

A TOUR
TO THE
RIVER SAGUENAY.

CHAPTER I.

The Catskill Mountains—South Peak Mountain—A thunder storm—
Midnight on the mountains—Sunrise—Plauterkill Clove—Peter
Hummel—Trout fishing—Stony Clove—The Kauterskill Fall—The
Mountain House—The Mountain Lake.

Plauterkill Clove, May.

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. 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,