

of the timber-trade in Maine, may be formed from the fact that not less than ten thousand men are engaged in lumbering on the Penobscot alone.

The great pine tracks are usually in the convenient vicinity of lakes and rivers, from whence the transport of the timber to the ocean is comparatively easy. The labors of the lumbermen, during fifty or more years, have made sad havoc among the pine-woods, and doubtless the pine is ultimately doomed, by the avarice and enterprise of the white man, gradually to disappear from the borders of civilization, as have the aborigines of the country before the onward march of the Saxon race. Already have these magnificent trees been so cleared away by the woodman's axe, that the pine is now driven far back into the interior wilderness. Hence, in order to discover the locality of the remaining pine communities, exploring expeditions are made, usually during the autumn, into wild and unknown forest regions. Sometimes the exploration is made during the winter, and then the labor of the timber-hunters is both arduous and dangerous. They start on board a skiff or a batteau, with provisions, axes, guns and ammunition; and thus voyage some hundreds of miles into the interior, carrying the skiff on their shoulders across the land where the rapids of the river are too severe to be ascended by the use of oars or poles. They sleep in the open air at nights, turning the boat bottom upwards, and taking shelter under it, if rain should fall. Occasionally they are scared by the scream of the owl, or the tramping of deer, or what is more alarming than all, by the approach of a black bear, dangerous adventures with which are very frequent in the deep forests.

Arrived at some favorable spot, one of the party ascends the highest tree,—generally the spruce fir, which is easily climbed. But when a still loftier look out is wanted, a spruce fir is felled and laid against the trunk of some lofty pine, up which the explorer clammers until he reaches the summit, and is enabled to survey the vast extent of forest around. From such a tree-top, like a mariner at the mast head upon the look-out for whales, (for indeed the pine is the whale of the forest,) large "clumps" and "veins" of pine are discovered, whose towering tops may be seen for miles around. Such views fill the bosom of the timber-hunter with intense interest. They are the object of his search, his treasure—his *El Dorado*,—and they are beheld with peculiar and thrilling emotions. To detail the process more minutely, we should observe that the man in the tree-top points out the direction in which the pines are seen, when a man at the base marks the direction, indicated by a compass which he holds in his hand,—the compass being quite as necessary in the wilderness as on the pathless ocean. When the "clump" has been fairly made out, the explorers retrace their steps, blazing or notching the trees, so as to enable them to return easily to the place; and then they return home, to await the spring season, when felling, rolling, and rafting commence with great vivacity. Permits are, however, first obtained from the State, or from the proprietors, before the loggers begin their operations—the price paid varying from one to eight dollars per thousand feet of timber, cut down and taken away. The price varies according to the quality of

the timber, and its convenient location to the stream or lake on which it is floated away to market. A necessary preliminary of the loggers is the putting up, in the autumn, of large quantities of meadow hay, for the foddering of the teams of cattle required to drag the timber to the water. During this work, the lumbermen are pestered by myriads of bloodthirsty flies—mosquitoes and midges being the most furious and untiring in their attacks. But more stirring adventures are occasionally encountered, of which we take the following instance:—

"Notwithstanding the labor and annoyances of meadow life, there are pastimes and adventures to be met with. A shot now and then at some stray deer who may chance to stroll upon the meadow to graze; the hooking of beautiful trout, pickerel, and other delicious pan-fish, afford agreeable relief from *ennui*; while the sports of the forest and the brook afford most agreeable changes of diet. Here, also, very frequently, are skirmishes had with the common black bear. If Bruin is not intentionally pugnacious, he is really meddlesome; nay, more, a downright trespasser—a regular thief,—an out-and-out "no-government" animal; who, though neither profane nor yet immoral, still, without apostolical piety, would have "all things common." These peculiar traits of character secure to him the especial attention of mankind, and ever make him an object of attack. Though formidable as an enemy, it is hard to allow him to pass, even if he be civilly inclined, without direct assault. On one occasion, while two men were crossing a small lake in a skiff, on their return from the meadows, where they had been putting up hay, they discovered a bear swimming from a point of land for the opposite shore. As usual in such cases, temptation silenced prudential remonstrances; so, changing their course, they gave chase. The craft being light, they gained fast upon the bear, who exerted himself to the utmost to gain the shore. But finding himself an unequal match in the race, he turned upon his pursuers and swam to meet them. One of the men, a short, thick-set, dare-devil sort of a fellow, seized an axe, and the moment the bear came up, inflicted a blow upon his head, which seemed to make but a slight impression. Before a second could be repeated, the bear clambered into the boat; he instantly grappled with the man who struck him, firmly setting his teeth in the man's thigh; then, settling back upon his haunches, he raised his victim in the air, and shook him as a dog would a woodchuck. The man at the helm stood for a moment in amazement, without knowing how to act, and fearing that the bear might spring overboard and drown his companion; but recollecting the effect of a blow upon the end of a bear's snout, he struck him with a short setting-pole. The bear dropped his victim into the bottom of the boat, rallied, but fell overboard, and swam again for the shore. The man bled freely from the bite, and as the wound proved too serious to allow a renewal of the encounter, they made for the shore. Medical aid was procured as soon as possible, and in the course of six weeks the man recovered. But one thing saved him from being upset; the water proved sufficiently shoal to admit of the bear's getting bottom, from which he sprang