

For The Land We Live In.

Two Summer Vacations.

The "Parson Over the Line" having been referred to in a previous issue of this paper, as a "tip-top shot," supposes that he must say something about shooting in this article, though he had intended nothing of the kind, but rather of riding a hundred miles north-west from Vermont, then camping and fishing. The earliest recollection the Parson has of having his "tutored eye" called into requisition along a gun barrel, was in this wise:—There were two roads running westward towards the capital of the State, half a mile apart, and parallel. My mother's uncle was on the northern road and his farm came down part way over the half mile, towards my father's, and the uncle canoe all the way across on a certain occasion for a boy's help, and the occasion was when the grey squirrels had made a raid on his corn patch. He did not want relief from the "posts" for nothing, but was ready to pay so much *per capita*. The trade was made and the time to begin work was fixed at 4 o'clock p. m., that day. At the appointed time the boy was in the corner of a fence, near the high elms that stood near the corn field, with a dog for pillow, as the dog could hear the first scratch of the grey's toe nails on the fence rail and at once send him up the elms, from which it was not possible the grey could escape. Did the reader ever shoot at a grey squirrel spread out on an elm limb and walk around the tree to see if there was any portion of him in sight to shoot at, except the bushy tail, and a scanty tuft of hair? If he has, he knows the kind of job undertaken to save the uncle's corn patch. We rather think there was a considerable feeling of the responsibility of the position, and to take a squirrel out of the tip-top of these elms, required a little tip-top shooting; so conclude our friend, the editor, may be right after all, and after saying that there by that cornfield, we did the first noble deed now recorded in our memory to relieve a fellow creature in distress, and that right there we earned our first honest dollar, we will go on to recount our trip during the two summer's vacation.

We presume it is of no consequence to the reader, how we happened to go to Vermont just ten years ago, nor is it of much account to say that six years were spent there, but the point of consequence here is, that at stated times we went a hundred miles north for pleasure. One August morning just a year after our settlement there, we found ourselves seated in an express wagon loaded with camp equipage, and a large man for a companion driving out of our home yard. This man whom we may call our guide, had driven a span over the same course we were to go that day with our black horse, which we had the year before brought up through the White Mountains from Maine. Notwithstanding the frostiness of the morning, how comfortable and happy we felt, moving up the Passumpsic river, and past its source to greet the sun on the heights above, from which we had a clear road to Island Pond. Then down the side of the lake, we went across the wilderness to strike the Connecticut, which we know to be a grander river than the Passumpsic we had left behind. Here we recalled, that in western Massachusetts once, we had fished this river and taken a few black bass, at Turner's Falls, and had also near there, fished a stream where we had taken half pound trout, many more of which might have been taken, had it not been our experience that black snakes were getting quite as numerous as trout, as we went along up. And our guide told how that in returning that way once he had stopped at a farm house and set his lines in the river over night, to find as a result in the morning, that his fish were not only of the swimming, but the winding kind, of such immense proportions that we shall not dare repeat it, lest the parson might be accused of telling a "fish story." Refreshment at North Stratford was acceptable to one of the travellers at least, and the guide said

"I drive my span only about seven miles further the first day. How far shall you go? It isn't late, and thirteen miles up the river is Colebrook." We passed his seven miles and at 5 p. m., reached the beautiful village of the Upper Connecticut. We conclude not to stop here, but get out of the village, and have the free mountain air. All my horse needs is a feed, and an hour's rest. Driving out we begin to appreciate Eastman's Guide Book statement, "the first view of the Dixville Notch is very impressive," and before dark we see the natural wonder very distinctly and jutting out over the road we are to go is Table Rock. We camp very near it and in the morning see the sun shining upon it, a most magnificent sight. We see too, the Clear Stream trickling out of the rock, going our course fifteen miles to the Androscoggin. Never was stream more appropriately named, and from the wagon we saw the trout taking their breakfast and morning exercise. Never was there greater contrast between streams than between Clear Stream, on that side, usually passing quietly through the meadows below, and the mad Mohawk on the side we came the night before, which tumbled wildly through rock cuts and over huge boulders. Half way to the Androscoggin we saw a stream coming down towards us to join Clear Stream. Our guide said "That stream is from back of Table Rock, and when we were in the notch, we were two miles from the lake it empties." There he had been, there he had fished, and there we were to go. We took the trail up the stream; just before, a bear had been the same trail for a morning walk we presume, but all we saw of him was the prints of his foot. My spirits were high for bear or fish, but we didn't get either on this trip. After making the lake and camp, and having a dreary night in camp, owing to heavy rain and total abstinence of fish, we next morning struck a companion in sorrow, who had been there three days and had caught nothing except the little shor' trout, which I took as evidence that trout did inhabit these waters but that they simply would not "rise." Seeing that we used the fly, he urged us to accompany him to "Deep Hole" in Umbagog lake. He had been there the week before, had seen the rise of large sized trout, and was convinced if he had had flies, he could have caught them. That night we went up the Androscoggin, past the mouth of the Magalloway river that comes from Parnachone lake, and camped in sight of the Umbagog beyond "Moll's Carry." The next day we found the fish plenty here, and here the eagle screamed, and here the eagle made the fish hawk scream, when he took the fish from him by superior flight and fight. Three days of unalloyed happiness we had at "Deep Hole," the trout wanted the minnows and the "Kadoodle," (phonetically), and when one could be caught he was "no small fry," but we could not get many of the sly fellows, at any one fishing. Joined by other companions so that our party had doubled in number since coming to the lake, and our tents numbering three; four of our party set out one day to visit Sunday Pond, a pond rarely visited, and not large. We had to construct a raft for navigation upon it, with such tools as we could carry from camp. Probably no boat or canoe had ever floated upon its waters. Here the trout were of the blackest hue and took the black bee without any pressing invitations. This lake lay about northeasterly from the northern cove of Umbagog. Fog now coming in upon us, and needing a clear day to go down the lake, we took it when the fog lifted. Rain might attend the next fog and detain us too long. But previous to striking the river for home, we would not lose a night at "Moll's Rock, the place of terror."—We were told it was not often parties would camp there at night. Panther Mountain was two miles back, and the spirit of murdered "Moll," an Indian woman who once lived there with a white man who took her life and fled, was supposed to be all around. We wore a good party as to numbers and thought we had

the courage to camp there, and did so. I had a very good night's rest, only being disturbed once by a rabbit outside of the tent, and then a shot from the double barrel, the rifle refusing to go off just at the time when it was needed to kill the panther, which I was told put in an appearance just the other side of the dying embers of the camp fire. The buck shot went near the mark, for having on the sly picked up some yellow hair, I next day showed it to a passing hunter, who assured me it was panther hair. If it was I am convinced, as others have been, that it is safer to camp there with a large party than a small one. Returning down the river next morning, we paid our compliments to the pickerel now in all parts of it and about the lake. They are all sizes and a multitude for number. You can take twenty-five without moving your boat and in a day could load a boat with them. You soon become disgusted with the sight of pickerel they are so plentiful. You wind up your line, luring yourself for having caught so many. But the next summer we took great satisfaction in going there with our Senior Deacon, who was getting well into the "sear and yellow." He had loved to fish when a boy, and so after we heard him sigh for the fishing of his boyhood days, we pitied him and said to him, "Your wish shall be granted." So we wore there again. We threw the boat into the grass at the water's edge and out from there went the pickerel into deeper water only to return for shelter from the rays of the ascending sun. The Deacon threw out towards the lake and his bait was seized at once. Bait after bait was thrown out and pickerel after pickerel were the Deacon's. We see him there, we see the swirl, we see the line tighten. The deacon labors at his task. Soon, like all others who fish there, he admits he "never saw the like." That is enough. Our ambition for him is satisfied. We swing around "Moll's Rock" for old acquaintance sake. We swing back down the river, and the deacon and I are soon on our return trip by the Flume, the Cascade and the Rapids and through Dixville Notch.

At another time I made that trip with my wife, going up to Diamond lakes to the right of the Notch and eight miles distant. As this was my third visit I dispensed with guides. I pitched my tent on the Island and had a bark camp on the main land for our accommodation in case of wet weather. Here I could strike trout from half a pound to two-and-a-half lbs. weight. I had only to let my boat drift and could catch trout in almost any part of Big Lake, but in this lake not many are taken over a pound. Land-locked salmon here are much larger, and are taken I believe with the "silver doctor," as we never caught one with the "Montreal" or "Black bee," which we used for speckled trout. Near my island in the night I could hear the quack of ducks, in the morning I start a covey of partridges, and before night see one, two or three deer in the lily pads near Diamond stream, which carries the waters of this lake into the Magalloway. When we were at Umbagog, our party hunted deer at night with a jack-light on the Magalloway, so these regions are one, connected by streams and hunting ground from the shore of one lake to the other. Little Diamond has the largest trout, but they can only be caught on overcast or dark days. Though smaller, they are more plentiful in Big Diamond, and can be caught as well on a bright day. When the fleecy clouds stream up in the northwest, and produce a ripple on the lake, is the best time to fish.—Such a day after 3 p. m., we took 25, only one of which was less than a pound weight. At another time 30 as good.—At the mouth of the brook coming into it from Little Diamond, your cast of flies will fill every time with quarter pound trout. We stop at Percival Heath's going in and coming out, to have a chat with an old friend, and, stormy nights we can reach his ample and hospitable shelter.—There the sportsman will always find a pleasant home, whether his stay be long or short, and if required, our old friend

will accompany him through the wilderness lying between there and the Connecticut Lakes. If we should have the time to tell you what we have seen in the eastern part of the Rangely Lake region, at some other time, we shall be able to take the reader to the Richardson Lakes on the east, as we have already done those lying to the west. We shall try to find the time, and in the mean time trust that this simple sketch may have some value, with those who appreciate Nature in the midst of her forests, lakes and streams.

THE PARSON.

Although the following poem has been published in several journals, we have been requested to republish it. It is one of the best poems of the late Father Ryan, the Post Priest of Georgia.

Eds.

REST.

My feet are wearied, and my hands are tired,
My soul oppressed—
And I desire, what I have long desired—
Rest—only rest.

'Tis hard to toil, when toil is almost vain,
In barren ways;
'Tis hard to sow, and never garner grain,
In harvest days.

The burden of my days is hard to bear,
But God knows best;
And I have prayed, but vain has been my
prayer,
For rest—sweet rest.

'Tis hard to plant in spring, and never reap,
The Autumn yield;
'Tis hard to till, and when 'tis tilled to weep
O'er fruitless field.

And so I cry a weak and human cry,
So heart oppressed;
And so I sigh a weak and human sigh,
For rest—for rest.

My way has wound across the desert years,
And deep in forest
My path, and through the flowing of hot tears
I pine—for rest.

'Twas always so; when but a child I laid
On mother's breast
My wearied little head; e'en then I prayed
As now—for rest.

And I am restless still; 'twill soon be o'er;
For, down the West
Life's sun is setting, and I see the shore
Where I shall rest.

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CURED HIM.—

Shrewsbury, March 7th, 1893.
Messrs D. Thomas & Co., Shrewsbury.
Dear Sir,—As a duty to the afflicted, I desire to testify to the efficacy of "BARBER'S INSTANTANEOUS RHEUMATIC CURE." My son, aged about 10 years, has for the last three or four winters suffered from inflammatory rheumatism and rheumatic fever, and has been for weeks at a time confined to his bed. After using part of a bottle of the "Cure," which I purchased from you, he was able, in about a week, to be round the house, and in less than a fortnight had fully recovered. "Only one bottle was used and he is now apparently as well as he ever was."
E. W. NAGLE.