forest, seated on a mossy rock that commanded an opening between the trees, while our canoe was hidden by a willow that bent gracefully over the stream. It was a clear, still night, but quite dark, as there was no moon. Here we spent a number of hours, without uttering a word; but listening meanwhile to the dismal shriek of an owl, or the silvery dropping of the dew on the gently flowing river. Finally, however, one of the Indians tapped me on the shoulder, and pointed to a large black object, which I saw was a bear just wading into the water, directly on the opposite side from where we were seated. I had been told not to fire until the signal was given, and so the following five minutes seemed longer than an ordinary hour, to my impatient mind. The bear took it quite leisurely, not dreaming that an enemy was so near. But just as his feet touched the bottom on our side of the stream, the Indians gave me a nod, and raising our several guns, we all three fired at the poor animal, who dropped into the water quite dead, creating around him a crimson pool. We shipped the animal on board the canoe, paddled to the village, and hanging it on the high limb of a tree, retired to our several wigwams and slept until morning.

On making my appearance among the Indians after breakfast, I found that I was to witness the ceremony which invariably follows the capture of a bear. I ought to remark in this place, that the animal in question was supposed by Morrison to weigh three hundred pounds. The Indian who had first *touched* the bear with his hand, (according to a universal custom among the Chippewas,) was the one who claimed it as his own. When he had taken off the skin, he presented it to a brother hunter, who from that moment considered himself under obligations to return the compliment at the earliest moment after his next successful hunt. The animal was then dressed, and the four quarters hung up in our hunter's wigwam, that being the only portion allotted to him by custom; while the head, back-bone, and ribs, the feet, the heart, liver and fat, were all served up for a feast. A red feather was then sent to all the principal men in the village as an invitation, which they understood to be to a bear feast, while the *common* class of men were verbally invited, women and children being denied the privilege of participating. At the appointed hour the guests made their appearance, in a neighboring grove, each one carrying in his hand a wooden bowl or dish. After they were comfortably seated in a large circle, a bag of ka-nick-a-nick and tobacco was circulated, and a cloud of fragrant smoke ascended to the sky,—for the

Indians invariably commence their ceremonies by smoking. The next step was to place upon a fire in their midst a large kettle containing the remnants of the bear, which were to be boiled to a kind of soup, without the least particle of seasoning. While this was cooking, one of the orators of the day delivered a speech, wherein he thanked the Great Spirit for telling his red children where to find the bear, and concluding with some remarks upon the characteristics of the animal. When the bear chowder was done, it was equally distributed among the assembled crowd, and each one required to eat the whole that was placed before him, and this too without a ladle or lifting his dish, but on his hands and knees in the common attitude of a bear. The bones were then all replaced in the kettle and deposited in some safe place; to neglect this part of the ceremony would be to anger the Great Spirit, who would not allow the giver of the feast to kill another bear.

Among the stories which I heard at Lake Winnipeg, was the following, —given to me by an aged chief as a fact, but which I cannot consider in another light than as a legend. It illustrates, however, the influence of dreams upon the savage mind. An Indian named Otneagance (Little Shoulder,) while hunting after deer, on a cold winter day, came to the margin of this lake, where he built a fire and spent the night. He had a dream, and thought that he was crawling under ground, for the purpose of rescuing a human being from death. On opening his eyes in the morning, he was greatly surprised to see a woman on the ice a short distance off. She was standing near an air-hole, and wailing on account of her child, a little boy, who had fallen through and must inevitably perish. Soon as the hunter heard the woman's story, he dove into the hole, saw the child a great distance off, holding out its hands, swam to it, and in a few minutes placed it in its mother's arms—alive. "And yonder," said the chief, pointing to a little mound, "is the resting place of the good mother, and before you stands that boy—changed to an old man. As to my saviour, Otneagance, he has, for many moons, been a resident in the Hunting Grounds of the Blessed."

Speaking of the dead reminds me of the Winnipeg grave-yard. The Chippewa mode of treating their dead, is to envelop the body of their friend in a bark box, which they expose upon a scaffolding, supported by four poles, and surmounted with a piece of skin or cloth as a flag. After the body has remained there until all decomposition is at an end, they then bury the bones, placing at the head of the grave a portion of the best food at that time in their possession. They afterwards cover the hillock with bark, somewhat after the manner of a roof, leaving at one end a little window or door, for the departed spirit to enter, when it comes to take away its bones, on a certain mysterious day, to which the living all look forward with reverence. When a

friend dies, for one whole year thereafter they place food and tobacco periodically upon his grave; and all the articles that he left behind are venerated and cherished, as if endowed with life. Their manner of mourning for the dead ordinarily is, to paint their faces black; but when their friend is taken away by violence, they wail and mutilate their bodies. It is a part of their religion to protect from sacrilege and exposure the remains of their departed friends, and the survivors are constantly repairing every ruin that accident or time may bring upon the graves of their kindred. The grave-city that attracted my attention at Winnipeg, consisted of seventy-six bark houses like those that I have described. In fifty-two of them reposed the ashes of fourteen families who were butchered, at midnight, by a Sioux war-party. In five of them were buried a mother and four daughters, who lost their lives while fishing on the lake, in frail canoes, that were swamped by a sudden storm. In seventeen of them lay the remains of as many warriors, who were attacked by a Sioux party of two hundred,—they fought in a single trench, for one whole day, but were finally overcome and destroyed.

The melancholy impression which these brief facts left upon my mind, as I stood in that wilderness grave-yard, I could not easily dissipate. What a strange contrast in every particular did it present to the grave-yards of the civilized world! Not one of all this multitude had died in peace, or with a knowledge of the true God. Here were no sculptured monuments, no names, no epitaphs;—nothing but solitude and utter desolation.

RED CEDAR LAKE.

Red Cedar Lake is the sheet of water Mr. Schoolcraft has attempted to name after a distinguished friend; I say *attempted*, because the Indians and traders of the northwest do not recognize his change. I agree with them in the opinion that it *is not right* for travellers to glorify themselves or friends by attempting to supplant with their own, the original and appropriate names that belong to the rivers and lakes of our land. If the ambitious can discover *nameless* wonders, they will then be privileged to use *them* in extending their reputations.

Red Cedar Lake takes its Indian name from the tree that mostly abounds upon its shores. It contains little more water than Winnipeg, but it has near its centre a large island, which causes it to appear much larger on the map. It has a great many bays and several islands; has a sandy bottom and fine beach; is shallow, clear, and yields a small white fish, a few trout, and the plebeian varieties hereafter mentioned as native to the Mississippi. The shores of this lake are gently undulating, from twenty to thirty feet high, and must have been originally quite beautiful. A mission house has been recently established here, and for many years the American Fur Company have had a trading post in its vicinity. Among the Indian families that I saw here was one composed of a widow and her children, whose father had died two winters ago, while crossing the lake on his return from a hunting expedition. He perished from cold and hunger, while in full view of the cabin which sheltered his wife and children. And here, more than a thousand miles from a really comfortable dwelling, lived this unfortunate widow—ignorant, destitute, and without friends. The story which she told, and the wretched picture that her condition presented, kept me from inquiring into the legendary lore of this lake, so that I spent my only evening there, listening to the desultory conversation of my friend Morrison. The *facts* which I then gathered are now subjoined.

The entire region watered by the unnumbered lakes of the Upper Mississippi, including Superior and Michigan, is now inhabited by the Chippewa nation. The most of it they have acquired by the right of conquest,

and principally from the Sioux nation, which is the principal cause that has so often deluged this territory with blood. Their idea of the creation is as follows. Originally, when the globe was an entire mass of water, the only living creature that existed was an immense bird, from whose eyes glanced the lightning, and whose voice was thunder. It so happened that this creature was oppressed with solitude, and having touched the water with its wings, the continents immediately appeared; and from the beams of the stars were born the first race of men, and from the winds all the animals of the earth. The Chippewas universally acknowledge the existence of a Supreme Being, whom they call Kitchi-Manitou, which signifies Great Spirit, and they reverence this Being as one from whom nothing but good can proceed. They also believe in an Evil Spirit, called Matcho-Manitou, who is a hater of all men, and the source of every misery. They also believe in a great number of spirits of more limited power than the above; and they have one of these for the sun and moon, for every lake, river, and mountain, of any note; and for every season of the year, as well as for every beast, bird, fish, reptile, and insect, that may have acquired a reputation among them. To all of these they are in the habit of making offerings, which are as various as the spirits themselves. Death, with them, is always looked upon as a matter of course, and a blessing. When a good man dies they suppose that he is taken across a certain river into a land of perpetual sunshine, of beautiful woods, streams, and prairies, where every variety of game is always at hand, and fruit upon every tree; where they will have nothing to do but love each other, and live in the enjoyment of peace. When a bad man dies, he is compelled to attempt to cross another river on a bridge of reeds, through which he inevitably falls into the angry waters, which are sure to transport him to a distant country, which is barren, always covered with snow, and very cold. He is to live there in a state of perpetual hunger, shivering under the influence of biting winds.

Their manner of winning the title of a Brave, when there is no chance of distinguishing themselves in war, as at the present time, is to retire into a lonely nook of the woods, where they remain for six days without a particle of food. While there, they commemorate each day by making a notch on a stick, and when they finally appear in the village, with a stick of six notches, they are welcomed as accomplished warriors. They are trained, almost from the hour of their birth, to endure every possible hardship, which ever makes them superior to a sense of suffering or fear of death. And the two great objects which prompt them to all this, are, that they may be able always to protect their relatives and friends from harm, and to shield their country from every aggression. It is a part of their religion to revenge every wrong, and when their terrible passions are roused, nothing but blood can stop them

in their march of cruelty. This trait is inherent in their nature, even as the taste of blood will whet the appetite of the leopard and lion,—and I doubt if the Divine Will, in its wisdom, would have this state of things altered. If otherwise, it were reasonable to expect that the hand of God would fall heavily upon the white man, for placing the yoke of a most bitter oppression upon the unhappy Indian tribes. Many of the vices which were once almost hidden in their simple nature, have been ripened into full maturity by the example and allurements of their civilized brethren. They deeded to us their beautiful domains, and we have recompensed them with a cup of poison, and the deadly principles of infidelity. And yet we (as a people) think it just and charitable to speak of the poor Indian with a curse upon our lips.

The following is an outline of the Indian's manner of life. In November he enters his hunting grounds. After remaining in one place until he can find no more game, he removes to another a few miles off, and so continues until the whole region is explored and the winter months are gone. Early in March, he settles his family in the maple forest; and while his wife and children are left to make sugar, he enters alone upon his spring hunt. Returning in May, he takes his family and pitches his tent in the vicinity of the various military establishments and trading-houses of the wilderness, where he spends the summer months, feasting, gaming, and idling away his time. In September, he plucks his corn and gathers his wild rice; and in October, prepares himself for the approaching winter hunt. In the winter they rove about in companies of about five families, but in summer congregate in villages.

A few words as to their ideas of marriage. Each man is allowed to have as many wives as he can support, and it is a singular fact that they invariably live together in the greatest harmony. Those that are young and have no children, are compelled to act (and they do it willingly) as servants to those who are mothers. It is also true that some of them are allowed to retain their virginity until death. Though the Chippewas are permitted by their customs to have a number of wives, they are generally so poor that the majority of them have only one. When a young man fancies himself in love, he invites two or three of his companions to go with him, and they pay a visit to the loved one's lodge. During this visit not one word is uttered by the guests, and when they depart the Indian lady is left in doubt as to the particular one who thus commences his loving attack. On the succeeding evening, the lover performs his visit alone. When he enters, if the lady speaks to him, he is accepted; if not, he is rejected. If the father offers him a lighted pipe, it is a sign that his consent is granted; if he does not, and keeps silent, it is understood that the young man must not persevere. When accepted, the

lover makes some rich presents to the father and mother, and the lovers are considered husband and wife. Until the bride becomes a mother, she resides in her father's lodge; and all the game that the young hunter kills, is given to the wife's parents, but the furs to his wife. After this, the young woman packs up her apparel, which is usually her whole fortune, and takes up her residence with her husband in a new lodge. Divorces among the Chippewas are hardly ever known; and adultery is considered a heinous crime, and always punished with severity.

Travelling among the Chippewas may be considered a good deal safer than it is among the *half savage* inhabitants of the frontier. The most dangerous to deal with are the young men, who, in civilized society, would be called "snobs." They are idle, haughty, and revengeful, and the only right way to treat them is with the utmost coldness. Allow them to be familiar, and they will soon be impudent and overbearing. Unlike civilized barbarians, those of the wilderness know not what it is to use profane language. When they have reason to despise a man, they call him a bad dog; and when they have chastised such an one, they wear a skunk skin at one of their heels as a memento of the mean man's disgrace.

The hospitality of the Chippewas is proverbial. When a stranger enters their cabin, he is invited to a seat on their best mat, and always treated with the very best that they possess in the way of food. Visit a chief at an untimely hour, at midnight for example, and he will arise, stir up his fire, and give you a pipe with all the air and politeness of a polished gentleman. Call upon him, when you know that he has reason to consider you his enemy, and he will not tell you to leave his wigwam, but it may be that in an unguarded moment, when in your own lodge, he will cleave your skull with a tomahawk. They are also exceedingly affectionate, and do everything in their power to make their children happy. When a party of them are in a state of starvation, and one individual happens to have a bear or a deer, he will distribute it equally at a *feast*. They treat their infirm people with tender care; and never refuse to present to a brother Indian any pipe, weapon, or ornament that may have been solicited. They extend the same civility to all white men whom they esteem. As the Chippewa country is mostly covered with a dense forest, this people are unacquainted with the use of the horse. Their mode of hunting the buffalo has always been to drive them over bluffs, or to shoot them while disguised in the skin of a wolf or buffalo. Their only vehicle is the birchen canoe, so famous for its beautiful model, its frailty and feathery lightness. The bark of the birch, out of which it is made, is found in great abundance throughout their entire territory, and they use it, not only for canoes, but for their lodges, their grave-houses, their baskets, their mocucks,

their dishes, and exquisitely worked boxes, which they dispose of as curiosities.

ELK LAKE.

Elk or Itasca Lake is the fountain head of the Mississippi. It is thought to be three thousand miles from the Gulf of Mexico and two thousand feet above the level of the Atlantic. It is a small sheet of water, about five miles long, one to two miles wide, and contains only one island, which lies directly in the centre. The first traveller who visited the lake was Henry R. Schoolcraft, after whom the island has been justly named. On the south side is a ridge of wood-crowned hills, which give birth to tiny streams, that eventually empty their waters into the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. The whole region on the north is woody, low and marshy. The water is clear, deep, and full of fish; the bottom gravelly; and the entire shore covered with reeds and rushes. The trees which abound here are the pine, oak, elm, maple, birch, and poplar; and the fish are principally the trout, pike, and black bass. The Mississippi when it leaves this lake is only about twenty feet wide, but after passing through a great number of lakes it spreads itself to the width of one hundred and fifty feet, and empties into Red Cedar Lake. This portion of the Great River might well be likened to the infant Hercules, for it is the master of every thing around it, and rambles onward as if conscious of its dawning power. Upon the whole, however, it is through a cheerless wilderness.

The region of Elk Lake was once famous for the number of its animals, and derives its name from the following legend of a mammoth elk. This creature is said to have measured the length of two large canoes, and with his horns had power to split a pine tree. His lair was in a valley in the neighboring hills, where he reigned supreme; and it was customary for all the animals of the north, which were of giant size in those days, to make him an annual visit. As they were so numerous, they were compelled to occupy the country for many miles around, which accounts for its excessive flatness. The object of this "world's convention" was to consult the king of beasts as to the forests and plains they were to occupy during the following year; and to partake of the water of the small lake, which had power to protect them from every disease or accident; and such was the state of

things, when an enemy made its appearance, and the reign of the Emperor Elk was ended.

Those were the days when giants inhabited the earth, and the region where most they congregated was in the far South. It so happened that a hunting party of these people wandered to the North, and finally pitched their tents in the vicinity of this lake. Among the animals they succeeded in killing was the Mammoth Elk, which they found asleep and pierced with a poisoned arrow. The heavens were immediately filled with clouds, and a heavy rain deluged the earth, and with their booty, in melancholy mood, the hunters started on their return. The rain was so abundant that the lake overflowed its banks, forming a little stream, which finally widened into a broad river, and emptied into an unknown sea; and on the bosom of this river did the hunters float in their newly made canoes, until they found themselves in their own country. The conclusion of the whole matter was, that from that year all the animals of the earth began to dwindle in size, and the men of that time were reduced in stature to the height of their younger children.

A more suggestive legend than the above I have seldom heard. To my mind, it illustrates the poetical genius of the Indian, and throws much light upon the history of the Mound Builders. I obtained it from the lips of an old Indian hermit, as I sat in his solitary lodge.

On the gentle hills which overlook this lake I spent a number of days, pondering upon the strange wild scenery which surrounded me. At one time I reveled over a morning landscape. The sun had risen above an ocean of forests, and the air was tremulous with melody. Earth was awake, and clothed in her fresh green garment. The mists had left the long low valleys, and revealed to the open sky winding rivers and lakes of surpassing loveliness. Everything was laughing with joy under the glorious influence of the summer sun.

The elk and the deer were cropping their morning repast, with the dew-showers trickling from their sides. Gracefully did the smoke curl upward from a distant Indian village. The hunters were preparing for the chase. I saw them enter their canoes, silently glide down a river, and finally lose themselves among the islands of a vast swamp. None were left in that village but women and children. While the former busied themselves in their rude occupations, the latter were sporting in the sunshine, some shooting at a target, some leaping, some swimming, and others dancing.

At one time I gazed upon a noontide panorama. Not a breath of air was stirring, and the atmosphere was hot and sultry. The leaves and the green waves of a distant prairie were motionless. The birds were tired of singing,

and had sought the shadowy recesses of the wood. The deer, my fancy told me, was quenching his thirst in some nameless stream, or panting with heat in some secluded dell. On an old dry tree, whose giant arms stretched upwards, as if to grasp the clouds, a solitary eagle had perched himself. It was too hot even for him to enjoy a bath in the upper air; but presently, as if smitten with a new thought, he spread out his broad pinions, and slowly ascended to the zenith—whence I fancied that the glance of his keen eyes could rest upon the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. The butterfly and wild bee were resting on the full-blown flowers. Earth and air were so tranquil, that it seemed as if nature were offering up a prayer. Winding far away to the south was the Mississippi, fading away to the bending sky.

Towards evening a cloud obscured the sky. The wind arose, and was soon followed by a roaring sound,—and now a storm was spending its fury upon forest and prairie. Loud thunder echoed through the firmament, and the lightnings flashed forth their fire. The forests were bending as if every tree would break. An old oak, which stood in its grandeur above its fellows, now lay prostrate. The parched soil was deluged with rain. But finally the storm spent its fury, and the clouds, like a routed army, were passing away in dire confusion. A rainbow then arched the heavens, and a fresh but gentle breeze was fanning my face, and thrilling me with pleasure.

I also looked upon this wilderness landscape at a later hour. As the sun descended, the clouds came out to meet him, decked in their most gorgeous hues, while the evening star smiled at his approach. He had left the valleys in twilight, and I knew that his last beams were gilding with gold the Rocky Mountains. The moon ascended to her throne; and the whippoorwill commenced her evening hymn. On heavy wings a swan flew past me; he was going perhaps to his home on the margin of Hudson's Bay. A stir was in the Indian village, for they had returned with their canoes loaded with game. The customary festival had commenced, and most strangely did their wild music sound, as it broke on the surrounding solitude. The doe had gone to her grassy couch, the feathered multitudes were sleeping, and the mantle of night had fallen upon the world.

It was now midnight, and I stood in the centre of an apparently boundless wilderness of forests and prairies;—while far away to the northwest reposed a range of hills, which seemed to me like a vast caravan of the antediluvian Mound Builders. The moon had compassed the heavens, and was near her setting. A thousand stars were by her side. She flooded with her silver beams the leaves, the waves, and distant hills. Every voice within the Indian village was hushed. The warrior, asleep upon his mat, was dreaming of a new hunting ground; the youth, of the dark-eyed maiden

whom he loved; and the child, of the toys of yesterday. The wind was up, and wailed a solemn anthem as it swept through the dark pines. The owl was noiselessly flying from tree to tree, and the beautiful whippoorwill was sleeping. The splash of a leaping fish, or the howl of a wolf, were the only sounds that fell upon my ear, and most impressive was the hour.

LEECH LAKE.

Leech Lake lies in the midst of a forest, mostly composed of pine, maple, oak, elm and tamarack. It is supposed to be about forty miles in length, and perhaps twenty to twenty-five in width. Its shores are very irregular, it contains a number of large islands, and a trading post of some antiquity. It derives its name (Casagasque) from the story, that the first man who discovered it, saw in it a leech that was wider across the back than an ordinary Indian mat. It is deep and clear, has a sandy bottom and shores, and is far-famed for its white fish, though possessing almost every other variety in great abundance. Three of its most prominent islands are known by the names of the Goose, the Pelican, and the Bear. The first has a desolate appearance, and is inhabited only by immense numbers of water-fowl; the second is noted for its fishing grounds and a certain species of the pelican, said to be found only on its shores; and the third has a good soil, is thickly wooded, and somewhat cultivated by a tribe of Indians, who own the lake and inhabit the surrounding country.

This tribe of people glory in the name of *Pillagers*, and are fully deserving of the name. If they happen to meet a stranger Indian or trader, *each* one will unceremoniously help himself to an article that he likes, politely remarking that for *his* part he desires nothing more, after which they feed the unfortunate man well, but let him depart with nothing but a blanket or jacket. The Pillagers are a brave, proud, and warlike people, but on account of their thieving peculiarity, are universally hated and feared. But they are good hunters, and pay more attention to agriculture than any other tribe in the nation.

During my stay at Leech Lake I had an opportunity of witnessing a Medicine Dance, and of obtaining some information with regard to the Medicine Society. It is a religious rite, and practised on a great variety of occasions. At this time the dance was given by a man who had lost a relative. The ceremony commenced at twelve o'clock at night, and lasted until the evening of the following day; and such a mixture of ridiculous dancing, horrible yelling, and uncouth dressing, I never before witnessed,

and never wish to witness again. It seemed as if all the more unearthly creations of Dante had been let loose upon the earth, and had sought the heart of the wilderness, to rejoice at their freedom and portray the miseries of hell. I would, but cannot, adequately describe the scene, and I can only expect my more imaginative readers to obtain the faintest idea of its strange appearance.

White men and Indians who have never been initiated into the mysteries of the Grand Medicine, are not allowed to be present during the first part of the celebration. From what I have seen and heard about it, I am convinced that it is nothing in the world but an Indian and *savage* species of Free Masonry. A Medicine man would sooner die than divulge the secrets of his order. The ceremony on the occasion above mentioned, was performed in the immediate vicinity of the deceased; while a conversation was carried on with the dead, and food placed by its side, as if it had been a living and hungry individual. Then it was that their medicine bags were taken out, and as each Indian has a certain medicine, or preparation which he supposes his skin to possess, he attempts to manifest its virtues on this occasion. By breathing into the nostrils of the skin, he imparts to it a particular charm, by which he can cure the sick or destroy his enemies. Hence the great fear that these conjurors inspire in all others. Medicine men support each other in every thing they may happen individually to require, even to the murder of an unfortunate child. When a man has passed the highest degree, he can command the services of his brethren for any purpose. The price of admission is six pieces for each grade, and there are eight grades. By one piece they mean a blanket, a pair of leggins, a knife, a gun or any other useful article. The man who gives the most expensive piece is highly honored, and can make the largest demands upon the Society, so that the older members obtain quite a revenue for their former expenditures. When they wish to inform a distant lodge of the faithlessness of a member, they despatch a piece of tobacco; the guilty man is always known and never admitted; but when they prove true, their membership is inherited. The missionaries of the west are inclined to believe that this Medicine institution is the grand obstacle to the promulgation of the Christian Religion among the Indians.

I also witnessed while at Leech Lake the *conclusion* of a ceremony that was commenced some weeks before. There had been a Virgin Dance, the prominent features of which are as follows: All the virgins of the village assemble together, and seat themselves in a large circle. In the midst of this company are collected all the young men of the village, who dance for the amusement of the ladies. But if it so happens that one of the men stops

suddenly, and points his finger at a particular girl, she is at once looked upon as having lost her virginity; if the charge is substantiated, the girl is disgraced; but if not, the young man must *die*. The *conclusion* that I alluded to, was the execution, in cold blood, of a fine looking young man, who had attempted, without cause, to ruin the reputation of a girl by whom he had been rejected. In an unguarded moment he had been stabbed, and when I saw him he was weltering in his blood. It was a terrible exhibition of justice and cruelty, and made me partly admire and then utterly despise the character of the Indian race.

While at this lake a couple of trappers made their appearance from the Red River wilderness, where they had been hunting during the past winter, but owing to an accident had been detained from returning until the present time. They were Half-Breeds, and as wild a pair of beings as I ever beheld. Their furs, at the usual prices, would probably bring them some fifteen hundred dollars. Their place of destination was St. Louis, where each one had a wife and children. Their intention was to remain with their friends until November, when they would dive into the wilderness again.

I only heard three legends at Leech Lake. One gives the origin of a certain miniature whirlpool, which may be seen on the south side of the lake. A couple of Chippewa women, while crossing in a canoe, were pursued by Sioux Indians, but the Lake Spirit, out of compassion for their misfortune, struck the water with his wings and opened an easy pathway to the Spirit Land. The second story is about Pelican Island. It is said that no Indian ever visited it without being caught in a storm; and that it has for centuries been inhabited by strange people. They were never visible excepting from the main shore, for when the island was searched no tracks or wigwam-poles could be seen, nothing but rocks, grass, and reeds. At the present time, none but the bravest dare land upon its shore with their canoes.

The third legend that I heard was about a famous battle once fought, between the gods of the white man and the red man. A great many summers ago, a race of white people made their appearance on the shores of this country, and as they were a strange people, the red men of the wilderness were disposed to love them. As the former were very poor, the latter presented them with a few acres of land to cultivate. As the white men increased in numbers, they craved more land, but the red men would not yield to their extravagant solicitations. In the mean time the strange people were becoming powerful. In process of time the Big Manito became displeased with them, and was determined that this usurpation should cease. He visited the white man's god, and told him that he must take back his ambitious children. The white man's god replied that he would do no such

thing, but was determined to protect his own. Manito then told him that the question must be decided by battle. A famous battle was fought, and the white man's god triumphed. He took Manito prisoner, and tied him to an oak with hickory saplings, but he finally made his escape, and with his children took up his home in the more remote wilderness.

The region of Leech Lake is somewhat famous for the quantity and good quality of the original maize or Indian corn. When I was there it was not sufficiently advanced to be eaten, even in a green state, but I obtained a fact with regard to corn planting, which may be new to my readers. All the labor connected with the raising of corn is performed by the women, who take it upon themselves as an offset to the hardships endured by the men in hunting. It is customary for them after they have planted the seed, to perform, in a state of nudity, a nocturnal walk through the field, which ceremony is supposed to protect the grain from the destroying insect or worm.

During my stay at this lake I received from my friend Morrison, the following facts with regard to the game now inhabiting this region. The black bear, the black and gray wolf, the elk, the moose, and the deer, the otter, the mink, porcupine, white fisher, fox, the coon, the martin, the rabbit, and a variety of squirrels are as abundant as ever; the grizzly bear and buffalo are found only occasionally; and the beaver is entirely extinct. Among the birds that I saw were eagles, fish-hawks, night-hawks, owls, loons, the swan, the crane, a great variety of ducks, the pigeon, the woodpecker, blue-jay, black and blue-bird, red-bird, and the king-bird; and among the fish that may be found in Leech Lake, are the white-fish, the trout, the pike, the pickerel, the bass, the sucker, and the mullet. It is said the white-fish of this lake, originated from the brains of a woman; and I am also told that its shores have in times past yielded more wealth in the way of furs than any other place of the same extent in the northwest. But enough. It is time that I should close this desultory paper, else my reader will accuse me of practising the most prominent peculiarity of the *animal Leech*.

FISH OF THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.

THIS is to be my last letter from the Mississippi valley, and my passion for the gentle art of angling, will not allow me to leave the great river without recounting a few fishing paragraphs, as mementos of my journey thus far.

The largest and unquestionably the most abundant variety of fish found in the Lower Mississippi is the cat-fish, and here I believe they are found in the greatest perfection. They vary from one to six feet in length, and in weight from three to one hundred and fifty pounds. As an article of food they do not amount to much, and yet I have met with many people who considered them a great delicacy. They are invariably taken with the hook, and to those who admire muddy water, and love to handle the ugliest of creatures, capturing them must be a fascinating amusement. They are caught and eaten at all seasons of the year.

Another fish which abounds in the turbid portion of the Mississippi is called by the western people a perch, but is in fact only a sheep's-head. They are most abundant in the spring. They vary from one to eight pounds in weight, and as an article of food are about on a par with cat-fish. The above mentioned fish are the principal varieties which may be said to flourish in the Lower Mississippi; it is true, however, that specimens of almost every species of fresh water fish are occasionally taken. The baits used for the cat-fish and sheep's-head are pieces of fresh meat. Almost every steamboat on the river is well supplied with cotton lines and common hooks, and the principal anglers for this fish are steamboat hands and raftsmen.

But I must confess that I made a number of attempts to capture one of these monsters. The adventure took place after the following manner. Our boat had stopped at Alton in the evening, and was to remain there until about midnight. The river was without a ripple, and the marvellous beauty of the surrounding landscape threw me into a romantic mood; and tipping the wink to one of my companions to accompany me, we took an assortment of tackle with about two pounds of beef, and jumped into a skiff for an hour's sport. We pulled for the opposite side of the river, and having moored our

shallop at the mouth of a bayou, baited our hooks, and threw them in. We had sat in silence just long enough to watch the shooting into darkness of a star, when my line was suddenly made taut, and I knew that I had a prize. I gave the fellow about one hundred feet of line, and he made use of his "largest liberty" by swimming around a certain snag, which of course was annoying and greatly increased my excitement. I managed, however, to disentangle my victim after a while, and in due time had him safely ensconced in the bottom of the boat. His length was nearly four feet, and his weight must have been upwards of sixty pounds. While we were recrossing the river to reach our steamboat, a savage little steamer from Keokuk came rushing down, ahead of another with which it was racing, and passed so very near our shallop that we were swamped, and while my companion and myself were swimming to the shore for dear life, the monster we had captured was probably scooting away towards the Torrid Zone, not much injured, but a good deal frightened. About two hours after that adventure, I was the victim of the nightmare, for I dreamed that I was dying from strangulation.

Before taking my leave of the cat-fish I must transcribe a description of him as recorded by Father Marquette:—"We saw also a very hideous sea monster; his head was like that of a tiger, but his nose was somewhat sharper; and like a wild-cat; his beard was long, his ears stood upright, the color of his head being gray and neck black. He looked upon us for some time; but as we came near him, our oars frightened him away." This is about as near the truth as Marquette ever arrived, but every one acquainted with the cat-fish of the Mississippi will readily perceive the resemblance of the description to the original.

I would now descant upon the fish of the Upper Mississippi. The largest is the sturgeon, of which there are too varieties, the common and the long-billed sturgeon. They constitute a staple article of food with the Indians, who take them with gill-nets and the spear. Their manner of preserving them is by drying and smoking. In size they vary from three to eight feet in length, weighing from thirty to one hundred and thirty pounds. Like all the larger fish of the Mississippi, their flavor is far from being delicate. With the sturgeon, which is a plebeian fish, I am disposed to class the mullet, sucker, rock-bass, sun-fish, bill-fish, bull-head, and chub, and can affirm from personal knowledge that all these fish are abundant in the Mississippi.

They are in their prime in the spring, but very few of them are fit to eat in summer. With the Indians, however, they are eaten at all seasons, and I have never yet seen a fish in their country which they did not use as an article of food. Pickerel and perch also abound in all the waters of this

region, but I do not consider them equal to the same varieties in New England. All the larger lakes that help to swell the Upper Mississippi are well supplied with white fish, the best of which are found in Leech Lake. As an article of food they excel all the fish of the northwest, but as they are of the shad genus, the angler can only praise them in the abstract.

The Indians employ a great variety of modes for taking all these fish, but the gill-net, the spear, and the bow and arrow, are the more successful ones.

But the regular game fish of the Upper Mississippi, are the muskalounge, pike, black bass, and trout; and of these it always affords me unfeigned pleasure to discourse. The two former varieties are so nearly alike in appearance and habits that I am disposed to speak of them as one and the same thing. Formerly I entertained the opinion that a muskalounge was only an overgrown pike, but within the past year I have compared them together, and am convinced that they are materially different. Their habits, however, are precisely alike. They are exceedingly abundant in the sluggish waters of the Mississippi, and vary from five to fifty pounds in weight. They are in season about nine months of the year, but in the spring, at which time they ascend the river to spawn, are in their prime. It is well known that these fish are bold biters: but the pike is unquestionably the most active and cunning of the two, and consequently the most valuable to the angler. The muskalounge is somewhat of a sluggard, and owing to his size and hyena-like character, the very fish of all others for spearing by torch-light. The handsomest pike I ever had the pleasure of capturing was a resident of Lake Pepin. I was sauntering along the base of one of the rocky bluffs of this beautiful sheet of water, and had spent most of the day without success, trying to take a trout with a mammoth fly. I had thrown out my line for the last time, when, as I was carelessly winding it up, I was astonished by a sudden leap within twenty feet of me, and in a moment more it was whizzing through the water in fine style. I humored the gentleman for about ten minutes, leading him meanwhile towards a sand-bar, where I secured and placed him in my canoe. He weighed upwards of twenty-one pounds, was very fat, had a black back and silvery belly.

My best muskalounge fishing occurred at a bend in the Mississippi, about one hundred and fifty miles above the Falls of Saint Anthony. I took them with a spear and by torch-light, standing in the bow of a canoe which was propelled by an Indian. Noiselessly did our birchen torch glide into a thousand nooks of the stream, like a will-o'-the-wisp, with a couple of deluded followers. I took no note of time on that memorable occasion, and the only thing which prevented me from fishing until morning, was the fog which covered the river about midnight. We landed, however, with a

sufficient quantity of fish to supply the whole encampment of Indians for at least three days, and among them were seven specimens of the muskalounge,—the remainder being composed of small fry in general. On opening one of my prizes, an immense black snake was found in its bowels, from which time I date my antipathy to this fishy genus as an article of food.

The best, and one of the most universal fish of the Mississippi, is the black bass. They vary from one to seven pounds in weight, are taken with a fly, the minnow and the frog, and in my opinion, as a game fish, are only second to the trout. They are found in great abundance at all the rapids in the river, but afforded me the finest sport at the Falls of Saint Anthony. When I was there the water was uncommonly low, so that pool fishing was in its prime, and I enjoyed it to perfection. I captured no less than thirty-five superb bass in the space of two hours, and that too, without once moving the anchor of my boat. I took them with a hand-line, baiting with a minnow, and the majority of them weighed over two pounds apiece.

The only respectable trout region of the Mississippi extends from Prairie du Chien to Lake St. Croix. An expert angler may here capture an occasional pounder, out of the river itself; but the rarest of sport is afforded by all the neighboring brooks, which run through a hilly country, and are rapid, rocky, and clear. The trout of these streams average about eight ounces in weight. As I sailed up the Alpine portion of the river in a steamboat, my opportunities for wetting the line were not frequent or particularly successful, as the following illustration will testify.

I had just arisen from the breakfast table, when the pilot of the boat informed me that he was about to be delayed for two hours, and that there was a fine trout stream a little farther on, which I might investigate. I immediately hailed a couple of my travelling companions, and with our rods in prime order, we all started for the unknown stream. Owing to a huge rock that lay on the margin of the river, we were compelled to make an extensive circuit over a number of briar-covered hills, and we found the bed of our pilot's trout brook without a particle of water. What aggravated our condition was the intense heat of the sun. In about an hour, however, we succeeded in reaching the Mississippi once more, and there, comfortably seated in the shadow of a bluff, we threw out our lines and awaited the arrival of the boat. We happened to be in the vicinity of a deep hole, out of which we brought five black bass, weighing three or four pounds apiece. We did not capture a single trout, but the sight of one immense fellow that I *lost*, agitated my nerves. Something very heavy had seized my hook, and after playing it for some minutes I was about to land it, when I saw that it was a trout, (it must have weighed some three pounds,) but making a sudden leap,

it snapped my line, and was, like a great many objects in this world, entirely out of my reach; and then I was the victim of a loud and long laugh. The only thing that kept me from falling into a settled melancholy was the incident which immediately followed. When the boat came along, a Frenchman who was a passenger, and happened to have a canoe floating at the stern, volunteered his services to take us on board the steamer. Knowing that my friends had never been in a canoe before, I would not embark with them, and in about two minutes I had the *pleasure* of seeing them capsized, and after they had become completely soaked, of seeing them rescued from all danger minus the three fine bass which they had taken. This feat was performed in the presence of quite a number of ladies, and to the tune of a hearty peal of laughter.

SANDY LAKE.

I now write from the margin of a stream which empties into Lake Superior, toward which I am impatiently pursuing my way. Sandy Lake, where ended my voyaging on the Mississippi, is one of the most famous lakes of the northwest. It lies only about two miles east of the great river, and almost directly west from Lake Superior. Over the intervening route which connects the two water wonders of our country, more furs and Indian goods have been transported, than over any other trail in the wilderness. The lake received its name from the French, on account of its sandy shores, which are remarkably beautiful, abounding in agates and cornelians. There is a trading post here, which is said to have been established ninety years ago; and in a certain log cabin which was pointed out to me, I was told furs had been stored, to the value of fifty millions of dollars.

The shores of this lake are hilly, full of beautiful islands, upon one of which we breakfasted, and presents a most interesting appearance. The water is clear and abounds in fish, of which the black bass, the pike, and white-fish are the most abundant.

The voyager in pursuing this route always finds it necessary to make a number of portages. The original manner in which I performed one of these I will briefly describe.

When the company to which I belonged had landed on the eastern shore of Sandy Lake, I immediately inquired for the trail, seized my gun and started on ahead, hoping that I might succeed in killing a few pigeons for supper. The path was well beaten, the scenery interesting, and I went on with a light heart and a head full of fantastic images born of the wild forest. The only creature in the way of game that I saw was a large red deer, which suddenly startled me by a shrill snort, and bounded away as if in scorn of my locomotive powers. Soon as my *hair* was fairly settled to its natural smoothness on my head, (how very uncomfortable it is to be frightened!) the deer made a dignified pause, and I attempted to draw near by dodging along behind the trees.

Soon as I was through dodging, I looked up and found that my game was missing, and I therefore wheeled about to resume my journey. My intention was reasonable and lawful, but then arose the thought, what direction shall I pursue? The more I pondered the more my wonder grew, and after a series of ineffectual rambles, I finally concluded that I had lost my way, and must spend the night, literally speaking, "in the wilderness alone." I now record my tale without emotion, but my feelings and reflections on that occasion were uncomfortable in the extreme.

After wandering about the woods until my feet were blistered, I concluded to pitch my tent for the night, although the only things I had with me to make me comfortable in my solitude, were an unloaded gun, a horn half full of powder, and my shot-bag, empty of shot and balls. I happened to be in a deep valley, which was entirely covered with pine trees. One of them had two large branches that shot out together about a dozen feet from the ground, and as I had no sure way of keeping off an enemy, I managed to climb up to them, and there spent the night, without once budging from my interesting roost.

I was not visited by any goblins on that memorable night, but the actual miseries which ministered to me during the dark hours were quite numerous. In the first place, I had to watch the deepening shadows of the evening, tormented by hunger and thirst. Instead of having an opportunity to satisfy my own appetite, it seemed as if all the musquetos of the wilderness had assembled together for the purpose of having a feast on my own flesh and blood. But nature granted me a brief respite from this torment, by causing a shower to fall, which had a tendency to cool my feverish lips and brow, and allowed me a little sleep.

But this blessedness was soon ended, for in a fit of the nightmare I had a very narrow escape from falling to the ground. After I had fairly recovered myself, and again drank in the horrors of a musquito dirge, I almost made up my mind to drop at any rate, and thereby end my life and the enjoyment of my infernal enemies.

But there was soon another change in the character of my miseries. An immense owl had the impudence to perch himself on a limb above my head, whence he poured forth a flood of the most horrible screaming that mortal ever heard. Soon as the echoes thus awakened had melted into silence, a crackling sound fell upon my ear, and I beheld an old bear, straggling along, as if he was sure of enjoying a feast of fresh meat.

He halted and snuffed around the base of a tree, which stood only a few yards distant from the one I occupied, and then continued on his way. He seemed to know that human feet had lately trodden the valley, but rationally

concluding that no sensible man would remain in that particular region any longer than he could possibly help it, he did not trouble himself about the scent he had discovered. I felt grateful towards the old savage for his unintentional politeness, but if my gun had been loaded with only one ball, I should have favored him with an unexpected salute.

The hours which followed this event, and preceded the dawn, were the longest that I ever experienced. My wretchedness was indescribable; I was cold and hungry, and in want of sleep, but morning came at last, and with it the warm bright sunshine and the silence of the Sabbath; only a loud clear chorus of sweetest melody echoed through the pine forest valley, from the throats of a thousand birds.

On descending from my elevated position, I ascended a high hill, from whose summit I could look down upon a beautiful lake, where I saw my fellow travellers all quietly afloat in their canoes. I loaded my gun with powder and fired a signal, which was answered by a deafening shout, that was far sweeter to my ears at that particular moment than even the song of birds. When the Indians who had been hunting after me had returned, and when I resumed my seat in the canoe, and had a slice of cold pork between my fingers, I was quite happy, in spite of the many jokes cracked at my expense.

THE SAINT LOUIS RIVER.

By looking on the map you will observe that this river enters Lake Superior on the extreme west. I had not the means of ascertaining its precise length, but was told that above the Savannah, where I struck it, it is an inconsiderable stream. From that point to the lake it is quite a majestic river, and I should suppose the distance to be nearly one hundred and fifty miles. It has more the appearance of a wild New England river than any other that I have seen in the western country. It is exceedingly rocky, and so full of sunken boulders and dangerous rapids, that it never could be made navigable further up than Fond du Lac, which is twenty miles from Lake Superior. The water is clear, but of a rich snuff color, owing probably to the swamps out of which it runs. It is said to rise and fall very suddenly. Its entire shores are without a solitary habitation (excepting at the trading post already mentioned,) and the scenery is picturesque, wild and romantic. But I hear the roar of its cataracts, and must attempt a description of them.

There is a place on this river called the Knife Portage, from the fact that the rocks here are exceedingly sharp and pointed, where the stream forms a large bend, and where the voyageur has to make a portage of twelve miles. The length of this bend may be sixteen miles, and in that distance the water has a fall of about three hundred and twenty feet. The width of the river may be from three to four hundred yards. At this point (just above Fond du Lac) are three nameless waterfalls, whose dimensions are indeed stupendous. The water of one tumbles over a pile of pointed rocks, and after twisting itself into every possible variety of schutes and foaming streams, finally murmurs itself to sleep in a pool eighty feet below the summit whence it takes its first leap.

Another fall, or rather cataract, is not far from one hundred feet high, and the water at times rushes over almost in a solid and unbroken body.

The walls of slate on either side are lofty, and "crowned with a peculiar diadem of trees;" and as the roaring of the fall is deafening, its effect upon me was allied to that of Niagara. The pools at the bottom appeared to be black and fathomless, the spray whiter than snow, and the rainbows beautiful

beyond comparison. When I gazed upon the features of this superb water-wonder, united as they were in one complete picture; when I listened to the scream of the eagle mingling with the roar, and thought of the uninhabited wilderness in every direction around me, I was most deeply impressed.

I visited this cataract accompanied by a party of Indians, and owing to the length of time it took us to reach it, we were compelled to spend the night in its immediate vicinity. We built our watch-fire on the southern shore, in a sheltering bay, about one hundred yards from the highest leap, and on a spot where we could command a complete view of the superb picture.

Our supper on that occasion was composed exclusively of venison, as one of the party had succeeded in killing a deer in one of his morning excursions; and though I had not eaten for nine or ten hours, I seemed to have lost my appetite, and took my food merely as a matter of necessity. After our repast was ended, two of the Indians lighted their birchen torches and jumped into a canoe for the purpose of spearing fish. I watched them with peculiar interest, and saw them perform one feat which was truly wonderful. They had wounded an immense pike on a shoal, very near a column of the falling element, when the stricken creature floundered away into the foaming water, and the canoe darted on in quick pursuit, as if its inmates were determined to capture or die. One moment it seemed as if the torrent of water must be pouring into the canoe, and the torches be extinguished, and then again, I could only see a halo of light, looking like the sun rising at midnight, as the fishermen glided behind a sheet of water or a cloud of spray. They were successful in their sport, and finally returned and presented their prize at my feet. The party then enjoyed a pipe for about twenty minutes, when the younger Indians commenced playing their favorite moccasin game, and I spent the remainder of the evening conversing with the chief and patriarch of the band, from whom I gathered the following tradition respecting the cataract:

"More moons ago than I can count," said the old man, "the country lying between the big lake (Superior) and the place where the sun goes down, was owned by the Sioux nation, which was then immensely powerful. They were very cruel in their warfare, and did every thing in their power to annihilate the Chippewa nation. The Great Spirit was not their friend, but ours, and once, when a multitude of their warriors were pursuing some of our hunters down the river, the Great Spirit suddenly *kicked out the bottom* in this place, and the principal enemies of our nation were all destroyed. Since that time we have been the possessors of this vast country, and the children of our ancient enemies catch the buffalo in a far distant prairie land."

With this legend deeply impressed on my mind (the telling of which occupied my companion for nearly two hours) I ordered more wood to be placed on the fire, and leaving the others to take care of themselves, rolled myself up in my blanket, and was soon asleep. I was awakened only once during the night, and that was by the distant howl of a wolf, mingling with the solemn anthem of the cataract. I sat up for a moment to look upon the scene, but the sky was covered with clouds, and it was exceedingly dark. Even the embers of our watch-fire had ceased blazing. Around me lay my companions in a deep sleep. Once more did I listen to the howl, and that voice of many waters, until, like a frightened child, I hastily covered my head, and went to sleep. On the following morning we resumed our journey in the midst of a rain storm, the memory of that night and that cataract, however, haunting me like a dream.

The next perpendicular fall within the bend I have mentioned, is some two miles down the stream, and is only about fifty feet in height, but its grandeur is somewhat enhanced by the rapids which succeed it, and have a fall of some forty or fifty feet more. An old trader tells me that I am the first traveller from the States who has ever taken the trouble actually to visit these cataracts. If this is a fact, and as the Indians, so far as I can learn, have never christened them, I claim the privilege of giving them a name. Let them, then, be known hereafter as the Chippewa Falls. It is a singular circumstance that a pine tree might be cut in this interior wilderness, and if launched in one of the tributaries of the Mississippi, or in the Saint Louis River, and propelled by favorable winds alone, could, in process of time, be planted in the hull of a ship at any seaport on the globe.

The navigable portion of the Saint Louis, as before remarked, extends only about twenty miles from the lake, at which point is the place legitimately called Fond du Lac. It is an ancient trading post, and contains about half a dozen white inhabitants, viz., a worthy missionary and his interesting family. The agent of the Fur Company and his assistants are half-breeds, and a most godless set of people they are. It is a general rendezvous for several Indian tribes, and when I was there was quite crowded with the barbarians.

Fond du Lac, so far as the scenery is concerned, is one of the most truly delightful places that I ever met with in my life. The first white man who traded here was my friend Morrison, after whom the highest hill in the vicinity was named. Upon this eminence I spent a pleasant afternoon, revelling over a landscape of surpassing loveliness. Far below me lay an extensive natural meadow, on the left of which was a pretty lake, and on the right a little hamlet composed of log cabins and bark wigwams. The broad

valley of the Saint Louis faded away to the east, studded with islands, and protected on either side by a range of high wood-crowned hills, beyond which reposed in its conscious pride the mighty lake-wonder of the world. The atmosphere which rested upon the whole scene seemed to halo every feature, and with the occasional tinkling of a solitary cow-bell, combined to fill my heart with indescribable pleasure.

Most of my rambles about this place, were performed in company with the missionary already mentioned. He informed me that the surrounding country abounded in rich copper ore, in agates and cornelians of the first water, and that all the smaller streams of the country afforded rare trout fishing. If this end of Lake Superior should become, as I doubt not it will, famous for its mines, Fond du Lac would be a most agreeable place to reside in, as it is easily reached by vessels. I was hospitably entertained by this gentleman, and could not but contrast the appearance of his dwelling with that of his neighbor the French trader. In the one you might see a small library, a large family Bible, the floor covered with matting, &c., a neat, tidy, and intelligent wife, and children; in the other, a pack of cards, a barrel of whisky, a stack of guns, and a family whose filthiness was only equalled by the total ignorance of its various members. And this contrast only inadequately portrays the difference between Christianity and heathenism.

I left Fond du Lac about day-break, with a retinue of some twenty canoes, which were freighted with Indians bound to a payment at La Pointe. It was one of those misty summer mornings when every object in nature wears a bewitching aspect, and her still small voice seems to whisper to the heart that it is not the "whole of life to live, nor the whole of death to die," and when we feel that God is omnipotent and the mind immortal. But the scenery of this portion of the river is beautiful—beautiful beyond anything I had imagined to exist in any country on the globe. The entire distance from Fond du Lac to this place, as before mentioned, is not far from twenty miles. The river is very broad and deep, and completely filled with wooded islands; while on either side extends a range of mountains, which are as wild and solitary as when brought into existence.

Every member of the voyaging party seemed to be happy, and we travelled at our ease for the purpose of prolonging the enjoyment of the voyage. At one time we landed at the base of a cliff; and while I made a drawing or ransacked the shore for agates and cornelians, and the young Indians clambered up a hillside for roots or berries, the more venerable personages of the party would sit in their canoes, quietly puffing away at their pipes as they watched the movements of their younger companions. Ever and anon might be heard the report of a gun, or the whiz of an arrow, as

we happened to pass the feeding place of a flock of ducks, the nest of an eagle or raven, or the marshy haunt of a muskrat or otter. Now we surprised a couple of deer swimming across the river, one of which the Indians succeeded in capturing; and now we hauled up our canoes on a sandy island, to have a talk with some lonely Indian family, the smoke of whose wigwam had attracted our attention, rising from between the trees. Our sail down the river occupied us until about ten o'clock, when we reached the mouth of the river, and disembarked for the purpose of preparing and eating our breakfast. We landed on the river side of a long sandy point, and while the Indians were cooking a venison-steak and a large trout, I rambled over the sand hills; and as the sun came out of a cloud and dissipated every vestige of the morning mist, obtained my first view of Lake Superior, where, above the apparently boundless plain, I could only discover an occasional gull, wheeling to and fro as if sporting with the sunbeams.

LAKE SUPERIOR.

I HAVE finished my canoe pilgrimage, and parted with my Indian guides and fellow-voyagers. It now remains for me to mould into an intelligible form the notes which I have recorded from time to time, while seated in my canoe or lounging beside the watch-fires of my barbarous companions.

Lake Superior, known to be the largest body of fresh water on the globe, is three hundred and sixty miles long, one hundred and forty wide, and fifteen hundred miles in circumference; its surface is six hundred and twenty-seven feet above the sea, and its greatest depth seven hundred and ninety-two feet. It is the grand reservoir whence proceed the waters of Michigan, Huron, and Erie; it gives birth to Niagara—the wonder of the world—fills the basin of Ontario, and rolls a mighty flood down the valley of the Saint Lawrence to the Atlantic. It lies in the bosom of a mountain land, where the red man yet reigns in his native freedom. Excepting an occasional picket fort or trading house, it is yet a wilderness. The entire country is rocky and covered with a stunted growth of vegetation, where the silver fur, the pine, hemlock, the cedar and the birch are most abundant. The soil is principally composed of a reddish clay, which becomes almost as hard as brick on being exposed to the action of the air and sun. In some of the valleys, however, the soil is rich and suitable for purposes of agriculture.

The waters of this magnificent lake are marvellously clear, and even at midsummer are exceedingly cold. In passing along its rocky shores in my frail canoe, I have often been alarmed at the sight of a sunken boulder, which I fancied must be near the top, and on further investigation have found myself to be upwards of twenty feet from the danger of a concussion; and I have frequently lowered a white rag to the depth of one hundred feet, and been able to discern its every fold or stain. The color of the water near the shore is a deep-green, but off soundings it has all the dark-blue appearance of the ocean. The sandy shores are more abrupt than those of any body of water I have seen; and within a few feet of many of its innumerable bluffs, it would be impossible for a ship to anchor. It is a singular fact that the waters of this lake are much heavier than those of Huron, which are also

heavier than those of Erie and Michigan. I am informed on the best authority, that a loaded canoe will draw at least two inches more water in Huron than in Superior.

The natural harbors of this lake are not numerous, but on account of its extent and depth it affords an abundance of sea-room, and is consequently one of the safest of the great lakes to navigate. The only trouble is that it is subject to severe storms, which arise very suddenly. Often have I floated on its sleeping bosom in my canoe at noonday, and watched the butterfly sporting in the sunbeams; and at sunset of the same day, have stood upon the rocky shore, gazing upon the mighty billows careering onward as if mad with a wild delight, while a wailing song, mingled with the “trampling surf,” would ascend to the gloomy sky. The shipping of the lake in 1846 was composed of one steamboat, one propeller, and several small schooners, which were chiefly supported by the fur and copper business. The first vessel, larger than a canoe or batteaux, that sailed on this lake, was launched in August, 1835; she belonged to the American Fur Company, and her burthen was 113 tons.

And now a word or two about the climate of this region. The winters are very long, averaging about seven months, while spring, summer, and autumn are compelled to fulfill their duties in the remaining five. During the former season the snow frequently covers the whole country to the depth of three, four, and five feet, but the cold is regular and consequently healthful. The few white people who spend their winters in this region, are almost as isolated as the inhabitants of Greenland. The only news which they then obtain from the civilized world, is brought them once a month. The mail-carriers are half-breeds or Indians, who travel through the pathless wilderness in a rude sledge drawn by dogs. But the climate of Lake Superior at midsummer is delightful beyond compare; the air is soft and bracing at the same time. A healthier region does not exist on the earth, and this assertion is corroborated by the well-known fact that the inhabitants usually live to an advanced age, in spite of their many hardships. The common diseases of mankind are here comparatively unknown, and I have never seen an individual whose breast did not swell with a new emotion of delight as he inhaled the air of this northern wilderness.

Before concluding this general description of the region I have recently explored, I ought to speak of the game which is found here. Of the larger animals the two principal species are the black bear and elk, but they are far from being abundant; of the smaller varieties, almost every northern animal may be found, excepting the beaver, which has become extinct. Water-fowl, as many people suppose, are not abundant, for the reason that the rocky

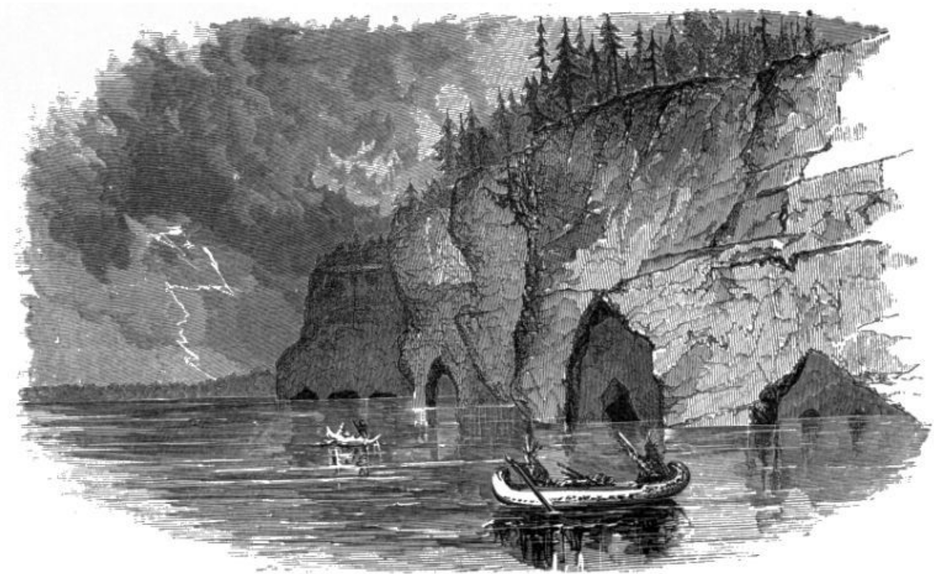
bottom of the lake yields no plants to supply them with food; but westward of Superior, about the head waters of the Saint Louis and Mississippi rivers, they are found in incredible numbers. As to snakes, you might travel a thousand miles through the woods and not see a single specimen. They are not "native and to the manor born." The traveller through this region finds but little use for the gun; if, however, he is not too devoted a worshipper of mammon, he may bring with him a quantity of fishing tackle, and his brightest anticipations with regard to angling will be fully realized. But I must be more particular in my descriptions, and will therefore speak of the American and Canadian shores of Lake Superior.

It is computed that the American coast of this lake extends to about twice the length of that which belongs to Canada. Our portion of the northern shore is skirted by a range of mountains which seem to be from two to three thousand feet in height; and it is said they extend in an unbroken chain from the river Saint Louis to the gulf of Saint Lawrence. Though they abound in cliffs, caverns, and waterfalls, when seen from the water, "distance lends enchantment" to these mountains, and they fade away, swell beyond swell, like the rolling billows of the ocean, while an occasional cloud will rest upon them, as if to remind the beholder of a ship, and thus complete the illusion. On the southern shore of the lake is a range called the Porcupine Mountains, which appear to be about as extensive (but not so lofty) as the Catskills; their varying outlines, seen as you sail along the coast, are very beautiful indeed. Point Keweenaw is also covered with hills, but less lofty and picturesque than those already mentioned. That portion of the coast lying between this point and the river Saint Mary, is low, and with the exception of the Pictured Rocks, uninteresting. Though the shores are not, generally speaking, what we should call rocky, yet they are distinguished for a variety of remarkable bluffs. Those alluded to above, are found on the east of Point Keweenaw, and extend along the coast some nine miles. They have been striped with various colors by mineral drippings, and are about one hundred and fifty feet high. The most conspicuous of them is perhaps three hundred feet high, but its most superb feature was demolished by a storm in the year 1816. That feature, according to a drawing in my possession, was an arch or doorway, fifteen feet broad and one hundred high, through which the Indians were accustomed to pass with their canoes. In those days, too, from the crevices in these solid walls of whitish sandstone leaped forth beautiful cascades, and mingled their waters with those of the lake. Beautiful caverns meet the eye in every direction, and the water at their base is of a deep green, and in some places almost fathomless.

A cluster of rocks similar to the above is found westward of the Apostle Islands. These, however, are composed of a deep red sandstone, and are only about one hundred feet high, extending along the shore for about two miles. The arches here are almost numberless, and exceedingly picturesque and singular, and you may wind your way among them in a canoe without the least danger, provided you have a steady hand and sufficient nerve. And the caverns, too, in these bluffs are also very numerous, and some of them are so deep and dark that the eye cannot measure their depths,—and from these gloomy recesses, "even in a season of calm weather," always issues a sound like thunder, which must be terrific when a storm is raging. All these bluffs are covered with a stunted growth of Alpine and other trees.

The largest island in Lake Superior belongs to the American government, and is called Isle Royal. It is forty miles long, and varies from six to ten miles in width. Its hills have an altitude of four hundred feet, it is covered with forest, and has a bold shore. During the winter it is entirely uninhabited, but for the two last summers has been thoroughly explored by the copper speculators. The northern side is bold and rocky, but the southern shore has a number of fine bays and natural harbors. The soil is barren, but distinguished for its fishing grounds. According to the Indians, it is the home of all the spirits of their mythology.

Near the western extremity of this lake are the Apostle Islands, which are evidently detachments of a peninsula, running out in the same direction with Keweenaw, which is known as La Pointe. The group consists of three islands, and they stud the water most charmingly. There is a dreamy summer beauty about them, which made me anxious to linger along their peaceful and solitary shores. They are covered with dense forests, and ascend from the water's edge to a conspicuous height.



BLUFFS ON LAKE SUPERIOR.

On the extreme point of the largest island is situated a trading post known as La Pointe. When I was there, it contained about a dozen inhabited log cabins, and the wigwams of about three thousand Chippewa Indians. They were assembled there to receive their annual instalment in money and goods from the general government, as a return for the untold acres, which they had deeded to their "Great Father and Protector," the President. The sum allotted to each was four dollars in money, and in goods one blanket and a sufficient amount of cloth to make a pair of leggins. This was all, and yet many of these poor wretches had paddled their canoes more than a thousand miles, to obtain this meagre present. The great majority had reached La Pointe in a state of starvation, and were therefore immediately compelled to transfer their money into the open hands of the American Fur Company, for pork at *fifty* dollars per barrel, and flour at *fifteen* dollars per hundred. It was understood, however, that when the red barbarians should start for their distant homes, the white barbarians would furnish them with sufficient provisions to take them out of sight. This unhappy state of things took such firm hold upon my feelings that my reflections upon the fate of the Indian tribes prevented me from enjoying my visit on the island. There is a Protestant missionary establishment at this place, but the missionaries are compelled to prosecute their labors as if with tied hands and closed lips, on account of the superior power of the Romish church. From time immemorial La Pointe has been the Mecca of the fur traders and the poor Indians. After

exploring the immense wilderness on the west and north, enduring the severest hardships, they look forward to their visit at this place as the prominent event of the year. It is also the recruiting or starting place for all expeditions to the Mississippi river, there being only two routes,—that by the Brulé and Saint Croix rivers, and another by the Saint Louis.

The rivers running into Lake Superior from the south, are quite numerous, but none of them are very large. They are all remarkably clear, and abound in waterfalls. They invariably enter the lake in some sandy bay, and it is a singular fact, that shortly after a severe storm many of them cannot be entered even by a canoe, owing to their being blocked with sand, which event is of course followed by an overflow, for the time, of the surrounding country. When the storm has subsided, however, they break through the sandy barriers, and rush with great velocity into the lake.

The entire Canadian shore of Lake Superior might be denominated as bold and rocky, but there may occasionally be seen a line of the smoothest beach, as if for the very purpose of affording protection to the voyaging Indians when exposed to the dangers of sudden storms. The bluffs are generally of a green sandstone, and frequently rise to the height of five hundred feet above the water, like massive bulwarks, which seem to have battled with the elements for many ages. The mountains which skirt the northern shore of Superior, form the dividing ridge between the streams which run into the Lake and those which take a northerly direction into Hudson's Bay. After passing the first and most lofty range, the country for about fifty miles is mainly made up of low granite hills, when it settles into a level wilderness, extending, as is supposed, to the Arctic Sea, and where tamarack swamps may be seen in their greatest perfection. This entire region produces but little for purposes of agriculture.

The two most prominent peninsulas on this shore are called Thunder Cape and Carriboo Point. The former is about fourteen hundred feet high, and frowns upon the waste of waters, like a crouching lion, which animal it closely resembles in its outline. When passing near its base, it looms against the sky in awful grandeur, the seeming lord and master of the boundless wilderness world around. Carriboo Point is less lofty, but far-famed on account of the hieroglyphics which have been painted upon its brow in other years, by an Indian race now supposed to be extinct. In the vicinity of these bluffs, are found large and beautiful agates.

The Canadian shore of this lake abounds in rocky islands, but there is only one deserving of particular notice. It lies in the northeastern part of the lake, and is unquestionably the greatest natural curiosity in this wilderness, —not even excepting the Chippewa Falls, or the Pictured Cliffs on the

southern shore of Superior. It is found about twenty miles from the main coast, and is supposed to be about a dozen miles in circumference. The shores are of sandstone, and for the most part rise abruptly from the water to the height of four or five hundred feet. But the wonder is, that in the centre of this island lies embosomed one of the most beautiful lakes imaginable. It is about a mile long, and the perpendicular cliffs which look down upon it, are not far from seven hundred feet in height. It has an outlet, which is impassable for a canoe, on account of the rocks and trees that have blocked up the narrow chasm; and at the opening of this outlet stands a column of solid rock, which is estimated to be eight hundred feet high. The base is probably one hundred feet in diameter, and it gradually tapers off to about twenty feet in thickness, while the summit of this singular needle is surmounted by one solitary pine tree. The waters of this inner lake are clear, but have a blackish appearance, and are very deep. It is so completely hidden from the surrounding world, that the passing breeze scarcely ever ruffles its tranquil bosom, and the silence which reigns there, even at noonday, is intense. In some places the walls which surround the lake appear to have been recently rent asunder, and partly demolished, as there were immense piles of broken rocks lying at their base; while in other places the upper points and edges are overgrown with moss, and from their brows occasionally depends a cluster of fantastic vines, drooping perpendicularly to the tranquil water, which reproduces the beautiful pictures in its translucent bosom. The lake is destitute of fish, and the island of animals, but gulls of every variety, and in immense numbers fill the air with their wild screams. The entire island seems to be composed of rocky materials, but it is everywhere covered with a stunted growth of vegetation.

Of the countless Indian legends, which create a kind of classical interest in the scenery of Lake Superior, the most singular and universal have reference to a noted personage whose name was Menaboujou; and as it is a *traditionary* fact, that he was, owing to his passion for water, buried in the liquid centre of the island I have described, it is meet, I ween, that I should devote a portion of this chapter to a record of his history. He was the Noah as well as the Jonah of this portion of the heathen world, and is said to have been created by Manito for the especial purpose of acting as the ruler of all men, and guardian of Lake Superior in particular; while some affirm that he was Manito himself. The Indians describe him as a being of immense size—who could stride across the widest rivers and grasp the lightning in his hands, and whose voice was like the roar of Superior in a storm. They also affirm that he excelled in all the arts of war and of the chase, that the Chippewa nation are his legitimate descendants, and that he died at the

advanced age of one thousand winters. At the mention of his name in the Indian lodges, the children hush their prattle, and listen with wonder to the tales which are sure to follow. It is alleged that he was gifted with the strange powers of the necromancer, could transform himself into any animal or inanimate object in nature, at a moment's warning, and was wont to hold converse with every living creature at his will. There is not a headland on Lake Superior, or a river emptying into it, which is not hallowed in Indian story by his wonderful exploits. The revolving seasons were at his command. He covered the earth with snow, and fettered the streams with ice. At his mandate the mountains were covered with verdure, and northern flowers bloomed in surpassing beauty. He commanded, and the terrible storm-winds broke from their prison caves, and lashed the mighty plain of waters into pure white foam; and the zephyr, which scarcely caused a leaf to tremble, or a ripple on the sleeping waves, was also attributed to his power. In fine, the qualifications of this noted individual were as numerous as they seem to us incongruous and heathenish. To the philosopher, however, these glimpses into the mythology of the aborigines are not without their value, and this conviction is my apology for recording them. Another name for Menaboujou was Hiawatha.

The death of Menaboujou was an important era in the history of the Chippewa nation. During his life the calamities of war and intemperance were unknown, but the Evil One having challenged him to mortal combat, a desperate battle was fought between the mighty potentates, which resulted in the triumph of evil, and the extinction of all good, in the person of its chief author. The battle occurred in the midst of a thunder-storm and on the summit of Thunder Cape, the only weapons used being clubs of immense size, made of the pine and spruce; and when the result was known, a mournful lamentation was heard throughout all the land. The entire Chippewa nation attended the funeral of the departed, and when they were bearing his huge corpse to the lake within the nameless island, a rock was seen to rise out of the water, as a monument planted there by the Great Spirit, to perpetuate the memory of the beloved Menaboujou. The rock alluded to, rises to the height of about thirty feet, and bears an astonishing resemblance to a human head.

THE VOYAGEUR.

Generally speaking, the voyageur of the northwest is the shipping merchant of the wilderness; for his principal business is to transport furs from the interior country to the frontier settlements, or merchandise from the settlements into the interior. By birth he is half French, and half Indian, but in habits, manners, and education, a full-blooded Indian. Like the Indian, his home is where he may happen to pitch his tent. His usual possessions consist of a good supply of bark canoes, and he ever holds himself in readiness, either to transport goods, or act as a guide and companion to the traveller who may require his services. His dress is something less than half civilized, and his knowledge of the world equal to that of his savage brethren;—amiable, even to a fault, but intemperate and without a religion. The hardships to which he exposes himself at mid-winter, when his snow-shoes take the place of his canoe, are incredible; but in all places, and at all times, he is a happy and contented being. His main stay in the way of food is salted pork, and for that reason has he been nicknamed a "pork-eater."

THE VOYAGEUR'S CAMP.

It was in a company of some fifty men, composed of voyageurs and Indians, and commanded by Allen Morrison, that I performed a part of my pilgrimage to the head waters of the Mississippi, and partly around the shores of Lake Superior. There were ten canoes in our *fleet*; the largest (about forty feet long) was occupied by Morrison, myself, and five picked men. He was on his annual visit to the north, to attend the Indian payments, and the great majority of the Indians travelled under his flag, partly for the fun of it, but principally for the purpose of drawing upon him for food, which he always dealt out to them with a liberal hand.

Our time of starting was at day-break, and having paddled three pipes, (about eighteen miles,) we generally landed upon a pleasant sand-bar, or in some leafy nook, and spent an hour or more in cooking and eating our breakfast. A "pipe," I should here remark, is what a sporting gentleman might call a *heat* of six miles, at the end of which our oarsmen would rest themselves, while enjoying a smoke of ten minutes. Our principal food consisted of pork and dough, which were invariably boiled in a tin kettle. Whenever we happened to have any game, or fish, this rarity was also placed in the same kettle with the pork and dough, all of which we disposed of with the assistance of our fingers and a large knife. As Mr. Morrison and

myself were acknowledged to belong to the "first class" of people, we were privileged to use (without giving offence) a small quantity of tea and maple sugar, which we had brought with us. Simple as was our food, it was as wholesome, and at that time as palatable to my taste, as any that I could have obtained from Delmonico's. I was in the habit of devouring, and digesting too, long strings of heavy dough, which would, under ordinary circumstances, have destroyed me. Our meals, however, were always looked forward to with pleasure, and were considered a luxury to be enjoyed only twice during the day,—breakfasting, as we did, at ten, and supping soon after pitching our tents in the evening. Fifty miles per day, when there were no portages or rapids to pass, were considered a good run. The two or three hours before bed-time I generally spent in conversation with Morrison, the voyageurs, or Indians,—and usually retired with my head as full of wilderness images, as a bee-hive at swarming time. The only trouble with my ideas was, that they created a great excitement, but would not swarm according to my will. My couch (a part of which was appropriated to Morrison) consisted of a *soft spot of ground*, while my gun and pouch answered for a pillow, and my only covering was a large green blanket. When the weather was clear, we did not pitch our tent, but slept under a tree, or used the star-studded sky for a canopy. After such a night, I have awakened, and found my blanket white with frozen dew.

The pleasures of this mode of travelling are manifold. The scenery that you pass through is of the wildest character, the people you meet with "are so queer," and there is a charm in the very mystery and sense of danger which attend the windings of a wilderness stream, or the promontories and bays of a lonely lake. The only *apparent* miseries which befall the voyageur, are protracted rain storms and musquitos. On one occasion, while coasting Lake Superior, we were overtaken by a sudden storm, but succeeded in reaching the shore (about a mile off) without being swamped. It was about sundown, and owing to the wind and rain we were unable to make a fire, and consequently went supperless to bed. For my part, I looked upon our condition as quite wretched, and cared little what became of me. We had landed on a fine beach, where we managed to pitch our tents, and there threw ourselves down for the purpose of sleeping; and though wet to the skin, I never slept more soundly in my life,—for the roaring of Lake Superior in a storm, is a most glorious lullaby. On the following morning, I was awakened *by the surf washing against my feet*.

As to musquitos, had I not taken with me a quantity of bar-netting, I believe the creatures would have eaten me. But with this covering fastened to four sticks, I could defy the wretches, and I was generally lulled to sleep

by their annoying hum, which sometimes seemed to me like the howl of infernal spirits.

The only animals that ever had the daring to annoy us, were a species of gray wolf, which sometimes succeeded in robbing us of our food. On one occasion, I remember we had a short allowance of pork, and for the purpose of protecting it with greater care than usual, Mr. Morrison had placed it in a bag under his head, when he went to sleep.

"At midnight, in his *un*-guarded tent," his head was suddenly thumped against the ground, and by the time he was fairly awakened, he had the peculiar satisfaction of seeing *a wolf, on the keen run, with the bag of pork*.

The more prominent incidents connected with canoe voyaging, which relieve the monotony of a long voyage, are the making of portages, the passing of rapids, and the singing of songs.

Portages are made for the purpose of getting below or above those falls which could not be passed in any other manner, also for the purpose of going from one stream to another, and sometimes they are made to shorten the distance to be travelled, by crossing points or peninsulas. It was invariably the habit of our voyageurs to run a race, when they came in sight of a portage, and they did not consider it ended until their canoes were launched in the water at the farther end of the portage. The consequence of this singular custom is, that making a portage is exciting business. Two men will take the largest canoe upon their shoulders, and cross the portage on a regular trot, stopping, however, to rest themselves and enjoy a pipe at the end of every thousand paces. On landing, the canoe is not allowed to touch the bottom, but you must get out into the water and unload it while yet afloat. The loads of furs or merchandise which these men sometimes carry, are enormous. I have seen a man convey three hundred and fifty pounds, up a steep hill two hundred feet high, and that too without once stopping to rest; and I *heard* the story, that there were three voyageurs in the northern wilderness, who have been known, unitedly, to carry *twenty-one hundred pounds* over a portage of eight miles. In making portages, it is occasionally necessary to traverse tamarack swamps; and the most difficult one in the northwest lies midway between Sandy Lake and the Saint Louis River. It is about nine miles in length, and in crossing it you sometimes have to wade in pure mud up to your middle. On this route I counted the wrecks of no less than seven canoes, which had been abandoned by the over-fatigued voyageurs; and I also noticed the grave of an unknown foreigner, who had died in this horrible place, from the effect of a poisonous root which he had eaten. Here, in this gloomy solitude had he breathed his last, with none to

cool his feverish brow but a poor ignorant Indian;—alone, and more than a thousand leagues from his kindred and home.

But the excitement of passing the rapids of a large river like the Mississippi, exceeds that of any other operation connected with voyaging. The strength, dexterity, and courage required and employed for passing them, are astonishing. I have been in a canoe, and on account of a stone or floating tree have seen it held for some minutes perfectly still, when midway up a foaming rapid, merely by two men with long poles, standing at each end of the canoe. If, at such a time, one of the poles should slip, or one of the men make a wrong move, the canoe would be taken by the water and dashed to pieces either on the surrounding rocks, or the still more rocky shore. It is, however, much more dangerous to descend than to ascend a rapid; for it is then almost impossible to stop a canoe, when under full headway, and if you happen to strike a rock, you will find your *wafery* canoe no better than a sieve. To pass down the Sault Saint Marie, with an experienced voyageur, is one of the most interesting, yet thrilling and fearful feats that can be performed. There are rapids and falls, however, which cannot at any time be passed with safety, and great caution is required in approaching them.

One of the more prominent traits of the voyageur's character, is his cheerfulness. Gay and mirthful by nature and habit—patient and enduring at labor—seeking neither ease nor wealth—and, though fond of his family, it is his custom to let the morrow take care of itself, while he will endeavor to improve the present hour as he thinks proper. He belongs to a race which is entirely distinct from all others on the globe. It is a singular fact, that when most troubled, or when enduring the severest hardships, they will joke, laugh, and sing their uncouth songs—the majority of which are extemporaneous, appropriate to the occasion, and generally of a rude and licentious character. Indeed it is said of some, that they will travel hundreds of miles without once ceasing to sing, and without twice singing the same song. They are invariably sung in Canadian French, and the following literal translations may be looked upon as favorable specimens of songs, which I first heard on the Mississippi.

The Starting.

Home, we are leaving thee!
River, on thy bosom to sail!
Cheerful let our hearts be,
Supported by hope.
Away, then, away! Away, then, away!

Scenes of beauty will we pass;
Scenes that make us love our life;
Game of the wilderness our food,
And our slumbers guarded by the stars.
Away, then, away! Away, then, away!

Home, we are leaving thee!
River, on thy bosom to sail!
Cheerful let our hearts be,
Supported by hope.
Away, then, away! Away, then, away!

The Way.

The river that we sail
Is the pride of our country;
The women that we love
Are the fairest upon earth.
Row, then, row! Row, then, row!

Toilsome is our way,
Dangerous is our way;
But what matter?
Our trust is in Providence.
Row, then, row! Row, then, row!

The river that we sail
Is the pride of our country;
The women that we love
Are the fairest upon earth.
Row, then, row! Row, then, row!

The Return.

Joy, joy, our home is not far;
Love-smiles are waiting us;
And we shall be happy!
Happy, happy, happy.
Bend to your oars! Bend to your oars!

Loud, loud, let our voices be,
Echoing our gratitude;
Many leagues have we voyaged,
But soon shall we be at rest.
Bend to your oars, brothers! Bend to your oars!

Joy, joy, our home is in sight;
Love-smiles are waiting us,
And we shall be happy!
Happy, happy, happy!
Home! Bend to your oars! Bend to your oars!

The same canoe in which I explored the Upper Mississippi, also bore me in safety partly around the shores of Lake Superior: first, eastward, along the northern shore, then back again to Fond du Lac; and afterwards along the southern shore to the Apostle Islands. Delighted as I was with my canoe wanderings on the head-waters of the Mighty River, I am constrained to yield the palm to Superior. For many days did I explore its picturesque bays and extended sweeps of shore, following the promptings of my wayward will, and storing my mind with its unnumbered legends, gathered from the lips of my Indian companions. I seldom took a paddle in my hand, unless it were for exercise, but usually employed my time, when the weather was calm, by reading or sketching; and often, when the sunshine made me sleepy, have been lulled into a dreamy repose, by the measured music of the oars, mingling with the wild chanting of the voyageurs. It was the custom with my companions, whenever they caught me in those lucid intervals, to startle me, by a piercing whoop, which invariably announced a race upon the watery plain. And then, indeed, was it a most exciting spectacle to witness the canoes gliding to the destined goal. Whenever I expressed such a desire, the party came to a halt upon the shore, and then it was that I mounted the headlands to gather berries, or obtain a bird's-eye prospect of the lake. At times, the roar of a distant waterfall would fall upon the ear, and I was wont

to beg an hour's furlough for the purpose of catching a dozen or two of trout in the waters of a nameless stream. But my chief employment, whenever we landed, was to gather agates and pebbles. In many places the gravelly shores were completely covered with them; and often, when attracted by one of a particular color or an unusual size, and when deceived by the marvellous transparency of the water, have I found myself far beyond my depth in the sleeping waves, which event was about the only one that could bring me to my senses. Many a time, like a very child, have I rambled along the beach for miles, returning to my canoe completely loaded down with my treasures, which I sometimes carried with me on my journey for many miles, and then threw away to make room for others which I thought still more beautiful. Delightful, indeed, were those summer days on the bosom of that lonely lake. They are associated with my treasured dreams, and I cannot but sigh when I remember that I may never be privileged to enjoy the like again. My reason would not stop the tide of civilization which is sweeping to the remote north and the far Pacific; but if the wishes of my heart were realized, none but the true worshippers of Nature should ever be permitted to mar the solitude of the wilderness with the song of Mammon.

But, if that were possible, the nights that I spent upon the shores of the great northern lake have made a deeper impression upon me than those summer days. Never before had the ocean of the sky and the starry world appeared so supremely brilliant. Seldom would my restless spirit allow me an unbroken slumber from nightfall until dawn, and I was often in a wakeful mood, even after the camp-fires were entirely out, and my rude companions were all asleep. One of those wonderful nights I never can forget. I had risen from my couch upon the sand, and after walking nearly half a mile along the beach, I passed a certain point, and found myself in full view of the following scene. Black, and death-like in its repose, was the apparently illimitable plain of water; above its outline, on the left, were the strangely beautiful northern lights, shooting their rays to the very zenith; on the right was a clear full moon, making a silvery pathway from my feet to the horizon; and before, around, and above me, floating in the deep cerulean, were the unnumbered and mysterious stars. The only sound that fell upon my ear was the occasional splash of a tiny wave, as it melted upon the shore. Long and intently did I gaze upon the scene, until, in a kind of frenzy, or bewilderment, I threw myself upon the earth, and was soon in a deep sleep. The first gleam of sunshine roused me from slumber, and I returned to our encampment in a thoughtful and unhappy mood. My friends had not wondered at my absence, when they awoke, for they supposed that I had gone merely to take my accustomed swim. The voyageur's life is indeed a

romantic one; but it will not do to talk about it forever, and I therefore bring my description to a close.

THE COPPER REGION.

I AM the owner of a few shares of copper stock, but exceedingly anxious to dispose of my interest, at the earliest possible moment, and on the most reasonable terms. This remark defines my position with regard to copper in general, and may be looked upon as the text from which I shall proceed to make a few general observations on the copper region of Lake Superior. I am curious to find out how it will seem, for the public at large, to read something which is not a purchased puff. Those, therefore, who are unaccustomed to simple matters of fact, will please pass on to another chapter of my book, or lay it down as the most insipid volume that was ever published.

It is undoubtedly true, that all the hills and mountains surrounding this immense lake, abound in valuable minerals, of which the copper, in every form, is the most abundant. The lamented Douglas Houghton has published the opinion, that this region contains the most extensive copper mines in the known world. The discoveries which have been made during the last three years would lead one to suppose this opinion to be founded in truth.

Not to mention the ship loads of rich ore that I have seen at different times, I would, merely to give my reader an idea of what is doing here, give the weight of a few distinguished discoveries that I have actually seen.

The native copper boulder, discovered by the traveller Henry, in the bed of the Ontonagon river, and now in Washington, originally weighed thirty-eight hundred pounds; a copper mass of the same material lately found near Copper Harbor, weighed twelve hundred pounds; at Copper Falls, the miners are now at work (1846) upon a vein of solid ore, which already measures twenty feet in length, nine in depth, and seven and a half inches in thickness, which must weigh a number of tons; and at Eagle River another boulder has lately been brought to light, weighing seventeen hundred pounds.

As to native silver, the Eagle River valley has yielded the largest specimen yet found about this lake, the weight of which was six pounds ten ounces. These are mineral statistics from which may be drawn as great a variety of conclusions as there are minds.

The number of mining companies which purport to be in operation on the American shore of Lake Superior and on our islands, is said to be one hundred; and the number of stock shares is not far from three hundred thousand. But notwithstanding all the fuss that has been, and is still made, about the mining operations here, a smelting furnace has not yet been erected, and only three companies, up to the present time, have made any shipments of ore. The oldest of these is the Lake Superior Company; the most successful, the Pittsburg and Boston Company; and the other is the Copper Falls Company, all of which are confined in their operations to Point Keweenaw.

This point is at present the centre of attraction to those who are worshipping the copper Mammon of the age. It is a mountainous district, covered with a comparatively useless pine forest, exceedingly rocky and not distinguished for its beautiful scenery. As to the great majority of the mining companies alluded to, they will undoubtedly sink a good deal more money than they can possibly make; and for the reason, that they are not possessed of sufficient capital to carry on the mining business properly, and are managed by inexperienced and visionary men—a goodly number of whom have failed in every business in which they ever figured, and who are generally adventurers, determined to live by speculation instead of honest labor. The two principal log cabin cities of Point Keweenaw, are Copper Harbor and Eagle River. The former is quite a good harbor, and supports a vacated garrison, a newspaper, a very good boarding-house, and several intemperance establishments. The latter has a fine beach for a harbor, a boarding-house, a saw-mill, and a store, where drinking is the principal business transacted. The number of resident inhabitants in the two towns I was unable to learn, but the sum total I suppose would amount to fifty souls.

Altogether perhaps five hundred miners and clerks may be engaged on the whole Point, while about as many more, during the summer, are hanging about the general stopping places on the shore, or the working places in the interior. This brotherhood is principally composed of upstart geologists, explorers, and location speculators. From all that I can learn, about the same state of things exists on the Canada side of the lake. Twenty companies are already organized for that section of country, the most promising of which is the Montreal Mining Company; but not a pound of ore has yet been smelted or taken to market, so that the "subject theme," for the present, is as barren of real interest there, as in our own territory. Rationally speaking, the conclusion of the whole matter is just this: the Lake Superior region undoubtedly abounds in valuable minerals, but as yet a sufficient length of time has not elapsed to develop its resources; three quarters of the people

(the remaining quarter are among the most worthy of the land) now engaged in mining operations, are what might be termed dishonest speculators and inexperienced adventurers: but there is no doubt that if a new order of things should be brought into existence here, all those who are prudent and industrious would accumulate fortunes.

I ought not to leave this brazen theme, without alluding to the science of geology as patronized in the mineral region. Not only does the nabob stockholder write pamphlets about the mines of the *Ural* mountains, and other *neighboring* regions, but even the broken-down New York merchant, who now sells whisky to the poor miner, strokes his huge whiskers, and descants upon the black oxyd, the native ore, and the peculiar formation of every hillside in the country. Without exception, I believe, all the men, women and children residing in the copper cities, have been crystalized into finished geologists. It matters not how limited their knowledge of the English language may be, for they look only to the surface of things; it matters not how empty of common sense their brain-chambers may be, they are wholly absorbed in sheeting their minds and hearts with the bright red copper, and are all loudly eloquent on their favorite theme.

But the grand lever which they use to advance their interests, is the word "conglomerate," which answers as a general description of the surrounding country. You stand upon a commanding hill-top, and whilst lost in the enjoyment of a fine landscape, a Copper Harbor "bear" or "bull," recently from Wall street, will slap you on the shoulder, and startle the surrounding air with the following yell: "That whole region, sir, is *conglomerate*, and exceedingly rich in copper and silver." You ask your landlady for a drop of milk to flavor your coffee, and she will tell you "that her husband has exchanged the old red cow for a conglomerate location somewhere in the interior," thereby proving that a comfortable living is a secondary consideration in this life. You happen to see a little girl arranging some rocky specimens in her baby-house, and on your asking her name, she will probably answer—"Conglomerate the man, my name, sir, is Jane." But enough. It will not do for me to continue in this strain, for fear that my readers will, like my mining friends, be made crazy by a remarkable conglomerate literary specimen from the mineral region.

SAULT SAINT MARIE.

ONE more letter from this place, and I shall take my leave of Lake Superior. Saint Marie was formerly a trading post of renown: it is now a village of considerable business; and as the resources of the mineral region are developed, will undoubtedly become a town of importance in a commercial point of view; and the contemplated ship canal through this place (which would allow a boat from Buffalo to discharge her freight or passengers at Fond Du Lac) ought not to be delayed a single year. There is a garrison at this point; the society is good, bad, and indifferent, and in the summer season it is one of the busiest little places in the country. At the present time its inhabitants are in a state of unusual excitement, on account of a cold-blooded murder recently committed here. The victim was a brother of Henry R. Schoolcraft, the well-known author, and the assassin was John Tanner. The deed was performed in open daylight, and the deceased was killed by a bullet shot from an ambush, while he was walking along the road. From all that I have heard, it appears that this man Tanner was born in Virginia, and having been kidnapped by the Indians on the Ohio, when a boy, has for forty-six years led the life of an Indian, but performing the duties of an interpreter. He is the same man, moreover, who went to New York in 1830, and published a history of his life and adventures. It is said that he, many years ago, had a quarrel with Mr. Schoolcraft, the author, but as that gentleman resided at the east, and there was no chance of Tanner's having an opportunity to revenge himself upon his enemy, he not long ago declared his intention of killing the brother, who resided here as a trader. The threat was treated as a joke, but terminated too fatally. A party of white men and Indians is now on Tanner's trail, but the prospect of capturing him is, alas, uncertain, and the white savage will probably seek a home in the Hudson's Bay Territory. But I intend this to be a piscatorial letter, and must therefore change my tune.

The river Saint Marie, opposite this village, is about two miles wide, and having found its way out of a deep bay of the ocean lake, it here rushes over a ledge of rocks in great fury, and presents, for the distance of nearly a mile, a perfect sheet of foam, and this spot is called the Sault, signifying falls. The

entire height of the fall is about thirty feet, and after the waters have expressed, in a murmuring roar, their unwillingness to leave the bosom of Superior, they finally hush themselves to sleep, and glide onward, as if in a dream, along the picturesque shores of a lonely country, until they mingle with the waters of Lake Huron.

The principal fish of this region are trout and white-fish, which are among the finest varieties in the world, and are here found in their greatest perfection. Of the trout, the largest species of Lake Superior is called the lake trout, and they vary from ten to sixty pounds in weight. Their flesh is precisely similar to that of the salmon in appearance, but they are not as delicious as an article of food. The Indians take them in immense quantities, with the gill-net, during the spring and summer, where the water is one hundred feet deep; but in the autumn, when the fish hover about the shores, for the purpose of spawning, the Indians catch them with the spear by torch-light. They also have a mode of taking them in the winter through the ice. After reaching the fishing-ground, they cut a hole in the ice, over which they erect a kind of wigwam, and in which they seat themselves for action. They attach a piece of meat to a cord as bait, which they lower and pull up for the purpose of attracting the trout, thereby alluring the unsuspecting creature to the top of the hole, when they pick it out with a spear. An Indian has been known to catch a thousand weight in one day, in this novel manner. But as the ice on Lake Superior is seldom suffered to become very thick, on account of the frequent storms, it sometimes happens that these solitary fishermen are borne away from the shore, and perish in the bosom of the deep.

My mode of fishing for lake trout, however, was with the hook. In coasting along the lake in my canoe, I sometimes threw out about two hundred feet of line, to which was attached a stout hook and a piece of pork, and I seldom tried this experiment for an hour without capturing a fifteen or twenty pounder. At other times, when the lake was still, and I was in the mood, I have paddled to where the water was fifty feet in depth, and with a drop-line have taken, in twenty minutes, more trout than I could eat in a fortnight, which I generally distributed among my Indian companions.

A fish called ciscowet, is unquestionably of the trout genus, but much more delicious, and seldom found to weigh more than a dozen pounds. They are a very beautiful fish, peculiar to this lake, and at the present time almost too fat to be palatable. Their habits are similar to those of the trout, and they are taken in the same manner.

But *the* fish of this region, and of the world, is the common trout. The five rivers which empty into Lake Superior on the north, and the thirty

streams which run from the south, all abound in this superb fish, which vary from ten to forty ounces in weight. But the finest place for this universal favorite, in this region, is, without any doubt, the Falls of Saint Marie. At this spot they are in season throughout the year, from which circumstance I am inclined to believe that there must be several varieties, which closely resemble each other. At one time you may fish all day and not capture a single specimen that will weigh over a pound, and at another time you may take a boatload of them, which will average from three to four pounds in weight. My favorite mode of trouting at this place has been to enter a canoe and cast anchor at the foot of the rapids, where the water was ten or fifteen feet deep, but owing to its marvellous clearness, appeared to be about three, and where the bed of the river or strait is completely covered with snow-white rocks. I usually fished with a fly or artificial minnow, and was never disappointed in catching a fine assortment whenever I went out. My favorite spot was about midway between the American and Canadian shores, and there have I spent whole days enjoying the rarest sport; now looking with wonder at the wall of foam between me and the mighty lake; now gazing upon the dreamy-looking scenery on either side and far below me; and anon peering into the clear water to watch the movements of the trout as they darted from the shady side of one rock to another, or leaped completely out of their native element to seize the hovering fly. I have taken trout in more than one half of the United States, but have never seen a spot where they were so abundant as in this region; but I must acknowledge that there are streams in New England and New York where I have thrown the fly with more intellectual enjoyment than in the river Saint Marie.

But I must devote a paragraph to the white-fish of Lake Superior. They are of the shad genus, and with regard to flavor are second only to their salt-water brethren. They are taken at all seasons of the year, with gill-nets and the seine, in the deep waters of the lake; at this point, however, the Indians catch them with a scoop-net, and in the following manner. Two Indians jump into a canoe above the rapids, and while one navigates it among the rocks and through the foaming waters, the other stands on the look-out, and with the speed of lightning picks out the innocent creatures while working their way up the stream unconscious of all danger. This is a mode of fishing which requires great courage, immense strength, and a steady nerve. A very slight mistake on the part of the steersman, or a false movement of the net-man, will cause the canoe to be swamped, when the inmates have to struggle with the foam awhile, until they reach the still water, and then strike for the shore, there to be laughed at by their rude brethren of the wilderness, while the passing stranger will wonder that they should attempt such dangerous

sport. But accidents of this kind seldom happen, and when they do the Indians anticipate no danger, from the fact that they are all such expert swimmers. It took me three days to muster sufficient courage to go down these rapids in a canoe with an Indian, and though I performed the feat without being harmed, I was so frightened that I did not capture a single fish, though I must have seen, within my reach, upwards of a thousand. The white-fish, ciscowet, and lake trout have already become an article of export from this region, and I believe the time is not far distant when the fisheries of Lake Superior will be considered among the most lucrative of the Union.

At the several distances of two or three miles from the village are two streams, called Carp River and Dead River, which also afford some capital trout fishing, but the black flies and musquitos are intolerable upon both of them.

MACKINAW.

I NOW write from Mackinaw, the beautiful, which studs the waters of the north, as does the northern star its own cerulean home. But what can I say about this island that will be new, since "everybody" now pays it a brief visit while journeying in the West? It is indeed one of the most unique and delightful places in the world. Its shores are laved by the waters of Superior, Michigan, and Huron, and rising abruptly as it does to a conspicuous height, it seems as if planted there by nature as a fortress, for the express purpose of protecting the lakes from which it sprung. I first approached it from the north, on a mild and hazy afternoon, and as it loomed before me, enveloped in a purple atmosphere, I looked upon it in silence, almost fearing that even the beating of my heart would dispel what I thought to be a mere illusion. As our vessel approached, however, it gradually changed into a dreamy reality, and I could distinguish its prominent characteristics. First, was a perpendicular bluff, crowned with a diadem of foliage, at the foot of which was an extensive beach, occupied by an Indian encampment, where the rude barbarians were sunning themselves like turtles, playing fantastic games, repairing their canoes, making mats, or cooking their evening meal, as fancy or necessity impelled. One sudden turn, and our vessel was gliding gently into a crescent bay, which was skirted with a cluster of trading houses and ancient looking dwellings, above which, on a bluff, was a snow-white fortress, with soldiers marching to and fro upon the battlements.

The circumference of this island is about nine miles, and its shores are bold and rocky. The scenery is romantic in the extreme, and it has four natural curiosities, either one of which would give a reputation to any ordinary island. Arched Rock faces the north, and rises from the water to the height of nearly two hundred feet, presenting from your canoe a superb piece of wave-formed architecture; and appearing, as you look through it from the summit, like the gateway to a new world. Robinson's Folly is also on the north shore, and is a picturesque bluff, which obtained its name after the following manner. Many years ago an Englishman, named Robinson, spent a summer on the island, and while here, erected for his own especial benefit, a summer-house on the summit of the bluff in question. He was

laughed at for his pains, and was warned by the cautious traders and Indians not to spend too much of his time on the cliff, and especially not to visit it when the wind was blowing. He scorned the advice which was given him in kindness, and to show his independence, he frequently spent the night in his eyrie. On one occasion, however, in the darkness of midnight, a thunder-storm passed over the island, and at sunrise on the following morning, the "cabin of the cliff" and its unfortunate inmate were buried in the deep. Hence the name of Robinson's Folly. Another interesting spot on this island is called the Cave of Skulls. It lies on the western shore, and is mainly distinguished for its historical associations. More than a hundred years ago, according to one tradition, a party of Sioux Indians, while pursued by the Ottowas, secreted themselves in this cave; and when they were discovered, which happened soon to be the case, the Ottowas built a fire before the entrance to the cave, which they kept up for several days, and when they finally entered the gloomy chamber, their enemies were all dead. The truth of this story is corroborated by an incident recorded by Henry. After the massacre of Michilimackinack, this traveler, whose life had been threatened, was secreted in this cave by a friendly Indian. He was shown into it in the evening, scrambled over what he thought a very singular floor, slept soundly during the night, and on awaking in the morning, found himself reclining on a bed of human bones. Another Mackinaw curiosity is called the Needle, and is a light-house-looking rock, which overlooks the entire island, and throws its shadow upon the ruins of Fort Holmes, which are now almost level with the ground, and overgrown with weeds.

During my stay at Mackinaw the weather continued extremely pleasant, and as I fancied myself midway between the wilderness and the crowded city,—escaped from the dangers of the first, and not yet entered upon the troubles of the latter,—I threw away all care, and wandered hither and thither, the victim of an idle will. At one time I took my sketch-book for the purpose of portraying some interesting point upon the island, and if a party of ladies happened to discover me in my shady haunt, I answered their smiles with a remark, and the interview generally terminated in my presenting each one of them with a sketch, when they would pass on, and I would dive deeper into the green woodland. At another time I sought the brow of some overhanging cliff, and gazed into the translucent waters, now letting my fancy revel among the snow-white caverns far below, and now watching the cautious movements of a solitary lake-trout, as he left the deeper waters for an exploring expedition in the vicinity of the shore. But I never witnessed such a sight without being affected, somewhat like the war-horse when listening to the trumpet's bray, and in an hour afterwards, I was

usually in a boat, about a mile from shore, trying my luck with an artificial minnow and fifty yards of line. Now, I strolled along the beach where the Indians were encamped, and after gathering a lot of romantic legends from the old men, or after spending an hour talking with some of the virgin squaws, while making their beautiful matting, I would coax a lot of Indian boys to accompany me, when we enjoyed a swim, mostly for our mutual recreation, and partly for my own instruction in the manly art, which, with the red man is a part of his nature. Sometimes I strolled into the fort to converse with the commanding officers, or wasted a little powder in firing at a target with the soldiers.

Mackinaw, during the season of navigation, is one of the busiest little places in the world. All the Detroit and Chicago steamers stop here in passing to and fro, and usually tarry a sufficient length of time to let their passengers take a hasty ride over the island, and to replenish their larders with trout and white-fish, which are commonly taken on board in cart-loads. From time immemorial the Indians have been annually summoned to this island, for the purpose of receiving their regular instalments from the government, in the shape of merchandise and money, and on these occasions it is not uncommon to see an assembly of three thousand fantastically dressed savages. But in the winter this place is entirely ice-bound, and of course, completely isolated. Then it is that the inhabitants are favored with a monthly mail, which is brought from Saginaw by Indians or Half-breeds, on sledges drawn by dogs; and fishing, skating, and story-telling are about the only things which tend to relieve the monotony of a winter spent upon the island.

Like so many of the beautiful places on our western frontier, Mackinaw is now in a transition state. Heretofore it has been the Indian’s congregating place, but its aboriginal glory is rapidly departing, and it will soon be the fashionable resort of summer travelers. Its peculiar location, picturesque scenery and the tonic character of its climate, are destined to make it one of the most attractive watering places in the country. And now, I am admonished that one of the Chicago steamers is in sight, and I must prepare my luggage, previous to taking passage for the home of my childhood, in Southern Michigan, where I shall remain a few days, and then hasten to my city home on the Atlantic.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MICHIGAN.

Michisawgyegan is the Indian name for the State of Michigan, and the meaning of it is the Lake Country. It is my native State, and as I have recently visited it after an absence of more than a dozen years, and it is not yet entirely redeemed from its original state of nature, it is meet, I ween, that I should, while within its borders, wind up my echoes of the wilderness. This is the country where I spent the morning of my days;—the theatre where my future character in the drama of life was formed and first acted out. Remote from the glitter and noise of the great human world, I used to wander alone through its dark forests, and bathe in its pure streams, without a care or thought to mar the peacefulness of life. A thousand words, now full of meaning, and familiar to my ear, were then but unmeaning sounds. Those were the days when I sported on the lap of nature, feeling it a luxury to breathe. Will they ever return? Ask that evening breeze whether it will ever again cool the fevered brow of that dying man? But very dear to me are my recollections of Michigan, and I would not part with them for the treasures of the world.

The character of its scenery and people is as original as its situation. Almost surrounded by water, it possesses all the advantages of an island, while at the same time it is but a small portion of a vast whole. Its streams are numerous and clear, but generally sluggish. A portion of the extreme north is uninhabited by human beings, owing to its barrenness. Huge granite mountains here loom upward in eternal solitude; sometimes presenting the appearance of having been severed asunder, and scattered around by some mighty convulsion of nature. On the borders of the cold and desolate lakes thus formed, the crane and bittern rear their young. Occasionally, on the brow of some jutting crag, may be discovered the meagre hut of some poor Indian. Perhaps a barbarous anchorite, to whom the voice of his fellow-man is a grating sound, and to whom existence is but a mist, a dream; or it may be some disgraced warrior, who has been banished from friends and home, to dwell in this dreary solitude, with no companions but a half-starved dog, rugged pines, and frowning rocks. But this section is said to contain the richest copper mine in the known world.

The surface of the western half is destitute of rocks, and undulating; and it is here that the loveliest of lakes and streams and prairies are to be found. Lake Michigan, the second in the world, is its western boundary. The eastern portion is entirely original in its appearance, possessing many beauties peculiarly its own. It is so level and low that a stranger approaching it from Lake Erie is often surprised to find himself in port, while in the act of looking out for land. This shore is watered by the Huron, St. Clair, and Erie.

No one, who has never witnessed them, can form any idea of the exquisite beauty of the thousand lakes which gem the western part of Michigan. They are the brightest and purest mirrors the sky has ever used to adorn itself. Their banks are frequently dotted by human dwellings, the humble though comfortable abodes of a sturdy yeomanry. That one which takes its name from an Indian called Baubeese, and is the outlet of the St. Joseph river, I will match against any other of its size in the world.

Notwithstanding what has been so often said by the artificial inhabitants of cities, concerning the hardships and ignorance of the backwoodsman’s life, there is many a stout heart, exalted mind, and noble soul, whose dwelling-place has been for years on the borders of these very lakes. I know this to be true, for I have slept beneath their roofs, and often partaken of their johnny-cake and fat quails. No,—no. I love these men as brothers, and shall always frown upon that dandy who sets down aught against them,—in malice or in ignorance.

Some of these little lakes smile in perpetual solitude. One of them is before me now. It is summer. The sun is above its centre. Deep and dark and still are the shadows of the surrounding trees and bushes. On the broad leaf of a water-lily a green snake is curled up, with his head elevated, and his tongue gleaming in the sunlight. He is the enemy of all flying insects and little birds, and if you watch him a little longer you will see one of them decoyed to death by the power of his charm. Hush! there is a stir among the dry leaves. It is but a lonely doe coming to quench her thirst. Is she not the Queen of Beauty? There she stands, knee-deep in water, looking downwards, admiring the brightness of her eyes and the gracefulness of her neck. How Leigh Hunt would enjoy a ramble here! His favorite flowers,—the rose, the violet, the lily, and the sweet-briar, would each sing him a song more sweet and delicate than their first. What bright hue is that in the middle of the lake? It is but the reflection of

“——a vapor in the sky,
Thin, white, and very high.”

A great proportion of Michigan is covered with white-oak openings. Standing on a gentle hill, the eye wanders away for miles over an undulating surface, obstructed only by the trunks of lofty trees,—above you a green canopy, and beneath, a carpet of velvet grass, sprinkled with flowers of every hue and form.

The prairies are another interesting feature of Michigan scenery. They meet the traveller at every point, and of many sizes, seeming often like so many lakes, being often studded with wooded islands, and surrounded by shores of forests. Their soil is a deep black sand. Grass is their natural production, although corn, oats, and potatoes flourish upon them. Never can I forget the first time I entered White Pigeon Prairie. Sleeping beneath the shadows of sunset, as it was, the effect upon me was like that which is felt on first beholding the ocean,—overpowering awe. All that the poet has said about these gardens of the desert, is true.

Burr Oak Plains. The only difference between these and the oak openings, is the character of the trees and the evenness of their surface. The soil is a mixture of sand and black loam. They have the appearance of cultivated orchards, or English parks; and, on places where the foot of the white man has never trod, a carriage and four could easily pass through. They produce both wheat and corn.

The wet prairies have the appearance of submerged land. In them the grass is often six or seven feet high. They are the resort of water-fowl, muskrats, and otter.

But the best and most fertile soil in Michigan is that designated by the title of timbered land. It costs more to prepare it for the plough, but when once the soil is sown it yields a hundred-fold. And with regard to their beauty and magnificence, the innumerable forests of this State are not surpassed by any in the world, whether we consider the variety or grandeur of their productions.

A friend of mine, now residing in western Michigan, and who once spent several years in Europe, thus writes respecting this region:

“O, such trees as we have here! Magnificent, tall, large-leafed, umbrageous. Vallombrosa, the far-famed Vallombrosa of Tuscany, is nothing to the thousand Vallombrosas here! A fig for your Italian scenery! This is the country where nature reigns in her virgin beauty; where trees grow, where corn grows; where men grow better than they do any where else in the world. This is the land to study nature in all her luxuriant charms, under glorious green branches, among singing birds and laughing streams; this is the land to hear the cooing of the turtle-dove, in far, deep, cool, sylvan

bowers; to feel your soul expand under the mighty influences of nature in her primitive beauty and strength."

The principal inland rivers of Michigan are, the Grand River, the Kalamazoo, the St. Joseph, the Saginaw, and the Raisin. The first three empty into Lake Michigan, and are about seventy miles apart. Their average length is near two hundred and fifty miles, and they are about thirty or forty rods in width. At present, they are navigable half their length for small steamboats and batteaux. Their bed is of limestone, covered with pebbles. I was a passenger on board the Matilda Barney, on her first trip,—the first steamer that ever ascended the St. Joseph, which I consider a most perfectly beautiful stream. I remember well the many flocks of wild turkeys and herds of deer, that the "iron horse" frightened in his winding career. The Indian canoe is now giving way to the more costly but less beautiful row-boat, and those rivers are becoming deeper and deeper every day. Instead of the howl of the wolf, the songs of husbandmen now echo through their vales, where may be found many comfortable dwellings.

The Saginaw runs towards the north and empties into Lake Huron,—that same Huron which has been celebrated in song by the young poet, Louis L. Noble. This river is navigable for sixty miles. The river Raisin is a winding stream, emptying into Lake Erie, called so from the quantity of grapes that cluster on its banks. Its Indian name is Numma-sepee, signifying River of Sturgeons. Sweet river! whose murmurs have so often been my lullaby, mayest thou continue in thy beauty forever...

Notwithstanding the comparative newness of Michigan, its general aspect is ancient. The ruin of many an old fort may be discovered on its borders, reminding the beholder of wrong and outrage, blood and strife. This was once the home of noble but oppressed nations. Here lived and loved the Algonquin and Shawnese Indians; the names of whose warrior chiefs,—Pontiac the proud, and Tecumseh the brave,—will long be treasured in history. I have stood upon their graves, which are marked only by a blighted tree and an unhewn stone, and have mused thoughtfully as I remembered their deeds. But they are gone, like the lightning of a summer day!

It is a traditionary land. For we are told that the Indian hunters of old saw fairies and genii floating over its lakes and streams, dancing through its lonely forests. In these did they believe, and to please them was their religion.

The historian[1] of this State thus writes, in alluding to the olden times: "The streams rolled their liquid silver to the lake, broken only by the fish that flashed in their current, or the swan that floated upon their surface. Vegetation flourished alone. Roses bloomed and died, only to be trampled

by the deer or savage; and strawberries studded the ground like rubies, where the green and sunny hillsides reposed amid the silence, like sleeping infants, in the lap of the forest. The rattlesnake glided undisturbed through its prairies; and the fog which hung in clouds over its stagnant marshes spread no pestilence. The panther, the fox, the deer, the wolf, and bear, roamed fearless through the more remote parts of the domain, for there were none to dispute with them their inheritance. But clouds thickened. In the darkness of midnight, and silence of the wilderness, the tomahawk and scalping-knife were forged for their work of death. Speeches were made by the savages under the voiceless stars, which were heard by none save God and their allies; and the war-song echoed from the banks of lakes where had never been heard the footsteps of civilized man."

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[1] James H. Lanman, Esq., uncle to the Author.

Then followed the horrors of war; then and there were enacted the triumphs of revenge. But those sounds have died away; traced only on the page of history, those deeds. The voice of rural labor, the clink of the hammer, and the sound of Sabbath-bells now echo in those forests and vales. The plough is making deep furrows in its soil, and the sound of the anvil is in every part. A well-endowed University, and seminaries of learning are there. Railroads and canals, like veins of health, are gliding to its noble heart. The red man, in his original grandeur and state of nature, has passed away from its most fertile borders; and his bitterest enemy, the pale face, is master of his possessions.

The French were the first who settled in Michigan, and at as early a date as 1620, and for many years, they and the Indians, were the sole inhabitants. Here it was that the far famed Jesuit missionaries first pitched their tents in (what is now) the United States. Now, people out of every civilized nation dwell within its borders. Detroit, on the superb river of that name, and Frenchtown, on the river Raisin, were both founded by the French. The former of these is a city, a flourishing city, of fifteen thousand inhabitants, where are to be found all the elegances and luxury of the most polite society. Its principal street would be an ornament in any city; its elevation is some fifty feet above the water, and from its docks, the eye wanders over a scene not unlike that visible from the North River side of the Empire city. Like most cities, it appears to the best advantage in winter. Then it is that you may often witness the beautiful Detroit River frozen like marble, and on its

surface hundreds of sleighs and skaters gliding in every direction; while a chorus of bells comes faintly and sweetly to your ear. Monroe, is the modern name for Frenchtown. It is situated about two miles from Lake Erie, and is also a flourishing town, containing some four thousand inhabitants, a goodly portion of whom are the descendants of the early settlers. Detroit and Monroe, are two of the best wheat markets in the western country. Ann Arbor on the Huron is the New Haven of Michigan, and possesses many attractions in the way of intelligent people, picturesque scenery, and handsome buildings. Niles, on the St. Joseph, is a most difficult place to pass *through*, for the traveller always feels an irresistible impulse to remain there for ever,—it is so charmingly situated, on such a charming stream, and inhabited by such charming people. But I might sing this song under the head of Kalamazoo, Ypsilanti, Tecumseh, Adrian, Pontiac, Grand Rapids, Jackson, Battle Creek, and twenty other thriving villages, which are all surrounded by a fine agricultural country. I cannot now dwell upon such themes. Numma-sepee is ringing in my ear, and my thoughts are with my body, on the river, and in the village, where I was born. Here, I am, after an absence of many years, a visitor, and to half the people a stranger, on the very soil where I spent my wild and happy boyhood. I will not touch upon the improvements that meet me at every turn, nor upon the troops of friends that surround me; my heart is with the village of other days, not with the business city of the present time; and as to my friends, I thank them for their kindness, but they are not of my kindred; they are changed, and I can only look upon them as strangers. Reader, as you love to remember the sunny days of your own life, I invite you to listen to my words, as I attempt to summon from the past an array of my most dearly cherished recollections.

Judging from the many accounts I have heard, the spot now occupied by Monroe must have been, before the last war, one of the most delightful nooks in the wide world. Its original name, as before stated, was Frenchtown, and its only inhabitants were French, who had emigrated thither from France by the way of Canada. The families did not number more than about fifty, and the names of the most conspicuous were Navarre, Duval, Beaubien, Bourdeaux, Couture, Nadeau, Bannac, Cicot, Campau, Jobien, Godfroy, Lasselle, Corsenau, Labadee, Durocher, Robert, Lacroix, Dausette, Loranger, Sancomb, and Fourniet. They inhabited what might be called an oasis in the wilderness. Their farms all lay directly upon either side of the river, and though principally devoted to agricultural pursuits, they were content with but a few acres of cleared land, and beyond these, on either hand, stood the mighty forests in their original solitude and luxuriance. Along their doors glided the ever-murmuring Raisin, whose

fountain-head was then among the things unknown, and its waters mingled with those of Erie, without being disturbed by the keel of any steamboat or white-winged vessel. Comfort and beauty characterized their dwellings, and around them grew in great abundance domestic trees, that yielded the most delicious fruits. In their midst stood a little chapel, overgrown with ivy and surmounted by a cross, where the Jesuit missionaries or Catholic priests performed their religious duties. The soft-toned bell that summoned them to worship, was not without its echoes, but they dwelt far away upon the sleeping lake or in the bosom of the surrounding wilderness. Here the tumult of the great human world was never heard, and money and fame were not the chief desire of the secluded husbandman, for he was at ease in his possessions. Indians, the smoke of whose wigwams ascended to heaven on every side, were the only people with whom the early settlers had intercourse; from them they obtained valuable furs, by barter, which they sent to Montreal, receiving in exchange the necessaries and many of the luxuries of life. They maintained the habits which were brought from the provinces whence they emigrated. The gentleman preserved the garb of the age of Louis XIV., while the peasant wore a long surtout, sash, red cap, and deer-skin moccasins. Their knowledge of agriculture was very limited, and the policy of the fur trade was calculated to keep down the spirit of improvement in that respect. Of corn and wheat they were anxious only to raise enough to last them during the year. A surplus of anything but furs they did not desire, and never possessed. Their grain was ground in windmills, whose picturesque features added to the poetry of the scenery. Their amusements were confined to the sound of the violin, at their unaffected assemblies.

The forest afforded them an abundance of game, which constantly led them to the hunt, and their beautiful stream abounded in fish, which they captured with the net, the hook, and the spear. A dreamy summer atmosphere seems to rest upon this region, when viewed in the light of the olden times. There was poetry in everything which met the eye: in the priest, with cowl and satin vestments, kneeling before a wooden cross, on his way to the place of prayer; in the peasant, as he performed his rural labors, attended by his wife and playful children; in the rude Indians, with fantastic costumes, who were wont to play their uncouth games on the green-sward, or perform their dexterous feats in the bark canoe; in the sky, which smiled perpetually upon the virgin wilderness; and in that wilderness, whose peculiar features verily blossomed as the unplucked rose. And there was poetry in all that fell upon the ear: in the lowing of the cattle and the tinkling of their bells; in the gentle flowing waters, and the sound of the summer

wind, as it sported with the forest trees, and wandered away, laden with the perfume of nameless flowers; in the singing of unnumbered birds, which ascended to the skies in a perpetual anthem; and in the loud clear laugh of French and Indian children, as they mingled together in their simple games. But those patriarchal days are for ever departed! In another part of the country Tecumseh and Pontiac were beginning to figure in successive battles against the United States, and their hostile spirit soon manifested itself upon our frontier. The Indians upon this river became the enemies of the settlers, which turned out to be the prelude to a storm of war that scattered death and desolation along its path. But many years have fled since then, and the blessings of peace and prosperity are resting upon our country.

The poor Indians have almost withered from the land, and those French inhabitants, like all things earthly, are on their way to the land of forgetfulness. Another race of men succeeded here, and can be numbered by thousands; and where once extended the dominion of the wilderness, a business city now looks down upon the river, which river has become an adopted servant of commerce.

I cannot refrain from here quoting the following passage from Charlevoix, descriptive of the scenery as it existed when he passed through this region in seventeen hundred and twenty-one:

"The first of June, being the day of Pentecost, after having sailed up a beautiful river (the Raisin) for the space of an hour, which has its rise, as they say, at a great distance, and runs betwixt two fine meadows, we passed over a carrying place of about sixty paces in breadth, in order to avoid turning round a point which is called Long Pointe. It is a very sandy spot of ground, and naturally bears a great quantity of vines. The following days I saw nothing remarkable, but coasted along a charming country, hid at times by disagreeable prospects, which, however, are of no great extent. Wherever I went ashore, I was enchanted by the beauty and variety of a landscape, terminated by the noblest forests in the whole world. Add to this, that every part of it swarms with water-fowl. I cannot say whether the woods afford game in equal profusion. Were we all to sail, as I there did, with a serene sky, in a most charming climate, and in water as clear as that of the purest fountain; were we sure of finding everywhere as secure and agreeable places to pass the night in; where we might enjoy the pleasures of hunting at a small expense, breathe at our ease of the purest air, and enjoy the prospect of the finest of countries; we might be tempted to travel to the end of our days. How many oaks represented to me that of Mamre! How many fountains put me in mind of that of Jacob! Each day a new situation, chosen at pleasure, a neat and commodious house built and furnished with all necessaries in less

than a quarter of an hour, and floored with a pavement of flowers, continually springing up on a carpet of the most beautiful green;—on all sides simple and natural beauties, unadulterated and inimitable by art."

In this region I spent my wild and wayward boyhood. In the prime of summer I have watched for pigeons on the margin of the forest springs, or waded the streams after the sweet crawfish; in the strangely beautiful autumn and Indian summer I have captured the squirrel and partridge; and in the winter the turkey and the deer. Reader! have you ever, while roaming in the woods bordering a prairie, startled from his heathery couch a noble buck, and seen him dart from you, "swift as an arrow from a shivering bow!" Was it not a sight worthy of a purer world than ours? Did you not hail him "king of the beautiful and fleet?"

There is one hunting incident which I met with when about fourteen years of age, that I can never forget. I had entered upon a cow-path, and as it led through so many and such beautiful places, I forgot myself and wandered on until the shadows of evening warned me of my situation. Great oaks and hickories, and walnut trees were with me wherever I went. They cast a spell upon me like that which is wrought by the old of other days. The black night came at last, and there I was, alone, and lost in that silent wilderness. Onward still did I continue, and even in my great fear was at times startled by the flapping of an owlet's wing or the howl of a wolf. The stars were above, shining in their brightness, but invisible to me, so closely woven were the tops of the trees. Faintly glimmering in the distance, I saw a firelight, and on coming near, found a party of Indians encamped. My breast panted with excessive fear, and yet I could not speak—could hardly breathe, and still my mind was free and active. I stood and listened to the faint sound of a distant waterfall. Would that I had power to express the emotions that came like a flood pouring into my soul. Covered by a blanket, and pillowed by a mocuck of sugar, each Indian was asleep upon his rush-mat. Parents, children, and friends, promiscuously disposed, though all of them with their feet turned towards the expiring embers. The dogs, too, looking ferocious and cunning as wolves, were all sound asleep. I stole softly into the midst of the wild company, and covering myself with an odd blanket, strange to say, I slumbered. When morning was come, and the Indians discovered a pale-faced boy among them, their astonishment can be more easily conceived than described. I at length informed them by signs that I was lost, and that my home was in the village of Monroe. I partook with them of a hearty breakfast, composed of venison, hominy, and water, and ere the sun had mounted high, was on my way homeward, with an Indian for my guide. As we parted on the outskirts of the village, I offered to pay him for his trouble,

but he declined receiving anything. I turned around, and the thick forest shielded him from my sight. Of course my friends were much concerned at my absence, and the majority of them insisted upon my having been drowned. For one whole week after this adventure, I was compelled to stay at home; but after that, it was forgotten, and I was in the forests again.

But my heart-song of other days is just beginning, and I cannot yet drop my pen. My father's residence was upon one of the old French farms, that were once so famous for their Arcadian beauty. The hand of improvement has despoiled them of their original glory, and the strange, gaudy scenes that I now behold, only tend to oppress my spirit with gloom. The city dwellings around me I cannot see, for my mind is upon the village of my birth. The farm alluded to above, was about half a mile in width, and extended back to the distance of nearly two miles. Leaving the river and going back, you first pass through an orchard containing four or five hundred trees. Here a row of splendid pear-trees, and there a regiment of old black apple-trees, staggering under their weight of fruit. Entering a little enclosure behind a barn, you might see fifty small light-green trees, with an innumerable number of rosy-cheeked peaches under their leaves. And now we pass the great cider-press, where I was wont to imbibe the rich American wine through an oaten straw. A little further on, we come to a green pasture, where there are cows, oxen, sheep and horses grazing; onward still, and a wheat-field, yellow as gold, bowing before the breeze. Then our path lies across a pleasant meadow, watered by a sparkling stream; and after a brief walk we find ourselves in the forest, dark and gloomy. And such was the spot where I spent the morning of my days. Is it strange, then, that a deep and holy love for nature should be rooted in my heart?

DUCK SHOOTING IN MICHIGAN.

That description reminds me of another hunting expedition, of which I would merely give an outline. It is early morning, and the latter part of spring. Breakfast is ended. My cap and buckskin shirt are on, the latter gathered round my waist by a scarlet worsted belt. My powder-horn and shot-pouch are filled with the nicest kind of ammunition, and in my hand is my valued little gun, (bought expressly for myself,) polished bright as a sunbeam. I have kissed the baby, and am now on my winding way. At the mouth of the river, I borrow a canoe of some old Frenchman who resides there. If I were to offer him pay he would not accept it; for the interesting reason that he “knows my father.” All the day long have I been hunting, and reveling in a dream-land of my own. The sun is in the west, and I am hungry. I have paddled around many a green and lovely island, and explored

many a bayou and marsh, and outlets of creeks; frightening from her lonely nest many a wild-duck and her brood. My shot-pouch is now empty, although the bottom of my canoe is covered with game. There are five canvas-backs, three teals, three plovers, two snipes, one wood-duck, and other kinds of water-fowl. The canoe is drawn up on shore, and with my thanks I have given old Robert a couple of ducks. My game is now slung upon my back, and I am homeward bound, proud as a young king. While passing through the village, (for I have to do so,) I hear a voice exclaiming, Lally! Lally! I approach, and find my father and several other gentlemen seated at the post-office door talking politics. Each one in turn gives me a word of praise, calling me "quite a hunter." I pay them for their kindness on the spot, by the donation of a canvas-back, and pass on.

That evening my supper is a rare enjoyment, for some of the ducks have been cooked under the especial charge of my mother. A little longer, and I am in the land of dreams. Many, very many such days have I enjoyed, but now they are far from me. Oh! that I were an innocent, laughing, happy boy once more! Come back! Come back! joys of my youth!

Fishing is another art in which I was considered an adept. When the first warm day lured the sturgeon and muskalounge from their deep home in the bosom of the lake, to ascend the Raisin, I was always among the first on the large platform below a certain milldam, (now all washed away,) with spear in hand and heart to conquer. Many a noble sturgeon, six and seven feet long, have I seen extended on the shore. As for *me*, I never *aimed* only at the smaller ones. Once, however, my spear entered the back of a "*whapper*," and my determination to keep hold was nearly the cause of my being drowned. It must have been a thrilling, yet ridiculous sight, to see me a-straddle of the fellow, and passing down the river like lightning. I think if Mr. William Shakspeare had been present, he would have exclaimed,—"Lo, a mer-*man* on a *sturgeon's* back!" If I could enjoy such sport now with the feelings of my boyhood, I would willingly risk such a ducking every day. But I am now a struggler amid the waves of life. O, how many long and never-to-be-forgotten Saturday afternoons, have I mused away on the margin of my native stream. How many perch, and bass, sun-fish, and pike, and pickerel, have I brought from their pure element to place upon my father's table! But those days are forever departed, all and forever—gone into their graves, bearing with them all my dreams, all my hopes and fond anticipations. Desolate indeed does it make my heart, to look upon the changes that have taken place in the home of my boyhood. Kind words do indeed fall upon my ear, but I *feel* myself to be a stranger or as one forgotten. O, I *am*

> “A homeless wanderer through my early home;
> Gone childhood’s joys, and not a joy to come!”
>
> *Dana.*

But let me, while I may, recall a few more bright visions from the past.

Aye, even now into the chambers of my soul are entering an array of winter pictures, associated with the times of the days of old.

True as memory itself, by everything that meets the eye of my fancy, I perceive that winter has asserted his empire over my native village. Once more am I a happy boy, and planning a thousand excursions to enjoy the merry season. The years, between the present and that happy time, are vanished into forgetfulness, and it seemeth to me that I am even now panting with the excitement of a recent battle in the snow.

There has been a heavy fall of the white element, and while walking along one of the streets of the village, a snow-ball hits me on the back, whereupon I jump into an attitude of defiance. Partly hidden by a neighboring fence, I discover a group of roguish boys, whom I immediately favor with an answer to their salute. Eight is the number of my temporary enemies, and as they leap the fence and come into full view, my heart begins to quail, and I feel a scampering sensation in my *heels*. Just in the “nick of time,” however, half a dozen of my friends who happen along, come to my relief, when a couple of shouts ascend to heaven, and the battle commences. Round, hard, swiftly thrown, and well-aimed, are the balls that fly. Already, from many a window, fair and smiling spectators are looking upon us, and each one of us fancies himself to be another Ivanhoe. The combat deepens. One fellow receives a ball directly in the ear, and away he reels, “with a short, uneasy motion,” and another has received one in his belly, probably making still flatter the pancakes that are there. And then, as a stream of blood issues from the smeller of one, and the eyes of another are made to see stars, a maddening frenzy siezes upon the whole gang—the parties clinch,—and the “rubbing” scene is in its prime, with its struggles and sounds of suffering. One poor fellow is pitched into a snow-drift, heels over head, while his enemy almost smothers him with hands-full of soft snow, causing his writhing countenance to glisten with a crimson hue; another, who has been yelling at a tremendous rate over a temporary triumph, is suddenly attacked by a couple of our party, who pelt him furiously, until he cries out most lustily—“I beg, I beg,” when he is permitted to retire with his laurels. One chap receives a stinger of a blow between his peepers, accompanied by an oath, whereupon we know that there is too much passion in the fray, and while the victims enter upon a regular fisticuff, we find it necessary to run to

their rescue and separate them. Thus the general battle ceases. After coming together, declaring ourselves good friends, and talking over the struggle, we collect our scattered caps, mittens, and tippets, and quietly retire to our respective homes.

Time flies on,—we have had a protracted rain, the streets have been muddy, the people dull,—but now fair weather cometh out of the north, and the beautiful river Raisin is again sheeted in its icy mail. For a week past great preparations have been made by some two dozen boys for a skating excursion to a certain light-house on Lake Erie, situated about ten miles from Monroe. We have seen that our skates are in first-rate order, and Tom Brown (an ancient negro who was the chief adviser and friend of every Monroe boy) has promised to awaken us all, and usher in the eventful morning by a blast from his old tin horn; so that when bed-time comes, we have nothing to do but say our prayers and enjoy a refreshing sleep. Strange, that I should remember these trifling events so distinctly! But there they are, deeply and forever engraven on the tablet of my memory, together with thousands of others of a kindred character. Their exalted mission is to cheer my heart amid the perplexities of the world.

It is the break of day, and bitter cold. The appointed signal hath been given;—the various dreams of many a happy youth are departed; each one hath partaken of a hearty breakfast, and the whole party are now assembled upon the ice "below the bridge." Then follows the bustle of preparation. While some are tardy in buckling on their skates, others slap their hands together to keep them warm, while some of the smartest and most impatient *rogues* are cutting their names, or certain fantastic figures, as a prelude to what we may expect from them in the way of fine skating. Presently we are drawn up in a line to listen to the parting words of "Snowball Tom." At the conclusion of his speech, a long and loud blast issues from the old tin horn, which we answer by a laugh and a louder shout, and like a band of unbroken colts, we spring to the race upon the icy plain. Away, away, away. Long and regular are the sweeps we take, and how dolefully does the poor river groan as the ice cracks from shore to shore, as we flee over its surface "like a rushing mighty wind!" Keen, and piercingly cold is the morning breeze, but what matter? Is not the blood of health and happy boyhood coursing through our veins? Now we glide along the shore, frightening a lot of cattle driven to the river by a boy, or the horses of some farmer who is giving them their morning drink; now we pass the picturesque abodes of the Canadian peasantry, partly hidden by venerable trees, though now stripped of their leafy honors; now we give chase to a surprised dog returning from the midnight assassination of some helpless sheep; now we pass the last vestige

of humanity upon the river, which is the log cabin of an old French fisherman and hunter; and now we pass a group of little islands with a thick coating of snow upon their bosoms, and their ten thousand beautiful bushes and trees *whispering* to the air of the surrounding silence. Already have we more than measured the distance of two leagues outside of Pleasant Bay, and our course is now on the broad bosom of Lake Erie, with an unbroken field of solid ice before us as far as the eye can reach. The frozen pavement along which our skates are ringing is black as the element beneath, and so transparent, that where the water is not more than ten or twenty feet in depth, we can distinctly see sunken logs, clusters of slimy rocks and herds of various kinds of fish, balancing themselves in sleep or darting about their domain in sport. But these delicious pictures are for some other time,—we are speeding with the breeze and cannot tarry. Away,—away,—away!

But what means that sudden wheel of our leader, as with his voice and upraised hands he summons us to halt? Half a mile on our lee, and about the same distance from the shore he has just discovered an assembly of men, with their horses and sleighs at a stand, as if preparing for a race. Without a moment's hesitation we decide to be "on hand," and in a few minutes are cutting up our capers in the midst of a hundred Canadians who are about to enjoy what we predicted. Beautiful and fantastic carriolles are here, drawn by sleek and saucy-looking Canadian pacers, and occupied by hard-fisted men enveloped in their buffalo-robes, whom we recognize as friends. Here we notice one Beaubien with his pony of glossy black, which has never yet been beaten, and are told that the race is to be between him and an entire stranger who has accepted a recently made challenge. To the stranger we turn, and find his horse to be a beautiful bay, and of a more delicate build than the Canadian champion. The race is to be two miles in length and the amount of the bet five hundred dollars. All things being ready, the competitors move slowly to the starting place with their witnesses, while the concourse of people await in breathless anxiety the result of the race. Hark! hear you not the clattering of hoofs, resounding far over the plain, as if in search of an echo? Aye, and with wondrous speed they are coming! How exciting is the scene! In three minutes more the contest will be ended. See!—Beaubien is ahead, and the victory undoubtedly his! But now the stranger tosses up his cap, and as it falls, the flying pacer understands the signal—he increases his already almost matchless speed, he passes the Frenchman with a look of triumph in his eye,—one minute more,—and the unknown is triumphant. Most unexpected is the result. The people are bewildered and perplexed, but when Beaubien delivers up the lost money, not a word escapes him, and he seems to be broken-hearted. His darling steed has been

eclipsed, the *swiftest* pacer in all the country does not belong to him, and he is miserable. The sport ended, and not caring for the jabbering of a band of excited Frenchmen, we come together again, and continue on our course.

Another hour do we while away along the lake shore, now pausing to get a little breath, and now gazing with curious eyes into the gloomy forest (which comes to the very water's edge) as we glide along. At twelve o'clock we have reached the desired haven, our feet are gladly released, and we are the welcome guests of mine host of the light-house. By some the peculiar features of the lonely place are examined, while others, who have an eye for the grand in nature, ascend to the top of the light-house for a view of the frozen lake—reposing in unbroken solitude. The curiosity of all being satisfied, we assemble in the comfortable parlor of our entertainer, and await the dinner-hour. A jolly time then follows;—many a joke is cracked, and many a twice-told legend of the wilderness related; a sumptuous dinner is enjoyed; the evening hours approaching, we begin to think of home, and by the time the heavens are flooded with the light of the moon and stars, we have taken our departure, and are upon our skates once more. Without meeting with an accident, elated by many a gay song on our way, and with our thoughts mostly bent upon the "spacious firmament on high," we glide over the frozen wave, and at the usual hour are in our warm beds, anticipating a dream of those things, for which our several hearts are panting.

Hardly a week has elapsed before we have another heavy fall of snow, and the principal topic of conversation among the young people of the village is a sleigh-ride. The boys, about this time, are making themselves wonderfully useful in their fathers' stables, taking good care of the horses, examining the sleighs, collecting the buffalo-robes and polishing the bells; while the girls are busily engaged upon their hoods, cloaks, muffs, and moccasins, and wondering by whom they will be invited. The long-wished-for day has arrived. Farewell's Tavern, ten miles up the River Raisin, is our place of destination. The cheerful sun is only about an hour high, when there is heard a merry jingling of bells in the village streets. Our cavalcade numbers some half dozen well-filled sleighs, and one single-seated carriolle occupied by Abby Somebody and the Chief Marshal of the expedition,—the writer of this rhapsody.

My black trotter was never in finer spirits, and it is as much as I can do to hold him in, as with his neck beautifully arched he bears upon the bit. He seems to know that his youthful master has but one dearer friend upon earth, who is the "bonnie lassie" at his side. Many and tender are the words then spoken, and the wide world before our youthful fancies is the home only of

perpetual pleasures. Far, very far from our minds are all the stern realities of life. We hear the flail of the industrious farmer in his barn, but do not dream of the great truth that mankind are born to labor and grow old with trouble. We look upon a poverty-stricken and forsaken Indian, with his family trudging across the snowy landscape, and gratefully reflect upon the comforts of our own homes, and sigh for the miseries of the poor. Youth makes us forgetful of the *real* future, and the dawning of love opens our hearts to every tender influence, and we resolve, hereafter, to be very kind to the unfortunate. The shades of evening are descending upon the earth, and with thoughtfulness we gaze upon the quiet pictures of the road, the season, and the hour. We pass a wooden cross with its covering of snow, which was planted by Jesuit Missionaries a century ago, and think of Him whom we have been rightly taught to worship and adore. Farmers are foddering their cattle, boys are carrying in huge armsful of dry hickory for a roaring fire, and cheerful lights are gleaming from the windows of the farm-houses as we pass along. Finally the comfortable dwelling where we would be meets our gaze, seeming to smile upon us, with its various lighted windows, and clouds of smoke ascending heavenward, when, with a few flourishes of whips, and a terrible din of bells, the sleighing party comes to a halt before the tavern of friend Farewell.

The upper rooms of the dwelling are all ready for our reception, and while the girls are ushered into them, the boys are attending to the comforts of their faithful horses. In due time, after we have arranged the preliminaries for a supper, we join the girls again, and in solid body make our appearance in the spacious ball-room. A musician is already there, in the person of an ancient negro, who tells us that his fiddle is in prime order. But *dancing* is an idea of which we had not dreamed, for we are utterly ignorant of the polite accomplishment. But music we are resolved to have, and doubt not but it will greatly add to our enjoyment of the various games which we purpose to play. Now have the happy voices of the party risen to a noisy height, as we take hold of hands and commence the game of Drop the Handkerchief, while many a race around the slippery floor is run, and many a sweet kiss is given and returned. Then succeeds the play of Button, wherein the forfeits are redeemed by making "wheelbarrows," "measuring tape and cutting it off," and by "bowing to the wittiest, kneeling to the prettiest, and kissing the one we love best." Then the stories of the Stage-Coach have their turn, which create a tumult of laughter. After which we have Blindman's Buff, and one poor creature after another is made to grope about the room in Egyptian darkness. Such are the plays, with many more of like character, which we enjoy, while our sable friend is straining away at

his old fiddle, as if determined to be heard above the surrounding clamor of talking, laughing, and singing voices.

The supper hour having arrived, a general adjournment takes place, when the unnumbered good things of the table are appropriated to their legitimate use. Half an hour is then allotted to the young ladies to get ready, and by nine o'clock the sleighs are at the door, and after a delightful ride of an hour in the clear moonlight, we are at our village homes, and the memory of our sleigh-ride commencing its existence.

One, two, and perhaps three weeks have I been confined at school, when the notion pops into my head that I must go a-hunting, for my sporting friend, Francis Bannac (a Frenchman,) has told me that game is now quite abundant. My father has granted me his permission, and Bannac tells me that I may be his companion on a tramp of nine miles to the head-waters of Plum Creek. A pack of wolves, of whose depredations we have heard, are the principal game we have in view. Having finished the usual preliminaries of a winter hunt, and arrayed ourselves accordingly, we seize our guns, whistle to our grayhounds, and with the sun midway up the heavens start upon the tramp. A walk of twenty minutes brings us to the edge of the forest, where we strike an ancient Indian trail and proceed on our way. A gorgeous landscape-panorama is that through which we are passing, and ourselves, I ween, the most *appropriate* and *picturesque* figures that could be introduced. Foremost is the tall and sinewy person of Bannac, with a snugly-fitted buckskin garment tightened round his waist by a wampum belt, cowhide moccasins on his feet, coonskin cap on his black head, pouch and powder-horn, together with knife and tomahawk at his side, and in his right hand a heavy rifle. Next to him trotteth the deponent, who might be looked upon as a miniature Bannac, with variations,—while a little in our rear are the two hounds playing with each other, or standing still and looking among the trees for game. All around us is a multitudinous army of forest soldiers, from the youthful maple or ash, to the rugged and storm-scathed oak or bass-wood; and marvellously beautiful to my mind is the tracery of their numberless branches against the blue sky, though my friend would probably liken those very tree-tops to the head of some "loafer" that had never made use of a comb. The earth is covered with a thick coating of dead leaves, with here and there a little island of snow. Now we perceive a beautiful elm lodged in the giant branches of an old walnut, like a child seeking consolation in the arms of its father; and now we come to a deformed beech-tree, prostrate upon the earth, with its uncouth roots wasting to decay, and the idea enters my mind that such will eventually be the destiny of all Falsehood. The woods in the winter are indeed desolate. The green leaves

are no longer here to infuse into our hearts a portion of their happiness, as they "clap their hands in glee," and the joyous birds of summer are not here to make melody in their own hearts, as well as ours. True, that mosses of varied hue and texture are on every side, and in their love enveloping stumps, stones, trunks, and branches, yet they remind us of the pall and shroud. What footsteps do we hear, and why do the hounds start so suddenly? We have frightened a noble buck; but a moment has elapsed and he is beyond our reach. The hounds, however, are close behind him already, and the three are bounding away in splendid style, illustrating to perfection the poetry of motion. We fancy that the race will be a short one, and therefore start in pursuit, managing to keep in sight of our game. Heavens! what a leap that was over those fallen trees! but the hounds have done their duty, and the course is once more clear. A lot of ravens far up in the upper air seem to be watching our movements, as if hoping for a meal of venison, —and a gray eagle flies screaming across our path, as if to mock us for being without wings. Glossy black squirrels peep out of their holes in wonder at the commotion, and a flock of wild turkeys which we have alarmed, are running from us in great confusion, like a company of militia before a cavalcade of horsemen. But see! the buck has turned upon his pursuers, and while they are battling together we have time to approach within gun-shot. Quicker than thought Bannac raises his rifle, a sharp report follows, a bullet has dropped the forest king, and he must die. We skin him, secure the two hams, and after examining our compass, and finding that we are near our place of destination, shoulder our plunder as best we may, and make a bee-line for the log cabin of our intended host, where we arrive in due time, and exchange friendly congratulations.

Well, now that we are here, I must give a brief description of the man whose guests we are, and of the lonely place which he inhabits. Like my bachelor friend, Bannac, Antoine Campau is a Frenchman and a hunter, but a widower, and the father of two little girls, and a strapping boy of fifteen. A singular love of *freedom* first prompted him to leave the settlement where he once lived, and to locate himself in the woods, where, between a little farming and a good deal of hunting, he manages to support himself and family quite comfortably. His dwelling is a rusty-looking log house, situated on a pleasant little stream, in the centre of a dead clearing some three acres wide. The live stock of this embryo farm consists of a cow, one yoke of oxen, a pony, a few sheep, about three dozen hens, and a number of foxy-looking dogs. And now that the long winter evening has set in, and as the whole family is present, I will picture the interior of our cabin. The only room, excepting the garret, is an oblong square, twenty feet by fifteen. The

unboarded walls, by the smoke of years, have been changed into a rich mahogany-brown. The only light in the room is that which proceeds from an immense fire-place, where nearly a common cart-load of wood is burning, and hissing, and crackling at its own free will, so that the remotest corners are made cheerful by the crimson glow. The principal articles of furniture are a bed, one large table standing in the centre of the floor, and some half dozen rush-chairs, while in one corner stands a number of shot-guns and rifles, and a ladder leading to the loft, and from the rafters above are hanging pouches, powder-horns, leggins, a brace of wild ducks, one or two deer-hams, and a bundle of dressed skins. The dogs of the family, numbering only four, together with their dandy visitors, are scattered about the rooms,—one lying upon the hearth and watching the fire, one playing with his shadow, another walking thoughtfully across the floor, and the other sound asleep. A bountiful supper having been prepared by the daughters, the whole family, with their guests, are seated at the table, and all past sorrows and future anxieties are forgotten in the enjoyment of the passing hour. Bannac and Campau have all the talking to themselves, as they have to relate their manifold adventures and wonderful escapes, wherein they make use of no less than three languages—bad French, broken English, and genuine Pottowattomie. The leisure hour following supper is devoted principally to the cleaning of our rifles, the moulding of bullets, and other matters preliminary to the capture of a few wolves.

For the novel mode which we are to pursue on this occasion, we are indebted to our friend Campau, and he tells us it will positively prove successful. From his account, it appears that only a few evenings ago his sheep were attacked by the wolves, and before he could run to their rescue, one of them was killed, but the thieves were compelled to part with it, or run the risk of losing their lives. To-day, Campau has built a large pen, wherein he has placed the dead sheep as a kind of bait. His idea is that the wolves will of course revisit this spot to-night, and when they are in the act of climbing over the pen, we, who are to be hidden within gun-shot, will give them the cold lead. Behold us then at the midnight hour in our treacherous ambush.

Listen! Hear you not the dismal shriek of an owl? Our enemies must be coming, for their footsteps have disturbed the feathered hermit, as he sat upon a limb with a red squirrel in his claw. Yes, there they are, the prowling thieves, just without the shadow of the wood, dodging along between the blackened stumps of the clearing. There are five of them, and see! with what activity they leap into the fold! Now is our time to settle them. We rush forward with a shout, when the villains commence a retreat, and as they

mount the high enclosure, we succeed in shooting three, while the other two escape unharmed. The dead culprits having been stripped of their hides, their carcasses are carried away and exposed for food to the vulture and crow. We then return to our cabin and sleep until late in the morning, when we are surprised to find that a regular snow-storm has set in. Our sporting for to-day, which was to have been of a miscellaneous character, is given up, and Bannac thinks it better that he and I should turn our faces homeward in spite of the storm. Whereupon, after a good breakfast, we take leave of our hospitable friends, and through the falling snow, enter the forest on our return.

Snow, snow, snow,—above us, around us, and under our feet, to the depth of some half dozen inches. In large feathery flakes it floats downward through the still air, and it also muffles our footsteps as we tramp through the pathless and desolate woods. Every thing that meets the eye is enveloped in a downy covering: not only the prostrate and decayed tree, but the "topmost twig that looks up at the sky." Slowly and heavily, without game, or a single adventure, we are compelled to trudge along, and when we come in sight of the pleasant village, not a penny care we for any thing else in this world, but a roaring fire and a warm supper,—both of which in my father's dwelling are we presently permitted to enjoy—and thus endeth another portion of my heart-song.

Among the peculiar characters which I remember, while thinking upon my early days, none do I dwell upon with more pleasurable feeling than an old Indian. My first acquaintance with him took place when I was about twelve years old. It was the pleasant summer-time. At an early hour of the day I had launched my little birch canoe from the sloping bank behind our orchard, and, accompanied by Rover, started on a duck hunt down the river Raisin. I would here remark, that the mouth of this beautiful river is studded with islands, and has been, from time immemorial, celebrated for its abundance of game. As I paddled along, I watched with an inward joy the progress of the morning. The farm-houses that had been long sleeping amid the silence of night, were now enlivened by their inmates, who had sallied forth to perform their allotted duties. At one moment my ears were saluted by a chorus of voices from some neighboring poultry-yard, mingled with the lowing of cows and the jingling of bells in the sheepfold. And then I heard the singing of larks in the open fields, the neighing of a horse, or the shout of some happy boy. The mists, frightened by the sunbeams, were rising from the river, and from the trees on either side the dew was falling. I looked upon the changing landscape, smiling in its freshness, and felt my heart

swell within me, for I beheld the glory and goodness of God, and I "blessed him unaware."

The ducks were very shy that day, and the few that I did shoot were taken on the wing. I was about making up my mind to return home, when I beheld a single canvas-back rise from the water in the distance, and, seemingly unconscious of my presence, fly directly over my head. I fired at it, and the feathers flew. Slowly but surely the bird descended, and at last fell upon an island a quarter of a mile away. This was soon reached, and a long hour did I search for my game among the bushes and grass, but I sought in vain. This island was about two furlongs in length and one in width. At one end was a group of lofty sycamores, and at the other three black maples stood together, like robbers plotting the destruction of an enemy. Between and beneath these, the dark-green and luxuriant foliage of less ambitious trees formed to all appearance a solid mass. Here the light-green ivy encircled some youthful ash, from whose top it wandered among the limbs of other trees; and there, the clustering fruit hung in great abundance from the brown grape-vine. While rambling about this island, I discovered in its centre a little clearing or miniature prairie, on which stood a single wigwam. A wreath of smoke rose from its chimney between the trees, gracefully curling upward to the sky. I entered the hut, and beheld the form of an Indian, who was engaged in cooking his noonday meal. At first he was surprised at my presence, but when I told him I was merely on a hunting excursion, his countenance changed, and he manifested much pleasure. His kindness and my boyish familiarity conspired to make us soon acquainted. He was a tall, athletic, well-proportioned man, with dark eagle eyes. His long locks of hair were now whitening with age. I will not dwell upon the particulars of that interview. Let it suffice to know that I departed from that "green and lovely isle," feeling that I had a friend in the person of that old Indian.

Many a day, during that summer and the ensuing autumn, did I spend in his society. Many a table luxury brought I to his lonely dwelling. Many a lesson has he taught me, in the arts of fishing and hunting. Long years have flown since then. But the wild and pure enjoyments which I then participated in with this old Indian, are deeply engraven on the tablet of my memory.

We used often to enter our respective canoes and explore the neighboring creeks and rivers, little islands of the bay, and others far out into the lake. We would bathe together, at one time wading out from the sandy and sloping shore, and again leaping and diving from some abrupt headland into the clear water, so clear and pure that the shells upon the bottom were

distinctly seen at the depth of twenty feet or more. I never troubled myself about the origin of this old Indian. His name, to what nation he belonged, or his reasons for thus living alone, were things that I never desired to know. I was content to be with him, and during our various excursions, to listen to his wild legends, his narratives of strange adventures, and exploits, which he would recount in broken English, though always with the eloquence of nature. Ofttimes I could not comprehend his meaning, more especially when he described the beauties of the Spirit Land, which he said existed far beyond the setting sun; and also when he told me of its valleys, and mountains, and forests, smiling under the influence of perpetual summer, where the singing of birds was always heard, and where the buffalo, the horse, the deer, the antelope, the bear, the wolf, the panther, the muskrat, and otter, flourished and fattened for its inhabitants.

When we looked upon the lurid lightning, and listened to the sullen roar of the distant thunder, he would raise his hands to heaven, exclaiming, "the Great Spirit is angry," and kneeling down, would kiss the ground in fear and adoration. Pleasantly indeed did the days of that summer, and the ensuing autumn, pass away. At last winter came, and the waters of the ever-murmuring Raisin were clasped in his icy chains. In a little time I lost sight of my old friend, for his island home was desolate,—he had departed,—no one knew where. Spring came, and I was sent to an eastern city to school. Five years were flown, and I returned to the village of my birth. At the twilight hour a few evenings after this, I was seated at an open window with my mother, inhaling the fragrance of blowing flowers, and at times listening to the mellow tones of the sweet whippoorwill. All the important incidents that had transpired during my absence, were affectionately and particularly related. Nothing, however, interested me so much as the following brief account of my old Indian friend, which I now write down in nearly the words in which it was told me.

"The summer after you left us, an Indian made his appearance in our village, whose poverty and old age elicited the kind sympathies and good wishes of all who knew him. Nothing was known of his history, save that he belonged to a tribe of Pottowattomies, a nation at this period almost extinct. Alas! for the poor aborigines of our country! To them the earth is a dreary place, and their only joy is in the hope that they will soon join their kindred in the land of spirits. One by one, like the lingering sands of an hour-glass, they are passing beyond the grave.

"As I heard you talk about an Indian, with whom you had become acquainted while hunting, I thought this new comer might be the identical one. While passing though the village one day, I happened to meet him, and

invited him to come up and sup with us that evening. He did so; and we were very glad to hear that he was indeed your friend, whom you thought dead. We discovered this fact from the manner in which he spoke of a boy hunter, who used to visit him in his lonely home. From that day he became our particular friend, as he had been before the friend of the whole village.

"His dress was poor and common, but in the true Indian style. He was ever a great favorite among the boys, in whose sports he often participated. It was his custom in summer to sit beneath the great elm-tree on the green, and, gathering the children around him, rehearse to them wild stories about the red men of the forest. Sometimes he would spend a whole day in whittling out bows and arrows for his youthful friends; and they in return would bestow on him various little presents, both curious and rare. He had no particular abiding place. There were a dozen houses where he was perfectly at home. He seldom alluded to his tribe, and never ventured beyond the limits of the county. This was indeed unaccountable; but as he seemed to possess so amiable a disposition, no one could believe he had ever been guilty of a crime. Rather than this, it was thought he had been banished from his nation on account of some failure in warlike exploits, or some similar cause.

"Perhaps, again, he was an Indian philosopher or poet, who had unfortunately drawn upon himself the ill-will of his people, by expressing some unpopular opinion. At times he would enter the school-house, and listen attentively to the boys reciting their lessons. A printed book he looked upon as a treasure, and when one was given him, considered it a sacred gift, though its contents he could not read. He would often enter the church on the Sabbath, and in his seat near the pulpit, with his head resting upon both hands, would listen, with an anxious gaze, to the preacher's words. He always left the house in a pensive mood. To his mind, the heaven of the Christian was utterly incomprehensible. Of all the truths that were read to him from the Bible, the most interesting and wonderful was the history of our Saviour. When listening to this, he would often clasp his hands in an ecstasy of delight, exclaiming, "How good man! how good man!"

"On all occasions of festivity he was a welcome guest. Christmas and New Year were always happy days with him. The little girls invited him to their pic-nic parties. The boys on Saturday afternoon had him to keep tally when they were playing ball. He was always the leader of the nutting-parties in autumn, and a participator in the sleigh-rides of winter. In fact, he was everywhere, and had a hand in almost every thing that transpired.

"About six weeks ago it was reported throughout the village that our old Indian friend was very sick, and at the point of death. The intelligence was

no less unexpected than melancholy. He had so completely won the affection of every body, that it spread a universal gloom. In a few days he yielded up his spirit to his Creator. The next day was the Sabbath, and the one appointed for his burial. The sky was without a cloud, and the cool breeze, as it rustled among the leaves, brought health and refreshment to the body and soul of every one. The meadow-lark, and woodland birds sang louder and sweeter than they were wont to do. A good man had died, and nature, animate and inanimate, seemed anxious to pronounce his requiem. A larger funeral than this I have seldom seen. Old men and women, young men and maidens, and little children, with tearful eyes followed the old Indian to his grave. It is situated in the northeast corner of the burying ground, in the shadow of two weeping-willows, that seem the guardians of his silent resting place."

On the following morning, an hour before sunset, I stood beside the clay cottage of my Indian friend. Green was the grass, and many and beautiful the flowers that flourished above his grave. I plucked a single harebell and thought of the departed, whom I dearly loved,—who was born a benighted heathen, but who died a Christian. The mildly beaming and beautiful evening star had risen in the west, ere I departed from the "Silent City;" but I felt that the flower I had plucked, though faded, would in after hours remind me of my friend, and I therefore came away in peace, repeating to myself these words:

> "And I am glad that he has lived thus long,
> And glad that he has gone to his reward;
> Nor deem that kindly Nature did him wrong,
> Softly to disengage the vital cord.
> When his weak hand grew palsied, and his eye,
> Dark with the mists of age, it was his time to die."
>
> *Bryant.*

And now comes the conclusion of my long rhapsody. The time of my departure for my distant city home is at hand. A few more wilderness pictures, illustrative of my native State as it was in other days, and I will lay aside my pen.

Weary with the hunt, I lately sought the shady side of a gentle hill, and extending my limbs upon the green-sward amused myself by watching the sky. I gazed upon the blue canopy, and fancied it to be an ocean, beyond which the broad and beautiful fields of heaven were basking beneath the smiles of God. A few white feathery clouds were floating there, and they

seemed to me to be a fleet returning from their home of peace. In the dark regions of night they had fought and conquered the enemy, and now, laden with redeemed souls, were hastening to the haven of eternal rest. Fancy, which had pictured this image, was gone; I saw nothing save an eagle playing above the trees of the forest, and in a moment I was a dreamer.

It seemed to me that I entered the forest just as the glorious summer sun was sinking to his repose. The evening star rose in the west, and in a little while from the zenith a thousand other bright constellations looked smilingly down upon the earth. Something whispered me that I must spend the long watches of that night in wandering in the wilderness; and I departed with the silence of a shadow, and the speed of a deer. Strange, and wild, and beautiful were the scenes I beheld.

The mighty trees which rose on every side seemed like the columns of a vast temple, whose mysterious winding aisles, overhung with foliage, were deserted and desolate. No moving objects met my eye, save the fire-flies that darted in all directions, floating and sinking like burning flakes of snow. The gloomy silence was broken only by the chirp of the cricket, and the song of the katydid. At intervals, too, the clear soothing voice of the whippoorwill would echo far and near. The huge masses of foliage above, reminded me of thunder-clouds, and like them oppressed my spirit; and it was so still that "the dropping dew woke startling echoes in the sleeping wood."

My pathway was not smooth, for I was forced to leap, now over some dead tree, and now over a pile of brush; and again over a mossy hillock, or some gurgling brooklet. Ever and anon I caught a glimpse of the deep blue sky; but in a moment it was lost to view, and I was in total darkness. My vision was wonderful. I saw all surrounding objects with intense clearness; for to me the "darkness was as the light of day." At times I paused to listen, startled by some distant sound; the howl of a wolf, the hooting of an owl, or the "trumpet-tone" of a flying swan; and as I listened, it would become a murmur, then a whisper, and at last die into a breathless stillness.

At the foot of a gnarled and stunted oak I saw the manly form of an Indian, wrapped in his scarlet blanket, and extended upon a bearskin. He was fast asleep. On one side of him, and within his reach lay a bundle of arrows, and an unstrung bow; on the other, a knapsack of provisions and a wolfish-looking dog. But this guardian of the slumbering savage was also fast asleep. As I looked upon this simple picture, the feelings of my heart responded to my thoughts, and I exclaimed, though there was no echo to my words: "Poor, lone Indian! Is that dog thy only friend? Art thou indeed alone in the wide, wide world? Hast thou no wife to sympathize with thee, to love thee, in those hours of disappointment and trouble incident to human life?

No children to play around thy knees, and make thee happy in some comfortable wigwam, when the blue- and scarlet-birds make melody in summer, and the wind Euroclydon howls and roars among the forest trees in winter? Hast thou no daughter to protect and cherish, that she may be the bride of some future warrior? No son to listen, with flashing eye, to thy hunting lessons; to smite his breast with pride and anger as thou tellest him of the bravery and wrongs of thy ancestors? O that I knew thy history! But I will not disturb thy slumber. May thy dreams be of that land beyond the sunset clouds, where perpetual summer reigns,—the land of the Great Spirit,—the God of thy fathers."

How vividly do the scenes and incidents of that night rise before my vision! I see them now with the same distinctness that I beheld them then. I stand upon the shore of that dark stream, rolling through the dense woods, where the full blaze of daylight has not penetrated for centuries. I hear that uncouth but solemn funeral hymn, and see a band of stern red men performing their mysterious rites over the grave of an aged chieftain.

Not less sudden than varied are the scenes I behold. On that high dry limb, under a canopy of leaves, a flock of turkeys are roosting. They are all asleep save one, and he is acting the part of a sentinel, darting out his long neck, now this way, now that, as if he beheld an enemy. Fat, sleepy fellow! There was a time when it would have been temerity to look at me thus. I am not a hunter now, else would I bring you down from your lofty resting-place.

My course is onward. Hark! I hear a yell, and a rushing sound. Two wolves are chasing a beautiful doe. Poor creature! Her strength is already lessening, her race is run. The wolves have seized her. There is a struggle; the blood issues from her graceful neck; one gasp more and the tender mother of two sweet fawns lies dead. Its bones will moulder and mingle with the earth, giving nourishment to that cluster of hazel-bushes, which stand beside her mossy death-bed. Awakened by the scent, a croaking raven is wheeling in the distance. Its wings flap heavily, and there are two, and still another! See! we come to a kind of opening,—a place where the trees grow less closely together. A cloud of thin white smoke is rising, as if from yonder pile of underbrush. It is an Indian encampment; a dozen bark wigwams, shaped like a sugar-loaf. But why this bustle, at so late an hour? The men have just returned from a three days' hunting tour, and they are now releasing their pack-horses from their loads of spoil. The blaze from a fire gives all surrounding objects a ruddy glow. In dire confusion upon the ground lie haunches of venison, red and gray squirrels and racoons, turkeys, grouse, ducks, pheasants, and many other lesser birds, mingled with guns, bows and arrows, shot-pouches, powder-horns, skins, halters, brass kettles,

and the like. The men are busy, and the women too. Roused from a four hours' nap, several children are coming out of their tents, rubbing their eyes. They seem to be the only playmates of the whining dogs.

Lo! what a beauteous sight! A herd of deer reposing like a family of wood-sprites, near yonder clump of young maples. There are three bucks, five does, and two lovely spotted fawns. Upon that decayed "stump" beyond, a solitary American nightingale is resting. It is my favorite bird. Would that I knew the cause of its complainings and chastisement, for every now and then it utters forth the cry, "Why whip poor Will?"

What silver rays are those darting down through the leafy boughs? The moon! the moon! High in heaven she sails, in queenly beauty. The very heart of the forest is not beyond her vivifying influence. Festoons of creeping plants hang from the surrounding limbs; and the ivy and grape-vine have twined themselves so closely around that ash, as entirely to hide from view the bark of the trunk. I thrust my hand against a bush, and a thousand dew-drops fall to the earth, glittering in the moonbeams. If my lady-love were with me, what a gorgeous wreath could I now weave for her beautiful brow out of the purple and scarlet iris, the blue larkspur, the moccasin-flower, the crimson and green lichen, and other mosses, flowers, and vines, too delicate to have a name.

A gentle breeze is stirring. The tops of the trees are moving to and fro with the strong but gentle motion of a ground-swell. Soothing is the music of the leaves; they seem to murmur with excess of joy. Another sound echoes through the listening wilderness. It is only a scuffle between a panther and a bear. Let them growl and fight; who cares? How like two hot-headed politicians they seem!

Again are the trees becoming thinner, and my steps are tending downward. The green-sward I press is without a single stick or bramble. Here I am upon the brink of a little lake of the very purest water! The breeze has spent its force, and everything is still. It is "the bridal hour of the earth and sky!" What a perfect mirror is this liquid element! The counterpart of two willows, a grass-grown rock, tall reeds, and beyond all, a row of slender elms, and a lightning-shivered pine, are distinctly seen, pointing downward, downward to the moon and stars, in the cerulean void beneath. And in yon deep shadow a flock of ducks are floating silently, amid the sweet perfume of the wild lotus and white water-lily, which are growing near. One or two have wandered out into the lake, making no ripple, but moving as if lured away by the glossy loveliness of their shadows.

But see! I have reached—surely it can be no other—a prairie! What dark cloud is brooding over this motionless ocean?—a mighty flame bursting

from its centre? It comes! it comes! The prairie is on fire! The wind is rising, and swift as the wind speed the flame-banners. Maddened by fear, the buffalo, the wild horse, the wolf, the deer, birds and other living creatures, are fleeing for their lives. Roaring and hissing the fire-flood rolls on, swallowing up everything in its course. And now it has gone, leaving behind it a wide path of blackness. The smoke obscures the moon and stars. "Far off its coming shone;" the incense, one could almost imagine, of a sacrifice offered to the great God by the Earth, for some enormous sin. But it is gone, and I resume my journey.

I am now in an open country of hills and dales. A narrow but deep river is gliding by me in its pride and beauty. Now it is lost to view by some abrupt headland, and anon it makes a long sweep through a plain or meadow, its ripples sporting in the moonlight. I hear the splash of fish, leaping from their watery bed. I hear the measured stroke of a paddle. It is an Indian in his canoe, passing down the river. He has startled a loon from his wavy cradle below the rapids. I hear the sound of a waterfall. A mile away there is a precipice, where the river gathers all its strength for a fearful leap. Now its surface is without a ripple,—but in a moment more, it plunges down among the rocks, and the waves struggle, and leap, and rise and sink, like demon spirits in agony.

I am standing on a hill which overlooks a lovely landscape of woods and lawns, streams, hills, valleys, and cultivated fields,—farm-houses, and church steeples. In the distance sleep the bright-green waves of Lake Erie. A streak of daylight is in the eastern sky. The spell is broken;—my dream and my wayward pilgrimage are both ended.

A TOUR

TO THE

RIVER SAGUENAY.

THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

I COMMENCE this chapter in the language of Leather Stocking:—"You know the Catskills, lad, for you must have seen them on your left, as you followed the river up from York, looking as blue as a piece of clear sky, and holding the clouds on their tops, as the smoke curls over the head of an Indian chief at a council-fire." Yes, everybody is acquainted with the names of these mountains, but few with their peculiarities of scenery. Associated as they are with such proud names as Cooper and Irving, Bryant and Cole, it is not strange that they should be particularly dear to every American. They are situated about eight miles from the Hudson, rise to an average elevation of about thirty-five hundred feet, and running in a straight line from north to south, cover a space of some twenty-five miles. The fertile valley on the east is as beautiful as heart could desire; it is watered by the Kauterskill, Plauterkill and Esopus creeks, inhabited by a sturdy Dutch yeomanry, and is the agricultural mother of the towns known as Catskill, Saugerties and Kingston. The upland on the west for about forty miles is rugged, dreary and thinly settled, but the winding valley of Schoharie beyond is possessed of many charms peculiarly American. The mountains themselves are covered with dense forests abounding in cliffs and waterfalls, and for the most part untrodden by the footsteps of man. Looking at them from the Hudson, the eye is attracted by two deep hollows, which are called "Cloves." The one nearest to the Mountain House, Kauterskill Clove, is distinguished for a remarkable fall, which has been made familiar to the world by the pen of Bryant and the pencil of Cole; but this Clove is rapidly filling with human habitations; while the other, Plauterkill Clove, though yet possessing much of its original glory, is certain of the same destiny. The gorge whence issues the Esopus, is among the Shandaken mountains, and not visible from the Hudson.

My nominal residence, at the present time, is at the mouth of Plauterkill Clove. To the west, and only half a mile from my abode, are the beautiful mountains, whose outlines fade away to the north, like the waves of the sea when covered with a visible atmosphere. The nearest, and to me the most beloved of these, is called South Peak. It is nearly four thousand feet high,

and covered from base to summit with one vast forest of trees, varying from eighty to an hundred feet in height. Like its brethren, it is a wild and uncultivated wilderness, abounding in all the interesting features of mountain scenery. Like a corner-stone, does it stand at the junction of the northern and western ranges of the Catskills; and as its huge form looms against the evening sky, it inspires one with awe, as if it were the ruler of the world:—yet I have learned to love it as a friend. I have pondered upon its impressive features when reposing in the noontide sunshine, when enveloped in clouds, when holding communion with the most holy night, and when trembling under the influence of a thunder-storm and encircled by a rainbow. It has filled my soul with images of beauty and sublimity, and made me feel the omnipotence of God.

A day and a night was it lately my privilege to spend upon this mountain, accompanied by a poet friend. We started at an early hour, equipped in our brown fustians, and laden with well-filled knapsacks—one with a hatchet in his belt, and the other with a brace of pistols. We were bound to the extreme summit of the peak, where we intended to spend the night, witness the rising of the sun, and return at our leisure on the following day. But when I tell my readers that our course lay right up the almost perpendicular side of the mountain, where there was no path save that formed by a torrent or a bear, they will readily believe it was somewhat rare and romantic. But this was what we delighted in; so we shouted "excelsior!" and commenced the ascent. The air was excessively sultry, and the very first effort we made caused the perspiration to start most profusely. Upward, upward was our course, now climbing through a tangled thicket, or under the spray of a cascade, and then, again, supporting ourselves by the roots of saplings, or scrambling under a fallen tree;—now, like the samphire gatherer, scaling a precipice, and then again clambering over a rock, or "shinning" up a hemlock tree to reach a desired point.

Our first halt was made at a singular spot called "Hunter's Hole," which is a spacious cavern or pit, forty feet deep, and twenty wide, and approached only by a fissure in the mountain, sufficiently large to admit a man. Connected with this place is the following story. Many years ago, a farmer, residing at the foot of the mountain, having missed a favorite dog, and being anxious for his safety, called together his neighbors, and offered a reward for the safe return of his canine friend. Always ready to do a kind deed, a number of them started in different directions for the hunt. A barking sound having been heard to issue from this cavern, it was discovered, and at the bottom of it the lost dog, which had probably fallen therein while chasing a fox. "But how shall he be extricated from this hole?" was the general inquiry

of the now assembled hunters. Not one of all the group would venture to descend, under any circumstances; so that the poor animal remained a prisoner for another night. But the next morning he was released, and by none other than a brave boy, the son of the farmer and playmate of the dog. A large number of men were present on the occasion. A strong rope was tied around the body of the child, and he was gently lowered down. On reaching the bottom, and finding, by the aid of his lamp, that he was in a "real nice place," the little rogue concluded to have some sport, whereupon he proceeded to pull down more rope, until he had made a coil of two hundred feet, which was bewildering enough to the crowd above; but nothing happened to him during the adventure, and the dog was rescued. The young hero having played his trick so well, it was generally supposed, for a long time after, that this cavern was two hundred feet deep, and none were ever found sufficiently bold to enter in, even after a beautiful fox. The bravery of the boy, however, was the cause of his death, for he was cut down by a leaden ball in the war of 1812.

The next remarkable place that we attained in ascending South Peak, was the Bear Bank, where, in the depth of winter, may be found an abundance of these charming creatures. It is said that they have often been seen sunning themselves, even from the hills east of the Hudson.

We were now upon a beetling precipice, three hundred feet high, and under the shadow of a huge pine, we enjoyed a slice of bread and pork, with a few drops of genuine mountain dew. Instead of a dessert of strawberries and cream, however, we were furnished by venerable dame Nature with a thunder-storm. It was one that we had noticed making a great commotion in the valley below. It had, probably, discovered two bipeds going towards its home, the sky, and seemed to have pursued us with a view of frightening us back again. But, "knowing that Nature never did betray the heart that loved her," we awaited the thunder-storm's reply to our obstinate refusal to descend. The cloud was yet below us, but its unseen herald, a strong east wind, told us that the conflict had commenced. Presently, a peal of thunder resounded through the vast profound, which caused the mountain to tremble to its deep foundation. And then followed another, and another, as the storm increased; and the rain and hail poured down in floods. Thinking it more safe to expose ourselves to the storm than remain under the pine, we retreated without delay, when we were suddenly enveloped in the heart of the cloud, only a few rods distant. Then a stroke of lightning blinded us, and the towering forest monarch was smitten to the earth. We were in the midst of an unwritten epic poem about that time, but we could not appreciate its beauties, for another peal of thunder, and another stroke of lightning,

attracted our whole attention. Soon as these had passed, a terrible gale followed in their wake, tumbling down piles of loose rocks, and bending to the dust, as though in passion, the resisting forms of an army of trees; and afterwards, a glorious rainbow spanned the mountain, appearing like those distinguishing circles around the temples of the Mighty and Holy, as portrayed by the painters of old. The commotion lasted for an hour, when the region of the Bear Bank became as serene as the slumber of a babe. A spirit of silent prayer was brooding upon the earth and in the air, and with a shadow of thoughtfulness at our hearts, we resumed our upward march.

Our next halting place was upon a sort of peninsula called the Eagle's Nest, where, it is said, an Indian child was formerly carried by one of those birds, and cruelly destroyed, and whence the frantic mother, with the mangled body of her babe, leaped into the terrible abyss below. From this point we discovered a host of clouds assembled in council above High Peak, as if discussing the parched condition of the earth, and the speediest mode of affording relief to a still greater extent than they had done; and far away to the west, was another assembly of clouds, vieing, like sporting children, to outrun and overleap each other in their aerial amphitheatre.

After this we surmounted another point called Rattlesnake Ledge. Here the rocks were literally covered with the white bones of those reptiles, slaughtered by the hunter in by-gone years, and we happened to see a pair of them that were alive. One was about four feet long, and the other, which was only half as large, seemed to be the offspring of the old one, for, when discovered, they were playing together like an affectionate mother with her tender child. Soon as we appeared in their presence, the serpents immediately ceased their sport, and in the twinkling of an eye coiled themselves in the attitude of battle. The conflict was of short duration, and to know the result you need only look into my cabinet of curiosities.

Higher yet was it our lot to climb. We went a little out of our course to obtain a bird's-eye view of a mountain lake. In its tranquil bosom the glowing evening sky and mountain sides were vividly reflected, and the silence surrounding it was so profound that we could almost hear the ripples made by a solitary duck, as it swam from one shore to the other in its utter loneliness. Very beautiful, indeed, was this picture, and as I reflected upon it, I thought that as the Infant of Bethlehem was tenderly protected by the parents who watched over its slumbers, so was this exquisite lake cradled and protected in the lap of the mountains.

One sight more did we behold before reaching the summit of South Peak. It was the sunset hour, and on a jutting cliff which commanded an immense view, our eyes were delighted by the sight of a deer, standing still,

and looking down upon the silent void below, which was then covered with a deep purple atmosphere, causing the prospect to resemble the boundless ocean. It was the last of its race we could not but fancy, bidding the human world good night, previous to departing for its heathery couch in a nameless ravine.

One effort more and the long-desired eminence was attained, and we were a little nearer the evening star than we had ever been before. It was now the hour of twilight, and as we were about done over with fatigue, it was not long before we had pitched our leafy tent, eaten some supper, and yielded ourselves to the embrace of sleep, "dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health!"

At midnight, a cooling breath of air having passed across my face, I was awakened from a fearful dream, which left me in a nervous and excited state of mind. A strange and solemn gloom had taken possession of my spirit, which was greatly enhanced by the doleful song of a neighboring hemlock grove. Our encampment having been made a little below the summit of the peak, and feeling anxious to behold the prospect at that hour, from that point, I awakened my companion, and we seated ourselves upon the topmost rock, which was nearly bare of shrubs, but covered with a rich moss, softer and more beautiful than the finest carpet. But how can I describe the scene that burst upon our enraptured vision? It was unlike anything I had ever seen before, creating a lone, lost feeling, which I supposed could only be realized by a wanderer in an uninhabited wilderness, or on the ocean, a thousand leagues from home. Above, around and beneath us, ay, far *beneath* us, were the cold bright stars, and to the eastward the "young moon with the old moon in her arms." In the west were floating a little band of pearly clouds, which I almost fancied to be winged chariots, and that they were crowded with children, the absent and loved of other years, who, in a frolic of blissful joy, were out upon the fields of heaven. On one side of us reposed the long broad valley of the Hudson, with its cities, towns, villages, woods, hills, and plains, whose crowded highway was diminished to a narrow girdle of deep blue. Towards the south, hill beyond hill, field beyond field receded to the sky, occasionally enlivened by a peaceful lake. On our right a multitudinous array of rugged mountains lay piled up, apparently as impassable as the bottomless gulf. In the north, old High Peak, King of the Catskills, bared his bosom to the moonlight, as if demanding and expecting the homage of the world. Strange and magnificent, indeed, was the prospect from that mountain watch-tower, and it was with reluctance that we turned away, as in duty bound, to slumber until the dawn. The dawn! and now for a sunrise picture among the mountains, with all the illusive performances of the mists

and clouds! He comes! he comes! “the king of the bright days!” Now the crimson and golden clouds are parting, and he bursts on the bewildered sight! One moment more, and the whole earth rejoices in his beams, falling alike as they do upon the prince and the peasant of every land. And now, on either side and beneath the sun an array of new-born clouds are gathering—like a band of cavaliers, preparing to accompany their leader on a journey. Out of the Atlantic have they just arisen; at noon, they will have pitched their tents on the cerulean plains of heaven; and when the hours of day are numbered, the far-off waters of the Pacific will again receive them in its cool embrace. Listen! was not that the roar of waves? Naught but the report of thunder in the valley below. Are not the two oceans coming together? See! we are on a rock in the midst of an illimitable sea, and the tide is surely rising—rising rapidly! Strange! it is still as death, and yet the oceans are covered with billows! Lo! the naked masts of a ship, stranded on a lee shore!—and yonder, as if a reef were hidden there to impede their course, the waves are struggling in despair, now leaping to the sky, and now plunging into a deep abyss! And when they have passed the unseen enemy, how rapid and beautiful are their various evolutions, as they hasten to the more distant shore! Another look, and what a change! The mists of morning are being exhaled by the rising sun, already the world of waters is dispersed, and in the valley of the Hudson, far, far away, are reposing all the enchanting features of the green earth.

We descended the mountain by a circuitous route, that we might enjoy the luxury of passing through Plauterkill Clove. The same spring that gives rise to Schoharie Creek, which is the principal tributary of the Mohawk, also gives rise to the Plauterkill. In its very infancy, it begins to leap and laugh with the gladness of a boy. From its source to the plain, the distance is only two miles, and yet it has a fall of twenty-five hundred feet; but the remainder of its course, until it reaches the Esopus, is calm and picturesque, and on every side, and at every turn, may be seen the farm-houses of a sturdy yeomanry.

The wild gorge or dell through which it passes, abounds in waterfalls of surpassing beauty, varying from ten to a hundred feet in height, whose rocks are green with the moss of centuries, and whose brows are ever wreathed with the most exquisite of vines and flowers. Here is the Double Leap, with its almost fathomless pool, containing a hermit trout that has laughed at the angler’s skill for a score of years; the fall of the Mountain Spirit, haunted, as it is said, by the disembodied spirit of an Indian girl, who lost her life here while pursuing a phantom of the brain; and here is the Blue-bell Fall, forever guarded by a multitudinous array of those charming flowers. Caverns, too,

and chasms are here, dark, deep, chilly, and damp; where the toad, the lizard and snake, and strange families of insects, are perpetually multiplying, and actually seeming to enjoy their loathsome lives; and here is the Black Chasm, and the Devil's Chamber, the latter with a perpendicular wall of twice the height of old Trinity, and with a wainscoting of pines and hemlocks which have "braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze." Plauterkill Clove is an eddy of the great and tumultuous world, and in itself a world of unwritten poetry, whose primitive loveliness has not yet been disfigured by the influence of Mammon. It has been consecrated by a brotherhood of friends, well-tried and true, to the pure religion of Nature; and after spending a summer-day therein, and then emerging under the open sky, their feelings are always allied to those of a pilgrim in a strange land, passing through the dreamy twilight of an old cathedral.

But it is time that I should change my tune, as I desire to record a few fishing adventures which I have lately experienced among the Catskills. My first excursion was performed along the margin of Sweetwater Brook, which flows out of the lake already mentioned. My guide and companion was a notorious hunter of this region, named Peter Hummel, whose services I have engaged for all my future rambles among the mountains. He is, decidedly, one of the wildest and rarest characters I have ever known, and would be a valuable acquisition to a menagerie. He was born in a little hut at the foot of South Peak, is twenty-seven years of age, and has never been to school a day in his life, nor, in his travels towards civilization, further away from home than fifteen miles. He was *educated* for a bark-gatherer, his father and several brothers having always been in the business; but Peter is averse to common-place labor, to anything, in fact, that will bring money. When a boy of five years, he had an inkling for the mountains, and once had wandered so far, that he was found by his father in the den of an old bear, playing with her cubs. To tramp among the mountains, with a gun and dog, is Peter's chief and only happiness. He is, probably, one of the best specimens of a hunter now living; and very few, I fancy, could have survived the dangers to which he has exposed himself. As to his constitution, he seems to be one of those iron mortals who never die with age and infirmity, but who generally meet with a sudden death, as if to recompense them for their heedlessness. But with all his wildness and recklessness, Peter Hummel is as amiable and kind-hearted a man as ever breathed. He is an original wit withal, and shrewd and very laughable are many of his speeches, and his stories are the cream of romance and genuine mountain poetry.

But to my story. As usual, we started on our tramp at an early hour, he with a trout-basket in his hand, containing our dinner, and I with my sketch-

book and a "pilgrim staff." After a tiresome ascent of three hours up the side of a mountain, over ledges, and through gloomy ravines, we at last reached the wished-for brook. All the day long were we cheered by its happy song, as we descended; now leaping from one deep pool to another, and now scrambling over green-coated rocks, under and around fallen trees, and along the damp, slippery sides of the mountains, until we reached its mouth on a plain, watered by a charming river, and sprinkled with the rustic residences of the Dutch yeomanry. We were at home by sunset, having walked the distance of twenty miles, and captured one hundred and fifty trout, the most of which we distributed among the farm-houses in our way, as we returned. The trout were quite small, varying from three to eight ounces in weight, and of a dark-brown color.

On another occasion, I had taken my sketch-book and some fishing-tackle, and gone up a mountain road to the banks of Schoharie Creek, nominally for the purpose of sketching a few trees. In the very first hole of the stream into which I accidentally peered, I discovered a large trout, lying near the bottom, just above a little bed of sand, whence rose the bubbles of a spring. For some thirty minutes I watched the fellow with a "yearning tenderness," but as he appeared to be so very happy, and I was in a kindred mood, I thought that I would let him live. Presently, however, a beautiful fly lighted on the water, which the greedy hermit swallowed in a minute, and returned to his cool bed, with his conscience, as I fancied, not one whit troubled by what he had done. Involuntarily I began to unwind my line, and having cut a pole, and repeated to myself something about "diamond cut diamond," I whipped on a red hackle, and passed it over the pool. The rogue of a trout, however, saw me, and scorned for a while to heed my line; but I coaxed and coaxed until, at last, he darted for it, apparently out of mere spite. Something similar to a miniature water-spout immediately arose, and the monarch of the brook was in a fair way of sharing the same fate which had befallen the innocent fly. I learned a salutary lesson from this incident, and as I had yielded to the temptation of the brook, I shouldered my sketch-book with a strap, and descended the stream. At noon, I reached a farm-house, where I craved something to eat. A good dinner was given me, which was seasoned by many questions, and some information concerning trout. That afternoon, in company with a little boy, I visited a neighboring stream, called the Roaring Kill, where I caught one hundred and sixty fish. I then returned to the farm-house, and spent the evening in conversation with my new acquaintances. After breakfast, on the following morning, I set out for home, and reached there about noon, having made only two additions to my sketches. Long shall I remember the evening spent with this family, and

their hospitality towards an entire stranger. A pleasant family was that night added to my list of friends.

Another of my trouting pilgrimages was to a famous place called Stony Clove, among the mountains of Shandaken. It is a deep perpendicular cut or gorge between two mountains, two thousand feet in depth, from twenty feet to four hundred in width, and completely lined from base to summit with luxuriant vegetation. It is watered by a narrow but deep brook, which is so full of trout that some seven hundred were captured by myself and two others in a single day. When I tell my readers that this spot is only about one hundred miles from New York, they will be surprised to learn that in its immediate vicinity we saw no less than two bears, one doe with two fawns, and other valuable game. In some parts of this clove the sunshine never enters, and whole tons of the purest ice may be found there throughout the year. It is, indeed, a most lonely and desolate corner of the world, and might be considered a fitting type of the valley of the shadow of death; in single file did we have to pass through that gorge, and in single file do the sons of men pass into the grave. To spend one day there we had to encamp two nights, and how we generally manage that affair I will mention presently.

In returning from Stony Clove, we took a circuitous route, and visited the Mountain House. We approached it by way of the celebrated Catskill Falls, which I will describe in the graphic language of Cooper, as my readers may not remember the passage in his Pioneer. "Why, there's a fall in the hills, where the water of two little ponds, that lie near each other, breaks out of their bounds, and runs over the rocks into the valley. The stream is, may be, such a one as would turn a mill, if so useless a thing was wanted in the wilderness. *But the hand that made that 'Leap' never made a mill!* Then the water comes croaking and winding among the rocks, first so slow that a trout might swim in it, and then starting and running, like any creature that wanted to make a fair spring, till it gets to where the mountain divides, like the cleft foot of a deer, leaving a deep hollow for the brook to tumble into. The first pitch is nigh two hundred feet, and the water looks like flakes of snow afore it touches the bottom, and then gathers itself together again for a new start, and, may be, flutters over fifty feet of flat rock, before it falls for another hundred feet, when it jumps from shelf to shelf, first running this way and that way, striving to get out of the hollow, till it finally comes to the plain."

Our party, on this occasion, consisted of three—Peter Hummel, a bark-gatherer and myself. I had chosen these fellows for the expedition, because of their friendship for me and their willingness to go; and I resolved to give them a "treat" at the "Grand Hotel," which the natives of this region look

upon as a kind of paradise. You are aware, I suppose, reader, that the Mountain House is an establishment vieing in its style of accommodations with the best of hotels. Between it and the Hudson there is, during the summer, a semi-daily line of stages, and it is the transient resort of thousands, who visit it for the novelty of its location as well as for the surrounding scenery. The edifice itself stands on a cliff, within a few feet of the edge, and commands a prospect extending from Long Island Sound to the White Mountains. The first time I visited this spot, I spent half the night at my bed-room window, watching the fantastic performances of a thunder-storm far below me, which made the building tremble like a ship upon a reef, while the sky above was cloudless, and studded with stars. Between this spot and South Peak, "there's the High Peak and the Round Top, which lay back, like a father and mother among their children, seeing they are far above all the other hills."

But to proceed. Coarsely and comically dressed as we were, we made a very unique appearance as we paraded into the office of the hotel. I met a few acquaintances there, to whom I introduced my comrades, and in a short time each one was spinning a mountain legend to a crowd of delighted listeners. In due time I ushered them into the dining-hall, where was enacted a scene which can be better imagined than described; the fellows were completely out of their element, and it was laughable in the extreme, to see them stare and hear them talk, as the servants bountifully helped them to the turtle soup, ice cream, charlotte russe and other fashionable dainties.

About the middle of the afternoon we commenced descending the beautiful mountain-road leading towards the Hudson. In the morning there had been a heavy shower, and a thousand happy rills attended us with a song. A delightful nook on this road is pointed out as the identical spot where Rip Van Winkle slept away a score of his life. I reached home in time to spend the twilight hour in my own room, musing upon the much-loved mountains. I had but one companion, and that was a whippoorwill, which nightly comes to my window-sill, as if to tell me a tale of its love, or of the woods and solitary wilderness.

But the most unique and interesting of my fishing adventures remains to be described. I had heard a great deal about the good fishing afforded by the lake already mentioned, and I desired to visit it and spend a night upon its shore. Having spoken to my friend Hummel, and invited a neighbor to accompany us, whom the people had named "White Yankee," the noontide hour of a pleasant day found us on our winding march: and such a grotesque appearance as we made was exceedingly amusing. The group was mostly *animated* when climbing the steep and rocky ravines which we were

compelled to pass through. There was Peter, "long, lank, and lean," and wild in his attire and countenance as an eagle of the wilderness, with an axe in his hand, and a huge knapsack on his back, containing our provisions and utensils for cooking. Next to him followed White Yankee, with three blankets lashed upon his back, a slouched white hat on his head, and nearly half a pound of tobacco in his mouth. Crooked-legged withal, and somewhat sickly was this individual, and being wholly unaccustomed to this kind of business, he went along groaning, grunting, and sweating, as if he was "sent for and *didn't want* to come." In the rear tottered along your humble friend, dear reader, with a gun upon his shoulder, a powder-horn and shot-pouch at his side, cowhide boots on his feet, and a cap on his head, his beard half an inch long, and his flowing hair streaming in the wind.

We reached our place of destination about five o'clock, and halted under a large impending rock, which was to be our sleeping place. We were emphatically under the "shadow of a rock in a weary land." Our first business was to build a fire, which we did with about one cord of green and dry wood. Eighty poles were then cut, to which we fastened our lines. The old canoe in the lake was bailed out, and, having baited our hooks with the minnows we had brought with us, we planted the poles in about seven feet water all around the lake shore. We then prepared and ate our supper, and awaited the coming on of night. During this interval I learned from Peter the following particulars concerning the lake. It was originally discovered by a hunter named Shew. It is estimated to cover about fifty acres, and in the centre to be more than two hundred feet in depth. For my part, however, I do not believe it contains over five acres, though the mountains which tower on every side but one, are calculated to deceive the eye; but, as to its depth, I could easily fancy it to be bottomless, for the water is remarkably dark. To the number of trout in this lake there seems to be no end. It is supposed they reach it, when small, through Sweetwater Brook, when they increase in size, and multiply. It also abounds in green and scarlet lizards, which are a serious drawback to the pleasures of the fastidious angler. I asked Peter many questions concerning his adventures about the lake, and he told me that the number of "harmless murders" he had committed here was about three hundred. In one day he shot three deer; at another time a dozen turkeys; at another twenty ducks; one night an old bear; and again half a dozen coons; and on one occasion annihilated a den of thirty-seven rattlesnakes.

At nine o'clock we lighted a torch, and went to examine our lines; and it was my good fortune to haul out not less than forty-one trout, weighing from one to two pounds apiece. These we put into a spring of very cold water, which bubbled from the earth a few paces from our camping place, and then

retired to repose. Branches of hemlock constituted our couch, and my station was between Peter and White Yankee. Little did I dream, when I first saw these two bipeds, that I should ever have them for my bed-fellows; but who can tell what shall be on the morrow? My friends were in the land of Nod in less than a dozen minutes after we had retired; but it was difficult for me to go to sleep in the midst of the wild scene which surrounded me. There I lay, flat on my back, a stone and my cap for a pillow, and wrapped in a blanket, with my nose exposed to the chilly night air. And what pictures did my fancy conjure up, as I looked upon the army of trunks around me, glistening in the firelight. One moment they were a troop of Indians from the spirit-land, come to revisit again the hunting-grounds of their fathers, and weeping because the white man had desecrated their soil; and again I fancied them to be a congress of wild animals, assembled to try, execute, and devour us, for the depredations our fellows had committed upon their kind during the last one hundred years. By and by a star peeped out upon me from between the branches of a tree, and my thoughts ascended heavenward. And now my eyes twinkled and blinked in sympathy with the star, and I was a dreamer.

An hour after the witching time of night, I was startled from my sleep by a bellowing halloo from Peter, who said it was time to examine the lines again. Had you heard the echoes which were then awakened, far and near, you would have thought yourself in enchanted land. But there were *living* answers to that shout, for a frightened fox began to bark, an owl commenced its horrible hooting, a partridge its drumming, and a wolf its howl. There was not a breeze stirring, and

> “Naught was seen in the vault on high
> But the moon and the stars and a cloudless sky,
> And a river of white in the welkin blue.”

Peter and Yankee went out to haul in the trout, but I remained on shore to attempt a drawing, by moonlight, of the lake before me. The opposite side of the mountain, with its dark tangled forests, was perfectly mirrored in the waters below, the whole seeming as solid and variegated as a tablet of Egyptian marble. The canoe with its inmates noiselessly pursued its way, making the stillness more profound. In the water at my feet I distinctly saw lizards sporting about, and I could not but wonder why such reptiles were ever created. I thought with the Ancient Mariner,

> “A thousand slimy things lived on,
> And so did I.”

Again did we retire to rest, slumbering until the break of day. We then partook of a substantial trout breakfast, gathered up our plunder, and with about one hundred handsome trout, started for home.

The accidents we met with during the night were harmless, though somewhat ridiculous. A paper of matches which Peter carried in his breeches-pocket took fire, and gave him such a scorching that he bellowed lustily;—while Yankee, in his restless slumbers, rolled so near our watch-fire, that he barely escaped with a corner of his blanket, the remainder having been consumed. As for me I only fell into the water among the lizards, while endeavoring to reach the end of a log which extended into the lake. In descending the mountain we shot three partridges, and confoundedly frightened a fox, and by the middle of the afternoon were quietly pursuing our several avocations among our fellow men of the lower world.

A SPRING DAY.

MAY is near its close, and I am still in the valley of the Hudson. Spring is indeed come again, and this, for the present year, has been its day of triumph. The moment I awoke, at dawn, this morning, I knew by intuition that it would be so, and I bounded from my couch like a startled deer, impatient for the cool delicious air. Spring is upon the earth once more, and a new life is given me of enjoyment and hope. The year is in its childhood, and my heart clings to it with a sympathy that I feel must be immortal and divine. What I have done to-day I cannot tell. I only know that my body has been tremulous with feeling, and my eyes almost blinded with seeing. Every hour has been fraught with a new emotion of delight, and presented to my vision numberless pictures of surpassing beauty. I have held communion with the sky, the mountains, the streams, the woods, and the fields; and these, if you please, shall be the themes of my present chapter.

The sky! it has been of as deep an azure and as serene as ever canopied the world. It seemed as if you could look *through* it into the illimitable home of the angels—could almost behold the glory which surrounds the Invisible. Three clouds alone have attracted my attention. One was the offspring of the dawn, and encircled by a rim of gold; the next was the daughter of noon, and white as the driven snow, and the last, of evening, and robed in deepest crimson. Wayward and coquettish creatures were these clouds! their chief ambition seemed to be to display their charms to the best advantage, as if conscious of their loveliness; and, at sunset, when the light lay pillowed on the mountains, it was a joyous sight to see them, side by side, like three sweet sisters, as they were, *going home*. Each one was anxious to favor the world with its own last smile, and by their changing places so often, you would have thought they were all unwilling to depart. But they were the ministers of the sun, and he would not tarry for them; and while he beckoned them to follow on, the evening star took his station in the sky, and bade them depart; and when I looked again, they were gone. Never more, thought I, will those clouds be a source of joy to a human heart. And in this respect, also, they seemed to me to be the emblems of those beautiful but

thoughtless maidens, who spend the flower of youth trifling with the affections of all whom they have the power to fascinate.

The mountains! in honor of the season which has just clothed them in the richest green, they have, this day, displayed every one of their varied and interesting charms. At noon, as I lay under the shadow of a tree, watching them "with a look made of all sweet accord," my face was freshened by a breeze. It appeared to come from the summit of South Peak, and to be the voice of the Catskills. I listened, and these were the words which echoed through my ear.

"Of all the seasons, oh Spring! thou art the most beloved, and, to us, always the most welcome. Joy and gladness ever attend thy coming, for we know that the 'winter is past, the rains are over and gone, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.' And we know, too, that from thy hands flow unnumbered blessings. Thou softenest the earth, that the husbandman may sow his seed, which shall yield him a hundred fold at the harvest. Thou releasest the rivers from their icy fetters, that the wings of commerce may be unfurled once more. Thou givest food to the cattle upon a thousand hills, that they, in their turn, may furnish man with necessary food, and also assist him in his domestic labors. Thou coverest the earth with a garniture of freshest loveliness, that the senses of man may be gratified, and his thoughts directed to Him who hath created all things, and pronounced them good. And, finally, thou art the hope of the year, and thine admonitions, which are of the future, have a tendency to emancipate the thoughts of men from this world, and the troubles which may surround him here, and fix them upon that clime where an everlasting spring abides." "The voice in my dreaming ear melted away," and I heard the roaring of the streams, as they fretted their way down the rocky steeps.

The streams! such "trumpets" as they have blown to-day would, I am afraid, have caused Mr. Wordsworth to exclaim:

"The cataracts—*make a devilish noise up yonder!*"

The fact is, "all the earth is gay," and all the springs among the mountains are "giving themselves up to jollity," the streams are full to overflowing, and rush along with a "vindictive looseness," because of the burthen they have to bear. The falls and cascades, which make such exquisite pictures in the summer months, are now fearful to behold, for, in their anger, every now and then they toss some giant tree into an abyss of foam, which makes one tremble with fear. But after the streams have left the mountains, and are running through the bottom lands, they still appear to be displeased with something, and at *every turn* they take, *delve* into the "bowels of the harmless earth," making it dangerous for the angler to

approach too near, but rendering the haunt of the trout more spacious and commodious than before. The streams are about the only things I cannot praise to-day, and I hope it will not *rain* for a month to come, if this is the way they intend to act whenever we have a number of delightful showers.

The woods! A goodly portion of the day have I spent in one of their most secret recesses. I went with Shakspeare under my arm; but I could not read any more than fly, so I stretched myself at full length on a huge log, and kept a sharp look-out for anything that might send me a waking dream. The brotherhood of trees clustered around me, laden with leaves just bursting into full maturity, and possessing that delicate and peculiar green which lasts but a single day, and never returns. A fitful breeze swept through them, so that ever and anon I fancied a gushing fountain to be near, or that a company of ladies fair were come to visit me, and that I heard the rustle of their silken kirtles. And now my eyes rested on a tree that was entirely leafless, and almost without a limb. Instead of grass at its foot, was a heap of dry leaves, and not a bush or vine grew anywhere near it; but around its neighbors they grew in great abundance. It seemed branded with a curse; alone, forsaken of its own, and despised by all. Can this, thought I, be an emblem of any human being? Strange that it should be, but it is nevertheless too true. Only one week ago, I saw a poor miserable maniac, bound hand and foot, driven from "home and all its treasures," and carried to a dark, damp prison-house in a neighboring town. I can be reconciled to the mystery of a poisonous reptile's existence; but it is very hard to understand for what good purpose a maniac is created. Another object I noticed, was a little tree about five feet high, completely covered with blossoms of a gaudy hue. At first, I tried to gather something poetical out of this thing, but with all my endeavors I could not. It caused a smile, however, as the idea expanded, for it reminded me of a certain maiden lady of my acquaintance, who is old, stunted, very fond of *tall men*, and, always strutting among her fellows under a weight of *jewelry*. But oh! what beautiful flowers did I notice in that shady grove, whose whispering filled me with delight! Their names? I cannot tell them to you, fair reader—they ought not to have any names,—any more than a cloud, or a foam-bell on the river. Some were blue, some white, some purple, and some scarlet. There were little parties of them on every side, and as the wind swayed their delicate stems, I could not but fancy they were living creatures, the personified thoughts, perhaps, of happy and innocent children. Occasionally, too, I noticed a sort of straggler peeping at me from beside a hillock of moss, or from under the branches of a fallen tree, as if surprised at my temerity in entering its secluded haunt. Birds, also, were around me in that green-wood sanctuary, singing their hymns of praise to the

Father of Mercies for the return of spring. The nests of the females being already built, they had nothing to do but be happy, anticipating the time when they themselves should be the "dealers-out of some small blessings" to their helpless broods. As to their mates, they were about as independent, restless, and noisy as might be expected, very much as any rational man would be who was the husband of a young and beautiful wife.

But the open fields to-day have superabounded with pictures to please and instruct the mind. I know not where to begin to describe them. Shall it be at the very threshold of our farm-house? Well, then, only look at those lilac trees in the garden, actually top-heavy with purple and white flowering pyramids. The old farmer has just cut a number of large branches, and given them to his little daughter to carry to her mother, who will distribute them between the mantlepiece, the table, and the fire-place of the family sitting-room. But what ambrosial odor is that which now salutes the senses! It comes not from the variegated corner of the garden, where the tulip, the violet, the hyacinth, the bluebell and the lily of the valley are vying to outstrip each other in their attire; nor from the clover-covered lawn, besprinkled with buttercups, strawberry blossoms, and honeysuckles, but from the orchard, every one of whose trees are completely covered with snow-white blossoms. And from their numberless petals emanates the murmur of bees as they are busily extracting the precious honey. What an abundance of fruit—of apples, cherries, peaches and pears, do these sweet blossoms promise! But next week there *may* be a bitter *frost*; and this is the lesson which my heart learns. Now that I am in the spring-time of life, my hopes, in number and beauty, are like the blossoms of trees, and I know not but that they may even on the morrow be withered by the chilly breath of the grave. But let us loiter farther on. The western slope of this gentle hill is equally divided, and of two different shades of green; one is planted with rye and the other with wheat. The eastern slope of the hill has lately been loosened by the plough, and is of a sombre color, but to my eyes not less pleasing than the green. And this view is enlivened with figures besides—for a farmer and two boys are planting corn, the latter opening the beds with their hoes and the former dropping in the seed (which he carries in a bag slung at his side,) and covering it with his foot. And, now, fluttering over their heads is a roguish bobolink, *scolding* about some thing in their *wake*; at a *respectful* distance, and hopping along the ground, are a number of robins, and on the nearest fence a meadow-lark and blue-bird are "holding on for a bite." But there is no end to these rural pictures, so I will just take my reader into this neighboring meadow-pasture, thence into the poultry-yard at home, and conclude my present rhapsody.

Here we are, then, in the midst of various domestic animals. Yonder a couple of black colts are chasing each other in play, while their venerable mother (for they are brothers, though not twins) is standing a little way off, watching their antics, and twisting about her ears, as she remembers the happy days of her own colt-hood. Here are some half dozen hearty cows, lying down and grazing, each one with a "pledge of affection" sporting about her. There are six or eight oxen, eating away as fast as they can, while one who seems to be a sentinel, occasionally rolls up his eye to see if the farmer is coming to renew his song of "haw! gee! gee! haw!" Under the shadows of that old oak is a flock of sheep, with their lambs bounding beside them, as to the "tabor's sound;" but to me there comes no "thought of grief" at the sight, wherein I must be suffered to disagree with Wordsworth, to whom I have already alluded once or twice, and whose celebrated Ode has been echoing in my heart all the day long. Some of the lines in it are appropriate to the day, the charms of which I am attempting to make you *feel*, reader, and you will oblige me by conning and inwardly digesting the following fragments from a great poem:—

> "The sunshine is a glorious birth."

> "The winds come to me from the fields of sleep."

> "And the babe leaps up on its mother's arm."

> "Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own."

> "Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
> And custom lie upon thee with a weight
> Heavy as fate, and deep almost as life."

> "O joy, that in our embers
> Is something that doth live,
> That nature yet remembers
> What was so fugitive."

> "To me the meanest flower that blooms, can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Strange, that a man, after dwelling upon such poetry, should be willing to go into a *poultry* yard. But why not? I would rather do this *willingly* than be compelled, as I have been, and may be again, to hear a man say, after reading to him Wordsworth's Ode, "Why! of what *use* is such *stuff*? what does it *prove*? will it furnish a man with *bread and butter*? will it make the *pot boil*?" The people of the poultry-yard have been in such a glee to-day, and contributed so much to the gladness of the day, that I must pay them a passing tribute. In the first place, our old gobbler, with his retinue of turkey wives, has been at the point of bursting with pride ever since sunrise. If the Grand Sultan of Turkey, (who must be the father of all turkeys,) cuts the

same kind of capers in the presence of his hundred ladies, Turkey must be a great country for lean people to "laugh and grow fat." Our gobbler is a feathered personification of Jack Falstaff, possessing his prominent trait of cowardice to perfection. I flourished a red handkerchief in his face this morning, and, by the way he strutted round and gobbled, you would have thought he was going to devour you. About ten minutes after this, I threw down a handful of corn, which was intended for his particular palate. While he was busy picking it up, a certain cock stepped alongside, and commenced picking too. The intruder, having got in the way of the gobbler, was suddenly pushed aside; whereupon the gentleman with spurs chuckled and "showed fight;" but the gobbler for a moment heeded him not. This the cock could not bear, so he pounced upon his enemy, and whipped him without mercy, until the coward and fool ran away, with his long train of affectionate wives following behind.

The cocks, hens and chickens which have figured in the yard to-day, would more than number a hundred; and such cackling, crowing, chuckling, and crying as they have made, was anything but a "*concord* of sweet sounds." But the creatures have been happy, and it was therefore a pleasure to look at them. A young hen, this morning, made her first appearance with a large brood of chickens, yellow as gold, and this caused quite a sensation among the feathered husbands generally. The mother, as she rambled about, seemed to say, by her pompous air, to her daughterless friends—"Ar'n't they beautiful? don't you wish you had a few?" It was also very funny to see with what looks of astonishment the youthful cocks surveyed these "infant phenomenons." As to our ducks, and geese, and guinea-hens, they have minded their business very well—the two former paddling about the creek and mud-puddles, and the latter, "between meals," roaming at large through the orchard and garden, altogether the most beautiful and rational of the feathered tribes.

A mountaineer, who is to take this queer record to the post-office, is waiting for me below, and I must close,—hoping that the country pictures I have endeavored to sketch, may have a tendency to make you feel a portion of that joy which has characterized this delightful Spring Day.

THE CORN PLANTING BEE.

THE people who inhabit that section of country lying between the Catskill Mountains and the Hudson River, are undoubtedly the legitimate descendants of the far-famed Rip Van Winkle. Dutch blood floweth in their veins, and their names, appearance, manners, are all Dutch, and Dutch only. The majority of them are engaged in tilling the soil, and as they seem to be satisfied with a bare competency, the peacefulness of their lives is only equalled by their ignorance of books and the world at large. The height of their ambition is to enjoy a frolic, and what civilized people understand by that term, they designate a Bee. Not only have they their wedding and funeral bees, but they commemorate their agricultural labors with a bee, and of these the corn planting bee, which I am about to describe, is a specimen.

A certain old Dutchman of my acquaintance had so long neglected the field where he intended to plant his corn, that he found it necessary to retrieve his reputation by getting up a bee. He therefore immediately issued his invitations, and at two o'clock on the appointed day, about seventy of his neighbors, including men and women, made their appearance at his dwelling, each one of them furnished with a hoe and a small bag to carry the seed. After supplying his guests with all they wanted in the way of *spiritual* drink, my friend gave the signal, and shouldering a large hoe, started off for the field of action, closely followed by his neighbors, who fell to work quite lustily. The field was large, but as the laborers were numerous, it was entirely planted at least two hours before sunset, when the party was disbanded, with the express understanding resting upon their minds that they should invite their children to the dance, which was to take place in the evening at the bee-giver's residence.

The house of my farmer friend having been originally built for a tavern, it happened to contain a large ball-room, and on this occasion it was stripped of its beds and bedding, and the walls thereof decked from top to bottom with green branches and an occasional tallow candle, and conspicuous at one end of the hall was a refreshment establishment, well supplied with pies, gingerbread, molasses candy and segars, and with an abundance of *colored*

alcohols. The number of young men and women who came together on this occasion was about one hundred, and while they were trimming for the approaching dance, the musician, a long-legged, huge and bony Dutchman, was tuning a rusty fiddle. The thirty minutes occupied by him in this interesting business were employed by the male portion of the guests in "wetting their whistles." The dresses worn on this occasion were eminently rustic and unique. Those of the gentlemen, for the most part, were made of coarse gray cloth, similar to that worn by the residents on Blackwell's Island, while the ladies were arrayed in white cotton dresses, trimmed with scarlet ribbon. Pumps being out of vogue, cowhide boots were worn by the former and calf brogans by the latter.

All things being now ready, a terribly loud screech came from the poor little fiddle, and the clattering of heels commenced, shaking the building to its very foundation. "On with the dance, let joy be unconfined," seemed to be the motto of all present, and from the start, there seemed to be a strife between the male and female dancers as to who should leap the highest and make the most noise. Desperate were the efforts of the musician, as he toiled away upon his instrument, keeping *discord* with his heels; and every unusual wail of the fiddle was the forerunner of a shower of sweat, which came rolling off the fiddler's face to the floor. And then the joyous delirium of the musician was communicated to the dancers, and as the dance proceeded, their efforts became still more desperate; the women wildly threw back their hair, and many of the men took off their coats, and rolled up their shirt sleeves, for the purpose of keeping cool. In spite of every effort, however, the faces of the dancers became quite red with the rare excitement, and the hall was filled with a kind of heated fog, in which the first "breakdown" of the evening concluded.

Then followed the refreshment scene. The men drank whisky and smoked segars, while the women feasted on mince pies, drank small beer, and sucked molasses candy. Some of the smaller men or boys, who were too lazy to dance, sneaked off into an out-of-the-way room, for the purpose of pitching pennies, while a few couples, who were victims to the tender passion, retired to some cosey nook to bask unobserved in each other's smiles.

But now the screeching fiddle is again heard above the murmur of talking and laughing voices, and another rush is made for the sanded floor. Another dance is then enjoyed, differing from the one already described only in its increased extravagance. After sawing away for a long time as if for dear life, the musician is politely requested to play a new tune. Promptly does he assent to the proposition; but having started on a fresh key, he soon

falls into the identical strain which had kept him busy for the previous hour; so that the philosophic listener is compelled to conclude either that the fiddler cannot play more than one tune, or that he has a particular passion for the monotonous and nameless one to which he so closely clings. And thus with many indescribable variations does the ball continue throughout the entire night.

I did not venture to trip the "light fantastic toe" on the occasion in question, but my enjoyment as a calm spectator was very amusing and decidedly original. Never before had I seen a greater amount of labor performed by men and women in the same time. I left this interesting assembly about midnight, fully satisfied with what I had seen and heard, but I was afterwards told that I missed more than "half the fun."

When the music was loudest, so it appears, and the frenzy of the dance at its climax, a select party of Dutch gentlemen were suddenly seized with an appetite for some more substantial food than any that had yet been given them. They held a consultation on the important subject, and finally agreed to ransack the garret and cellar of their host for the purpose of satisfying their natural desires. In the former place they found a good supply of dried beef, and in the latter, a few loaves of bread and a jar of rich cream, upon which they regaled themselves without favor, but with some fear. The giver of the bee subsequently discovered what had been done, and though somewhat more than "three sheets in the wind," slyly sent for a pair of constables, who soon made their appearance, and arrested the thieving guests, who were held to bail in the sum of fifty dollars each. I was also informed that the dance was kept up until six o'clock in the morning, and that the appearance of my friend's establishment and the condition of his guests at seven o'clock were ridiculous in the extreme. A small proportion of the bee-party only had succeeded in starting for home, so that the number who from excess of drinking and undue fatigue had retired to repose, was not far from three score and ten. The sleeping accommodations of the host were limited, and the consequence was that his guests had to shift for themselves as they best could. The floors of every room in the house, including the pantries, were literally covered with men and women,—some of them moaning with a severe headache, some breathing audibly in a deep sleep, and others snoring in the loudest and most approved style. By twelve o'clock the interesting company had stolen off to their several homes, and the corn planting bee, among the Catskills, was at an end.

LAKE HORICON.

If circumstances alone could make one poetical, then might you expect from me, on this occasion, a paper of rare excellence and beauty. My sketch-book is my desk; my canopy from the sunshine, an elm tree; the carpet under my feet, a rich green sprinkled with flowers; the music in my ear of singing birds; and the prospect before me, north, east, and south, the tranquil bosom of Lake George, with its islands and surrounding mountains; whose waters, directly at my side, are alive with many kinds of fish, sporting together on a bed of sand. Yes, the far-famed Lake George is my subject; but in what I write, I shall not use that title,—for I do not like the idea of christening what belongs to us with the name of an English monarch, however much his memory deserves to be respected. Shall it be Lake St. Sacrament, then? No! for that was given to it by the Pope, and the French nation. Horicon—a musical and appropriate word, meaning pure water, and given to it by the poor Indian—is the name which rightfully belongs to the lake which is now my theme.

Lake Horicon is one of the few objects in Nature which did not disappoint me after reading the descriptions of travellers. I verily believe that, in point of mere beauty, it has not its superior in the world. Its length is thirty-four miles, and its width from two to four. Its islands number about three hundred, and vary from ten feet to a mile in length;—a great many of them are located in the centre of the lake, at a place called the Narrows. It is completely surrounded with mountains; the most prominent of which are, Black Mountain, on the east of the Narrows, Tongue Mountain, directly opposite, and French Mountain, at the southern extremity. The first is the most lofty, and remarkable for its wildness, and the superb prospect therefrom; the second is also wild and uninhabited, but distinguished for its dens of rattlesnakes; and the latter is somewhat cultivated, but memorable for having been the camping-ground of the French during the Revolutionary War. The whole eastern border is yet a comparative wilderness; but along the western shore are some respectable farms, and a good coach-road from Caldwell to Ticonderoga, which affords many admirable views of the sky-blue lake. There are three public houses here which I can recommend: the

Lake House, for those who are fond of elegance and company—Lyman's Tavern, for the hunter of scenery and lover of quiet—and Garfield's House, for the fisherman. A nice little steamboat, commanded by a gentleman, passes through every morning and evening, (excepting Sundays,) and though a convenient affair to the traveller, it is an eyesore to the admirer of the wilderness. Identified with this boat is an eccentric and amiable man, named *Old Dick*, who amuses the tourist, and collects an occasional shilling by exhibiting a number of rattlesnakes. When, in addition to all these things, it is remembered that Horicon is the centre of a region made classic by the exploits of civilized and savage warfare, it can safely be pronounced one of the most interesting portions of our country for the summer tourist to visit. I have looked upon it from many a peak whence might be seen almost every rood of its shore. I have sailed into every one of its bays, and, like the pearl-diver, have repeatedly descended into its cold blue chambers, so that I have learned to love it as a faithful and well-tried friend. Since the day of my arrival here, I have kept a journal of my adventures, and, as a memorial of Horicon, I will extract therefrom, and embody in this chapter the following passages.

Six pencil sketches have I executed upon the lake to-day. One of them was a view of the distant mountains, the various outlines of which were concentrated at one point, and the color was of that delicate, dreamy blue, created by a sunlight atmosphere, with the sun directly in front. In the middle distance was a flock of islands, with a sail-boat in their midst, and in the foreground a cluster of rocks, surmounted by a single cedar, which appeared like the sentinel of a fortress. Another sketch was of the ruins of Fort George, with a background of dark-green mountains, made quite desolate by a flock of sheep sleeping in one of its shady moats. Another was of a rowing-race between two rival fishermen, at the time when they were only a dozen rods from the goal, and when every nerve of their aged frames was strained to the utmost. Another was of a neat log-cabin, on a quiet lawn near the water, at whose threshold a couple of ragged, but beautiful children were playing with a large dog, while from the chimney of the house ascended the blue smoke with unnumbered fantastic evolutions. Another was of a huge pine tree, which towered conspicuously above its kindred on the mountain side, and seemed to me an appropriate symbol of Webster in the midst of a vast concourse of his fellow-men. And the last was of a thunder-storm, driven away from the mountain-top by the mild radiance of a rainbow, which partly encircled Horicon in a loving embrace.

I have been fishing to-day, and, while enduring some poor sport, indited in my mind the following information, for the benefit of my piscatorial friends. The days of trout-fishing in Lake Horicon are nearly at an end. A few years ago, it abounded in salmon-trout, which were frequently caught weighing twenty pounds. But their average weight, at the present time, is not more than one pound and a half, and they are scarce even at that. In taking them, you first have to obtain a sufficient quantity of sapling-bark to reach the bottom in sixty feet of water, to one end of which must be fastened a stone, and to the other a stick of wood, which designates your fishing-ground and is called a buoy. A variety of more common fish are then caught, such as suckers, perch, and eels, which are cut up and deposited, some half peck at a time, in the vicinity of the buoy. In a few days the trout will begin to assemble, and so long as you keep them well fed, a brace of them may be captured at any time during the summer. But the fact is, this is only another way for "paying too dear for the whistle." The best angling, after all, is for the common brook trout, which is a bolder biting fish, and better for the table than the salmon trout. The cause of the great decrease in the large trout of this lake, is this:—in the autumn, when they have sought the shores for the purpose of spawning, the neighboring barbarians have been accustomed to spear them by torch-light; and if the heartless business does not soon cease, the result will be, that in a few years they will be extinct. There are two other kinds of trout in the lake, however, which yet afford good sport,—the silver trout, caught in the summer, and the fall trout. But the black bass, upon the whole, is now mostly valued by the fisherman. They are in their prime in the summer months. They vary from one to five pounds in weight; are taken by trolling, and with a drop-line, and afford fine sport. Their haunts are along the rocky shores, and it is often the case, that on a still day you may see them from your boat, swimming about in herds where the water is twenty feet deep. They have a queer fashion, when hooked, of leaping out of the water, for the purpose of getting clear, and it is seldom that a novice in the gentle art can keep them from succeeding. But, alas! their numbers also are fast diminishing, by the same means and the same hands that have killed the trout. My advice to those who come here exclusively for the purpose of fishing is, to continue their journey to the sources of the Hudson, Scaroon Lake, Long Lake, and Lake Pleasant; in whose several waters there seems to be no end to every variety of trout, and where may be found much wild and beautiful scenery. The angler of the present day will be disappointed in Lake Horicon.

When issuing from the Narrows, on your way down the Horicon, the most attractive object, next to the mountains, is a strip of low, sandy land, extending into the lake, called Sabbath-day Point. It was so christened by Abercrombie, who encamped and spent the Sabbath there, when on his way to Ticonderoga, where he was so sadly defeated. I look upon it as one of the most enchanting places in the world; but the pageant with which it is associated was not only enchanting and beautiful, but magnificent. Only look upon the picture. It is the sunset hour, and before us, far up in the upper air, and companion of the evening star, and a host of glowing clouds, rises the majestic form of Black Mountain, enveloped in a mantle of rosy atmosphere. The bosom of the lake is without a ripple, and every cliff, ravine, and island has its counterpart in the pure waters. A blast of martial music from drums, fifes, bagpipes, and bugle horns now falls upon the ear, and the immense procession comes in sight; one thousand and thirty-five batteaux, containing an army of seventeen thousand souls, headed by the brave Abercrombie and the red cross of England,—the scarlet uniforms and glistening bayonets forming a line of light against the darker background of the mountain. And behind a log in the foreground is a crouching Indian runner, who, with the speed of a hawk, will carry the tidings to the French nation, that an army is coming—"numerous as the leaves upon the trees." Far from the strange scene fly the affrighted denizens of mountain and wave,—while thousands of human hearts are beating happily at the prospect of victory, whose bodies in a few hours, will be food for the raven on the plains of Ticonderoga.

A goodly portion of this day have I been musing upon the olden times, while rambling about Fort George, and Fort William Henry. Long and with peculiar interest did I linger about the spot near the latter, where were cruelly massacred the followers of Monroe, at which time Montcalm linked his name to the title of a heartless Frenchman, and the name of Webb became identified with all that is justly despised by the human heart. I profess myself to be an enemy to wrong and outrage of every kind, and yet a lover and defender of the Indian race; but when I picked up one after another the flinty heads of arrows, which were mementos of an awful butchery, my spirit revolted against the red man, and for a moment I felt a desire to condemn him. Yes, I will condemn that particular band of murderers, but I cannot but defend the race. Cruel and treacherous they were, I will allow,

but do we not forget the treatment they ever met with from the white man? The most righteous of battles have ever been fought for the sake of sires and wives and children, and for what else did the poor Indian fight, when driven from the home of his youth into an unknown wilderness, to become thereafter a by-word and a reproach among the nations? "Indians," said we, "we would have your lands, and if you will not be satisfied with the gew-gaws we proffer, our powder and balls will teach you that power is but another name for right." And this is the principle that has guided the white man ever since in his warfare against the aborigines of our country. I cannot believe that we shall ever be a happy and prosperous people until the King of kings shall have forgiven us for having, with a yoke of tyranny, almost annihilated an hundred nations.

A portion of this afternoon I whiled away on a little island, which attracted my attention by its charming variety of foliage. It is not more than one hundred feet across at the widest part, and is encircled by a yellow sand-bank, and shielded by a regiment of variegated rocks. But what could I find there to interest me, it may be inquired. This island, hidden in one of the bays of Horicon, is an insect city, and more populous than was Rome in the days of her glory. There the honey-bee has his oaken tower, the wasp and humble-bee their grassy nests, the spider his den, the butterfly his hammock, the grasshopper his domain, the beetle and cricket and hornet their decayed stump, and the toiling ant her palace of sand. There they were born, there they flourish and multiply, and there they die, symbolizing the career and destiny of man. I was a "distinguished stranger" in that city, and I must confess that it gratified my ambition to be welcomed with such manifestations of regard as the inhabitants thought proper to bestow. My approach was heralded by the song of a kingly bee; and when I had thrown myself upon a mossy bank, multitudes of people gathered round, and, with their eyes intently fixed upon me, stood still, and "expressive silence mused their praise." To the "natives," I was emphatically a source of astonishment, and as I wished to gather instruction from the incident, I wondered in my heart whether I would be a *happier* man if my presence in a human city should create a kindred excitement. At any rate, it would be a "great excitement on a small capital."

While quietly eating my dinner this noon, in the shady recess of an island near Black Mountain, I was startled by the yell of a pack of hounds coming down one of its ravines. I knew that the chase was after a deer, so I waited with anxiety for his appearance, and five minutes had hardly elapsed before I discovered a noble buck at bay on the summit of a bluff which extended into the lake. There were five dogs yelping about him, but the "antlered monarch" fought them like a hero. His hoof was the most dangerous weapon he could wield, and it seemed to me that the earth actually trembled every time that he struck at his enemies. Presently, to my delight, one of the hounds was killed, and another so disabled that he retired from the contest. But the hunters made their appearance, and I knew that the scene would soon come to a tragic close, and when the buck beheld them, I could almost believe that over his face a "tablet of *agonizing* thoughts was traced," for he fell upon his knees, then made a sudden wheel, and with a frightful bound, as a ball passed through his heart, cleared the rock and fell into the lake below. The waters closed over him, and methought that the waves of Horicon, and the leaves of the forest murmured a requiem above the grave of the wilderness king. I turned away, and partly resolved that I would never again have a dog for my friend, or respect the character of a hunter; but then I looked into the crystal waters of the lake, and thought of the *beam* in my own eye, and stood convicted of a kindred cruelty.

One of the most singular precipices overlooking Horicon is about five miles from the outlet, and known as Rogers' Slide. It is some four hundred feet high, and at one point not a fissure or sprig can be discovered to mar the polished surface of the rock till it reaches the water. Once on a time in the winter, the said Rogers was pursued by a band of Indians to this spot, when, after throwing down his knapsack, he carefully retraced the steps of his snow-shoes for a short distance, and descending the hill by a circuitous route, continued his course across the frozen lake. The Indians, on coming to the jumping-off place, discovered their enemy on the icy plain; but when they saw the neglected knapsack below, and no signs of returning footsteps where they stood, they thought the devil was in the man, and gave up the pursuit.

The most famous, and one of the most beautiful islands in this lake, is Diamond Island, so called from the fact that it abounds in crystalized quartz.

It is half a mile in length, but the last place which would be thought of as the scene of a battle. It is memorable for the attack made by the Americans on the British, who had a garrison there during the Revolution. The American detachment was commanded by Colonel Brown, and being elated with his recent triumphs on Lake Champlain, he resolved to attack Diamond Island. The battle was bloody, and the British fought like brave men, "long and well;" the Americans were defeated, and this misfortune was followed by the sufferings of a most painful retreat over the almost impassable mountains between the Lake and what is now Whitehall. While wandering about the island it was a difficult matter for me to realize that it had ever resounded with the roar of cannon, the dismal wail of war, and the shout of victory. The spot is now covered with woods, whose shadowy groves are the abode of a thousand birds, forever singing a song of peace or love, as if to condemn the ambition and cruelty of man.

In the vicinity of French Mountain is an island celebrated as the burial-place of a rattlesnake hunter, named Belden. From all that I can learn, he must have been a strange mortal indeed. His birth-place and early history were alike unknown. When he first made his appearance at this lake, his only companions were a brotherhood of rattlesnakes, by exhibiting which he professed to have obtained his living; and it is said that, during the remainder of his life, he acquired a handsome sum of money by selling the oil and gall of his favorite reptile. And I have recently been told that the present market price of a fat snake, when dead, is not less than half a dollar. Another mode peculiar to old Belden for making money, was to suffer himself to be bitten, at some tavern, after which he would return to his cabin to apply the remedy, when he would come forth again just as good as new. But he was not always to be a solemn trifler. For a week had the old man been missing, and on a pleasant August morning, his body was found on the island alluded to, sadly mutilated and bloated, and it was certain that he had died actually surrounded with rattlesnakes. His death-bed became his grave, and rattlesnakes were his only watchers; thus ended the story of his life.

But this reminds me of two little adventures. The other day, as I was seated near the edge of a sand-bar, near the mouth of a brook, sketching a group of trees and a sunset cloud beyond, I was startled by an immense black snake, that landed at my side, and pursued its way directly under my legs, upon which my drawing-book was resting. Owing to my perfect silence, the creature had probably looked upon me as a mere stump. But what was my surprise, a few minutes after, when re-seated in the same place,

to find another snake, and that a large spotted adder, passing along the same track the former had pursued. The first fright had almost disabled me from using the pencil, but when the second came, I gave a lusty yell, and forgetful of the fine arts, started for home on the keen run.

At another time, when returning from a fishing excursion, in a boat, accompanied by a couple of "green-horns," we discovered on the water, near Tongue Mountain, an immense rattlesnake, with his head turned towards us. As the oarsman in the bow of the boat struck at him with his oar, the snake coiled round it, and the fool was in the very act of dropping the devilish thing in my lap. I had heard the creature rattle, and not knowing what I did, as he hung suspended over me, overboard I went, and did not look behind until I had reached the land. The consequence was, that for one while I was perfectly disgusted even with Lake Horicon, and resolved to leave it without delay. The snake was killed without doing any harm, however, but such a blowing up as I gave the green-horn actually made his hair stand straight with fear.

One more snake story, and I will conclude: On the north side of Black Mountain is a cluster of some half dozen houses, in a vale, which spot is called the Bosom, but from what cause I do not know. The presiding geniuses of the place are a band of girls, weighing two hundred pounds apiece, who farm it with their fathers for a living, but whose principal *amusement* is rattlesnake hunting. Their favorite play-ground is the notorious cliff on Tongue Mountain, where they go with naked feet (rowing their own boats across the lake,) and pull out by their tails from the rocks the pretty playthings, and, snapping them to death, they lay them away in a basket as trophies of their skill. I was told that in one day last year they killed the incredible number of eleven hundred. What delicious wives would these Horicon ladies make. Since the Florida Indians have been driven from their country by blood-hounds, would it not be a good idea for Congress to secure the services of these amazons for the purpose of exterminating the rattlesnakes upon our mountains? This latter movement would be the most ridiculous, but the inhumanity of the former is without a parallel.

A clear and tranquil summer night, and I am alone on the pebbly beach of this paragon of lakes. The countless hosts of heaven are beaming upon me with a silent joy, and more impressive and holy than a poet's dream are the surrounding mountains, as they stand reflected in the unruffled waters. Listen! what sound is that so like the wail of a spirit? Only a loon, the lonely

night-watcher of Horicon, whose melancholy moan, as it breaks the profound stillness, carries my fancy back to the olden Indian times, ere the white man had crossed the ocean. All these mountains and this beautiful lake were then the heritage of a brave and noble-hearted people, who made war only upon the denizens of the forest, whose lives were peaceful as a dream, and whose manly forms, decorated with the plumes of the eagle, the feathers of the scarlet-bird, and the robe of the bounding stag, tended but to make the scenery of the wilderness beautiful as an earthly Eden. Here was the quiet wigwam village, and there the secluded abode of the thoughtful chief. Here, unmolested, the Indian child played with the spotted fawn, and the "Indian lover wooed his dusky mate;" here the Indian hunter, in the "sunset of his life" watched with holy awe the sunset in the west, and here the ancient Indian prophetess sung her uncouth but religious chant. Gone—all, all gone—and the desolate creature of the waves, now pealing forth another wail, seems the only memorial that they have left behind. There—my recent aspirations are all quelled, I can walk no further to night;—there is a sadness in my soul, and I must seek my home. It is such a blessed night, it seems almost sinful that a blight should rest on the spirit of man; yet on mine a gloom will sometimes fall, nor can I tell whence the cloud that makes me sad.

THE SCAROON COUNTRY.

EMPTYING into the Hudson River, about fifteen miles north of Glenn's Falls, is quite a large stream, sometimes called the East Branch of the Hudson, but generally known as Scroon River.[2] Its extreme length is not far from fifty miles. It is a clear, cold, and rapid stream, winds through a mountainous country, and has rather a deep channel. The valley through which it runs is somewhat cultivated, but the mountains which frown upon it on either side, are covered with dense forests. The valley of the Scaroon abounds in beautiful lakes and brooks; and as I have explored them pretty thoroughly during the past week, I will now record the result of my observations.

[2] The word Schroon is bad English for the Indian word Scaroon, the meaning of which is—"*child of the mountains*." The river was originally named by an Algonquin chief after a favorite daughter.

The most prominent pictorial feature of this region is Scaroon Lake, through which the river of that name forms a channel. It is ten miles in length and averages about one in width. Excepting a little hamlet at its head, and two or three farms at the southern extremity, it is yet surrounded with a wilderness of mountains. The waters thereof are deep and clear, and well supplied with fish, of which the salmon-trout and pike are the most valuable. The trout are more abundant here than in Lake George, but owing to the prevailing custom of spearing them in the autumn, they are rapidly becoming extinct. I made a desperate effort to capture one as a specimen, but without success, though I was told that they varied in weight from ten to fifteen pounds. My efforts, however, in taking pike were more encouraging. But before giving my experience, I must mention an interesting fact in natural history. Previous to the year 1840, Scaroon Lake was not known to contain a single pike, but during that year, some half dozen males and females were brought from Lake Champlain and deposited therein, since

which time they have multiplied so rapidly as to be quite abundant, not only in Scaroon Lake, but in all the neighboring waters, and as they are frequently taken weighing some twenty pounds, the fact seems to be established that this fish grows quite rapidly, and is not of slow growth, as many naturalists have supposed.

But to my pike story. A number of lumbermen were going out for the purpose of taking pike by torch-light, and I was fortunate enough to secure a seat in one of the three flat boats which contained the fishermen. It was a superb night, and the lake was without a ripple. Our torches were made of "fat pine," as it is here called, and my polite friends taking it for granted that I was a novice in the spearing business, they cunningly awarded me the dullest spear in their possession, and gave me the poorest position in the boat. I said nothing to all this, but inwardly resolved that I would give them a salutary lesson, if possible. I fished from nine until twelve o'clock, and then left my friends to continue the sport. The entire number of pike taken, as I found out in the morning, was thirteen, and as fortune would have it, four of this number were captured by myself, in spite of my poor spear. I did not take the largest fish, which weighed eighteen pounds, but the greatest number, with which success I was satisfied. The effect of my good luck was unexpected to my companions, but gratifying to me, for there was afterwards a strife between them as to who should show me the most attention in the way of piloting me about the country. This little adventure taught me the importance of understanding even the vagabond art of spearing.

The event of that night, however, which afforded me the purest enjoyment, was the witnessing of a moonlight scene, immediately after leaving the lake shore for the inn, where I was tarrying. Before me, in wild and solemn beauty, lay the southern portion of the Scaroon, on whose bosom were gliding the spearmen, holding high above their heads their huge torches, which threw a spectral glare, not only upon the water, but upon the swarthy forms watching for their prey. Just at this moment, an immense cloud of fog broke away, and directly above the summit of the opposite mountain, the clear, full moon made its appearance, and a thousand fantastic figures, born of the fog, were pictured in the sky, and appeared extremely brilliant under the effulgence of the ruling planet; while the zenith of sky was of a deep blue, cloudless, but completely spangled with stars. And what greatly added to the magic of the scene, was the dismal scream of a loon, which came to my ear from a remote portion of the lake, yet covered with a heavy fog.

Rising from the western margin of Scaroon Lake, is quite a lofty mountain, which was once painted by Thomas Cole, and by him named Scaroon Mountain. There is nothing particularly imposing about it, but it commands an uncommonly fine prospect of the surrounding country. When I first came in sight of this mountain, it struck me as an old acquaintance, and I reigned in my horse for the purpose of investigating its features. Before I resumed my course, I concluded that I was standing on the very spot whence the artist had taken his original sketch of the scene, by which circumstance I was convinced of the fidelity of his pencil.

The largest island in Scaroon Lake, lies near the northern extremity, and studs the water like an emerald on a field of blue. It was purchased, some years ago, by a gentleman of New York, who has built a summer residence upon it, for the accommodation of himself and friends.

Emptying into the Scaroon River, just below the lake, is a superb mountain stream, known as Trout Brook. It is thirty feet wide, twelve miles long, and comes rushing down the mountains, forming a hundred waterfalls and pools, and filling its narrow valley with perpetual music. Not only is it distinguished for the quality and number of its trout, but it possesses one attraction which will pay the tourist for the weary tramp he must undergo to explore its remote recesses. I allude to what the people about here call "the Stone Bridge." At this point, the wild and dashing stream has formed a channel directly through the solid mountains, so that, in fishing down, the angler suddenly finds himself standing upon a pile of dry stones. The extent of this natural bridge is not more than twenty or, perhaps, thirty feet, but the wonder is, that the unseen channel is sufficiently large to admit the passage of the largest logs which the lumbermen float down the stream. I might also add, that at the foot of this bridge is one of the finest pools imaginable. It is, perhaps, one hundred feet long, and so very deep that the clear water appears quite black. This is the finest spot in the whole brook for trout, and my luck there may be described as follows: I had basketed no less than nine half-pounders, when my fly was suddenly seized, and my snell snapped in twain by the fierceness of another. The consequence of that defeat was, that I resolved to capture the trout, if I had to remain there all night. I then ransacked the mountain side for a living bait, and, with the aid of my companion, succeeded in capturing a small mouse, and just as the twilight was coming on, I tied the little fellow to my hook, and threw him on the water. He swam across in fine style, but when he reached the centre of the pool, a large trout leaped completely out of his element, and in descending, seized the mouse, and the result was, that I broke my rod, but caught the

trout, and though the mouse was seriously injured, I had the pleasure of again giving him his liberty.

The largest trout that I killed weighed nearly a pound, and though he was the cause of my receiving a ducking, he afforded me some sport, and gave me a new idea. When I first hooked him, I stood on the very margin of the stream, knee deep in a bog, and just as I was about to basket him, he gave a sudden leap, cleared himself, and fell into the water. Quick as thought I made an effort to rescue him, but in doing so, lost my balance, and was playing the part of a turtle in a tub of water. I then became poetical, and thought it "would never do to give it up so," and after waiting some fifteen minutes, I returned and tried for the lost trout again. I threw my fly some twenty feet above the place where I had tumbled in, and recaptured the identical fish which I had lost. I recognized him by his having a torn and bleeding mouth. This circumstance convinced me that trout, like many of the sons of men, have short memories, and also that the individual in question was a perfect Richelieu or General Taylor in his way, for he seemed to know no such word as fail. As to the trout that I did not capture, I verily believe that he must have weighed two pounds; but as he was, probably, a superstitious gentleman, he thought it the better part of valor, somewhat like Santa Anna, to treat the steel of his enemy with contempt.

The brook of which I have been speaking, is only twenty-five miles from Lake Horicon, and unquestionably one of the best streams for the angler in the Scaroon valley. The Trout Brook Pavilion, at the mouth of it, kept by one Lockwood, is a comfortable inn, and his right hand man, named Kipp, is a very fine fellow and a genuine angler.

Speaking of the above friends, reminds me of another, a fine man named Lyndsey, who keepeth a tavern, about ten miles north of Scaroon Lake. His dwelling is delightfully situated in the centre of a deep valley, and is a nice and convenient place to stop at, for those who are fond of fishing, and admire romantic scenery. His family, including his wife, two daughters and one son, not only know how to make their friends comfortable, but they seem to have a passion for doing kind deeds. During my stay at this place, I have had the pleasure of witnessing a most interesting game, which seems to be peculiar to this part of the country. It was played with the common ball and by one hundred sturdy farmers. Previous to the time alluded to, fifty Scaroon players had challenged an equal number of players from a neighboring village named Moriah. The conditions were that the defeated party should pay for a dinner to be given by my friend Lyndsey. They commenced playing at nine o'clock, and the game was ended in about three hours, the Scaroon party having won by about ten counts in five hundred.

The majority of the players varied from thirty to thirty-five years of age, though some of the most expert of them were verging upon sixty years. They played with the impetuosity of school boys, and there were some admirable feats performed in the way of knocking and catching the ball. Some of the men could number their acres by thousands, and all of them were accustomed to severe labor, and yet they thought it absolutely necessary to participate occasionally in this manly and fatiguing sport. The dinner passed off in fine style, and was spiced by many agricultural anecdotes, and as the sun was setting, the parties separated in the best of spirits and returned to their several homes.

For fear that I should forget my duty, I would now introduce to my reader a sheet of water embosomed among these mountains, which glories in the name of Lake Paradox. How it came by that queer title, I cannot learn, but this I know, that it is one of the most beautiful lakes I have ever seen. It is five miles long, and surrounded with uncultivated mountains, excepting at its foot, where opens a beautiful plain, highly cultivated and dotted with a variety of rude but exceedingly comfortable farm houses. The shores of Lake Paradox are rocky, the water deep and clear, abounding in fish, and the lines of the mountains are picturesque.

But it is time that I should turn from particulars to a general description of the Scaroon Country. Though this is an agricultural region, the two principle articles of export are lumber and iron. Of the former the principal varieties are pine, hemlock and spruce, and two establishments for the manufacture of iron are abundantly supplied with ore from the surrounding mountains. Potatoes of the finest quality flourish here, also wheat and corn. The people are mostly Americans, intelligent, virtuous and industrious, and are comfortable and happy as any in the State.

THE ADIRONDAC MOUNTAINS.

The Adirondac Mountains are situated on the extreme head waters of the Hudson, in the counties of Essex and Hamilton, and about forty miles west of Lake Champlain. They vary from five hundred to five thousand feet in height, and, with few exceptions, are covered with dense forests. They lord it over the most extensive wilderness region in the Empire State, and as I have recently performed a pilgrimage among them, I now purpose to give an account of what I saw and heard during my expedition.

The tourist who visits these mountains, finds it necessary to leave the mail road near Lyndsey's Tavern, on the Scaroon. If Fortune smiles upon him, he will be able to hire a horse to take him in the interior, or perhaps obtain a seat in a lumber wagon; but if not, he must try the mettle of his legs. With regard to my own case, fortune was non-committal; for while she compelled me to go on foot, she supplied me with a pair of temporary companions, who were going into the interior to see their friends, and have a few days' sport in the way of fishing and hunting. One of my friends, (both of whom were young men,) was a farmer, who carried a rifle, and the other a travelling country musician, who carried a fiddle. Our first day's tramp took us about fifteen miles, through a hilly, thickly wooded, and houseless wilderness, to the Boreas River, where we found a ruined log shantee, in which we concluded to spend the night. We reached this lonely spot at about three o'clock in the afternoon; and having previously been told that the Boreas was famous for trout, two of us started after a mess of fish, while the fiddler was appointed to the office of wood-chopper to the expedition. The Boreas at this point is about one hundred feet broad,—winds through a woody valley, and is cold, rapid, and clear. The entire river does not differ materially, as I understand, from the point alluded to, for it waters an unknown wilderness. I bribed my farmer friend to ascend the river, and having pocked a variety of flies, I started down the stream. I proceeded near half a mile, when I came to a still water pool, which seemed to be quite extensive, and very deep. At the head of it, midway in the stream, was an immense boulder, which I succeeded in surmounting, and whence I threw a red hackle for upwards of three hours. I never saw trout jump more

beautifully, and it was my rare luck to basket thirty-four; twenty-one of which averaged three-quarters of a pound, and the remaining thirteen were regular two-pounders. Satisfied with my luck, I returned to the shantee, where I found my companions; one of them sitting before a blazing fire and fiddling, and the other busily employed in cleaning the trout he had taken.

In due time followed the principal events of the day, which consisted in cooking and eating a wilderness supper. We had brought a supply of pork and bread, and each one having prepared for himself a pair of wooden forks, we proceeded to roast our trout and pork before a huge fire, using the drippings of the latter for seasoning, and a leather cup of water for our beverage. We spent the two following hours in smoking and telling stories, and having made a bed of spruce boughs, and repaired the ricketty partition which divided one end of the cabin from the other end, which was all open, we retired to repose! We had no blankets with us, and an agreement was therefore entered into, that we should take turns in replenishing the fire during the night. An awfully dark cloud settled upon the wilderness, and by the music of the wind among the hemlock trees, we were soon lulled into a deep slumber.

A short time after midnight, while dreaming of a certain pair of eyes in the upper part of Broadway, I was awakened by a footstep on the outside of the cabin. I brushed open my eyes, but could see nothing but the faint glimmer of an expiring ember on the hearth. I held my breath, and listened for the mysterious footstep; I heard it not, but something a little more exciting,—the scratching of a huge paw upon our slender door. In an exceedingly short time, I roused my bed-fellows, and told them what I had heard. They thought it must be a wolf, but as we were afraid to frighten him away, and anxious to take his hide, it was resolved that I should hold a match, and the farmer should fire his rifle in the direction of the mysterious noise; which operation was duly performed. A large pine torch was then lighted, the rifle reloaded, and the heroes of the adventure marched into the *outer hall* of the cabin, where we found a few drops of blood, and the muddy tracks of what we supposed to be a wild cat. The rifleman and myself then commissioned the fiddler to make a fire, when we again threw ourselves upon the hemlock couch.

The fiddler attended faithfully to his duty, and in less than twenty minutes, he had kindled a tremendous blaze. The brilliant and laughing flame had such an exhilarating influence upon his nerves, that he seized his instrument and commenced playing, partly for the purpose of keeping off the wild animals, but mostly for his own amusement. Then laying aside his fiddle, he began to sing a variety of uncouth, as well as plaintive songs, one

of which was vague, but mournful in sentiment, and more wild in melody, as I thought at the time, than anything that I had ever heard. I could not find out by whom it was written, or what was its exact import, but in the lonely place where we were sleeping, and at that hour, it made a very deep impression on my mind.

The burthen of the song was as follows, and I thought it in keeping with the picture which the minstrel, the firelight, and the rude cabin presented.

We parted in silence, we parted at night,
On the banks of that lonely river,
Where the shadowy trees their boughs unite,
We met, and we parted forever;—
The night bird sang, and the stars above
Told many a touching story
Of friends long passed to the mansions of rest,
Where the soul wears her mantle of glory.

We parted in silence; our cheeks were wet
By the tears that were past controlling;—
We vowed we would never, no never forget,
And those vows at the time were consoling;—
But the lips that echoed those vows
Are as cold as that lonely river;
The sparkling eye, the spirit's shrine,
Has shrouded its fire forever.

And now on the midnight sky I look,
My eyes grow full with weeping,—
Each star to me is a sealed book,
Some tale of that loved one keeping.
We parted in silence, we parted in tears,
On the banks of that lonely river;
But the odor and bloom of by-gone years
Shall hang o'er its waters forever.

But sleep, "dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health," soon folded the singer and his listeners in her embrace, and with the rising sun we entered upon the labors of another day. While the fiddler prepared our breakfast, (out of the few trout which certain *beastly* robbers had not stolen during the night,) the rifleman went out and killed a large hare, and I took a sketch of the cabin where we had lodged.

After breakfast, we shouldered our knapsacks, and started for the Hudson. We struck this noble river at the embryo city of Tahawus, where we found a log house and an unfinished saw-mill. Here we also discovered a canoe, which we boarded, and navigated the stream to Lake Sanford. This portion of the Hudson is not more than one hundred feet broad, but quite deep and picturesque. On leaving our canoe, we made our way up a mountain road, and after walking about four miles, came out upon an elevated clearing, of some two hundred acres, in the centre of which was a solitary log cabin with a retinue of out-houses, and this was the famous Newcomb Farm.

The attractions of this spot are manifold, for it lies in the vicinity of Moose Lake and Lake Delia, and commands the finest distant prospect of the Adirondac mountains which has yet been discovered.

Moose Lake lies at the west of the farm, and about six miles distant. It is embosomed among mountains, and the fountain head of the Cold River, which empties into the St. Lawrence. In form it is so nearly round that its entire shore may be seen at one view; the bottom is covered with white sand, and the water is remarkably cold and clear. Considering its size, it is said to contain more trout than any lake in this wilderness, and it is also celebrated as a watering place for deer and moose. In fishing from the shore, one of our party caught no less than forty pounds of trout in about two hours. There were two varieties, and they varied from one to two pounds in weight. Our guide to this lake, where we encamped for one night, was Steuben Hewitt, the keeper of the Newcomb Farm, who is quite a hunter. This woodsman got the notion into his head that he must have a venison steak for his supper. We had already seen some half dozen deer walking along the opposite margin of the lake, but Steuben told us that he would wait until after dark to capture his game. He also told us that the deer were in the habit of visiting the wilder lakes of this region at night, for the purpose of escaping the tormenting flies, and as he spoke so confidently of what he intended to accomplish, we awaited his effort with a degree of anxiety. Soon as the quiet night had fairly set in, he shipped himself on board a wooden canoe, (a ricketty affair, originally bequeathed to this lake by some departed Indian,) in the bow of which was a fire jack, or torch holder. Separating this machine from himself, as he sat in the centre of the canoe, was a kind of screen made of bark, which was sufficiently elevated to allow him to fire his gun from underneath; and in this predicament, with a loaded rifle by his side, did he paddle into the lake. After floating upon the water for an hour, in perfect silence, he finally heard a splashing near the shore, and immediately lighting his torch, he noiselessly proceeded in the direction of the sound, when he

discovered a beautiful deer, standing knee deep in the water, and looking at him in stupefied silence. The poor creature could discover nothing but the mysterious light, and while standing in the most interesting attitude imaginable, the hunter raised his rifle, and shot it through the heart. In half an hour from that time, the carcass of the deer was hanging on a dry limb near our camp fire, and I was lecturing the hard-hearted hunter on the cruelty of thus capturing the innocent creatures of the forest. To all my remarks, however, he replied, "They were given us for food, and it matters not how we kill them."

Lake Delia, through which you have to pass in going to Moose Lake, lies about two miles west of the Newcomb Farm. It is four miles long, and less than one mile in width, and completely surrounded with wood-crowned hills. Near the central portion, this lake is quite narrow, and so shallow that a rude bridge has been thrown across for the accommodation of the Farm people. The water under this bridge is only about four feet deep, and this was the only spot in the lake where I followed my favorite recreation. I visited it on one occasion, with my companions, late in the afternoon, when the wind was blowing, and we enjoyed rare sport in angling for salmon trout, as well as a large species of common trout. I do not know the number that we took, but I well remember that we had more than we could conveniently carry. Usually, the salmon trout are only taken in deep water, but in this, and in Moose Lake, they seem to be as much at home in shallow as in deep water. On one occasion I visited Lake Delia alone at an early hour in the morning. It so happened, that I took a rifle along with me, and while quietly throwing my fly on the old bridge, I had an opportunity of using the gun to some purpose. My movements in that lonely place were so exceedingly still, that even the wild animals were not disturbed by my presence; for while I stood there, a large fat otter made his appearance, and when he came within shooting distance, I gave him the contents of my gun, and he disappeared. I related the adventure to my companions, on my return to the farm, but they pronounced it a "fish story." My veracity was vindicated, however, for, on the following day, they discovered a dead otter on the lake shore, and concluded that I had told the truth.

I must not conclude this chapter without giving my reader an additional paragraph about the Newcomb Farm. My friend Steuben Hewitt's nearest neighbor is eight miles off, and as his family is small, it may be supposed that he leads a retired life. One of the days that I spent at his house, was quite an eventful one with him, for a town election was held there. The electors met at nine o'clock, and the poll closed at five; and as the number of votes polled was *seven*, it may well be imagined that the excitement was

intense. But with all its loneliness the Newcomb Farm is well worth visiting, if for no other purpose than to witness the panorama of mountains which it commands. On every side but one may they be seen, fading away to mingle their deep blue with the lighter hue of the sky, but the chief among them all is old Tahawus, King of the Adirondacs. The country out of which this mountain rises, is an imposing Alpine wilderness, and as it has long since been abandoned by the red man, the solitude of its deep valleys and lonely lakes, for the most part, is now more impressive than that of the far off Rocky Mountains. The meaning of the Indian word Tahawus is *sky piercer* or *sky splitter*; and faithfully describes the appearance of the mountain. Its actual elevation above the level of the sea is five thousand four hundred and sixty-seven feet, while that of Mount Washington, in New Hampshire, is only six thousand two hundred and thirty-four, making a difference of only seven hundred and sixty-seven feet in favor of Washington. Though Tahawus is not quite so lofty as its New England brother, yet its form is by far the most picturesque and imposing. Taken together, they are the highest pair of mountains in the United States; and while the former may justly look with pride upon its Lake Winnipesockee and Merrimack and Saco rivers, the latter may well glory in its splendid Hudson, and its not less beautiful lakes —Long Lake, Raquette Lake and Lake Pleasant.

Before going one step further, I must allude to what I deem the folly of a certain state geologist, in attempting to name the prominent peaks of the Adirondac Mountains after a brotherhood of living men. If he is to have his way in this matter, the beautiful name of Tahawus will be superseded by that of Marcy, and several of Tahawus' brethren are hereafter to be known as Mounts Seward, Wright and Young. Now if this business is not supremely ridiculous, I must confess that I do not know the meaning of that word. A pretty idea, indeed, to scatter to the winds the ancient poetry of the poor Indian, and perpetuate in its place the names of living politicians. For my part, I agree most decidedly with the older inhabitants of the Adirondac wilderness, who look with decided indifference upon the attempted usurpation of the geologist mentioned.

For nine months in the year old Tahawus is covered with a crown of snow, but there are spots among its fastnesses where you may gather ice and snow even in the dog days. The base of this mountain is covered with a luxuriant forest of pine, spruce and hemlock, while the summit is clothed in a net-work of creeping trees, and almost destitute of the green which should characterize them. In ascending its sides when near the summit, you are impressed with the idea that your pathway may be smooth; but as you proceed, you are constantly annoyed by pitfalls, into which your legs are

foolishly poking themselves, to the great annoyance of your back bone and other portions of your body which are naturally straight.

I ascended Tahawus, as a matter of course, and in making the trip I travelled some twenty miles on foot and through the pathless woods, employing for the same the better part of two days. My companion on this expedition was John Cheney, (of whom I have something to write hereafter,) and as he did not consider it prudent to spend the night on the summit, we only spent one hour gazing upon the panorama from the top, and then descended about half way down the mountain where we built our watch-fire. The view from Tahawus is rather unique. It looks down upon what appears to be an uninhabited wilderness, with mountains, fading to the sky in every direction, and where, on a clear day, you may count not less than twenty-four lakes, including Champlain, Horicon, Long Lake and Lake Pleasant.

While trying to go to sleep on the night in question, as I lay by the side of my friend Cheney, he gave me an account of the manner in which certain distinguished gentlemen have ascended Mount Tahawus, for it must be known that he officiates as the guide of all travellers in this wild region. Among those to whom he alluded were Ingham and Cole, the artists, and Hoffman and Headley, the travellers. He told me that Mr. Ingham fainted a number of times in making the ascent, but became so excited with all he saw, he determined to persevere, and finally succeeded in accomplishing the difficult task. Mr. Hoffman, he said, in spite of his lameness, would not be persuaded by words that he could not reach the summit; and when he finally discovered that this task was utterly beyond his accomplishment, his disappointment seemed to have no bounds.

The night that I spent on Tahawus was not distinguished by any event more remarkable than a regular built rain-storm. Our canopy was composed of hemlock branches, and our only covering was a blanket. The storm did not set in until about midnight, and my first intimation of its approach was the falling of rain drops directly into my ear, as I snugged up to my bed-fellow for the purpose of keeping warm. Desperate, indeed, were the efforts I made to forget my condition in sleep, as the rain fell more abundantly, and drenched me, as well as my companion, to the very skin. The thunder bellowed as if in the enjoyment of a very happy frolic, and the lightning seemed determined to root up a few trees in our immediate vicinity, as if for the purpose of giving us more room. Finally Cheney rose from his pillow, (which was a log of wood,) and proposed that we should quaff a little brandy, to keep us from catching cold, which we did, and then made another attempt to reach the land of Nod. * * * At the break of day we were awakened from a short but refreshing sleep, by the singing of birds, and

when the cheerful sunlight had reached the bottom of the ravines, we were enjoying a comfortable breakfast in the cabin of my friend.

The principal attractions associated with Tahawus, are the Indian Pass, the Adirondac Lakes, the Adirondac iron works, and the mighty hunter of the Adirondacs, John Cheney. The Pass, so called, is only an old-fashioned notch between the mountains. On one side is a perpendicular precipice, rising to the height of eleven hundred feet; and, on the other, a wood-covered mountain, ascending far up into the sky, at an angle of forty-five degrees. Through this pass flows a tiny rivulet, over which the rocks are so thickly piled, as frequently to form pitfalls that measure from ten to thirty feet in depth. Some of these holes are never destitute of ice, and are cool and comfortable even at midsummer. The Pass is nearly half a mile in length, and, at one point, certain immense boulders have come together and formed a cavern, which is called the "meeting house," and is, perhaps, capable of containing one thousand people. The rock on either side of the Pass is a gray granite, and its only inhabitants are eagles, which are quite abundant, and occupy the most conspicuous crag in the notch.

The two principal lakes which gem this immediate portion of the Adirondac wilderness, are named Sanford and Henderson, after the two gentlemen who first purchased land upon their borders. The former is five miles in length, and the latter somewhat less than three, both of them varying in width from half a mile to a mile and a half. The mountains which swoop down to their bosoms are covered with forest, and abound in a great variety of large game. There is not, to my knowledge, a single habitation on either of the lakes, and the only smoke ever seen to ascend from their lonely recesses, comes from the watch-fire of the hunter, or the encampment of surveyors and tourists. The water of these lakes is cold and deep, and moderately supplied with salmon trout. Lake Henderson is admirably situated for the exciting sport of deer hunting, and though it contains two or three canoes, cannot be entered from the West Branch of the Hudson without making a portage. Through Lake Sanford, however, the Hudson takes a direct course, and there is nothing to impede the passage of a small boat to within a mile of the iron works, which are located in a valley between the two lakes. The fact is, during the summer there is quite an extensive business done on Lake Sanford, in the way of "bringing in" merchandise, and "carrying out" the produce of the forge. It was my misfortune to make the inward passage of the lake in company with two ignorant Irishmen. Their boat was small, heavily laden, very tottery and leaky. This was my only chance; and on taking my seat with a palpitating heart, I made an express bargain with the men, that they should keep along the shore on their

way up. They verbally assented to my wishes, but immediately pulled for the very centre of the lake. I remonstrated, but they told me there was no danger. The boat was now rapidly filling with water, and though one was bailing with all his might, the rascals were determined not to accede to my wishes. The conclusion of the matter was that our shallop became water-logged, and on finally reaching the shore, the merchandise was greatly damaged, and I was just about as wet as I was angry at the miserable creatures, whose obstinacy had not only greatly injured their employers, but also endangered my own plunder as well as my life.

The iron works alluded to above, are located in a narrow valley, and in the immediate vicinity of Lake Henderson, at a place called McIntyre. Some time in the year 1830, a couple of Scottish gentlemen, named Henderson and McIntyre, purchased a large tract of wild land lying in this portion of New York. In the summer following, they passed through this wilderness on an exploring expedition, and with the assistance of their Indian guide, discovered that the bed of the valley in question was literally blocked up with iron ore. On making farther investigations, they found that the whole rocky region about them was composed of valuable mineral, and they subsequently established a regular-built iron establishment, which has been in operation ever since. A gentleman named Robinson afterwards purchased an interest in the concern, and it is now carried on by him and Mr. McIntyre, though the principal stockholders are the wife and son of Mr. Henderson, deceased.

The metal manufactured by this company is of the very best quality of bar-iron; and an establishment is now in progress of erection at Tahawus, twelve miles down the river, where a party of English gentlemen intend to manufacture every variety of steel. The iron works here give employment to about one hundred and fifty men, whose wages vary from one to four dollars per day. The society of the place, you may well imagine, is decidedly original; but the prominent individual, and only remarkable man who resides here, is John Cheney, the mighty hunter of the Adirondacs. For an account of this man, the reader will please look into the following chapter.

THE ADIRONDAC HUNTER.

John Cheney was born in New Hampshire, but spent his boyhood on the shores of Lake Champlain, and has resided in the Adirondac wilderness about thirteen years. He has a wife and one child, and lives in a comfortable cabin in the wild village of McIntyre. His profession is that of a hunter, and he is in the habit of spending about one-half of his time in the woods. He is a remarkably amiable and intelligent man, and as unlike the idea I had formed of him as possible. I expected from all that I had heard, to see a huge, powerful, and hairy Nimrod; but, instead of such, I found him small in stature, bearing more the appearance of a modest and thoughtful student, gentle in his manners, and as devoted a lover of nature and solitude as ever lived.

The walls of his cosey little house, containing one principal room, are ornamented with a large printed sheet of the Declaration of Independence, and two engraved portraits of Washington and Jackson. Of guns and pistols he has an abundant supply, and also a good stock of all the conveniences for camping among the mountains. He keeps one cow, which supplies his family with all the milk they need; but his favorite animals are a couple of hunting dogs, named Buck and Tiger.

As summer is not the time to accomplish much in the way of hunting, my adventures with John Cheney have not been distinguished by any stirring events; we have, however, enjoyed some rare sport in the way of fishing, and obtained some glorious views from the mountain peaks of this region. But the conversation of this famous Nimrod has interested me exceedingly, and wherever we might be, under his own roof, or by the side of our mountain watch-fires, I have kept him busy in recounting his former adventures. I copied into my note-book nearly everything he said, and now present my readers with a few extracts relating to his hunting exploits. I shall use his own words, as nearly as I can remember them.

*   *   *   *   *   *

“I was always fond of hunting, and the first animal I killed was a fox; I was then ten years of age. Even from childhood, I was so in love with the woods that I not only neglected school, but was constantly borrowing a gun, or stealing the one belonging to my father, with which to follow my favorite amusement. He found it a useless business to make a decent boy of me, and in a fit of desperation he one day presented me with a common fowling piece. I was the youngest of thirteen children, and was always called the black sheep of the family. I have always enjoyed good health, and am forty-seven years of age; but I have now passed my prime, and don’t care about exposing myself to any useless dangers.

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“You ask me if I ever hunt on Sunday; no, sir, I do not. I have always been able to kill enough on week days to give me a comfortable living. Since I came to live among the Adirondacs, I have killed *six hundred deer, four hundred sable, nineteen moose, twenty-eight bears, six wolves, seven wild cats, thirty otter, one panther and one beaver*.

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“As to that beaver I was speaking about, it took me three years to capture him, for he was an old fellow, and remarkably cunning. He was the last, from all that I can learn, that was ever taken in the State. One of the Long Lake Indians often attempted to trap him, but without success; he usually found his trap sprung, but could never get a morsel of the beaver’s tail; and so it was with me, too; but I finally fixed a trap *under* the water, near the entrance to his dam, and it so happened that he one day stepped into it and was drowned.

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“I was going to tell you something about my dogs, Buck and Tiger. I’ve raised some fifty of these animals in my day, but I never owned such a tormented smart one as that fellow Buck. I believe there’s a good deal of the English mastiff in him, but a keener eye than he carries in his head I never saw. Only look at that breast of his; did you ever see a thicker or more solid one? He’s handsomely spotted, as you may see, but some of the devilish Lake Pleasant Indians cut off his ears and tail about a year ago, and he now looks rather odd. You may not believe it, but I have seen a good many men who were not half as sensible as that very dog. Whenever the fellow’s

hungry he always seats himself at my feet and gives three short barks, which is his way of telling me that he would like some bread and meat. If the folks happen to be away from home, and he feels a little sharp, he pays a regular visit to all the houses in the village, and after playing with the children, barks for a dry crust, which he always receives, and then comes back to his own home. He's quite a favorite among the children, and I've witnessed more than one fight because some wicked little scamp had thrown a stone at him. When I speak to him he understands me just as well as you do. I can wake him out of a sound sleep, and by my saying, 'Buck, go up and kiss the baby,' he will march directly to the cradle and lick the baby's face; and the way he watches that baby when it's asleep, is perfectly curious,—he'd tear you to pieces in three minutes if you were to try to take it away. Buck is now four years old, and though he's helped me to kill several hundred deer, he never lost one for me yet. Whenever I go a-hunting, and don't want him along, I have only to say, 'Buck, you must not go,'—and he remains quiet: there's no use in chaining him, I tell you, for he understands his business. This dog never starts after a deer until I tell him to go, even if the deer is in sight. Why 'twas only the other day that Tiger brought in a doe to Lake Colden, where the two had a desperate fight within one hundred yards of the spot where Buck and myself were seated. I wanted to try the mettle of Tiger, and told Buck he must not stir, though I went up to the doe to see what the result would be between the fighters. Buck didn't move out of his tracks, but the way he howled for a little taste of blood was perfectly awful. I almost thought the fellow would die in his agony. Buck is of great use to me, when I am off hunting, in more ways than one. If I happen to be lost in a snow storm, which is sometime the case, I only have to tell him to go home, and if I follow his tracks I am sure to come out in safety; and when sleeping in the woods at night, I never have any other pillow than Buck's body. As to my black dog Tiger, he isn't quite two years old yet, but he's going to make a great hunter. I am trying hard now-a-days to break him of a very foolish habit of killing porcupines. Not only does he attack every one he sees, but he goes out to hunt them, and often comes home all covered with their quills. It was only the other day that he came home with about twenty quills working their way into his snout. It so happened, however, that they did not kill him, because he let me pull them all out with a pair of pincers, and that too without budging an inch. About the story people tell, that the porcupine *throws* its quills, I can tell you it's no such thing,—it is only when the quills touch the dog, that they come out and work their way through his body.

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“As to deer hunting, I can tell you more stories in that line than you’d care about hearing. They have several ways of killing them in this quarter, and some of their ways are so infernal mean, I’m surprised that there should be any deer left in the country. In the first place, there’s the ‘still hunting’ fashion, when you lay in ambush near a salt-lick, and shoot the poor creatures when they’re not thinking of you. And there’s the beastly manner of blinding them with a ‘torch-light’ when they come into the lakes to cool themselves, and get away from the flies, during the warm nights of summer. Now I say, that no decent man will take this advantage of wild game, unless he is in a starving condition. The only manly way to kill deer is by ‘driving’ them, as I do, with a couple of hounds.

“There isn’t a creature in this whole wilderness that I think so much of as a deer. They are so beautiful, with their bright eyes, graceful necks, and sinewy legs; and they are so swift, and make such splendid leaps when hard pressed; why, I’ve seen a buck jump from a cliff that was forty feet high, and that, too, without injuring a hair. I wish I could get my living without killing this beautiful animal!—but I must live, and I suppose they were made to die. The cry of the deer, when in the agonies of death, is the awfulest sound I ever heard;—I’d a good deal rather hear the scream of the panther, provided I have a ball in my pistol, and the pistol is in my hand. I wish they would never speak so.

“The time for taking deer is in the fall and winter. It’s a curious fact, that when a deer is at all frightened, he cannot stand upon smooth ice, while, at the same time, when not afraid of being caught, he will not only walk, but actually trot across a lake as smooth as glass. It’s a glorious sight to see them running down the mountains, with the dogs howling behind; but I don’t think I ever saw a more beautiful race than I once did on Lake Henderson, between a buck-deer and my dog Buck, when the lake was covered with a light fall of snow. I had put Buck upon a fresh track, and was waiting for him on the lake shore. Presently, a splendid deer bounded out of the woods upon the ice, and as the dog was only a few paces off, he led the race directly across the lake. Away they ran as if a hurricane was after them; crossed the lake, then back again. Then they made another wheel, and having run to the extreme southern point of the lake, again returned, when the deer’s wind gave out, and the dog caught and threw the creature, into whose throat I soon plunged my knife, and the race was ended.

“I never was so badly hurt in hunting any animal as I have been in hunting deer. It was while chasing a buck on Cheney’s Lake, (which was named after me by Mr. Henderson in commemoration of my escape,) that I once shot myself in a very bad way. I was in a canoe, and had laid my pistol

down by my side, when, as I was pressing hard upon the animal, my pistol slipped under me in some queer way, and went off, sending a ball into my leg, just above the ankle, which came out just below the knee. I knew something terrible had happened, and though I thought that I might die, I was determined that the deer should die first; and I did succeed in killing him before he reached the shore. But, soon as the excitement was over, the pain I felt before was increased a thousand-fold, and I felt as if all the devils in hell were dragging at my leg, the weight and the agony were so great. I had never suffered so before, and I thought it strange. You may not believe it, but when that accident happened, I was fourteen miles from home, and yet, even with that used-up leg, I succeeded in reaching my home, where I was confined to my bed from October until April. That was a great winter for hunting which I missed; but my leg got entirely well, and is now as good as ever.

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“The most savage animal that I hunt for among these mountains is the moose, or cariboo, as I have heard some people call them by mistake. They’re quite plenty in the region of Long Lake and Lake Pleasant; and if the hunter don’t understand their ways, he’ll be likely to get killed before he thinks of his danger. The moose is the largest animal of the deer kind, or, in fact, of any kind that we find in this part of the country. His horns are very large, and usually look like a pair of crab-apple trees. He has a long head, long legs, and makes a great noise when he travels; his flesh is considered first rate, for he feeds upon grass, and the tender buds of the moose maple. He is a rapid traveler, and hard to tire out. In winter they run in herds; and when the snow is deep, they generally live in one particular place in the woods which we call a ‘yard.’ The crack time for killing them is the winter, when we can travel on the snow with our braided snow-shoes. But moose are in good condition in the fall, and I can tell you that a dead moose, on a bed of yellow leaves, is one of the prettiest sights in the world.

DEAD MOOSE.

"I once killed two moose before nine o'clock in the morning. I had been out a hunting for two days, in the winter, and when night came on, I had to camp out near the foot of old Tahawus. When I got up in the morning, and was about to start for home, I discovered a yard, where lay a couple of bull moose. I don't know what they were thinking about, but just as soon as they saw me, they jumped up, and made directly towards the place where I was standing. I couldn't get clear of their ugly feet without running, so I put for a large dead tree that had blown over, and walking to the butt end of it, which was some ten feet high, looked down in safety upon the devils. They seemed to be very mad about something, and did everything they could to get at me, by running around; and I remember they ran together, as if they had been yoked. I waited for a good chance to shoot, and when I got it, fired a ball clear through one of the animals, into the shoulder of the second. The first one dropped dead as a door nail, but the other took to his heels, and after going about fifty rods, concluded to lie down. I then came up to him, keeping my dogs back for the purpose of sticking him, when he jumped up again, and put after me like lightning. I ran to a big stump, and after I had fairly fixed myself, I loaded again, and again fired, when the fellow tumbled in the snow quite dead. He was eight feet high, and a perfect roarer.

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“Another animal that we sometimes find pretty plenty in these woods, is the big grey wolf; they are savage fellows, and dangerous to meet with when angry. On getting up early one winter morning, I noticed, in the back part of my garden, what I thought to be a wolf track. I got my gun, called for my dogs, and started on the hunt. I found the fellow in his den among the mountains. I kindled a fire, and smoked him out. I then chased him for about two miles, when he came to bay. He was a big fellow, and my dogs were afraid to clinch in;—dogs hate a wolf worse than any other animal. I found I had a fair chance, so I fired at the creature; but my gun missed fire. The wolf then attacked me, and in striking him with my gun, I broke it all to pieces. I was in a bad fix, I tell you, but I immediately threw myself on my back, with my snow-shoes above me, when the wolf jumped right on to my body, and, probably, would have killed me, had it not been for my dog Buck, who worried the wolf so badly, that the devil left me, to fight the dog. While they were fighting with all their might, I jumped up, took the barrel of my gun, and settled it right into the brain of the savage animal. That was the largest wolf ever killed in this wilderness.

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“One of the hardest fights I ever had in these woods was with a black bear. I was coming from a winter hunt. The snow was very deep, and I had on my snow-shoes. It so happened, as I was coming down a certain mountain, the snow suddenly gave way under me, and I fell into the hole or winter quarters of one of the blackest and largest bears I ever saw. The fellow was quite as much frightened as I was, and he scampered out of the den in a great hurry. I was very tired, and had only one dog with me at the time, but I put after him. I had three several battles with him, and in one of these he struck my hand with such force as to send my gun at least twenty or thirty feet from where we stood. I finally managed to kill the rascal, however, but not until he had almost destroyed the life of my dog. That was a noble dog; but in that battle he received his death-wound. He couldn’t walk at the time, and though I was nine miles from home, I took him up in my arms and brought him; but with all my nursing I could not get him up again, for he died at the end of a few weeks. That dog was one of the best friends I ever had.

* * * * * *

“But the most dangerous animal in this country is the yellow panther or painter. They are not very plenty, and so tormented cunning that it is very

seldom you can kill one. They are very ugly, but don’t often attack a man unless cornered or wounded. They look and act very much like a cat, only that they are very large; I never killed but one, and his body was five feet long, and his tail between three and four. At night their eyes look like balls of fire, and when they are after game they make a hissing noise, which is very dreadful to hear. Their scream is also very terrible, and I never saw the man who was anxious to hear it more than once. They are seldom hunted as a matter of business, but usually killed by accident.

“The panther I once killed, I came across in this manner. I was out on Lake Henderson with two men, catching fish through the ice, when we saw two wolves come on to the ice in great haste, looking and acting as if they had been pursued. I proposed to the men that we should all go and kill them if we could. They wanted to fish, or were a little afraid, so I took my gun and started after the game. I followed them some distance, when, as they were scaling a ledge, they were attacked by a big panther, and a bloody fight took place. From the appearance of the animals, I supposed that they had met before, which was the cause why the wolves came upon the lake. During the scuffle between the animals, it is a singular fact that they all three tumbled off the precipice and fell through the air about one hundred feet. The wolves jumped up and ran away, while the panther started in another direction. I followed his track, and after traveling a number of hours, overtook him, and managed to shoot him through the shoulder. He then got into a tree, and as he was lashing his tail and getting ready to pounce upon me, I gave him another ball, and he fell to the earth with a crash, and was quite dead. I then went to the lake and got the men to help me home with my booty.”

LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

Of all the towns which I have seen, Burlington, in Vermont, is decidedly one of the most beautiful. It stands on the shore of Lake Champlain, and from the water to its eastern extremity is a regular elevation, which rises to the height of some three hundred feet. Its streets are broad and regularly laid out; the generality of its buildings elegant, and its inhabitants well educated, refined and wealthy. My visit here is now about to close, and I cannot but follow the impulses of my heart, by giving my reader a brief account of its principal picturesque attractions, and some information concerning a few if its public men.

As a matter of course, my first subject is Lake Champlain. In approaching it from the south, and particularly from Horicon, one is apt to form a wrong opinion of its picturesque features; but you cannot pass through it without being lavish in its praise. It extends, in a straight line from south to north, somewhat over an hundred miles, and lies between the States of New York and Vermont. It is the gateway between the country on the St. Lawrence, and that on the Hudson, and it is, therefore, extensively navigated by vessels and steamboats. It is surrounded with flourishing villages, whose population is generally made up of New Englanders and Canadians. Its width varies from half a mile to thirteen; but its waters are muddy, excepting in the vicinity of Burlington. Its islands are not numerous, but one of them, Grand Isle, is sufficiently large to support four villages. Its scenery may be denominated bold; on the west are the Adirondac Mountains, and at some distance on the east, the beautiful Green Mountains, whose glorious *commanders* are Mansfield Mountain and the Camel's Hump. Owing to the width of the lake at Burlington, and the beauty of the western mountains, the sunsets that are here visible, are exceedingly superb.

The classic associations of this lake are uncommonly interesting. Here are the moss-covered ruins of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, whose present occupants are the snake, the lizard and toad. Leaden and iron balls, broken bayonets, and English flints have I picked up on their ramparts, which I cannot look upon without thinking of death-struggles and the horrible shout

of war. And there, too, is Plattsburgh, in whose waters Commodore McDonough vindicated the honor of the Stars and Stripes of Freedom. As to the fishing of this lake, I have but a word to say. Excepting trout, almost every variety of fresh water fish is found here in abundance; but the water is not pure, which is ever a serious drawback to my enjoyment in wetting the line. Lake Champlain received its name from a French nobleman who discovered it in 1609, and who died at Quebec in 1635.

The associations I am now to speak of are of a personal character; and the first of the three names before me is that of Joseph Torrey, the present Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy in the University of Vermont. As a citizen, he is one of the most amiable and beloved of men. As one of the faculty of the university, he occupies a high rank, and is a particular favorite with all his students. A pleasing evidence of the latter fact I noticed a few days since, when it was reported among the students that the Professor had returned from a visit to the Springs for his health. I was in company with some half dozen of them at the time, and these are the remarks they made. “How is his health?” “I hope he has improved!” “Now shall I be happy—for ever since he went away, the recitation room has been a cheerless place to me.” “Now shall I be advised as to my essay!” “Now shall my poem be corrected!” “Now in my trouble shall I have the sympathy of a true friend!” Much more meaning is contained in these simple phrases than what meets the eye. Surely, if any man is to be envied, it is he who has a place in the affections of all who know him. As a scholar, too, Professor Torrey occupies an exalted station, as will be proven to the world in due time. He has never published anything but an occasional article for a review, and the memoir of President Marsh, (who was his predecessor in the university,) as contained in the admirable volume of his Remains, which should occupy a conspicuous place in the library of every American scholar and Christian. The memoir is, indeed, a rare specimen of that kind of writing,—beautifully written, and pervaded by a spirit of refinement that is delightful. But I was mostly interested in Mr. Torrey as a man of taste in the Fine Arts. In everything but the mere execution, he is a genuine artist, and long may I remember the counsels of his experience and knowledge. A course of Lectures on the Arts forms a portion of his instruction as Professor, and I trust that they will eventually be published for the benefit of our country. He has also translated from the German of Schelling, a most admirable discourse, entitled “Relation of the Arts of Design to Nature;” a copy of which ought to be in the possession of every young artist. Mr. Torrey has been an extensive traveller in Europe, and being a lover, and an acute observer of everything connected with literature and art, it is quite a

luxury to hear him expatiate upon "the wonders he has seen." He also examines everything with the eye of a philosopher, and his conclusions are ever of practical utility. Not only can he analyze in a profound manner the principles of metaphysical learning, but with the genuine feelings of a poet, descant upon the triumphs of poetic genius, or point out the mind-charms of a Claude or Titian. He is—but I will not say all that I would, for fear that at our next meeting he would chide me for my boyish personalities. Let me conclude, then, reader, with the advice, that, if you ever chance to meet the Professor in your travels, you must endeavor to secure an introduction, which I am sure you cannot but ever remember with unfeigned pleasure.

John Henry Hopkins, D.D., Bishop of Vermont, is another of the principal attractions of Burlington. The history of his life, the expression of his countenance, and his general deportment all speak of the "peace of God." Considering the number and diversity of his acquirements, I think him a very remarkable man. He is not only, in point of character, well worthy of his exalted station as Bishop, but as a theologian learned and eloquent to an uncommon degree. His contributions to the world of letters are of rare value, as he has published volumes entitled "Christianity Vindicated," "The Primitive Church," "The Primitive Creed," "The Church of Rome," "British Reformation," and "Letters to the Clergy." His style of writing is persuasive, vigorous, and clear, and all his conclusions seem to have been formed in full view of the Bible, which is a virtue well worth noticing in these degenerate days. It is because of his honesty and soundness, I suppose, that some of his own church are disaffected with his straightforward conduct. Bishop Hopkins, as a divine, is of the same school with the late Bishop White, and therefore among the most eminently wise and good of his country.

The Bishop of Vermont is also a man of remarkable taste with regard to Architecture, Music and Painting, in which departments, as an amateur, he has done himself great credit. Not only did he plan and superintend the building of an edifice for his recent school, but has published an interesting book on Architecture, wherein he appears to be as much *at home* as if he were Christopher Wren. Knowing the market to be full of sentimental nonsense in the way of songs, he composed, for the benefit of his own children, a few with a moral tone, which he also set to music, and are now published as a worthy tribute to his fine feelings and the correctness of his ear. But he ranks still higher as a man of taste in the capacity of Painter. The Vermont drawing-book, which he published, is an evidence of his ability as a draftsman. The family portraits which adorn his walls prove him to have an accurate eye for color, and an uncommon knowledge of effect;—and his

oil sketches of scenes from nature give token of an ardent devotion to nature. But the best, in my opinion, of all his artistical productions, is a picture representing our "Saviour blessing little children." Its conception, grouping and execution are all of very great merit, and I am persuaded will one day be looked upon with peculiar interest by the lovers and judges of art in this country. Though done in water colors, and considered by the artist as a mere sketch for a larger picture, there are some heads in it that would have called forth a compliment even from the lamented Allston. Would that he could be influenced to send it, for exhibition, to our National Academy! And thus endeth my humble tribute of applause to a gifted man.

I now come to the Hon. George P. Marsh, of whom, if I were to follow the bent of my feelings, I could write a complete volume. Though yet in the early prime of life, he is a sage in learning and wisdom. After leaving college he settled in Burlington, where he has since resided, dividing his time between his legal profession and the retirement of his study. With a large and liberal heart, he possesses all the endearing and interesting qualities which belong to the true and accomplished gentleman. Like all truly great men, he is exceedingly retiring and modest in his deportment, and one of that rare class who seem never excited by the voice of fame. About four years ago, almost without his knowledge, he was elected to a seat in the lower house of Congress, where he at once began to make an impression as a statesman. Though few have been his public speeches, they are remarkable for sound political logic and the classic elegance of their language. As an orator, he is not showy and passionate, but plain, forcible and earnest.

But it is in the walks of private life that Mr. Marsh is to be mostly admired. His knowledge of the Fine Arts is probably more extensive than that of any other man in this country, and his critical taste is equal to his knowledge; but that department peculiarly his hobby, is engraving. He has a passion for line engravings; and it is unquestionably true, that his collection is the most valuable and extensive in the Union. He is well acquainted with the history of this art from the earliest period, and also with its various mechanical ramifications. He is as familiar with the lives and peculiar styles of the Painters and Engravers of antiquity, as with his household affairs; and when he talks to you on his favorite theme, it is not to display his learning, but to make you realize the exalted attributes and mission of universal art.

As an author, Mr. Marsh has done but little in extent, but enough to secure a seat beside such men as Edward Everett, with whom he has been compared. He has published (among his numerous things of the kind) a pamphlet, entitled "The Goths in New England," which is a fine specimen of chaste writing and beautiful thought; also another on the "History of the

Mechanic Arts," which contains a great deal of rare and important information. He has also written an "Icelandic Grammar," which created quite a sensation among the learned of Europe a few years ago. As to his scholarship—it can be said of him that he is a *master* in some twelve of the principal modern and ancient languages. He has not learned them merely for the purpose of being considered a literary prodigy, but to multiply his means of acquiring information, which information is intended to accomplish some substantial end. He is not a visionary, but a devoted lover of truth, whether it be in History, Poetry, or the Arts.

THE GREEN AND WHITE MOUNTAINS.

THREE loud knocks upon my bed-room door awakened me from a "a deep dream of peace." "The Eastern stage is ready," said my landlord, as he handed me a light. Whereupon, in less than five minutes after the hour of three, I was on my way to the White Mountains, inditing on the tablet of my memory the following disjointed stage-coach rhapsody.

A fine coach, fourteen passengers, and six superb horses. My seat is on the outside, and my eyes on the alert for anything of peculiar interest which I may meet with in my journey. Now do the beautiful Green Mountains meet my view. The day is breaking, and lo! upon either side of me, and like two leaders of an army, rise the peaks of Mansfield Mountain and the Camel's Hump. Around the former the cloud-spirits of early morning are picturing the fantastic poetry of the sky; while just above the summit of the other may be seen the new moon and the morning star, waiting for the sun to come, like two sweet human sisters for the smiles and kisses of a returning father. And now, as the sunbeams glide along the earth, we are in the solitude of the mountains, and the awakened mist-creatures are ascending from the cool and shady nooks in the deep ravines.

Young Dana's description of a ship under full sail is very fine, but it does not possess the living beauty of the picture now before me,—those six bay horses, straining every nerve to eclipse the morning breeze. Hold your breath, for the road is hard and smooth as marble, and the extended nostrils of those matchless steeds speak of a noble pride within. There, the race is done, the victory theirs, and now, as they trot steadily along, what music in the champing of their bits, and the striking of those iron-bound hoofs! Of all the soul-stirring animals on earth, none do I love so dearly as the horse, and I sometimes am inclined to think that they have souls. I respect a noble horse more than I do some men. Horses are the Indian chiefs of the brute creation.

The Winooski, along whose banks runs the most picturesque stage route in Vermont, is an uncommonly interesting stream, rapid, clear, and cold. It is remarkable for its falls and narrow passes, where perpendicular rocks of a

hundred feet or more frown upon its solitary pools. Its chief pictorial attraction is the cataract at Warterbury, a deep and jagged chasm in the granite mountain, whose horrors are greatly increased by the sight and smothered howl of an avalanche of pure white foam. On its banks and forty miles from its outlet near Burlington, is situated Montpelier, the capital of Vermont. It is a compact town, mostly built upon two streets, and completely hemmed in by rich and cultivated mountains. Its chief attraction, to my mind, however, during my short stay, was a pair of deep black eyes, only half visible under their drooping lids.

During one of my rambles near Montpelier, I discovered an isolated and abandoned dwelling, which stands upon a little plot of green, in the lap of the forest near the top of a mountain. I entered its deserted chambers and spent a long time musing upon its admonitions. The cellar had become the home of lizards and toads. The spider and cricket were masters of the hearth, where once had been spun the mountain legend by an old man to the only child of his widowed son. They were, as I am told, the last of a long line which once flourished in Britain, and with them their name would pass into forgetfulness. Only the years of a single generation have elapsed since then, but the dwellers of yonder mountain are sleeping in the grave. And is this passing record of their existence the only inheritance they have left behind? Most true; but would it have been *better* for them, or for us, had they bequeathed to the world a noted name or immense possessions?

The route between Montpelier and Danville lies along the Winooski, and is not less beautiful than that down the river. Its chief picture is Marshfield Waterfall. While at Montpelier a pleasure ride was got up by some of my friends, and as they were bound to the East, and I was honored with an invitation, I sent on my baggage and joined them, so that the monotony of my journey was considerably relieved. We had our fishing-rods with us, and having stopped at the fall, we caught a fine mess of trout, which we had cooked for dinner at the next tavern on our way,—and our dessert consisted of fine singing from the ladies, and good stories from the lips of Senator Phelps, who was of the party, and is celebrated for his conversational powers.

At cock-crowing this morning, I was again in my seat outside of the stage-coach, anxiously waiting for the mists to evaporate in the East. The sun proved to be my friend, and as soon as he appeared, they vanished like a frightened troop, and he was soon marching up the sky in the plenitude of his glory. And then, for the first time, did my vision rest upon the White Mountains, as they reposed in the distance, like a mighty herd of camels in the solitude of the desert. In the charming valley of the Connecticut river we

tarried a short time, but long enough for me to hear the mower whet his scythe, the "lark sing loud and high," and the pleasant tinkle of a cow-bell far away in the broad meadow. While there I took a sketch, wherein I introduced the father of New England rivers, and the bald peak of Mount Lafayette, with the storm-inflicted scar upon its brow. A noble monument is yonder mountain to the memory of a noble man.

While breakfasting at Littleton, this morning, I came to the conclusion to leave my baggage and visit Franconia. I jumped into the stage, and after a very pleasant ride of seventeen miles, found myself far *into* the Notch, in the midst of whose scenery I spent the night. I reached here in time to enjoy an early dinner with "mine host;" after which I sallied forth to examine the wonders of the place, but I was so delighted with everything around that I did not take time to make a single sketch. I saw the Flume, and was astonished. It is a chasm in the mountain, thirty feet wide, about a hundred deep, and some two thousand long, and as regular in its shape as if it had been cut by the hand of man. Bridging its centre is a rock of many tons weight, which one would suppose could only have been hurled there from the heavens. Through its centre flows a little brook, which soon passes over a succession of rocky slides, which are almost as smooth and white as marble. And to cap the climax, this Flume is the centre of as perfect and shadowy a wilderness of scenery as could be imagined.

I have also seen (what should be the pride of the Merrimack, as it is upon one of its tributaries,) the most superb pool in this whole country. The fall above it is not remarkable, but the forest-covered rocks on either side, and the pool itself are wonderfully fine, the waters cold as ice, and very clear. The pool forms a circle of about one hundred feet in diameter, and is said to be fifty feet in depth. Owing to the fall it is the "head quarters" of the trout, which are found all along the stream in great abundance. After I had completed a drawing, I laid aside my pencils and fixed my fishing-rod. I threw the line about two hours, and caught forty-five trout. Among them was the great-grandfather of all trout, as I thought at the time, for he was seventeen inches long, and weighed two pounds.

The Old Man of the Mountain is another of the lions of this place. It is a cone-shaped mountain, at the foot of which is a small lake, and upon whose top are some rocks, which have a resemblance to the profile of an old man. It is really a very curious affair. There the old fellow stands, as he has stood perhaps for centuries, "looking the whole world in the face." I wonder if the thunder never frightens him! and does the lightning play around his brow without making him wink? His business there, I suppose, is to protect the "ungranted lands" of New Hampshire. It is not to be wondered at, that the

aborigines looked upon this huge image with veneration and awe, believing it to be endowed with Omnipotent power.

And another curiosity which everybody goes to see, is called the Basin—an exquisite little spot—fit for the abode of a water-sprite. It is formed in the solid rock, and though twenty feet in depth, you can see a sixpence at the bottom.

The distance from Knight's tavern to the western outlet of Franconia Notch is eight miles. The eastern stage was to pass through in the afternoon, so that after eating my breakfast I started on, intending to enjoy a walk between the mountains. Now as I sat upon a stone to sketch a mass of foliage, a little red squirrel came within five feet of me, and commenced a terrible chattering, as if his lady-love had given him the "mitten," and he was blowing out against the whole female sex; and now an old partridge with a score of children came tripping along the shadowy road, almost within my reach, and so fearless of my presence, that I would not have harmed one of them for a crown. Both of them were exceedingly simple pictures, and yet they afforded me a world of pleasure. I thought of the favorite haunts of these dear creatures;—the hollow tree,—the bed of dry leaves,—the cool spring,—the mossy yellow log,—the rocky ledges overgrown with moss,—the gurgling brooklet stealing through the trees, with its fairy waterfalls in a green shadow and its spots of vivid sunlight,—and of a thousand other kindred *gems* in the wonderful gallery of Nature. And now as I walked onward, peering into the gloomy recesses of the forest on either side, or fixed my eyes upon the blue sky with a few white clouds floating in their glory, many of my favorite songs were remembered, and in a style *peculiarly* my own, I poured them upon the air, and they were prolonged by the mountain echoes. As I looked through the opening trees, I saw an eagle floating above the summit of a mighty cliff,—now, with the speed of a falling star, descending far into the leafy depths, and then, slowly but surely ascending, until hidden from view by a passing cloud. Fly on, proud bird, thought I, glorious symbol of my country's freedom! What a splendid life is thine! Thou art the "sultan of the sky," and from thy craggy home for ever lookest upon the abodes of man with indifference and scorn. The war-whoop of the savage, the roar of artillery on the bloody battle-field, and the loud boom of the ocean cannon, have fallen upon thy ear, and thou hast listened, utterly heedless as to whom belonged the victory. What strength and power are in thy pinions! traversing in an hour a wider space

> "Than yonder gallant ship, with all her sails
> Wooing the winds, can cross from morn till eve!"

When thy hunger-shriek echoes through the wilderness, with terror does the wild animal seek his den, for thy talons are of iron and thine eyes of fire. But what is thy message to the sun? for far, far into the zenith art thou gone.

My thoughts were upon the earth once more, and my feet upon a hill out of the woods, whence might be seen the broad valley of the Amonoosack melting into that of the Connecticut. Long and intently did I gaze upon the landscape, with its unnumbered farm-houses, reposing in the sunlight, and surmounted by pyramids of light-blue smoke; and also upon the cattle literally grazing on a thousand hills. Presently I heard the rattling wheels of the stage-coach,—one more look over the charming valley,—and I was in my seat beside the coachman.

Away, away—thoughts of the human world! for I am entering the heart of the White Mountains. Ah me! how can I describe these glorious hierarchs of New England! How solemnly do they raise their rugged peaks to Heaven! Now, in token of their royalty, crowned with a diadem of clouds; and now with every one of their cliffs gleaming in the sunlight like the pictures of a dream! For ages have they held communion with the mysteries of the midnight sky. The earliest beams of the morning have bathed them in living light, and theirs, too, have been the kisses of departing day. Man and his empires have arisen and decayed; but they have remained unchanged, a perpetual mockery. Upon their summits Time has never claimed dominion. There, as of old, does the eagle teach her brood to fly, and there does the wild bear prowl after his prey. There do the waterfalls still leap and shout on their way to the dells below, even as when the tired Indian hunter, some hundred ages agone, bent him to quaff the liquid element. There, still, does the rank grass rustle in the breeze, and the pine and cedar and hemlock take part in the howling of the gale. Upon man alone falls the curse of time; Nature has never sinned, therefore is her glory immortal.

As is well known, the highest of these mountains was christened after our beloved Washington, and with it, as with him, are associated the names of Jefferson, Madison and Adams. Its height is said to be six thousand and eight hundred feet above the sea, but owing to its situation in the *centre* of a brotherhood of hills, it does not *appear* to be so grand an object as South Peak Mountain among the Catskills. Its summit, like most of its companions, is destitute of vegetation, and therefore more desolate and monotonous. It is somewhat of an undertaking to ascend Mount Washington, though the trip is performed on horseback; but if the weather is clear, the traveller will be well repaid for his labor. The painter will be pleased with the views he may command in ascending the route from Crawford's, which abounds in the wildest and most diversified charms of mountain scenery.

But the prospect from the summit of Washington will mostly excite the soul of the poet. Not so much on account of what he will behold, but for the *breathless feeling* which will make him deem himself for a moment superior to the clogs of humanity. And there, more than ever, if a Christian, will he desire to be alone, so as to breathe an appropriate prayer.

I spent a night upon this mountain, and my first view of the prospect was at the break of day, when, as Milton says,

> "——morn her rosy steps in the eastern clime
> Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearls,"

and,

> "Waked by the circling hours with rosy hand
> Unbarred the gates of light,"

or when, in the language of Shakspeare,

> "The gray-eyed morn smiled on the frowning night,
> Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light,"

Wonderfully vast and strangely indistinct and dreamy was the scene spread out on every side. To the west lay the superb Connecticut, with its fertile valley reposing in the gloom of night, while to the east, the ocean-bounded prospect, just bursting into the life of light, was faintly relieved by Winnipiseogee and Sebago lakes, and like rockets along the earth, wandered away the Merrimack, the Saco and the Androscoggin, to their ocean home,—the whole forming an *epic landscape*, such as we seldom behold excepting in our sleep. With what exquisite delight did I gaze upon the scene, as in the eyes of truth and fancy it expanded before my mind. Far away, in one of a hundred villages, a young wife, with her first-born child at her side, was in the midst of her morning dream; and there, the pilgrim of four-score years was lying on his couch in a fitful slumber, as the pains of age creeped through his frame. There, on the Atlantic shore, the fisherman in the sheltering bay, hoisted anchor and spread his sail for the sea;—and there the life-star of the light-house was extinguished, again at its stated time to appear with increased brilliancy. In reality, there was an ocean of mountains all around me; but in the dim light of the hour, and as I looked *down* upon them, it seemed to me that I stood in the centre of a plain, boundless as the world; and though I could not see them, I felt that I was in a region of spirits, and that the summit of the mount was holy ground. But the morning

was advancing, the rising mists obscured my vision, and, as I did not wish to have that day-break picture dissipated from my mind, I mounted my faithful horse, and descended the mountain.

The ride from the Notch House, kept by the celebrated hunter, Ethan Allen Crawford, through the Notch Valley, some twelve miles long, is magnificent. First is the Gap itself, only some twenty feet in width, and overhung with lofty and jagged rocks; and then the tiny spring, alive with trout, which gives birth to the untamed Saco. A few more downward steps, and you are in full view of a bluff, whose storm-scathed brow seems to prop the very heavens,—its gray shadows strongly contrasting with the deep blue sky. A little further on, and you find yourself in an amphitheatre of mountains, whose summits and sides are barren and desolate, where the storms of a thousand years have exhausted their fury. And then you cross the little brook, where a poor girl, named Nancy, once perished in the snow, while attempting to follow her faithless swain. Downward still and further on, and you come to the memorable Wiley cottage, whose inhabitants perished in the avalanche or slide of 1826. The storm had been unceasing for some days upon the surrounding country, and the dwellers of the cottage were startled at midnight by the falling earth. They fled—and were buried in an instant, and up to the present time, only one of the seven bodies has ever been found. As it then stood, the dwelling still stands——a monument of mysterious escape. The Saco river, which runs through the valley, was lifted from its original bed, and forced into a new channel. The whole place, which but a short time before was a “beautiful and verdant opening amid the surrounding rudeness and deep shadow, is now like a stretch of desolate sea-shore after a tempest,—full of wrecks, buried in sand and rocks, crushed and ground to atoms.”

And now for a few words about the hunter Crawford, or “Ethan of the Hills,” as he is often called. He was born in Vermont in 1792, in a log cabin, and of poor but respectable parents. He obtained the rudiments of an English education by attending a district school in winter, for which privilege he toiled both early and late at some mechanical employment. He spent his boyhood among the White Hills, and by every kind of hardship and exposure fortified his constitution. In 1811 he enlisted as a soldier, under Captain Stark, and went to Plattsburgh, which patriotic demonstration only ended in his getting the spotted fever. In 1814 he was one of three men who cut a road through a continuous forest in the State of New York, which was sixteen feet wide and eight miles long. His bodily strength at that time was so great, that he could carry the weight upon his back of five hundred pounds. While yet a very young man, the entire care of his father and family

devolved upon him, and in spite of many calamities by fire and flood, he proved himself a dutiful, faithful and heroic son. He was the first man who attempted to live in the heart of the White Hills by the arts of husbandry, but upon his character of yeoman he engrafted a thorough knowledge of wood craft, until the wild life of the huntsman became his second nature. The mountains were his home, and with their grand scenery and wild animals, he was perfectly acquainted, and when the lovers of nature from far off towns began to visit the region, Ethan of the Hills was necessarily their guide. As travel increased, he converted his private log cabin into a rude but comfortable house of entertainment, until it was as much a matter of course to see and know the man of the mountains, as the mountains themselves. When not employed as a guide, or kept at home by his duties as landlord, he followed the business of teamster on the road leading from the Notch to Portland, but his favorite pursuits were trapping and hunting,—for in those days the deer and the moose, the bear, the wolf, the black cat, the fisher and the sable, were quite abundant among the Hills. That the life of such a man, exposed to frequent storms, and to hardships without number, was full of romantic incident, cannot be questioned, and a record of his exploits would read like a book of wonders. He it was, moreover, who opened the first road to the top of Mount Washington, and the first stone cabin, and the first marquee, raised upon its summit, were the fruits of his enterprise. Among the many men whom it was his privilege to pilot to the top of Mount Washington, were James Kent and Daniel Webster, and the most *elevated* speech which the latter gentleman ever delivered, was uttered upon the summit of Mount Washington, and was reported by "Ethan of the Hills" as follows:

"Mount Washington, I have come a long distance, have toiled hard to arrive at your summit, and now you seem to give me a cold reception, for which I am extremely sorry, as I shall not have time enough to view this grand prospect which now lies before me, and nothing prevents but the uncomfortable atmosphere in which you reside."

But tired of the perpetual gloom among these grand old hills, I must retrace my course to a less dreary country. My *last* view of Mount Washington and its lordly companions was the most *beautiful*. The sun was near his setting, and the whole sky was covered with a glow of richest yellow and crimson, while there floated two immense copper-colored clouds, just touching the outline of the mountains; and through the hazy atmosphere, the mountains themselves looked cloud-like, but with more of the bright blue of heaven upon them. In the extensive middle distance faded away wood-crowned hills; and in the foreground reposed an exquisite little

farm, with the husbandman’s happy abode, almost hidden by groups of elms; and the simple figures, only a few paces off, of a little girl sitting on a stone, with a bunch of summer flowers in her hand, and a basket of berries and a dog at her side. One more yearning gaze upon the dear old mountains, and I resumed my pilgrimage towards the north.

NOTE.

The foregoing, like the rest of this portion of my work, was written in 1847. A recent visit to this attractive region enables me to record a few additional particulars. By far the most imposing view of the White Mountains is to be obtained from the valley of the Peabody River, and what is more, from the piazza of one of the largest and most truly comfortable and cheerful public houses in the whole country—the Glen House. Indeed, the attractions of this Hotel are remarkable. A railroad passes within seven miles of it, and it may be reached in one day from Boston; the stage roads all around it, as well as the stages, are of the best quality;—a drive or walk, therefrom, of thirty minutes, will take you to a score or two of very beautiful waterfalls: the distance from this house to the summit of Mount Washington, is shorter than from any other house, and very much more interesting,—being only seven miles, one half of which can be performed in a wagon. The best of trout fishing may be found in every direction in its vicinity; and it is the only place where tourists can be furnished with experienced guides to Tuckerman’s Ravine, where the cliffs are more imposing than elsewhere among these mountains, and where, in the hottest months, the explorer may enjoy his lunch or cigar under an arch of the purest snow.

MONTREAL.

WITH some things in Montreal I have been pleased, but with others a good deal dissatisfied. The appearance which it presents from every point of view is imposing. Its numerous church towers and extensive blocks of stores, its extensive shipping and noble stone wharves, combine to give one an idea of great wealth and liberality. On first riding to my hotel I was struck with the cleanliness of its streets, and, on being shown to my room, I was convinced that the hotel itself was of the first water. The city abounds in public buildings, which are usually built of limestone, and it extends along the river St. Lawrence about three miles. The streets, in the older parts of the town, are as picturesque and narrow as those of the more ancient cities of the old World, but in the modern portions they are quite regular and comfortable. The principal street is *Notre Dame*, which always presents, on a pleasant day, a gay, and elegant appearance.

Generally speaking, its churches are below mediocrity, but it has one architectural lion worth mentioning—the Roman Catholic cathedral. It faces a square called *Place d'Armes*, and presents an imposing appearance. It is built of stone, and said to be after the Norman-Gothic order of architecture; but I should think it a mixture of a dozen *dis-orders*. Its extreme length is 225 feet, breadth 135, and its height 72 feet. It also has two towers, which measure 220 feet to their summit. The windows in these towers are closed with coarse boards, and yet it cost $400,000. The ground floor is covered with pews capable of seating 8000 people, while the aisles and galleries might hold 2000 more. The galleries are supported by wooden pillars, which remind me of a New York barber's sign. The interior has a naked and doleful appearance; the large window above the altar is wretchedly painted; the altar itself is loaded with gew-gaws; and of the many paintings which meet you in every direction there is not one for which I would pay ten dollars. The organ resembles a bird-house, and the music perpetrated there every day in the year, would jar upon the ear of even an American Indian. And when it is remembered that this Church was built by one of the wealthiest corporations on the Continent, it is utterly impossible to entertain a feeling of charity towards the founders thereof.

The population of Montreal is now estimated at forty thousand, one-half of whom are Roman Catholics, one fourth Protestants, and the remainder nothing in particular. By this statement it will be readily seen that the establishments of the Catholics must be the most abundant. Nunneries are consequently quite numerous, some of them well-endowed, and, to those who have a passion for such affairs, must be exceedingly interesting.

But I wish to mention one or two additional specimens of architecture. The market of Montreal is built of stone, located near the river, and remarkably spacious and convenient in all its arrangements. It eclipses anything of the kind that we can boast of in the States. The only monument of any note in the city is a Doric column, surmounted with a statue, and erected in honor of Lord Nelson. The entire column is seventy feet high, and gives an air of elegance to that portion of Notre Dame where it stands. On the four sides of the pedestals are pictorial representations, in alto relievo, of Nelson in some of his memorable battles. It was erected by the British inhabitants of Montreal at a cost of six thousand dollars.

One of the most striking peculiarities of this city is the fact that everybody has to live, walk and sleep at the point of a bayonet. Military quarters are stationed in various portions of the city, and soldiers meet you at every corner, marching to and fro, invariably puffed up with ignorance and vanity. The last woman, I am sorry to say, who has become an outcast from society, attributes her misfortune to a soldier; the officers, however, who rule these military slaves, are, generally, well educated and agreeable gentlemen. But these are not without their faults, and, if I might be allowed the expression, I would add, that they appear supremely ridiculous whenever they march into a church, on the Sabbath, with their swords dangling between their legs, and looking down upon the praying congregation in all the "pomp and circumstance of war."

The people whom you meet in the streets of Montreal seem to come from almost every nation in the world. Now it may be the immensely pompous Englishman, who represents some wilderness district in Parliament; and now it may be the cunning Scotchman, or a half-famished Irishman. Sometimes it is the speculating American, or the humble and industrious Jew; the gay and polite Habitan, or a group of wandering Indians from the far north. The better class of Montreal people (so called by a fashionable world,) are the British settlers, or rather the English population. Generally speaking, they are highly intelligent, and somewhat arbitrary in expressing their opinions; but they entertain hospitable feelings towards strangers. They boast of their mother country, as if her glory and power were omnipotent; and an occasional individual may be found who will not scruple

to insult an American if he happens to defend his own. In religion they are generally Episcopalians; they hate the Habitan, look with contempt upon the poor Irish, and address their brethren of Scotland with a patronizing air. They drink immense quantities of wine, and those who happen to be the illiterate members of the Provincial Parliament, think themselves the greatest people on earth.

The island upon which Montreal is located, is seventy miles in circumference, and was once (if not now,) the property of an order of Catholic priesthood. In the rear of the city rises a noble hill, called Mount Royal, from which it derives its name. Its ancient Indian name was *Hochelaga*, which it parted with at the time of its discovery in 1535. The hill itself is thickly wooded; but the surrounding country is exceedingly fertile, and studded with elegant country-seats, and the rural abodes of the peasantry. A ride around the Mount, on a pleasant day, is one of the most delightful imaginable, commanding a view of Montreal and the St. Lawrence Valley.

To appreciate the unique features of Montreal, it is necessary to say that you should be there on the Sabbath, the gala-day of the Catholics. Then it is that the peasantry flock into the city from all directions, and, when they are pouring into the huge cathedral by thousands, dressed in a thousand fantastic fashions, cracking their jokes, and laughing as they move along, the entire scene is apt to fill one with peculiar feelings. It was beautiful to look at; but the thought struck me that I should hate to live in the shadow of that cathedral forever. But if you chance to take a walk in the suburbs, on a Sabbath afternoon, you will notice much that cannot but afford you real satisfaction. You will find almost every cottage a fit subject for a picture; and the flocks of neatly dressed, happy and polite children playing along the roads, together with frequent groups of sober men, sitting on a porch, and the occasional image of a beautiful girl, or contented mother leaning out of a window,—all these things, I say, constitute a charm which is not met with everywhere. But enough; Montreal is a fine city, and I trust that it will yet be my fortune to visit it again and see more of its polished society.

QUEBEC.

I CAME from Montreal to this city in the day time, and, consequently, had an opportunity of examining this portion of the St. Lawrence. The river opposite Montreal runs at the rate of six miles an hour, and is two miles wide; it preserves this breadth for about sixty miles, and then expands into the beautiful and emerald-looking lake of St. Peter, after which it varies from one to five in width until it reaches Quebec, which is distant from Montreal one hundred and eighty miles. Above St. Peter the shores vary from five to fifteen feet in height, but below the lake they gradually become more elevated until they measure some three hundred feet in the vicinity of Quebec. The country between the two Canadian cities is well cultivated and on either side may be seen a continued succession of rural cottages.

Our steamer approached Quebec at the sunset hour, and I must say that I have never witnessed a more superb prospect than was presented by the lofty citadel city, the contracted St. Lawrence, the opposite headland called Point Levi, and the far distant land which I knew to be Cape Tourment. A stiff breeze was blowing at the time, and some twenty ships were sailing to and fro, while we had to make our way into port by winding between and around some three hundred ships which were at anchor.

I have seen much in this goodly city which has made a deep impression on my mind. The promontory called Cape Diamond upon which it stands, is formed by the junction of the St. Charles and St. Lawrence rivers, and rises to the height of three hundred and fifty feet above the water. The city is built from the water's edge along the base of the cliff, and from thence, in a circuitous manner, ascends to the very border of the citadel and ramparts. There is but one street leading from the lower to the upper town, and that is narrow and very steep, and the gateway is defended by a number of large cannon. The city is remarkably irregular, and, as many of the buildings are quite ancient, its appearance is picturesque and romantic. The fortifications cover an area of forty acres, and beneath them are many spacious and gloomy vaults for the reception of ammunition and stores during a time of war. Receding into the interior, from the very brow of the fortress, are the

Plains of Abraham, which are covered with a rich green sod, and planted with unnumbered cannon. Their historical associations are numerous, and, as they would fill a chapter in themselves, I will refrain from dwelling upon them, at this time. Let it suffice to remember, that Jacques Cartier discovered this famous city on the 7th of September, 1535; that its site was once occupied by an Indian village, called *Stadacona*; that it was laid out by Samuel Champlain on the 3d of July, 1608; and that the meaning of its present name is supposed to be "*the town at the narrow strait*." Once the seat of a French empire in the West, it is now a favorite fortress of England, second in point of strength only to Gibraltar, and like its Spanish rival, has been lost and won by the blood of gallant armies and of illustrious commanders.

The religious establishments of Quebec are quite numerous, and belong mostly to the Roman Catholics: like those of Montreal, they are quite ancient and well-endowed; but they did not interest me, and I am sure my description of them would not interest my reader. As a matter of course, I visited the French Cathedral. It seems to be as old as the hills, and yet all the windows of the principal tower are roughly boarded up. On entering the edifice, which is crowded with gilded ornaments, I could not fix my eye upon a single object which suggested the idea of richness. The sculpture, the paintings, and even the gilding, are all without merit; and what greatly added to my disgust was, that I could not obtain a civil answer from a single one of the many boorish men and boys who were fussing about the church.

In the front of an extensive promenade, just below the citadel, stands the monument erected to the memory of Montcalm and Wolfe. The gentleman who contributed the largest sum for its erection was Lord Dalhousie. It is a handsome obelisk, and was designed by a military gentleman named Young. The *principal* inscription on the column is characteristic of the English nation, and is what a shrewd Yankee would call "a puff of Dalhousie"—even though it be chiselled in Latin. The annoying effect of this inscription, however, is counteracted by another, which is also in Latin, and very beautiful. It was composed by J. C. Fisher, Esq., founder of the Quebec Gazette, and is as follows:

> "Military virtue gave them a common death,
> History a common fame,
> Posterity a common monument."

The Golden Dog is another curiosity which will attract the attention of the visitor to Quebec. It is the figure of a dog, rudely sculptured in relievo,

and richly gilded, which stands above the entrance of an ancient house, which was built by M. Phillibert, a merchant of this city, in the time of M. Bigot, the last intendant under the French government. Connected with it is the following curious story, which I copy from an old record:—

"M. Phillibert and the intendant were on bad terms, but, under the system then existing, the merchant knew that it was in vain for him to seek redress in the colony, and determining at some future period to prefer his complaint in France, he contented himself with placing the figure of a sleeping dog, in front of his house, with the following lines beneath it, in allusion to his situation with his powerful enemy:

> "Je suis un chien qui ronge l'os,
> En le rongeant je prends mon repos—
> Un terme viendra qui n'est pas venu
> Que je mordrai qui m'aura mordu."

"This allegorical language was however, too plain for Mons. Bigot to misunderstand it. A man so powerful, easily found an instrument to avenge the insult, and M. Phillibert received, as the reward of his verse, the sword of an officer of the garrison through his back, when descending the Lower Town Hill. The murderer was permitted to leave the colony unmolested, and was transferred to a regiment stationed in the East Indies. Thither he was pursued by a brother of the deceased, who had first sought him in Canada, when he arrived here to settle his brother's affairs. The parties, it is related, met in the public street of Pondicherry, drew their swords, and, after a severe conflict, the assassin met a more honorable fate than his crime deserved, and died by the hand of his antagonist."

I know not that there are any other curiosities in Quebec really worth mentioning, and I willingly turn to its natural attractions. The fortress itself is undoubtedly one of, if not the most formidable on the continent; but I fell in love with it on account of its *observatory* features. To ramble over its commanding ramparts, without knowing, or caring to know a solitary individual, has been to me an agreeable and unique source of entertainment. At one time I leaned upon the balustrade, and looked down upon the Lower Town. It was near the hour of noon. Horses and carriages, men, women, and children, were hurrying through the narrow streets, and ships were in the docks discharging their cargoes. I looked down upon all these things at a single glance, and yet the only noise I heard was a hum of business. Even the loud clear shout of the sailor, as he tugged away at the mast-head of his ship, could hardly be heard stealing *upward* on the air. Doves were flying

about, high above the roofs: but they were so far below my point of vision, that I could not hear the beating of their wings.

But the finest prospect that I have enjoyed in this city was from the summit of the Signal House, which looms above the citadel. I visited this spot just as the sun was setting, and everything was enveloped in a golden atmosphere. Beneath me lay the city, gradually lulling itself to repose; on the west, far as the eye could reach, faded away the valley of the upper St. Lawrence; towards the north, winding its way between high and well-cultivated hills, was the river St. Charles; towards the eastward, rolling onwards, in its sublimity like an ocean, across the continent, was the flood of the lower St. Lawrence, whitened by more than a hundred sails; and towards the south reposed a picturesque country of hills and dales, beyond which I could just discern some of the mountain peaks of my own dear "Father Land." Strange and beautiful beyond compare was the entire panorama, and how was its influence upon me deepened, as a strain of martial music broke upon the silent air, and then melted into my very heart! I knew not whence it came, or who were the musicians, but I "blessed them unaware," and as my vision again wandered over the far-off hills, I was quite happy.

The population of Quebec is estimated at thirty thousand, and the variety is as great as in Montreal. A large proportion of the people whom you see parading the streets are soldiers, and chief among them I would mention the Scotch Highlanders, who are a noble set of men, and dress in handsome style.

Quebec, upon the whole, is a remarkable place, and well worth visiting. The environs of the city are also interesting, and a ride to the Fall of Montmorency, seven miles down the river, and back again by an interior road, will abundantly repay the tourist for all the trouble and expense to which he may be subjected. The Montmorency, so called after a French admiral of that name, is an inconsiderable stream, but having made one leap of two hundred and twenty feet, is quite deserving of its reputation. The Falls of the Chaudière, or Kettle Falls, which are on the opposite shore of the St. Lawrence, seven or eight miles above Quebec, ought also to be visited by all lovers of the picturesque. In the deep seclusion of a thick wood, and at a point seven hundred feet wide, the Chaudière precipitates itself a hundred feet into a rocky and chaotic basin, where, during the spring freshets, the roaring of the waters and the fantastic cliffs and ledges on either side, combine to make a very deep impression on the mind. And the traveller who would moralize upon the passing away of the aborigines, ought not to omit a trip to the Indian village of Larette, a few miles up the

river St. Charles from Quebec, where he can see a remnant of the once powerful nation after which Lake Huron was named.

DOWN THE ST. LAWRENCE.

I HAVE not visited Canada for the purpose of examining its cities, and studying the character of its people, but solely with a view of hunting up some new scenery, and having a little sport in the way of salmon fishing. I am writing this chapter at the mouth of probably the most remarkable river in North America. But before entering upon a description of my sojourn here, it is meet, I ween, that I should give you an account of my journey down the St. Lawrence.

On reaching Quebec, I was informed that there was no regular mode of conveyance down the great river, and that I should have to take passage in a transient ship or schooner, which would land me at my desired haven. This intelligence had a tendency to dampen my spirits, and I had to content myself with sauntering about the citadel city. Among the places I visited was the fish market, where it was my good fortune to find a small smack which had brought a load of fresh salmon to market, and was on the point of returning to the Saguenay for another cargo. In less than thirty minutes after I saw him, I had struck a bargain with the skipper, transferred my luggage on board the smack, and was on my way to a region which was to me unknown.

We hoisted sail at twelve o'clock, and were favored by a stiff westerly breeze. Everything, in fact, connected with the voyage was beautifully accidental, and I had "a glorious time." In the first place, our craft was just the thing—schooner-rigged, a fast sailer, and perfectly safe. The skipper—named Belland—was a warm-hearted and intelligent Frenchman, whose entire crew consisted of one boy. The day was superb, and the scenery of the river appeared to me more like the work of enchantment than nature.

The appearance of Quebec, from the eastward, is imposing in the extreme. Standing as it does upon a lofty bluff, its massive ramparts and tin covered roofs, domes, and cupolas suggest the idea of immense power and opulence. Just below the city, the St. Lawrence spreads out to the width of three or four miles, while from the margin of either shore fades away a continued succession of hills, which vary from five hundred to fifteen hundred feet in height. Those upon the north shore are the highest, and both

sides of the river, for a distance of some twenty miles below the city, are plentifully sprinkled with the white cottages of the Canadian peasantry. As you proceed, however, the river gradually widens, the hills upon the north shore become more lofty, reaching the elevation of two thousand feet; and, while you only occasionally discover a farm house upon their summits, the southern shore continues to bear the appearance of a settled country, where the spire of a Catholic church is frequently seen looming above a cluster of rural residences. In descending the river, the first pictorial feature which attracts attention is the fall of Montmorency, pouring the waters of a noble tributary immediately into the St. Lawrence. Just below this fall the river is divided by the island of Orleans, which measures about twenty miles in length, and five in breadth. It is partly covered with forest, and partly cultivated; and, though the shores are rather low, it contains a number of points which are a hundred feet high. At the eastern termination of this island is the parish of St. Lawrent, a remarkably tidy French village, whose inhabitants are said to be as simple in their manners, as they are virtuous, and ignorant of the world at large. On a smaller island, which lies some thirty miles below Quebec, and directly opposite a noble cape called Tourment, is located the quarantine station for the shipping of the river; and when I passed this spot, I counted no less than forty-five ships at anchor, nearly all of which were freighted with foreign paupers, who were then dying of the ship fever, at the rate of one hundred and fifty individuals per day. I might here mention that the vessels usually seen on this part of the St. Lawrence are merchant ships and brigs, which are chiefly and extensively employed in the lumber and timber trade. Another island in this portion of the St. Lawrence, which attracts attention from its peculiar sylvan beauty, is called Goose Island, and owned by a sisterhood of Nuns, who have cultivated it extensively. The eastern portion of it is covered with forest; the channels on either side are not far from ten miles wide, and it is distant from Quebec about fifty miles.

We landed here at sunset; and while my companions were building a watch-fire, and cooking a supper of fish, pork and onions, I amused myself by taking sundry observations. I found the vegetation of the island quite luxuriant, the common hard woods of the north prevailing, but its foundation seemed to be composed of two distinct species of slate-stone. Both varieties were of the finest grain, and while one was of the rich Indian red, the other was of a deep blue. This portion of the St. Lawrence is a good deal blocked up by extensive reefs, composed of these identical slate-stones, and at one point they extend so nearly across the river as to render ship navigation extremely dangerous. On subsequently examining the high hills on the north

shore, I found them to be of solid granite, veined with red marble and extensive beds of quartz, and covered with a stunted forest of pine and hemlock. But this geological dissertation is keeping my pen from describing a night picture which it was my privilege to witness on this beautiful but badly-named island, where, for sundry reasons, we concluded to spend the night.

Our supper was ended, and the skipper had paid his last visit to the little craft, and, with his boy, had smoked himself to sleep by our camp fire. The sky was without a cloud, but studded with stars, and the breeze which kissed my cheek was soft and pleasant as the breath of one we dearly love. I had seated myself upon a rock, with my face turned towards the north, when my attention was attracted by a column of light, which shot upward to the zenith behind the distant mountains. The broad expanse of the St. Lawrence was without a ripple, and the mountains, together with the column of light and the unnumbered stars, were distinctly mirrored in its bosom. While looking upon this scene, the idea struck me that the moon was about to rise, but I soon saw a crimson glow stealing up the sky, and knew that I was looking upon the fantastic performances of the Northern Lights. Broad, and of the purest white, were the many rays which shot upward from behind the mountains, and at equal distances, between the horizon and the zenith, were displayed four arches of a purple hue, the uppermost one melting imperceptibly in the deep blue sky. On again turning my eyes upward, I discovered that the columns and arches had all disappeared, and that the entire sky was covered with a crimson color, which resembled a lake of liquid fire, tossed into innumerable waves. Strange were my feelings as I looked upon this scene, and thought of the unknown wilderness before me, and of the Being whose ways are past finding out, and who holdeth the entire world, with its cities, mountains, rivers, and boundless wilderness, in the hollow of His hand. Long and intently did I gaze upon this wonder of the North; and at the moment it was fading away, a wild swan passed over my head, sailing towards Hudson’s Bay, and as his lonely song echoed along the silent air, I retraced my steps to the watch-fire and was soon a dreamer.

That portion of the St. Lawrence extending between Goose Island and the Saguenay is about twenty miles wide. The spring tides rise and fall a distance of eighteen feet; the water is salt, but clear and cold, and the channel very deep. Here it was that I first saw the black seal, the white porpoise, and the black whale. But speaking of whales, reminds me of “a whaling” fish story. A short distance above Saguenay river, there shoots out into the St. Lawrence, to the distance of about eight miles, a broad sand-bank, which greatly endangers the navigation. In descending the great river,

we had to double this cape, and it was at this place that I first saw a whale. The fellow had been pursued by a sword-fish, and when we discovered him, his head turned towards the beach, and he was moving with great rapidity, occasionally performing a most fearful leap, and uttering a sound that resembled the bellowing of a thousand bulls. The whale must have been forty feet long, and his enemy nearly twenty; and as they hurried on their course with great speed, the sight was indeed terrible. Frantic with rage and pain, it so happened that the more unwieldy individual forgot his bearings, and in a very few minutes he was floundering about on the sand-bar, in about ten feet of water, when the rascally sword immediately beat a retreat. After a while, however, the whale concluded to rest himself, but as the tide was going out, his intentions were soon changed, and he began to roll himself about, and slap the water with his tail for the purpose of getting clear. His efforts, in a short time, proved successful, and when we last saw him, he was in the deepest part of the river, moving rapidly towards the gulf, and spouting up the water, as if congratulating himself upon his narrow escape.

In about two hours after witnessing this incident, our boat was moored at the mouth of the Saguenay; and of the comparatively unknown wilderness which this stream waters, my readers will find some information in the next chapter.[3]

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[3] During the summer of 1852, I made a second visit to the River Saguenay, accompanied by the Rev. Louis L. Noble and our wives. We chartered a schooner at Quebec, and a charming account of our miscellaneous adventures was written by my friend, and published in the *Literary World*, on our return.

THE SAGUENAY RIVER.

About one hundred and fifty miles north of the St. Lawrence, and on one of the trails leading to Hudson's Bay, lies a beautiful lake called St. John. It is about forty miles long, and surrounded with a heavily timbered, and rather level country. Its inlets are numerous, and twelve of them are rivers. Its waters are clear, and abound in a great variety of uncommonly fine fish. The principal outlet to this lake is the Saguenay River which runs in a southerly direction, and empties into the St. Lawrence. It is the largest tributary of the great river, and unquestionably one of the most remarkable on the continent. Its original Indian name was Chicoutimi, signifying *deep water*; but the early Jesuit missionaries, who have scattered their *Saint-anic* names over this entire country, thought proper to give it the name which it now bears, the roundabout interpretation of which is, *Nose of the Sack*. This name suggests to the world that the nose of St. John must have been a very long nose, and may be looked upon as a unique specimen of French poetry.

The scenery of the Saguenay is wild and romantic to an uncommon degree. The first half of its course averages half a mile in width, and runs through an untrodden wilderness of pine and spruce-covered hills; it abounds in waterfalls and rapids, and is only navigable for the Indian canoe. A few miles below the most southern fall on the river, is located the village of Chicoutimi, where an extensive lumber business is transacted, and the Hudson's Bay Company have an important post. The village has an ancient appearance, and contains about five hundred inhabitants, chiefly Canadian French. The only curiosity in the place is a rude Catholic church, which is said to have been built by Jesuit missionaries upwards of one hundred years ago. It occupies the centre of a grassy lawn, surrounded with shrubbery, backed by a cluster of wood-crowned hills, and commands a fine prospect, not only of the Saguenay, but also of a spacious bay, into which there empties a noble mountain stream, now known as Chicoutimi River. In the belfry of this venerable church hangs a clear-toned bell, with an inscription upon it which the learning of Canada (with all its learned and unnumbered priests,) has not yet been able to translate or expound. But, great as is the mystery of this inscription, it is less mysterious to my mind than are the

motives of the Romish Church in planting the cross in the remotest corners of the earth, as in the mightiest of cities.

About ten miles south of Chicoutimi, there recedes from the west bank of the Saguenay, to the distance of ten miles, a beautiful expanse of water called Grand Bay. The original name of this water was "Ha, Ha," descriptive of the surprise which the French experienced when they first entered it, supposing that it was the Saguenay, until their shallop grounded on the northwestern shore. At the head thereof is another settlement, similar to Chicoutimi. Between these two places the Saguenay is rather shallow, (when compared with the remainder of its course,) and varies in width from two and a half to three miles. The tides of the ocean are observable as far north as Chicoutimi, and this entire section of the river is navigable for ships of the largest class.

That portion of the Saguenay extending from Grand Bay to the St. Lawrence, a distance of sixty miles, is greatly distinguished for its wild and picturesque scenery. I know not that I can better portray to my reader's mind the peculiarity of this river, than by the following method. Imagine an extensive country of rocky and thinly-clad mountains, suddenly separated by some convulsion of nature, so as to form an almost bottomless chasm, varying from one to two miles in width; and then imagine this chasm suddenly half-filled with water, and that the moss of centuries has softened the rugged walls on either side, and you will have a pretty accurate idea of the Saguenay. The shores of this river are composed principally of granite, and every bend presents you with an imposing bluff, the majority of which are eight hundred feet high, and many of them upwards of fifteen hundred. And, generally speaking, these towering bulwarks are not content to loom perpendicularly into the air, but they must needs bend over, as if to look at their own savage features reflected in the deep. Ay, and that word *deep* but tells the simple truth; for the flood that rolls beneath is fearfully black and cold. To speak without a figure, and from actual measurement, I can state that many portions of the Saguenay are one thousand feet deep; and the shallowest parts not much less than one hundred. In many places, too, the water is as deep five feet from the rocky barriers as it is in the centre of the stream. The feelings which filled my breast, and the thoughts which oppressed my brain, as I paddled by these places in my canoe, were allied to those which almost overwhelmed me when I first looked upward from below the fall to the mighty flood of Niagara. Awful beyond expression, I can assure you, is the sensation which one experiences in sailing along the Saguenay, to raise his eye heavenward, and behold hanging, directly over his head, a mass of granite, apparently ready to totter and fall, and weighing,

perhaps, a million tons. Terrible and sublime, beyond the imagery of the most daring poet, are these cliffs; and while they proclaim the omnipotent power of God, they, at the same time, whisper into the ear of man that he is but the moth which flutters in the noontide air. And yet, is it not enough to fill the heart of man with holy pride and unbounded love, to remember that the soul within him shall have but commenced its existence, when all these mountains shall have been consumed as a scroll?

It is to the Saguenay that I am indebted for a most imposing storm picture. It had been an oppressive day, and, as I was passing up the river, at a late hour in the afternoon, a sudden gust of wind came rushing down the stream, causing my Indian companion to bow, as if in prayer, and then to urge our frail canoe towards a little rocky island, upon which we immediately landed. Soon as we had surmounted our refuge, the sky was overcast with a pall of blackness, which completely enveloped the cliffs on either side, and gave the roaring waters a death-like hue. Then broke forth, from above our heads, the heavy roar of thunder, and as it gradually increased, and became more threatening and impetuous, its volleys were answered by echoes, which seemed to have been startled from every crag in the wilderness, while flashes of the most vivid lightning were constantly illuminating the gloomy storm-cavern which appeared before us. Down upon his knees again fell my poor Indian comrade, and I sat by his side trembling with fear. Soon, however, the wind ceased to blow, the thunder to roar, the lightning to flash; and, in less than an hour after its commencement the storm had subsided, and that portion of the Saguenay was glowing beneath the crimson rays of the setting sun.

From what I have written, my reader may be impressed with the idea that this river is incapable of yielding pleasurable sensations. Sail along its shores, on a pleasant day, when its cliffs are partly hidden in shadow, and covered with a gauze-like atmosphere, and they will fill your heart with images of beauty. Or, if you would enjoy a still greater variety, let your thoughts flow away from the blue smoke which arises from an Indian encampment hidden in a dreamy-looking cove; let your eye follow an eagle sweeping along his airy pathway, near the summit of the cliffs, or glance across the watery plain, and see the silver salmon leaping by hundreds into the air, for their insect food. Here, too, you may always discover a number of seals, bobbing their heads out of the water, as if watching your every movement; and, on the other hand, a drove of white porpoises, rolling their huge bodies along the waters, ever and anon spouting a shower of liquid diamonds into the air. O yes, manifold, indeed, and beautiful beyond compare, are the charms of the Saguenay.

Although my account of this river has, thus far, been of a general character, I would not omit to mention, as stupendous gems of scenery, Trinity Point, Eternity Cape, The Tableau, and Le Tete du Boule. The peculiarities of these promontories are so well described by their very names, that I shall refrain from attempting a particular description. Eternity Cape is the most imposing, and with it is associated this incident. An Indian hunter is said to have once followed a moose to the brow of the cliff, and after the deer had made a fatal spring far down into the deep water, the man lost his foothold and perished with his prey.

The wilderness through which this river runs is of such a character that its shores can never be greatly changed in their external appearance. Only a small proportion of its soil can ever be brought under cultivation; and, as its forests are a good deal stunted, its lumbering resources are far from being inexhaustible. The wealth which it contains is probably of a mineral character; and if the reports I hear are correct, it abounds in iron ore. That it would yield an abundance of fine marble, I am certain; for, in passing up this stream, the observing eye will frequently fall upon a broad vein of an article as pure as alabaster.

How is it, many people are led to inquire, that so little has been known of the Saguenay country, until quite recently? The question is easily solved. It is a portion of that vast territory which has heretofore been under the jurisdiction of the Hudson's Bay Company. Its Posts on the Saguenay and St. Lawrence, so far as collecting furs is concerned, are a dead letter, and the journeys of its distinguished Governor, Sir George Simpson, are hereafter to be confined to the extreme north.

The man who deserves the most credit for encroaching upon the possessions of the Hudson's Bay Company, and proving to the world that its power is not without limit, is William Price, Esq., of Quebec. All the saw-mills located on the Saguenay and the lower St. Lawrence were established by him, and are now conducted at his expense. He gives employment to some two or three thousand men, and sends to England annually about one hundred ship-loads of lumber, in the shape of deals. He is probably more extensively engaged in the lumbering business than any other single individual, and might with propriety be called "The Lumber King." He is a thorough-going business man, and, did I not know the fact to be otherwise, I should set him down, on account of his enterprise, as a Yankee. Many of the ships alluded to ascend the Saguenay, to obtain lumber, as far as Chicoutimi, and it struck me as singularly paradoxical to see ships winding up that river, whose legitimate home would seem to be the broad ocean. The current of the Saguenay flows, in some places, at the rate of seven miles per hour, but

when there is any wind at all, it blows quite heavily direct from the north or south, so that, with the assistance of the tide, the upward-bound ships or brigs manage to get along without much difficulty. The only steamboat which navigates this river is the Pocahontas, and is the property of Mr. Price. She is commanded by a gentleman who understands his business; and I can assure the lovers of scenery everywhere that a sail up the Saguenay, in this steamer, would be an event they could not easily forget. For the benefit of summer-tourists, I would here mention the fact, that, for about three months in the year, a Quebec steamer makes an occasional trip to the mouth of the Saguenay, by way of the river Du Loup, which is on the Canadian route to Halifax.

In speaking of the Saguenay, I must not omit to mention its original proprietors, a tribe of Indians, who are known as the Mountaineers. Of course it is the duty of my pen to record the fact, that, where once flourished a large nation of brave warriors, there now exists a little band of about one hundred families. Judging from what I have heard and seen, the Mountaineers were once the very flower of this northern wilderness, even as the Chippewas were once the glory of the Lake Superior region. The Mountaineers of the present day are sufficiently educated to speak a smattering of French; but they know nothing of the true God, and are as poor in spirit as they are indigent with regard to the necessaries of life. The men of this nation are rather short, but well-formed; and the women are beautiful. They are proud in spirit, intelligent, and kind-hearted; and many of them, it is pleasant to know, are no longer the victims of the baneful "fire-water." For this blessing they are indebted to the Romish priesthood, which fact I record with great pleasure. The Mountaineers are a particularly honest people, and great friends to the stranger white man. They are also distinguished for their expertness in hunting, and take pleasure in recounting the exploits of their forefathers. And their language, according to a Catholic missionary, Pierre de Roche, is one of the oldest and purest Indian languages on the continent. It abounds in Latin words, and is capable of being regularly constructed and translated. The qualities, in fine, which make the history of this people interesting, are manifold; and it is sad to think of the rapidity with which they are withering away, even as the leaves of a premature autumn.

But it is time that I should give you a brief description of Tadousac, where I have been spending a few days, and whence I date my chapters. That name is a French corruption of the Indian word Saguenay. The place is situated directly at the mouth of the Saguenay, and commands a fine prospect of that river, as well as of the St. Lawrence, which, at this point, is

nearly thirty miles in width. Immediately at the base of the hill upon which the hamlet stands, is a beautiful bay, hemmed in with hills of solid rock. The place is composed of houses belonging to an Indian trading-post, and another dwelling, occupied by a worthy Scotchman, named Ovington, who is a pilot by profession. The door of my friend's cabin is always open to the admission of tourists; and if others, who may chance to stop here, are as kindly treated as I was, they cannot but be thankful. In front of the trading-post are planted a few cannon, and directly beside them, at the present time, is a small Indian encampment. In a rock-bound bay, half a mile north of my temporary residence, is an extensive lumbering establishment, belonging to William Price. This spot is the principal port of the Saguenay, and the one where belongs the Pocahontas steamboat. About a dozen paces from the table, where I am now writing, is the ruin of a Jesuit religious establishment, considered the great curiosity of this region. The appearance of the ruin is not imposing, as you can discover nothing but the foundations upon which the ancient edifice rested; but it is confidently affirmed that upon this spot once stood the first stone and mortar building ever erected on the continent of America. And this statement I am not disposed to question, for from the very centre of the ruin has grown up a cluster of pine trees, which must have been exposed to the wintry blasts of at least two hundred years. The fate, and the very names of those who first pitched their tents in this wilderness, and here erected an altar to the God of their fathers, are alike unknown. Tadousac is, indeed, at the present time, nothing more than it was in 1720, when old Charlevoix spoke of it as follows: "The greatest part of our geographers have placed a town here, but where there never was but one French house and some huts of savages who carried away their huts and booths, when they went away; and this was the whole matter. It is true, that this port has been a long time the resort of all the savage nations of the north and east, and that the French resorted thither as soon as the navigation was free; the missionaries also made use of the opportunity, and came to trade here for Heaven; and when the trade was over, the merchants returned to their homes, the savages took their way to their villages or forests, and the Gospel laborers followed the last, to complete their instructions."

SALMON FISHING ADVENTURES.

I INTEND to devote the present chapter to the acknowledged king of all the finny tribes, the lithe, wild and beautiful salmon. He pays an annual visit to all the tributaries of the St. Lawrence lying between Quebec and Bic Island, (where commences the Gulf of St. Lawrence,) but he is most abundant on the north shore, and in those streams which are beyond the jurisdiction of civilization. He usually makes his first appearance about the twentieth of May, and continues in season for two months. Nearly all the streams in this region abound in waterfalls, but those are seldom found which the salmon does not surmount in his "excelsior" pilgrimage; and the stories related of his leaps are truly wonderful. It is not often that he is found, *man bound* at the head of the streams he may have ascended; but when thus found and captured, his flesh is white, skin black, and his form, "long, lank, and lean as is the ribbed sea-sand." His weight is commonly about fifteen pounds, but he is sometimes taken weighing full forty pounds. The salmon is an important article of export from this region, and is also extensively used by the Indians. The common mode for taking them is with a stationary net, which is set just on the margin of the river, at low water. It is customary with the salmon to ascend the St. Lawrence as near the shore as possible, and their running time is when the tide is high; the consequence is, that they enter the net at one tide, and are taken out at another; and it is frequently the case, that upwards of three hundred are taken at one time. The Indian mode for taking them is with the spear, by torch-light. Two Indians generally enter a canoe, and while one paddles it noiselessly along, the other holds forth the light, (which attracts the attention of the fish, and causes them to approach their enemy) and pierces them with the cruel spear. This mode of taking the salmon is to be deprecated; but the savage must live, and possesses no other means for catching them. It is but seldom that an Indian takes more than a dozen during a single night, for he cannot afford to waste the bounties which he receives from Nature. For preserving the salmon, the Canadians have three modes:—First, by putting them in salt for three days, and then smoking them; secondly, by regularly salting them down as you

would mackerel; and, thirdly, by boiling and then pickling them in vinegar. The Indians smoke them; but only to a limited extent.

I must now give you some account of my experience in the way of salmon-fishing with the fly, of which glorious sport I have recently had an abundance. If, however, I should indite a number of episodes, you will please remember that "it is my way," and that I deem it a privilege of the angler to be as wayward in his discourse as are the channels of his favorite mountain streams.

My first salmon expedition of the season was to the St. Margaret River. I had two companions with me; one, an accomplished fly-fisher of Quebec, and the other, the principal man of Tadousac, a lumber manufacturer. We went in a gig-boat belonging to the latter, and, having started at nine o'clock, we reached our place of destination by twelve. We found the river uncommonly high, and a little rily. We made a desperate effort, however, and threw the line about three hours, capturing four salmon, only one of which it was my privilege to take. He was a handsome fellow, weighing seventeen pounds, and in good condition; he afforded my companions a good deal of fun, and placed me in a peculiar situation. He had taken the hook when I was wading in swift water up to my middle, and soon as he discovered his predicament, he made a sudden wheel, and started down the stream. My rod bent nearly double, and I saw that I must allow him all the line he wanted; and having only three hundred feet on my reel, I found it necessary to follow him with all speed. In doing so, I lost my footing, and was swept by the current against a pile of logs; meantime my reel was in the water, and whizzing away at a tremendous rate. The log upon which I depended happened to be in a balancing condition, and, when I attempted to surmount it, it plunged into the current, and floated down the stream, having your humble servant astride of one end, and clinging to it with all his might. Onward went the salmon, the log, and the fisherman. Finally the log found its way into an eddy of the river, and, while it was swinging about, as if out of mere deviltry, I left it, and fortunately reached the shore. My life having been spared, I was more anxious than ever to take the life of the salmon which had caused my ducking, and so I held aloft the rod, and continued down the stream, over an immense number of logs and rocks, which seemed to have been placed there for my especial botheration. On coming in sight of my fish, I found him in still water, with his belly turned upward, and completely drowned. I immediately drew him on a sand-bank near by, and, while engaged in the reasonable employment of drying my clothes, my brother fishermen came up to congratulate me upon my success, but laughing, in the mean time, most heartily. The lumber merchant said that the

log I had been riding belonged to him, and it was his intention to charge me one shilling for my passage from the rift where I had hooked the salmon, to the spot where I had landed him, which was in full view of the Saguenay; and my Quebec friend remarked, that he knew the people of Yankee-land had a queer way of doing things, but he was not acquainted with their peculiar mode of taking salmon. As may be readily imagined, we retraced our steps back to the log shanty where we had stopped, and, having carefully stowed away our salmon, we laid aside our fishing tackle, and made arrangements for a little sport of another kind.

The hamlet of St. Margaret, where we spent the night, contains some eight or ten log shanties, which are occupied by about twenty families, composed of Canadians, Indians, and half-breeds. They obtain their living by "driving" logs, and are as happy as they are ignorant. Anxious to see what we could of society among this people, we sent forth a manifesto, calling upon the citizens generally to attend a dance at the cabin of a certain man whom we had engaged to give the party, at our expense. Punctual to the appointed hour, the assembly came together. Many of the men did not take the trouble even to wash their hands, or to put on a coat before coming to the party; but the women were neatly dressed with blue and scarlet petticoats, over which were displayed night-gowns of white cotton. The fiddler was an Indian, and the dancing hall (some twelve feet square,) was lighted with a wooden lamp, supplied with seal oil. The dance was without any particular method; and, when a gentleman wished to trip the light fantastic toe he had only to station himself on the floor, when one of his friends would select his partner, and lead her up for his acceptance. The consequence was, that, if a man wished to dance with any particular lady, he was obliged to make a previous arrangement with his leading-up friend. The fiddler not only furnished all the music, but also performed a goodly portion of the dancing,—fiddling and dancing at the same time. The supper was laid on the table at ten o'clock, and consisted principally of dried beaver tail, and cariboo meat, fried and boiled salmon, (which was cooked out of doors, near the entrance to the cabin,) rye bread, maple molasses, and tea.

The party broke up at twelve o'clock, when we retired to the cabin, where we had secured lodgings, and it is an actual fact that our sleeping room on that night was occupied, not only by ourselves, but by two women, one man, and four children, (divided into three beds,) all members of the same family with whom we had succeeded in obtaining *accommodations*. On the following morning we rose at an early hour, and again tried our luck at salmon fishing, but only killed a few trout, whereupon we boarded our gig, and started down the romantic Saguenay, telling stories and singing

songs. Another river, in this region, which affords good salmon fishing, is the Esquemain. It empties into the St. Lawrence, about twenty miles east of Saguenay. It is a cold, clear and rapid stream, abounding in rapids and deep pools. At its mouth is located a saw-mill, but its water-works are so managed as not to interfere with the salmon. The fish of this stream ascend to a great distance, and, though rather small, are exceedingly abundant. The best fishing in the river is at the foot of the waterfall, which forms a sheet of foam, about one mile above the mouth. My Quebec friend accompanied me to this place, and though we only threw the fly about six hours, (three in the evening and three in the morning,) yet we killed thirteen salmon, without losing a single line, and with the loss of only three flies. Owing to the bushy shores of the stream, we were compelled to fish standing upon boulders, located in its centre; and whenever we hooked a fish, there was no alternative but to plunge into the current, and trust to fortune. For some unaccountable reason, (of course, it could not have been *our* fault,) we lost more than half of those we hooked. But it was worth a moderate fortune to see the magnificent leaps which the fish performed, not only when they took the fly, but when they attempted to escape. There was not one individual that did not give us a race of at least half a mile. The largest taken, during this expedition, was killed by my companion, and caused more trouble than all his other prizes. Not only did the fellow attempt to clear himself by stemming the foam of a rapid, and rubbing his nose against a rock, to break the hook, but he also swept himself completely round a large boulder, poked his head into a net, and ran, with the speed of lightning to the extreme end of his line. It took my friend forty minutes to land this salmon, and I assure you he was particularly pleased when he found that his fish weighed one pound more than the largest I had taken. The fact was our rods were almost precisely alike, in length and strength, and as two countries were represented in our persons, the strife between us was quite desperate. I will acknowledge that the Canada gentleman took the largest salmon, but the States angler took them in the greatest number. Notwithstanding all the fine sport that we enjoyed on the Esquemain, I am compelled to state that it was more than counterbalanced by the sufferings we endured from the black fly and musqueto. The black fly is about half as large as the common house fly, and, though it bites you only in the day time, they are as abundant in the air as the sand upon the sea shore, and venomous to an uncommon degree. The musqueto of this region is an uncommonly gaunt, long-legged, and hungry creature, and his howl is peculiarly horrible. We had been almost devoured by the black flies, during the afternoon, and as soon as darkness came, we secured a couple of beds in a Frenchman's house, and, as we tumbled in, congratulated ourselves upon a little comfortable repose. It was an

exceedingly sultry night, and though we were both in a complete fever, from the fly poison circulating in our veins, the heat excelled the fever, and our bodies were literally in a melting condition. We endeavored to find relief by lying upon the bare floor, with no covering but a single sheet, and this arrangement might have answered, had it not been for the flood of musquetos which poured into the room, as one of us happened to open a window to obtain fresh air. Every spot on our bodies which the flies had left untouched, was immediately settled upon by these devils in miniature. They pierced the very sheets that covered us, and sucked away at our blood without any mercy. Unwilling to depart this life without one effort more to save it, we then dressed ourselves, and sauntered into the open air. We made our way towards a pile of lumber, near the saw-mill, and without a particle of covering, endeavored to obtain a little sleep; but the insect hounds soon found us out, and we bolted for another place. Our course now lay towards the rude bridge which spans the Esquemain, just above the mill. Our intentions at the time, though not uttered aloud, I verily believe were of a fearful character. On reaching the bridge, however, a refreshing breeze sprung up, and we enjoyed a brief respite from our savage enemies. We now congratulated each other upon our good fortune, and had just concluded to be quite happy, when we discovered a number of Indians on the river, spearing salmon by torch-light, and, as it was after midnight, and the heathens were spearing on our fishing-ground, we mournfully concluded that our morning's sport was at an end. But while in the very midst of this agreeable mood of mind, a lot of skylarking musquetos discovered our retreat, and we were again besieged. We now endeavored to find relief on board the boat which had brought us from the Saguenay; and here it was that we spent the two last hours of that most miserable night. Though not exactly in a fitting condition to throw the fly with any degree of comfort, we made an effort after salmon in the morning, and succeeded in killing a portion of the thirteen already mentioned. That we enjoyed the good breakfast which we had prepared for our especial benefit, and that we departed from Esquemain as soon as possible, are facts which I consider self-evident.

The mouth of the Saguenay, as I have before remarked, is completely hemmed in with barriers of solid rock, and, when the tide is flowing in from one of these points, first rate salmon fishing may occasionally be enjoyed. I have frequently had the pleasure of throwing the fly on the point in question, and, on one occasion, was so carried away with the sport, that I took no notice of the rising tide. It was near the sunset hour, and on preparing for my departure home, I discovered that I was completely surrounded with water, and that my situation was momentarily becoming more dangerous. The

water was bitter cold, and turbulent, and the channel which separated me from the main shore was upwards of a hundred yards wide. I was more than half a mile from the nearest dwelling, and could not see a single sail on the Saguenay, or the still broader St. Lawrence, excepting a solitary ship, which was ten leagues away. My predicament, I assure you, was not to be envied. I could not entertain the idea that I should lose my life; and, though I felt myself to be in danger, my sensations were supremely ridiculous. But something, I was persuaded, must be done, and that immediately; and so I commenced throwing off my clothes for a final effort to save my life. I had stripped off everything but shirt and pantaloons, and to a flock of crows, which were cawing above my head, I must have presented an interesting picture. I thought of the famous swimming adventures of Leander and Lord Byron, and also, of the inconveniences of being drowned, (as Charles Lamb did of being hanged,) but just as I was about to make the important plunge, an Indian in his canoe came gliding around a neighboring point, and I was rescued, together with one salmon and some dozen pounds of trout.

But I have not finished my story yet. On the night following this incident I retired to bed in rather a sober mood, for I could not banish the recollection of my narrow escape from a ducking, if not from a watery grave. The consequence was, that, in my dreams, I underwent ten times as much mental suffering as I had actually endured. I dreamed, that, in scaling the rocks which lead to the point alluded to, I lost my footing, and fell into the water. While in this condition, drinking more salt water than I wanted, floundering about, like a sick porpoise, gasping for breath, and uttering a most doleful moan, I was suddenly awakened, and found my good landlord at my side, tapping me on the shoulder, for the purpose of summoning me—from the back of the *nightmare* I had been riding.

As I may not have another opportunity of alluding to this portion of the Saguenay, and the rocky point already alluded to, I must give my reader another, and a remarkable incident connected with them. Some years ago, the Hudson's Bay Company had in its employ, as clerk at Tadousac, an intelligent and amiable young man, whose name was McCray. For some unaccountable reason, he became deranged; and, on one occasion, a cold and stormy winter night, he took it into his head to cross the Saguenay upon the floating ice, which was coming down at the time. When first discovered, he was half way across the stream, and making frightful leaps of ten and fifteen feet from one block of ice to another. His friends followed in close pursuit, with a boat, as soon as possible, but on reaching the opposite shore, the unhappy man was not to be found. On the day following, however, certain people, who were hunting for him in the woods, discovered him,

perched in the crotch of a tree, almost frozen to death, and senseless as a clod of the valley. He was taken home, the circulation of his blood restored, and he is now an inmate of the Quebec Lunatic Asylum. The mind of this worthy man was thought to be of a high order; and it is certain that he possessed an extensive knowledge of botany and geology. From remarks that escaped him subsequently to the wonderful feat he performed, it is supposed that, at the time of starting across the river, he was thinking of a particular book which he wished to obtain, and had been told could be purchased at Quebec, towards which place (unattainable by land,) he had set his face. It is worthy of record that poor McCray is the only man that ever crossed the deep and angry Saguenay on the ice, as it is never solidly frozen; and it is almost certain that the feat he performed can never be again repeated.

But to return to my piscatorial remarks. Next to the salmon, the finest sporting fish of this region is the trout. Of these I have seen two species,—the salmon and the common trout. Of the former, I believe there is but one variety, but that is an exceedingly fine fish for sport, or the table, and is found in the lower tributaries of the St. Lawrence, from five to fifteen pounds. They are taken chiefly in the salt water, and possess a flavor which the trout of our western lakes do not. Of the common trout, I have seen at least six varieties, differing, however, only in color; for some are almost entirely white, others brown, some blue, some green, some black, and others yellow. These are taken everywhere in the St. Lawrence, and in all its tributaries. Those of the Saguenay are the largest, most abundant, and of the rarest quality. Upon the whole, I am inclined to set this river down as affording the finest trout-fishing that I have ever enjoyed, not even excepting that which I have experienced at the Falls of St. Mary, in Michigan. Almost every bay or cove in the Saguenay is crowded with trout, and, generally speaking, the rocks upon which you have to stand afford an abundance of room to swing and drop the fly. In some of the coves alluded to, I have frequently taken a dozen two-pound trout during an hour before sunset. Trout-fishing in this region possesses a charm which the angler seldom experiences in the rivers and lakes of the United States, which consists in his uncertainty as to the character of his prize before he has landed him, for it may be a common or salmon trout, or a regular-built salmon, as these fish all swim in the same water. It is reported of a celebrated angler of Quebec, that he once spent a week on the Esquemain, and captured within that time, seventy salmon, and upwards of a hundred trout. This is a very large story, but I have faith enough to believe it true.

And now for a few remarks upon the fish of the lower St. Lawrence generally. Cod are taken to a very great extent, and constitute an important article of commerce. Herring and mackerel are abundant; also the halibut and sardine. Shad are also taken, but not in sufficient quantities to export. The lobster, flounder and oyster are also found in this river, and, with a few unimportant exceptions, these are the only fish that flourish in this portion of the great river. The sea bass, the striped bass, the blue fish, and the black fish, for which I should suppose these waters perfectly adapted, are entirely unknown.

SEAL HUNTING ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

Before breakfast this morning, I had the pleasure of taking fifteen common trout, and the remainder of the day I devoted to seal hunting. This animal is found in great abundance in the St. Lawrence, and by the Indians and a few white people, extensively hunted. There are several varieties found in these waters, and the usual market price for the oil and skin is five dollars. They vary in size from four to eight feet, and are said to be good eating. Many people make them a principal article of food; and while the Indians use their skin for many purposes, they also light their cabins with the oil. In sailing the river, they meet you at every turn, and when first I saw one, I thought I was looking upon a drowning man; for they only raise their heads out of the water, and thus sustain themselves with their feet, fins, pads, flippers, or whatever you may call them. They live upon fish, and in many of their habits, closely resemble the otter. Their paws have five claws, joined together with a thick skin; they somewhat resemble the dog, and have a bearded snout like a cat, large bright eyes, and long sharp teeth. They are a noisy animal, and when a number of them are sunning themselves upon the sand, the screams they utter are doleful in the extreme—somewhat resembling the cry of children.

My first seal expedition was performed in company with two professional hunters. We started from shore with a yawl and a canoe, and made our course for a certain spot in the St. Lawrence, where the waters of the Saguenay and the flood tide came together, and caused a terrible commotion. The canoe led the way, occupied by one man, who was supplied with a harpoon, and a long line; while the other hunter and myself came up in the rear, for the purpose of rescuing the harpooner in case an accident should happen, and also for the purpose of shipping the plunder. The seal seems to delight in frequenting the deepest water and more turbulent whirlpools, and the object of using the canoe is to steal upon him in the most successful manner. We had not floated about the eddy more than twenty minutes, before a large black animal made his appearance, about ten feet from the canoe; but just as he was on the point of diving, the hunter threw his harpoon, and gave him the line, to which was attached a buoy. The poor

creature floundered about at a great rate, dived as far as he could towards the bottom, and then leaped entirely out of the water; but the cruel spear would not loosen its hold. Finally, after making every effort to escape, and tinging the surrounding water with a crimson hue, he gasped for breath a few times, and sunk to the end of the rope, quite dead. We then pulled him to the side of the boat, and with a gaff-hook secured him therein, and the hunt was renewed. In this manner did my companions capture no less than three seals before the hour of noon.

On one occasion, I noticed quite a large number of seals sunning themselves upon a certain sandy point; and as I felt an "itching palm" to obtain, with my own hands, the material for a winter cap, I spent the afternoon in the enjoyment of a "shooting frolic, all alone." I borrowed a rifle of one my friends, and, having passed over to the sandy point in a canoe, I secreted myself in the midst of some rocks, and awaited the game. I had remained quiet but a short time, when a huge black seal made its appearance, scrambling up the beach, where he kept a sharp look-out for anything that might do him harm. I admired the apparent intelligence of the creature, as he dragged his clumsy and legless body along the ground, and almost regretted that he was doomed to die. True to a whim of the moment however, I finally concluded to leave him unmolested for the present, hoping that he would soon be accompanied by one of his fellow-seals, and that I should have a chance of killing a pair. I was not disappointed, and you will therefore please consider me in full view of one of the finest marks imaginable, three fine seals, and in the attitude of firing. Crack went the rifle, but my shot had only the effect of temporarily rousing the animals, and I proceeded to reload my gun, wondering at the cause of my missing, and feeling somewhat dissatisfied with matters and things in general. Again was it my privilege to fire, and I saw a stick fly into the air about thirty feet on the left of my game. The animals were, of course, not at all injured, but just enough frightened to turn their faces towards the water, into which they shortly plunged, and disappeared. I returned to my lodgings, honestly told my story, and was laughed at for my pains and bad luck. It so happened, however, that the owner of the gun imagined that something might be the matter with the thing, and, on examination, found that one of the sights had been accidently knocked from its original position, which circumstance had been the "cause of my anguish;" and, though it restored to me my good name as a marksman, it afforded me but little satisfaction.

But, that my paper about seals may be worth sealing, I will give you the history of an incident which illustrates the sagacity of an Indian in killing his game. A Mic-mac hunter, with his family, had reached the shore of the St.

Lawrence, hungry, and short of ammunition. On a large sand-bank which lay before him, at a time when the tide was low, he discovered an immense number of seals. He waited for the tide to flow, and again to ebb, and as soon as the sand appeared above the water, he hastened to the dry point in his canoe, carrying only a hatchet as a weapon. On this spot he immediately dug a hole, into which he crept, and covered himself with a blanket. He then commenced uttering a cry in imitation of the seal, and in a short time had collected about him a very large number of those animals. He waited patiently for the tide to retire so far that the animals would have to travel at least a mile by land before reaching the water; and, when the wished for moment arrived, he suddenly fell upon the affrighted multitude, and with his tomahawk, succeeded in slaughtering upwards of one hundred. To many, this may appear to be an improbable story, but when it is remembered that this amphibious animal is an exceedingly slow land traveller, it will be readily believed. The manner in which our hunter managed to save his game, was to tie them together with bark, and when the tide rose, tow them to the main shore.

Since I have brought my reader upon the waters of the St. Lawrence, I will not permit him to go ashore until I have given him an account of another inhabitant of the deep which is found in very great abundance, not only in this river, but also in the Saguenay. I allude to the white porpoise. The shape of this creature is similar to that of the whale, though of a pure white color, and usually about fifteen feet in length. They are exceedingly fat, and yield an oil of the best quality, while the skin is capable of being turned into durable leather. They are extensively used as an article of food; the fins and tail, when pickled, are considered a delicacy; and their value is about twenty-five dollars apiece. They are far from being a shy fish; and, when sailing about our vessel in large numbers, as is often the case, they present a beautiful and unique appearance. For taking this fish, the people of this region have two methods. The first is to use a boat with a white bottom, behind which the fisherman tows a small wooden porpoise, which is painted a dark slate color, in imitation of the young of the species. With these lures the porpoise is often brought into the immediate vicinity of the harpoon, which is thrown here with fatal precision. In this manner an expert man will often take three or four fine prizes in a day. Another mode for taking these creatures is by fencing them in. It appears that it is customary for this fish to wander over the sand bars, at high water, for the purpose of feeding. Profiting by this knowledge, the fishermen enclose one of the sandy reefs with poles set about fifty feet apart, and sometimes covering a square mile. They leave an appropriate opening for the porpoises, which are sure to enter

at high water, and, owing to their timidity, they are kept confined by the slender barrier until the tide ebbs, when they are destroyed in great numbers with very little trouble. It is reported that a party of fishermen, some ninety miles above the Saguenay, once took one hundred and forty porpoises at one tide; and it is also asserted that in dividing the spoil the fishermen had a very bitter quarrel, since which time, as the story goes, not a single porpoise has ever been taken on the shoal in question.

THE ESQUIMAUX INDIANS OF LABRADOR.

THE vast region of country lying on the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and extending to the eastward of the Saguenay as far as Newfoundland, is generally known under the name of Labrador. It is an exceedingly wild and desolate region, and, excepting an occasional fishing hamlet or a missionary station belonging to the worthy Moravians, its only inhabitants are Indians. Of these the more famous tribes are the Red Indians, (now almost extinct,) the Hunting Indians, the Mic-Macs, and the Esquimaux. The latter nation is by far the most numerous, and it is said that their sway even extends to the coasts of Hudson's Bay. They are, at the same time, the wildest and most rude inhabitants of this wilderness, and, in appearance, as well as manners and customs, closely resemble the inhabitants of Greenland.

During one of my nautical expeditions down the St. Lawrence, I chanced to be wind-bound for a couple of days at the mouth of the nameless river on the north shore, where I found a small encampment of Esquimaux Indians. The principal man of the party was exceedingly aged, and the only one who could convey his thoughts in any other language than his own. He had mingled much with the French fur traders of the north, and the French fishermen of the east, and possessed a smattering of their tongue. Seated by the side of this good old man, in his lodge with a moose skin for a seat, a pack of miscellaneous furs to lean against, and a rude seal-oil torch suspended over my head, I spent many hours of one long-to-be-remembered night in questioning him about his people. The substance of the information I then collected, it is now my purpose to record; but it should be remembered that I speak of the nation at large, and not of any particular tribe.

According to my informant, the extent of the Esquimaux nation is unknown, for they consider themselves as numerous as the waves of the sea. Much has been done to give them an education, and, though missionaries of the cross have dwelt among them for about a century, yet the majority of this people are, at the present time, in heathen darkness. The men are chiefly

employed in hunting and fishing, and the domestic labor is all performed by the women. Their clothes are made in the rudest manner imaginable, and generally of the coarser skins which they secure in hunting. They believe in a Supreme Being, who has a dwelling-place in the earth, the air, and the ocean, who is both good and evil; and they also believe in the immortality of the soul, which they describe as similar to air, which they cannot feel. Their principal men are magicians and conjurors, distinguished, as I infer from good reason, for their profligacy. Whenever a man is sick, they attribute the cause to the alleged fact that his soul has departed from his body, and he is looked upon with contempt and pity. The first man who came into the world sprang from the bosom of a beautiful valley; in this valley he spent his infancy and childhood, feeding upon berries; and having, on a certain occasion, picked up a flower which drooped over one of his accustomed paths, it immediately became changed into a girl with flowing hair, who became his playmate, and afterwards his wife, and was the mother of all living. They believe in a heaven and a hell, and consider that the road to the former is rugged and rocky, and that to the latter, level, and covered with grass. Their ideas of astronomy are peculiar, for they consider the sun, moon, and stars as so many of their ancestors, who have, for a great variety of reasons, been lifted to the skies, and become celestial bodies. In accounting for the two former, they relate that there was once a superb festival given by the Esquimaux, in a glorious snow-palace of the north, where were assembled all the young men and maidens of the land. Among them was a remarkably brave youth, who was in love with an exceedingly beautiful girl. She, however, did not reciprocate this attachment, and endeavored, by all the means in her power, to escape from his caresses. To accomplish this end, she called upon the Great Spirit to give her a pair of wings; and, having received them, she flew into the air, and became the moon. The youth also endeavored to obtain a pair of wings, and, after many months, finally succeeded; and, on ascending to the sky, he became the sun. The moon, they say, has a dwelling-place in the west, and the sun another in the far east. They account for thunder and lightning by giving the story of two women who lived together in a wigwam, and, on one occasion, had a most furious battle. During the affray, the cabin tumbled in upon them, causing a tremendous noise, while the women were so angry that their eyes flashed fire. Rain, they say, comes from a river in the skies, which, from the great number of people who sometimes bathe in it, overflows its banks, and thus comes to the earth in showers.

When one of their friends has departed this life, they take all his property and scatter it upon the ground, outside of his cabin, to be purified by the air;

but in the evening, they collect it together again, and bury it by the side of his grave. They think it wrong for the men to mourn for their friends, and consider themselves defiled if they happen to touch the body of the deceased, and the individual who usually performs the office of undertaker, is considered unclean for many days after fulfilling his duty. The women do all the wailing and weeping, and during their mourning season, which corresponds with the fame of the deceased, they abstain from food, wear their hair in great disorder, and refrain from every ablution. When a friendless man dies, his body is left upon the hills to decay, as if he had been a beast. When their children die, they bury the body of a dead dog in the same grave, that the child may have a guide in his pathway to an unknown land, to which they suppose all children go.

Polygamy, as such, among the Esquimaux, is practised only to a limited extent; but married men and women are not overscrupulous in their love affairs. Unmarried women, however, observe the rules of modesty with peculiar care, and the maiden who suffers herself to be betrayed, is looked upon with infamy. When a young man wishes to marry, he first settles the matter with his intended, and then, having asked and obtained her father's permission, he sends two old women to bring the lady to his lodge, and they are considered one. The Esquimaux mother is fond of her children, and never chastises them for any offence. Children are taught to be dutiful to their parents, and until they marry they always continue under the paternal roof.

The amusements of the Esquimaux do not differ, materially, from those of the Indian tribes generally. The men are fond of dancing, playing ball, and a species of dice game, while the women know of no recreation but that of dancing and singing.

And thus endeth my mite of information respecting one of the most extensive aboriginal nations of the far north.

THE HABITANS OF CANADA.

SINCE dating my last chapter from the Saguenay, I have completed my pilgrimage through Lower Canada; but before leaving the Province, I will give you the result of my observations respecting some of its people. These are divided into three classes—the descendants of the French colonists, commonly called "Habitans," the British settlers, and the Indian tribes. The "Habitans," of whom I am now to speak, are the most numerous, and so peculiar in their appearance and manners, as to attract the particular attention of travellers. The men are usually tall and slender, of sinewy build, and with a dark-brown complexion; the girls are black-eyed, and disposed to be beautiful, while the women are always dumpy, but good-looking. Their dress is similar to that of the French peasantry; the men wear the old-fashioned *capot*, on their heads every variety of fantastic caps and hats, and, on their feet, moccasins made of cowhide; the women wear jackets or mantelets, which are made of bright colors, and, on their heads, either a cap or straw hat, made in the gipsy-fashion. Occasionally, they make an effort to imitate the English in their dress, and, at such times, invariably appear ridiculous. As a class they are devoted, principally, to agriculture; but as their opportunities for obtaining instruction are exceedingly limited, their knowledge of the art of husbandry is precisely what it was one hundred years ago. They seem to be entirely destitute of enterprise, and tread in the beaten steps of their fathers. They who live in the vicinity of Montreal and Quebec, generally supply those markets with vegetables; but those who reside in the more obscure parts, seem to be quite satisfied if they can only manage to raise enough off their farms for the purpose of carrying them through the year. They are partial to rye bread, and never consider it in a cooking condition until it has been soured by age; and their standard dish, which they make use of on all occasions, is a plain pea soup. The consequence is, the pea is extensively cultivated. You seldom find a farmer who is so poor as not to be able to sell from five to fifty bushels of wheat, and this article he appropriates to the same use that most people do their money. Their plough is distinguished for its rudeness, and their farming implements, generally, would not be creditable even to a barbarous people.

If an individual happens to have a stony field, the idea does not enter his head that he might build a fence with those very stones, and the consequence is, that he piles them in one immense heap, in the centre of the field, and draws his rails a distance, perhaps, of two miles. But with all their ignorance of agriculture, the inhabitants are sufficiently careful to make their little farms yield them all the necessaries they require, particularly their clothing and shoes, their candles, soap, and sugar. There are but few professional mechanics among them, and the dwelling of the peasant is almost invariably the production of his own labor. Their houses are distinguished for pictorial beauty, always one story high, and, generally, neatly white-washed. Their cattle are small, and, owing to their neglect in feeding and protecting them, are exceedingly poor. Their horses are nothing but ponies, but distinguished for their toughness. The Habitans are partial to the luxury of riding, and their common vehicle is a rough two-wheeled cart, and, occasionally, a calash.

The establishment which I employed for traveling in the settled parts of Canada, was a fair specimen of the class. The cost of the horse (four feet and a half high,) was twenty dollars, and the cart (made entirely of wood,) was four dollars. My *coachman* was a Habitan, and, in driving over a hilly road, on a certain day, I had a fine opportunity for studying the conflicting traits of character which distinguish the race. Whenever he wanted his horse to go fast, he pulled the reins with all his might, and continued to utter a succession of horrible yells. He invariably *ran* his animal *up* the hill, and deliberately *walked him down*. When angry at his unoffending beast, he showered upon his head a variety of oaths, which might be translated as follows: *infernal hog*, *black toad*, and *hellish dog*; and yet when the animal was about to drop to the ground from fatigue and heat, he would caress him, and do everything in his power to restore the animal, and ease his own conscience. I first employed this man to bring me to this place, and said nothing about continuing my journey. On ascertaining, however, that I was bound further down the St. Lawrence, he volunteered his services, and I employed him, although he had informed his wife that he would positively return on the night of the day he left her. I retained him in my employ for two days, and was particularly struck with the anxiety he manifested concerning the disappointment of his wife. He alluded to the impropriety of his conduct at least a dozen times, and usually added, “But you give me plenty money (it was only six dollars for taking me forty miles,) and *I will buy something pretty for my wife*, which will make her very glad—I guess she won’t be sorry.” I asked him what it was that he intended to purchase, and his answer was, “some ribbon, a pair of scissors, with some needles, and

a calico dress." Who can deny that it is pleasant to study the sunshine of the human heart "by which we live?"

The Habitans profess the Roman Catholic religion with much zeal. Among them, I believe, may be found many worthy Christians; but they manifest their religious devotions in many peculiar ways. They are fond of social intercourse, and spend a goodly portion of their time in visiting each other. They reluctantly establish themselves beyond the sound of a chapel bell, and I positively believe that they spend more than half of their time in performing mass and horse-racing. The Sabbath is their great holiday, and always decidedly the noisiest day in the week. Their general deportment, however, is inoffensive, and often highly praiseworthy. They are seldom guilty of committing atrocious crimes, and do not often engage in the personal conflicts which are so prevalent in the United States. They treat all men with kindness, and in their language and manners, are remarkably polite. The little girl, playing with her doll in her father's door, would think her conduct highly improper should she omit to drop you a courtesy as you passed along; and even the rude boy, when playing ball, or driving his team, invariably takes off his hat to salute the traveler.

The Habitans are particularly fond of the river St. Lawrence, and their settlements extend from Montreal, about two hundred miles along the river on the north shore, and perhaps three hundred and fifty on the southern shore. Their principal roads run parallel with the river; are about half a mile apart, and, generally, completely lined with rural dwellings.

The political opinions of the Habitans are extremely liberal, and not much in accordance with the spirit of Canadian institutions. They hate England by nature, and the advice of their priesthood, and scruple not to declare themselves actually in love with what they call the American Government. They complain that Englishmen treat them as if they were slaves, while the people of the United States always hail them as brothers. They are an unlettered race, but believe that their condition would be much happier were they the subjects of a President, instead of a Queen. That is a matter I consider questionable.

LAKE TIMISCOUTA.

THE traveler who would go from Quebec to Halifax by the recently established government route, will have to take a steamer for one hundred and twenty miles down the great river, and cross the Grand Portage road, which commences at the river Du Loup, and extends to Lake Timiscouta, a distance of thirty-six miles.

With the village of Du Loup, I was well pleased. It contains about twelve hundred inhabitants, and a more general mixture of English, Scotch, and French than is usually found in the smaller towns of Canada. The place contains an Episcopal church, which must be looked upon as a curiosity in this Roman Catholic country, for it is the only one, I believe, found eastward of Quebec. The situation of the village is romantic. It commands an extensive prospect of the St. Lawrence, which is here upwards of twenty miles wide, and bounded, on the opposite side, by a multitude of rugged mountains. The river is studded with islands; and ships are constantly passing hither and thither over the broad expanse; and when, from their great distance, all these objects are constantly enveloped in a gauze-like atmosphere, there is a magic influence in the scenery. The principal local attraction is a waterfall, about a mile in the rear of the village. At this point the waters of the rapid and beautiful Du Loup dance joyously over a rocky bed, until they reach a picturesque precipice of perhaps eighty or a hundred feet, over which they dash in a sheet of foam, and, after forming an extensive and shadowy pool, glide onward, through a pleasant meadow, until they mingle with the waters of the St. Lawrence. But, as I intend to take you over the Grand Portage, it is time that we should be off. The first ten miles of this road are dotted with the box-looking houses of the Canadian peasantry; but the rest of the route leads you up mountains and down valleys as wild and desolate as when first created. The principal trees of the forest are pine, spruce and hemlock, and the foundation of the country seems to be granite. This region is watered by many sparkling streams, which contain trout in great abundance; and the summer climate is so cold that ice is frequently formed in the month of July. The only curiosity on the road is of a geological character, and struck me as something remarkable. Crossing the

road, and running in a northerly direction, and extending to the width of about two miles, is a singular bed of granite boulders. The rocks are of every size and form, and while, from a portion of them, rises a scanty vegetation, other portions are destitute of even the common moss. In looking upon this region, the idea struck me that I was passing through the bed of what once was a mighty river, but whose fountains have become forever dry. This is only one, however, of the unnumbered wonders of the world which are constantly appearing to puzzle the philosophy of man. In passing over the Grand Portage, the traveler has to resort to a conveyance which presents a striking contrast with the usual national works of her ladyship the Queen. It is the same establishment which conveys the Royal Mail from Quebec to Halifax, and consists of a common Canadian cart, a miserable Canadian pony, and a yet more miserable Canadian driver. Such is the way they order things in Canada, which, I fancy, is not exactly the way they do in France. The Grand Portage road itself is all that one could desire, and as there is a good deal of summer and winter traveling upon it, it is surprising that the Government cannot afford a more comfortable conveyance. But this recently "Disputed Territory," owing to nobody's fault but the actual settlers, seems to be destitute of everything desirable, and I know not but we ought to rejoice that Lord Ashburton concluded the late treaty in the manner he did.

The eastern termination of the Grand Portage road is at Lake Timiscouta, where is located a pleasant hamlet of Canadians, and a picketed fort, which is now abandoned. The views from this spot are unique and exceedingly beautiful, particularly a western view of the lake, when glowing beneath the rays of the setting sun. The Indian word Timiscouta signifies the *winding water*, and accurately describes the lake, which has a serpentine course, is twenty-four miles long, and from two to three wide. Excepting the cluster of houses already mentioned, there is not a single cabin on the whole lake, and the surrounding mountains, which are perhaps a thousand feet high, are the home of solitude and silence. The only vessels that navigate the Lake are Indian canoes, paddled by Canadians. Not only does the isolated settlers depend upon them for the transportation of provisions, but even the English nobleman, who travelling in this region, finds it necessary to sit like a tailor in their straw-covered bottoms. The winters here are very severe, snow oftentimes covering the earth to the depth of six feet for four months in the year.

The only outlet to Lake Timiscouta is the Madawaska River, which is but a contraction of the same water, but reduced to the width of a stone's throw, and leading to the St. John's, a distance of some forty miles. The meaning of Madawaska, as I am informed, is *never frozen*, and the river

obtained this name from the fact that certain portions, on account of the current, are never ice-bound. The scenery of the river is precisely similar to that of its parent lake, only that it is a little cultivated. The waters of both are clear, but not very deep or cold. They abound in fish, of which the common trout, the perch, and tulady, are the more valuable varieties.

The manner in which I sailed through Timiscouta and Madawaska, was exceedingly pleasant, if not peculiar and ridiculous. My canoe was manned by a couple of barbarous Canadians, and while they occupied the extreme stern and bow, I was allowed the "largest liberty" in the body thereof. It was an exceedingly hot day when I passed through, and having stripped myself of nearly all my clothing, I rolled about at my own sweet will, not only for the purpose of keeping cool, but that I might do a good business in the way of killing time. At one moment I was dipping my feet and hands in the water, humming a lightsome tune of yore, and anon sketching the portrait of a mountain or a group of trees. Now I lay flat upon my back, and while I watched the fantastic movements of the clouds, as they crossed the blue of heaven, I attended to the comforts of the inner man by sucking maple sugar. Now I called upon the boatmen to sing me a song, and, while they complied with my request, I fixed myself in the poetical attitude of a Turk, and smoked a cigar. At one time, we halted at a mountain spring, to obtain a refreshing drink, and at another, the men pulled up to some rocky point, that I might have the pleasure of throwing the fly. Thus vagabondizing, "pleasantly the days of Thalaba went by."

My voyage down the Madawaska was not without a characteristic incident. There was quite a fleet of canoes descending at the same time, some of them laden with women and babies, and some with furs, tin-kettles and the knapsacks of home-bound lumbermen. Two of the canoes were managed by a Canadian and a Scotchman, who seemed to cherish a deeply-rooted passion for racing. They paddled a number of heats, and as they were alternately beaten, they both, finally, became angry, and began to bet extravagantly. The conclusion of the whole matter was that they went ashore on a bushy point among the mountains, and settled their difficulty by a "private fight." They fought, "like brave men, long and well," and by the time one had a tooth knocked out of his head, and the other had nearly lost an eye, they separated, and quietly resumed their way. These were the only wild animals that I saw in the Madawaska wilderness.

THE ACADIANS.

At the junction of the river Madawaska and St. John, and extending for some miles down the latter, is a settlement of about three hundred Acadians. How these people came by the name they bear, I do not exactly understand, but of their history, I remember the following particulars. In the year 1755, during the existence of the colonial difficulties between England and France, there existed in a remote section of Nova Scotia, about fifteen thousand Acadians. Aristocratic French blood flowed in their veins, and they were a peaceful and industrious race of husbandmen. Even after the government of England had become established in Canada, they cherished a secret attachment for the laws of their native country. But this was only a feeling, and they continued in the peaceful cultivation of their lands. In process of time, however, three titled Englishmen, named Lawrence, Boscawan and Moysten, held a council and formed the hard-hearted determination of driving this people from their homes, and scattering them to the four quarters of the globe. Playing the part of friends, this brotherhood of conquerors and heroes sent word to the Acadians that they must all meet at a certain place, on business which deeply concerned their welfare. Not dreaming of their impending fate, the poor Acadians met at the appointed place, and were there informed of the fact that their houses and lands were forfeited, and that they must leave the country to become wanderers in strange and distant lands. They sued for mercy, but the iron yoke of a Christian nation was laid more heavily upon their necks, in answer to that prayer, and they were driven from home and country, and as they sailed from shore, or entered the wilderness, they saw in the distance, ascending to Heaven, the smoke of all they had loved and lost. Those who survived, found an asylum in the United States, and in the more remote portions of the British empire, and when, after the war, they were invited to return to their early homes, only thirteen hundred were known to be in existence. It is a remnant of this very people who, with their descendants, are now the owners of the Madawaska settlement, and it is in an Acadian dwelling that I am now penning this chapter. But owing to their many misfortunes, (I would speak in charity,) the Acadians have degenerated into a more ignorant and miserable

people than are the Canadian French, whom they closely resemble in their appearance and customs. They believe the people of Canada to be a nation of knaves, and the people of Canada know them to be a half savage community. Worshipping a miserable priesthood, is their principal business; drinking and cheating their neighbors, their principal amusement. They live by tilling the soil, and are content if they can barely make the provision of one year take them to the entrance of another. They are, at the same time, passionate lovers of money, and have brought the science of fleecing strangers to perfection. Some of them by a life of meanness have succeeded in accumulating a respectable property; but all the money they obtain is systematically hoarded. It is reported of the principal man of this place that he has in his house, at the present moment, the sum of ten thousand dollars, in silver and gold, and yet this man's children are as ignorant of the alphabet as the cattle upon the hills. But with all their ignorance, the Acadians are a happy people, though the happiness is of a mere animal nature.

The scenery of this place, which does not seem to possess a name, is quite agreeable, but its attractive features are of an architectural character. The first is a block house, and the second a Catholic church. The block house occupies the summit of a commanding and rocky knoll, and was built at a cost of near five thousand dollars, for the purpose of defending this portion of New Brunswick, during the existence of the late boundary difficulty. The edifice is built of stone and timber, and may be described as a square box, placed upon another and larger one in a triangular fashion; the width may be thirty feet, and the height one hundred and fifty. It is well supplied with port holes, entered by a wooden flight of stairs, and covered with a tin roof. It contains two stores, besides a well-filled magazine. It is abundantly supplied with guns and cannon, and almost every variety of shot, shells and balls. It was once occupied by three military companies, (about all that it would possibly hold;) but the only human being who now has any thing to do with it, is a worthy man, who officiates as keeper. The panorama which this fortress overlooks, is exceedingly picturesque, embracing both the valleys of Madawaska and that of the St. John, which fade away amid a multitude of wild and uncultivated mountains. When I first looked upon this block house, it struck me as being a most ridiculous affair, but on further examination, I became convinced that it could not be taken without the shedding of much blood. Compared with such a frontier post as Fort Snelling on the Mississippi, however, it sinks into insignificance.

Of the church to which I alluded, I have only to remark that it is a very small, and, apparently, a venerable structure, built of wood, painted yellow, with a red steeple. It is pleasantly located, amid a cluster of rude cabins, on

the margin of the St. John, and in the immediate vicinity of a race course. It was my fate to spend a Sabbath in this Madawaska settlement. As a matter of course, I attended church. The congregation was large, and composed entirely of Acadians; decked out in the most ridiculous gew-gawish dresses imaginable. I noticed nothing extraordinary on the occasion, only that at the threshold of the church, was a kind of stand, where a woman was selling sausages and small beer. The services were read in Latin, and a sermon preached in French, which contained nothing but the most common-place advice, and that all of a secular character. At the conclusion of the service, the male portion of the congregation gradually collected together on the neighboring green, and the afternoon was devoted to horse racing, the swiftest horse belonging to the loudest talker, and heaviest stake planter, and that man was—a disciple of the Pope, and the identical priest whom I had heard preach in the morning. It will be hard for you to believe this, but I have written the truth, as well as my last line about the Acadian settlement on the Madawaska.

DOWN THE MADAWASKA.

In coming to the Falls of the St. John, from the North, the traveller finds it necessary to descend the river St. John in a canoe. The distance from Madawaska is thirty-six miles, and the day that I passed down was delightful. My canoe was only about fifteen feet long, but my voyageur was an expert and faithful man, and we performed the trip without the slightest accident.

The valley of this portion of the river is mountainous, and its immediate banks vary from fifteen to thirty feet in height. The water is very clear and rapid, but of a brownish color, and quite warm, varying in depth from three to thirty feet, and the width is about a quarter of a mile. That portion of the stream (say some seventy miles of its source,) which belongs exclusively to the United States, runs through a fertile and beautiful country, abounds in waterfalls and rapids, and is yet a wilderness. That portion which divides the United States from New Brunswick is somewhat cultivated, but principally by a French population. Owing to the fact that the farms all face the river, and are very narrow, (but extend back to the distance of two or three miles,) the houses have all been erected immediately on the river, so that, to the casual observer, the country might appear to be thickly inhabited, which is far from being the case. The principal business done on the river, is the driving of logs and timber for the market of St. John; and excepting the worthy and hard-working lumbermen who toil in the forests, the people are devoted to the tilling of their land, and are precisely similar to the Acadians in their manners and customs, and probably from the same stock. There is a miniature steamboat on the river, but as the unnumbered canoes of the inhabitants are engaged in a kind of opposition line, the fiery little craft would seem to have a hard time. In navigating the river the voyageurs paddle down stream, but use a pole in ascending; and two smart men, gracefully swinging their poles, and sending their little vessel rapidly against the current, taken in connection with the pleasant scenery of the river, present an agreeable and novel sight.

We started from Madawaska at four o'clock in the morning, and having travelled some twenty miles, we thought we would stop at the first nice-looking tavern on the shore, (for about every other dwelling is well supplied with liquor, and, consequently, considered a tavern,) for the purpose of obtaining a breakfast. Carefully did we haul up our canoe, and having knocked at the cabin door, were warmly welcomed by a savage-looking man, whose face was completely besmeared with dirt, and also by a dirty-looking woman, a couple of dirty-legged girls, and a young boy. The only furniture in the room was a bed, and a small cupboard, while the fire-place was without a particle of fire. In one corner of the room was a kind of bar, where the boy was in attendance, and seemed to be the spokesman of the dwelling. We asked him if we could have some breakfast, and he promptly replied that we could.

"What can you give us?" was my next question.

"Anything you please," replied the boy, in broken English.

"We'll take some ham and eggs, then."

"We haven't any, only some eggs."

"We'll take some bread and milk."

"We haven't any bread, but plenty of milk."

"Haven't you any kind of meat?"

"*No, plenty of* RUM. *What'll you have?*"

I could stand this no longer, and having expressed my displeasure at the ignorance of the boy, and condemned his father for pretending to keep a tavern, I gave the former a sixpence, and took half a dozen eggs, with which we returned to our canoe. While I was fixing my seat in the boat, and commenting upon wilderness hospitality, my companion amused himself by swallowing four of the purchased eggs in a leather cup of brandy. In two hours after this little adventure, our canoe was moored above the Falls of the St. John, and we were enjoying a first rate breakfast, prepared by the wife of a Mr. Russell, who keeps a comfortable house of entertainment in this place.

After I had finished my cigar, and enjoyed a resting spell, I pocketed my sketch-book, and spent the entire day examining the scenery of the Falls. After a broad and beautiful sweep, the river St. John here makes a sudden turn, and, becoming contracted to the width of about fifty yards, the waters make a plunge of perhaps forty feet, which is mostly in a solid mass, though rather disposed to form the third of a circle from shore to shore. Below this pitch, and extending for about a mile, is a succession of falls, which make the entire descent some eighty feet. The water rushes through what might be termed a winding chasm, whose walls are perhaps one hundred and fifty or

two hundred feet high, perpendicular, and composed of a blueish calcareous slate. Generally speaking, the entire distance from the first fall to the last, presents a sheet of foam, though around every jutting point is a black, and, apparently, bottomless pool, which, when I peered into them, were quite alive with salmon, leaping into the air, or swimming on the margin of the foam. On the western side of the walls, to a great extent, the original forest has been suffered to remain, and a walk through its shadowy recesses is an uncommon treat; and on this side, also, is the ruin of an old saw-mill, which adds to the picturesque beauty of the spot. On the eastern side of the falls is a commanding hill, which has been stripped of its forest, and now presents a stump field, of three hundred acres. It is a desolate spot, but in strict keeping with the enterprise of the Province. The expense of clearing, or, rather, half clearing the hill in question, was six thousand dollars, and it was the original intention of the mother government to erect thereon an extensive fortress; but owing to the birth of a sensible reflection, the idea was abandoned. The barracks of the place, as they now exist, consist of two log houses, which are occupied by a dozen sprigs of the British Army. And thus endeth my account of one of the most picturesque spots in New Brunswick, which, I doubt not, may hereafter become a fashionable place of summer resort.

THE HERMIT OF AROOSTOOK.

On my way down the River St. John, I heard that the Aroostook, one of its principal tributaries, was famous for its salmon and a picturesque waterfall, so I took up my quarters at a tavern near the mouth of that stream, with a view of throwing the fly for a few days, and adding to my stock of sketches. I arrived in the forenoon, and after depositing my luggage in an upper room, and ordering a dinner, I proceeded to arrange my tackle and pencils for an afternoon expedition. This preparatory business I performed in the sitting-room of the tavern, where there happened to be seated at the time, and reading the New York Albion, an oddly-dressed, but gentlemanly-looking man. In form, he was tall and slender, appeared to be about fifty years of age, and there was such an air of refinement in his appearance and manners, that he attracted my particular attention. I said nothing, however, and quietly continued my snelling operations, until summoned to dinner. While at the table, I sent for the landlord, to inquire about the stranger whom I had noticed, and his reply was as follows:—"His name is *Robert Egger*; he is a strange but good man, and lives the life of a recluse; his house is above the fall, on the Aroostook, and about four miles from here. He has been in this part of the country for many years, but I seldom see him at my house, excepting when he wants to read the news, put a letter in the office, or purchase a bag of flour."

With this intelligence I was quite delighted, for I fancied that I had discovered a *character*, which eventually proved to be the case. On returning to the room where the stranger was seated, I introduced myself by offering him a cigar; and while fixing my rod, asked him a few questions about the surrounding country. His replies proved him to be an intelligent man, and as he happened to express himself a lover of the "gentle art," I offered him the use of some fishing tackle, and invited him to accompany me. He refused my offer, but accepted my invitation, and we started for the Aroostook. He officiated as my guide: and when we approached the river, which was from two to five feet deep, about one hundred yards wide, very rapid filled with bridge piers in ruin, we jumped into a Frenchman's canoe, and were landed on the northern shore. Here we came into a road which

passed directly along the bank of the river; this we followed for one mile, until we arrived at a flouring mill, located at the mouth of a large and very beautiful brook where the road made a sudden turn towards the north. Directly opposite the mill, on the Aroostook side, was a narrow and rapid rift, where, my friend told me, I was sure to hook a salmon. I did not like the appearance of the place, but took his advice and waded in. I tried my luck for some thirty minutes, but could not tempt a single fish. This my friend did not understand; he said there were salmon there, and thought that the fault was mine. I knew what he wanted, and therefore handed him my rod, that he might try his fortune. He fished for nearly half an hour, and then broke the fly-tip of my rod. As I was cherishing an earnest desire to take at least one salmon *under the fall*, which I thought the only likely place to succeed, and towards which I had set my face, this little accident made me exceedingly nervous. My friend attempted to console me by remarking, that, as it was getting to be toward evening, we had better return to the tavern, and take a fresh start in the morning. But this proposition did not suit me at all, and I promptly said so. "Just as you please," replied my companion, and so we repaired the rod and continued up the river. Very rapid, with many and deep pools, was this portion of the stream; and our course along the shore, over logs and fallen trees, through tangled underbrush, and around rocky points—was attended with every imaginable difficulty, and so continued for at least two miles. On coming in sight of the fall, however, I was more than amply repaid for all my trouble, by the prospect which there presented itself. It was, perhaps, one hour before sunset, and there was a delightful atmosphere resting upon the landscape. Directly before me, in the extreme distance, and immediately under the crimson sun, was a narrow rocky gorge, through which foamed the waters of the Aroostook, over a precipice of some thirty feet; and just below the fall, rose a perpendicular rock to the height of nearly one hundred feet, dividing the stream into two channels. The entire middle distance of the prospect was composed of a broad and almost circular basin of very deep and dark water, skirted mostly with a rocky shore, while directly across the surface of this pool, winding down the stream, was a line of foam, distinguishing the main channel; while the foreground of this picture consisted of a gravelly beach, two bark wigwams, several canoes and some half dozen Indians, who were enjoying their evening meal by the side of an expiring fire.

We held a brief conversation with the Indians, and found out they had visited the basin for the purpose of spearing salmon by torch-light; and while my companion sat down in their midst to rest himself, I jumped into one of the canoes, and paddled to the foot of the fall, to try one of my fancy

flies. I fished for about thirty minutes—caught one small salmon—lost two very large ones, and returned to the Indian camp, where I had previously concluded to spend the night, provided my guide did not insist upon returning to the tavern by moonlight. It so happened, however, that my interesting plan was vetoed by my companion, who told me that his dwelling was only a mile off, and that I must go and spend the night with him. I willingly assented to this proposition, and having picked up the salmon, we engaged the Indians to ferry us across the basin, and proceeded on our way. Our path was somewhat narrow, crooked, and intricate, and as I listened to the roaring of the waterfall, and thought of the mystery which hung over my companion, I could not but wonder what I was about, and to what strange place I was going.

In due time, however, we emerged from the woods, and came out upon the side of a gentle hill, which sloped to the margin of the Aroostook, and was sufficiently open to command an extensive view of the river. Here my friend told me to tarry a few moments, for he had a canoe hidden among some willows, and wished to hunt it up, that we might recross the river once more. I heard his words, but neglected to assist him, for my whole attention was riveted by the scene upon which I was gazing. The sober livery of twilight had settled upon the world, and the flowing of the river was so peaceful, that I could distinctly hear the hum of unnumbered insects as they sported in the air. On the opposite shore was a lofty forest-covered hill, and at the foot of it a small clearing, in the centre of which stood a rude log cabin—the dwelling-place of my friend. On my left, the river presented the appearance of a lake: and apparently in the centre of it were two of the most exquisitely foliaged islands imaginable. The valley seemed completely hemmed in with mountains, and these, together with a glowing sky, were all distinctly mirrored in the sleeping waters. Charming beyond compare was this evening landscape, and the holy time "was quiet as a nun, breathless with adoration." But now my companion summoned me to a seat in the canoe, and we passed over the stream in safety; he hauled up his shallop, laid aside his paddle, and, slapping me on the shoulder, led the way to his cabin, repeating, in a loud, clear voice, the following words:

"Alone I live, between four hills;
Famed Roostook runs between:
At times, wild animals appear,
But men are seldom seen."

On entering the hut, which was now quite dark, as it only contained one window, my companion turned abruptly round, and after making a

frolicsome remark about my being in his power, he exclaimed—"That poetry I repeated to you just now was a homespun article; but as you might fancy something a little more civilized, I would say to you, my young friend, in the language of Wordsworth's Solitary,

> 'This is my domain, my cell,
> My hermitage, my cabin, what you will—
> I love it better than a snail his house;
> But now ye shall be feasted with our best.' "

Soon as these words had fallen from his lips, my friend proceeded to collect some wood for a fire, and while I was left to kindle the flame, he seized a tin-pail, and went after some spring water, which, he said, was some distance off. In a few moments, I produced a sufficient quantity of light to answer my purpose, and then took occasion to survey the room, into which I had been thus strangely introduced. Everything about me seemed to be oddity itself. First was the huge fire-place, rudely made of rough stones, and filled with ashes; then the blackish appearance of the log walls around, and the hemlock rafters above. In one corner stood a kind of wooden box, filled with blankets, which answered the purpose of a bed; and in front of the only window in the cabin was a pine table on which stood an inkstand and some writing paper, and under which sat a large gray cat, watching my movements with a suspicious eye. In one place stood a wooden chest, and a half-barrel of meal, and the only things in the room to sit upon, were a couple of wooden chairs. The crevices in the walls were stopped up with rags and clay, and from various rafters depended bundles of mint, hemlock, and other useful productions of the wood. A rusty old gun, and a home-made fishing rod occupied one corner; and on every side, resting upon wooden pegs, were numerous shelves, of every size and form, which were appropriated to a variety of uses. On one or two of them were the cooking utensils of my friend; on another, a lot of smoky books; and on others, a little of everything, from a box of salt or paper of tea, down to a spool of thread or a paper of needles.

In a few moments my friend entered the cabin, and immediately began to prepare our evening meal, which consisted of bread, fried pork, and salmon, and a cup of tea. Plain was our food, but it was as nicely cooked as if it had been done by a pretty girl, instead of an old man, and the comic pomposity with which every little matter was attended to, afforded me much amusement. One thing I remember, which struck me as particularly funny. My host was talking about the conduct of Sir Robert Peel and the British Parliament, and while in the midst of his discourse, opened a trap-door

leading to his cellar, and descended therein. I knew not what he was after, and waited his re-appearance with some anxiety, when suddenly he bobbed up his ghost-like head, resumed the thread of his remarks, and held forth in one hand a huge piece of fat pork, and as he became excited about the conduct of the Prime Minister, he occasionally slapped the pork with the remaining hand, and then shook it in the air, as if it had been one of the bloody Irishmen to whom he was occasionally alluding. He reminded me of Shakspeare's grave-digger. I also remember, that, when my friend was kneading his bread, the idea entered his head, from some remark that I had dropped, that I did not comprehend the meaning of a certain passage in Shakspeare; so he immediately wiped one of his hands, leaned over for his ragged copy of the mighty bard, and immediately settled the question to our mutual satisfaction.

Supper being ended, I pulled out of my pocket a couple of cigars which I had brought with me, and we then seated ourselves comfortably before the fire, and entered into a systematic conversation. The greater part of the talking was done by my companion, and in the course of the evening, I gathered the following particulars respecting his own history:

He told me he was a native of Hampshire, England, and had spent his boyhood in the city of London, as a counting-house clerk. He claimed a good name for his family, and added that Mr. William Jerdan, editor of the London Literary Gazette, was his brother-in-law, having married his only sister. He avowed himself about sixty years of age, and had been a resident of New Brunswick ever since the year 1809. He first came across the Atlantic as a government agent, for the transaction of business connected with the Fur Trade; and when he settled in the province, the whole country was an untrodden wilderness. Since that time he had followed a variety of employments, had acquired a competence, but lost it through the rascality of friends. He told me he was a widower, and that he had one son, who resided in Frederickton, and was rapidly acquiring a reputation for his knowledge of engineering. "It does my heart good to remember this fact," continued my friend, "and I do hope that my son will not disgrace his family, as some people seem to think I have done. The God-forsaken inhabitants of this region have a habit of calling me a crazy old man. God be praised! I *know* they overshoot the mark in that particular; if I have lost my reason, I can tell the mocking world that I have endured trouble enough to make even a philosopher a raving maniac. By patient and unwearied toil, I have won two small fortunes, but both of them were snatched away, and I was left a beggar. The home government took pity on me, and offered to make me a present of land, adding that I was at liberty to make my own selection. I

accepted their offer, and selected five hundred acres on the Aroostook, making the fall we visited this evening the centre of my domain. I duly received a deed for the property, and having concluded that my fellow-men were as tired of me as I was of them, I bolted for the wilderness, and have lived here ever since. Yes, sir, for twelve years have I been the only human inmate of this rude cabin; I ought to except, however, 'a lucid interval' of some nine months, which I spent in England, about four years ago, visiting my friends and the favorite haunts of my childhood. To enjoy even that little luxury, I was compelled to sacrifice a portion of my land."

"But why do you not sell your entire property," I remarked, "and take up your abode among men, where your knowledge might be made available?"

"Knowledge, indeed!" replied the hermit philosopher; "all that I possess, you might easily hide in the bowl of an acorn. I do know enough to cast my eyes heavenward, when crushed by misfortune, but the same knowledge was possessed by the worm upon which I accidentally trod this morning. What is man, at his best estate, but a worm! But this is not answering your question. My only reason for not selling this property is, that I cannot find a purchaser. Most gladly would I jump at the chance, and then I *would* mingle with my fellow-men, and endeavor to be *of* them. Travelers, who sometimes pass through this region, tell me that my property is worth $5000; I know it to be worth at least that amount, but I should be glad to sell it for $3000, and that, too, on a credit of ten years. The interest would, indeed, be a meagre income, but I have schooled myself in the ways of poverty; and though it once cost me $2000 to carry me through a single year, I can tell you that my expenses for the last five years have not averaged more than *twenty dollars*, which I have had to obtain as best I could. But you must not misunderstand me. The little clearing which surrounds my rookery, contains six acres, and as I cultivate them with all diligence, they keep me from actual starvation."

"But it strikes me, my dear sir, that you ask rather an extravagant price for your uncultivated land?" I asked this question with a view of obtaining some information in reference to the valley of the Aroostook, and was not disappointed. The reply of my friend was as follows:

"I can convince you that you are mistaken. In the first place, the water privilege which my land covers, is acknowledged to be the most valuable on the Aroostook, and I may add, that it is abundantly fertile. And then think of the valley, at the very threshhold of which I am located! It is one of the most beautiful and luxuriant in this northern wilderness; and the only thing against it, though I say it that should not, is the fact, that nearly five miles of its outlet belongs to the English Government, while the remainder belongs to the United States. The whole of it ought to be yours; but if it were, I would

not live here a year; I am near enough to you now; directly on the boundary line between your country and mine. The Aroostook, I verily believe, is one of the most important branches of the St. John. Its general course is easterly, but it is exceedingly serpentine, and according to some of your best surveyors, drains upwards of a million acres of the best soil in Maine. Above my place, there is hardly a spot that might not be navigated by a small steamboat, and I believe the time is not far distant when your enterprising Yankees will have a score of boats employed here, in carrying their grain to market. Before that time comes, however, you must dig a canal or build a railroad around my beautiful waterfall, which, I am sure, could be done for $20,000. An extensive lumbering business is now carried on in the valley, but its future prosperity must depend upon its agriculture. Already are its shores dotted with well-cultivated farms, and every year is adding to their number, and the rural beauty of those already in existence. The soil of this valley is rich, and composed principally of what is called *alluvial* (not interval) land, together with the quality known as *upland*. In many portions, however, you will find some of the most charming intervals in the world. The trees of this region are similar to those of your Northern States. The staple crop of the Aroostook farmer is wheat. Owing to the shortness of our seasons, corn does not arrive at perfection, and its cultivation is neglected. Rye, barley, and oats, all flourish here, but much more buckwheat is raised than any other grain besides wheat. Grasses flourish here in great perfection, and the farmer of Aroostook will yet send to market immense quantities of cattle. As to the climate, it is not so severe as is generally supposed. Snow falls early, and continues late, which prevents the ground from freezing very deep. And when summer comes, as you may testify, the weather is sufficiently warm for every necessary purpose. Now, sir, do you not think I have made out a clear case?" I answered in the affirmative, and thanked him for the information he had given me. Like Oliver Twist, however, I was anxious for "more," and therefore endeavored to start him on another subject. In this laudable effort I fully succeeded, and by merely expressing the opinion that he must lead a very lonely life in this remote wilderness.

"Not at all, not at all," replied my friend. "It is my good fortune to belong to that class of men who depend upon books, the works of nature, and themselves, for happiness, and not upon a selfish and heartless world. As to my books, they are not very abundant, nor are they bound in fancy morocco; but the substance of them is of the right sort. Foremost among them is the Bible, which tells even a poor devil like me that he is a man. Perfect in their generation are the truths of this glorious old book; they have an important bearing upon everything; and they should be studied and

cherished with jealous care. But the earth-born men, with whom I hold daily communion, are the mighty Shakspeare, the splendid Gibbon, the good and loving brother poets Thomson and Wordsworth, the gifted but wayward Burns, the elegant and witty Addison, and the ponderous Johnson. These are the minds which always afford me solid satisfaction. As to the immense herd who keep the printing presses of the present day constantly employed, I know nothing about them, and care still less. And now as to the pleasures which are brought to me by the revolving seasons. They are indeed manifold, and it is pleasant to remember that 'Nature never did betray the heart that loved her.' The hills which surround my cabin I look upon as familiar friends; not only when crowned with a wreath of snow, but when rejoicing in their summer bloom; and a more peaceful and heart-soothing stream can nowhere be found, than the one which flows along by my door; and you know from experience that it abounds in the finest of salmon and trout. The surrounding woods furnish me with game, but their greatest treasures are the ten thousand beautiful birds, which make melody in their little hearts, and afford me unalloyed pleasure for at least one-half the year. I seldom have occasion to kill these feathered minstrels for food, and the consequence is, whenever I go out into my fields to work, they gather around me without fear, and often come so near, as to be in my very way. The quail and the wren, the jay and the blue-bird, the mocking-bird, the partridge, the fish-hawk, the eagle, and the crow, and also the swallow, the owl and whippoorwill, all build their nests within a stone's throw of my door, and they know that the friendless old man will do them no harm. And then what exquisite pleasure do I continually enjoy in watching the ever-varying changes of the year! First, when the primrose tells me that the rains are over and gone, and I go forth in the refreshing sunshine to sow my seeds; secondly, when the glorious summer is in its prime, with its dewy mornings and lovely twilights; also in the sober autumnal time, when I thoughtfully count the leaves floating on the bosom of the stream; and then, again, when the cold winds of winter are howling around my cabin, and I sit in my pleasant solitude before a roaring fire, building palaces, in my mind, as I peer into the burning embers. Yes, sir, I have learned to live without excitement, and to depend upon myself for the companionship I need. I do, indeed, occasionally steal out of my beautiful vale, and mingle with my fellow-men; but I always return perfectly contented with my lot. After all, I do not believe that the world *could* add greatly to my stock of happiness, even if I were a worshipper of Mammon, a brawling politician, or a responsible statesman."

"But, Mr. Egger, it strikes me that your manner of life is not in keeping with the Bible, for which you have expressed so much reverence."

"That may be true," was the reply, "but I make no sanctimonious pretensions. I do but little to promote the happiness of my fellow-men, and I congratulate myself with the idea that I do as little to make them miserable. The influence of my example amounts to nothing, and I give no bread to the poor, because I have none to give. But let us drop the subject; I feel that your questions may so annoy me, that I shall be compelled to abandon this glorious old wilderness, and become a denizen of the busy and noisy world."

A breach having thus been made in our discourse, I examined my watch, and found it to be near twelve o'clock. My companion took the hint, and immediately proceeded to fix a sleeping place that would accommodate us both. This was done by spreading the clothes of the wooden bedstead upon the floor. While going through with this little operation, he held high above his head a ragged old bed-quilt, and asked me what I thought Queen Victoria would say, if she had such an article to rest her royal limbs upon? He then pointed to the particular spot which he wanted me to occupy, giving as a reason for the request, that there was a hole on the opposite side of his mansion, where toads, rats, and weasels were frequently in the habit of entering, and he was afraid that they might annoy me, though he had never been disturbed by their nocturnal visits. This information appeared to me somewhat peculiar, but did not prevent me from undressing myself to lie down. When about half through this business, however, I was actually compelled to take a seat on account of a laughing fit brought upon me by one or two stories, which my host related for my special benefit. *What* a strange man, indeed! thought I, and making another effort, I tumbled into bed. In the meantime, my companion had stripped himself of everything but his shirt, and in spite of the frailty of his "spindle shanks," was throwing himself into the attitudes for which Kemble was distinguished, whose acting he had often witnessed in olden times. I was already quite exhausted with excess of laughter, and I verily believed that the queer antics of the anchorite and philosopher would be the death of me. But I felt that I must go to sleep, and, in self-defence, partly covered my head with the end of a quilt, and almost swore that I would not be disturbed again.

I did not swear, however, and was consequently again disturbed. I had just fixed my head upon the pillow, as I thought, for the last time, when I was startled by a tremendous yell proceeding from without the cabin. I rushed out of the house as if the old Harry himself had been after me, and beheld my spare and venerable friend sitting upon a stump, gazing upon the rising moon, and listening to the distant howl of a wolf, with one of his feet

dangling to and fro like the pendulum of a clock. “Wasn’t that a musical yell, my boy?” were the first words spoken by the hermit mad-cap; and then he went on to point out all the finer features of the scene spread out before us. Silently flowed the stream, grand and sublime looked the mountains, clear and very blue the sky, spirit-like the moon and stars, and above the neighboring waterfall ascended a column of spray, which was fast melting into a snowy cloud. After enjoying this picture for a reasonable time, my companion then proposed that we should enjoy a swim in the river, to which arrangement I assented, even as did the wedding-guest of Coleridge to the command of the Ancient Mariner. Our bath ended, we returned to the cabin, and in the course of half an hour, the hermit and the stranger were side by side in the arms of sleep.

On opening my eyes in the morning, the pleasant sunshine was flooding the floor through the open door, and my friend, who had risen without disturbing me, was frying some trout which he had just taken in the stream. I arose, rolled up the bed, and prepared myself for breakfast, which was particularly relished by the giver and the receiver. I spent the forenoon rambling about the estate of my old friend, and enjoying the surrounding scenery; I then proposed to him that he should come down and be my guest at the tavern on the St. John for a day or two, which invitation was accepted. Before my return, I took a sketch of the secluded vale where stands the cabin of my friend, also a profile of his own handsome face, and a view of his waterfall; and the time of my departure having arrived, the philosophic hermit returned to his solitary cottage among the mountains.[4]

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[4] While on a second visit to the Valley of the St. John, in 1852, I had the pleasure of again meeting my Aroostook friend, whom I found in good health, and devoting himself to mercantile pursuits at the mouth of the beautiful Tobique.

THE RIVER ST. JOHN.

I HAVE recently performed a pilgrimage along the valley of the St. John, and as I am about to leave the river, it is meet that I should give my reader a record of my observations. The distance from the Falls of St. John to the city of that name, is two hundred and twenty miles. The width of the river varies from a quarter of a mile to two miles, and the depth from two to forty feet. That portion lying north of Frederickton abounds in rapids and shallows, and is navigated only by flat-bottomed boats, which are taken up stream by horse power, but descend with the current. Here, for the most part, the shores are mountainous, the more elevated peaks being named Mars Hill and Moose Mountain,—and only partly cultivated, with high and picturesque banks; the lowest portion, however, is of a level character, and presents the appearance of an ancient and highly cultivated country, and is navigated by steamboats, and the common sail-craft of the country. The soil all along the shores is good, but seems better adapted for grass than wheat, and I can see no good reason for its not becoming greatly distinguished as a grazing country.

The lower part of the river is not famous for pictorial features, though it abounds in beautiful landscapes; but a place called the Narrows, situated at the southern extremity, is worth visiting. At this point, the stream is not more than five hundred yards wide, and as it is bounded on either side by a high rocky barrier, the current ordinarily passes through with great rapidity. The tides of the ocean ascend about thirty miles, and it is only when the tide is high that the point in question can be navigated. Though these narrows are a great annoyance to the navigator, by the lover of the picturesque they are highly esteemed. Not only are they beautiful in themselves, but, owing to the peculiarity of the place, it is frequently the case, that the broad expanse of water above it is covered with a fleet of sloops, schooners, steamboats, towboats, and timber crafts, which present a peculiar and agreeable panorama. The river abounds with salmon and shad, and the former, though rather small, may be taken by the angler in the principal tributaries. They are not sufficiently abundant, however, to constitute an important article of

commerce, and the common modes of taking them are with the spear and the drift net.

The principal towns on the St. John are, Woodstock, French Village, Frederickton and St. John. The first of these is one hundred and fifty miles from the mouth, and though a ragged, yet an interesting village. So far as its natural productions are concerned, I am disposed to compliment this Province in the highest terms; but I must say, that the ignorance, idleness, and gouging character of its common people, have made me quite willing to take my departure therefrom. The expenses of travelling are enormous. Stage fares average about twelve cents per mile, and if you happen to spend a week at a miserable country tavern, you will have to pay two dollars per day for board. With a few exceptions, there is hardly a *country* tavern in the Province, where the traveller is not in danger of being robbed. It was my good fortune to be robbed only twice, but I was particularly fortunate. This is rather severe, but I am driven to talk in this strain, though I would not be understood as reflecting upon the better classes of the Province.

The stage-route from the Grand Falls to St. John passes through Woodstock, but the distance from this place to the American town of Houlton is ten miles, and in this direction there is also an established stage-route to Bangor.

The next place on the St. John of any note, is French Village. It contains a thousand souls—most of them Milicite Indians. They live in frame and log houses, and though they pretend to do some farming, they are chiefly engaged in hunting and fishing. They are a good-looking race, speak English fluently, and are the followers of a Roman Catholic priest, who lives among them, and officiates in a small chapel which was built by the Jesuits at an early day. This society is said to be one of the most wealthy in the Province. The chief of the village is one Louis Beir. He lives in a very comfortable and well-furnished house, is rather a handsome man, dresses in a half-savage manner, and while he offers his visitor a comfortable chair, he invariably seats himself upon the floor in the true Indian fashion.

Frederickton is at the head of the steamboat navigation, and distant from St. John ninety miles. Between these two places there runs a morning and evening boat, and the summer travel is quite extensive. Frederickton contains about five thousand inhabitants, composed of Irish, Scotch, and English. It displays three principal streets, running north and south, and some half dozen handsome public buildings, including an Episcopal church, after the Tuscan order, a court-house, and a college. The town is situated on a level plain, and its suburbs are made beautiful by the number of rural residences which attract the eye in every direction. The elm and poplar both

seem to flourish here, and add much to the picturesqueness of the place and vicinity. The business of Frederickton is only of a second-rate character, and it has become what it is, merely from the fact that it is the seat of government. This fact has also had a tendency to collect a good society in the place, and its “ton,” though in a small way, have been disposed to cut a dash. The “mother Parliament,” I believe, has recently talked much about removing the seat of government to St. John, and the lovers of Frederickton are sorry and a little angry at the possibility of such a change.

The city of St. John stands at the mouth of the river of that name, and is also laved by the waters of the Bay of Fundy. I hate cities, but suppose that I must stop a moment in the one alluded to. It is a business place, planted among rocks, contains some twenty thousand inhabitants, (two-thirds of whom are Irish,) and in this port, at the present time, is moored a fleet of two hundred ships. Its public buildings are numerous, the finest of which are the court-house, an Episcopal church of the Doric order, another after the Gothic, and a Presbyterian church after the Corinthian order. The city is defended by a fortress, which presents a handsome appearance as you approach the port. The merchants of the place are chiefly employed in the square-timber trade, and have, heretofore, done an extensive business. This trade, however, I am inclined to believe, is rapidly running out. On the opposite side of the St. John River is a picturesque point or hill, called the Carlton Hill. It is surmounted by a massive block house, and commands an extensive view of the Bay of Fundy, the spring tides of which rise to the height of sixty feet. Before leaving the St. John River, I must pay a passing compliment to the Salmon and Tobique rivers, which are among its most charming tributaries. The first abounds in salmon, but the second in salmon and much beautiful scenery, having a number of falls, gorges, and narrows, which are unsurpassed. At the mouth of the Tobique, too, is situated a village of two or three hundred intelligent and inoffensive Milicite Indians, and a few days that I spent with a couple of these in their canoe, taking sketches, killing trout, trying for salmon, and listening to their stories, were among the happiest I ever experienced. The Tobique has its source in a spring-lake, and its two most picturesque features are the *Red Rapids*, so called from the sandstone over which it runs, and a place called *The Narrows*, which is a chasm nearly a mile long, and rendered exceedingly charming by a happy blending of the hemlock, pine, spruce, cedar, and birch trees, interspersed with hoary lichens. The Indians alluded to, have a Reservation of good land on this river, consisting of sixteen hundred acres; and on questioning the oldest man of the tribe about his national history, all that I could learn was, that they once lived on the Restigouche.

THE PENOBSCOT RIVER.

One week ago I was fighting with the musquetos and black flies, on the head-waters of the Penobscot, and now that I am upon the ocean once more, I fancy that my feelings are allied to those of an old moose that I lately saw standing in a mountain lake, with the water up to his lips. The noble river which I have mentioned, is all my fancy painted it, and in spite of its insect inhabitants, I shall ever remember it with pleasure.

The length of this stream from the mouth of its bay to where its principal branches come together, is about one hundred and forty miles; from this junction, to the fountain head of the west branch, the distance is supposed to be one hundred and fifty miles, while the east branch is probably only one hundred miles in length. Both of these streams rise in the midst of a mountain wilderness, looming above which is old Katahden, the loftiest mountain in Maine, elder brother to Mount Washington, in New Hampshire, and it towers into the sky so grandly, that nearly all the people who inhabit the northern part of Maine look upon it as a familiar friend. The two leading branches of the Penobscot run through a mountainous region, abounding in rapids and waterfalls. Among them are the Grand Falls, so-called, which are fifty feet high; Gordon's Fall, which is twenty-five feet high; and the Slugundy Falls, consisting of a great number of picturesque schutes and rapids. And then, upon some of the other tributaries of the Penobscot are to be found immense bogs, which have been poetically termed "Oceans of Moss," and are noted for their desolate and lonely appearance. One of these, lying near the source of the Mattawamkeg, is said to be fifteen miles long, upon which, in the olden times, a great battle is said to have been fought between the Penobscot and Mohawk Indians, and in which were found, a few years ago, the remains of slain warriors, in a perfect state of preservation. The aborigines manifested their affection for this river by giving it no less than three names, characteristic of its diverse peculiarities, viz., *Penobscot*, or Rocky River; *Baam-tu-guai-took*, or Broad Water; and *Gim-sit-i-cook*, or Smooth Water. The soil of this region, generally speaking, is good, but remains in its original wildness. Its stationary inhabitants are few and far between; but it gives employment to about three thousand

lumbermen. They spend the winter wielding the axe in the forests, and the spring and summer in driving down the stream logs which they have prepared for the saw-mills, which are mostly located on the lower part of the Penobscot. Nine months in the year they labor without ceasing, but usually appropriate to themselves a play spell of three months, which is the entire autumn. They are a young and powerfully built race of men, mostly New Englanders, generally unmarried, and, though rude in their manner, and intemperate, are quite intelligent. They seem to have a passion for their wild and toilsome life, and, judging from their dresses, I should think possess a fine eye for the comic and fantastic. The entire apparel of an individual usually consists of a pair of gray pantaloons and *two red* flannel shirts, a pair of long boots, and a woollen covering for the head, and *all* these things are worn at one and the same time. The head-covering alluded to, when first purchased, is what might be called a hat, but the wearers invariably take particular pains to transform the article into such queer shapes as to render it indescribable. Sometimes they take the crown and tie it in the shape of a fool's cap, and sometimes they trim the rims with a jack-knife into many different fashions. Their wages vary from twenty to thirty dollars per month, and they are chiefly employed by the lumber merchants of Bangor, who furnish them with the necessary supplies.

The Penobscot is unquestionably the most fruitful lumber river in the United States, and its pine and hemlock forests seem yet to be inexhaustible; and the State of Maine is indebted to the lumber business for many of its beautiful cities and towns.

From the Forks of the Penobscot to Bangor, the distance is about sixty miles. This portion of the river is nearly a quarter of a mile wide. The banks are rather low and level, and somewhat cultivated. The water is deep and clear, and the current strong. Generally speaking, the scenery of the river is not remarkable, and were it not for the numerous islands, it might be considered tame, by the lover of a mountain land. The islands alluded to, however, are exceedingly beautiful. Covered as they are with venerable elms, and containing no underbrush, but a continuous plot of green, they have all the appearance of cultivated parks. The stage route from Woodstock, after reaching the Penobscot, continues along the eastern bank, and as the coaches are comfortable, and the horses good, the ride is quite pleasant. The principal village, of which there are four, is Old Town. It is a busy little place, and the present termination of a railroad from Bangor, which is twelve miles distant. Directly opposite Old Town is a small island, where resides a remnant of the Penobscot Indians. They number some four

hundred souls, and are just sufficiently civilized to lead a very miserable sort of life.

I come now to speak of Bangor. It is a well built and handsome city, eighty miles from the ocean, and contains about eight thousand inhabitants. It is at the head of tide water navigation, and has a good harbor, where I counted, from one point, nearly two hundred sails. The principal article of trade is lumber, which is distinguished for its good qualities. All the heaviest merchants are engaged in the lumber trade, and almost everybody deals in it to a limited extent. A few thousand shingles will pay your tailor for a coat, a few loads of plank will settle your account with the butcher, and bundles of clap-boards are gladly received by the grocer, in exchange for his sugar and tea.

With the people of Bangor I was very much pleased. Their manners and habits are stamped with the true New England character; they mind their own business, and are distinguished for their intelligence, virtue and hospitality.

The distance from Bangor from the ocean is eighty miles. For twenty miles, the river averages three quarters of a mile in width, when it gradually widens into an expansive bay or gulf. The water is deep, always covered with vessels, and abounds in salmon, which are taken only with the net. The shores are hilly and well cultivated, and the towns of Bucksport, Frankfort, Belfast, and Thomaston, as you pass them, present each a thriving and pleasant appearance.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE AND THE KENNEBECK RIVER.

Moosehead Lake is the largest and the wildest in New England. It lies in the central portion of the State of Maine, and distant from the ocean about one hundred and fifty miles. Its length is fifty miles, and its width from five to fifteen. It is embosomed among a brotherhood of mountains, whose highest peak has been christened with the beautiful name of Katahden. This mountain is twenty miles from the Lake, is supposed to be six thousand feet high, and commands an uninterrupted view of the two great valleys of the Penobscot and Kennebeck. The ascent to the top is precipitous and rugged, but when attained, is found to consist of an area of perhaps one thousand acres of level land, resting on a granite foundation. In former times the Indians were fearful of hunting upon this mountain, because it was thought to be the abode of *Matahonda* or the author of Evil. All of these northern mountains, excepting Katahden, which is woodless on top, from base to summit, are covered with a dense forest, in which the pine is by far the most abundant. Moosehead is the grand centre of a vast wilderness region, whose principal denizens are wild beasts. During the summer months, its tranquil waters remain in unbroken solitude, unless some scenery-hunting pilgrim, like myself, happens to steal along its shores in his birchen canoe. But in the winter the case is very different, for then, all along its borders, may be heard the sound of the axe, wielded by a thousand men. Then it is that an immense quantity of logs are cut, which are manufactured into lumber at the extensive mills down the Kennebeck, which is the only outlet of the lake.

A winter at Moosehead must be attended with much that is rare, and wild, and exciting, not only to the wealthy proprietor who has a hundred men to superintend, but even to the toiling chopper himself. Look at a single specimen of the gladdening scenes enacted in that forest world. It is an awful night, the winds wailing, the snow falling, and the forests making a moan. Before you is a spacious, but rudely built log cabin, almost covered with snow. But now, above the shriek of the storm, and the howl of the wolf, you hear a long, loud shout, from a score of human mouths. You enter the

cabin, and lo, a merry band of noble men, some lying on a buffalo-robe, and some seated upon a log, while the huge fire before them reveals every feature and wrinkle of their countenances, and makes a picture of the richest coloring. Now the call is for a song, and a young man sings a song of Scotland, which is his native land; a mug of cider then goes round, after which an old pioneer clears his throat for a hunting legend of the times of old; now the cunning jest is heard, and peals of hearty laughter shake the building; and now a soul-stirring speech is delivered in favor of Henry Clay. The fire-place is again replenished, when, with a happy and contented mind, each woodman retires to his couch, to sleep, and to dream of his wife and children, or of the buxom damsel whom he loves.

The number of logs which these men cut in a single winter, is almost incredible, and the business of conveying them to the lake upon the snow gives employment to a great many additional men and their oxen. The consequence is, that large quantities of flour, potatoes, pork, and hay, are consumed; and as these things are mostly supplied by the farmers of the Kennebeck, winter is the busiest season of the year throughout the region. When the lake is released from its icy fetters in the spring, a new feature of the logging business comes into operation, which is called rafting. A large raft contains about eighteen thousand logs, and covers a space of some ten acres. In towing them to Kennebeck, a small steamboat is employed, which, when seen from the summit of a hill, looks like a living creature struggling with a mighty incubus. But the most picturesque thing connected with this business is a floating log-cabin, called a Raft-House, which ever attends a raft on its way to the river. During the summer, as before stated, Moosehead Lake is a perfect solitude, for the "log-chopper" has become a "log driver" on the Kennebeck—the little steamer having been moored in its sheltering bay, near the tavern at the south end of the lake, and the toiling oxen been permitted to enjoy their summer Sabbath on the farm of their master.

The islands of Moosehead Lake, of any size, are only four: Moose and Deer Islands at the southern extremity, Sugar Island in the large eastern bay, and Farm Island in a northwestern direction from that. All of these are covered with beautiful groves, but the time is not far distant when they will be cultivated farms. Trout are the principal fish that flourish in its waters, and may be caught at any time in great abundance. And thereby hangs a *fish story*.

It was the sunset hour, and with one of my companions, I had gone to a rocky ledge for the purpose of trying my luck. Our bait was squirrel meat, and I was the first to throw the line. It had hardly reached the water, before I had the pleasure of striking and securing a two pound trout. This threw my

friend into a perfect fever of excitement, so that he was everlastingly slow in cutting up the squirrel; and it may be readily supposed that I was somewhat excited myself; so I snatched the animal out of his hands, and with my *teeth*, made a number of good baits. The conclusion of the whole matter was, that in less than forty minutes we had caught nearly seventy pounds of salmon trout. But the fish of Moosehead are not to be compared with those of Horicon in point of delicacy, though they are very large, and very abundant. The reason of this is, that its waters are not remarkably clear, and a good deal of its bottom is muddy. Moose River, which is the principal tributary of the Lake, is a narrow, deep, and picturesque stream, where may be caught the common trout, weighing from one to three pounds.

In this portion of Maine every variety of forest game may be found; but the principal kinds are the gray wolf, the black bear, the deer, and the moose. Winter is the appropriate season for their capture, when they afford a deal of sport to the hunter, and furnish a variety of food to the forest laborers. Deer are so very plenty, that a certain resident told me, that, in the deep snow of last winter, he caught some dozen of them alive, and having cut a slit in their ears, let them go, that they might recount to their kindred their marvellous escape. But the homeliest animal, the most abundant, and the best for eating, is the moose. I did not kill one, but spent a night with an old hunter who did. During the warm summer night, these animals, for the purpose of getting clear of the black fly, are in the habit of taking to the water, where, with nothing but their heads in sight, they remain for hours. It was the evening of one of those cloudless nights whose memory can never die. We were alone far up the Moose River, and it seemed to me, "we were the first that ever burst into that *forest* sea." On board a swan-like birch canoe we embarked, and with our rifles ready, we carefully and silently descended the stream. How can I describe the lovely pictures that we passed? Now we peered into an ink-black recess in the centre of a group of elms, where a thousand fire-flies were revelling in joy;—and now a solitary duck shot out into the stream from its hidden home, behind a fallen and decayed tree; now we watched the stars mirrored in the sleeping waves, and now we listened to the hoot of the owl, the drum of the partridge, the song of a distant waterfall, or the leap of a robber-trout. It was not far from midnight when my companion whispered, "Hush, hush!" and pointed to a dim spot some hundred yards below. The first chance was allotted me, so I took the best aim I could, and fired. I heard the ball skip along the water, and on coming near, found my mark to be only a smooth rock. Two hours more passed on, one small moose was killed, and at day-break we were in our cabin fast asleep. As to deer hunting there is hardly a lake in Maine that does not afford the rarest sport. The common

mode is to "drive" the animals, until they take to the water, and then follow them in a canoe. To succeed in this sport you must have well trained dogs and Indian or half-breed canoe men.

The principal outlet of Moosehead Lake is the Kennebec, which now "demands my song." It is the second river in Maine, and one of the most beautiful in the country. Its name is derived from that of a famous aboriginal chief, who was called *Kannabis*, and whose dominions extended all along its course; and a journey down its charming valley borrows interest from the fact that the traitor, Arnold, before his disgrace, led through this wilderness his ill-fated but romantic expedition, which ended in defeat beneath the walls of Quebec. Instead of watering a wilderness, as I had supposed, all along its valley, for over a hundred miles, are fertile and extensive farms, with here and there a thriving village, inhabited by an intelligent and industrious people. Its principal tributary is Dead River, and the spot at the junction of the two is called the Forks. The cultivated region stops here, and between this point and Moosehead, the distance is twenty-five miles, and this portion is yet a forest wilderness.

The principal attraction at the Forks is a tavern, kept by one Burnham, who is a capital fellow to guide the lover of Nature, or the trout fisherman, to Moxy Fall or Nameless Lake, which are in the immediate vicinity. The mountains about here are quite lofty, and exceedingly picturesque, abounding in the maple, the oak, the pine and hemlock. Emptying into the Kennebec, a few miles north of the Forks, is a superb mountain stream, named Moxy, after an Indian who was there drowned many years ago. Winding for a long distance among wild ravines, and eternally singing to the woods a trumpet song, it finally makes a sudden plunge into a chasm more than a hundred feet in depth. The perpendicular rocks on either side rise to an immense height, their tops crowned with a "peculiar diadem of trees," and their crevices filled up with dark-green verdure, whence occasionally issues, hanging gracefully in the air, beautiful festoons of the ivy, and clusters of the mountain bluebell. The depth of the pool was never told, and its waters wash against the granite walls in a perpetual gloom. On one occasion I visited it when there was a high freshet, and saw what I could hardly have believed from a description. I stood on an elevated point, in front of the Fall, when my eye rested upon an immense log, some sixty feet long, coming down the foaming stream with all the fury of a maddened steed; presently it reached the precipice,—then cleaved its airy pathway down into the hell of waters,—was completely out of sight for at least two minutes; then, like a creature endowed with life, it shot upward again, clear

out of the water, made another less desperate plunge, and quietly pursued its course into the Kennebec.

In speaking of *Nameless Lake*, it is necessary that I should be a little egotistical. It is a fairy-like sheet of pure water in the heart of the mountain wilderness, only about a mile in length, but full of trout. The proprietor was of the party that accompanied me on my first visit. While approaching it, the remark was made that it was yet without a name; when it was agreed that it should be christened after that individual who should on that day throw the most successful fly. As fortune would have it, the honor was awarded to me; and on a guide-board in the forest, three miles from Burnham's, may be seen the figure of a hand, and the words "Lake Lanman." There stands my written name, exposed "to the peltings of the pitiless storm;" and in a few years, at the longest, it will be washed away, and the tree which supports it be mingling with the dust.

Not to attempt a description of the scenery of the Kennebeck, which could be faithfully given only by the pictures of a Cole or Durand, I will take my readers down its valley, and tell them what I know respecting its beautiful villages.

The first in order is Bingham, situated on a fertile "interval," surrounded with picturesque hills, charming and quiet as a summer day, and containing within the jurisdiction of its town an uncommonly fine farm, whose proprietor manufactures large quantities of maple sugar. This town, by the way, was named after William Bingham, whose landed estate in the wilds of Maine amounted to upwards of two millions of acres, and among whose descendants are two daughters, who married the Brothers Baring of London. Solon is the next village in the Kennebec valley, remarkable for nothing but Caritunk Falls, which are twenty feet high, and run through a gorge fifty feet wide. Here I saw some twenty men "driving" the logs that had been lodged all along the river when it was low. It is a laborious life which these men lead, but they receive good pay, and meet with many interesting adventures. They generally have the soul to enjoy fine scenery, and therefore demand the respect of the intelligent traveller. Anson, though in the valley of the Kennebec, is situated on Seven Mile Brook, and is a flourishing business place. From its neighboring hills may be seen the sky-piercing peaks of Mount Blue, Saddleback, Bigelow and Mount Abraham, which are the guardian spirits of Maine. The town is distinguished for its agricultural enterprise, and the abundance of its wheat, having actually produced more than is reported from any other town in the State. Norridgwock, so named after a tribe of Indians, is a charming little village, and associated with a celebrated Indian chief named Bomazeen, and also with the self-sacrificing

labors of Father Sebastian Ralle, a devoted and learned Jesuit from France, who perished on this spot by the hands of British soldiers, falling dead at the foot of a cross he had erected in the village over which he ruled. Not far from here is a waterfall, also a picturesque bend of the Kennebec, where empties Sandy River, upon which are many extensive farms. Skowhegan is a thriving village, where there are fine falls, which I could never look upon without thinking of the famous Glen's Falls, in New York, of which they are a counterpart, though on a smaller scale. Many and very dear to me are my recollections of its "choice bits" of scenery, of the fine singing I there heard, of the acquaintances there formed, and of the pleasant literary communings which were mine in company with one of the best and most intellectual of women. Waterville, the next town on the river, is the seat of a Baptist college, and the head of navigation on account of the Ticonic Falls. It is the centre of an extensive farming district, which fact, together with the literary taste of its people, makes it an uncommonly interesting place. Augusta, the capital of the State, is also on the Kennebec, and with its State House, and other State buildings, its admirably conducted hotels, its commanding churches, its large bridge, and pleasant residences, is one of the most picturesque and interesting towns in the whole of New England. Hallowell, two miles below Augusta, was once a great place for business, and is still a very pleasant town, though unable to compete with its rival, the capital. Gardiner, further down, is a famous place for saw-mills; and lumbering I look upon as one of the surest kinds of business. It contains the handsomest church-building in the State, and a number of fine residences. Bath is the next and most southern town on the Kennebec; it is quite a large place, where there is a great deal of shipping done, and is now in a flourishing condition. The sail down the river from here is a most delightful one, for the eye revels over a succession of pleasant farms, quiet headlands, solitary islands, and vessels of every kind, passing up and down the stream. Even to the present day, the Kennebec abounds in salmon, which are caught with nets from the first of May till midsummer. To take them with the hook is fine sport, indeed, and for the manner in which I conquered a solitary individual, I refer my reader to a certain passage in *Scrope on Salmon Fishing*. Few are the rivers that I love more than the Kennebec, and very dear to me are its manifold associations.

LETTERS

FROM

THE ALLEGHANY MOUNTAINS.

DAHLONEGA.

THE Cherokee word Dah-lon-e-ga signifies *the place of yellow metal*; and is now applied to a small hamlet at the foot of the Alleghany Mountains, in Lumpkin county, Georgia, reputed to be the wealthiest gold region in the United States. It is recorded of De Soto and his followers that, in the sixteenth century, they explored this entire Southern country in search of gold, and unquestionable evidences of their work have been discovered in various sections of the State. Among these testimonials may be mentioned the remains of an old furnace, and other works for mining, which have been brought to light by recent explorations. But the attention of our own people was first directed to this region while yet the Cherokees were in possession of the land, though the digging of gold was not made a regular business until after they had been politely banished by the General Government. As soon as the State of Georgia had become the rightful possessor of the soil (according to *law*) much contention and excitement arose among the people as to who should have the best opportunities for making fortunes; and, to settle all difficulties, it was decided by the State Legislature that the country should be surveyed and divided into lots of forty and one hundred and sixty acres, and distributed to the people by lottery. For several years subsequent to that period, deeds of wrong and outrage were practised to a very great extent by profligate adventurers who flocked to this El Dorado. In the year 1838, however, the Government established a branch Mint at this place, since which time a much better state of things has existed in Dahlonega.

The appearance of this village, though not more than a dozen years old, is somewhat antiquated, owing to the fact that the houses are chiefly built of logs, and, having never been painted are particularly dark and dingy, but uncommonly picturesque in form and location. The population of the place is about five hundred. It is located upon a hill, and though the country around is quite uneven, having been deeply ravined by atmospheric agents, when viewed in connection with the mountains, (some ten or fifteen miles off,) which seem to hem it in on three sides, presents the appearance of a pit to a magnificent amphitheatre. On approaching Dahlonega I noticed that the water-courses had all been mutilated with the spade and pickaxe, and that

their waters were of a deep yellow; and having explored the country since then, I find that such is the condition of all the streams within a circuit of many miles. Large brooks (and even an occasional river) have been turned into a new channel, and thereby deprived of their original beauty. And of all the hills in the vicinity of Dahlonega which I have visited I have not seen one which is not actually riddled with shafts and tunnels. The soil is of a primitive character, quite yellowish in color, composed of sand and clay, and uncommonly easy to excavate with the spade. Heretofore the gold ore of Lumpkin county has been obtained from what has been called the deposit beds, but the miners are now beginning to direct their attention to the veined ore, which is supposed to be very abundant in all directions. It is generally found in quartz and a species of slate stone. The gold region of Georgia, strictly speaking, is confined to a broad belt, which runs in a northeastern and southwestern direction from Dahlonega, which may be considered its centre. Several auriferous veins traverse the town, and it is common after a rain to see the inhabitants busily engaged in *hunting* for gold in the streets. That huge quantities are thus accumulated in *these* days I am not ready to believe, whatever may have been done in former years. I know not that any very remarkable specimens of gold ore have been found in the immediate vicinity of Dahlonega, but an idea of the wealth of the State in this particular may be gathered from the fact, that several lumps have heretofore been found in different sections, which were worth from five hundred to one thousand dollars. More valuable specimens have been found in North Carolina; but while Virginia, the Carolinas, and Alabama have all produced a goodly amount of gold, I have heard it conceded that Georgia has produced the largest quantity and decidedly the best quality.

And now with regard to the fortunes that have been made in this region. They are very few and far between. But, by way of illustration, I will give two or three incidents which have come to my knowledge. In passing, however, I may repeat the remark made to me by an intelligent gentleman, that the expenses of digging out the gold in this section of country have ever exceeded the gain by about one hundred per cent. Immense amounts of labor as well as money have been expended, and generally speaking, the condition of the people has not been improved; the very wealth of the country has caused the ruin of many individuals. The following story is a matter of popular history. After the State Legislature had divided the Cherokee Purchase into lots and regularly numbered them, it was rumored about the country that lot No. 1052 was a great prize, and everybody was on tiptoe with regard to its distribution by the proposed lottery. At that time 1052 *figured* in the dreams of every Georgian, and those figures were then far

more *popular* than the figures 54 40 have been in these latter days. Among the more crazy individuals who attended the lottery was one Mosely, who had determined either to draw the much talked of prize *or purchase it of the winner*, even though it should be at the cost of his entire property, which was quite large. The drawing took place, and 1052 came into the possession of a poor farmer named Ellison. Mosely immediately mounted his horse and hastened to Ellison's farm, where he found the child of fortune following his plough. The would-be purchaser made known the object of his visit, and Ellison only laughed at the impetuosity of his impatient friend. Ellison said he was not anxious to sell the lot, but if Mosely *must* have it, he *might* have it for $30,000. Mosely acceded to the terms, and in paying for the lot sacrificed most of his landed and personal property. The little property which was left him he was compelled to employ in working his mines; he labored with great diligence for several years, but he could never make both ends meet, for his mines were not at all distinguished for their richness. In process of time he was compelled to sell 1052 for what it would bring, and having squandered that remnant of his former wealth, he left the country for parts unknown, a veritable beggar. But, what is more singular than all, the present proprietor of 1052 is that identical man Ellison, who is annually realizing a handsome sum of money from the newly-discovered gold ore found in the bowels of his lottery lot.

Another instance of good fortune, unattended with any *alloy*, is as follows: Five years ago, a couple of brothers, who were at work upon the Georgia railroad, took it into their heads to visit Dahlonega and try their luck in the mining business. They were hard-working Irishmen, and understood the science of digging to perfection. They leased one or two lots in this vicinity, and are now reputed to be worth $15,000.

And now that it has come into my mind, I will mention another *lottery* anecdote, which was related to me by an old resident. By way of introduction, however, I ought here to mention that this region is famous for the number and size of its rattlesnakes, and that our hero had an utter abhorrence of the reptile. Among those who obtained prizes at the great drawing, before alluded to, was an individual from the southern part of the State, who drew a lot in this vicinity. In process of time he came to the north to explore his property, and had called at the house of a farmer near his land, for the purpose of obtaining a guide. In conversing with the farmer, he took occasion to express his dislike to the rattlesnake; whereupon the farmer concluded that he would attempt a speculation. Remembering that in going to the stranger's land he might (if he chose to do so) pass through an out-of-the-way ravine which abounded in the dreaded snake, the farmer beckoned

to the stranger, and they took their way towards the ravine. After they had arrived at the spot, hardly a rod did the pedestrians pass without hearing the hiss of a snake or seeing its fiery tongue, and the stranger was as completely frightened as any one could possibly be by a similar cause. In his despair he turned to his companion and said:

"Are snakes as plenty as this *all* over the country?"

"I can't say about that, stranger, but one of my neighbors killed about a hundred last year, and I've hearn tell that your land is very rich in snakes."

"Now I ain't a going any further in this infernal region, and I want to know if you have a horse that you'll give me for my land—gold ore, snakes, and all."

"I have, and a first-rate horse too."

"It's a bargain."

On the following morning, the stranger, like the hero of a novel, might be seen mounted on a Dahlonega steed, pursuing his devious pathway along a lonely road towards the south pole.

Of the uncounted gold mines which are found in this region, the most fruitful at the present times lies about twenty-five miles from here, in a northerly direction, and is the property of Mr. Lorenzo Dow Smith. And the success which has ever attended Lorenzo is worth recording. In a conversation that I had with him in this place, where he is now staying, I remarked that I should like to embody his history in a paragraph of my note book, and he replied to me as follows:

"I was born in Vermont; I came into this Southern country twenty-four years ago as a clock-pedler, where I drove a good business. I used to spend my summers among the mountains of the Cherokee country, partly for the purpose of keeping away from the fever, and partly with a view of living over again the days of my boyhood, which were spent among the Green Mountains. I made some money, and when the gold fever commenced I took it and went to speculating in gold lots, though I spent many years without finding lots of gold. I associated with bear hunters, and explored every corner and stream of this great mountain land, away to the north, and have seen more glorious scenery than any other live man. I'm forty years old, unmarried, love good liquor, and go in for having fun. 'Bout four years ago, it came into my thinking mug that there must be plenty of gold in the bed of Coosa creek, which runs into Coosa river. I traded for a lot there, and went to work. I found a deposit, gave up work, and went to leasing small sections, which are now worked by a good many men, and give me a decent living. I have had all sorts of luck in my day—good luck and bad luck. When I'm

prosperous I always hope to be more prosperous still, and when I have bad luck, I always wish for worse luck—if it'll only come. I never allow myself to be disappointed. The longer I live the more anxious am I to do some good to my fellow-men. I've passed the blossom of my life, and I don't expect to live many years longer; I haven't lived as I ought to have lived, but I hope it'll be well with me when I come to take my final sleep. But enough. I'm going out to my mine on a visit to-morrow, and if you'll go with me, I'll show you some real Vermont trout, and mountain peaks which would shame the camel's hump of old Yankee land."

I did not accept Lorenzo's tempting invitation, but I made up my mind that he was an original. Some of the scenery to which he alluded I shall visit in due time.

In former times, as before intimated, the miners of this region were mostly foreigners and an abandoned race, but the principal deposits and veins are now worked by native Georgians, who are a very respectable class of people. Among them are many young men, who labor hard and are intelligent. The dangers of mining in this region are rather uncommon, owing principally to the lightness of the soil. Many of the accidents which occur, however, are the result of carelessness; and the most melancholy one I have heard of is as follows: A man named Hunt, together with his son and another man named Smith, were digging for gold on the side of a neighboring hill. At the end of a tunnel, which was some thirty feet long, they excavated a large cave or hall, which they had neglected to support in the usual manner. They apprehended no danger, but were told by a neighbor that their conduct was imprudent. The elder Hunt thought he would be on the safe side, and on a certain afternoon went into the woods to cut the necessary timber, while his son and Smith continued their labors in the cave. Night came on, and the father, having accomplished his task, retired to his home. On taking his seat at the supper table it came into his mind that his son and Smith were somewhat later in coming home than usual. He waited awhile, but becoming impatient, set out for the cave, and, on reaching it, to his utter astonishment and horror, he found that the roof of the cave had fallen in. The alarm was given, and the whole village was assembled, to extricate the unfortunate miners, and by the aid of torches the bodies were recovered. The boy was found in a running attitude, as if overtaken while endeavoring to escape, and the man Smith was found clinging to a single post, which had been vainly used to prop the ceiling of the cave.

With regard to the means employed by the miners I have but one word to say. The deposit gold is extracted from the gravel by means of a simple machine called a rocker, which merely shifts and washes out the metal. The

vein gold is brought to light by means of what is called a pounding-mill, which reduces the rock to the consistency of sand, when the ore is separated by the use of quicksilver. In this particular department of their business the Dahlonega miners confess themselves to be comparatively ignorant; and what proves this to be the case is the fact, that some of their ore has frequently been worked over a second time with considerable profit.

But the prominent attraction of Dahlonega, I have not yet touched upon —I allude to the *Mint Establishment*. The building itself, which is quite large, has a commanding appearance. It was erected in 1837, at an expense of $70,000, and the machinery which it contains cost $30,000. It is built of brick, but stuccoed so as to resemble stone. It gives employment to nine men, who receive for their services, collectively, the sum of $12,000. The Superintendent, who also acts as Treasurer, is J. F. COOPER, (son, by the way, of the famous actor of that name;) the Coiner is D. H. MASON, who has a very interesting cabinet of minerals, and the Assayer is J. L. TODD. The Dahlonega Branch Mint and the one located at Charlottesville, North Carolina, are the only ones in the United States which coin the gold on the very spot where it is found. The New Orleans Branch, as well as the mother Mint in Philadelphia, are chiefly occupied with foreign ores. Of the two first mentioned, Dahlonega has thus far been the most successful, the coinage in one year having amounted to $600,000. At the present time, however, the business of this mint is said to be on the wane. The coinage of the three branch Mints mentioned above is uniform with that of the mother Mint, and it is all systematically tested there for approval. It thus appears that the whole establishment is a branch of the Treasury Department of the United States, and under the supervision of the Secretary of the Treasury, and an account of the progress and condition of the bureau is annually given to Congress.

The smallest amount of gold ore received at the Dahlonega Mint by law has to be worth one hundred dollars. When the miner has obtained a sufficient amount, he takes it to the Mint and delivers it to the Superintendent. That officer takes an account of it, and passes it over to the Assayer, who fixes its value, when the miner receives the allotted sum of money. The operation of coining is performed by the power of steam, and may be briefly described by the words rolling, drawing, cutting, and stamping. Some of the Dahlonega gold is said to be as pure as any in the world, but it is commonly alloyed with silver. One or two specimens were shown me, which were just one half silver: and yet it is said that *silver ore* is nowhere found in this section of country. The value of pure gold is one dollar per pennyweight: and I have learned since I came here that every

genuine American eagle is made by law to contain one-twentieth of silver and one-twentieth of copper. The word *bullion*, which we hear so often mentioned among commercial men, is a misnomer, for it is legitimately applied only to unwrought gold, washed grains or gold dust, amalgamated cakes and balls, and melted bars and cakes; and the word *ingot* is applied to a bar of gold, which may be manufactured into two hundred half eagles, or one thousand dollars. To give a scientific account of what I have seen in the Dahlonega Mint would probably please my scientific readers, but, as I am not writing for them, they must excuse me. “What is writ, is writ; would it were worthier!”

TRIP TO TRACK ROCK.

During my stay at Dahlonega, where I arrived in April, I heard a good deal about a native wonder, called "Track Rock," which was reported to be some thirty miles off, on the northwestern side of the Blue Ridge Mountains. On revolving the information in my mind, I concluded that this rock was identical with one which had been mentioned to me by Professor James Jackson, of the University of Georgia, and I also remembered that the Professor had shown me a specimen of the rock he alluded to, which contained the imprint or impression of a human foot. My curiosity was of course excited, and I resolved to visit the natural or artificial wonder. I made the pilgrimage on foot, and what I saw and heard of peculiar interest on the occasion the reader will find recorded in the present letter.

In accomplishing the trip to "Track Rock" and back again to this place I was two days. On the first day I walked only twenty miles, having tarried occasionally to take a pencil sketch or hear the birds, as they actually filled the air with melody. My course lay over a very uneven country, which was entirely uncultivated, excepting some half dozen quiet vales, which presented a cheerful appearance. The woods were generally composed of oak and chestnut, and destitute to a considerable extent of undergrowth; the soil was composed of clay and sand, and apparently fertile; and clear sparkling brooks intersected the country, and were the first that I had seen in Georgia. I had a number of extensive mountain views, which were more beautiful than imposing; and among the birds that attracted my attention were the red-bird, mocking-bird, quail, lark, woodpecker, jay, king-bird, crow, blue-bird, and dove, together with a large black-bird, having a red head, (apparently of the woodpecker genus,) and another smaller bird, whose back was of a rich black, breast a bright brown, with an occasional white feather in its wing, which I fancied to be a species of robin. Since these were my companions, it may be readily imagined that "pleasantly the *hours* of Thalaba went by."

I spent the night at a place called "Tesantee Gap," in the cabin of a poor farmer, where I was most hospitably entertained. My host had a family of

nine sons and three daughters, not one of whom had ever been out of the wilderness region of Georgia. Though the father was a very intelligent man by nature, he told me that he had received no education, and could hardly read a chapter in the Bible. He informed me, too, that his children were but little better informed, and seemed deeply to regret his inability to give them the schooling which he felt they needed. “I have always desired,” said he, “that I could live on *some public road*, so that my girls could occasionally *see* a civilized man, since it is fated that they will never meet with them in society.” I felt sorry for the worthy man, and endeavored to direct his attention from himself to the surrounding country. He told me the mountains were susceptible of cultivation even to their summits, and that the principal productions of his farm were corn, wheat, rye, and potatoes; also, that the country abounded in game, such as deer, turkeys, and bears, and an occasional panther. Some of the mountains, he said, were covered with hickory, and a peculiar kind of oak, and that gray squirrels were very abundant. The streams, he informed me, were well supplied with *large minnows*, by which I afterwards ascertained he meant the brook trout.

While conversing with my old friend, an hour or so before sunset, we were startled by the baying of his hounds, and on looking up the narrow road running by his home, we saw a fine looking doe coming towards us on the run. In its terror the poor creature made a sudden turn, and scaling a garden fence was overtaken by the dogs on a spot near which the wife of my host was planting seeds, when she immediately seized a bean-pole, and by a single blow deprived the doe of life. In a very few moments her husband was on the ground, and, having put his knife to the throat of the animal, the twain re-entered their dwelling, as if nothing had happened out of the common order of events. This was the first deer that I ever knew to be killed by a woman. When I took occasion to compliment the dogs of my old friend, he said that one of them was a “powerful runner; for he had known him to follow a deer for three days and three nights.” Having in view my future rambles among the mountains, I questioned my companion about the snakes of this region, and, after remarking that they were “very plenty,” he continued as follows: “But of all the snake stories you ever heard tell of, I do not believe you ever heard of a *snake fight*. I saw one, Monday was a week, between a black-racer and a rattlesnake. It was in the road, about a mile from here, and when I saw them the racer had the other by the back of the head, and was coiling his body all around him, as if to squeeze him to death. The scuffle was pretty severe, but the racer soon killed the fellow with rattles, and I killed the racer. It was a queer scrape, and I reckon you do not often see the like in your country.”

On the following day I passed through the Blue Ridge, and visited the "Mecca of my pilgrimage," and was—disappointed. I was piloted to it by a neighboring mountaineer, who remarked, "This is Track Rock, and it's no great shakes after all." I found it occupying an unobtrusive place by the road side. It is of an irregular form and quite smooth, rises gradually from the ground to the height of perhaps three feet, and is about twenty feet long by the most liberal measurement: It is evidently covered with a great variety of tracks, including those of men, bears or dogs, and turkeys, together with indistinct impressions of a man's hand. Some of the impressions are half an inch thick, while many of them appear to be almost entirely effaced. The rock seemed to be a species of slate-colored soap-stone. The conclusion to which I have arrived, after careful examination, is as follows: This rock is located on what was once an Indian trail, and, having been used by the Cherokees as a resting place, it was probably their own ingenuity which conceived and executed the characters which now puzzle the philosophy of many men. The common opinion is, however, that these tracks were originally made in a soft mud, which time has transformed into stone. But how came the human impressions there? The scenery about Track Rock is not remarkable for its grandeur, though you can hardly turn the eye in any direction without beholding an agreeable mountain landscape. In returning through Tesantee Gap and the valley below, I met with no adventures worth recording, and will therefore conclude my present epistle with a paragraph concerning the plantation where I am now tarrying.

The proprietor is an intelligent and worthy gentleman, who is reputed to be the nabob of this region. He acquired a portion of his wealth by digging gold, but is now chiefly devoting himself to agriculture. He complains of the little advancement which the people of Northern Georgia are making in the arts of husbandry; and thinks that it would be much better for the State if the people could be persuaded to follow the plough, instead of wasting their time and money in searching for gold, which metal, he seems to think, is nearly exhausted in this section of country. Among the curious things which I have seen under his roof, is a small but choice collection of minerals, fossil remains, and Indian relics, belonging to his eldest son. Among the latter may be mentioned a heavy stone pipe, made in imitation of a duck, which was found in Macon county, North Carolina, fifteen feet below the surface; and also a small cup, similar to a crucible, and made of an unknown earthy material, which was found in this county, about nine feet below the surface, and directly under a large tree. But the post boy's horn is blowing, and I must bring my "disjointed chat" to a conclusion.

VALLEY OF NACOOCHEE.

I NOW write from the most charming valley of this southern wilderness. The river Nacooche is a tributary of the Chattahooche, and, for this country, is a remarkably clear, cold and picturesque stream. From the moment that it doffs the title of brook, and receives the more dignified one of river, it begins to wind itself in a most wayward manner through a valley which is some eight or ten miles long, when it wanders from the vision of the ordinary traveller, and loses itself among unexplored hills. The valley is perhaps a mile wide, and, as the surrounding hills are not lofty, it is distinguished more for its beauty than any other quality; and this characteristic is greatly enhanced by the fact, that while the surrounding country remains in its original wilderness, the valley itself is highly cultivated, and the eye is occasionally gratified by cottage scenes, which suggest the ideas of contentment and peace. Before the window where I am now writing lies a broad meadow, where horses and cattle are quietly grazing, and from the neighboring hills comes to my ear the frequent tinkling of a bell, which tells me that the sheep or goats are returning from their morning rambles in the cool woods.

And now for the associations connected with the valley of Nacoochee. Foremost among them all is a somewhat isolated mountain, the summit of which is nearly three miles distant from the margin of the valley. It occupies a conspicuous position in all the views of the surrounding country, and from one point partially resembles the figure of a crouching bear, from which circumstance it was named the *Yonah* Mountain—yonah being the Cherokee for bear. The mountain bear seems to be proud of its exalted position, and well it may, for it is the natural guardian of one of the sweetest valleys in the world. Its height is nearly two thousand feet above the water in its vicinity.

But the artificial memorials of Nacoochee are deserving of a passing notice. On the southern side of the valley, and about half a mile apart, are two mounds, which are the wonder of all who see them. They are, perhaps, forty feet high, and similar in form to a half globe. One of them has been cultivated, while the other is covered with grass and bushes, and

surmounted, directly on the top, by a large pine tree. Into one of them an excavation has been made, and, as I am informed, pipes, tomahawks, and human bones were found in great numbers. Connected with these is an Indian legend, which I will give my readers presently.

Many discoveries have been made in the valley of Nacoochee, corroborating the general impression that De Soto, or some other adventurer in the olden times, performed a pilgrimage through the northern part of Georgia in search of gold. Some twelve years ago, for example, half a dozen log cabins were discovered in one portion of the valley, lying ten feet below the surface; and, in other places, something resembling a furnace, together with iron spoons, pieces of earthenware, and leaden plates were disinterred, and are now in possession of the resident inhabitants. In this connection might also be mentioned the ruin of an old fort, which may now be seen a few miles north of Nacoochee valley. It is almost obliterated from the face of the earth, but its various ramparts can be easily traced by a careful observer. Its purpose we can easily divine, but with regard to its history even the Indians are entirely ignorant.

Connected with the valley of Nacoochee are the following legends, which were related to me by the "oldest inhabitant" of this region.

In this valley, in the olden times, resided *Kostoyeak*, or the "Sharp Shooter," a chief of the Cherokee nation. He was renowned for his bravery and cunning, and among his bitterest enemies was one *Chonesta*, or the "Black Dog," a chief of the Tennessees. In those days there was a Yemassee maiden residing in the low country, who was renowned for her beauty in all the land, and she numbered among her many suitors the famous Kostoyeak and four other warriors, upon each of whom she was pleased to smile; whereupon she discarded all the others, and among them the Tennessee chief Chonesta. On returning to his own country he breathed revenge against Kostoyeak, and threatened that if he succeeded to the hand of the Yemassee beauty, the Cherokee's tribe should be speedily exterminated. The merits of the four rival chiefs were equal, and the Yemassee chief could not decide upon which to bestow his daughter. Kostoyeak was her favorite, and in order to secure a marriage with him, she proposed to her father that she should accept that warrior who could discover where the waters of the Savannah and those of the Tennessee took their rise among the mountains. Supposing that no such place existed the father gave his consent, and the great hunt was commenced. At the end of the first moon Kostoyeak returned with the intelligence that he had found a gorge—now called the gap of the Blue Ridge, as well as Raburn Gap—where the two great rivers "shake hands and commence their several journeys, each singing a song of gladness and

freedom.” In process of time the Yemassee chief was convinced that Kostoyeak told a true story, and he was, therefore, married to the long-loved maiden of his choice.

Enraged at these events, Chonesta assembled his warriors, and made war upon the fortunate Cherokee and his whole tribe. The Great Spirit was the friend of Kostoyeak, and he was triumphant. He slew Chonesta with his own hand, and destroyed his bravest warriors, and finally became the possessor of half the entire Tennessee valley.

Years rolled on, and Kostoyeak as well as his wife were numbered among the dead. They were buried with every Indian honor in the valley of Nacoochee, and, to perpetuate their many virtues in after years, their several nations erected over their remains the *mounds* which now adorn a portion of the valley where they lived.

The other legend to which I have alluded is as follows: The meaning of the Indian word Nacoochee is the “Evening Star,” and was applied to a Cherokee girl of the same name. She was distinguished for her beauty, and a strange attachment for the flowers and the birds of her native valley. She died in her fifteenth summer, and at the twilight hour of a summer day. On the evening following her burial, a newly-born star made its appearance in the sky, and all her kindred cherished the belief that she whom they had thought as lovely as the star, had now become the brightest of the whole array which looked down upon the world, and so she has ever been remembered (as well as the valley where she lived) as Na-coo-chee, or the Evening Star. The spot of earth where the maiden is said to have been buried is now covered with flowers, and the waters of the beautiful Nacoochee seem to be murmuring a perpetual song in memory of the departed.

That this letter may leave a permanent impression upon my reader’s mind, I will append to it the following poem written by a Georgia poet, Henry R. Jackson, Esq.

Mount Yonah—Vale of Nacoochee.

Before me, as I stand, his broad, round head
   Mount Yonah lifts the neighboring hills above,
While, at his foot, all pleasantly is spread
   Nacoochee’s vale, sweet as a dream of love.
   Cradle of peace! mild, gentle as the dove
Whose tender accents from yon woodlands swell,
   Must she have been who thus has interwove
Her name with thee, and thy soft, holy spell,

And all of peace which on this troubled globe may dwell!

NACOOCHEE—in tradition, thy sweet queen—
   Has vanished with her maidens: not again
Along thy meadows shall their forms be seen;
   The mountain echoes catch no more the strain
   Of their wild Indian lays at evening's wane;
No more, where rumbling branches interwine,
   They pluck the jasmine flowers, or break the cane
Beside the marshy stream, or from the vine
Shake down, in purple showers, the luscious muscadine.

Yet round thee hangs the same sweet spirit still!
   Thou art among these hills a sacred spot,
As if shut out from all the clouds of ill
   That gloom so darkly o'er the human lot.
   On thy green breast the world I quite forgot—
Its stern contentions—its dark grief and care,
   And I breathed freer, deeper, and blushed not
At old emotions long, long stifled there,
Which sprang once more to life in thy calm, loving air.

I saw the last bright gleam of sunset play
   On Yonah's lofty head: all quiet grew
Thy bosom, which beneath the shadows lay
   Of the surrounding mountains; deeper blue
   Fell on their mighty summits; evening threw
Her veil o'er all, and on her azure brow
   A bright star shone; a trusting form I drew
Yet closer to my side; above, below,
Within where peace and hope life may not often know!

Thou loveliest of earth's valleys! fare thee well!
   Nor is the parting pangless to my soul.
Youth, hope and happiness with thee shall dwell,
   Unsullied Nature hold o'er thee control,
   And years still leave thee beauteous as they roll.
Oh! I could linger with thee! yet this spell
   Must break, e'en as upon my heart it stole,
And found a weakness there I may not tell—
An anxious life, a troubled future claim me! fare thee well!

CASCADE OF TUCCOAH.

THE little village where I am now staying is decidedly the most interesting in the northern part of Georgia. There is nothing particularly fine about its buildings, and it only contains some three hundred inhabitants, but it commands a magnificent prospect of two ranges of the Alleghany Mountains. It is remarkable for the healthfulness of its climate, and is the summer resort of between forty and fifty of the most wealthy and accomplished families of Georgia and South Carolina, a number of whom have erected and are erecting elegant country seats in its immediate vicinity. It contains a mineral spring, which is said to have saved the lives of many individuals; and it patronizes two hotels, where the tourist may obtain all the luxuries of the North as well as the South, and in a style which must gratify and astonish him, when he remembers that he has reached the end of carriage traveling, and is on the confines of an almost impassable wilderness. The water-power in its neighborhood would supply at least fifty factories, and it yields more than a sufficient quantity of iron ore to furnish constant employment to an extensive smelting establishment and furnace. Its soil is of the best quality, and yields in great abundance every variety of produce peculiar to a temperate climate. But the chief attraction of Clarksville is, that it is the centre of some of the most romantic scenery in the world, and the stopping-place for all those who visit Nacoochee Valley, Yonah Mountain, the Tuccoah Cascade, Tallulah Falls, and Trail Mountain. The first two curiosities alluded to have already been described, and I now purpose to introduce to my reader the peculiar and beautiful Cascade of Tuccoah, reserving the two other marvels of nature for future letters.

The Tuccoah is a very small stream—a mere brooklet, and for the most part is not at all distinguished for any other quality than those belonging to a thousand other sparkling streams of this region; but, in its oceanward course, it performs one leap which has given it a reputation. On account of this leap the aborigines christened it with the name of *Tuccoah* or *the beautiful*. To see this cascade, in your mind's eye, (and I here partly quote the language of one who could fully appreciate its beauty,) imagine a sheer precipice of gray and rugged rock, one hundred and eighty-six feet high, with a little quiet

lake at its base, surrounded by sloping masses of granite and tall shadowy trees. From the overhanging lips of this cliff, aloft, between your upturned eyes and the sky, comes a softly flowing stream. After making a joyous leap it breaks into a shower of heavy spray, and scatters its drops more and more widely and minute, until, in little more than a drizzling mist it falls upon the smooth, moss-covered stones lying immediately beneath. All the way up the sides of this precipice cling, wherever space is afforded, little tufts of moss and delicate vines and creepers, contrasting beautifully with the solid granite. There is no stunning noise of falling waters, but only a dripping, pattering, plashing in the lake; a murmuring sound, which must be very grateful during the noontide heat of a summer day. There comes also a soft cool breeze, constantly from the foot of the precipice, caused by the falling shower, and this ripples the surface of the pool and gently agitates the leaves around and overhead.

Connected with the Cascade of Tuccoah is an Indian tradition, which was related to me by a gentleman connected with the Georgia University, who obtained it from a Cherokee chief. The occurrence is said to be well authenticated, and runneth in this wise: A short time previous to the Revolution, the Cherokees were waging a very bitter warfare against a powerful tribe of Indians who dwelt in the country of the Potomac. During one of their pitched battles, it so happened that the Cherokees made captive about a dozen of their enemies, whom they brought into their own country safely bound. Their intention was to sacrifice the prisoners; but, as they wished the ceremony to be particularly imposing, on account of the fame of the captives, it was resolved to postpone the sacrifice until the following moon. In the meantime the Cherokee braves went forth to battle again, while the prisoners, now more securely bound than ever, were left in a large wigwam near Tuccoah, in the especial charge of an old woman, who was noted for her savage patriotism.

Day followed day, and, as the unfortunate enemies lay in the lodge of the old woman, she dealt out to them a scanty supply of food and water. They besought the woman to release them, and offered her the most valuable of Indian bribes, but she held her tongue and remained faithful to her trust. It was now the morning of a pleasant day, when an Indian boy called at the door of the old woman's lodge and told her that he had seen a party of their enemies in a neighboring valley, and he thought it probable that they had come to rescue their fellows. The woman heard this intelligence in silence, but bit her lip in anger and defiance. On re-entering her lodge another appeal for freedom was made, and the prisoners were delighted to see a smile playing about the countenance of their keeper. She told them she had

relented, and was willing to let them escape their promised doom, but it must be on certain conditions. They were first to give into her hands all their personal effects, which she would bury under the lodge. She did not wish to be discovered, and they must therefore depart at the dead of night. She did not wish them to know how to find their way back to the lodge, whence they might see fit to take away her reward, and she therefore desired that they should be blind-folded, and consent to her leading them about two miles through a thick wood, into an open country, when she would release them. The prisoners gladly consented; and, while they were suffering themselves to be stripped of their robes and weapons, a heavy cloud canopied the sky, as if heralding a storm. At the hour of midnight loud peals of thunder bellowed through the firmament, and terribly flashed the lightning. The night and the contemplated deed were admirably suited, thought the warriors, and so thought the woman also. She placed leathern bands around the eyes of her captives; and, having severed the thongs which confined their feet, bade them follow whither she might lead. They were connected with each other by iron withes; and so the woman led them to their promised freedom. Intricate, and winding, and tedious was the way; but not a murmur was uttered, nor a word spoken. Now has the strange procession reached a level spot of earth, and the men step proudly on their way. Now have they reached the precipice of Tuccoah; and as the woman walks to the very edge, she makes a sudden wheel, and, one after the other, are the poor captives launched into the abyss below. A loud wail of triumph echoes through the air from the lips of the woman-fiend, and, with the groans of the dying in her ears, and the very lightning in her path, does she retrace her steps to her lodge to seek repose, and then on the morrow to proclaim her cruel and unnatural deed.

In the bottom of the Tuccoah pool may now be gathered small fragments of a white material, resembling soap-stone, and many people allege that these are the remains of the Indian captives who perished at the foot of the precipice.

THE FALLS OF TALLULAH.

As a natural curiosity the *Falls of Tallulah* are on a par with the River Saguenay and the Falls of Niagara. They had been described to me in the most glowing and enthusiastic manner, and yet the reality far exceeds the scene which I had conceived. They have filled me with astonishment, and created a feeling strong enough almost to induce me to remain within hearing of their roar forever.

The Cherokee word *Tallulah* or *Turrurah*, signifies *the terrible*, and was originally applied to the river of that name on account of its fearful falls. This river rises among the Alleghany mountains, and is a tributary of the Savannah. Its entire course lies through a mountain land, and in every particular it is a mountain stream, narrow, deep, clear, cold, and subject to every variety of mood. During the first half of its career it winds among the hills as if in uneasy joy, and then for several miles it wears a placid appearance, and you can scarcely hear the murmur of its waters. Soon, tiring of this peaceful course, however, it narrows itself for an approaching contest, and runs through a chasm whose walls, about two miles in length, are for the most part perpendicular; and, after making within the space of half a mile a number of leaps as the chasm deepens, it settles into a turbulent and angry mood, and so continues until it leaves the chasm and regains its wonted character. The Falls of Tallulah, properly speaking, are five in number, and have been christened *Lodore*, *Tempesta*, *Oceana*, *Horicon*, and *the Serpentine*. Their several heights are said to be forty-five feet, one hundred, one hundred and twenty, fifty, and thirty feet, making, in connection with the accompanying rapids, a descent of at least four hundred feet within the space of half a mile. At this point the stream is particularly winding, and the cliffs of solid granite on either side, which are perpendicular, vary in height from six hundred to nine hundred feet, while the mountains which back the cliffs reach an elevation of perhaps fifteen hundred feet. Many of the pools are very large and deep, and the walls and rocks in their immediate vicinity are always green with luxuriant mosses. The vegetation of the whole chasm is in fact particularly rich and varied; for you may here find not only the pine, but specimens of every variety of the

more tender trees, together with lichens, and vines, and flowers, which would keep the botanist employed for half a century. Up to the present time, only four paths have been discovered leading to the margin of the water, and to make either of these descents requires much of the nerve and courage of the samphire-gatherer. Through this immense gorge a strong wind is ever blowing, and the sunlight never falls upon the cataracts without forming beautiful rainbows, which contrast strangely with the surrounding gloom and horror; and the roar of the waterfalls, eternally ascending to the sky, comes to the ear like a voice from heaven, calling upon man to wonder and admire.

Of the more peculiar features which I have met with in the Tallulah chasm, the following are the only ones which have yet been christened, viz.: the Devil's Pulpit, the Devil's Dwelling, the Eagle's Nest, the Deer Leap, Hawthorn's Pool, and Hanck's Sliding Place.

The Devil's Pulpit is a double-headed and exceedingly ragged cliff, which actually hangs over the ravine, and estimated to be over six hundred feet high. While standing upon the brow of this precipice I saw a number of buzzards sitting upon the rocks below, and appearing like a flock of blackbirds. While looking at them, the thought came into my mind that I would startle them from their fancied security, by throwing a stone among them. I did throw the stone, and with all my might, too, but instead of going across the ravine, as I supposed it would, it fell out of my sight, and apparently at the very base of the cliff upon which I was standing. This little incident gave me a realizing sense of the immense width and depth of the chasm. While upon this cliff also, with my arms clasped around a small pine tree, an eagle came sailing up the chasm in mid air, and, as he cast his eye upward at my insignificant form, he uttered a loud shriek as if in anger at my temerity, and continued on his way, swooping above the spray of the waterfalls.

The *Devil's Dwelling* is a cave of some twenty feet in depth, which occupies a conspicuous place near the summit of a precipice overlooking the Horicon Fall. Near its outlet is a singular rock, which resembles (from the opposite side of the gorge) the figure of a woman in a sitting posture, who is said to be the wife or better-half of the devil. I do not *believe* this story, and cannot therefore endorse the prevailing opinion.

The *Eagle's Nest* is a rock which projects from the brow of a cliff reputed to be seven hundred feet high, and perpendicular. The finest view of this point is from the margin of the water, where it is grand beyond compare. To describe it with the pen were utterly impossible, but it was just such a

scene as would have delighted the lamented Cole, and by a kindred genius alone can it ever be placed on the canvas.

The *Deer Leap* is the highest cliff in the whole chasm, measuring about nine hundred feet, and differs from its fellows in two particulars. From summit to bottom it is almost without a fissure or an evergreen, and remarkably smooth; and over it, in the most beautiful manner imaginable, tumbles a tiny stream, which scatters upon the rocks below with infinite prodigality the purest of diamonds and pearls, appearing to be woven into wreaths of foam. It obtained its name from the circumstance that a deer was once pursued to this point by a hound, and in its terror, cleared a pathway through the air, and perished in the depths below.

Hawthorn's Pool derives its name from the fact that in its apparently soundless waters a young and accomplished English clergyman lost his life while bathing; and *Hanck's Sliding Place* is so called because a native of this region once slipped off the rock into a sheet of foam, and was rescued from his perilous situation not much injured, but immensely frightened.

But of all the scenes which I have been privileged to enjoy in the Tallulah chasm, the most glorious and superb was witnessed in the night time. For several days previous to my coming here the woods had been on fire, and I was constantly on the watch for a night picture of a burning forest. On one occasion, as I was about retiring, I saw a light in the direction of the Falls, and concluded that I would take a walk to the Devil's Pulpit, which was distant from my tarrying place some hundred and fifty yards. When I reached there I felt convinced that the fire would soon be in plain view, for I was on the western side of the gorge, and the wind was blowing from the eastward. In a very few moments my anticipations were realized, for I saw the flame licking up the dead leaves which covered the ground, and also stealing up the trunk of every dry tree in its path. A warm current of air was now wafted to my cheek by the breeze, and I discovered with intense satisfaction that an immense dead pine which hung over the opposite precipice (and whose dark form I had noticed distinctly pictured against the crimson background) had been reached by the flame, and in another moment it was entirely in a blaze. The excitement which now took possession of my mind was truly painful; and, as I threw my arms around a small tree, and peered into the horrible chasm, my whole frame shook with an indescribable emotion. The magnificent torch directly in front of me did not seem to have any effect upon the surrounding darkness, but threw a ruddy and death-like glow upon every object in the bottom of the gorge. A flock of vultures which were roosting far down in the ravine were frightened out of their sleep, and in their dismay, as they attempted to rise, flew against the cliffs

and amongst the trees, until they finally disappeared; and a number of bats and other winged creatures were winnowing their way in every direction. The deep black pools beneath were enveloped in a more intense blackness, while the foam and spray of a neighboring fall were made a thousand-fold more beautiful than before. The vines, and lichens, and mosses seemed to cling more closely than usual to their parent rocks; and when an occasional ember fell from its great height far down, and still further down into the abyss below, it made me dizzy and I retreated from my commanding position. In less than twenty minutes from that time the fire was exhausted, and the pall of night had settled upon the lately so brilliant chasm, and no vestige of the marvellous scene remained but an occasional wreath of smoke fading away into the upper air.

During my stay at the Falls of Tallulah I made every effort to obtain an Indian legend or two connected with them, and it was my good fortune to hear one which has never yet been printed. It was originally obtained by the white man who first discovered the Falls, from the Cherokees, who lived in this region at the time. It is in substance as follows: Many generations ago it so happened that several famous hunters, who had wandered from the West towards what is now the Savannah river, in search of game, never returned to their camping grounds. In process of time the curiosity as well as the fears of the nation were excited, and an effort was made to ascertain the cause of their singular disappearance. Whereupon a party of medicine-men were deputed to make a pilgrimage towards the great river. They were absent a whole moon, and, on returning to their friends, they reported that they had discovered a dreadful fissure in an unknown part of the country, through which a mountain torrent took its way with a deafening noise. They said that it was an exceedingly wild place, and that its inhabitants were a species of *little men and women*, who dwelt in the crevices of the rocks and in the grottos under the waterfalls. They had attempted by every artifice in their power to hold a council with the little people, but all in vain; and, from the shrieks they frequently uttered, the medicine-men knew that they were the enemies of the Indian race; and, therefore, it was concluded in the nation at large that the long lost hunters had been decoyed to their death in the dreadful gorge which they called Tallulah. In view of this little legend, it is worthy of remark that the Cherokee nation, previous to their departure to the distant West, always avoided the Falls of Tallulah, and were seldom found hunting or fishing in their vicinity.

THE HUNTER OF TALLULAH.

The subject of my present letter is Adam Vandever, "the Hunter of Tallulah." His fame reached my ears soon after arriving at this place, and, having obtained a guide, I paid him a visit at his residence, which is planted directly at the mouth of Tallulah chasm. He lives in a log-cabin, occupying the centre of a small valley, through which the Tallulah river winds its wayward course. It is completely hemmed in on all sides by wild and abrupt mountains, and one of the most romantic and beautiful nooks imaginable. Vandever is about sixty years of age, small in stature, has a weasel face, a small gray eye, and wears a long white beard. He was born in South Carolina, spent his early manhood in the wilds of Kentucky, and the last thirty years of his life in the wilderness of Georgia. By way of a frolic, he took a part in the Creek war, and is said to have killed more Indians than any other white man in the army. In the battle of Ottassee alone, he is reported to have sent his rifle-ball through the hearts of twenty poor heathen, merely because they had an undying passion for their native hills, which they could not bear to leave for an unknown wilderness. But Vandever aimed his rifle at the command of his country, and of course the charge of cold-blooded butchery does not rest upon his head. He is now living with his *third* wife, and claims to be the father of *over thirty children*, only five of whom, however, are living under his roof, the remainder being dead or scattered over the world. During the summer months he tills, with his own hand, the few acres of land which constitute his domain. His live stock consists of a mule and some half dozen of goats, together with a number of dogs.

On inquiring into his forest life, he gave me, among others, the following particulars. When the hunting season commences, early in November, he supplies himself with every variety of shooting materials, steel-traps, and a comfortable stock of provisions, and, placing them upon his mule, starts for some wild region among the mountains, where he remains until the following spring. The shanty which he occupies during this season is of the rudest character, with one side always open, as he tells me, for the purpose of having an abundance of fresh air. In killing wild animals he pursues but two methods, called "fire-lighting" and "still-hunting." His

favorite game is the deer, but he is not particular, and secures the fur of every four-legged creature which may happen to cross his path. The largest number of skins that he ever brought home at one time was six hundred, among which were those of the bear, the black and gray wolf, the panther, the wild-cat, the fox, the coon, and some dozen other varieties. He computes the entire number of deer that he has killed in his lifetime at four thousand. When spring arrives, and he purposes to return to his valley home, he packs his furs upon his old mule, and, seating himself upon the pile of plunder, makes a bee-line out of the wilderness. And by those who have seen him in this homeward-bound condition, I am told that he presents one of the most curious and romantic pictures imaginable. While among the mountains, his beast subsists upon whatever it may happen to glean in its forest rambles, and, when the first supply of his own provisions is exhausted, he usually contents himself with wild game, which he is often compelled to devour unaccompanied with bread or salt. His mule is the smallest and most miserable looking creature of the kind that I ever saw, and glories in the singular name of “The Devil and Tom Walker.” When Vandever informed me of this fact, which he did with a self-satisfied air, I told him that the first portion of the mule’s name was more applicable to himself than to the dumb beast; whereupon he “grinned horribly a ghastly smile,” as if I had paid him a compliment. Old Vandever is an illiterate man, and when I asked him to give me his opinion of President Polk, he replied: “I never seed the Governor of this State; for, when he came to this country some years ago, I was off on ’tother side of the ridge, shooting deer. I voted for the General, and that’s all I know about him.” Very well! and this, thought I, is one of the freemen of our land, who help to elect our rulers!

On questioning my hunter friend with regard to some of his adventures, he commenced a rigmarole narrative, which would have lasted a whole month had I not politely requested him to keep his mouth closed while I took a portrait of him in pencil. His stories all bore a strong family likeness, but were evidently to be relied on, and proved conclusively that the man knew not what it was to fear.

As specimens of the whole, I will outline a few. On one occasion he came up to a large gray wolf, into whose head he discharged a ball. The animal did not drop, but made its way into an adjoining cavern and disappeared. Vandever waited awhile at the opening, and as he could not see or hear his game he concluded that it had ceased to breathe, whereupon he fell upon his hands and knees, and entered the cave. On reaching the bottom, he found the wolf alive, when a “clinch fight” ensued, and the hunter’s knife completely severed the heart of the animal. On dragging out the dead wolf

into the sunlight, it was found that his lower jaw had been broken, which was probably the reason why he had not succeeded in destroying the hunter.

At one time, when he was out of ammunition, his dogs fell upon a large bear, and it so happened that the latter got one of the former in his power, and was about to squeeze it to death. This was a sight the hunter could not endure, so he unsheathed his huge hunting-knife and assaulted the black monster. The bear tore off nearly every rag of his clothing, and in making his first plunge with the knife he completely cut off two of his own fingers instead of injuring the bear. He was now in a perfect frenzy of pain and rage, and in making another effort succeeded to his satisfaction, and gained the victory. That bear weighed three hundred and fifty pounds.

On another occasion he fired at a large buck near the brow of a precipice some thirty feet high, which hangs over one of the pools in the Tallulah river. On seeing the buck drop, he took it for granted that he was about to die, when he approached the animal for the purpose of cutting its throat. To his great surprise, however, the buck suddenly sprung to his feet and made a tremendous rush at the hunter with a view of throwing him off the ledge. But what was more remarkable, the animal succeeded in its effort, though not until Vandever had obtained a fair hold of the buck's antlers, when the twain performed a somerset into the pool below. The buck made its escape, and Vandever was not seriously injured in any particular. About a month subsequent to that time he killed a buck, which had a bullet wound in the lower part of its neck, whereupon he concluded that he had finally triumphed over the animal which had given him the unexpected ducking.

But the most remarkable escape which old Vandever ever experienced happened on this wise. He was encamped upon one of the loftiest mountains in Union county. It was near the twilight hour, and he had heard the howl of a wolf. With a view of ascertaining the direction whence it came, he climbed upon an immense boulder-rock, (weighing perhaps fifty tons,) which stood on the brow of a steep hill side. While standing upon this boulder he suddenly felt a swinging sensation, and to his astonishment he found that it was about to make a fearful plunge into the ravine half a mile below him. As fortune would have it, the limb of an oak tree drooped over the rock; and, as the rock started from its foundation, he seized the limb, and thereby saved his life. The dreadful crashing of the boulder as it descended the mountain side came to the hunter's ear while he was suspended in the air, and by the time it had reached the bottom he dropped himself *on the very spot* which had been vacated by the boulder. Vandever said that this was the only time in his life when he had been really frightened; and he also added, that for

one day after this escape he did not care a finger's snap for the finest game in the wilderness.

While on my visit to Vandever's cabin, one of his boys came home from a fishing expedition, and on examining his fish I was surprised to find a couple of *shad* and three or four *striped bass* or *rock-fish*. They had been taken in the Tallulah just below the chasm, by means of a wicker-net, and at a point distant from the ocean at least two hundred and fifty miles. I had been informed that the Tallulah abounded in trout, but I was not prepared to find salt-water fish in this remote mountain wilderness.

Since I have introduced the above youthful Vandever to my readers, I will record a single one of his deeds, which ought to give him a fortune, or at least an education. The incident occurred when he was in his twelfth year. He and a younger brother had been gathering berries on a mountain side, and were distant from home about two miles. While carelessly tramping down the weeds and bushes, the younger boy was bitten by a rattlesnake on the calf his leg. In a few moments thereafter the unhappy child fell to the ground in great pain, and the pair were of course in unexpected tribulation. The elder boy, having succeeded in killing the rattlesnake, conceived the idea, as the only alternative, of carrying his little brother home on his back. And this deed the noble fellow accomplished. For two long miles did he carry his heavy burden over rocks and down the water-courses, and in a hour after he reached his father's cabin the younger child was dead; and the heroic boy was in a state of insensibility from the fatigue and heat which he had experienced. He recovered, however, and is now apparently in the enjoyment of good health, though when I fixed my admiring eyes upon him, it seemed to me that he was far from being strong, and it was evident that a shadow rested upon his brow.

TRAIL MOUNTAIN.

I NOW write from near the summit of the highest mountain in Georgia. I obtained my first view of this peak while in the village of Clarksville, and it presented such a commanding appearance, that I resolved to surmount it, on my way to the North, although my experience has proven that climbing high mountains is always more laborious than profitable. I came here on the back of a mule, and my guide and companion on the occasion was the principal proprietor of Nacoochee valley, Major EDWARD WILLIAMS. While ascending the mountain, which occupied about seven hours, (from his residence,) the venerable gentleman expatiated at considerable length on the superb scenery to be witnessed from its summit, and then informed me that he had just established a dairy on the mountain, which, it was easy to see, had become his hobby. He described the "ranges" of the mountains as affording an abundance of the sweetest food for cattle, and said that he had already sent to his dairy somewhere between fifty and eighty cows, and was intending soon to increase the number to one hundred. He told me that his dairyman was an excellent young man from Vermont, named Joseph E. Hubbard, to whom he was indebted for the original idea of establishing the dairy. While journeying through this region the young man chanced to stop at the Major's house, and though they were perfect strangers, they conversed upon matters connected with farming, and soon became acquainted; and the stranger having made known the fact that he knew how to make butter and cheese, a bargain was struck, which has resulted in the establishment already mentioned. The Williams dairy is said to be the only one in the entire State of Georgia, and it is worthy of remark, in this connection, that Major Williams (as well as his dairyman) is a native of New-England. He has been an exile from Yankee land for upwards of twenty years, and though nearly seventy years of age, it appears that his natural spirit of enterprise remains in full vigor.

Trail Mountain was so named by the Cherokees, from the fact that they once had a number of *trails* leading to the summit, to which point they were in the habit of ascending for the purpose of discovering the camp-fires of their enemies during the existence of hostilities. It is the king of the Blue

Ridge, and reported to be five thousand feet above the waters of the surrounding country, and perhaps six thousand feet above the level of the ocean. A carpet of green grass and weeds extends to the very top, and as the trees are small, as well as “few and far between,” the lover of extensive scenery has a fine opportunity of gratifying his taste. I witnessed a sunset from this great watch-tower of the South, and I know not that I was ever before more deeply impressed with the grandeur of a landscape scene. The horizon formed an unbroken circle, but I could distinctly see that in one direction alone (across South Carolina and part of Georgia) extended a comparatively level country, while the remaining three-quarters of the space around me appeared to be a wilderness of mountains. The grandest display was towards the north, and here it seemed to me that I could count at least twenty distinct ranges, fading away to the sky, until the more remote range melted into a monotonous line. No cities or towns came within the limit of my vision; no, nor even an occasional wreath of smoke, to remind me that human hearts were beating in the unnumbered valleys. A crimson hue covered the sky, but it was without a cloud to cheer the prospect, and the solemn shadow which rested upon the mountains was too deep to partake of a single hue from the departing sun. Grandeur and gloom, like twin spirits, seemed to have subdued the world, causing the pulse of nature to cease its accustomed throb. “At one stride came the dark,” and as there was no moon, I retreated from the peak with pleasure, and sought the rude cabin, where I was to spend the night. While doing this, the distant howl of a wolf came to my ear, borne upward on the quiet air from one of the deep ravines leading to the base of the mountain.

As I was the guest of my friends Williams and Hubbard, I wiled away the evening in their society, asking and answering a thousand questions. Among the matters touched upon in our conversation was a certain mysterious “water-spout,” of which I had heard a great deal among the people in my journeying, and which was said to have fallen upon Trail Mountain. I again inquired into the particulars, and Major Williams replied as follows:

“This water-spout story has always been a great botheration to me. The circumstance occurred several years ago. A number of hunters were spending the night in the very ravine where this shanty now stands, when, about midnight, they heard a tremendous roaring in the air, and a large torrent of water fell upon their camp and swept it, with all its effects and its inmates, about a dozen yards from the spot where they had planted their polls. There were three hunters, and one of them was severely injured on the head by the water, and all of them completely drenched. They were of

course much alarmed at the event, and concluded that a spring farther up the mountain had probably broken away; but when morning came they could find no evidences of a spring, and every where above their camping place the ground was perfectly dry, while on the lower side it was completely saturated. They were now perplexed to a marvellous degree, and returned to the lower country impressed with the idea that a water-spout had burst over their heads.”

I of course attempted no explanation of this phenomenon, but Mr. Hubbard gave it as his opinion that if the affair actually did occur, it originated from a whirlwind, which might have taken up the water from some neighboring river, and dashed it by the merest accident upon the poor hunters. But this reasoning seemed to me like getting “out of the frying pan into the fire;” whereupon I concluded to “tell the tale as ’twas told to me,” for the especial benefit of Professor Espy.

But to return to the dairy, which is unquestionably the chief attraction (though far from being a romantic one) connected with Trail Mountain. Heretofore a cheese establishment has been associated in my mind with broad meadow lands, spacious and well-furnished out-houses, and a convenient market. But here we have a dairy on the top of a mountain, distant from the first farm-house some fifteen miles, and inaccessible by any conveyance but that of a mule or well-trained horse. The bells of more than half a hundred cows are echoing along the mountain side; and, instead of clover, they are feeding upon the luxuriant grasses and weeds of the wilderness; instead of cool cellars, we have here a hundred tin pans arranged upon tables in a log cabin, into which a cool spring pours its refreshing treasure; instead of a tidy and matronly housewife to superintend the turning of the curd, we have an enterprising young Yankee, a veritable Green Mountain boy; and instead of pretty milkmaids, the inferiors of this establishment are huge negroes, and all of the masculine gender. And this is the establishment which supplies the people of Georgia with cheese, and the material out of which the scientific caterer manufactures the palatable Welsh Rabbit.

DOWN THE OWASSA.

THE distance from Hubbard's Cabin, on Trail Mountain, to the Owassa River, in a direct line, is eight miles, but by the ordinary mule-route it is thirteen. In coming to this river, I took the direct route, albeit my only guide was an ancient Indian trail. My friend Hubbard doubted whether I could make the trip alone, but I was anxious to save time and labor, so I determined on trying the experiment. I shouldered my knapsack, and started immediately after an early breakfast, and for a distance of two miles every thing turned out to my entire satisfaction. I was now standing upon the extreme summit of the Blue Ridge, and within a stone's throw of two springs which empty their several waters into the Gulf of Mexico and the Ohio river. While stopping here to obtain a little breath, I discovered a large spot of bare earth, which I took to be a deer yard, and directly across the middle of it the fresh tracks of a large wolf. I had no gun with me, and this discovery made me a little nervous, which resulted, as I proceeded on my journey, in my losing the trail upon which I had started. I soon came to a brook, however, which rushed down an immense ravine at an angle of forty-five degrees, and I continued my way feeling quite secure. My course lay down, down, down, and then, as I wandered from the brook, it was up, up, up. At the rate that I travelled I knew that I ought to reach my place of destination in at least one hour, but four hours elapsed, and I reluctantly came to the conclusion that I was most decidedly lost, and that, too, among what I fancied to be the wildest and most lonely mountains on the face of the earth. Then came the thought of spending the night in the wilderness, alone and unprotected, to be destroyed by the wild animals, or to be starved to death. I resolved, however, to continue along the brook, knowing that it must come out "somewhere;" and, as I was by this time in a most painful state of excitement, I clambered up the cliffs and ran down the hills at what now appears to me to have been a fearful rate. The sun was excessively hot, and at every rivulet that I crossed I stopped to slake my thirst. The brook was constantly making a new turn, and leaping over ledges of rocks more than a hundred feet high, and every new bluff that I saw (and there seemed to be no end to them) began to shoot a pang to my bewildered brain. At one

time I startled a herd of deer from a cool ravine, where they were spending the noontide hours; and on one occasion I was within a single foot of stepping on a rattlesnake, and when I heard his fearful rattle I made a leap which would have astonished even Sands, Lent & Co., or any other circus magicians. It was now the middle of the afternoon, and my blood seemed to have reached the temperature of boiling heat; my heart began to palpitate, and I came to the conclusion that the critics would never again have an opportunity of doubting my adventures in the wilderness. Just in the nick of time, however, I heard the howling music of a pack of hounds, and in a few moments a beautiful doe and some half a dozen dogs shot across my path like a "rushing mighty wind." This little incident led me to believe that I was not very far from a settlement, and had a tendency to revive my spirits. The result was that I reached the cottage of an old gentleman named Riley, in the valley of Owassa, just as the sun was setting, where I was treated with the utmost kindness by his consort—having travelled at least twenty miles on account of my mishap. I had lost my appetite, but was persuaded to drink two cups of coffee and then retire to bed. I slept until day-break, without being visited by an unpleasant dream, and arose on the following morning a new man. On the next day I travelled down the Owassa valley a distance of thirty miles, until I reached the very pretty place where I am now tarrying. The Cherokee word Owassa signifies *the main river, or the largest of the tributaries*: and the paraphrase of this name into *Hiowasse* by the map-makers is a ridiculous blunder. So I have been informed, at any rate, by one of the oldest Cherokees now living. The Owassa is a tributary of the noble Tennessee, and is as clear, beautiful, rapid and picturesque a mountain river as I have ever seen. At Riley's cottage it is perhaps one hundred feet wide, and at this point it is not far from one hundred and fifty yards. It is quite circuitous in its course, and the valley through which it runs is narrow, but very fertile and pretty well cultivated. The people live almost exclusively in log cabins, and appear to be intelligent and moral, though apparently destitute of all enterprise.

The principal novelty that I noticed on the road to this place was the spot known as *Fort Embree*. The only evidences that there ever was a fortification here are a breastwork of timber, a lot of demolished pickets, and two or three block houses, which are now in a dilapidated condition. The site is a commanding one, and takes in some of the grandest mountain outlines that I have yet seen. This fort, so called, was made by order of the General Government for the purpose of herding the poor Cherokees previous to their final banishment into exile—a most humane and Christian-like work, indeed! How reluctant the Indians were to leave this beautiful

land may be shown by the fact, that a number of women destroyed themselves within this very fort rather than be driven beyond the Mississippi. And a gentleman who saw the Indians, when they were removed, tells me that they were actually driven along the road like a herd of wild and unruly animals, a number of them having been shot down in the vicinity of this place. All these things may have been published, but I have never seen them in print; and I now put them in print with the view of shaming our heartless and cruel Government for its unnatural conduct in times past. The Cherokees were a nation of mountaineers, and, had a wise policy been pursued with regard to them, they might now be chasing the deer upon these mountains, while all the valleys of the land might have been in a state of cultivation, even as they are now. Not only would they have had the happiness of hunting their favorite game upon their native hills, but they might have been educated with more real satisfaction to themselves than they can be in the Far West. In proof of the opinion that they might have lived here in honor and comfort, it may be mentioned that the few Cherokees who were permitted to remain in Carolina, are now considered the most frugal and inoffensive of the entire population; and the United States District Attorney residing in Cherokee county, informs me, that of five hundred individuals whom he has had to prosecute within the last five years, only one of them was an Indian, and he was led into his difficulty by a drunken white man. But this is a theme that I could write upon for days, so I will turn to something more appropriate to my present purpose.

In coming down the valley of Owassa, I met with a number of incidents which I fancy worth mentioning. For example, in passing along a certain road in Union county, Georgia, I approached a ricketty log cabin, and was surprised to see the family and all the dogs vacate the premises, as if I had been a personified plague. I was subsequently informed that this was a common habit with the more barbarous people of this region, when they see a stranger passing along the road.

Among the characteristic travelling establishments that I met in the above country, was the following: a very small covered wagon, (drawn by one mule and one deformed horse,) which was laden with corn-husk, a few bedclothes, and several rude cooking utensils. Behind this team marched a man and his wife, five boys, and eight girls, and in their rear the skeleton of a cow and four hungry-looking dogs. They had been farming in Union county, but were now on their way into Habersham county in search of a new location. The youngest daughter belonging to this family, as I casually found out by giving her a small piece of money, was *Dorcas Ann Eliza Jane*

Charlotte. On hearing this startling information I could not wonder that the family were poor, and had a thorny road to pursue through life.

But the most unique incident that I picked up on the day in question, may be narrated as follows: I was quietly jogging along the road, when I was startled by the dropping of a snake from a small tree. I stopped to see what was the matter, and discovered it to be a black snake or racer, and that he had in his mouth the tail-end of a scarlet lizard, about five inches long. It was evident the snake had some difficulty in swallowing the precious morsel, and while he seemed to be preparing for another effort, I saw the lizard twist its body and bite the snake directly on the back of the head, which caused the latter to loosen his hold. Again did I see the snake attack the lizard, and a second time did the lizard bite the snake, whereupon the serpent gave up the fight, and, while I was hunting for a stick to kill the serpent, both of the reptiles made their escape.

The little village of *Murphy*, whence I date this letter, lies at the junction of the Owassa and Valley rivers, and in point of location is one of the prettiest places in the world. Its Indian name was *Klausuna*, or the *Large Turtle*. It was so called, says a Cherokee legend, on account of its being the *sunning* place of an immense turtle which lived in its vicinity in ancient times. The turtle was particularly famous for its *repelling* power, having been known not to be at all injured by a stroke of lightning. Nothing on earth had power to annihilate the creature; but, on account of the many attempts made to take its life, when it was known to be a harmless and inoffensive creature, it became disgusted with this world, and burrowed its way into the middle of the earth, where it now lives in peace.

In connection with this legend, I may here mention what must be considered a remarkable fact in geology. Running directly across the village of Murphy is a belt of marble, composed of the black, gray, pure white, and flesh-colored varieties, which belt also crosses the Owassa river. Just above this marble causeway, the Owassa, for a space of perhaps two hundred feet, is said to be over one hundred feet deep, and at one point, in fact, a bottom has never been found. All this is simple truth, but I have heard the opinion expressed that there is a subterranean communication between this immense hole in Owassa and the river Notely, which is some two miles distant. The testimony adduced in proof of this theory is, that a certain log was once marked on the Notely, which was subsequently found floating in the pool of the Deep Hole in the Owassa.

ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS.

THE distance from Murphy to Franklin village is reported to be fifty miles. For twenty miles the road runs in full view of Valley river, which is worthy in every particular of the stream into which it empties, the Owassa. It is a remarkably cold and translucent stream, and looks as if it ought to contain trout, but I am certain that it does not. On inquiring of a homespun angler what fish the river did produce, he replied: “Salmon, black trout, red horse, hog-fish, suckers and cat-fish.” I took the liberty of doubting the gentleman’s word, and subsequently found out that the people of this section of country call the legitimate *pickerel* the “salmon,” the *black bass* the “black trout,” the *mullet* the “red horse,” and *a deformed sucker* the “hog-fish.” And now, while I think of it, I would intimate to my friends residing on the Ohio (to which glorious river all the streams of this region pay tribute) that *their* salmon is none other than the genuine pickerel of the North and South, their white perch only the sheep’s head of the great lakes, and their black perch is but another name for the black or Oswego bass. So much for a piscatorial correction.

The only *picture* which attracted my particular attention in passing up the fertile but generally neglected bottom lands of Valley river, was a farm of twenty-five hundred acres, one thousand acres being as level as a floor and highly cultivated. The soil seemed exceedingly rich, and it was evident yielded a considerable income to its possessor. I heard, in fact, that the proprietor had been offered twenty-five thousand dollars for this farm. And in what kind of a *house* does my reader imagine this wealthy man resided? In a miserable log hovel, a decayed and windowless one, which a respectable member of the *swine* family would hardly deign to occupy. Instances something like this had already come to my knowledge, and caused me to wonder at the inconsistency and apparent want of common sense manifested by some of the farmers of this country; but this instance capped the climax. But again, the individual alluded to is a *white man*, and prides himself upon being more intelligent and acute than his neighbors; and yet one of his neighbors is an *Indian woman*, who raises *only* about *five*

thousand bushels of potatoes per annum, but occupies a comfortable dwelling and lives like a rational being.

After leaving the above valley, my course lay over two distinct spurs of the Alleghanies, which are divided by the river Nan-ti-ha-lah, and consequently called the Nan-ti-ha-lah Mountains. In ascending the western ridge, I noticed that at the foot and midway up the pass the trees were all arrayed in their summer verdure, and among the forest trees were many chestnut and poplar specimens, which were at least seven or eight feet in diameter; while the more elevated portions of the ridge were covered with scrub and white oak, which were entirely destitute of foliage and not even in the budding condition. No regular cliffs frowned upon me as I passed along, but the mountains on either side were almost perpendicular, and in one or two places were at least twenty-five hundred feet high. In the side of the highest of these mountains, I was informed, is a deep fissure or cave, which extends to the summit of the hill, where the outlet is quite small. When the wind is blowing from the northwest it passes entirely through this long and mysterious cavern, and when issuing from the top comes with such force as to *throw out* all the smaller stones which one may happen to drop therein. In descending this spur, the road passes directly along the margin of the most gloomy thicket imaginable. It is about a mile wide and somewhat over three miles in length. It is rank with vegetation, and the principal trees are laurel, pine, and cedar. Even at noonday it is impossible to look into it more than half a dozen yards, and then you but peer into the opening of leafy caves and grottos which are perpetually cool and very desolate. It is said to abound in the more ferocious of wild animals, and no white man is yet known to have mustered courage enough to explore the jungle. During the existence of the Cherokee difficulties, the Indians were in the habit of encamping on many places on its margin for the purpose of easily eluding their pursuers; and it is reported of one Indian hunter, who once entered the thicket, that he never returned, having, as is supposed, been overpowered by some wild beast. It was upon the margin of this horrible place, too, that the following incident occurred: An Indian woman once happened to be travelling down the mountain, unaccompanied by her husband, but with three young children, two little girls and a papoose. In an unexpected moment an enraged panther crossed their trail, and while it fell upon and destroyed the mother and one child, the elder girl ran for her life, carrying the infant on her back. The little heroine had not gone over a half a mile with her burden before the panther caught up with her, and dragged the infant from her grasp; and while the savage creature was destroying this third victim, the little girl made her escape to a neighboring encampment.

The river Nan-ti-ha-lah, or the *Woman's Bosom*, was so named on account of its undulating and narrow valley, and its own intrinsic purity and loveliness. Upon this river is situated a rude but comfortable cabin, which is the only one the traveller meets with in going a distance of twenty miles. On first approaching this cabin, I noticed a couple of sweet little girls playing on the green-sward before the door with a beautiful fawn, which was as tame as a lamb. This group, taken in connection with the wildness of the surrounding scene, gave me a most delightful feeling, the contrast was so strange and unexpected. The proprietor of the cabin owns about five thousand acres of land in this wilderness region, and is by profession a grazing farmer. He raises a goodly number of cattle as well as horses and mules, and his principal markets for them are Charleston and Savannah, to which cities he performs a pilgrimage in the autumn of every year. He is one of the "oldest inhabitants" of the region, and as I spent one night under his roof, I took occasion to draw from him a few anecdotes connected with his own experience. On questioning him with regard to the true character of the panther, he replied as follows: "I don't know *much* about this animal, but I have had one chance to study their nature, which I can't forget. It was a very dark night, and I was belated on the western ridge, near the Big Laurel ravine. I was jogging along at a slow rate, when my horse made a terrible leap aside, and I saw directly in front of me one of the biggest of panthers. He soon uttered a shriek or scream (which sounded like a woman in distress) and got out of the way, so that I could pass along. Every bone in my horse's body trembled with fear, and I can tell you that my own feelings were pretty squally. On my way was I still jogging, when the panther again made his appearance, just as he had before, and gave another of his infernal yells. I had no weapon with me, and I now thought I was a gone case. Again did the animal disappear, and again did I continue on my journey. I had not gone more than a hundred yards before I saw, on the upper side of the road, what looked like a couple of balls of fire, and just as I endeavored to urge my horse a little faster, another dreadful scream rang far down the valley. But, to make a long story short, this animal followed me until I got within a half a mile of my house, and, though he *ran around* me at least a dozen times, and uttered more than a dozen screams, he never touched me, and I got safely home. If you can gather any information from this adventure you are welcome to it; but all I know about the animal is this, that I hate him as I do the devil."

My host informed me that he was one of the men appointed by the Government to assess the property of the Cherokees at the time of their removal, and was subsequently employed to aid in their coerced removal.

With a view of pacifying the Indians, it had been stipulated that the cabin and improvements of each Indian should be assessed, and an equivalent in money should be paid into his hands for said property; and a part of the nation, it will be remembered, including the head chief, were opposed to the treaty of banishment. In fulfilling his duties as a Government officer, my informant endured many hardships, subjected himself to much peril, and met with many touching as well as some ridiculous scenes. In the course of a few months he visited, in connection with his assistant and interpreter, every cabin in the counties of Cherokee and Macon; and, from the numerous adventures which he related to me, I will record two or three.

“At one time,” said my friend, “we arrived at a cabin where we knew resided, ‘solitary and alone,’ an old bachelor Indian. It was night, and very cold and stormy. As we were tying our horses the Indian heard us, and, knowing our business, immediately arose and fastened his door that we should not get in. We remonstrated from without, and told him we were almost frozen, and he must admit us, but never a word would he answer; and this was repeated several times. We finally got mad and knocked down the door and entered. The Indian was lying upon a bench before the fire, and by his side were four dogs. We asked him a number of questions, but still did he keep silent. We had by this time made up our minds to ‘take care of number one,’ and proceeded to cook our bacon. In doing this we had great difficulty on account of the dogs, which were almost starved to death, and were constantly grabbing up our victuals from the coals. They were the ugliest animals that I ever saw, and did not care a pin for the heavy licks that we gave them. And the only way we could get along was for the interpreter to cook the meat, while my assistant and myself seated ourselves at the two corners of the hearth, and as the dogs jumped over the body of the Indian, (who was yet lying on his bench,) we would grab them by the neck and tail and pitch them across the room. So this interesting business continued until the meat was cooked. I then took a slice, put it on a piece of bread, and giving it to the Indian, said to him: ‘Now don’t be a fool, take this meat and be good friends, for we don’t want to injure you.’ Whereupon he got over his resentment, took the meat, and began talking so that we could not stop him.”

But another incident related to me was truly affecting, and occurred at the time of removal. “There was an old Indian,” continued my host, “named *Euchellah*, who had thrown out the idea that he was a strong man, and never would submit to leave his cabin willingly; those who wanted him to go must take him by force. It was in the forenoon, and the whole posse of officers entered his cabin, and after a pretty severe scuffle we succeeded in fastening

the old fellow's arms and hands with a rope. He now saw that he must go, and told his wife to get ready, and she got ready *by going out to feed her pig and the chickens*, just as if she was coming back in a few hours. We then started with our prisoners, and just as we were crossing a hill which overlooked the Indian's cabin, he suddenly wheeled about, and as his eyes fell upon his little garden and his hut, he burst into tears, and I thought the man's heart would break. And now when people tell me that the Indian never weeps, I tell them it's no such thing; but, it was true, *Euchellah* had some reason to feel bad; for he had four children buried near his cabin, and had lived there for fifty years. We continued on our way to the West, but in two days our Indian made his escape with his wife. We hunted for them among the mountains, and though we recaptured Euchellah, we never could find his wife, and afterwards heard that she starved to death on a distant mountain. The Indian was now guarded by four soldiers; but, while crossing a certain gap, he suddenly rose upon his keepers and killed three of them, while the other soldier, as well as himself, escaped. The Indian was again taken prisoner, tried by a court martial, and sentenced *to be executed*. When told that he was to be shot down by a rifle ball, he manifested no fear, and, up to the moment that he was shot down, not a tear made its appearance in his eye. He could weep on leaving his home, but he would not weep when he came to die. And the old man was buried on the road side, half way between this place and Murphy."

"But another removal incident that I remember," continued my landlord, "was to this effect. It was another old Indian who had a large family and was religious. When we called to take him, he said he only wanted to ask one favor, which was, that we would let him *have one more prayer with his wife and children in his old cabin*. We of course granted the request, and when he was through, out came the old fellow and said that he was ready. But just as we were leaving the little clearing, the Indian called his wife and children to his side, and talked to them in the most poetical and affecting manner about their meagre but much-loved possession, which they were about to leave forever. He then took the lead of our procession, and without uttering a word, marched onward with a firm step. We never heard this man's voice again until we had passed beyond the Mississippi."

The scenery lying between the Nan-ti-ha-lah and this place is one of the wildest character. From the summit of the pass, and along the road as you descend to the eastward, a number of very imposing scenes present themselves, but chief among all the hills rises the rugged peak of *Bald Mountain*. The prospect from this point is similar to that which I have described from Trail Mountain, but the legend which commemorates the

place is quite interesting, and accounts for the baldness of the mountain's top, which was formerly covered with a dense forest. The Cherokees relate that there once existed among these mountains a very large bird, which resembled in appearance the green-winged hornet, and this creature was in the habit of carrying off the younger children of the nation who happened to wander into the woods. Very many children had mysteriously disappeared in this manner, and the entire people declared a warfare against the monster. A variety of means were employed for his destruction, but without success. In process of time it was determined that the wise men (or medicine men) of the nation should try their skill in the business. They met in council and agreed that each one should station himself on the summit of a mountain, and that, when the creature was discovered, the man who made the discovery should utter a loud halloo, which shout should be taken up by his neighbor on the next mountain, and so continued to the end of the line, that all the men might have a shot at the strange bird. This experiment was tried and resulted in finding out the hiding-place of the monster, which was a deep cavern on the eastern side of the Blue-Ridge and at the fountain-head of the river Too-ge-lah. On arriving at this place, they found the entrance to the cavern entirely inaccessible by mortal feet, and they therefore prayed to the Great Spirit that he would bring out the bird from his den, and place him within the reach of their arms. Their petition was granted, for a terrible thunder-storm immediately arose, and a stroke of lightning tore away one-half of a large mountain, and the Indians were successful in slaying their enemy. The Great Spirit was pleased with the courage manifested by the Cherokees during this dangerous fight, and, with a view of rewarding the same, he willed it that all the highest mountains in their land should thereafter be destitute of trees, so that they might always have an opportunity of watching the movements of their enemies.

As a sequel to this legend, it may be appropriately mentioned, that at the head of the Too-ge-lah is to be found one of the most remarkable curiosities in this mountain land. It is a granite cliff, with a smooth surface or front, half a mile long, and twelve hundred feet high, and generally spoken of in this part of the country as the *White-side Mountain* or the *Devil's Court-House*. To think of it is almost enough to make one dizzy, but to see it fills one with awe. Near the top of one part of this cliff is a small cave, which can be reached only by passing over a strip of rock about two feet wide. One man only has ever been known to enter it, and when he had performed the deed, he met at the entrance of the cave a large bear, which animal, in making its escape, slipped off the rock, fell a distance of several hundred feet, and was of course killed. When the man saw this, he became so much excited that it

was some hours before he could quiet his nerves sufficiently to retrace his dangerous pathway.

THE LITTLE TENNESSEE.

THE little village of Franklin is romantically situated on the Little Tennessee. It is surrounded with mountains, and a quiet and pretty hamlet. On the morning after entering this place, I went to the post-office, for the purpose of obtaining a peep at the last number of the National Intelligencer, whereupon the officiating gentleman informed me that I should find it at the office of a young lawyer whom he named. I called upon the legal gentleman, and found him, like all the intelligent people of the country, very polite and well informed. In speaking of the surrounding pictorial associations he alluded to a certain waterfall, and added that the gentleman who referred me to him owned a plantation near the falls, on a famous trout stream, and was an *angler*. On this hint I sent a couple of handsome flies, as a present, to my post-office friend, and in less than twenty minutes thereafter he made his appearance at my lodgings, and insisted that we should go upon a fishing excursion, and that the lawyer should accompany us. Horses were immediately procured, and having rode a distance of ten miles along a very beautiful stream called *Kul-la-sa-jah*, or *the Sugar Water*, we came to the chasm leading to the falls. Here we tied our horses, and while my companions commenced throwing the fly, I proceeded to the more profitable employment of taking sketches.

The chasm of the Sugar Water Falls is about half a mile long, and immediately below the precipices are perpendicular and very imposing, reaching an elevation of at least one thousand feet. The falls themselves are three in number—the first and principal one being about sixty feet high. Emptying into the Sweet Water, directly at the lower end of the chasm, is a tiny brook without a name, upon which I found a cascade of great beauty. The water falls near forty feet, but sings its eternal song in a shadowy recess, where hoary trees, mossy rocks, and exquisite vines, of every variety peculiar to the country, remain in their original wildness. As I clambered up the ravine leading to this cascade, I startled a doe from the green couch where she had been spending the noontide hours. I added a number of sketches to my portfolio, and after spending “alone in my glory” the whole afternoon, wandering from one chasm to another, I left the delightful valley

with reluctance, musing upon the marvellous beauty of everything in the world formed by the hand of God.

On arriving at the spot where our horses were tied, I found my companions both wearing uncommonly long faces, for they had not succeeded in killing a single trout. I joked my post-office friend about his "famous trout stream," and then, remounting our horses, we paid a visit to his plantation, where we enjoyed a comfortable supper, and continued on our way home by the light of the moon. Under any circumstances this would have been an agreeable ride, but on the present occasion my companions did all the talking, and the substance of two of their stories I herewith subjoin merely as specimens:

"I can't account for our bad luck in catching trout to-day," said my post-office friend; "but I do assure you that a couple of young men named Hyatt, and myself, once went a fishing in the Sweet Water, and we took one hundred and seventy-five trout. But this is not to the purpose. On that occasion we fished up the stream; and when we came to the mouth of the chasm, we saw a big buck, which we frightened towards the falls as we ascended. When we came near the falls, one of the Hyatts and myself stopped fishing, and went to work to corner the buck, and see if we could kill him with stones, or cause him to drown himself. There was no way for him to make his escape, except by running directly over us, and this we did not suppose he would dare attempt. He made many desperate efforts to get away, and at one time managed to climb an almost perpendicular wall of rock to the height of some twenty feet, when he lost his foothold and fell into the pool below. He now became very much enraged, but we continued to pelt him with stones, though without effecting any serious injury. After bothering him for at least half an hour, the creature finally got upon the rocks at the lower part of the pool, when he swept by us with great fury, and started down the chasm, making some of the most fearful leaps that I ever saw. And now it so happened that we saw the younger Hyatt standing upon a rock and casting his fly upon a pool, where we thought the deer must pass in his downward course, and we immediately shouted to the angler to 'look out.' He did so, and immediately drew out a hunting-knife which he had in his pocket, and as the deer tumbled into the pool, young Hyatt actually *jumped upon his back, and succeeded in giving him a fatal stab*, so that the animal merely crawled upon the rocks to die. It was late in the evening before we started for home, and we only brought the skin along with us; but as we left the chasm, we saw a large panther descending one of the cliffs of the gorge, as if hastening to have a feast upon the dead deer."

The "story" of my lawyer friend, or rather a fragment of his entertaining conversation was as follows: "As it is important, Mr. Lanman, that you should not leave our country without learning something of our great personages, and as our companion here is a modest man, I will give you a brief sketch of his character. He is a gentleman of some property, for he not only owns the plantation where we took supper, but one or two others of equal value. He is one of the oldest residents in this mountain region—a gentleman of fine moral character, and with a heart as guileless as that of a child. He is a passionate lover of scenery, and has probably explored the beauties of this mountain land more thoroughly than any other man now living; he is also a great lover of botany, geology, insectology, and a dozen other ologies, and I believe has made a number of discoveries in all his favorite studies. As you have heard, he tells a capital story, and, as you may see by looking into some of our southern newspapers, he uses the pen with ease and a degree of elegance. He cherishes a love for the 'angle art,' and I must say usually succeeds in his fishing exploits much better than he has to-day. By profession he is a knight of the needle; but, being somewhat advanced in years, he amuses himself by fulfilling the duties of deputy postmaster in the village of Franklin."

The lawyer was here interrupted by the *hero* of his story, who *insisted* upon his changing the "subject theme," and the consequence is, my readers will be disappointed in obtaining any more information respecting the scientific deputy postmaster of the Alleghany mountains.

But, leaving the intellectual out of view, the most interesting character whom I have seen about Franklin is an old Cherokee Indian. His name is *Sa-taw-ha*, or *Hog-Bite*, and he is upwards of one hundred years of age. He lives in a small log hut among the mountains, the door of which is so very low that you have to crawl into it upon your hands and knees. At the time the greater part of his nation were removed to the Far West, the "officers of *justice*" called to obtain his company. He saw them as they approached, and, taking his loaded rifle in hand, he warned them not to attempt to lay their hands upon him, for he would certainly kill them. He was found to be so resolute and so very old, that it was finally concluded by those in power that the old man should be left alone. He lives the life of a hermit, and is chiefly supported by the charity of one or two Indian neighbors, though it is said he even now occasionally manages to kill a deer or turkey. His history is entirely unknown, and he says he can remember the time when the Cherokee nation lived upon the shores of a great ocean, (the Atlantic,) and the color of a white man's face was unknown.

In the immediate vicinity of this place may be seen another of those mysterious Indian mounds which we find beautifying nearly all the valleys of this land. And here it may not be out of place for me to introduce the opinions concerning their origin which prevail among the Indian tribes of the South. By some they are said to have been built by a race of people who have become extinct, and were formerly used by the Cherokees merely as convenient places to have their dances and their games. A superstition also prevails, that in the ancient days every Indian brought to a certain place a small bark full of the soil which he cultivated, as a tribute to the Great Spirit, who in return sent them a plenteous harvest. Some allege that they were the burial places of great warriors and hunters; some that they were erected as trophies of remarkable victories; others that they were built as fortresses; and others still that upon them were performed the more sacred of religious rites. There is also a tradition existing among the Cherokees that these mounds formerly contained a species of sacred fire; and it is well known that an Indian has never been known to deface one of them, and to see them defaced by the white man always seems to make them unhappy. The only light (in the way of opinion) that I can throw upon these mounds is, that they owe their origin to some aboriginal custom similar to that which has brought together the huge piles of stones which the traveller meets with in various portions of the southern country. But all this information is traditionary, the builders of these mounds are unknown, and all that even the wise of the present generation can do is to look upon them in silence and wonder.

The gentleman upon whose property the above mentioned mound is situated is the nabob of the place, an intelligent man, and an old resident. I am now his guest, and he lives in comfortable style, his dwelling being surrounded with a score or two of out-houses. He carries on an extensive farming business, and is the owner of a goodly number of tidy, respectful, and industrious slaves. Though situated almost within rifle-shot of an impassable mountain, his residence is associated with clover-fields, a well-managed garden filled with flowers and vines, ancient trees where sing the katydids in the evening hours, and above which swoop the joyous and noisy martin and the beautiful dove; and also with meadow-fields, where horses and cattle graze during the long summer day. But there is one association connected with this farm-house which is still ringing in my ears: I allude to a perpetual chorus of an everlasting quantity of jackasses, peacocks, and guinea-hens. My host seems to have a passion for these apparently accidental or unfinished specimens of natural history; and I must say that I have never before been privileged to enjoy such unearthly music as I have on his plantation. The painful braying of a jackass awakens his household

from their slumbers, and the same braying, accompanied by the screams of the peacock and guinea-hen, continues without ceasing until the twilight hour, when the whippoorwill takes up her evening lay, and the world lapses into its nightly repose.

Having spent a Sabbath in Franklin, I obtained a little information with regard to the religious condition of the people in this section of country. The only denominations who have preaching here are the Methodists and Baptists. Among the latter class, the Bible custom of *washing feet* is still kept up with rigor. The preachers of both denominations are itinerants, and, so far as I have seen, are worthy, upright, and sensible men. They seem to think more of preaching the *doctrines of Christ* than proclaiming their own learning or advocating their own opinions, and it is therefore always a pleasure to hear them; they know their duties, and faithfully fulfil them, and I believe accomplish much good. The people attend the Sunday meetings from a distance of ten and fifteen miles; and, as the men and women ride on horseback, and as they often come in parties, their appearance on approaching the church is often exceedingly picturesque.

On the day of my arrival in this village, a negro teamster met with an accident while passing over a neighboring mountain, which resulted in his losing one of his four horses, which happened to step over a log, and, on being cut loose, fell down a precipice of forty feet into a pool of water. On being questioned as to the manner in which the animal fell, the negro briefly but *tell*ingly replied, "*Ka wallup, ka wallup, ka wallup, ka swash!*" I thought this a forcible description, and could not but admire the man's ingenuity in representing each somerset by a single word.

Within a few days past I have become acquainted with two insects which I have never seen described, but which are found in abundance throughout the South. I allude to the dirt-dauber and the stump-stinger. In their general appearance they both resemble the wasp. The first lives in a cell, which it builds on the inner side of a shed or piazza. It is a noted enemy of the spider, and possesses the art and the habit of killing that insect in great numbers. But what is really remarkable, they have a fashion of stowing away the carcasses of their slaughtered enemies in their dwellings, as if for future use; and after the cell is full, they close it with mud, and proceed to build another cell, so that the opulence of one of them may be calculated by the number of his closed dwellings. The stump-stinger is remarkable for having attached to the middle of his body a hard and pointed weapon, with which he can dig a hole one inch in depth in the body of even a hickory tree. This weapon he usually carries under his tail, but when about to be used makes him resemble a gimlet in form. The instrument is very hard, and composed of two pieces,

which he works up and down, like a pair of chisels. It is supposed that he makes this hole for the purpose of depositing an egg, and it is alleged that the tree upon which he once fastens himself always falls to decay.

But this allusion to insects reminds me of an incident connected with the ant which I lately noticed in one of my mountain rambles. While watching an ant-hill, I discovered that the little creatures were busily engaged in enlarging the hole of their miniature cavern; and my eyes chanced to fall upon another detachment of the same insect, who were approaching the hole in question with the dead body of a grasshopper. The moment this party was discovered by those at the hole, they all fell to work and tumbled their dead booty along at a more rapid rate than before. On reaching the hole an attempt was made to drag the grasshopper into it, but without success, for it was too small. A movement to enlarge it was then immediately made, and in a very few moments the slain creature was out of my sight, and I could almost fancy that I saw the ants clapping their tiny hands, and congratulating themselves upon the feat they had accomplished. Upon the whole it was one of the most interesting little incidents that I ever witnessed, and I left the spot feeling that I understood the words of Scripture which say, “Go to the ant, thou sluggard, and be wise!”

And now, as the *desultory* character of this letter will probably fully satisfy my readers, I will bring it to a close, promising to be somewhat more circumspect in the future.

SMOKY MOUNTAIN.

In coming from Franklin to this place, Qualla Town, a distance of thirty miles, I travelled over a wild, mountainous, and thinly settled country, where I was pained to witness the evil effects of intemperance, and made happy by following the windings of a beautiful river. Having been overtaken by a thunder-storm, I found shelter in a rude and comfortless cabin, which was occupied by a man and his wife and eight children. Every member of the family was barefooted, and the children almost destitute of clothing; not one of them, though several were full-grown girls, could read a single word; the mother was sickly and haggard in her appearance, and one of the little boys told me that he had not eaten a hearty meal for ten days. I subsequently learned that the head of this household was a miserable drunkard.

The river to which I alluded is the Tuck-a-seege, which empties into the Tennessee. It is a very rapid stream, and washes the base of many mountains, which are as wild as they were a century ago. Whenever there occurs any interval land, the soil is very rich, and such spots are usually occupied. The mountains are all covered with forest, where wild game is found in abundance. The fact is, the people of this whole region devote more of their time to hunting than they do to agriculture, which accounts for their proverbial poverty. You can hardly pass a single cabin without being howled at by half a dozen hounds, and I have now become so well educated in guessing the wealth of a mountaineer, that I can fix his condition by ascertaining the number of his dogs. A rich man seldom has more than one dog, while a very poor man will keep from ten to a dozen. And this remark with regard to dogs, strange as it may seem, is equally applicable to the *children* of the mountaineers. The poorest man without any exception, whom I have seen in this region, lives in a log cabin with two rooms, and is the father of *nineteen children*, and the keeper of *six hounds*.

On my arrival in this place which is the home of a large number of Cherokee Indians, (of whom I shall have much to say in future letters,) I became the guest of Mr. William H. Thomas, who is the “guide, counsellor, and friend” of the Indians, as well as their business agent. While conversing

with this gentleman, he excited my curiosity with regard to a certain mountain in his vicinity, and, having settled in his own mind that I should spend a week or two with him and his Indians, proposed (first excusing himself on account of a business engagement) that I should visit the mountain in company with a gentleman in his employ as surveyor. The proposed arrangement was carried out, and thus it was that I visited *Smoky Mountain*.

This mountain is the loftiest of a large brotherhood which lie crowded together upon the dividing line between North Carolina and Tennessee. Its height cannot be less than five thousand feet above the level of the sea, for the road leading from its base to its summit is seven and a half miles long. The general character of the mountain is similar to that already given of other Southern mountains, and all that I can say of its panorama is, that I can conceive of nothing more grand and imposing. It gives birth to a pair of glorious streams, the *Pigeon river* of Tennessee, and the *Ocono-lufty* of North Carolina, and derives its name from the circumstance that its summit is always enveloped, on account of its height, in a blue or smoky atmosphere.

But the chief attraction of smoky mountain is a singular cliff known throughout this region as the *Alum Cave*. In reaching this spot, which is on the Tennessee side, you have to leave your horses on the top of the mountain, and perform a pedestrian pilgrimage of about six miles up and down, very far up and ever so far down, and over everything in the way of rocks and ruined vegetation which Nature could possibly devise, until you come to a mountain side, which is only two miles from your starting place at the peak. Roaring along at the base of this mountain side is a small stream, from the margin of which you have to climb a precipice, in a zigzag way, which is at least two thousand feet high, when you find yourself on a level spot of pulverized stone, with a rocky roof extending over your head a distance of fifty or sixty feet. The length of this hollow in the mountain, or "cave," as it is called, is near four hundred feet, and from the brow of the beetling precipice to the level below, the distance is perhaps one hundred and fifty feet. The top of the cliff is covered with a variety of rare and curious plants, and directly over its centre trickles a little stream of water, which forms a tiny pool, like a fountain in front of a spacious piazza. The principal ingredients of the rock composing this whitish cliff are alum, epsom salts, saltpetre, magnesia, and copperas, and the water which oozes therefrom is distinguished for its strong medicinal qualities. This strange and almost inaccessible, but unquestionably very valuable cave, belongs to a company of neighboring Carolinians, who have already made some money

out of the alum, but have not yet accomplished much in the way of purifying and exporting the various products in which it abounds.

The scenery upon which this cave looks down, however, interested me quite as much as the cave itself. From the most comprehensive point of view two mountains descend abruptly, into a kind of amphitheatre, where the one on the right terminates in a very narrow and ragged ridge, which is without a particle of vegetation, while far beyond, directly in front of the cave, rises a lofty and pointed mountain, backed by some three or four of inferior magnitude. The ridge which I have mentioned is itself very high, but yet the cave looks down upon it, and it is so fantastic in its appearance that from different points of view you may discover holes leading like windows entirely through it, while from other places you might fancy that you looked upon a ruined castle, a decayed battlement, or the shattered tower of an old cathedral. To gaze upon this prospect at the sunset hour, when the mountains were tinged with a rosy hue, and the immense hollow before me was filled with a purple atmosphere, and I could see the rocky ledge basking in the sunlight like a huge monster on the placid bosom of a lake, was to me one of the most remarkable and impressive scenes that I ever witnessed; and then remember, too, that I looked upon this wonderful prospect from a framework of solid rock, composed of the overhanging cliff. It was a glorious picture, indeed, and would amply repay one for a long pilgrimage.

The ordinary time required to visit the Alum Cave is two days: but, owing to bad weather, my friend and myself occupied the most of four days in performing the same trip. To give a minute account of all that we met with would occupy too much time, and I will therefore only record in this place the incidents which made the deepest impression on my own mind.

Our first night from home we spent in the cabin of a man who treated us with the utmost kindness, and would not receive a penny for his pains. So much for mountain hospitality. And now, to prove that our friend was an intelligent man, it may be mentioned that he is an adept in the following professions and trades, viz. those of medicine, the law, the blacksmith, the carpenter, the hunter, the shoemaker, the watchmaker, the farmer, and he also seemed to possess an inkling of some half dozen sciences. Now, I do not exactly mean to assert that the gentleman is a master practitioner in all these departments of human learning and industry; but if you were to judge of his ability by his use of technical words, you would not for a moment imagine he could have a competitor. But so it is in this wild region, one man has to perform the intellectual labor of a whole district; and what is really a hard case, the knowledge which is thus brought to so good a market is nearly always the fruit of a chance education and not a systematic one.

Among those who spent the night with us under the roof of the above accomplished man, was one of the idle vagabonds of the country. This individual, it appears, had met with a singular accident on the day previous, and amused us by relating it. I regret that I cannot remember all the singular epithets that he employed, but I will do my best to report him faithfully:

"Now, the thing happened was this, and I reckon you never heard sich like afore. A lot of us fellars was out in 'Squire Jones' millpond a washing ourselves and swimming. Now, I allow this pond, in a common way, is nigh on to half a mile long; but at this time they were draining the pond, and it warnt so very large. Wall, there was one spot, well nigh the middle—no, not exactly; I reckon it was a little to the left—where the water poured out into a real catarock. The fellars I was with got the devil in 'em, and offered to bet the tobaccer that I couldn't swim near the big hole in the dam without going through. I agreed, for I always counted myself a powerful swimmer. I made one try, and just touched the outside of the whirlpool. The fellars laughed at me and said I couldn't come it. I knew they said what was not so, and I got mad. I tried it again, and went a bit nearer, when they yelled out again and said it was no go. By this time I was considerable perplexed, but I swore to myself I would have the tobaccer, and I made one more try. But this time I got into the whirlpool, and couldn't get out: and, in less than no time, the water wheeled my head round to the hole, and in I went, quick as a streak, I went through the hole, 'bout four or six feet long—no, I allow 'twas seven feet—and fell into the surge below, and in five minutes or so—perhaps six—I was on dry land, sound as a button. The joke was on the fellars then, and when I told 'em to hand over my plunder, they said they would, and told me I looked like a big frog when I come out of the hole into the pool below the dam."

On the following morning we travelled to the foot of Smoky Mountain, and having obtained a guide, who happened to be one of the proprietors of Alum Cave, we resumed our journey. In the immediate vicinity of the cave we came across an Indian camp, where were two Indians who were out bear-hunting. We were admitted under their bark roof, and with them spent the night, sleeping upon the ground. We remained a sufficient length of time to enjoy one supper and one breakfast; the first was composed of corn bread and bear meat, and the second of trout (caught in a neighboring stream) and a corn cake fried in the fat of a bear.

On questioning our Indian landlord, as we sat around our watch-fire, with regard to the Alum Cave, I could only gather the fact that it was originally discovered by the famous chief Yo-na-gus-ka, who happened in his youth to track a bear to one of its corners, where he had a den.

Disappointed on this score, I then turned to our guide to see what he could tell me about the cave that was not connected with its minerals, and the substance of his narrative was as follows:

"I hav'nt much to say about the cave that I knows of excepting one or two little circumstances about myself and another man. The first time I come here it was with my brother and two Indians. The sight of this strange gash in the mountain and the beautiful scenery all around made me very excited, and I was for climbing on top, and no mistake. The Indians and my brother started with me up the ledge at the north end of the cave, but when we got up half way, just opposite to an eagle's nest, where the creatures were screaming at a fearful rate, they all three of them backed down, and said I must not keep on. I told 'em I was determined to see the top, and I would. I did get on top, and after looking round a while and laughing at the fellows below, I began to think of going down again. And then it was that I felt a good deal skeered. I found I couldn't get down the way I got up, so I turned about for a new place. It was near sundown, and I hadn't yet found a place that suited me, and I was afraid I'd have to sleep out alone and without any fire. And the only way I ever got down was to find a pine tree that stood pretty close to a low part of the ledge, some three hundred yards from the cave, when I got into its top, and so came down among my friends, who said it was a wonder I hadn't been killed.

"I generally have had to pilot all strangers to the cave since that time, and I remember one circumstance that happened to a Tennessee lawyer, who caused us a good deal of fun, for there was a party of young gentlemen there at the time. We had a camp right under the cave, where it's always dry, and about midnight the lawyer I mentioned suddenly jumped up as we were all asleep, and began to yell in the most awful manner, as if something dreadful had happened. He jumped about as if in the greatest agony, and called on God to have mercy on him, for he knew he would die. O, he did carry on at a most awful rate, and we thought he must have been bitten by some snake, or was crazy, so we tore off his clothes to see what was the matter; and what do you suppose we found? Nothing but a harmless little lizard, that had run up the poor man's legs, all the way up to his arm-pits, thinking, I suppose, that his clothes was the bark of a dead tree. After the trouble was all over, the way we laughed at the fellow was curious."

Our second day at the Alum Cave (and third one from home) was a remarkably cheerless one; for a regular snow-storm set in, mingled with hail, and, before we could reach our horses and descend the Smoky Mountain, some three or four inches of snow had fallen. We spent that night under the roof of our good friend and worthy man, the guide, and it was with

difficulty that we could induce him to receive a bit of money for all his trouble in piloting us and treating us to his best fare. On that night we ate our supper at nine o'clock, and what rendered it somewhat peculiar, was the fact that his two eldest daughters, and very pretty girls withal, waited upon us at table, holding above our heads a couple of torches made of the fat pine. That was the first time that I was ever waited upon in so regal a style, and more than once during the feast did I long to retire in a corner of the smoky and dingy cabin to take a sketch of the romantic scene. At sunrise on the following morning my companion and myself remounted our horses, and in three hours were eating our breakfast in Qualla Town.

THE CHEROKEE INDIANS.

Qualla Town is a name applied to a tract of seventy-two thousand acres of land in Haywood county, which is occupied by about eight hundred Cherokee Indians, and one hundred Catawbas. Their district is mountainous from one extremity to the other, and watered by a number of beautiful streams, which abound in fish; the valleys and slopes are quite fertile, and the lower mountains are well adapted to grazing, and at the same time are heavily timbered and supplied with every variety of game. This portion of a much larger multitude of aborigines, in consideration of their rank and age, and of valuable services rendered to the United States, were permitted by the General Government to remain upon their native soil, while the great body of the Cherokee nation were driven into exile. They (the exiles) amounted in all to more than sixteen thousand souls, *eighteen hundred and fifty* having died on their way to the "*promised land*" beyond the Mississippi. And here it may with propriety be added, that since the removal, those in the West have gradually decreased in numbers, while the remaining portion have steadily increased by births at the rate of four per cent. per annum. In addition to the Indians above mentioned, it ought to be stated that there is a remnant of two hundred still remaining in the county of Cherokee; of whom, however, I know but little, and therefore purpose to confine my remarks to those of Qualla Town alone.

The Indians of this district, having formed themselves into a regular company, with appropriate regulations, they elected an old friend of theirs, named William H. Thomas, (mentioned in my last letter,) to become their business chief, so that the connection now existing between the two parties is that of father and children. What the result of this arrangement has been, will be fully understood when I come to speak of the advance which the Indians have made in the march of civilization. As they are organized at the present time, the Qualla Town people are divided into seven clans, and to each clan is assigned what is called a town, over each of which presides a regular chief. The Cherokee nation was originally divided into seven clans, which were probably descended from certain noted families, and the old party feeling is still preserved with jealous care among their descendants in

this vicinity. The names of the clans are: In-e-chees-quah, or Bird Clan; In-egil-lohee, or Pretty-faced Clan; In-e-wo-tah, or Paint Clan; In-e-wah-he-yah, or Wolf Clan; In-e-se-ho-nih, or Blue Clan; In-e-co-wih, or Deer Clan; and In-e-eo-te-ca-wih, the meaning of which is not known. And among the customs which prevail among these clans, is one which prevents their marrying among themselves, so that they have to select their wives from a neighboring fraternity. Formerly such marriages were prohibited by penalty of death.

With regard to the extent of their civilization and their existing manner of life, the following may be looked upon as a comprehensive summary: About three-fourths of the entire population can read in their own language, and, though the majority of them understand English, a very few can speak the language. They practice, to a considerable extent, the science of agriculture, and have acquired such a knowledge of the mechanic arts as answers them for all ordinary purposes, for they manufacture their own clothing, their own ploughs, and other farming utensils, their own axes, and even their own guns. Their women are no longer treated as slaves, but as equals; the men labor in the fields, and their wives are devoted entirely to household employments. They keep the same domestic animals that are kept by their white neighbors, and cultivate all the common grains of the country. They are probably as temperate as any other class of people on the face of the earth, honest in their business intercourse, moral in their thoughts, words and deeds, and distinguished for their faithfulness in performing the duties of religion. They are chiefly Methodists and Baptists, and have regularly ordained ministers, who preach to them on every Sabbath, and they have also abandoned many of their mere senseless superstitions. They have their own courts, and try their criminals by a regular jury. Their judges and lawyers are chosen from among themselves. They keep in order the public roads leading through their settlement. By a law of the State they have the right to vote, but seldom exercise that right, as they do not like the idea of being identified with any of the political parties. Excepting on festive days, they dress after the manner of the white man, but far more picturesquely. They live in small log houses of their own construction, and have every thing they need or desire in the way of food. They are, in fact, the happiest community that I have yet met in this Southern country, and no candid man can visit them without being convinced of the wickedness and foolishness of that policy of the Government, which has always acted upon the opinion that the red man could not be educated into a reasonable being.

By way of giving my readers a correct idea of the present condition of the Carolina Cherokees, I will describe a visit that I paid to one of their

churches on the Sabbath. I was anxious to see how far they were advanced in the ways of Christian instruction, and, though I noticed many little eccentricities, I was, upon the whole, very much pleased with what I saw and heard. I was accompanied by Mr. THOMAS, and we reached the rude but spacious log meeting-house about eleven o'clock. The first hour was devoted to instructing the children from a Cherokee Catechism, and the chiefs of the several clans were the officiating teachers. At twelve o'clock a congregation of some one hundred and fifty souls was collected, a large proportion of whom were women, who were as neatly dressed as could be desired, with tidy calico gowns, and fancy handkerchiefs tied over their heads. The deportment of all present was as circumspect and solemn as I have ever witnessed in any New England religious assembly. When a prayer was offered they all fell upon their knees, and in singing, all but the concluding hymn, they retained their seats. Their form of worship was according to the Methodist custom, but in their singing there was a wild and plaintive sweetness, which was very impressive. The women and children, as well as the men, participated in this portion of the ceremony, and some of the female voices reminded me of the caroling of birds. They sung four hymns; three prayers were offered by several individuals, and two sermons or exhortations were delivered. The prayers were short and pointed, and, as the shortest might be considered a fair specimen of the others, I will transcribe it for the edification of my readers:

"Almighty Lord, who art the father of the world, look down from heaven on this congregation. Bless the Indians, and supply them with all the food and clothing they may want; bless, also, the white men, and give them every thing they may need. Aid us all, O Lord, in all our good works. Take care of us through life, and receive us in heaven when the world shall be burnt up. We pray thee to take care of this young white man who has come to this Indian meeting. Protect him in all his travels, and go with him to his distant home, for we know by his kind words that he is a friend of the poor, ignorant, and persecuted Indian. Amen!"

The first preacher who addressed the meeting was a venerable man, *Big Charley*, and he took for his text the entire first chapter of John; but, before proceeding with his remarks, he turned to Mr. THOMAS and wished to know if he should preach with the "*linguister*," or interpreter, for the benefit of the young stranger. I told him no; but requested Mr. THOMAS to take notes, and, through his kindness, it is now my privilege to print the substance of that Cherokee sermon. It was as follows:

"In the beginning of creation, the world was covered with water. God spake the word and the dry land was made. He next made the day and the

night; also, the sun, moon, and stars. He then made all the beasts and birds and fishes in the world, and was much pleased. He wanted some one to take care of all these creatures, and so he made man, and from his body a woman, to help him and be his companion. He put them into a beautiful garden, which was filled with all kinds of good things to eat, but told them that there was one fruit they must not touch. That fruit was an apple, I believe. The woman was not grateful to God, and when a wicked serpent told her she might eat of the beautiful fruit which she was so curious to taste, she did eat of it, and gave some to the man, and he took some too. God talked with the man about his wicked conduct, and told him that he and his children should always have to work very hard for all they had to eat, so long as they lived in the world; and to them woman, God said, she must always suffer very much when she had children, and that the man should be her master. The man and woman were then turned out of the beautiful garden, and they were the father and mother of all the Indians in the world, as well as the white men and the black men. They had a great many children, and the world was very full of people. The people were very wicked, and God warned a good man that he intended to destroy the world by covering it all with water, and that this good man must build a large boat like a house, and get into it with his family, that they might not perish. The people laughed at this good man for believing such a story; but he took into his house two kinds of all the animals in the world, and the waters came; so the world was destroyed. After many days the good man sent out a dove to find some land, but it could not find any and came back. He sent it out again, and it never returned, and soon the great house rested on the top of a high mountain. Another race of people then covered the earth; and a great many good men lived upon the earth. One of the greatest of them it was who received from God the *ten commandments*, which direct all men how to be good and happy; but the world was yet very wicked. Long after this, God sent into the world his only Son, whose name was Jesus Christ. This wonderful being it was who gave up his own life that all the wicked of the world might be saved, and the justice of God be satisfied; and so it is, that all the Indians, as well as the white men, who live like Jesus Christ, can get to heaven when they die."

In delivering his sermon, the preacher occupied about thirty minutes; and the above facts were cemented together by a great number of flowery expressions, which made it quite poetical. His manner was impressive, but not particularly eloquent. After he had taken his seat, and a hymn had been sung, a young man stepped into the rude pulpit, who has distinguished himself by his eloquence. His name is Tekin-neb, or the Garden of Eden. He

spoke from the same text, and his remarks bore chiefly on the redemption by Christ. At the conclusion of his address, he gave a sketch of his own religious experience, and concluded by a remarkably affecting appeal to his hearers. His voice, emphasis, and manner were those of a genuine orator, and his thoughts were poetical to an uncommon degree. In dwelling upon the marvellous love of the Saviour, and the great wickedness of the world, he was affected to tears, and when he concluded there was hardly a dry eye in the house.

After the benediction had been pronounced, Mr. Thomas delivered a short address to the meeting on Temperance and a few secular matters, when the Indians quietly dispersed to their several homes. I retired to my own temporary home, deeply impressed by what I had seen and heard, for my pride had been humbled while listening to the rude savage, whose religious knowledge was evidently superior to my own.

CHEROKEE CUSTOMS.

THE plan adopted for the civilization of the Carolina Cherokees differs materially from any others adopted in the United States. Their amusements are not interfered with, excepting when found to have an immoral or unhappy tendency. A goodly number of their more ridiculous games, however, they have abandoned of their own accord, but the manly game of *ball-playing* is still practised after the ancient manner, with one or two restrictions. In the first place, they are not allowed to wager their property on the games, as of old, unless it be some trifle in the way of a woollen belt or cotton handkerchief, and they are prohibited from choking each other, and breaking their heads and legs, when excited, as was their habit in former times. Since my arrival here, the Indians have had one of their ball-games; and as it was gotten up especially for my edification, I made it a point of etiquette to be present at the preparatory dance and the game, as well as at the concluding ceremony, and these I will now endeavor to describe.

The preparatory or training dance took place on the night preceding the game, and none participated in it who were not to play on the following day. There were sixty young men present, besides the spectators, and they met on a grassy plot formed by a bend of a neighboring stream, called Soco Creek. The dancers were stripped of every particle of clothing but their waistbands; they made their own music, which was composed merely of a rapid succession of whoops and shouts; and they danced round a large blazing fire. The night in question was very beautiful, and when this strange group was looked upon by the light of the full moon, and the wild mountain scenery on every side, they presented a most romantic appearance indeed. They kept up the dance for over an hour, and, when it was concluded, all the men immediately ran towards a deep pool in the ice-cold stream, and without waiting for the perspiration to cool, plunged into the water, and, having finally emerged, started for their several homes. This dance, I am informed, had its origin in an ancient custom, which compelled all the candidates for a game of ball to inure themselves to every hardship for ten days before the game took place, and during all that time they were to eat

but little food, and were to refrain from gratifying any of their sensual appetites.

On the morning of the game, a large plain, lying between two hills and directly in front of the Indian Court-house (a large circular lodge, built of logs,) was divested of every stone and stick on its surface, and at ten o'clock the spectators began to assemble. These were composed of the old men of the nation, a large number of boys, and a still larger number of women and children. They were all dressed in their holiday attire, so that feathers, shawl turbans, scarlet belts, and gaudy hunting shirts were quite abundant; and, scattered as they were in groups of from five to fifty on the hill sides and under the shadow of the trees, they presented a most picturesque appearance. During all this time the players had kept out of sight, and it was understood that the two parties were among the bushes, at the two ends of the plain, preparing themselves for the game. Under the direction of the presiding chief or game-director, two poles were now erected about six hundred yards apart, on either side of a given centre, and in this centre was placed the ball. From this point was the ball to be given to the players, and the party which first succeeded in throwing it outside of the pole belonging to their opponents to the number of twelve times were to be considered the winners.

Everything being ready, a shrill whoop was given from one end of the plain, and immediately answered by the opposing party, when they all made their appearance, marching slowly to the centre, shouting and yelling as they passed along. Each party consisted of thirty splendidly formed young men, who were unincumbered by any clothing, (save their common waistband,) and every individual carried in his hand a pair of ball sticks, made with a braided bag at one end. As the parties approached the centre, the lady-loves of the players ran out upon the plain and gave their favorite champions a variety of articles, such as belts and handkerchiefs, which they were willing to wager upon the valor of their future husbands. This little movement struck me as particularly interesting, and I was greatly pleased with the bashfulness and yet complete confidence with which the Indian maidens manifested their preferences.

When the several parties were assembled at the centre of the plain, each man selected his particular antagonist by placing his sticks at his rival's feet, after which the game-director delivered a long speech, wherein he warned them to adhere to the existing regulations; and, throwing the ball high up in the air, made his escape to one side of the plain, and the game commenced. As it proceeded, the players became greatly excited, and I noticed that the ball was never taken in hand until after it had been picked up by the *spoony* stick, but the expertness with which these movements were performed was

indeed surprising. At one time the whole crowd of players would rush together in the most desperate and fearful manner, presenting, as they struggled for the ball, the appearance of a dozen gladiators, striving to overcome a monster serpent; and then again, as one man would secure the ball and start for the boundary line of his opponent, the races which ensued were very beautiful and exciting. Wrestling conflicts also occurred quite frequently, and it often seemed as if the players would break every bone in their bodies as they threw each other into the air, or dragged each other over the ground; and many of the leaps, which single individuals performed, were really superb. The exercise was of a character that would kill the majority of white men. The game lasted for about two hours, and the moment it was finished, the entire body of players, while yet panting with excessive fatigue, made a rush for the neighboring river, and in a short time appeared on the plain in their usual garb, and the old chief who had held the stakes awarded the prizes to the winning party. A short time afterwards the boys stripped themselves, and went through the same routine of playing as already described, when the ball-playing was at an end, and the people began to disperse with a view of getting ready for the evening dance.

I employed the intervening time by going home with one of the chiefs, and eating a comfortable supper in his log cabin. The habitation of this chief was made of hewn logs, and occupied a farm of twenty acres on the mountain side, about one-fourth of which was in a state of cultivation, and planted with corn and potatoes. He had a tidy wife and several children, and his stock consisted of a pony, a cow, and some ten or a dozen sheep. At nine o'clock, I was again in the midst of a crowd of Indians, assembled at the court-house of the town. The edifice, so called, is built of hewn logs, very large and circular, without any floor but that of solid earth, and without any seat but one short bench intended for the great men of the nation. In the centre of this lodge was a large fire, and the number of persons who figured in the several dances of the evening, was perhaps two hundred, all fantastically dressed, and including men, women, and boys. Each dancer made his own music, and, with one exception, the dances were of the common Indian sort. The exception alluded to was particularly fantastic, and called "the Pilgrim Dance." They came in with packs on their backs, with their faces strangely painted, and with gourds hanging at their sides, and the idea seemed to be to represent their hospitality towards all strangers who visited them from distant lands. The dancing continued until midnight, when the presiding chief addressed the multitude on the subject of their duties as intelligent beings, and told them to return to their several homes and resume their labors in the field and in the shops. He concluded by remarking that he

hoped I was pleased with what I had witnessed, and trusted that nothing had happened which would make the wise men of my country in the East think less of the poor Indian than they did at the present time: and he then added that, according to an ancient custom, as I was a stranger they liked, the several chiefs had given me a name, by which I should hereafter be remembered among the Carolina Cherokees, and that name was *Ga-taw-hough No-que-sih*, or *The Wandering Star*.

CHEROKEE CHARACTERS.

In the present letter I purpose to give you a brief historical account of certain celebrated Cherokee Indians, who are deservedly considered as among the bright particular stars of their nation. Some of them are dead, and some still living, but they were all born in this mountain land and it is meet that I should award to each a “passing paragraph of praise.”

The first individual that I would mention is Yo-na-gus-ka, or the *Drowning Bear*. He was the principal chief of the Qualla Indians, and died in the year 1838, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. When the Cherokees were invited to remove west of the Mississippi in 1809, he petitioned President Jefferson that he might be permitted to remain with his followers, among his native mountains, and his prayer was granted. He was eminently a peace chief, but obstinately declined every invitation of the Government to emigrate, and would probably have shed his blood and that of all his warriors in defending his rights. When about sixty years of age he had a severe fit of sickness, which terminated in a trance; this apparent suspension of all his faculties lasted about twenty-four hours, during which period he was supposed to be dead. It so happened, however, that he recovered, and on resuming his speech, told his attendants that he had been to the spirit land, and held communion with his friends who had been long dead; that they were all very happy. He also stated that he had seen many white men, and that some of them appeared to be unhappy. The Great Spirit talked with him, and told him his time was not yet come to leave the world: that he had been a good and honest man, and that he must return to his people, and govern them with great care and affection, so that he might finally come and live with the Great Spirit forever.

Subsequently to that time his people gave him a new name, which was Yon-na-yous-ta, or *How like an Indian*. He governed his people like a father, and was universally beloved. It was at his suggestion that Mr. Thomas was adopted into the Cherokee nation; the prominent reasons assigned for such a desire on his part being that Thomas had proved himself to be the Indian’s friend, and was alone in the world, having no father or brother. Mr. Thomas

exerted a great influence over him, and among the measures which the former recommended was the adoption of a temperance society for the improvement of himself and people, who were all addicted to the intoxicating bowl. He was a true patriot at heart, and on being reasoned into a correct state of mind, he expressed his determination to create a reform. He first reformed himself, and then summoned a council of all his people, ostensibly but secretly, for the purpose of establishing a temperance society. At this council he made a speech to the effect that they knew he had been an intemperate man, and had discouraged the use of strong drink, which he was confident was rapidly annihilating his nation; he expected to be with his people but a short time, and to extricate them from the great evil he had mentioned was the real purpose of the Great Spirit in prolonging his life; he also spoke of the many evils to families and individuals resulting from intemperance; and when he concluded, it is said that his entire audience was in tears. Taking advantage of this triumph, he called his scribe, (for he himself was an illiterate man,) and requested him to write these words upon a sheet of paper: "The undersigned drink no more whiskey;" to which pledge he requested that his name should be attached. Every member of the council appended his name to the paper, and thus was established the first temperance society among the Cherokees, which has already accomplished wonders. Among the regulations which he afterwards proclaimed, was one that each Indian should pay a fine of two shillings for every offence committed in breaking the pledge, and that the money thus collected should be expended in extending the boundaries of their territory. And here it may be well to mention the fact, that though this "father of temperance" among the Indians had been extremely dissipated during a period of thirty years, he was never known, even in *the way of medicine*, to touch a drop of spirits after his first temperance speech.

The reputation of Yo-na-gus-ka as an orator was co-extensive with his entire nation. He not only understood the art of working upon the feelings and clothing his thoughts in the most appropriate imagery, but the thoughts themselves were invariably sound, and his arguments unanswerable. From many examples of his reasoning I select one. When once invited by the officers of Government to remove westward, even after he and his people had become citizenized, he was informed that in the West he would have an abundance of the most fertile land, with plenty of game; also a government of his own; that he would be undisturbed by the whites, and that the United States Government would ever protect him from future molestation. In replying to this invitation, as he stood in the midst of armed soldiers, he remarked in substance as follows: "I am an old man, and have counted the

snows of almost eighty winters. My hair, which is now very white, was once like the raven's wing. I can remember when the white man had not seen the smoke of our cabins westward of the Blue Ridge, and I have watched the establishment of all his settlements, even to the Father of Waters. The march of the white is still towards the setting sun, and I know that he will never be satisfied until he reaches the shore of the great water. It is foolish in you to tell me that the whites will not trouble the poor Cherokee in the Western country. The white man's nature and the Indian's fate tell a different story. Sooner or later one Government must cover the whole continent, and the red people, if not scattered among the autumn leaves, will become a part of the American nation. As to the white man's promises of protection, they have been too often broken; they are like the reeds in yonder river—they are all lies. North Carolina had acknowledged our title to these lands, and the United States had guarantied that title; but all this did not prevent the Government from taking away our lands by force; and, not only that, but sold the very cow of the poor Indian and his gun, so as to compel him to leave the country. Is this what the white man calls justice and protection? No, we will not go to the West. We wanted to become the children of North Carolina, and she has received us as such, and passed a law for our protection, and we will continue to raise our corn in this very land. The people of Carolina have always been very kind to us, and we know they will never oppress us. You say the land in the West is much better than it is here. That very fact is an argument on our side. The white man must have rich land to do his great business, but the Indian can be happy with poorer land. The white man must have a flat country for his plough to run easy, but we can get along even among the rocks on the mountains. We never shall do what you want us to do. I don't like you for your pretended kindness. I always advise my people to keep their backs for ever turned towards the setting sun, and never to leave the land of their fathers. I tell them they must live like good citizens; never forget the kindness of North Carolina, and always be ready to help her in time of war. I have nothing more to say."

When Yo-na-gus-ka was about to die, he summoned his chiefs and warriors to his bed-side, and talked to them at great length upon the importance of temperance, and in opposition to the idea of their emigrating to the West, and made them swear that they would never abandon the graves of their fathers, or his own grave, which is now marked by a pile of stones on the margin of the Soco. In personal appearance he was very handsome, and left two wives. He was the owner of considerable property, and among his possessions was an old negro named *Cudjo*. This man is now living, and on questioning him about his former master he replied: "If Yo-na-gus-ka had

had larning, I b'lieve he'd been a very great man. He never allowed himself to be called *master*, for he said Cudjo was his brother, and not his slave. He was a great friend o' mine, and when he died, I felt as I didn't care about living any longer myself; but Yo-na-gus-ka is gone, and poor old Cudjo is still alive and well."

The second character that I would introduce to my readers is now living in Qualla Town. His name is *Salola*, or the *Squirrel*. He is quite a young man, and has a remarkably thoughtful face. He is the blacksmith of his nation, and with some assistance supplies the whole of Qualla Town with axes and ploughs; but what is more, he has manufactured a number of very superior rifles and pistols, including stock, barrel, and lock; and he is also the builder of grist-mills which grind all the corn that his people eat. A specimen of his workmanship, in the way of a rifle, may be seen at the Patent-Office, in Washington, where it was deposited by Mr. Thomas; and I believe Salola is the first Indian who ever manufactured an entire gun. But, when it is remembered that he never received a particle of education in any of the mechanic arts, but is entirely self-taught, his attainments must be considered truly remarkable.

That he labors under every disadvantage in his most worthy calling, may be shown by the fact that he uses a *flint-stone* for an anvil, and a *water-blast* for a bellows. In every particular he is a most worthy man, and though unable to speak the English tongue, is a very good scholar in his own language. He is the husband of a Catawba woman, whom he married *before he could speak one word of her own tongue, or she could speak Cherokee*; but they have now established a language of their own, by which they get along very well. Salola, upon the whole, is an honor to the country, and one whose services in some iron or steel establishment of the eastern cities would be of great value. Is there not some gentleman in Philadelphia or New York who would take pleasure in patronizing this mechanical prodigy of the wilderness?

Another of the characters I intended to mention is named *Euchella*. He is a very worthy chief, and now in the afternoon of his days. He is quite celebrated among his people as a warrior, but is principally famous for important services rendered by him to the United States Government during the Cherokee troubles. He, and a band of one hundred followers, first attracted public attention by evading, for upwards of a whole year, the officers of Government who had been commanded to remove the party beyond the Mississippi. It having been ascertained, however, that Euchella could not easily be captured, and would never submit to leave his country, it was determined that an overture should be made, by which he and his

brotherhood of warriors could be secured to assist the whites in their troublesome efforts to capture three Indians who had murdered a number of soldiers. The instrument employed to effect a reconciliation was the Indian trader, Mr. Thomas, who succeeded in appointing a meeting with Euchella on a remote mountain-top.

During this interview, Mr. Thomas remonstrated with Euchella, and told him that, if he would join the whites, he might remain in Carolina and be at peace. "I cannot be at peace," replied the warrior, "because it is now a whole year that your soldiers have hunted me like a wild deer. I have suffered from the white man more than I can bear. I had a wife and a little child—a brave, bright-eyed boy—and because I would not become your slave, they were left to starve upon the mountains. Yes; and I buried them with my own hand, at midnight. For a whole week at a time have I been without bread myself, and this in my own country too. I cannot bear to think upon my wrongs, and I scorn your proposition." It so happened, however, that he partially relented, and having submitted the proposition to his warriors, whom he summoned to his side by a whoop, they agreed to accept it, and from that time Euchella became an ally of the army. It was by the efforts of Euchella and his band that the *murderers* already mentioned were arrested and punished. They had been condemned by a court martial, and sentenced to be shot, and the scorn of death manifested by one of them named Charley, is worth recording. He had been given into the hands of Euchella, and when he was tied to the tree, by one arm, where he was to die, (to which confinement he submitted without a murmur,) he asked permission to make a few remarks, which was of course granted, and he spoke as follows: "And is it by your hands, Euchella, that I am to die? We have been brothers together; but Euchella has promised to be the white man's friend, and he must do his duty, and poor Charley is to suffer because he loved his country. O, Euchella! if the Cherokee people now beyond the Mississippi carried my heart in their bosoms, they never would have left their beautiful native land—their own mountain land. I am not afraid to die; O, no, I want to die, for my heart is very heavy, heavier than lead. But, Euchella, there is one favor that I would ask at your hands. You know that I had a little boy, who was lost among the mountains. I want you to find that boy, if he is not dead, and tell him that the last words of his father were that he must never go beyond the Father of Waters, but die in the land of his birth. It is sweet to die in one's own country, and to be buried by the margin of one's native stream." After the bandage had been placed over his eyes, a little delay occurred in the order of execution, when Charley gently raised the bandage, and saw a dozen of Euchella's warriors in the very act of firing; he then replaced the

cloth, without manifesting the least anxiety or moving a muscle, and in a moment more the poor savage was weltering in his blood. And so did all three of the murderers perish.

Another name famous in the unwritten annals of Cherokee history, is that of an Indian named *Guess*, who was the inventor of the Cherokee alphabet. This alphabet contains eighty-six characters, each one of which represents a distinct sound. It can be acquired, by an apt scholar, in the course of ten days, and is now the foundation of the Cherokee literature. Guess died at the West in the year 1842.

The individual who translated the New Testament was an educated Indian, named *Elias Boudinot*, who lost his life by the hand of an Indian assassin. At the time of his death he was engaged upon a translation of the Bible, and was cut down in the midst of his usefulness, in 1839, merely because he had the fearlessness and the honesty to disagree with a majority of the Arkansas Cherokees in regard to a certain treaty. *John Ridge*, also an educated Indian, and his father Major *Ridge*, were brave and honorable men, who were the friends of Boudinot, and like him perished by the hands of assassins, at the same time and for the same cause. The elder *Ridge* acted a conspicuous part in the battle of the Horse-Shoe, in the Creek war; while the younger *Ridge* was mainly distinguished for his intelligence and the happy influence of his life and good works.

HICKORY NUT GAP.

THE distance from Qualla Town to the Hickory Nut Gap is sixty miles. The first half of the route is exceedingly mountainous and almost entirely uncultivated, but the valley of Pigeon river, down which you have to travel for a considerable distance, is very fertile and well cultivated. A pastoral charm seems to rest upon the scenery, and in this particular forcibly reminded me of the upper valley of the Mohawk. I occupied the most of two days in performing this trip, and the only incident that I met with which was at all unique, was upon this wise. I had stopped at a farm-house to take my dinner. It so happened that my host was about to erect a new barn, and some twenty of his neighbors were assembled for the purpose of raising the frame work to its proper position. An abundance of whiskey had already been imbibed by a few of this rustic company, and among these was one individual who had recently been grossly cheated in purchasing a horse from a Tennessee horse-dealer. He had given a mule and twenty dollars for the stranger's gelding, and, though the animal was quite respectable in appearance, it had turned out to be old, unsound, and almost without a redeeming quality. The individual in question was noted for making a fool of himself when intoxicated, and on this occasion he was determined to prove true to himself. At this time his horse speculation seemed to weigh heavily upon his mind, and in his vehement remarks he took particular pains to curse the entire State of Tennessee, including President Polk. The poor man finally became so completely excited that he swore he would whip the first man he met on the road who happened to be from Tennessee; and so the matter rested. In about thirty minutes thereafter, as fortune would have it, a man made his appearance on the road, apparently from the West; and in jeering their noisy companion, the farmers remarked that "now he would have a chance to revenge himself." The excitement of the horse-bitten speculator was consequently greatly increased, and when the stranger reached the hill-top he was accosted as follows:

"May I ask you, sir, if you come from Tennessee?"

"I do. What will you have?" replied the stranger.

The Carolinian then related his trading story, which he concluded by carefully reiterating the determination he had made. The stranger laughed at the idea, and was about to resume his journey, when the reins of his horse were seized, and he found that it was indeed necessary for him to fight his way out of the queer scrape. All remonstrance on his part was in vain; but at the very moment the fight was to commence, another horseman rode up, who was also interrogated as to his native State. His presence had a tendency to suspend hostilities; but when it was ascertained that he was *only* a Kentuckian, the Carolinian insisted upon going on with his business. The feelings of the Kentuckian were now enlisted, and he declared his intention of regulating the fight; whereupon he made a large ring, and taking out of his pocket a couple of pistols, he told the combatants "to go ahead," and at the same time warned the bystanders that he would shoot the first man that interfered. The conclusion of the whole matter was, that the intoxicated man received a cruel thrashing for his ridiculous conduct, and the two gentlemen from the West quietly resumed their several journeys.

On my way to this place, I stopped for a few hours at *Deaver's Sulphur Springs*, which are about four miles from the French Broad river, on the road to Clarksville, Georgia. This is one of the most popular watering-places in the South, not only on account of the medicinal qualities of the water, but on account of the surrounding scenery, which is remarkably interesting, and also for the additional reason that the style in which people are entertained is well worthy of even such places as Saratoga. The several buildings connected with the establishment usually accommodate about two hundred families during the summer months, and they are chiefly from the cities of Charleston and Savannah. The people of Eastern North Carolina do not seem to know that they have such a delightful retreat within their borders, which, to a man of genuine taste, is as far ahead of Saratoga as a mountain stream is ahead of a canal.

With regard to Ashville, I can only say that it is a very busy and pleasant village, filled with intelligent and hospitable inhabitants, and is the centre of a mountain land, where Nature has been extremely liberal and tasteful in piling up her mighty bulwarks for the admiration of man. Indeed, from the summit of a hill immediately in the vicinity of the village, I had a southwestern view which struck me as eminently superb. It was near the sunset hour, and the sky was flooded with a golden glow, which gave a living beauty to at least a hundred mountain peaks, from the centre of which loomed high towards the zenith *Mount Pisgah* and the *Cold Mountain*, richly clothed in purple, which are from twenty to thirty miles distant, and not far from six thousand feet in height. The middle distance, though in

reality composed of wood-crowned hills, presented the appearance of a level plain or valley, where columns of blue smoke were gracefully floating into the upper air, and whence came the occasional tinkle of a bell, as the cattle wended their way homeward, after roaming among the unfenced hills. Directly at my feet lay the little town of Ashville, like an oddly-shaped figure on a green carpet; and over the whole scene dwelt a spirit of repose, which seemed to quiet even the common throbbings of the heart.

My first expedition on arriving here was to a gorge in the Blue Ridge called the *Hickory Nut Gap*. How it came by that name I cannot imagine, since the forests in this particular region, so far as I could ascertain, are almost entirely destitute of the hickory tree. It is true that for a distance of four miles the gorge is watered by a brook called after the hickory nut, but I take it that this name is a borrowed one. The entire length of the gap is about nine miles, and the last five miles are watered by the Rocky Broad River. The upper part of this stream runs between the Blue Ridge proper and a spur of the Blue Ridge, and at the point where it forces a channel through the spur its bed is exceedingly rocky, and on either hand, until it reaches the middle country of the State, it is protected by a series of mountain bluffs. That portion of the gorge which might be called the gateway, is at the eastern extremity. From any point of view this particular spot is remarkably imposing, the gap being not more than half a mile wide, though appearing to narrow down to a few hundred yards. The highest bluff is on the south side, and, though rising to the height of full *twenty-five hundred feet*, it is nearly perpendicular, and midway up its front stands an isolated rock, looming against the sky, which is of a circular form, and resembles the principal turret of a stupendous castle. The entire mountain is composed of granite, and a large proportion of the bluff in question positively hangs over the abyss beneath, and is as smooth as it could possibly be made by the rains of uncounted centuries. Over one portion of this superb cliff, falling far down into some undiscovered and apparently unattainable pool, is a stream of water, which seems to be the offspring of the clouds; and in a neighboring brook near the base of this precipice are three shooting waterfalls, at the foot of which, formed out of the solid stone, are three holes, which are about ten feet in diameter, and measure from forty to fifty feet in depth. But, leaving these remarkable features entirely out of the question, the mountain scenery in this vicinity is as beautiful and fantastic as any I have yet witnessed among the Alleghanies. At a farm-house near the gap, where I spent a night, I had the pleasure of meeting an English gentleman and tourist, and he informed me that, though he had crossed the Alps in a number of places, yet he had never seen any mountain scenery which he thought more beautiful

than that of the Hickory Nut Gap. My best view of the gorge was from the eastward, and just as the sun, with a magnificent retinue of clouds, was sinking directly in the hollow of the hills, and as I gazed upon the prospect, it seemed to me, as was in reality the case, that I stood at the very threshold of an almost boundless wilderness of mountains.

Before visiting this remarkable passage through the mountains, I endeavored to ascertain from the Cherokees of Qualla Town, its original Indian name, but without succeeding. It was my good fortune, however, to obtain a romantic legend connected therewith. I heard it from the lips of a Chief who glories in the two names of *All Bones* and *Flying Squirrel*, and, though he occupied no less than two hours in telling the story, I will endeavor to give it to my readers in about five minutes.

There was a time when the Cherokees were without the famous *Tso-lungh*, or tobacco weed, with which they had previously been made acquainted by a wandering stranger from the far East. Having smoked it in their large stone pipes, they became impatient to obtain it in abundance. They ascertained that the country where it grew in the greatest quantities was situated on the big waters, and that the gateway to that country (a mighty gorge among the mountains) was perpetually guarded by an immense number of little people or spirits. A council of the bravest men in the nation was called, and, while they were discussing the dangers of visiting the unknown country, and bringing therefrom a large knapsack of the fragrant tobacco, a young man stepped boldly forward and said that he would undertake the task. The young warrior departed on his mission and never returned. The Cherokee nation were now in great tribulation, and another council was held to decide upon a new measure. At this council a celebrated magician rose and expressed his willingness to relieve his people of their difficulties, and informed them that he would visit the tobacco country and see what he could accomplish. He turned himself into a mole, and as such made his appearance eastward of the mountains; but, having been pursued by the guardian spirits, he was compelled to return without any spoil. He next turned himself into a humming-bird, and thus succeeded, to a very limited extent, in obtaining what he needed. On returning to his country, he found a number of his friends at the point of death, on account of their intense desire for the fragrant weed; whereupon he placed some of it in a pipe, and having blown the smoke into the nostrils of those who were sick, they all revived and were quite happy. The magician now took it into his head that he would revenge the loss of the young warrior, and at the same time become the sole possessor of all the tobacco in the unknown land. He therefore turned himself into a whirlwind, and in passing through the

Hickory Nut Gorge he stripped the mountains of their vegetation, and scattered huge rocks in every part of the narrow valley; whereupon the little people were all frightened away, and he was the only being in the country eastward of the mountains. In the bed of a stream he found the bones of the young warrior, and having brought them to life, and turned himself into a man again, the twain returned to their own country heavily laden with tobacco; and ever since that time it has been very abundant throughout the entire land.

THE FRENCH BROAD RIVER.

I HAVE just returned from an excursion down the French Broad River to *Patton's Warm Springs*, and the neighboring curiosities, and I now purpose to describe the "wonders I have seen." The original Indian name of the French Broad was *Pse-li-co*, the meaning of which I have not been able to ascertain. Its English name was derived from a famous hunter named *French*. It is one of the principal tributaries of the Tennessee, about one hundred miles long, from one to two hundred yards wide; and, taking its rise in the Blue Ridge near the border of South Carolina, runs in a northwestern direction. Judging of the whole, by a section of fifty miles, lying westward of Ashville, it must be considered one of the most beautiful rivers in this beautiful land. In running the distance above mentioned it has a fall of nearly fifteen hundred feet, and its bed seems to be entirely composed of solid rock. In depth it varies from five to fifteen feet, and, generally speaking, is quite clear, abounding in a great variety of plebeian fish. Its shores are particularly wild and rocky, for the most part nearly perpendicular, varying from one to four hundred feet in height, and, though usually covered with vegetation, they present frequent cliffs of granite, freestone, and blue limestone, which actually droop over the rushing waters and present a most imposing appearance. With regard to its botanical curiosities, it can safely be said that a more fruitful and interesting valley can nowhere be found in the Union. Here we have not only every variety of American forest trees, but bushes, plants, flowers, and vines in the greatest profusion, and of the most vigorous growth; many of the grape vines, which weigh down the mighty sycamore, seem to be long enough, and strong enough, to link together a hundred ships of war. When it is remembered, too, that the air is constantly heavy with the fragrance of flowers, and tremulous with the perpetual roar of the stream, it may be readily imagined that a ride down the French Broad is a unique pleasure. Back of the river on either side of the country is hilly and somewhat cultivated, but its immediate valley contains nothing that smacks of civilization but a turnpike road, and an occasional tavern. This road runs directly along the water's edge nearly the entire distance, and, on account of the quantity of travel which passes over

it, is kept in admirable repair. It is the principal thoroughfare between Tennessee and South Carolina, and an immense number of cattle, horses, and hogs, are annually driven over it to the seaboard markets. Over this road also quite a large amount of merchandise is constantly transported for the merchants of the interior, so that mammoth wagons, with their eight and ten horses, and their half-civilized teamsters, are as plenty as blackberries, and afford a romantic variety to the stranger.

In riding down the French Broad, I overtook a gentleman on horseback, who accompanied me about twenty miles. Immediately after the first salutation was passed, and he had ascertained that I was from the eastward, he questioned me with regard to *the latest news from China*. I was surprised at the question, and after telling him I had none to communicate, I could not refrain from asking him what was the secret of his interest in that remote Empire. He replied that he resided on the French Broad, and was a dealer in ginseng. I had heard of the article before, and knew that it was found in abundance throughout this mountain region. My friend described it as a beautiful plant, with one stem growing to a height of eighteen inches, having at the top three leaves, each composed of fine leaflets, indented along the margin and closely resembling the sarsaparilla plant. That portion of it, however, which is prepared for market is the root. The Chinese are the only people in the world who make any use of it whatever; but with them it has been an article of commerce from time immemorial. It is said to be associated in some way or other with an unexplained superstition. Formerly it was obtained exclusively from Tartary, and the Tartars were in the habit of saying that they could never find it, excepting by shooting a magic arrow, which invariably fell where the plant was abundant. The Chinese call it the "food of immortality," and they declare it to be a remedy for every inherited evil, wholesome for the frail in body, refreshing for the memory, calming the wild passions and bestowing inexpressible delight. It is said also that the right for collecting it in China is conferred by the Emperor, and the punishment awarded to those who gather it without permission is perpetual slavery. It is not thought to possess any valuable medicinal quality, and only has the effect of strengthening the sensual appetites. It is used in the same manner that we use tobacco, and to the tongue is an agreeable bitter. It has been an article of export from this country for half a century, and the most extensive American shippers reside in Philadelphia. It is sold for about sixty cents the pound, and my travelling companion told me that his sales amounted to about forty thousand dollars per annum. What an idea! that even the celestials are dependent upon the United States for one of their

cherished luxuries, and that luxury a common unnoticed plant of the wilderness! Ours is, indeed a great country.

I come now to speak of the Warm Springs, which are thirty-six miles from Ashville, and within six of the Tennessee line. Of the Springs themselves there are some half a dozen, but the largest is covered with a house, and divided into two equal apartments, either one of which is sufficiently large to allow of a swim. The temperature of the water is 105 degrees, and it is a singular fact that rainy weather has a tendency to increase the heat, but it never varies more than a couple of degrees. All the springs are directly on the southern margin of the French Broad; the water is clear as crystal, and so heavy that even a child may be thrown into it with little danger of being drowned. As a beverage the water is quite palatable, and it is said that some people can drink a number of quarts per day, and yet experience none but beneficial effects. The diseases which it is thought to cure are palsy, rheumatism, and cutaneous affections; but they are of no avail in curing pulmonic or dropsical affections. The Warm Springs are annually visited by a large number of fashionable and sickly people from all the Southern States, and the proprietor has comfortable accommodations for two hundred and fifty persons. His principal building is of brick, and the ball-room is 230 feet long. Music, dancing, flirting, wine-drinking, riding, bathing, fishing, scenery-hunting, bowling, and reading, are all practised here to an unlimited extent; but, what is more exciting than all these pleasures put together, is the rare sport of deer-hunting; and hereby "hangs a tale" to which I must devote a separate paragraph.

My polite landlord had intimated his intention of affording me a little sport; and immediately after a twelve o'clock dinner, on a certain day, he stepped out upon his piazza, and gave two or three blasts with a small horn, the result of which was, that, in about fifteen minutes, a negro mounted on a handsome horse made his appearance, accompanied by some twenty yelping hounds. The horn was next handed to the negro, and he was requested to go to a certain spot on the mountains about three miles off, and put the dogs out after a deer. Two hours having elapsed, the landlord, his son, and myself each took a rifle, and, after riding some three miles up the French Broad, we stationed ourselves at different points, for the purpose of welcoming the deer, which was expected to take to the water on the opposite side. We had scarcely been ten minutes in our hiding places before the loud baying of the hounds was heard, as they were coming down one of the mountain ravines, and in another instant a very large buck (with his horns as yet only about a foot long) plunged into the rapid stream. Instead of crossing the water, however, he made his way directly down the river, now swimming and now

leaping, with the entire pack of hounds directly in his foamy wake. It was evident that he considered himself hard pressed, and, though now approaching a very rocky fall in the stream, he gave himself to the current and went over, and it seemed as if he must inevitably perish. But another call was immediately made upon our sympathies, for we discovered the entire pack of hounds passing into the same hell of waters. We remained in suspense, however, but a few moments, for we saw the pursued and the pursuers all emerge from the foam entirely unharmed, and still struggling in the race. Now the deer took to an island, and then to another, and now again to the water, and away did the whole pack speed down the river. By this time the buck was evidently becoming tired, and certain of being overtaken; and, having reached a shallow place in the river, he turned upon the dogs and stood at bay. His movements during this scene were indeed superb, and I could not but pity the noble fellow's condition. His sufferings, however, were of short duration, for, while thus standing in full front of his enemies, the landlord's son sent a ball through his heart from the shore, and with one frightful leap the monarch of the mountains was floating in a crimson pool. The mounted negro now made his appearance, as if by magic, and, having waded and swam his horse to the dead deer, took the creature in tow, brought him to the land, threw him upon his horse, and so ended the afternoon deer-hunt.

About six miles from the Warm Springs, and directly on the Tennessee line, are located a brotherhood of perpendicular cliffs, which are known as *the Painted Rocks*. They are of limestone, and rise from the margin of the French Broad to the height of two, three and four hundred feet. They are of a yellowish cast, owing to the drippings of a mineral water, and in form as irregular and fantastic as can well be imagined. They extend along the river nearly a mile, and at every step present new phases of beauty and grandeur. Taken separately, it requires but a trifling effort of the fancy to find among them towers, ramparts and moats, steeples and domes in abundance; but when taken as a whole, and viewed from the opposite bank of the river, they present the appearance of a once magnificent city in ruins. Not only are they exceedingly beautiful in themselves, but the surrounding scenery is highly attractive, for the mountains seem to have huddled themselves together for the purpose of looking down upon and admiring the winding and rapid stream. With regard to historical and legendary associations, the Painted Rocks are singularly barren; in this particular, however, they are like the entire valley of the French Broad, where relics of a by-gone people are few and far between. The rugged aspect of this country would seem to imply that it was never regularly inhabited by the Indians, but was their hunting

ground; and what would appear to strengthen this idea is the fact that it is, even at the present day, particularly famous for its game.

On the day that I returned from my trip down the French Broad, the weather was quite showery, and the consequence was, the rain was occasionally employed as an apology for stopping and enjoying a quiet conversation with the people on the road. At one of the places where I halted there was a contest going on between two Whigs, concerning the talents of the honorable gentleman who represents the famous county of Buncombe in Congress. The men were both strongly attached to the representative, and the contest consisted in their efforts to excel each other in complimenting their friend, and the climax of the argument seemed to be that Mr. CLINGMAN was not "*some pumpkins*," but "PUMPKINS." The strangeness of this expression attracted my attention, and when an opportunity offered I questioned the *successful* disputant as to the origin and meaning of the phrase he had employed, and the substance of his reply was that a small man, intellectually, was *nothing*; a man of average smartness, *some pumpkins*; and a superior man, *pumpkins*.

At another of the houses where I tarried for an hour, it was my fortune to arrive just in time to witness the conclusion of a domestic quarrel between a young husband and his wife. On subsequently inquiring into the history of this affectionate couple, I obtained the following particulars: The young man was reported to be a very weak-minded individual, and ever since his marriage had been exceedingly jealous of his wife, who (as I had seen) was quite beautiful, but known to be perfectly true to her husband. Jealousy, however, was the rage of the man, and he was constantly making himself very ridiculous. His wife remonstrated, but at the same time appreciated his folly, and acted accordingly. On one occasion she was politely informed by her husband that he was very unhappy, and intended to hang himself. "Very well," replied the wife. "I hope you will have a good time." The husband was desperate, and having obtained a rope, and carefully adjusted a certain stool, he slipped the former over his head, and, when he knew that his wife was looking on, he swung himself to a cross-beam of his cabin. In playing his trick, however, he unfortunately kicked over the stool, (which he had placed in a convenient spot for future use in regaining his feet,) and was well nigh losing his life in reality, but was saved by the timely assistance of his wife. His first remark on being cut down was, "Jane, won't you please go after the doctor: I've twisted my neck dreadfully."

I also picked up, while travelling along the French Broad, the following bit of history connected with one of the handsomest plantations on said river. About forty years ago a young girl and her brother (who was a mere

boy) found themselves in this portion of North Carolina, strangers, orphans, friendless, and with only the moneyed inheritance of one hundred and fifty dollars. With this money the girl bought a piece of land, and, her little brother having died, she hired herself out as housekeeper. In process of time she married, gave her little property into the keeping of her husband, who squandered it, died a drunkard, and left her without a penny. By the kindness of a friend she borrowed a couple of hundred dollars, and came to Ashville and opened a boarding-house. In the course of five years she made ten thousand dollars, married a second time, and by the profligacy and death of her second husband again lost every penny of her property. Years elapsed, and the unceasing industry of the poor widow was recompensed by the smiles of fortune, and she is now the owner of a large and valuable plantation, which is the fruit of her own individual toil, and a number of strong and manly sons are the comforts of her old age. But enough! I am now in Ashville, and at the conclusion of my letter.

BLACK MOUNTAIN.

Twenty-five miles from Ashville, in a northerly direction, stands *Black Mountain*, which is the gloomy looking patriarch of the Alleghanies, and claimed to be the most elevated point of land eastward of the Mississippi. It is nearly seven thousand feet high, and, with its numerous pinnacles, covers an area of territory which must measure in length a distance of at least twenty miles. Unlike its fellows in this Southern land, it is covered with a dense forest from base to summit, where may be found nearly every variety of American trees, from the willow and the elm, to the oak and the Canada fir; and it is the parent of at least a hundred streams. Not a rood of its rocky and yet fertile surface has ever been cultivated, and its chief inhabitants are the panther, the bear, and the deer. Almost its only human denizen is one Frederick Burnet, a "mighty hunter," who is now upwards of forty years of age, and is said to have slain between five hundred and six hundred bears upon this mountain alone. To obtain an adequate idea of its height and grandeur, it should be viewed from at least a dozen points of the compass, and with regard to the circular and apparently boundless panorama which it commands, it can be far better imagined than described. On questioning one of the wild natives of the region as to the character of this prospect, he replied: "Good heavens! sir, it looks down upon every seaport in the United States, and across the whole of Mexico." On learning this truly remarkable circumstance, my curiosity was of course excited, and I questioned my informant as to the facilities of looking off from the peak. "Directly on the highest point," said he, "stands a single fir-tree, which you have to climb, and thus look down on all creation." "And how do you reach the summit?" I continued. "O! it's a very easy matter, stranger; you only have to *walk* about six miles, and right straight *up* the roughest country you ever *did* see."

With this intelligence I was fully satisfied, and thereupon concluded that I should waste none of my strength merely for the privilege of "climbing a tree," even though it were the most elevated in the land. One of my Ashville friends, however, to whom I had brought letters of introduction, spoke to me of the Black Mountain in the most enthusiastic terms, said that I ought to visit it, and added that he had gotten up a party of one dozen gentlemen,

including himself, who were resolved upon visiting the foot of the mountain in my company. They were described as lovers of scenery, anglers and hunters, and it was proposed that we should go on horseback, though accompanied by a kind of tender, consisting of a small wagon load of provisions, fishing-rods, and guns, which was to be under the especial charge of an old negro named Sam Drymond. I was of course delighted with this arrangement, and, as the expedition was accomplished to the satisfaction of all concerned, I will give an account of its principal incidents.

Our cavalcade started at the break of day, and, as Miss Fortune would have it, in what we imagined a morning shower. It so happened, however, that it rained almost without ceasing until we reached our place of destination, which was a log shantee not far from the base of the Black Mountain, and about six miles from its summit. Our course lay up the valley of *the Swannanoah*, which, in spite of the rain, I could not but admire for its varied beauties. This river rises on the Black Mountain, is a charming tributary of the French Broad, from five to twenty yards in width, cold and clear, very rapid, and throughout its entire length is overshaded by a most luxuriant growth of graceful and sweet-scented trees and vines. The plantations on this stream are highly cultivated, the surrounding scenery is mountainous, graceful, and picturesque, and among the small but numerous waterfalls, which make the first half of its course exceedingly romantic, may be enjoyed the finest of trout fishing.

To describe the appearance of our party as we descended the Swannanoah, through the mud and rain, were quite impossible without employing a military phrase. We looked more like a party of “used up” cavaliers, returning from an unfortunate siege, than one in pursuit of pleasure; and in spite of our efforts to be cheerful, a few of our faces were lengthened to an uncommon degree. Some of our company were decided characters, and a variety of professions were represented. Our captain was a banker, highly intelligent, and rode a superb horse; our second captain was a Lambert-like gentleman, with scarlet Mexican cloak: we had an editor with us, whose principal appendage was a long pipe; there was also a young physician, wrapped up in a blue blanket; also a young graduate, enveloped in a Spanish cloak, and riding a beautiful pony; also an artist, and then a farmer or two; also a merchant; and last of all came the deponent, with an immense plaid blanket wrapped round his body, and a huge pair of boots hanging from his legs, whose romantic appearance was somewhat enhanced by the fact that his horse was the ugliest in the country. Long before reaching our place of destination, a freshet came pouring down the bed of the Swannanoah, and, as we had to ford it at least twenty times, we met with

a variety of mishaps, which were particularly amusing. The most unique incident, however, was as follows: The party having crossed a certain ford, a motion was made that we should wait and see that old Drymond made the passage in safety. We did so, and spent about one hour on the margin of the stream, in a most impatient mood, for the old man travelled very slowly, and the clouds were pouring down the rain most abundantly. And what greatly added to our discomfort was the fact, that our horses got into a cluster of nettles, which made them almost unmanageable. In due time the negro made his appearance, and plunged into the stream. Hardly had he reached the middle, before his horse became unruly, and having broken entirely loose from the wagon, disappeared down the stream, leaving the vehicle in a most dangerous position, near the centre thereof, with a tremendous torrent rushing on either side, and the poor negro in the attitude of despair. He was indeed almost frightened to death; but his woe-begone appearance was so comical, that in spite of his real danger, and the prayer he offered, the whole party burst into a roar of laughter. One remark made by the negro was this: "O Massa, dis is de last o' poor old Drymond—his time's come." But it so happened that our old friend was rescued from a watery grave: but I am compelled to state that our provisions, which were now transferred, with old Drymond, on the back of the horse, were greatly damaged, and we resumed our journey, with our spirits at a much lower ebb than the stream which had caused the mishap.

We arrived at a vacant cabin on the mountain, our place of destination, about noon, when the weather became clear, and our drooping spirits were revived. The cabin stood on the margin of the Swannanoah, and was completely hemmed in by immense forest trees. Our first movement was to fasten and feed the horses; and having satisfied our own appetites with a cold lunch, a portion of the company went a fishing, while the remainder secured the services of the hunter Burnet, and some half dozen of his hounds, and endeavored to kill a deer. At the sunset hour the anglers returned with a lot of two or three hundred trout, and the hunters with a handsome doe. With this abundant supply of forest delicacies, and a few "knickknacks" that we had brought with us, we managed to get up a supper of the first water, but each man was his own cook, and our fingers and hands were employed in the place of knives and plates. While this interesting business was going on we dispatched Burnet after a fiddler, who occupied a cabin near his own, and when the musical gentleman made his appearance, we were ready for the "evening's entertainment."

We devoted two hours to a series of fantastic dances, and when we became tired of this portion of the frolic, we spent an hour or so in singing

songs, and wound up the evening by telling stories. Of the hundred and one that were related, only two were at all connected with the Black Mountain; but as these were Indian legends, and gathered from different sources, by the gentlemen present, I will preserve them in this letter for the edification of those interested in such matters. On the north side of Black Mountain there was once a cave, where all the animals in the world were closely confined; and before that time they had never been known to roam over the mountains as they do now. All these animals were in the keeping of an old Cherokee chief. This man, who had a mischievous son, often came home with a fine bear or deer, but would never tell his son or any other person where he found so much valuable game. The son did not like this, and on one occasion when his father went out after food he hid himself among the trees, and watched his movements. He saw the old man go to the cave, already mentioned, and, as he pushed away a big stone, out ran a fine buck, which he killed with an arrow, and then rolled back the stone. When the old man was gone home with his deer, the boy went to the cave, and thought that he would try his luck in killing game. He rolled away the stone, when out jumped a wolf, which so frightened him that he forgot to replace the stone, and, before he knew what he was about, all the animals made their escape, and were fleeing down the mountain in every possible direction. They made a dreadful noise for a while, but finally came together in pairs, and so have continued to multiply down to the present time. When the father found out what the foolishness of his son had accomplished, he became very unhappy, and in less than a week he disappeared, and was never heard of again. The boy also became very unhappy, and spent many days in trying to find his father, but it was all in vain. As a last resort he tried an old Indian experiment which consisted in shooting arrows, to find out in which direction the old man had gone. The boy fired an arrow towards the north, but it returned and fell at his feet, and he knew that his father had not travelled in that direction. He also fired one towards the east and the south and the west, but they all came back in the same manner. He then thought that he would fire one directly above his head, and it so happened that this arrow never returned, and so the boy knew that his father had gone to the spirit land. The Great Spirit was angry with the Cherokee nation, and to punish it for the offence of the foolish boy he tore away the cave from the side of the Black Mountain, and left only a large cliff in its place, which is now a conspicuous feature; and he then declared that the time would come when another race of men should possess the mountains where the Cherokees had flourished for many generations.

Another legend was as follows: Once, in the olden times, when the animals of the earth had the power of speech, a red deer and a terrapin met

on the Black Mountain. The deer ridiculed the terrapin, boasted of his own fleetness, and proposed that the twain should run a race. The creeping animal assented to the proposition. The race was to extend from the Black Mountain to the summit of the third pinnacle extending to the eastward. The day was then fixed, and the animals separated. During the intervening time the cunning terrapin secured the services of three of its fellows resembling itself in appearance, and having given them particular directions, stationed them upon the several peaks over which the race was to take place. The appointed day arrived, and the deer, as well as the first mentioned terrapin, were faithfully on the ground. All things being ready, the word was given, and away started the deer at a break-neck speed. Just as he reached the summit of the first hill he heard the shout of a terrapin, and as he supposed it to be his antagonist, he was greatly perplexed, but continued on his course. On reaching the top of the second hill, he heard another shout of defiance, and was more astonished than ever, but onward still did he continue. Just before reaching the summit of the third hill, the deer heard what he supposed to be the same shout, and he gave up the race in despair. On returning to the starting-place, he found his antagonist in a calm and collected mood, and, when he demanded an explanation, the terrapin solved the mystery, and then begged the deer to remember that mind could sometimes accomplish what was often beyond the reach of the swiftest legs.

With regard to the manner in which our party spent the night at the foot of Black Mountain, I can only say that we slept upon the floor, and that our saddles were our only pillows. The morning of the next day we devoted to an unsuccessful hunt after a bear, and a portion of us having thrown the fly a sufficient length of time to load old Drymond with trout, we all started on our return to Ashville, reached the village just as the sun was sinking behind the western mountains.

THE CATAWBA COUNTRY.

I NOW write from a log cabin situated on the Catawba river, and in one of the most beautiful of valleys. My ride from Ashville to Burnsville, a distance of over forty miles, was unattended by a single interesting incident, and afforded only one mountain prospect that caused me to rein in my horse. But the prospect alluded to embraced the entire outline of Bald Mountain, which, being one of the loftiest in this section of country, and particularly barren, presented a magnificent appearance. On the extreme summit of this mountain is a very large and an intensely cold spring of water, and in its immediate vicinity a small cave and the ruins of a log cabin, which are associated with a singular being named David Greer, who once made this upper world his home. He first appeared in this country about fifty years ago; his native land, the story of his birth, and his early history, were alike unknown. Soon after his arrival among the mountains, he fell desperately in love with the daughter of a farmer, but his suit was rejected by the maiden, and strenuously opposed by all her friends. Soon after this disappointment the lover suddenly disappeared, and was subsequently found residing on Bald Mountain in the cave already mentioned. Here he lived the life of a literary recluse, and is said to have written a singular work upon religion, and another which purported to be a treatise on human government. In the latter production he proclaimed himself the sole proprietor of Bald Mountain, and made it known to the world that all who should ever become his neighbors must submit to the laws he had himself enacted. The prominent actions of his life were "few and far between," but particularly infamous. The first that brought him into notice was as follows: A few years after it was ascertained that he had taken possession of this mountain, the authorities of the county sent a messenger to Greer, and demanded a poll-tax of seventy-five cents. The hermit said he would attend to it on the next court-day, and his word was accepted. On the day in question, Greer punctually made his appearance, but, instead of paying over the money, he pelted the windows of the court-house with stones, and drove the judges, lawyers, and clients all out of the village, and then, with a rifle in hand, returned to his mountain dwelling. For some months after this event he

amused himself by mutilating all the cattle which he happened to discover on what he called his domain, and it is said was in the habit of trying the power of his rifle by shooting down upon the plantations of his neighbors. The crowning event of David Greer’s life, however, consisted in his shooting to the ground in cold blood, and in the broad daylight, a man named Higgins. The only excuse that he offered for committing this murder was that the deceased had been found hunting for deer on that portion of land which he claimed as his own. For this offence Greer was brought to trial and acquitted on the ground of insanity. When this decision was made known, the criminal was greatly enraged, and, when released, started for his cabin, muttering loud and deep curses against the *injustice* of the laws. In process of time a number of attempts were made to take his life, and it was a common occurrence with him to be awakened at midnight by a ball passing through the door of his cabin. After living upon the mountain for a period of twenty years, he finally concluded to abandon his solitary life, and took up his abode in one of the settlements on the Tennessee side of Bald Mountain. Here, for a year or two, he worked regularly in an iron forge, but having had a dispute with a fellow-workman, swore that he would shoot him within five hours, and started after his rifle. The offending party was named Tompkins, and after consulting with his friends as to what course he ought to pursue, in view of the uttered threat, he was advised to take the law in his own hands. He took this advice, and, as David Greer was discovered walking along the road with rifle in hand, Tompkins shot him through the heart, and the burial-place of the hermit is now unknown. Public opinion was on the side of Tompkins, and he was never summoned to account for the defensive murder he had committed.

In coming from Burnsville to this place, I enjoyed two mountain landscapes, which were supremely beautiful and imposing. The first was a northern view of Black Mountain from the margin of the South Toe river, and all its cliffs, defiles, ravines, and peaks seemed as light, dreamlike, and airy as the clear blue world in which they floated. The stupendous pile appeared to have risen from the earth with all its glories in their prime, as if to join the newly-risen sun in its passage across the heavens. The middle distance of the landscape was composed of two wood-crowned hills which stood before me like a pair of loving brothers, and then came a luxuriant meadow, where a noble horse was quietly cropping his food; while the immediate foreground of the picture consisted of a marvellously beautiful stream, which glided swiftly by, over a bed of golden and scarlet pebbles. The only sounds that fell upon my ear, as I gazed upon this scene, were the murmurings of a distant waterfall, and the hum of insect wings.

The other prospect that I witnessed was from the summit of the Blue Ridge, looking in the direction of the Catawba. It was a wilderness of mountains, whose foundations could not be fathomed by the eye, while in the distance, towering above all the peaks, rose the singular and fantastic form of *the Table Mountain*. Not a sign of the breathing human world could be seen in any direction, and the only living creature which appeared to my view was a solitary eagle, wheeling to and fro far up towards the zenith of the sky.

From the top of the Blue Ridge I descended a winding ravine four miles in length, where the road, even at mid-day, is in a deep shadow, and then I emerged into the North Cove. This charming valley is twelve miles long, from a half to a whole mile in width, completely surrounded with mountains, highly cultivated, watered by the Catawba, and inhabited by intelligent and worthy farmers. At a certain house where I tarried to dine on my way up the valley, I was treated in a manner that would have put to the blush people of far greater pretensions; and what made a deep impression on my mind, was the fact that I was waited upon by two sisters, about ten years of age, who were remarkably beautiful and sprightly. One of them had flaxen hair and blue eyes, and the other deep black hair and eyes. Familiar as I had been for weeks past with the puny and ungainly inhabitants of the mountain tops, these two human flowers filled my heart with a delightful sensation. May the lives of those two darlings be as peaceful and beautiful as the stream upon which they live! The prominent pictorial feature of the North Cove is of a mountain called *the Hawk's Bill*, on account of its resemblance to the beak of a mammoth bird, the length of the bill being about fifteen hundred feet. It is visible from every part of the valley, and to my fancy is a more *picturesque* object than the Table Mountain, which is too regular at the sides and top to satisfy the eye. The table part of this mountain, however, is twenty-five hundred feet high, and therefore worthy of its fame.

The cabin where I am stopping at the present time is located at the extreme upper end of the North Cove. It is the residence of the best guide in the country, and the most convenient lodging place for those who would visit the Hawk's Bill and Table Mountains, already mentioned, as well as the Lindville Pinnacle, the Catawba Cave, the Cake Mountain, the Lindville Falls, and the Roan Mountain.

The *Lindville Pinnacle* is a mountain peak, surmounted by a pile of rocks, upon which you may recline at your ease, and look down upon a complete series of rare and gorgeous scenes. On one side is a precipice which seems to descend to the very bowels of the earth; in another direction

you have a full view of *Short-off Mountain*, only about a mile off, which is a perpendicular precipice several thousand feet high, and the abrupt termination of a long range of mountains; in another direction still the eye falls upon a brotherhood of mountain peaks which are particularly ragged and fantastic in their formation—now shooting forward, as if to look down into the valleys, and now looming to the sky, as if to pierce it with their pointed submits; and in another direction you look across what seems to be a valley from eighty to a hundred miles wide, which is bounded by a range of mountains that seem to sweep across the world as with triumphal march.

The *Catawba Cave*, situated on the Catawba river, is entered by a fissure near the base of a mountain, and is reputed to be one mile in length. It has a great variety of chambers, which vary in height from six to twenty feet; its walls are chiefly composed of a porous limestone, through which the water is continually dripping; and along the entire length flows a cold and clear stream, which varies from five to fifteen inches in depth. The cave is indeed a curious affair, though the trouble and fatigue attending a thorough exploration far outweigh the satisfaction which it affords. But there is one arm of the cave which has never been explored, and an admirable opportunity is therefore offered for the adventurous to make themselves famous by revealing some of the hidden wonders of nature.

The *Ginger Cake Mountain* derives its very poetical name from a singular pile of rocks occupying its extreme summit. The pile is composed of two masses of rock of different materials and form, which are so arranged as to stand on a remarkably small base. The lower section is composed of a rough slate stone, and its form is that of an inverted pyramid; but the upper section of the pile consists of an oblong slab of solid granite, which surmounts the lower section in a horizontal position, presenting the appearance of a work of art. The lower section is thirty feet in altitude, while the upper one is thirty-two feet in length, eighteen in breadth, and nearly two feet in thickness. The appearance of this rocky wonder is exceedingly tottering, and though we may be assured that it has stood upon that eminence perhaps for a thousand years, yet it is impossible to tarry within its shadow without a feeling of insecurity. The individual who gave the Ginger Cake Mountain its outlandish name was a hermit named Watson, who resided at the foot of the mountain about fifty years ago, but who died in 1816. He lived in a small cabin, and entirely alone. His history was a mystery to every one but himself, and, though remarkably eccentric he was noted for his amiability. He had given up the world, like his brother hermit of the Bald Mountain, on account of a disappointment in love, and the utter contempt which he ever afterwards manifested for the gentler sex, was one

of his most singular traits of character. Whenever a party of ladies paid him a visit, which was frequently the case, he invariably treated them politely, but would never *speak* to them; he even went so far in expressing his dislike as to consume for firewood, after the ladies were gone, the topmost rail of his yard-fence, over which they had been compelled to pass, on their way into his cabin. That old Watson "fared sumptuously every day" could not be denied, but whence came the money that supported him no one could divine. He seldom molested the wild animals of the mountain where he lived, and his chief employments seemed to be *the raising of peacocks*, and the making of garments for his own use, which were all elegantly trimmed off with the feathers of his favorite bird. The feathery suit in which he kept himself constantly arrayed he designated as his *culgee*; the meaning of which word could never be ascertained; and long after the deluded being had passed away from among the living, he was spoken of as Culgee Watson, and is so remembered to this day.

I come now to speak of *the Lindville Falls*, which are situated on the Lindville river, a tributary of the beautiful Catawba. They are literally embosomed among mountains, and long before seeing them do you hear their musical roar. The scenery about them is as wild as it was a hundred years ago—not even a pathway has yet been made to guide the tourist into the stupendous gorge where they reign supreme. At the point in question the Lindville is about one hundred and fifty feet broad, and though its waters have come down their parent mountains at a most furious speed, they here make a more desperate plunge than they ever dared to attempt before, when they find themselves in a deep pool and suddenly hemmed in by a barrier of gray granite, which crosses the entire bed of the river. In their desperation, however, they finally work a passage through the solid rock, and after filling another hollow with foam, they make a desperate leap of at least one hundred feet, and find a resting place in an immense pool, which one might easily imagine to be bottomless. And then, as if attracted by the astonishing feats performed by the waters, a number of lofty and exceedingly fantastic cliffs have gathered themselves together in the immediate neighborhood, and are ever peering over each other's shoulders into the depths below. But as the eye wanders from the surrounding cliffs, it falls upon an isolated column several hundred feet high, around which are clustered in the greatest profusion the most beautiful of vines and flowers. This column occupies a conspicuous position a short distance below the Falls, and it were an easy matter to imagine it a monument erected by Nature to celebrate her own creative power.

With a liberal hand, indeed, has she planted her forest trees in every imaginable place; but with a view of even surpassing herself, she has filled the gorge with a variety of caverns, which astonish the beholder, and almost cause him to dread an attack from a brotherhood of spirits. But how futile is my effort to give an adequate idea of the Lindville Falls and their surrounding attractions! When I attempted to sketch them I threw away my pencil in despair; and I now feel that I should be doing my pen a kindness, if I were to consume what I have written. I will give this paragraph to the world, however, trusting that those who may hereafter visit the Lindville Falls, will award to me a little credit for my *will* if not for my *deed*.

To be in keeping with my wayward wanderings in this Alpine wilderness, it now becomes my duty to speak of the *Roan Mountain* and the *Grand Father*. By actual measurement the former is only seventy feet lower than the Black Mountain, and consequently measures well nigh to seven thousand feet. It derives its name from the circumstance that it is often covered with snow, and at such times is of a roan color. It lies in the States of North Carolina and Tennessee, and has three prominent peaks, which are all entirely destitute of trees. The highest of them has a clearing containing several thousand acres, and the cattle and horses of the surrounding farmers resort to it in immense numbers, for the purpose of feeding upon the fine and luxuriant grass which grows there in great abundance. The ascent to the top of this peak is gradual from all directions except one; but on the north it is quite perpendicular, and to one standing near the brow of the mighty cliff the scene is exceedingly imposing and fearful. That it commands an uninterrupted view of what appears to be the entire world, may be readily imagined. When I was there I observed no less than three thunder storms performing their uproarious feats in three several valleys, while the remaining portions of the lower world were enjoying a deep blue atmosphere. In visiting Roan Mountain you have to travel on horseback, and, by starting at the break of day, you may spend two hours on the highest peak, and be home again on the same evening about the sunset hour.

In accounting for the baldness which characterizes the Roan Mountain, the Catawba Indians relate the following tradition: There was once a time when all the nations of the earth were at war with the Catawbas, and had proclaimed their determination to conquer and possess their country. On hearing this intelligence the Catawbas became greatly enraged, and sent a challenge to all their enemies, and dared them to a fight on the summit of the Roan. The challenge was accepted, and no less than three famous battles were fought—the streams of the entire land were red with blood, a number of tribes became extinct, and the Catawbas carried the day. Whereupon it

was that the Great Spirit caused the forests to wither from the three peaks of the Roan Mountain where the battles were fought; and wherefore it is that the flowers which grow upon this mountain are chiefly of a crimson hue, for they are nourished by the blood of the slain.

One of the finest views from the Roan Mountain is that of the Grand Father, which is said to be altogether the wildest and most fantastic mountain in the whole Alleghany range. It is reputed to be 5,600 feet high, and particularly famous for its black bears and other large game. Its principal human inhabitants, par excellence, for the last twenty years, have been a man named *Jim Riddle*, and his loving spouse, whose cabin was near its summit. A more successful hunter than Jim never scaled a precipice; and the stories related of him would fill a volume. One of them that I now remember, is briefly as follows:—

He was out upon a hunting expedition, and having come to one of his bear traps, (made of logs, weighing about a thousand pounds, and set with a kind of figure four,) the bait of which happened to be misplaced, he thoughtlessly laid down his gun, and went under the trap to arrange the bait. In doing this, he handled the bait hook a little too roughly, and was consequently caught in the place of a bear. He chanced to have a small hatchet in his belt, with which, under every disadvantage, he succeeded in cutting his way out. He was one day and one night in doing this, however, and his narrow escape caused him to abandon the habit of swearing, and become a religious man.

To the comprehension of Jim Riddle, the Grand Father was the highest mountain in the world. He used to say that he had read of the Andes, but did not believe that they were half as high as the mountain on which he lived. His reason for this opinion was, that when a man stood on the top of the Grand Father, it was perfectly obvious that "*all the other mountains in the world lay rolling from it, even to the sky*."

Jim Riddle is said to have been a remarkably certain marksman; and one of his favorite pastimes, in the winter, was to shoot at snow-balls. On these occasions, his loving wife, Betsey, was always by his side, to laugh at him when he missed his mark, and to applaud when successful. And it is reported of them, that they were sometimes in the habit of spending entire days in this *elevated* recreation. But enough; Jim Riddle is now an altered man. His cabin has long since been abandoned, and he has become a travelling preacher, and is universally respected for his amiability, and matter-of-fact intelligence.

In a valley lying between the Roan and Grand Father mountains, I first heard the Mocking Bird singing at night. He awakened me out of a deep

sleep, while perched upon a tree overhanging the cabin where I was spending the night. His lower notes were sweeter than any instrument I ever heard, but inexpressibly mournful, and as unlike the singing of a caged bird as possible. I was told that they were found in great numbers among the Alleghanies, and that when the hunters hear them sing at night, they know that the moon is about to rise, and therefore prepare for their nocturnal expeditions after game. This charming bird is universally beloved by the inhabitants of this region, and I never see it in its native wood, without being reminded of that most gifted of human minstrels, who penned the words, so appropriate to the Mocking Bird,—“Hope of the wilderness—joy of the free.”

THE MOUNTAINS AND THEIR PEOPLE.

THE prominent circumstance attending my journey from the North Cove to Elizabethton, in Tennessee, was, that it took me out of the great mountain wilderness of Georgia and North Carolina into a well-cultivated and more level country. For two months past have I spent my days on horseback, and the majority of my nights in the rudest of cabins; and as I am now to continue my journey in a stage-coach, it is meet that I should indite a general letter, descriptive of the region through which I have passed. In coming from Dahlonega to this place, I have travelled in a zigzag course upwards of four hundred miles, but the intervening distance, in a direct line, would not measure more than two hundred. The entire country is mountainous, and for the most part remains in its original state of nature. To the botanist and geologist, this section of the Union is unquestionably the most interesting eastward of the Mississippi, for we have here nearly every variety of forest trees known in the land, as well as plants and flowers in the greatest abundance, while the mountains, which are of a primitive formation, abound in every known variety of minerals. That the scenery of this region is highly interesting, I hope my readers have already been convinced. More beautiful streams can nowhere be found on the face of the earth. But when we come to speak of lake scenery, the South must yield the palm to the North. Not a single sheet of water deserving the name of lake have I yet seen in this Southern land, and yet every mountain seems to be well supplied with the largest and coldest of springs. I know not but this fact has been explained by our scientific men, but to me it is indeed a striking peculiarity. The valleys, too, of this region, are remarkably narrow, and the majority of them might with more propriety be called immense ravines. The skies, however, which canopy this Alpine land, appeared to me to be particularly blue, and as to the clouds which gather around the mountains at the sunset hour, they are gorgeous beyond compare.

With regard to climate, I know of no section of country that can be compared with the highlands of Georgia and North Carolina. It is but seldom that a foot of snow covers the earth even in the severest winters; and, though the days of midsummer are very warm, they are seldom sultry, and the

nights are invariably sufficiently cool to make one or two blankets comfortable. Fevers and other diseases, peculiar to the sea-side of the Alleghanies, are hardly known among their inhabitants, and heretofore the majority of the people have died of old age. I would not intimate that they are afflicted with an epidemic at the present time, but I do say there are many households in this region, which have been rendered very desolate by the Mexican war. When our *kingly* President commanded the American people to leave the plough in the furrow and invade a neighboring republic, the mountaineers of Georgia and the Carolinas poured down into the valley almost without bidding their mothers and wives and sisters a final adieu; and the bones of at least one half of these brave men are now mouldering away on the desert sands of the far South.

Generally speaking, the soil of this country is fertile, yielding the best of corn, potatoes, and rye, but only an average quality of wheat, on account of the late frosts. In some of the more extensive valleys, the apple and the peach arrive at perfection; and while the former are manufactured into cider, out of the latter the mountaineers make a very palatable brandy. The principle revenue of the people, however, is derived from the business of raising cattle, which is practised to a considerable extent. The mountain ranges afford an abundance of the sweetest grazing food, and all that the farmer has to do in the autumn is to hunt up his stock, which have now become excessively fat, and drive them to the Charleston or Baltimore market. The only drawback to this business consists in the fact that the cattle in certain sections of the country are subject to what is called the milk sickness. This disease is supposed to be caused by a poisonous dew which gathers on the grass, and is said not only to have destroyed a great many cattle in other years, but frequently caused the death of entire families who may have partaken of the unwholesome milk. It is a dreaded disease, and principally fatal in the autumn. From the foregoing remarks it will be seen that a mountain farmer may be an agriculturist, and yet have an abundance of time to follow any other employment that he has a passion for; and the result of this fact is, that he is generally a faithful disciple of the immortal Nimrod.

All the cabins that I have visited have been ornamented by at least one gun, and more than one-half of the inhabitants have usually been hounds. That the mountaineers are poor, is a matter of course, and the majority of their cabins are cheerless places indeed to harbor the human frame for life; but the people are distinguished for their hospitality, and always place before the stranger the choicest of their store. Bacon, game, and milk are their staple articles of food, and honey is their principal luxury. In religion,

generally speaking, they are Methodists and Baptists, and are distinguished for their sobriety. They have but few opportunities of hearing good preaching, but I have never entered more than three or four cabins where I did not see a copy of the Bible. The limited knowledge they possess has come to them directly from Heaven as it were, and, from the necessity of the case, their children are growing up in the most deplorable ignorance. Whenever one of these poor families happened to learn from my conversation that I was a resident of New York, the interest with which they gazed upon me, and listened to my every word, was both agreeable and painful. It made me happy to communicate what little I happened to know, but pained me to think upon their isolated and uncultivated manner of life. Give me the wilderness for a day or month, but for life I must be amid the haunts of refinement and civilization. As to the slave population of the mountain districts, it is so limited that I can hardly express an opinion with regard to their condition. Not more than one white man in ten (perhaps I ought to say twenty) is sufficiently wealthy to support a slave, and those who do possess them are in the habit of treating them as intelligent beings, and in the most kindly manner. As I have found it to be the case on the seaboard, the slaves residing among the mountains are the happiest and most independent portion of the population; and I have had many a one pilot me over the mountains who would not have exchanged places even with his master. They have a comfortable house and no debts to pay: every thing they need in the way of clothing and wholesome food is ever at their command, and they have free access to the churches and the Sunday schools of the land. What more do the poor of any country possess that can add to their temporal happiness?

Another, and of course the most limited portion of the population occupying this mountain country, is what might be called the aristocracy or gentry. Generally speaking, they are descended from the best families, and moderately wealthy. They are fond of good living, and their chief business is to make themselves as comfortable as possible. They esteem solid enjoyment more than display, and are far more intelligent (so far as books and the world are concerned) than the same class of people at the North. The majority of Southern gentlemen, I believe, would be glad to see the institution of slavery abolished, if it could be brought about without reducing them to beggary. But they hate a *political* Abolitionist as they do the very—*Father of Lies*; and for this want of affection I do not see that they deserve to be blamed. The height of a Southern man's ambition is to be a gentleman in every particular—in word, thought, and deed; and to be a perfect gentleman, in my opinion, is to be a Christian. And with regard to

the much-talked-of hospitality of the wealthier classes in the South, I can only say that my own experience ought to make me very eloquent in their praise. Not only does the genuine feeling exist here, but a Southern gentleman gives such expression to his feeling by his home-like treatment of you, that to be truly hospitable you might imagine had been the principal study of his life.

But the music of the “mellow horn” is ringing in my ear, and in an hour from this time I shall have thrown myself into a stage-coach, and be on my way up the long and broad valley of Virginia.

THE NAMELESS VALLEY.

SINCE my last letter was written, my course of travel has led me towards the fountain-head of the Holston river, whose broad and highly cultivated valley is bounded on the northwest by the Clinch Mountains, and on the southeast by the Iron Mountains. The agricultural and mineral advantages of the valley are manifold, and the towns and farms scattered along the stage-road all present a thriving and agreeable appearance. Along the bed of the Holston, agates and cornelians are found in considerable abundance; and though the scenery of its valley is merely beautiful, I know of no district in the world where caves and caverns are found in such great numbers. A zigzag tour along this valley alone will take the traveller to at least one dozen caves, many of which are said to be remarkably interesting. From my own observation, however, I know nothing about them; and so long as I retain my passion for the revealed productions of nature, I will leave the hidden ones to take care of themselves.

On reaching the pleasant little village of Abingdon, in Washington county, a friend informed me that I must not fail to visit the salt-works of Smythe county. I did so, and the following is my account of Saltville, which is the proper name for the place in question: Its site was originally a salt-lick, to which immense herds of elk, buffalo, and deer, were in the habit of resorting; subsequently, the Indians applied the privilege to themselves, and then an occasional hunter came here for his supplies; but the regular business of transforming the water into salt did not commence until the year 1790. Saltville is located at the head of a valley near the base of the Clinch Mountains, and about one mile from the Holston river. All the population of the place, numbering perhaps three hundred inhabitants, are engaged in the manufacture of salt. The water here is said to be the strongest and purest in the world. When tested by a salometer, graded for saturation at twenty-five degrees, it ranges from twenty to twenty-two degrees, and twenty gallons of water will yield one bushel of salt, which weighs fifty pounds, (and not fifty-six as at the North,) and is sold at the rate of twenty cents per bushel, or one dollar and twenty cents per barrel. The water is brought from a depth of two hundred and twenty feet by means of three artesian wells, which keep

five furnaces or salt-blocks, of eighty-four kettles each, in constant employment, and produce about two thousand bushels per day. The water is raised by means of horse-power, and twenty-five teams are constantly employed in supplying the furnaces with wood. The salt manufactured here is acknowledged to be superior in quality to that made on the Kanawha, in this State, or at Syracuse, in New York, but the Northern establishments are by far the most extensive. The section of country supplied from this quarter is chiefly Tennessee and Alabama; generally speaking, there is but one shipment made during the year, which is in the spring, and by means of flat-boats built expressly for the purpose. A dozen or two of these boats are always ready for business, and when the Holston is swollen by a freshet they are loaded and manned at the earliest possible moment, and away the singing boatmen go down the wild, winding, and narrow, but picturesque stream, to their desired havens. The section of country supplied by the Kanawha is the northwest and the extreme south, while Syracuse, Liverpool, and Turk's Island supply the Atlantic seaboard. The Saltville reservoir of water seems to be inexhaustible, and it is supposed would give active employment to at least a dozen new furnaces. As already stated, the yielding wells are somewhat over two hundred feet deep; but within a stone's throw of these, other wells have been sunk to the depth of four, five, and six hundred feet, without obtaining a particle of the valuable liquid. The business of Saltville is carried on by private enterprise altogether, and the principal proprietor and director is a gentleman who comes from that noble stock which has given to this country such men as Patrick Henry and William H. Preston. I am at present the guest of this gentleman, and therefore refrain from giving his name to the public; but as his plantation is decidedly the most beautiful that I have seen in the whole Southern country, I must be permitted to give a particular description for the edification of my readers.

This heretofore nameless nook of the great world I have been permitted to designate as *The Nameless Valley*, and if I succeed in merely enumerating its charming features and associations, I feel confident that my letter will be read with pleasure. It is the centre of a domain comprising eight thousand acres of land, which covers a multitude of hills that are all thrown in shadow at the sunset hour by the Clinch mountains. The valley in question is one mile by three-quarters of a mile wide, and comprises exactly three hundred and thirty-three acres of green meadow land, unbroken by a single fence, but ornamented by about a dozen isolated trees, composed of at least half a dozen varieties, and the valley is watered by a tiny stream of the clearest water. It is completely surrounded with cone-like hills, which are nearly all

highly cultivated half way up their sides, but crowned with a diadem of luxuriant forest trees. A little back of the hills, skirting the western side of the valley, are the picturesquely broken Clinch Mountains, whose every outline, and cliff, and fissure, and ravine, may be distinctly seen from the opposite side of the valley, where the spacious and tastefully porticoed mansion of the proprietor is located. Clustering immediately around this dwelling, but not so as to interrupt the view, are a number of very large willows, poplars, and elms, while the enclosed slope upon which it stands is covered with luxuriant grass, here and there enlivened by a stack of roses and other flowers. The numerous out-houses of the plantation are a little back of the main building, and consist of neatly painted cabins, occupied by the negroes belonging to the estate, and numbering about one hundred souls; then come the stables, where no less than seventy-five horses are daily supplied with food; then we have a pasture on the hill side, where thirty or forty cows nightly congregate to be milked, and give suck to their calves; and then we have a mammoth spring, whose waters issue out of the mountain, making only about a dozen leaps, throwing themselves upon the huge wheel of an old mill, causing it to sing a kind of circling song from earliest dawn to the twilight hour. In looking to the westward from the spacious porticoes of the mansion, the eye falls upon only two objects which are at all calculated to destroy the natural solitude of the place, viz., a road which passes directly by the house at the foot of the lawn, and one small white cottage situated at the base of a hill on the opposite side of the valley. Instead of detracting from the scene, however, these objects actually make it more interesting, when the facts are remembered that in that cottage did the proprietor of this great estate first see the light, and that by its side are deposited the remains of five generations of his ancestors; and as to the road, the people who travel it all appear and move along just exactly as a poet or painter would desire.

But to give my readers a more graphic idea of this truly delightful valley, I will enumerate the living pictures which attracted my attention from the book I was attempting to read on a single afternoon. I was in a commanding corner of the porch, and had closed the volume just as the sun was sinking behind the mountains. The sky was of a soft silvery hue, and almost cloudless, and the entire landscape was bathed in an exquisitely soft and delightful atmosphere. Not a breeze was stirring in the valley, and the cool shadows of the trees were twice as long as the trees themselves. The first noise that broke the silence of the scene was a slow thumping and creaking sound away down the road, and on casting my eyes in that direction I discovered a large wain, or covered wagon, drawn by seven horses and

driven by a man who amused himself as he lazily moved along, by snapping his whip at the harmless plants by the road-side. I know not whence he came or whither he was going, but twenty minutes must have flown before he passed out of my view. At one time a flood of discord came to my ear from one of the huge poplars in the yard, and I could see that there was a terrible dispute going on between a lot of resident and stranger blackbirds; and, after they had ceased their noise, I could hear the chirping of the swallows, as they swooped after the insects, floating in the sunbeams, far away over the green valley. And now I heard a laugh and the sound of talking voices, and lo! a party of ten negroes, who were returning from the fields where they had been cutting hay or hoeing corn. The neighing and stamping of a steed now attracted my attention, and I saw a superb blood horse attempting to get away from a negro groom, who was leading him along the road. The mellow tinkling of a bell and the lowing of cattle now came trembling on the air, and presently, a herd of cows made their appearance, returning home from the far off hills with udders brimming full, and kicking up a dust as they lounged along. Now the sun dropped behind the hills, and one solitary night-hawk shot high up into the air, as if he had gone to welcome the evening star, which presently made its appearance from its blue watch-tower; and, finally, a dozen women came trooping from the cow-yard into the dairy house, with well-filled milk-pails on their heads, and looking like a troop of Egyptian water damsels. And then for one long hour did the spirits of repose and twilight have complete possession of the valley, and no sound fell upon my ear but the hum of insect wings.

But I was intending to mention the curiosities of the Nameless Valley. Foremost among these I would rank a small cave, on the south side, in which are deposited a curious collection of human bones. Many of them are very large, while others, which were evidently full-grown are exceedingly small. Among the female skulls, I noticed one of a female that seemed to be perfectly beautiful, but small enough to have belonged to a child. The most curious specimen, however, found in this cave, is the skull of a man. It is entirely without a forehead, very narrow across the eyes, full and regularly rounded behind, and from the lower part of the ears are two bony projections, nearly two inches in length, which must have presented a truly terrible appearance when covered with flesh. The animal organs of this scull are remarkably full, and it is also greatly deficient in all the intellectual faculties. Another curiosity found in this valley is a bed of plaster which lies in the immediate vicinity of a bed of slate, with a granite and limestone strata only a short distance off, the whole constituting a geological conglomeration that I never heard of before. But what is still more

remarkable is the fact, that within this plaster bed were found the remains of an unknown animal, which must have been mammoth indeed. A grinder tooth belonging to this monster I have seen and examined. It has a blackish appearance, measures about ten inches in length, weighs about four pounds and a half, and was found only three feet from the surface. This tooth, as well as the scull already mentioned, were discovered by the proprietor of the valley, and, I am glad to learn, are about to be deposited by him in the National Museum at Washington. But another attractive feature in the Nameless Valley consists of a kind of Indian Herculaneum, where, deeply imbedded in sand and clay, are the remains of a town, whence have been brought to light a great variety of earthen vessels and curious utensils. Upon this spot, also, many shells have been found, which are said never to have been seen excepting on the shore of the Pacific. But all these things should be described by the antiquarian, and I only mention them for the purpose of letting the world know that there is literally no end to the wonders of our beautiful land.

I did think of sketching a few of the many charming views which present themselves from the hills surrounding the Nameless Valley, but I am not exactly in the mood just now, and I will leave them "in their glory alone." Connected with a precipice on one of them, however, I have an incident to relate. For an hour or more had I been watching the evolutions of a bald-headed eagle above the valley, when, to my surprise, he suddenly became excited, and darted down with intense swiftness towards the summit of the cliff alluded to, and disappeared among the trees. A piercing shriek followed this movement, and I anticipated a combat between the eagle and a pair of fish-hawks which I knew had a nest upon the cliff. In less than five minutes after this assault, the eagle again made its appearance, but uttered not a sound, and, having flown to the opposite side of the valley, commenced performing a circle, in the most graceful manner imaginable. Presently the two hawks also made their appearance high above their rocky home, and proceeded to imitate the movements of the eagle. At first the two parties seemed to be indifferent to each other, but on observing them more closely it was evident that they were gradually approaching each other, and that their several circles were rapidly lessening. On reaching an elevation of perhaps five thousand feet, they finally interfered with each other, and, having joined issue, a regular battle commenced; and as they ascended, the screams of the hawks gradually became inaudible, and in a short time the three royal birds were entirely lost to view in the blue zenith.

Before closing this letter, I wish to inform my readers of a natural curiosity lying between the Clinch and Cumberland Mountains, and distant

from this place only about a day’s journey. I allude to what is called the Natural Tunnel. It is in Scott County, and consists of a subterranean channel through a ragged limestone hill, the entire bed of which is watered by a running stream about twenty feet wide. The cavern is four hundred and fifty feet long, from sixty to eighty feet in height, about seventy in width, and of a serpentine form. On either side of the hill through which this tunnel passes are perpendicular cliffs, some of which are three hundred feet high and exceedingly picturesque. The gloomy aspect of this tunnel, even at mid-day, is very imposing; for when standing near the centre neither of its outlets can be seen, and it requires hardly an effort of the fancy for a man to deem himself forever entombed within the bowels of the earth.

THE VALLEY OF VIRGINIA.

SINCE the date of my last letter, I have been travelling through a very beautiful but thickly settled portion of the Alleghany country, whose natural curiosities are as familiar to the world as a thrice-told tale. For this reason, therefore, I shall be exceedingly brief in describing what I have seen in the Valley of Virginia. That portion of the "Ancient Dominion," known by the above name, is about two hundred miles long, ranging in width from thirty to forty miles. It is bounded on the north by the Potomac, on the east by the Blue Ridge, on the west by a spur of the Alleghanies, called the North Mountains, and on the south by the New River, or Kanawha, as it should be called. Its principal streams are the Shenandoah, the James River, and the Cacapon, which are in every way worthy of their parent country. In ascending to the north, I was tempted to perform a pilgrimage down the Kanawha, but my map told me that I could not see the whole of its valley without travelling at least two hundred miles, and I therefore concluded that its charming scenery, its famous salt-works, and the still more celebrated White Sulphur Springs, should remain undescribed by my pen. In fact, to visit all the interesting objects among the Alleghany Mountains would occupy a number of summers, and therefore, in making a single tour I have found it important to discriminate as I passed along. But it is time that I should turn my attention to the prominent attractions of the great Virginia Valley. They are as follows, and I shall speak of them in the order in which I visited them, viz.: the Peaks of Otter, the Natural Bridge, Wyer's Cave, Cyclopean Towers, the Shenandoah, and Harper's Ferry.

The Peaks of Otter are situated upon the line which separates the counties of Bedford and Bottetourt, and are the two highest mountains on the Blue Ridge range, and therefore the highest in Virginia. They derive their name from the fact, that, at a very early period in the history of our country, the otter was found in great abundance in the smaller streams at their base. In appearance they resemble a pair of regularly formed haystacks, and reach an elevation of about five thousand feet above the level of the ocean. Owing to the circumstance that the country on one side is nearly level, and that the surrounding mountains are comparatively low, their

appearance is exceedingly imposing. The summits of these watchtowers are destitute of vegetation, but crowned with immense rocks, which have been scattered about in the most incomprehensible confusion. And hereby hangs a story. About one year ago, a number of persons ascended the highest peak in question, and having discovered an immense rock, which appeared to be in a tottering position, they took into their heads to give it a start down the mountain side and see what would be the result. They accomplished their purpose and something more, for it so happened that the rock travelled much further than they expected, and having fallen into a very large spring at the foot of the mountain, caused it to disappear from the face of the earth. The owner of the spring felt himself injured by this circumstance, and went to law about it, and the offending parties, as I have been informed, were compelled to pay a heavy bill of damages. That the sunrise and sunset prospects from the Peaks of Otter are superb may readily be imagined. Those which present themselves on the north, west, and south, seem to comprise the entire Appalachian chain of mountains, but the oceanward panorama is unique and particularly impressive. In this direction the whole eastern portion of Virginia resembles a boundless plain, where even the most extensive plantations appear no larger than the squares upon a chessboard; and now that I have employed that figure, it strikes me as particularly appropriate; for where is there a man on the face of the earth who is not playing a game for the attainment of happiness? From their position, the Peaks of Otter look down upon all the fogs and vapors born of the sea breezes, and, by those who have frequently beheld their fantastic evolutions, I am told that they surpass even the wildest flights of poetry. Few mountains in this country have been visited by so many distinguished men as the Peaks of Otter; and it is said that it was while standing on their loftiest pinnacle that John Randolph first had a realizing sense of the existence and the power of God. To some minds a mountain peak may be a thousand-fold more eloquent than the voice of man; and when I think of the highly moral condition of the people in Central Virginia, I am constrained to award a mite of praise even to the Peaks of Otter for their happy influences.

It was a thousand years ago, and a mighty caravan of mammoths were travelling across the American continent. Midway between two ranges of mountains they came to a great ravine, over which they could not find a passage, and they were in despair. The Great Spirit took pity upon the animals, and having brought a deep sleep upon them, threw a mass of solid rock completely across the ravine, and so, according to an almost forgotten Indian legend, came into existence the Natural Bridge of Virginia. The chasm over which this magnificent limestone arch has been formed varies

from sixty to ninety feet in width, the surrounding precipices are nearly two hundred and fifty feet high and perpendicular, and the lower line of the narrow arch itself is two hundred feet above the stream which passes through the gorge. The bridge and its cliff-like abutments are all crowned with a luxuriant diadem of trees, which lends them an indescribable charm, and directly on the north side of the former stands an exceedingly picturesque gallery or parapet of solid rock, which seems to have been formed by Nature for the especial purpose of affording the most imposing prospect in the dell. From every elevated point of view the eye falls into an abyss, which one might easily fancy to be the birth-place of all the shadows in the world, the gray and green gloom is so deep, so purely beautiful, and so refreshing, even at the hour of noon; but from every point of view at the bottom of the dell, the stupendous arch, as some writer has finely said, "seems to offer a passage to the skies," and the massive masonry of Nature stands boldly out against the blue heavens, thereby producing a most unique and poetical contrast. But the location of this bridge is not less beautiful than its structure. It is completely surrounded with hills, which seem to cluster around the rare spectacle, as if to protect it from sacrilege; and from the hills in question the eye is everywhere delighted with mountain landscapes of uncommon loveliness.

Wyer's Cave is in Augusta county, and the entrance to it is from the side of a limestone hill, which commands a very charming prospect of the highly cultivated Valley of the Shenandoah. It was originally discovered by one Bernard Wyer in the year 1804, whose fortune it was to capture a bear within a few paces of its entrance. Its entire length is not far from one thousand yards, so that its size is not to be wondered at; but when you come to speak of its beauty, the variety, number, and imposing appearance of its apartments, the novelty of its concretions, snowy stalactites, its fantastic projections, its comparative freedom from dampness, and the whiteness of its walls, I suppose it must be considered as unsurpassed by any thing of the kind in the country, excepting the Cave of Kentucky. Its rooms number twenty, its greatest depth is fifty feet, and its temperature 50° Fahrenheit. But the pleasure of roaming about this darksome emblem of perdition is greatly enhanced by the huge pine torches which you and your guide have to carry over your heads, and then if you can possibly bribe your friend not to utter a single one of the abominably classical names with which all the nooks and corners of the cave have been christened, your gratification will indeed be real, and your impressions strange, unearthly, and long-to-be-remembered in your dreams. To enjoy a visit to this cave, as it ought to be enjoyed, a man should have an entire summer day at his disposal, be alone,

and have a torch that should need no trimming, and under his arm a well-printed copy of Dante. Thus prepared, his enjoyment would be truly exquisite.

The Cyclopean Towers are also in Augusta county, and were so called on account of their resemblance to the Cyclopean walls of the ancients. They are formed of limestone, and as they stand at the outlet of a valley, through which it is probable a mighty river once flowed, they were evidently formed by the water while forcing its way around the point of the neighboring hill. There are five or six of them, and they vary from forty to ninety feet from base to summit, and are covered with trees. When viewed at the twilight hour they appear like the mouldering remains of a once magnificent castle, and the wildness of the surrounding scenery is not all calculated to dissipate this illusion.

With regard the Valley of the Shenandoah, I can only say that a more beautiful section of country I have never seen. The soil is exceedingly rich and highly cultivated; its yeomanry are descended from the German population of the older times; and throughout all its borders, I am certain that peace and plenty abound. As to the river itself, I can only say that it is worthy of its vague but poetical and melodious Indian name, the interpretation of which is said to be *Daughter of the Stars*.

And now a single word in regard to Harper’s Ferry. When I close my eyes and bring the scenery of this portion of the Potomac before my mind, I am disposed to agree, in every particular, with all those writers who have sung the praises of this remarkable gorge; but when I look upon it as it now appears, despoiled by the hand of civilization of almost everything which gives a charm to the wilderness, I am troubled with an emotion allied to regret, and I again instinctively close my eyes, that I may look into the past, and once more hear the whoop of the Indian hunter following the fleet deer.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES ON THE ALLEGHANY MOUNTAINS.

Since the foregoing letters were published in the *National Intelligencer*, the Hon. Thomas L. Clingman, of North Carolina, has addressed a communication to that journal, suggested by the letters, from which, and other interesting articles which he has shown me, I have collected the following items of information. And first, as to the elevation of the principal mountains alluded to in my letters, as ascertained by actual measurement above the level of the sea. Black Mountain, whose highest peak has been named after Mr. Clingman, the first to explore and measure it, rises very nearly 7000 feet, Roan Mountain 6187, Grand Father Mountain 5719, Chimney Top 4433, Table Rock 3584, and the Tuckaseege Mountains 3795. In regard to the geological formation of the southwestern counties of North Carolina, it has been asserted by eminent geologists, that the same character prevails here, which distinguishes the gold and diamond regions of Brazil and Siberia; nor can it be doubted that valuable deposits are found here of manganese, lead, chrome, iron, zinc and marble, with many precious stones, making it on the whole a country of the highest mineralogical promise. The latitude and elevation of the Alleghany Mountains, in North Carolina, and of course their temperature is the same with those of ancient Arcadia—the country of herdsmen and shepherds. From this, and many other facts it is argued that the raising of cattle and sheep will eventually be the prevailing employments of the Carolina mountaineers. Though the soil is well adapted to the culture of various kinds of grain, it is particularly fitted for grasses; and what seems extraordinary to a stranger, is the fact that the soil becomes richer as the mountains are ascended. The timber which usually covers the sides of the mountains is heavy, free from underbrush and thereby affording free pasturage, while very many of the mountains are wholly free from timber, but covered with a most luxuriant growth of fine wild grasses, where thousands of cattle may remain throughout the year and flourish. The few sheep that exist in the country thrive remarkably well, and are sometimes permitted to run at large during the winter without being fed, and without suffering. The climate, indeed, is beyond all praise; the winters are moderate, and the summers delightfully cool, there being very few places in the country where the thermometer rises above 80° on the hottest day.

During my wanderings in North Carolina, I was piloted by a mountaineer to a spot in Haywood county, where it was stated a water-spout had occurred a few years ago, and the bursting forth of which caused a very great noise and the shaking of the earth. I was pointed to the side of a small mountain, and on looking at what seemed to me more like the result of an avalanche, than anything else, I was told such was the effect of the water spout. From Mr. Clingman, who is quite learned in the

science of geology, and also has devoted special attention to this phenomenon, I am informed that, at different periods, within the recollection of persons now living, this mountain had been violently agitated and broken to pieces. The first shock occurred in the year 1811 or 1812, and the last in 1835, while it is asserted that another mountain about forty miles off, was also convulsed in like manner in 1831. In the case of the former mountain, the breadth of the surface subjected to violence was nowhere more than two hundred yards, generally rather less than one hundred. Along this space the ground had been rent asunder in various places. The fissures generally ran in a northern direction, but sometimes at right angles. All the roots of trees which crossed the lines of fracture were broken, and many large ones had been thrown down. The rocks also, were cloven by these lines. The top of the mountain seemed to have been a solid mass of granite, but was now broken or shattered. The sides of the mountain are covered by a good vegetable mould, not particularly rocky, and sustaining trees of large size; but along the belt of convulsion the rocks were much more abundant; and with reference to the mineral structure of the locality, it may be remarked that the entire section seems to constitute a hypogene formation. Whether similar disturbances have occurred in other portions of the Alleghany Mountains, I cannot say, but the above particulars may be of service to those who feel an interest in the wonders of geology.

THE

SOURCES OF THE POTOMAC.

ROMNEY.

I HEREWITH commence in Romney and in May, another series of my gossiping mountain letters for the Intelligencer, and it is worthy of notice that I am writing under the roof of a venerable gentleman, who has been a subscriber to that journal for nearly fifty years, and that there is an *immense pile* of the same in a corner of my room. You will readily imagine, therefore, that I feel somewhat at home, though distant from my real home "o'er the far blue mountains."

As the railroad brought me to Winchester, I shall begin the record of my journey with what I have seen and heard on this side of that goodly town. The distance thither is forty-three miles, and, as I must of necessity spend much of my time in the saddle, I was fortunate to accomplish this distance in the mail carriage, and I ought here to introduce to your acquaintance my only companion, the *driver* of said carriage or carry-all. He is thirty-five years of age, small in stature, and rusty to an uncommon degree. He was "raised" in Winchester, commenced life as a blacksmith, and, having relinquished that trade for the art of coach-making, he subsequently turned mail-carrier, in which capacity he has zealously labored for sixteen years. His annual income is $120, and, though he has a family to support, this sum is deemed fully adequate to make them comfortable. He is, moreover, without any property "to fall back upon," and without prosperous relatives; and yet this man is one of the happiest and most contented I ever beheld. He declared to me that he knew not what it was to have the *blues*, and that he could never see any sense in one's making himself miserable, when he had plenty to eat, could hear a good story and sing a good song. A rational motto this, after all, and faithfully does my friend adhere to it, as a specimen of his conversation will testify.

Much of the country over which he transported me is mountainous and wild, and, in spite of his own poverty, he could not help making fun of the poorer inhabitants that we happened to notice on our way. We saw a solitary log-cabin, for example, standing upon the summit of a mountain, whereupon he exclaimed, "That man has a passion for dogs." "Why so?" I inquired.

“Because he owns no less than nine, three to keep off the wolves, three to keep off the bears, and three to pump up water by a patent pump.” We saw another cabin situated in a hollow, between two very steep but partly cultivated mountains, and this called forth the following remark: “That’s a very fortunate man; for, when his pumpkins are ripe and his potatoes dug, all he has to do is to start them and they roll right down into his kitchen.” I questioned him with regard to the occupant of a particularly dilapidated cabin, and he replied, “That man is the victim of mountain wine.” “What kind of a beverage is that?” I continued. “It’s made of Jamestown-weed and *Fish-berries*, and is the fashionable liquor of this region, when people hav’nt any money and can’t get trusted.” We met a pedestrian on the road, whose clothes were very much worn and torn, and my friend informed me that he was a fair specimen of the mountaineers of Hampshire county. “But why don’t they dress more comfortably?” “Oh, they can’t help it,” he replied; “they live upon persimmons, and damage their clothes by climbing.”

But it is time that I should be giving you an account of the *Ice Mountain*, the principal natural curiosity of this region, and in fact the only one worthy of particular note. It lies in the vicinity of the North river, a tributary of the Caspon or Cacapon, and is surrounded with hills of some eight hundred feet in height, while its own elevation is not over five hundred. It is a common-place affair to the casual observer, but, on being inspected, it is found to contain near its summit a kind of natural ice house built of sandstone. It is subject to the rays of the sun from nine o’clock in the morning until evening, and yet the oldest inhabitant of the country cannot remember the time when an abundance of the purest crystal ice could not be obtained therefrom at all seasons of the year. The ice is imbedded in the rock, and in some of the crevices, snow, friable and crystalline as when newly fallen, is often found even in the month of August. As might be expected, the waters flowing from the mountain are by several degrees colder than those in the neighborhood. Accumulations of ice similar to this have been discovered in other sections of Hampshire county, but none so extensive. To account for this phenomenon upon scientific principles is out of my power, but I can see much plausibility in the following remarks from the pen of C. B. Hayden, Esq., as published in Silliman’s Journal, in 1843:

“The solution, I conceive, is to be found in the large and unusual collection of rocks, which from their porous homogeneous texture, are extremely poor conductors of heat. One side of the mountain consists of a massive wall, many hundred feet in thickness, and heaped up against this, as an abutment, is a mass of rocks containing several thousand cubic feet. As the mountain has a general direction from northeast to southwest, the talus

heap containing the ice has a northwest exposure. The cavernous nature of this heap would admit the free entrance of atmospheric waters, which during the winter would form ice in the interior of the mass. The ice thus situated would be protected from external heat by the surrounding rocks, as ice in a refrigerator is isolated and protected from the external temperature by the non-conducting sides of the refrigerator. The Ice Mountain only requires for the explanation of its phenomenon the application of the familiar principle upon which is constructed the common refrigerator, which temporarily effects what the Ice Mountain permanently does—a temperature independent of external causes. This mountain is, in fact, a huge sandstone refrigerator, whose increased and unusual effects, beyond those of the ordinary refrigerator, are due to the increased collection of poor conducting materials which form its sides."

Midway between Winchester and this place the road crosses the Capon River, which is indeed a charming stream, rapid, clear and cold. It is some seventy-five miles long, and near its fountain head is called the Lost River, owing to the fact that for the distance of several hundred yards it entirely disappears from view under a hill, after which it resumes its course as naturally and unconcerned as if it had not performed a remarkable feat. Throughout its entire course it is hemmed in with moderately high mountains, and its bottom lands are narrow, but fertile and well cultivated. Wheat is the principal product, and the yield is sufficient to support a number of "merchant mills," which transport their flour to market by teams to Winchester and the Ohio Railroad. As to the fish of Capon River the leather-mouthed varieties are the most abundant, although I am informed that trout are frequently taken in the Lost River and its tributaries, as also in the North river, which is a branch of the Capon. In the way of game, the hill country is well supplied with deer and foxes, both of which are hunted with hounds.

The well known spot called *Capon Springs* we left about a dozen miles on our left. It is one of the pleasantest places for a summer sojourn to be found in Virginia, located in a picturesque hollow of the North Mountains, two miles from the Capon River, and boasts of a handsome spring of water without any particular virtue, of spacious and convenient bathing houses and quite an elegant hotel, which has just been opened. Within a dozen miles of Capon Springs I have thrown the flies for trout with great success.[5]

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[5] One month after the above was written it was my privilege to accompany the Hon. Daniel Webster upon a visit to Capon Springs where

he delivered one of his happiest after-dinner speeches.

And those who have a passion for caves will find a very singular one in this county, a knowledge of which is as yet mostly confined to the bats that inhabit its secret chambers. It is located on the top of a mountain called Long Lick, and while the aperture at the mouth is only about four feet in diameter, it enlarges as you descend, like an inverted funnel, and after going down to the distance of seventy feet by means of a rope the explorer finds himself on a rocky floor, with several passages on his right and left leading to other rooms which have never been visited.

And now for a word about the little village of Romney where I am spending a couple of days. It is situated within half a mile of the South Branch of the Potomac, flanked on the east by a lot of miscellaneously planted hills, while on the western side is a ridge of steep mountain lands, which, when thrown into shadow at the sunset hour, presents the appearance of an immense rampart, the river flowing at its base answering as a moat to the fortification. The scenery all about Romney is quite beautiful, some of it indeed might be termed imposing. This portion of the South Potomac runs through, or rather along the western side of a narrow but fertile bottom land, and at the two points down the river, four, and six miles distant, there are perpendicular bluffs, which I will describe presently. The population of Romney is estimated at six hundred souls, and the handsomest compliment that I can pay its inhabitants is to mention the fact that they support two well-conducted boarding-schools. One of them is in charge of the Episcopalians of the place, and the other of the Presbyterians. The edifices are of brick, neatly built and spacious, and surrounded with tastefully arranged grounds. The town derives its chief importance from being the county seat; and that the people are fond of good living (like all true Virginians) may be inferred from the fact that venison, trout, corncakes, and maple molasses have been my principal food since I arrived here; the venison was of that peculiar quality which is denominated *mountain mutton*, and as to the trout, they were chiefly taken by myself—and, though the largest in the lot measured some fourteen inches, he cost me a walk of just as many miles.

Romney, I forgot to mention, is also upon the line of a capital road, connecting the Ohio and Potomac rivers, over which there are constantly passing extensive herds of beef-cattle bound to the Baltimore market. At least five hundred head, have passed through the village since yesterday morning, and I am informed that this business continues through every

month in the year. Some of the drovers are men who have raised and fattened their cattle upon their own farms, while others are speculating drovers, who buy up their cattle, and take them to market. The business of feeding these cattle on the road, is quite lucrative to the feeder, but expensive to the drover, since they travel only about a dozen miles per day, while pasturage for a single night costs ten cents per head, and fodder about fifteen. Some fine cattle are said to be sent to market from Western Virginia, but it seems to be generally acknowledged that the finest cattle come from beyond the Ohio.

The bluffs alluded to above are known as the *Hanging Rocks*, and, though rather tame to one familiar with the scenery of the Saguenay and Tallulah, they are decidedly worth seeing. The nearest bluff is the most interesting, and rises from the eastern margin of the Potomac to a height varying from two to three hundred feet, and extending along the river for six hundred yards. The lower strata of rock is limestone, and the upper strata sandstone. When seen from a distance, and the opposite bank of the river, (the waters of which are very clear, and literally as green as emerald,) the rocks bear a striking resemblance to a block of very ancient six story stone houses, such as we see pictured by the artists of the old world. Stained as they are with almost every color, from yellow and red to black and brown, to really requires but little fancy for one to discover therein, doors and curtained windows, alcoves with pieces of statuary, richly carved wainscotings and cornices, bird-cages and flags, hanging porticoes, and fantastic sign-boards. The whole bluff, indeed, looks like a specimen of magnificent but rude masonry; and at one point the rocks have formed themselves into a cluster of towers, which appear as we may imagine the edifice of the Smithsonian Institution will appear a thousand years hence, when overgrown with rank mosses and vines. When you come to stand at the base of the bluff, however, its aspect is greatly changed; it topples over your head in a fearful manner, and is as scragged and jagged, and rugged, as uncouth and wild as any thing of the kind, I have ever seen, (and I have travelled much among the mountains of our land.) Tradition says that there was once a famous battle fought upon the brow of the Hanging Rocks between two hostile tribes of Indians, and this story may well be believed, for upon a field in full view of the bluff are to be seen two hillocks marking the graves of the slain; and it is a singular circumstance that, though well nigh a century has passed away since the red man were masters of this soil, hatchets of steel, such as were then in use, have frequently been brought to light from these very graves.

MOORFIELD.

I AM now writing some twenty-seven miles further up the South Branch of the Potomac than where my last letter was dated. The intervening country, bordering upon the river, is mostly mountainous, but not remarkably picturesque, excepting at one point, about six miles from this place, where there appears to be a second, but inferior, edition of the "Hanging Rocks." With the hamlet of *Moorfield*, however, and especially the surrounding country, I have been much pleased. It lies near the centre of a valley, which has appropriately been termed the Garden of Virginia. It contains about five hundred inhabitants, is ornamented with two handsome little churches, (Methodist and Presbyterian,) and about the village, the people, and the country, there is a kind of Arcadian simplicity, which is truly refreshing to one accustomed to city life. As to the landlord and table of the Virginia House, where I am staying, it affords me pleasure to say they would be an acquisition in any of the eastern cities. The valley in question is about twelve miles long, and from one to two miles wide, level, and very fertile, and completely hemmed in by wood-covered mountains of moderate elevation, from the summit of which the beautiful Potomac may be seen, pursuing its serpentine course. Many of the farmers in the valley are wealthy, and none of them poor—the marketable price of the land averaging about one hundred dollars per acre. Corn is the principal product; and it is said that some of the fields have yielded a good crop annually for upwards of thirty years. Hence the reputation of the valley for its cattle, which are raised in great numbers and of the finest quality; and at this very moment there is passing my window, bound to Washington, a drove of one hundred. Indeed, the people here are pre-eminently independent in outward circumstances as well as in their feelings.

On Sunday last I attended morning service in the Presbyterian Church, and was particularly pleased with what I there saw and heard. The audience was large, and consisted of a goodly number of the sturdy and more aged of the yeomanry of the valley, with their wives and children, and children's children, who conducted themselves with a degree of propriety that I have seldom seen excelled in communities boasting of all the refinements of the

age. In every particular the church was plain, but perfectly neat and comfortable; and instead of an organ, with its attending flourishes and overtures, psalms and hymns were sung by the congregation, to the good old tunes of a century ago. The preacher was the Rev. William N. Scott, a man venerable in years, and the father of two sons, who are, as I am informed, eminent in the sacred profession of their father. The text on the occasion was as follows, (Prov. iv. 18): "The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day;" and the sermon was a tribute of respect to the memory of a young lady, who had recently died of consumption. The preacher spoke extemporaneously, with a soft and plaintive voice, using concise and elegant language; and, as he briefly commented upon the beautiful and Christian character of the deceased, I was forcibly reminded of Irving's touching essay entitled "The Pride of the Village." The range of thought throughout the discourse was elevated, and yet there was something about it in strict keeping with the rural district in which it was delivered—the imagery being drawn from the works of nature, as actually seen in part from the pulpit which the preacher occupied. For example, in speaking of the law of progression, (which was the leading idea of the sermon,) he remarked to his hearers that it was seen in the flowing streams of their valleys, and the giant oaks upon their mountains, as well as in the planetary worlds, the human intellect, and the light of revelation as developed in the human heart. Upon the whole, the sermon was really an impressive one.

With regard to natural curiosities, the region of Moorfield is rather meagre; and it may afford to be without them, since it can boast of the rarest scenery and superior agricultural resources. In the way of interesting characters, however, it is well supplied.

One story that I have picked up here, illustrates the character of an old hunter, who lives upon one of the neighboring mountains. For many years past he has imposed upon the credulity of his more ignorant brethren of the bush, by passing himself off as a wizard, by which profession he managed to accumulate a good deal of money. And the manner in which he originally established his reputation, and made himself the terror of the country, was as follows:

A brother hunter came to him with his rifle, declaring that he had made many shots at deer and other wild animals, but that he could never hit any of them, and he therefore supposed it must be out of order. The wizard examined the gun, and perceiving at a glance that the sight was only out of its proper place, he mysteriously shook his head, and said that the gun had a spell upon it, which could not be removed without the payment of three

dollars. The man paid the money, and was told to call on the morrow. The sight was then fixed in its proper place, and when the man came after his gun, he gave it a fair trial, and expressed himself as perfectly satisfied. The wizard then told the man that he must perform another secret incantation over the gun, and that it would be ready to take away in one hour; whereupon he retired into a room alone, when he proceeded to load the gun with a small charge of powder, using for a wad a quantity of soft *spunk*; and this charge he continued to repeat till the barrel was filled within a foot of the muzzle. He now came forth to deliver the gun into the hands of its owner, and while giving him some particular directions as to how he must hold the gun, and prohibiting him from looking behind, while he was to hasten home with all possible despatch, the wizard slyly dropped a coal of fire into the rifle, and the man disappeared. Hardly had he gone a hundred yards before bang! went the old gun, and the hunter was alarmed; a few moments more, and a second charge followed, and he was astounded; another brief period elapsed, and still another report followed; another, and still another, when the poor hunter became almost frantic with fear, and throwing the gun away, he ran for his home with all speed, while nearly every dozen paces that he accomplished was measured by the explosions of the spell-bound gun. Of course the narrow escape which he had made was soon spread far and wide, and the power as well as wickedness of the wizard were universally acknowledged.

Of another eccentric character, a wealthy but improvident farmer, long since deceased, I have heard the following particulars: He was famous for always being in a hurry, and on one occasion he set out from home early in the morning, informing his family that he was in a hurry, and would be back in a couple of days. He departed, and was gone *two years*. On his return, he stopped within a mile of his own habitation, where he met an old acquaintance, who invited him to supper. “Oh, I am in a hurry,” he replied, “and cannot.” But he did dismount, and spent *two weeks* with his friend. He once went to Washington with a drove of cattle, and, just as he was about ready to return, he thought he would call and pay his respects to the (then) President, Mr. Adams. He did so, riding directly up to the front door of the White House. He happened to meet the President at the threshold, who invited him to come in and spend a little time. He was again “in a hurry, and had not the leisure to spare,” but finally had his horse sent to the stable, and spent only ten days as the guest of the President. Towards the latter part of his life, he was a good deal troubled by the sheriff of the county, who was constantly trying, but in vain, to execute a *ca. sa.* upon him. During this period he was particularly a “*home*-body,” and of course was constantly on

the watch for the officer of justice; and, whenever he saw that officer approaching his dwelling, he would lock his doors, and ascending to an upper window, would there safely hold a conversation with the sheriff, and also lower into his hands, by a small cord, a glass of old rye whiskey, with cake and apples. Four years before his death he was prosecuted for the non-payment of a large debt, which he declined settling upon any conditions. The lawyers, after taking his personal property, told him that unless he consented to give up his real estate, he would have to be imprisoned. He was perverse in his opposition, and had to take up his abode in the county jail. He had a room handsomely fitted up for his accommodation, where, in the enjoyment of good liquor and all the luxuries of the country, he spent the remainder of his days. He was a great favorite in this section of country, and his funeral was one of the largest that ever took place in Moorfield.

As I looked out of my window yesterday morning, I chanced to notice a young man mounted upon a horse, riding along the street at a furious rate. He had a remarkably fine countenance, with a head of hair of uncommon length, and was dressed in a suit of Lincoln-green, with such a hat as artists love to portray in their pictures, and he was followed by three dogs. I inquired his name, and found it to be *Charles W. Alexander*, and further ascertained that he had recently become a painter by profession, and was now upon a hunt after a fox or a deer. I have this morning had the pleasure of being introduced to this gallant hunter-artist, and examined some of his pictures. They consist of family portraits, and copies from such artists as Stuart, Sully, and Nagle, and considering them as the productions of a young and entirely self-taught artist, are full of merit and truly astonishing. I have chronicled his name, simply because I would prophecy for him, as a painter, (if he will only *apply himself*, and spend his winters in New York or Philadelphia,) a prominent career. But he must expect to labor without ceasing.

But I must bring even this brief letter to a close, for my horse, purchased in this place, is at the door, waiting to carry me into what I have been led to imagine a peculiarly savage mountain wilderness; and as fortune will have it, I am to be accompanied by a couple of venturesome friends.

THE HERMIT WOMAN OF THE ALLEGHANIES.

My ride from Moorfield to Seneca Creek, a distance of thirty miles, has been quite interesting. The ten miles of road lying between that town and Petersburg runs nearly all the way through a rich bottom land, with nothing in particular, however, to rivet the attention but a picturesque bluff, on the summit of which the rocks have been so curiously piled up, as to resemble two pieces of statuary, representing a crouching panther and a running deer. At the base of this bluff is a fording place, in crossing which, a man was once thrown from his horse, and having been drowned, his body was subsequently found in a neighboring pool of the South Potomac, standing erect, with both arms extended as if in supplication.

I spent a night with my companions in the dingy-looking hamlet of Petersburg, where I picked up the following particulars respecting an almost obsolete custom, peculiar to this section of the country. It is termed *running for the bottle*, and is a kind of interlude or episode in a marriage celebration. When a buxom lady is about to be married, every body is invited to the wedding, and two entire days are devoted to feasting and dancing, when the time arrives that she is to be taken to the residence of her lord and master. This change of location is accomplished on horseback, and the groom and bride are invariably accompanied by their guests, who combine to form, as they journey in pairs, a truly imposing cavalcade, varying, according to circumstances, from one to two hundred persons. The day of the march is of course a pleasant one, and the journey to be accomplished is perhaps, five miles. At the residence of the groom every thing is in a state of preparation for the reception of the party, and with especial care, a bottle of choice liquor, richly decked out with ribands, has been placed upon a high post at the front gate of the dwelling. While the cavalcade are on the move, and have arrived within one mile of the place, the master of ceremonies steps aside upon his horse, and extends an invitation to all the gentlemen present, to join in a race for the bottle, which is known to be in waiting for the winner of the race, whose privilege it will be to drink the health of the bride on her arrival. Fifty of the younger men in the party have perhaps accepted the invitation extended to them, and, leaving the procession, they start off at

full speed for the much-desired bottle. The road is winding, and perhaps stony, and stumpy, and muddy; but what matter? Away they fly, like a party of Indians after buffalos; while along the road, it may be, cattle are bellowing, sheep bleating, dogs barking, hens cackling, and crows cawing. The goal is now in sight; one effort more, and the foremost horseman is at the gate, and has received from the hands of the groom's sister, the much desired bottle; then ascend the huzzas and shoutings of that portion of the people assembled to welcome the bride.

Meanwhile, the cavalcade comes in sight, headed, as before, by the groom and bride, and, as they approach the gate, the winner of the bottle comes forth upon his horse, and pouring a portion of liquor into a goblet, presents it to the bride, and has the satisfaction of being the first to drink the good health of her newly-married ladyship. The huzzas and shoutings continue, when, in the midst of the direst confusion, the ladies are assisted into the house, the horses are stabled, and a regular siege of two or three days dancing and feasting and carousing succeeds, with which the wedding is terminated. But to continue my journey.

The road from Petersburg to this place runs along the north fork of the South Potomac, a wild and roaring, but very beautiful mountain stream. The river itself is exceedingly serpentine, but the road is vastly more so, and we had to ford the former at least thirty times, often too, exposed to considerable danger. The scenery throughout the entire route is truly superb, fully equal, in many particulars, to that of the White and Adirondac mountains. The hills are covered with forests of luxuriant growth, rising in many places to the height of at least three thousand feet, and for many miles presenting perpendicular walls from five hundred to fifteen hundred feet high. The three most imposing of the natural structures here seen are known as the Golding Gorge, the Fire Cliff, and the Seneca Chasm. They are all of such a character as to be undescribable by words; they are indeed wonderful to a remarkable degree. The first, for example, located some ten miles from the mouth of the north fork, is a massive and narrow opening, through which the stream forces itself, with a stupendous bluff on the left hand, hanging or toppling over the stream. The second, four miles further off on the left, is a perpendicular but narrow, and perfectly bare ridge of slate and sandstone towers and turrets, looming against the sky to the height of more than a thousand feet; and, at the time I beheld it, the mountain, of which it forms a part, was on fire, so that the picture which the whole presented was magnificent. The third, which is directly at the mouth of Seneca creek, resembles the second in its general formation, but is more lofty and fairy-

like; gorgeous in the blended colors of the rainbow, and more frowning and overhanging in some of its phases.

Delighted, however, and deeply impressed, as I have been by the scenery of this Alpine land, I have been far more interested in an old woman, whom I have had the pleasure of seeing. Her name is Elizabeth Golding, or Goldizon, and she resides in a log cabin, entirely alone, directly at the foot of the gorge which has taken her name. She is of German origin, and represents herself as *one hundred and twelve years of age*. She was born, according to her own words, "within a two days' ride of Philadelphia, in Pennsylvania," and her father was a soldier in the Revolution under Washington, and she herself was in the immediate vicinity of the American camp at the defeat of General Braddock, of which event she habitually recounts a great number of interesting and thrilling incidents, closing each paragraph with the remark that the battle field was wet, very wet, with blood. She has been husbandless and childless for nearly half a century, and for many years has lived, as now, in the solitude of the mountains, utterly alone. Indeed, everything about the old woman is peculiar and strange. In stature she is quite small, and her hair (which is white as snow) is very long; when engaged in conversation, her countenance fires up exceedingly, and she accompanies each sentence with the most animated of gestures; her voice, though still strong, is altogether beyond her control, having an unnatural tone; and the wrinkles running entirely over her face and neck are as deep as we might imagine them to be after having been furrowed by the tears of even one heart for so long a time as a century. She was clothed in the simplest manner, having upon her head a cap made of common brown cotton, a frock of blue homespun cloth, and upon her feet nothing but woollen socks. During the whole time that we were in her cabin she was smoking some bitter weed in a corn-cob pipe, and, though haggard and worn, she had a pleasant smile, and when either of her guests happened to utter something that was novel to her ear, she would exclaim, "Oh yes, that is wonderful!" Her only means of subsistence for years past had been obtained by making hickory brooms, but even this business she had been compelled to give up, for she could no more climb the mountains to obtain the proper material; and though she seemed to be perfectly certain that she would be provided for, she expressed the greatest dread of the county almshouse. We inquired as to her appetite, and she replied, "Oh, I eats very little; I never eat much, sometimes nothing in a whole day, and never more than once a day, and I am well acquainted with hunger." As to her sleep we also questioned her, and she said, "That's what troubles me most; I cannot sleep now, I am so old, and so I lay on my bed all night thinking of my

great, good, and sweet Father in the Heavens." We asked her how she managed to obtain the necessaries of life, and she said she did not know, only that people who travelled on the road sometimes stopped in to give her a little coffee or flour; her main stay being a small garden of vegetables, the brush fence around which had been built by her own hands; and this garden was remarkably neat. As to her sight, it was as good as ever, and she was unacquainted with the use of spectacles. We asked her how much money she would want to support her a year, and she replied that *ten dollars* would take care of her a long time more than a year. As a matter of course, my companions and I made up a little purse for her benefit, and when we gave it to her it seemed as if she would embrace us in spite of ourselves. Indeed, we made her a number of trifling presents, and she expressed her gratitude by weeping, and assuring us that her "Father in the Heavens," would bless us and make us happy, wherever we might go. And I can assure the reader that the tears shed by that old woman of *five score years and ten* were not the only ones that sprung into the eyes on that occasion, albeit we were unused to weeping.

But I have not yet given the reader an idea of the home of this lonely being; in truth, it baffles description. Her nearest neighbor is some four miles off, and her only companions in her solitude, are a little dog and a cat. Her cabin stands near the water's edge, and directly on the hillside; it is without a window, but light in abundance comes in from the gaping roof and sides of the black and mouldering log habitation; the chimney, too, which is of mud and sticks, is in a dilapidated condition. Her bedstead is made of small pine sticks, with the bark still on, her couch consisting of hemlock boughs covered with straw, upon which are two or three wretchedly worn bedquilts. In one corner of the room are two or three shelves, where are displayed her cooking and eating utensils, the original cost of which (and they were very old and worn) could not have been more than one dollar. An old stool answers the purpose of a chair, and a board nailed to the side of the cabin is her only table; hanging from the logs at the side of her bed are two or three old gowns, which help to keep out the air and the rain; she is also the owner of a spinning-wheel; and from the crevices of the logs around, above, and everywhere, depend bunches of herbs and faded flowers which she has gathered in her rambles: but there was a taste and neatness displayed in the arrangement of the miserable furniture of the room which gave it a really cheerful aspect. We asked the old woman if she never apprehended any danger while thus living so utterly alone, and she replied, "Of course not; who would harm a poor forsaken being like me? I ain't afraid even of the bears, for its only last fall that one came down here, and scratched up my

garden, but I drove him off with a big stick.” Up to this point, everything we saw and heard concerning this aged woman was strange; but, when we rose to depart, we were still more astonished by her wild movements, as she addressed us to the following effect: “Men, I thank you for your goodness; I cannot read, but my Great Father has told me, in my heart, all about it. There is a heaven, men, and its a very happy place; and there is a hell, men, and its a very dreadful place; they both will never have an end. Now, men, good bye; you have been good to the old woman, but we must part; good bye; we shall meet once more at the judgment, but for only a short time. Live, men, so that you may get to Heaven!” And so we left this strange, strange being; and I am confident, that long after her bones shall have mingled with the dust, one trio of travellers, if still living, will remember with wonder and pleasure their interview with the *Hermit Woman of the Alleghanies*.

ACROSS THE ALLEGHANIES.

SINCE my last letter was written, my companions and I have compassed a section of country measuring in width, in a direct line, only some thirty miles, but comprehending one of the most truly savage portions of the Alleghany mountains. We ascended Seneca creek a distance of ten miles, spending two nights there, and enjoying one day of the rarest trout-fishing. The first night we harbored with one *William Adamson*, a worthy and intelligent Irishman, who "keeps a store" for a living, and trafficks to a considerable extent in the fur-trade. He and his family treated us with the utmost kindness, and when we came to depart, he positively refused to receive a single penny for his hospitality. His cabin stands directly on the margin of Seneca creek; and within a few paces of his door is a beautiful pool, where, just as the day was breaking, I threw a fly for about ten minutes, and caught three fine trout, measuring, nine, ten, and thirteen inches; and while in the act of landing the last of them, I unfortunately disturbed another as he was endeavoring to secure a trout for his own breakfast. This bit of sport, with what I have heard respecting the trout of Seneca creek, excited our party not a little, and we devoted the whole day to the sport. The stream, which might be termed a large brook, runs, in its whole course, through a ravine of the mountains, is full of pools, and, but for the undergrowth of bushes, would be a perfect angling stream. The number captured by the party during the day was much greater than one hundred, and very few of the fish measured less than nine inches, while some of them reached the length of sixteen inches. My companions used the worm and I the fly, and though they beat me in numbers, I beat them in weight. The only alloy to my enjoyment of this sport was the utter destitution which I met with in a cabin midway up the side of one of the mountains. There was but one room in the hovel, and the family, all of whom were cadaverous in appearance, and wretchedly clothed, consisted of a man and woman, one overgrown son, and seven daughters, two of whom were lying upon a bed of straw, upon the floor, dangerously ill. They were too poor to employ a doctor, even if one could have been obtained, and the only food which they had in store was a peck of meal, and the remains of a ground-hog (very good

eating, by the way) which the son had recently killed with a stone. The little patch of clean land near the cabin was covered with a scanty growth of wheat, which had been put into the ground by means of a common hoe, that being the only farming implement which the family possessed. We endeavored to ascertain which of the two poverty-makers, intemperance or idleness, had brought this family to such a miserable condition, and were surprised to learn that, instead of either, it was consumption. We inquired if any of the family had died, and received no reply, "Only three of us are yet dead, and there they are under that rail-pen on yon hill side; Betsey, Jane, and Samuel;" I doubt not that all the travellers left that cabin "wiser and better men."

The next night we spent under the roof an old man named *John Keller*, whose family consisted of his aged helpmate and one daughter. They are illiterate people, but industrious and frugal. As we approached the cabin we saw the old man and the daughter hard at work rolling and burning logs upon a narrow deal-clearing, and, on entering the cabin, (after having obtained permission to remain there,) we found the old woman cooking trout, bacon, and buckwheat cakes for supper. The situation of the cabin struck me as particularly romantic, for on either side, within a stone's throw, arose two nearly perpendicular walls of mountain, covered with mammoth vegetation; the base of one of them being washed by the ever-roaring and impatient waters of the Seneca. Within the dwelling there were no evidences whatever of elegance or luxury, but every thing was neat. During the period intervening between supper and bed-time, our host entertained us with his conversation, from which we learned that he had been a famous hunter in his time, but was now chiefly a tiller of the soil and an angler. He told us, among other things, that rattlesnakes were very abundant in the surrounding country, and that he was once bitten by one of these reptiles while out fishing. While passing over a log he stepped upon one of them, which immediately gave its death-rattle and struck him upon the shin-bone. The fangs penetrated to the bone, and the bite was painful. He was greatly alarmed, and, instead of stopping to kill the snake, he ran into the water and bathed the wound. Inflammation took place immediately, however, and he hastened home with the utmost speed, and on arriving there his sensations were those of a man grossly intoxicated. All sorts of applications were made to the wound; his leg was swollen to an unnatural size, and became black; his eyes were inflamed and he remained in a dangerous state for about fourteen days, when, to the astonishment of all, he began to feel better, and subsequently recovered. And this incident took place as late in the year as the first of October. Our host also informed us that he was once pursuing a

deer over the mountains, with his dog, when the deer made a desperate leap from the brow of a hill, and on coming up to it he found that it had jumped and killed itself within a few yards of his own cabin door.

On leaving Seneca Creek we crossed a lofty range of mountains by a narrow bridle-path, near the summit of which we found one solitary log-house, inhabited by a hunter, before which were planted two immense posts, surmounted with deer and elk horns to the number of some thirty pairs. These, with the appearance of the man and his hounds, strongly tempted us to tarry and have a hunt, but we were thinking of the Dry Fork of the Cheat river, famous for its trout. We found this to be the richest trout stream we had yet seen, as we caught them by the hundred, and of a size truly astonishing; some of them measuring not less than twenty inches. As before, I fished with the fly, and upon an average, took the heaviest fish; out of one small pool alone I took four trout nearly a foot long. But this stream is not only remarkable for the rare trout-fishing which it affords, and its surpassing wild and beautiful scenery, but also for the fact that at one point near its source, called *The Sinks*, it rushes into a cave in the side of a mountain, and, disappearing for a time, again appears to view, and continues on its course in the sunlight. The country lying between the Dry Fork and this place is simply a waste of desolate and elevated mountains, watered at equal distances by the Laurel, the Gode Fork, and the Shaver's Fork, or Big Cheat, which are all tributaries of the Cheat river, itself a tributary of the Monongahela. The Cheat derives its name from the fact that its waters are so clear, and at the same time so dark, as to deceive the stranger in regard to its depths when crossing its fording places. The country throughout its whole course is mountainous, (this I have been told, and have seen it too from a dozen mountain peaks,) the interval land along its borders being narrow but well cultivated.

On my arrival at Beverly, the friends who accompanied me over the mountains left me for a different direction from the one I am to pursue, and, by way of consoling myself at their departure, I joined an old hunter at the foot of the neighboring Cheat mountains, and went with him upon a deer hunt. We encamped at a waterfall on the Big Cheat, and in the vicinity of a salt lick. Out of the pool below the fall I caught more than trout enough for our supper, which we cooked by roasting before the fire, and salted with the drippings of fat bacon. It was a beautiful night, and the moon lighted us to the lick, where in ambush we awaited the expected game. One, two, and three hours elapsed, and nothing was heard in that lonely ravine of the mountains but the loud song of the whippoorwill. We talked to each other in whispers, and the whisperings of my companion made me very sleepy,

although his stories were of the wilderness, of bears, and panthers, and other wild animals, and the upshot of the whole matter was that I fell asleep. Crack went his rifle, smack went my head against a tree, and I was awakened from a dream of home, when I heard a terrible scampering of something through the woods, and saw, only a short distance off, a buck writhing in the agonies of death. A knife was soon passed across his throat by the hunter, and having dragged him as best we could, to our encampment, we hung him up, and went to rest upon our bed of hemlock boughs, with a huge fire sending its sheets of flame and smoke high among the branches of the overhanging trees. We slept until day-break, made a breakfast upon trout and venison, threw the mutilated deer upon the back of a horse we had brought for the purpose, and were at home again, or rather in the hunter's cabin, long before the hour of noon.

With the village of Beverly I am really more than well pleased. It is a pleasant place, and situated upon a pleasant river, that of Tygart Valley. This valley is comparatively narrow, and inhabited by a worthy and hard-working yeomanry; the soil is similar to that of the South Branch of the Potomac, yielding the best of corn, while that of the entire mountain or upland region is better adapted to wheat, oats and potatoes. Beverly is the county seat of one of the largest and wildest counties in the State of Virginia; with few and literally narrow exceptions, it is a country of rugged, uncultivated mountains, portions of the arable lands having been estimated to be at least two thousand feet above the level of the ocean, while the higher mountains are from three to four thousand feet higher than the same level. A rifle is almost an indispensable article in every dwelling; and an idea of the value of the wild land, upon an average, may be obtained by learning that the tax which I had to pay for a friend, upon one tract of a thousand acres amounted to *twelve and a half cents*. Living is cheap, and quite as good as it is cheap—the best of board being obtained at $1,50 per week. In fine, for the angler and hunter Randolph county is, in my opinion, the most interesting single county in the United States.

THE CHEAT RIVER COUNTRY.

I AM writing this letter from a capital tavern, known far and wide over this country as the "Mountain Retreat," kept by Mr. Edward Towers, and situated on a beautiful slope of cultivated land, near the summit of the Alleghany Mountains. But before proceeding to speak of this place and vicinity as I intend, I must briefly record the substance of my observations since I left Beverly. The ride thither is some sixty miles in length, and for the most part through a cheerless and uninteresting country, both as regards the scenery and the fertility of the soil. Farms are indeed scattered here and there along the road, but they have, as it were, been whittled out of the solid forest, and are what the people of the West term dead clearings. The common log-house is almost the only kind of habitation here met with, and the majority of these are poorly and carelessly built. They usually contain but two rooms, one comprising the whole of the first floor, and a garret to which you ascend by a common ladder. With regard to location, however, these cabins are almost invariably upon agreeable and appropriate spots: sometimes by a spring in a lonely ravine of the mountains, sometimes by a rivulet on an elevated hillside, and sometimes upon the extreme summit of a mountain, with a grassy lawn around, whence may be seen a world of rank and rolling luxuriance, receding to the sky. The people are ignorant, so far as book-learning is concerned, but they are well supplied with common sense, and are industrious enough to deserve better success than the most of them enjoy. In religion they are usually Methodists and Baptists, and quite as consistent in their manner of life as the better informed in other sections of the country; and I deem it a singular fact that an execution for murder is said never to have occurred in the county of Randolph. The exports of this region in any branch of husbandry, I should imagine to be extremely limited; the inhabitants seem to make it a point to live upon their own resources as much as possible. To hoard up money is by no means a ruling passion with the majority; if they can secure enough of the solids and really good things of life, they are contented and happy. To the extent of their means they are hospitable; and I have really imagined, from what I have seen of Virginia,

that for a true Virginian to be compelled to be otherwise than hospitable would render him truly wretched.

About midway between Beverly and this place, the winding road by which I came, crosses the Cheat river, and at this point I spent a very agreeable night as the guest of Mr. William Ewins. The contrast which his comfortable frame house, well cultivated farm, good collection of books, and pretty children, sporting upon a velvety lawn, presented, to what I had recently witnessed among the mountains, was quite refreshing. I found him a man of superior intelligence, and devoting himself to the making of surveying instruments, in which department of mechanical labor he is so much of an adept as to receive, in spite of his out-of-the-way residence, a good deal of patronage from the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company. The Cheat river, opposite his residence, is rather a large stream, and might, as he informed me, with little expense be made navigable to this point for keel boats. On my way from Mr. Ewins' residence to this place, I met with only one incident worth recording; my bridle path led me for a considerable distance up a little stream of pure water, in one of the pools of which while seated upon my horse, I caught no less than twenty-six trout.

And now for a paragraph or so about the *Retreat* where I am spending a little leisure time most pleasantly. It is, in the first place, situated on the Northwestern Turnpike, and commands a most interesting view of a wild mountain land, broken so far as the eye can discern, by only two cultivated farms which resemble garden flats, far more than they do extensive fields where cattle might graze by the thousand. The air is salubrious to an uncommon degree, and the sunrise as well as the sunset scenes which may frequently be witnessed are imposing and beautiful. Among the many attractions of the place, or accessible therefrom, in the way of natural scenery, are the *Back Bone Mountain*, the *North Potomac* and *the Falls of the Black Water*. The first is the highest pinnacle of this portion of the Alleghanies, and commands a view not only of a great world of mountains, fading, ridge beyond ridge, to the western sky, but also of that extensive and unique glade country, watered by the *Youghiogheny*. This mountain, distant some two miles, is covered with a luxuriant growth of oak and other hard woods, and affords as fine red deer and in as great abundance as any other part of Maryland; in testimony of which assertion, I may mention that in passing down one of its ravines yesterday I saw a herd of some twenty of these lovely creatures and it was not long thereafter before my ears were saluted by a strain of rich and deep music from a pack of hounds, the baying melody echoing into the deepest solitudes of the old hills. And to those who can appreciate the ten thousand charms of a wild and clear, and cold, and

rapid stream, winding and singing among the mountains, here is the Potomac, only half a mile away. The splendid career of this stream, through one of the richest coal mines of the world, through the gorge of Harper's Ferry, past the metropolis of our land, and by the sacred soil of Mount Vernon, had led me to imagine its fountain head to be something particularly interesting, and I have not been disappointed. Lovely indeed are the pools that here invite the bather into their amber bosoms, and, as to the trout which they harbor, these are almost as abundant as the pebbles of the stream. With regard to the Falls of the Black Water, a tributary of Cheat river, I have to state that they are distant some fifteen miles, and at the end of a particularly rough tramp, but will well repay the visitor for any fatigue he may experience. The stream is quite large, and within the space of one mile, and in the deep gloom of spruce and hemlock forests sweeping steeply down to either bank, and dashing its foam against stupendous rocks, all green with mosses, it has a series of falls and rapids whose aggregate descent has been estimated at five hundred feet, while there are a number of perpendicular pitches that would measure from thirty to fifty feet. The waters of the stream are of a very dark hue, but translucent, extremely cold, and superabound in the finest of trout.

Another attraction of the *Mountain Retreat* to the scenery-loving tourist, or those who may visit it for the purposes of hunting and fishing, or to invigorate their health by its pure air, is the character of the landlord's table. This is indeed all that could be desired by the lover of variety or the most fastidious; the viands are not only first rate, but are placed upon the table in a manner which I by no means expected in so isolated a spot; and, what is more, the best of wines are always obtainable.

But this place is also an attractive one to those who have a taste for business, especially that kind resulting from the driving of cattle from Ohio to the Eastern cities. The farm attached to the Retreat contains some sixteen hundred acres, and, (though rich in the two minerals of iron and coal) affords every facility for the feeding of cattle, and is, consequently, a resting-place for the western drovers. At this very moment, as I look out upon the surrounding fields, I can discern, here a herd of two hundred fat cattle, there a flock of five hundred sheep, and yonder a drove of four hundred hogs, all from the Ohio river, and bound to the Washington and Baltimore markets. The drovers are a unique class of men, dressing in homespun clothes, riding the best of horses, and remarkably sagacious in making bargains. Some of them are the owners of fine grazing farms on the Ohio river, raise their own cattle, and drive them to market; while others are merely speculators in live stock, buying and selling as best they may, and

therefore spending the most of their time upon the road. The distances which they accomplish in a day with fat cattle vary from ten to fifteen miles; and I am informed that it is quite common for the drovers upon this turnpike to take their living merchandise even as far as the cities of Philadelphia and New York. Indeed, taking all things into consideration, I deem my present stopping-place one of the most desirable in the whole State of Virginia, for those who would escape from the pent-up city during the summer months, with a view of enjoying the country and giving new life to their physical energies.

BUFFALO GLADE.

I AM now writing from the Glade country of Maryland, which I have explored pretty thoroughly, and with which I have been much pleased. Its extent is some twenty miles from north to south, and about five miles from east to west, and is watered exclusively by the Upper Youghiogheny and its tributaries. The glades are of various sizes, and have impressed me with the idea that they were once a succession of lakes, the waters of which, by some caprice of nature, having been drawn off into the great valley of the Mississippi, have left their basins covered with a carpet of luxuriant grass, here and there relieved by islands of white oak trees and of alder and cranberry bushes. The hills and mountains which surround them are covered with forests of oak, sloping gently and gracefully to the margins of the glades, seeming never to trespass a single rood beyond the limits allotted to them by taste; but I have observed that, when descending the ravines which sometimes lead into the glades, the pathway lies through a forest of exceedingly dense and lofty pines, where perpetual gloom reigns supreme, and the air is heavy with sweet odors peculiar to these woods. Not a single glade have I yet seen which is not watered by a lovely stream, and, as these abound in trout, they may well be deemed almost the paradise of fly-fishing anglers. All the glades are "beautiful exceedingly," and present the appearance of a highly cultivated country; but while some of them are the home of solitude, and only inhabited by the feathered tribes, the hawk, the meadow lark, and the glorious mocking-bird being the rulers. Others are enlivened by the habitations of man, and often there comes to the ear, borne sweetly along the peaceful air, the tinkling of sheep-bells and the lowing of distant herds. During all the vernal months these pastoral or arcadian vales are uncommonly green, and, when the surrounding hills are glowing with the crimson and golden hues of autumn, their emerald beauty is said to be like the work of enchantment. The grasses which they yield grow to the height of four and five feet, and, when salted, yield a most valuable hay. As a matter of course, therefore, the glade country is emphatically a grazing country, and, judging from the few experiments which have been made, it is certain that the raising of cattle might here be pursued to immense

advantage; indeed, as a source of wealth, the glades are rapidly rising into the first importance, and upon some of them, I am informed, two thousand cattle have recently been herded, previous to being taken to market. And it has occurred to me that when the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad shall have been completed across this glade country, as it will be during the present year, its agricultural resources will not only be more fully appreciated and employed, but it will become a popular summer resort for the inhabitants of Baltimore, a number of whose wealthy citizens are already beginning to erect in this region, villas and other country residences. As to the climate, it is said to be unsurpassed for its salubrity and life-strengthening qualities.

As inseparably identified with the Glades of Maryland, I must not forget to pay a passing tribute to the river Youghiogheny. It is quite as picturesque and charming a stream as I have yet explored, and waters almost an unbroken wilderness. It is clear and rapid, has a number of interesting falls, and contains trout in the greatest abundance. It derives its singular name from the exclamation of *Yough*, which is said to have been made by an Indian, who, during the earlier war, was shot by a white man while swimming the river after committing a murderous assault upon his family.

My ride through the glades has been attended with no personal adventures, excepting in the way of rare trout fishing, and these I must reserve for the benefit especially of my memory, when I shall have returned to my city life. I have, however, stumbled upon one or two bits of personal history which are worth recording.

The first has reference to an elderly lady and a widow, residing on Deep Creek glade, in whose house I was for a short time hospitably entertained. In the course of an hour's conversation with her, I ascertained that she was born and married in the town of Amherst, Massachusetts. Her husband was in comfortable circumstances, but having, about thirty years ago, entered into a land speculation, whereby he became the proprietor of seven thousand acres on the Kanawha river, in Virginia, he emigrated to that country. After once paying for this land, the titles were disputed, and he paid for it a second time; he then resided upon a portion of it for ten years, when its title was again disputed and it was wrested from him. He and his helpmate longed for their home in New England, but had too much pride to return; and so they settled in this wild section of the Alleghany mountains, where, after the genuine New England fashion, they surmounted every obstacle to success, and raised a family of a dozen sons and daughters, who are now the comforts of the widow in her old age. She spoke to me in the most affectionate terms of her children, and seemed deeply thankful for the many blessings she had enjoyed; but when she spoke of her departed husband, and

the home of her childhood, there was a pathos in her words which did not require the tears she shed to make them affecting in the extreme.

The other item of personal history which I would mention is connected with a venerable gentleman, who might with propriety be termed *The Hermit Philosopher of the Alleghanies*. His name is John McHenry, the family to which he belongs being one of the most ancient and respectable of Maryland. He commenced life under the guidance of his uncle James McHenry, (who was secretary of war under Washington,) and he entered upon the profession of the law, wherein he acquitted himself with great credit. Becoming tired of practice, he turned his attention to reporting, and under his hand, assisted by Thomas Harris, came into existence that celebrated series of Maryland Law Reports, embracing the most important land and other cases that had been decided in the Provincial Court and Court of Appeals, from the year 1700 down to the American Revolution and subsequently to the year 1800. He is also the author of a valuable work on the Ejectment Law of Maryland. In 1820, or about that time, he became tired of the world, as that expression is commonly understood, or rather perhaps, fell in love with the wilderness, and retired to the solitude of the Alleghany mountains, where he has since resided. He is the owner of an extensive domain, comprehending a number of beautiful glades, the whole of which he seems anxious to preserve as he received it from the hand of Nature, instead of mutilating it to an undue extent with the plough. Being independent in circumstances and having a wife who sympathizes with him in his refined tastes, he has surrounded himself with all that can render the life of an educated recluse pleasant and profitable; a comfortable dwelling, with convenient out-houses, a perpetually replenished larder, with good cooks and faithful servants, and a well-selected library.

In every particular, Mr. McHenry is a first-rate specimen of that rapidly-diminishing class of Americans, denominated “gentlemen of the old school;” and, on presenting to him my letter of introduction, I was quite fascinated with his elegant bearing, while my love for the picturesque in costume was gratified by his morning-gown and the William Penn hat which surmounted his snowy head of hair. I was welcomed with the heartiest cordiality, and am still a guest under his roof, and I regret that the customs of polite society will not permit me to speak of him as I could desire. He has been an extensive traveller in Europe and the United States, and alleges that he has never breathed an atmosphere equal in healthfulness to that of the Alleghany glade country. In politics he is a genuine Federalist, and an enthusiastic admirer of Washington and his noble contemporaries. Though a devoted lover of the wilderness, he was never a follower of the chase, and

but little of an angler; his manner of life has been strictly sedentary, and, having ever been animated by a never-satisfied thirst for knowledge, he has been and is an extensive devourer of books, which he has the ability to master in some half dozen languages. Though partial to solitude, he is fond of company; and nothing seems to afford him more pleasure than the tendering of his hospitality to those who journey in his vicinity. He is quite satisfied with his lot, as well he may be, and has playfully expressed the idea that he would be perfectly happy, had he but one neighbor as lazy as himself, and could he but afford to subscribe for all the more prominent periodicals of the world.

THE CUMBERLAND REGION.

A RIDE of some twenty miles from the Buffalo Glade, down the Youghiogheny, brought me to the National road, connecting the Ohio river with the Potomac, over which, in a coach and four, I was brought to the town of Cumberland, or city as it should be called. With the celebrated national road alluded to, I was disappointed; for when I remembered the immense sums of money expended upon it since the year 1806, amounting to more than a million and a half of dollars, I expected to ride over something particularly fine; but I found it, for the most part, rougher than a common road, and in a dilapidated condition. The public means of conveyance upon it, however, are numerous and comfortable, and the scenery through which it runs is quite interesting. With that portion of the scenery, and the road lying between Frostburg and this town, I was really delighted. The distance is only eleven miles, and yet the descent to Cumberland is some sixteen hundred feet, and this stage, when coming down, is generally accomplished in one hour.

Cumberland, in many particulars, is an attractive place. It stands on the southern bank of the Potomac, and is partly hemmed in with mountains, while the scenery lying to the westward is bold and imposing; that to the eastward is simply beautiful. Its two principal hotels are spacious and comfortable, and its churches commodious and ornamental; the most picturesque being a gothic Episcopal church, occupying the site of Fort Cumberland, of ante-revolutionary fame. The inhabitants of the town, who now number upwards of six thousand, seem to be a remarkably industrious and enterprising class of people, and I can see no reason why they should not, in time, build up a splendid city, as a mart for the mountain country of Maryland, Pennsylvania and Virginia. Its means of communication with the world are already manifold, for it has a canal binding it to the metropolis of the Union, as well as to tide-water navigation; a railroad connecting it with Baltimore, the third city in the Union; and a turnpike leading to the waters flowing into the Mississippi; besides a number of plank and other roads, making it accessible to the rich agricultural regions of Pennsylvania, as well

as to the celebrated Springs of Bedford, in the same state; besides which, the great railroad which is to connect it with the Ohio is rapidly advancing.

But that which makes Cumberland a busy place at the present time, and will undoubtedly build it up to considerable opulence, is the wealth of the neighboring country in coal. This coal region has been estimated to contain an area of one hundred and fifty square miles, immediately in the heart of the Alleghany mountains, and the quality of the mineral has been pronounced superior in many respects to that found in any other mines east of the Alleghany mountains. The term "first rate" has been applied to the Cumberland coal by all who have used it, especially in regard to its evaporative powers; and though called a bituminous coal, it is in reality a dry and close-burning coal, intermediate between the fat bituminous of Pittsburg, and the anthracite coals of Eastern Pennsylvania. The vertical depth of the Cumberland coal basin, including the strata peculiar to the coal formation, is about fifteen hundred feet, resting upon the mill stone grit. The number of distinct veins in the basin, is fifteen, and the seams vary in thickness from five to fifty feet; many of them are exposed to view on the hillsides, but more particularly in the deep ravines through which flow the various streams, and are, therefore, easy of access to the miners, who pursue their operations at comparatively little expense. The coal is brought to the shipping depots in Cumberland from the principal mines, over two lines of railroads, at an expense of about fifty cents per ton, and it is estimated that these roads are capable of transporting one and a half millions of tons per annum. With regard to the richness of the Cumberland coal region, it may be mentioned that statistical gentlemen have estimated that it will more than supply the entire world for about *forty thousand years*, which I should imagine quite long enough for the present, and one or two more generations, however "fast" the times may be. As to the capital now employed in mining for coal, the most of it comes from the capitalists of New York, Boston and Baltimore; and the principal companies now doing business are the "New York Mining Company," "Maryland Mining Company," "Alleghany Mining Company," "Washington Coal Company," "Frostburg Coal Company," "Mount Savage Iron Company," "George's Creek Coal and Iron Company," "Borden Mining Company," "Parker Mining Company," "Cumberland Coal and Iron Company," "Wither's Mining Company," and "Astor Mining Company." Speculation in coal lands has ever kept pace with the legitimate business of mining, and, in spite of the impositions which have heretofore been practised by speculators, the rage for this species of business still continues, and many, by imprudent hazards, often become victims to its folly.

Heretofore the mineral treasures of Cumberland have had but one outlet to market—that furnished by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad; but since the completion of the great Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, extending from Washington to Cumberland, with the Branch Canal to Alexandria, a far more extensive means of transportation has gone into operation. The entire length of this canal is one hundred and eighty-six miles, and running as it does, for the most part, directly along the northern bank of the beautiful Potomac, it winds its way through a great variety of interesting scenery. The locks of the canal number no less than seventy-five, and the culverts over which it passes one hundred and seventy, and through one tunnel a third of a mile long. Boats carrying one hundred tons, navigate it with great ease, and it is supposed that boats of one hundred and thirty tons will find no difficulty in passing freely through all the locks. The first series of resolutions adopted in favor of building this canal, passed by a convention of delegates, held in Washington in 1823—the members of which, numbering some two hundred, were from Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and the District of Columbia. The entire estimated cost to the Ohio river, was $32,000,000, and the real cost to Cumberland, its present terminus, has been about $16,000,000. The ground was broken on the 4th of July, 1828, and the first spade-full of earth was taken up by the President of the United States, John Quincy Adams, in the presence of his cabinet and a large concourse of spectators from the cities of the District and surrounding country. The speech made by the President on the occasion, was one of his happiest efforts, most appropriate and eloquent, and is only to be found reported, I believe, in the columns of the National Intelligencer. That portion of the canal extending to Alexandria was completed during the year 1844, and its most important feature, the lofty aqueduct, spanning the Potomac at Georgetown, is a masterly specimen of engineering ability, and a model piece of workmanship. Its piers, I am informed, are thirty-two feet under water, and in this respect it surpasses any other work of the kind in the world. Col. Turnbull, of the Topographical corps, was the engineer, who, under immense difficulties, constructed this remarkable aqueduct.

As to the scenery of that portion of the Potomac running parallel with the great canal, I can only say, in a general way, that it compares favorably with that of any other river in our land of beautiful rivers. The fertile country which it waters, is thickly inhabited by a worthy yeomanry, but the immediate banks of the river are everywhere as wild and picturesque as in the olden times. Broad reaches of still water now remind you of a newly-discovered lake, and then again you hear the dashing of the waters, as they flow beneath impending rocky barriers, where vines, and mosses, and

mineral drippings have produced pictures of surpassing beauty; at one place the stream, more deep than usual, murmurs sullenly, as if displeased to find a dozen charming islands attempting to block its passage to the sea, while at another point, it fidgets itself into a broad sheet of foam, as it passes over a shallow covered with boulders and pebbles innumerable. Jefferson and Volney have written in praise of that Spot where the Shenandoah comes to the help of the Potomac, in forcing a channel through the Blue Ridge Mountains, and I need not add my mite of applause; but the softer scenery, associated with the mouths of the Monocacy and Seneca tributaries, are to me more loveable. For effects "grand, gloomy and peculiar," the Grand Falls of the Potomac ought not to remain unvisited by any true lover of nature; nor the Little Falls, which are more humble in their pretensions, but not to be despised.

And now, with this paragraph, I bring the running account of my mountain tour from Winchester to Cumberland to a close. Unforeseen circumstances have compelled me to travel more rapidly than I could have desired, and I have really not had the time to indite such letters as I might have done. I have recorded enough, however, to convince my readers that the upper Potomac or River of Swans, as the aborigines called it, is a stream to be loved and remembered with pleasure and pride.

END OF VOL. I.

TRANSCRIBER NOTES

Misspelled words and printer errors have been corrected. Where multiple spellings occur, majority use has been employed.

Punctuation has been maintained except where obvious printer errors occur.

Some illustrations were moved to facilitate page layout.

[The end of *Adventures in the wilds of the United States and British American provinces, Volume 1* by Charles Lanman]