

THE ZEIT-GEIST.

CHAPTER I.

PROLOGUE.

TO-DAY I am at home in the little town of the fens, where the Ahwewee River falls some thirty feet from one level of land to another. Both broad levels were covered with forest of ash and maple, spruce and tamarack ; but long ago, some time in the thirties, impious hands built dams on the impetuous Ahwewee, and wide marshes and drowned woodlands are the result. Yet just immediately at Fentown there is neither marsh nor dead tree ; the river dashes over its ledge of rock in a foaming flood, runs shallow and rapid be-