

SQUAWM LAKE.

THE Indianesque, but not very pretty name, in which this lovely body of waters rejoices, has been once or twice changed, but the force of usage has uniformly triumphed. Dr. Dwight called it Sullivan's Lake, after Major-General Sullivan, formerly governor of the State; and the adjoining waters of Winipiseogee, he named Lake Wentworth, after another governor; but both have fallen into disuse, and the original names have reverted.

The great defect in American Lakes, generally, is the vast, unrelieved expanse of water, without islands and promontories, producing a fatigue on the eye similar to that of the sea. Squawm and Winipiseogee Lakes are exceptions to this observation. They are connected by so narrow an isthmus that five hundred dollars, it is said, would pay the expense of uniting them: and their islands together amount, it is said also, to exactly three hundred and sixty-five. As this singular coincidence has been remarked of several other lakes, however, the assertion seems rather apocryphal.

Some of the very loveliest scenery in the world lies about these two lakes, yet they are seldom visited. The country around is fertile, and sufficiently cultivated to soften the appearance of wilderness, which it might receive from the prevalency of forest, and the luxuriance of vegetation; but the mountains, which form its background from every point, shutting it in like an amphitheatre, seem to seclude it from the flow of population.

Nature is a capricious beauty, and, like most other beauties, has her best looks, and her favourable times, to be seen to advantage. Beautiful as she is at Squawm Lake in the first plenitude of spring, she is more beautiful in the first flush over her face of the bright colours of autumn. The autumnal tints of our forests are peculiar to America; but there are some parts of the country where, for various reasons, this phenomenon is much more beautiful than at others. The moisture of the land about these lakes, the extreme luxuriance of the sap in consequence, and the liability of the whole of this region to sudden changes of temperature, contribute to its brilliancy. The sharp frost of a single night effects a change very often that seems almost miraculous, and the multiplication of these gawdy colours in the mirror of the surrounding waters, the bright golden, crimson, and purple islands, and the gorgeous hill-sides, all reflected and redoubled, make it a scene which the imagination never could pre-conceive. From a late publication we