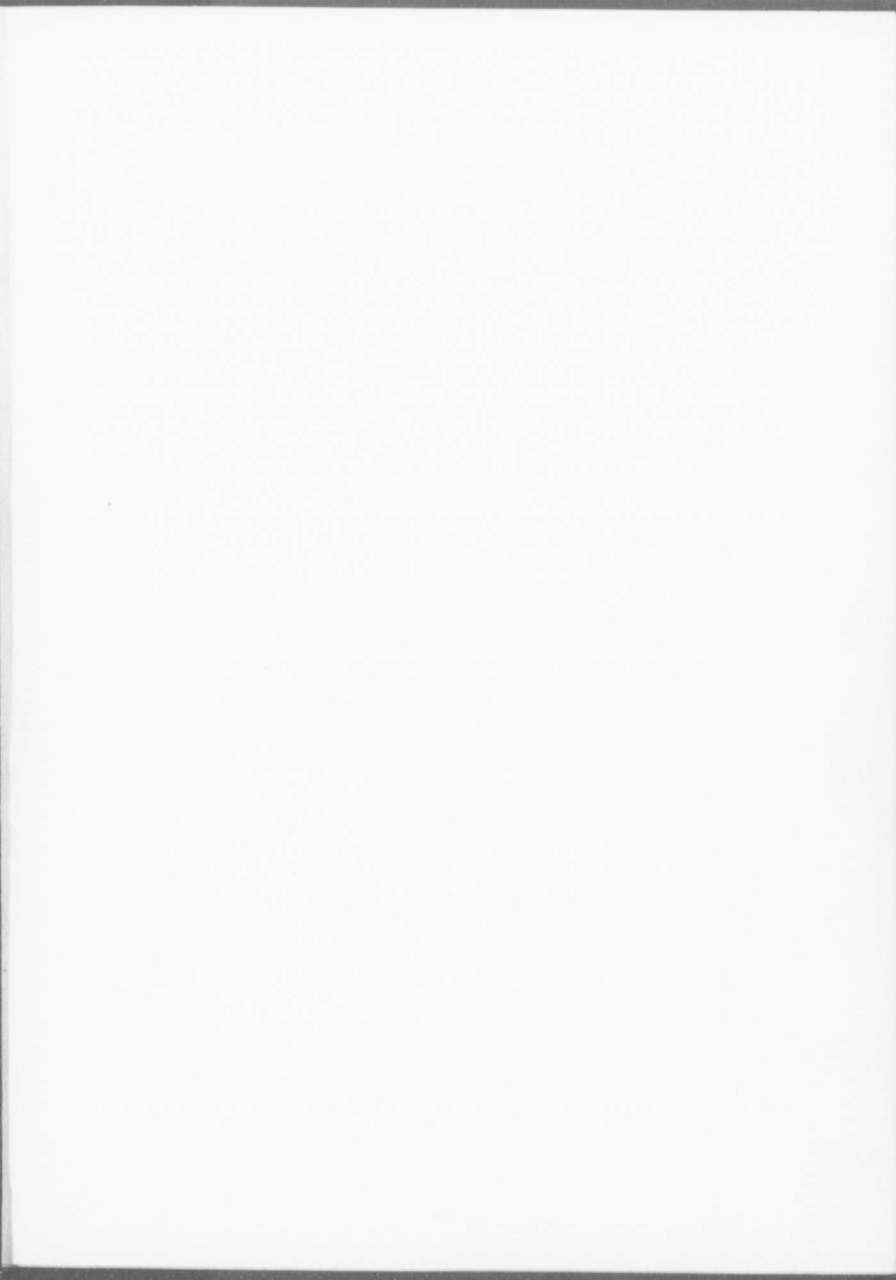


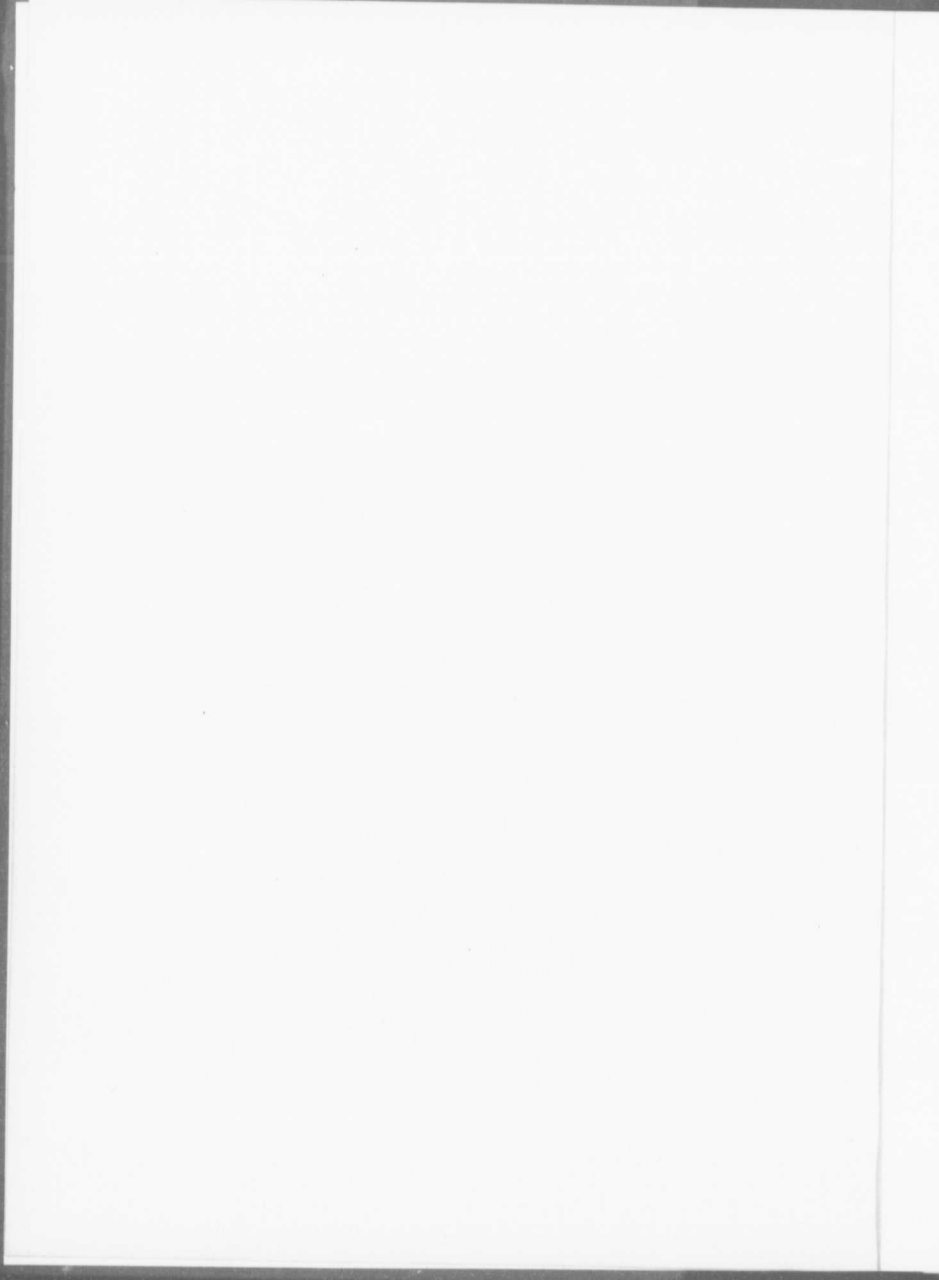
Hinehurst

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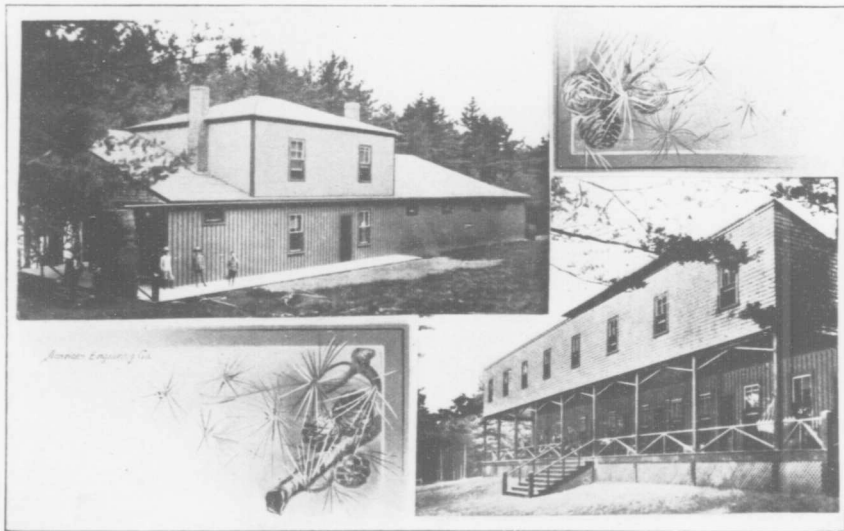
Glimpses of
Nova Scotia
Fairyland &

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P I N E H U R S T



*"Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
 Some boundless contiguity of shade,
 Where rumors of oppression and deceit
 Or successful or unsuccessful war
 Might never reach me more." — Cowper.*

PINEHURST

Pinehurst



Or

Glimpses *of*
Nova Scotia Fairyland

By R. R. McLeod

Photographs

By A. Byron McLeod

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RVMcLery

THE PINE.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

*Let others have the maple trees,
With all their garnered sweets,
Let others choose the mysteries
Of leafy oak retreats.
I'll give to other men the fruit
Of cherry and the vine.
Their claims to all I'll not dispute
If I can have the pine.*

*I love it for its tapering grace,
Its uplift straight and true,
I love it for the fairy lace
It throws against the blue.
I love it for its quiet strength,
Its hints of dreamy rest,
As, stretching forth my weary length,
I lie here as its guest.*

*No Persian rug for priceless fee
Was e'er so richly made
As that the pine had spread for me
To woo me to its shade.
No kindly friend hath ever kept
More faithful vigil by
A tired comrade as he slept
Beneath his watchful eye.*

*But best of all I love it for
Its soft eternal green;
Through all the winter winds that roar
It ever blooms serene,
And strengthens souls oppressed by fears,
By troubles multiform,
To turn, amid the stress of tears,
A smiling face to storm.*



*"Far eastward and westward the sun-colored lands
Smile warm as the light on them smiles ;
And statelier than temples upbuilt with hands,
Tall column by column the sanctuary stands
Of the pine forests' infinite aisles."*

— Swinburne.

PINEHURST



THE CENTRAL REGION OF QUEEN'S County, Nova Scotia, some twenty-four miles from the Atlantic Coast, is the small village of South Brookfield, nestled amid stream and meadows and growths of varied woodlands. It is a locality of many quiet, natural charms, but on the extreme southern border is a fairyland of lakes and stream and groves of pine and growths of old birches and beeches and oaks.

Mr. A. Byron McLeod of Dorchester, Mass., believing that a "thing of beauty is a joy forever," purchased this property three years ago as a restful summer residence and proceeded to build a commodious lodge and make roads and fences, all with an eye to preserving or improving natural beauties, while at the same time preparing for family comforts and conveniences.

The greater portion of Pinehurst, which includes more than one hundred acres, consists of a hill that rises to an unusual height rather gradually from the river and lakes, and all the way upward for the most part is thickly grown with thrifty young pines which are well on the way to become "green-robed senators of the mighty wood." From the summit of this hill one commands a fine view of the outlying region, including two lakes, one to the eastward and the other to the westward, bounding the Pinehurst estate on two sides. They are but comparatively small sheets of water about one mile from shore to shore, but still large enough to invite water-fowl and fish to partake of its pleasures and products. Said Emerson: "Water is the eye of the landscape." In



*"The woods are hushed, the waters rest,
The lake is bright and still
Reflecting on its shadowy breast
Each form of rock and hill"*

—Hemans.

other words, it is to its surroundings what eyes are to the human countenance that seems blank and inexpressive without them. These lakes are often mirrors set in frames of woodlands and meadows, reflecting not only the varied beauties of the shores, but the smiles and frowns of sunny skies and stormy clouds. The wild winds can soon fret these placid waters into white-capped waves that chase each other to the rugged margins where their tempest mimicry is lost amid the rocks and sands.

While these lakes are goodly to look upon and pleasing to invade with oar or paddle, still their greatest value lies in the fact that they are calculated to awaken an interest in their origin and thus set one to thinking along lines that are worth following up, if it be true, as our Scriptures have it, that "There is gold and a multitude of rubies, but the lips of knowledge are a precious jewel." These lakes in point of age are but of yesterday compared with the bedrock of quartzites that crop out along their shores and elsewhere over all the region round about. This rock formation is composed of sands that were chafed from the coast of a land that once occupied this very location, so long ago that there were no living creatures on the land and no fishes in the sea. Fifty million years is a modest estimate of the age of these whin or quartzite and slate ledges which underlie all the surface drift of sand and gravel and loose rocks of the entire Atlantic water-shed of Nova Scotia. The steps by which this conclusion has been reached by geologists are of the most convincing nature and are not difficult to understand.

These lakes occupy shallow basins which were scooped out of this ancient rock-floor by the great glacial ice-cap which during thousands of years held the northern hemisphere in its frigid grasp.

This great Ice Age was due to a gradual lowering of the temperature. The summers became shorter and shorter until the snow of the preceding winter had not melted before another contribution was added. This was repeated during



"Nature cannot be surprised in undress. Beauty breaks out everywhere."

— Emerson.

hundreds of years till all the land was buried in snow to a depth of from one to three thousand feet, which extended from the Arctic regions almost to the Gulf of Mexico. This mass of snow by pressure became solid ice and rested on a slightly inclined surface which slanted toward the sea-level. Under those conditions the glacier did not remain at rest but slowly crept seaward at the rate of a few inches in a day.

This frowning ice-front was pushed far out into the ocean, where its tendency to float broke it up along lines of fracture, and from it drifted icebergs that were carried by deep currents into warmer waters, just as the Greenland glaciers are now shedding all the great fleets of icebergs which become a terror to mariners crossing the Atlantic Ocean.

Under this enormous weight and with this resistless movement the underlying bedrock was more or less, on the surface, crushed into fragments and ground into gravel, sand and clay. Projecting ledges were smoothed, scratched and grooved and in that condition remain to the present time all over the northerly portion of the northern hemisphere.

About ten miles to the northward of Pinehurst the bedrock is all granite, and at that point or region the glaciers seized the broken blocks of granite and carried them southward, many of them to the coast, but for the most part they were dropped along the way, but not as rough, angular blocks, but as rounded and smoothed boulders such as we see them far too plentiful over all this district. They were never rounded and smoothed while in the grasp of the ice that transported them here. Nothing but strong, fast-running water was equal to this work.

During the latter part of this glacial epoch, lasting for centuries, the land was overflowed with water from the melted ice that swept seaward, carrying with it ice cakes, gravel and sand, rolling the granite blocks here and there like pebbles and finally leaving them buried beneath the banks of rock, ruins which are now the hills of this country round about.



*"See the gathered waters madly leaping,
Plunging from the rocks in headlong chase,
Boiling, eddying, whirling, downward sweeping,
All that meets them in their foaming race."*

In Norway, Switzerland and Alaska there are glaciers crawling down from the mountain altitudes, and in the summer one may see, as the lower end is thawed away, what has been done beneath them from which streams are always flowing as the result of heat from the great friction of such an enormous load. Glacier markings and "works" are as readily known to geologists as bear or moose tracks and other signs of their presence are to the best of our hunters.

When at last the floods had subsided to the lower levels the rivers began to form along lines of least resistance, and finally, some twenty thousand years ago, commenced to run in nearly the same channels where we find them to-day in all the northern parts of America, Europe and Asia.

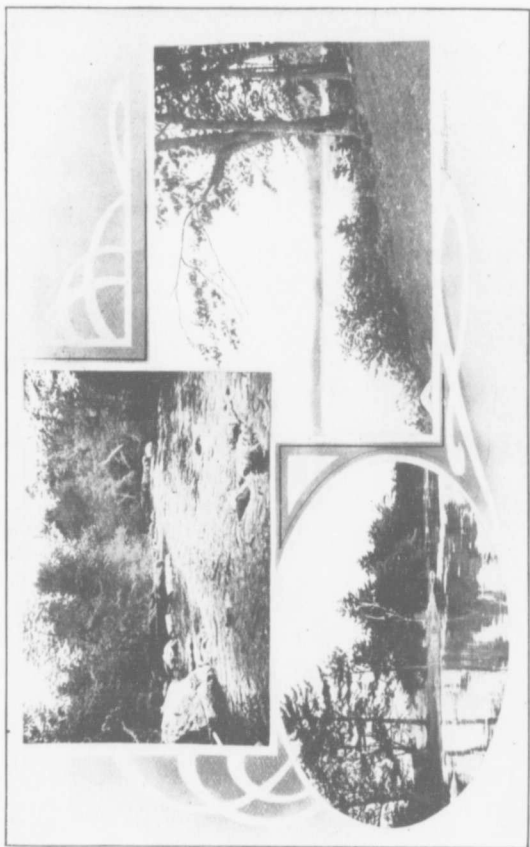
Where the river courses were in Nova Scotia before this deluge of ice is not known.

As the summit of the hills appeared above the glacial waters they were naked and lifeless, mere heaps of gravel, rock, sand and clay, but on the wings of the wind came spores of lichens and mosses that could find suitable lodgment on the rocks for starting colonies, and later the winged seeds were dropped on the ground and managed to get a slender chance for growth.

To the southward, where the ice first began to yield to the sun, plants were of course first to take possession of the land. Insects, birds and beasts struggled and strayed into this north country wherever it was free from the glacial imprisonment. Not until there were seed-bearing trees, shrubs and insect life to feed upon vegetation, could most of our birds find food enough to maintain life. The south land beyond the reach of ice is their old home, and for the most part they get homesick enough to return there as the signs of winter increase.

I have told this story of long ago in briefest outline to add a bit of instructive interest to Pinehurst.

If it falls under the eye of some persons who take no interest in such a matter, then let them pass over it with the understanding that it was not intended for them.



The wild creatures of this region have not been curious about the surrounding lakes and hills and streams, and the rule is that men who have been as familiar with these aspects of nature have but rarely taken the slightest interest in these natural features that might well have provoked curiosity to the point of investigation.

So long as we were taught that this world and all it contains or ever did contain was created in six days, some five thousand years ago, there was some excuse for not prying into the beginning of things.

If a granite boulder routed out of its bed was noticed to be smooth on the under side and rough on the portion exposed to the air we were expected to believe that the Creator made it in that way at the beginning of things.

If one noticed that the granite boulder was no part of the formation where it lay, it was not expected that we would look elsewhere for its parent ledge, because the Creator could easily make it there as elsewhere. The theologians had clapped a gag on our curiosity and smothered intellectual investigation in this direction, with the result that the history of this earth was not begun to be studied and known until within the last seventy-five years. After a fierce struggle science has won the day, and this planet on which we live is thrown open to investigation with all it contains or ever did contain. We have learned at last that it is not good to know so many things that are not so. There was only need to open our eyes and use our brains to find that God Himself had written the wonderful history of this world on uplifted rock-strata, on mountain ranges, on desert sands and fertile plains; that He is still working on this unfinished corner of an infinite creation, where millions of suns are blazing in every evening sky.

A bear, for instance, uses all his intelligence in order to procure a living, but when a man has done no more, he has left unused certain faculties or abilities of the highest order that distinguish him as the lord of the animal world.

*"In listening mood she seemed to stand,
The guardian Naiad of the strand."*



Says Lord Bacon: "Wonder is the seed of knowledge," and he who discourages wonderment and paralyzes curiosity by depriving them of proper exercise has dealt a fatal wound to the noblest of human endowments.

One has no need to stray far from our rural homes in order to "Consider the lilies, how they grow," to lift up his eyes to the hills to learn how they were fashioned or to find "sermons in stones," "books in running brooks," or to question the birds of their wonderful migrations.

We will now return to the two lakes which belong to a chain of them that begins with Ponhook Lake, six miles long, on the Medway River, with the Cameron Lake which bounds the Pinehurst property on the eastward. Ponhook is a beautiful sheet of water studded with wooded islands and bordered by the forest.

At its outlet, in the village of Greenfield, are salmon and trout fisheries that are among the best in the Province.

Westward from Pinehurst there are ten lakes in a series, joined by short runs which afford excellent trout fishing.

These small lakes extend to within a canoe-carry of the waters of the Mersey, or Liverpool River, and the entire distance is through an unsettled, uncleared country where moose, bears, wildcats and foxes remain in possession. On the lake shores there are otters, and minks and muskrats, but only a remnant of the thousands that flourished there before the first red man paddled his canoe into these peaceful waters.

I am curious to know more of this man who

*"Was the first that ever burst
Into this silent sea."*

Beyond question he was a

*"Rugged type of primal man
Grim utilitarian,
Loving woods for hunt and fowl,
Lakes and hills for fish and fowl."*



I would like to know the date of his coming, but the secret will be well kept from all the world. Most likely it was several thousand years ago.

The first white men who communicated with the natives here about three hundred years ago found that they had named all the harbors, rivers and lakes, and other natural features of the peninsula of Nova Scotia.

They were well acquainted with all the resources that had any interest for them, but had no tradition of their coming that had the least historical value.

Very likely they took no interest in such a matter and were content to think that their ancestors were created at the same time with the moose and bears they hunted.

Beyond much question their far distant forefathers were of Asiatic origin, for the mark of those Orientals is still stamped on the features of the red man. With his coming the wild animals met their most dangerous enemies.

They were outwitted by this beast on two legs that shot arrows, threw stones, set snares and dead-falls. For such warfare they were no match, and men took them at will for food and clothing.

However, let it be said that the Indians did not wantonly and wastefully kill the wild creatures about them, and until French traders made a demand for the furs of otter and beaver, the ranks of these animals were not greatly thinned.

White men with traps and guns have made great havoc among them and unless some very stringent means of protection are brought to bear on their safety, there will not be a living specimen of otter, beaver or mink fifty years from this date.

Already the beavers are reduced to a few small colonies here and there.

Sables were once fairly plentiful, but they have disappeared altogether from this province so far as I can learn.

Several species of wild ducks frequent these lakes, but the black duck is most desirable for the sportsman and there the most common.



*"A temple whose transepts are measured by miles,
Whose chancel has morning for priest,
Whose floor work the foot of no spoiler defiles,
Whose musical silence no music beguiles,
No festival limits its feast."*

— Swinburne, "Palace of Pan."

In the matter of small game in and around Pinehurst, there are, in plenty, hares, ruffed grouse and woodcock. Within two or three miles of the lodge moose are quite frequently killed, especially in the "calling" season.

In this bit of go-as-you-please description we will turn aside a little from beasts and birds to a glimpse of humanity that may rightfully claim a notice here.

Pinehurst is a portion of a farm that once belonged to John Cameron, the maternal great-grandfather of the present owner. He was the son of an Highland Scotch officer in a British regiment, but unlike his father he fought his battles on these hillsides with the primeval forests, the granite boulders and the stingy soil, yet managing to rear a numerous family in comparative comfort and almost reached the century mark of age, while his wife, Hannah Hayden, overran that far-set boundary of human existence.

They were true yokefellows and loyal comrades from youth to old age. I can still seem to see them crowned with the snows of many winters, haunting the old orchard and hilltop where stood the farmhouse with hospitable doors and glowing hearthstone.

Their final summons, so long delayed, came about forty years ago, and their nine children, whom they cradled and reared on this rugged wood-girth farm, have all passed on with that "innumerable caravan which moves to that mysterious realm where each shall take his chamber in the silent halls of death."

With but few exceptions these pine trees that are now growing by many thousands on Pinehurst are a second growth on land that was once cleared of the forest and from it harvested crops of grain and grass and then pastured till the neighboring pines here and there sowed it thick with their winged and wind-blown seeds, which were shaken from the cones that clustered thick about the tips of swaying branches.

But for this delicate membranous wing the seeds would



JOHN AND HANNAH CAMERON

drop to the ground and there, in the shade of the parent tree, either fail to germinate or begin life only to dwindle and die for lack of light.

They are not likely to escape from the cones except when the winds toss and shake the long limbs, when they are sure to be carried to other localities where the prospects of sprouting and growth for many of them will be more favorable than under the shade and shadow of their own tree.

It may be asked why such a desirable plan is not more commonly used.

It seems that every species of plants or animals has at length hit upon modes of living and perpetuating their kind that at length become fixed habits, which are inherited from generation to generation, and these we call instincts in animals, as if that word offers any explanation for their actions.

The short cut and the lazy one is to say that God made, for instance, the pine-squirrels with an instinct to cut the pine cones before the seeds are ripe and hide them in damp places for winter use. The fact is that these squirrels have been during millions of years, in the making, for the time was when their ancestors neither looked nor acted much like these pretty red squirrels of to-day.

Their history is to be read from the fossil records of the rocks and nowhere else. This instinct was not a direct revelation from their Creator, but it was a practice with small beginnings, with a few individuals, that proved to be beneficial and grew into a general habit and became natural to all this species of squirrel. They do not reason about the matter at all; they do not say to themselves: "Now the cold winter is not far away and food will be scarce and unless we bestir ourselves death by starvation will be our portion, and now the seeds in the green pine cones are full of rich juice and will be good food in the winter, but if we leave them much longer they will be lost to us, for the scales that cover them will dry and curl up and the winds will scatter the seeds far and near where not one out of a hundred will be found for



*"The spirit made one with the spirit whose breath
Makes noon in the woodland sublime,
Abides as entranced in a presence that saith
Things loftier than life, serenest than death,
Triumphant and silent as time."*

— Swinburne.

our use." The sight of these cones at the proper time sets in motion the bodily machinery that secures them.

This explanation is more reasonable and easy of belief than to say that the first individuals of the species were instructed by their Creator just what to do with these cones and when to gather them, and this instruction has been bred in each individual of this species ever since.

It is hard enough to grapple with my explanation, that a habit can be so long practised that it is finally wrought into the bodily organism and transmitted by inheritance to a distant posterity, but to hold that a revelation from the Maker of men and squirrels, imparted millions of years ago to this species, has remained up to this time is too wrenching on the very roots of reason for acceptance by intelligent and thoughtful persons.

If I have not offered the right solution of this problem, we may console ourselves with the reflection that one had better think to wrong conclusion than not to think at all.

At any rate there are plenty of these squirrels at Pinehurst and one might be worse employed than in observation of their habits and instincts.

Their distant cousin, the striped squirrel, is also an inhabitant of this domain, but he has no habit of getting his nose smeared with turpentine from green cones. He, too, has it in him to make preparation for the lean months when food will be scarce ; more than that, he has the happy faculty of going to sleep during several weeks of the severest winter weather in a snug bed made for himself at the end of a burrow that he provided in good season for future use.

He also lays away in the fall a store of nuts in this burrow, to be eaten as seems good, until the boon of sleep falls upon him and he commits himself for safe keeping to that Providence that heeds sparrows and squirrels. He awakens early in the spring, as soon as there are patches of bare ground, and searches the dry leaves for nuts and seeds, amusing himself betimes by sitting on the top of a rock or other outlook and clucking like a "setting hen."



*"Ridged pillars that redden aloft and aloof,
With never a branch for a nest,
Sustain the sublime indivisible roof,
To the storm and the sun in his majesty proof
And awful as waters at rest."*

— Swinburne, "Palace of Pan."

This striped species is nearly related to the gophers of the western portions of this continent. Like them they can carry a good supply of food in the cheeks, some of the gophers have outside pockets on the cheeks for this purpose.

I was not quite done with seeds and their wings when the squirrel problem came up to tempt me from a further word. Many other trees and plants have winged seeds—birches and maples, thistles and dandelions and milkweeds, for instance. Nature is fertile in plans; there is no end to her ingenuity.

Nuts are seeds with a budget of infant food boxed up against the day of need in a hard shell for safe keeping. Nut-bearing trees have but few seeds compared with those that depend on the wind to scatter them.

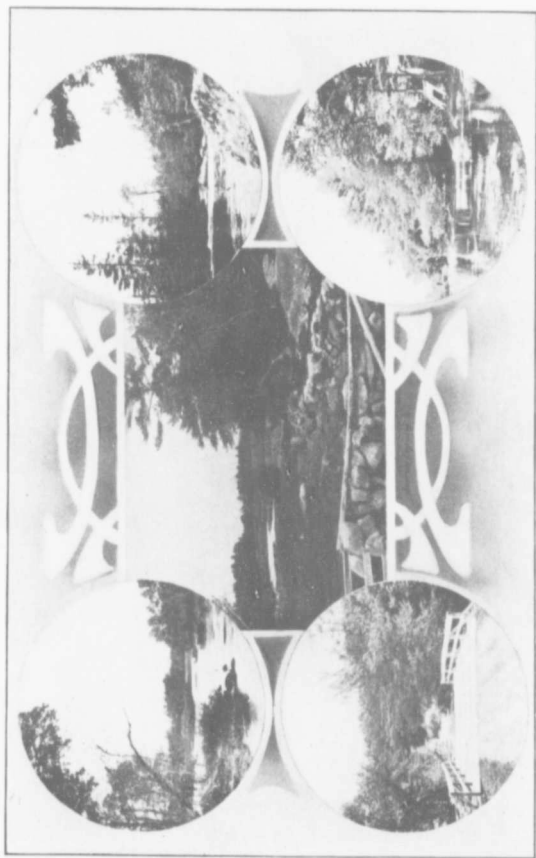
The chances of growth from an acorn are greater than from a pine seed, that is the sport of the fickle winds. As the falling nuts rebound from the branches, in their fall many of them are scattered away from the roots of the parent tree. Then again birds and squirrels are good helpers in planting these nuts.

Blue jays drive their bills into the soft ends of them and then on slight alarm fly away, and in their flight the prize is often lost among the leaves where it is well placed for future growth.

Squirrels carry them quite long distances, and bury them, one by one, under a cover of shallow leaf-mold, where in due time they are almost sure to sprout and grow to more or less dimensions, according to light and soil.

I am not thinking that jays and squirrels are intentional helpers of the oaks, nor do I believe that the meat in the nuts was designed by the trees for their benefit, but all things work together for good, whether they know enough to "love the Lord" or not. "His tender mercies are over all his works" is something good to believe, because to believe to the contrary casts a dark cloud over all creation.

In the vicinity of Pinehurst and within its goodly bounds



are blackberries, blueberries, raspberries, strawberries, checkerberries, partridge berries, bunchberries, cranberries, wild pears or service-berries, wild cherries and some other less conspicuous species.

It is the nature of mankind to assume that all the good things to eat were made for his special benefit, but I wish to say here, that these and all other berries were not made for his benefit. If only human beings ate these berries there would be an end to them all before many years passed away.

As we all know, the berry is but a covering of pulp around a group of seeds, or one seed in some cases, as the cherry, for instance. This sweet pulp is not like the meat of nuts, a food supply for the young plant, but a tempting morsel for birds that they may eat it, seed and all, and carry it away until it becomes scattered far and wide over the region. Had there been no birds there would have been no berries.

The display of berry-colors is for the eye of these feathered friends in order to attract their attention. When we charge the birds with stealing our berries we should remember that we are open to a like charge from them, when we invade the wild berry patches and carry away their natural supply of food.

I am not thinking that there was any plan on the part of the bushes and trees to invite the birds to help distribute their seeds, but it turned out in the nature of things that some hitherto naked seeds here and there developed a thin layer of pulp, and these were discovered by hungry birds, and thus the seeds were sown in more favorable localities and brought forth after their kind; this pulp was a slight advantage in the struggle of life and in the long run only the berry kind survives.

If one does not like this explanation perhaps he will tell us how it came about, for when the great coal-making periods closed, about ten million years ago, there was not, and never had been, a flower or berry of any kind in the world.

This is the "testimony of the rocks," and because one



"We may say of angling as Doctor Butler said of strawberries, 'doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did,' and so, if I might be judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling."

— Walton.

has never taken an interest to learn so much is no reason why it is not truth all the same. There were no flowers till there were insects to visit them. They are the signals to inform the bees and butterflies of the nectar hidden away for their benefit, and they are expected to return the compliment by distributing the pollen on other blossoms of the same species, and thus better the breed of the plants by cross-fertilization.

All our night-feeding butterflies are called moths ; and let it be observed that they are never red or blue or purple or yellow, but of some dull shade of drabs, rich browns and creamy tints. Night-blooming flowers that are visited by moths are not of brilliant colors but mostly white or yellowish, thus making them visible in the darkness.

Think these facts over and see if the brilliant flowers did not largely have the making of the bright butterflies that were safer from bird enemies the nearer they looked like the flowers they visited.

The oldest orchard within this North District of Queen's County is within the bounds of Pinehurst. It must be nearly if not one hundred years old. The trees are large and long, unpruned and otherwise neglected, present a forlorn appearance crowded into an area too small for their demands. They are as plainly friendless as a lost dog. Among them is a tree that bears sweet fruit, and this is the only one from which the apples are in demand, although the others are far from barren. Porcupines, that are by no means rare at Pinehurst, are fond of sweet apples and know when and where to look for them in this deserted "Porter orchard," as it has always been called.

The story about it is that Porter, who had been soured by a love affair, left the vicinity of Yarmouth County and came here in the woods, where there were no girls to trouble him, and began to get together some of the necessities of life, as he had not made up his mind to quit living. Here he lived, or rather stayed, a few years in hermit fashion and then disappeared to parts unknown by the few neighbors that he



*"Yet Nature's charms, the hill and wood
The sweeping vales and foaming flood,
Are free alike to all!"*

— Burns.

had. Perhaps if he were here he would give the lie to most of this tale, but this is the way it came to me in one way and another.

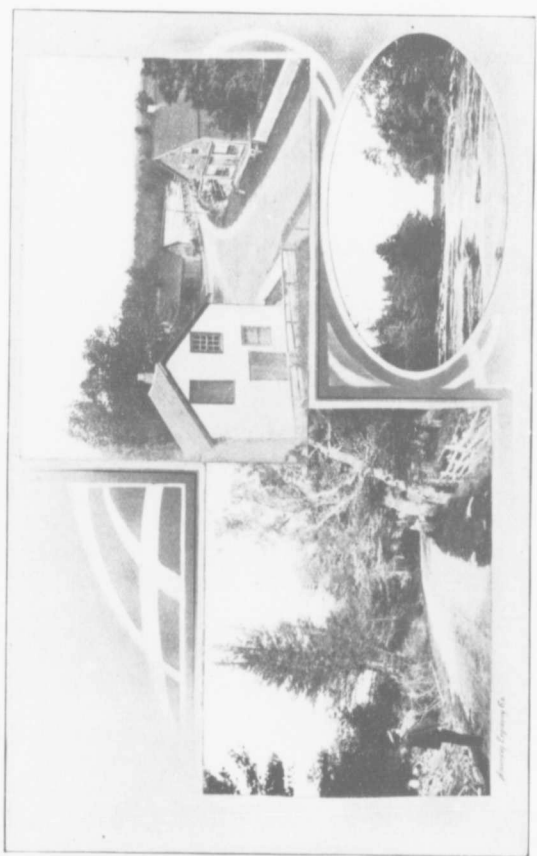
My mother, in her advanced age, told me that when she came first into this wild country, before there was a wagon-road, when she was seven years of age, she travelled on horseback, riding on the same horse with her father, and when they reached the Porter place, they dismounted and her father had a long chat with Mr. Porter, who was, like himself, a retired sea captain. More than this she did not remember about this unhappy man, whose old orchard is the last link that connects him with this region. His name does not appear among those who had grants of wild lands from the Government.

He seems to have been a squatter, but let us deal gently with his memory, for however far he failed there was merit in setting an orchard that has borne fruit nearly one hundred years, and for a long time they were eaten and appreciated by men as well as porcupines. Very likely he had hopes of seeing his trees come to blossom and bearing. He was doubtless one of the host of the unsuccessful who are wont to say

*" We are the toilers from whom God barred
The gifts that are good to hold;
We meant full well and we tried full hard,
And our failures were manifold."*

There are at Pinehurst not only game birds for the man behind the gun but interesting species for the observation and study of the "bloodless sportsmen," who, after all, get more pleasure from their innocent pastime than he who carries home a bag of bloody feathers and mangled meat to furnish delicacies that he might well leave untouched. It is a wholesome creed to believe that

*" The woods were made for the hunters of dreams,
The brooks for the fishers of song;
To the hunter who hunts for bloodless game
The streams and the woods belong."*



One will not be long at Pinehurst before the loons on the lake will make known their presence by harsh cries of "*hu-hu-hu*," or their weird long-drawn "*oo*" across the dark waters, like watchmen crying "What of the night" to one another, as if they needed assurance that all is well, when sight and sound have failed to tell them. These largest of our birds are unable to walk. They can only manage to stand up erect by the aid of their stiff short tails, that act as a third leg for a tripod. They are among the most expert of feathered swimmers and divers. They are strictest of specialists, making it the business of life to capture living fish that are pursued under water and seized and swallowed in spite of all efforts to escape. Doubtless there was a time very long ago when this group of birds, represented by ancestors that did not closely resemble them, were able to walk as well as swim, but the swiftest swimmers were best able to secure a living, and therefore survived when others failed to live.

They had but little occasion to visit the land but great inducements to confine themselves to the water where food could be obtained. The better the legs and feet were adapted to swimming the more awkward they were for walking. They became by very slow degrees more muscular, closer hugged to the body, and further set behind. All these changes were advantageous in swimming. Loons certainly were not created in that way at the beginning of their existence, for the earliest known birds are the remains of two individuals, whose fossil skeletons were discovered in a Bavarian quarry of lithographic stone. This species had lizards' teeth set in sockets, lizards' claws on the bend of the wing, lizards' backbone and tail. They must have lived about five or six million years ago, and were as much reptile as birds, but the feathers were imprinted on the stone that once had been mud, and this makes it sure they were birds of reptilian ancestry.

From such creatures all birds have been derived. They are "glorified reptiles," and like all other species the loons have



*"I care not how men trace their ancestry
To ape or Adam, let them please their whims
But I in June am minding to believe
A tree among my far progenitors
Such sympathy is mine with all the race."*

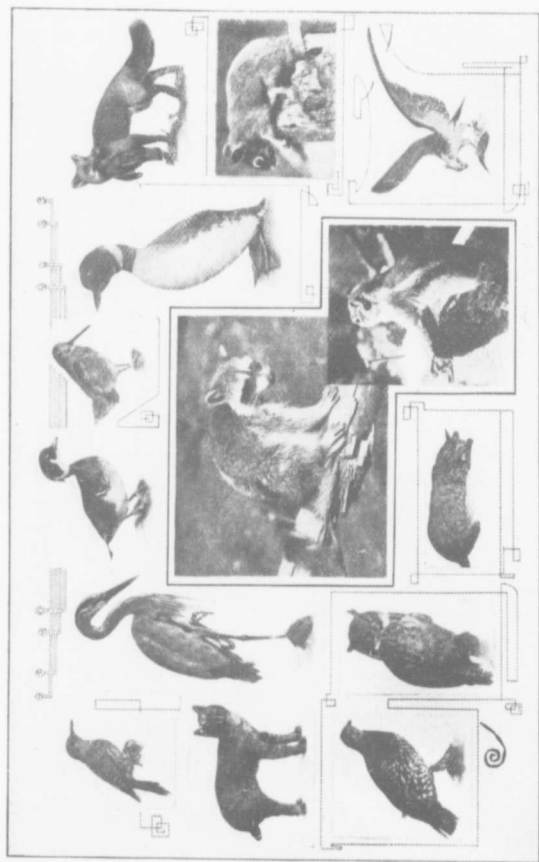
—Lowell.

been a long time in the making. Once on the wing they are swift flyers, but they require unobstructed distance in order to gain momentum and height. This is due to the shortness of their wings, that are a compromise, being adapted to flying under the water as well as in the air. If they were longer, no use could be made of them as swimmers, and if they were shorter all flying would be at an end.

Dr. Eliot Coues, the noted authority on birds, tells us in his "Birds of the Northwest," that he frequently saw the loons from the deck of an anchored vessel in Southern California waters, using their half-open wings under water till they seemed to almost do as much flying as swimming.

The large penguins of the far southern seas use their narrow paddle-like wings for swimming altogether and only steer with their feet. They do not flap the wings both at the same time, but use them in alternate, rapid strokes, making great headway. The wings have proved of more service to them as paddles than they were for flight, and neither penguins nor people are supposed to get something for nothing, so the price charged up to these birds is the inability to fly a single rod. We can hardly believe that it was always thus with them, for the wing is so manifestly an organ for the air that nothing short of great modifications could fit it for a very different service. They visit the land only in the breeding season, and, like the loons, deposit their eggs very near the water so that the young can stumble into it as soon as out of the shells.

The great auk that was once abundant along our shores, and extending to Newfoundland and Greenland, was the northern equivalent, so to speak, of the southern penguin. The last of them disappeared about a century ago, and their utter destruction is due to human cruelty and greed. Their eggs were eaten by fishermen, and the helpless birds, unable to fly, were killed by them for the fun of killing. All that remains of them are to be found in three or four museums in the shape of imperfect skins and skeletons and the shells of a few eggs.



Our interesting loons are in danger from so many repeating rifles and shotguns in the hands of persons who have a mania for killing almost every wild beast or bird that crosses their paths. A dead loon is not very interesting, but alive and well is good to see and hear and harmless to all human interests.

The flesh of loons is tough and strong of flavor and therefore they are no proper mark for pot-hunters, but the temptation to see if they can be hit before diving at the flash of the gun has been the death of many of them. Aside from a gun, I am not sure of other enemies. It may well be said that otters capture them from beneath, but in that event there would be a lively scuffle before the battle was fought to a finish, for both are strong, hardy and armed for a fight. That loons are not more common seems to indicate some dangerous enemy besides man, who often fails to kill when he makes the attempt.

The osprey, or fish hawk, is another large bird that is no stranger to these lakes. He can be as noisy as a parrot if it suits his inclination, but it is far from a continuous performance with him. He is as strictly a fish eater as the loon, but a far more expert and picturesque fisherman. He cannot swim but is not in the least afraid of the water. From a lofty altitude he examines the lake beneath with his telescopic eyes till the desired victim is located and then he falls like a bullet headlong into the water, taking care to be directly over the fish before the start. He goes all under and there accomplishes the marvellous feat of capturing a live fish in his claws amid all the turmoil of water and in spite of the stunning blow of the fall that might well have made him forget what he came for. Once to the surface again he starts for a friendly tree or to his great brush heap of a nest perched on some old dead pinetop where the young may be fed or he may enjoy the morsel all to himself. Here in this bird is a marvellous adaptation of the eyes to the fishing habit. In order to get sufficient momentum to reach the prey under



*"September, all glorious with gold as a king
In the radiance of triumph attired,
Outlightening the summer, outsweetening the spring,
Broods wide on the woodlands with limitless wing,
A presence of all men desired."*

— Swinburne, "Palace of Pan."

water there must be a lofty height for a start, in fact, so lofty, that under favorable conditions one may hear the splash of the fall almost a half mile away. Indeed, it is a magnificent performance that seems to imply spectators, and I feel like audibly applauding my *well done* on these occasions for such an exhibition of strength, skill, pluck and intelligence.

This bird is a true hawk, and almost as a matter of course his ancestors, during thousands of years, procured their food as other members of the group still do. In the ceaseless struggle for food some individuals, on sight of fish near the surface, managed to seize them as they flew over. Habits are easily formed, especially if they are calculated to improve the condition of wild creatures. Such helpful means of piecing out the larder was improved upon and the best fishers survived when others failed for lack of food. Their habits did not die with them but lived in their offspring. At first the soles of the feet were too smooth to hold securely a struggling, slippery fish and many must have been lost from the grip of the feet. No feet were exactly alike on any two of them and those that had the roughest soles fared the best. The roughest were naturally selected, till now we see such a foot as no other hawk possesses. It is armed with hundreds of horny spicules that make all attempts to get clear almost hopeless.

*"The sailing osprey high is seen to soar
With broad winnowing wings and circling slow,
Marks each loose straggler in the deep below,
Swoops down like lightning, plunges with a roar,
And bears his struggling victim to the shore."*

Two species of large sea-gulls are to be seen about these lakes. They are the Herring Gull and the great Coffin-Carrion, LARUS MARINUS. While the flesh of these birds is far from desirable as a table delicacy, they are none the less a beautiful and desirable adjunct to a country lodge. The sight of these feathered beauties, well on the wing, is itself calculated to move the best part of human nature in



A. Byron M. Lord

*"So, away for the hunt in the fern-scented wood,
Till the going down of the sun,
There is plenty of game still left in the woods
For the hunter who has no gun.
So away for the fish by the moss-bordered brook
That flows through the velvety sod,
There are plenty of fish still left in the streams
For the angler who has no rod."*

deep places. Note this bit of verse that a young Irish poet could not help writing when his spirit was stirred within him by observation of these birds :

*" White bird of the tempest, O beautiful thing,
With the bosom of snow and the motionless wing,
Now sweeping the billows, now floating on high,
Now bathing thy plumes in the light of the sky,
Now poising o'er ocean thy delicate form,
Now breasting the surge with thy bosom so warm,
Now darting aloft with heavenly scorn,
Now shooting along like a ray of the morn,
Now lost in the folds of the cloud-curtained dome,
Now floating above like the flake of the foam,
Now silently poised o'er the war of the main,
Like the spirit of Charity brooding o'er pain ;
Now gliding with pinions all silently furled,
Like an angel descending to comfort the world ;
Now lost in the storm-driven vapors that fly,
Like hosts that are routed across the broad sky ;
Like a pure spirit true to its virtue and faith,
'Mid the tempests of nature, of passion and death."*

The real kingfisher is the Fish-hawk, but a much less bold and skillful fisherman bears the name over a large portion of the world. We have but one species and he is common and well-known as the "Kingfisher." They are entirely fish-eaters among us, but Mr. Wallace says he found them in Java, quite far away from streams, and no longer practising the habit of their ancestors, but catching insects and worms for food. Necessity not only makes strange bedfellows but begets strange habits. Our kingfisher does not attempt to grapple with anything that may not be called small fry. These are taken by a sudden plunge from no great height, seizing his prey with the bill, and then flying to a convenient limb to transfer it to his hand-like foot, from which it may be eaten at leisure.

The scientific or systematic name of this bird is "Ceryle alcyon," and a pretty myth was woven about him by the old Greeks, who lived in an imaginary world to a large extent.



*" Oh when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I mock at the pride of Greece and Rome,
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the love and pride of man,
At the sophists' schools and the learned clan,
For what are they all in their wise conceit
When man in the bush with God may meet ?"*

They had it, with a deep meaning, that Halcyon was a daughter of Æolus; her husband was drowned in the Ægean Sea, and as she wandered on the shore she saw his dead body in the distance. The gods in compassionate mood changed her into a kingfisher and her husband was made happy in the same way. Halcyon signifies brooding on the sea, and it was said that kingfishers made floating nests on the sea, and during fourteen days, while the eggs were hatching, the winds were hushed, and these were called Halcyon days.

The older English poets often allude to this myth; thus Dryden writes:

*"The halcyon whom the sea obeys
When she her nest upon the water lays."*

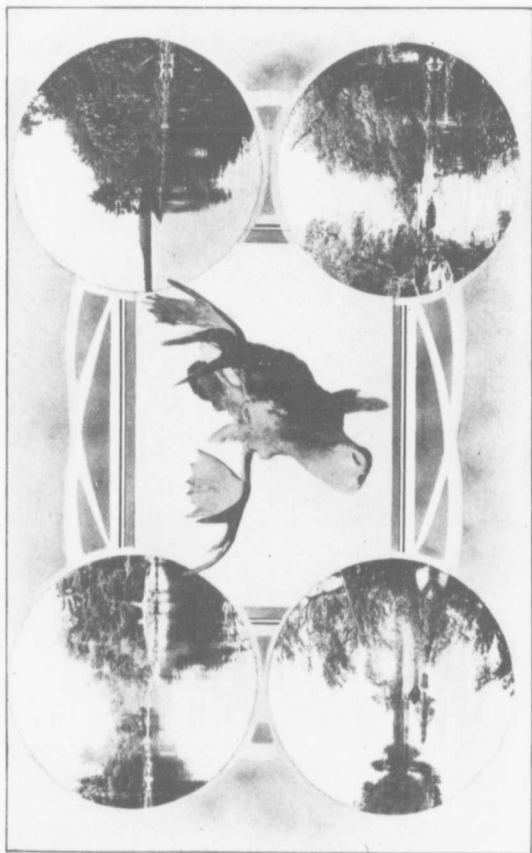
Dryden has it thus:

*"Amidst our arms as quiet you shall be
As halcyon brooding on a winter sea."*

So far is the kingfisher from nesting on the charmed sea that she and her mate dig a long tunnel in a sand bank and place the nest at the far end of it where they are safer than in most other places.

In these lakes there is good fishing for white perch, as they are called; but in very truth they belong to the bass group of fishes. They take a hook with great eagerness and are by no means willing to leave the water. When you get one, there are generally more on hand to test the quality of your bait, and sometimes take a fly. They have fairly won the reputation of being an excellent pan-fish.

The yellow perch is to be caught at the foot of a run, and they are not to be despised when served up in proper style. They do not appeal to a sportsman who is eager for the day of big things, but many a lad has had a better time



catching a yellow perch with his pin hook and alder pole under an old dam than the gamest disciple of Isaac Walton ever placed to his credit. These fish are endeared to the hearts of country boys who have found them accommodating about taking a hook of any kind and coming along, great and small, till the roll-call of the whole school was called, thus enabling them to go home with a fine large string of fish instead of sneaking back with a long excuse for lack of good luck.

If any sojourner at Pinehurst is hankering for eels he can be cured without much effort, for there is a plentiful supply of them in the waters there. They may be taken with hook, one by one, or trapped in eel-pots in the autumn, when they are moving down the stream.

Very near the lodge the upper lake forms a small sandy cove quite convenient for bathing purposes, for those who are not very fastidious about such localities. One need not wade far out there on the sand before finding half buried in the bottom the common fresh water mussel or clam that is common over a large portion of North America. I never learned that they were desirable for chowders, like their salt water cousins, but no doubt they would taste well to one sufficiently hungry. Very likely a discoverer of these things will, after a hasty glance, throw them far out into the water or drop them as of no further interest. Before disposing of them thus, suppose you take a second look with me for a moment. Until you disturbed the creature, it lay edgewise in the sand or mud with the thin end upwards, the head end down, and the half-opened shells, or valves, as they are called, were closed in self-defense, and never would have been grown in the world had there been no enemies to dread.

This humble animal has nerves, stomach, intestines, liver, lungs, ovaries, mouth, and other organs besides. One of these is a fleshy foot that can be pushed out of the front end of the shells, and with this buried in the bottom and properly operated the creature can move along slowly from place to place. In the foot there is an ear, only to be found



*"Mute worship, too fervent for praise or for prayer
Possesses the spirit with peace,
Fulfilled with the breath of the luminous air,
The fragrance, the silence, the shadows as fair
As the rays that recede or increase."*

— Swinburne.

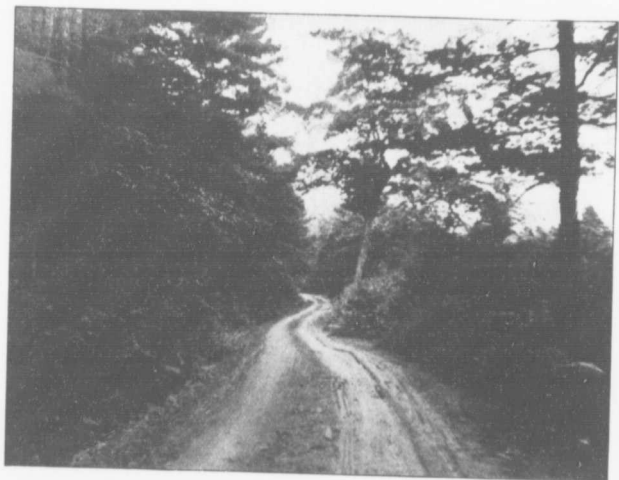
with the aid of a microscope in skillful hands. From the other end of the shell, when partly open, there is pushed out a double-barrelled tube with fine hair-like strainer at the top; water enters one barrel and goes out the other and midway contributes to the stomach all there was of nourishment. Eggs are formed in the ovaries and discharged from the body cavity and are fertilized by the product of the males shed abroad in the water at the proper time. This is a very meagre mention of an interesting creature that I had not thought to give a place here at all, but it seemed like despising small things for mean reasons that I could not well defend. Valuable pearls have been found in these clams.

I have not thus far dwelt on the natural beauties of this woodland gem. The many attractive views that accompany the reading matter will speak for the entire locality. Each person who looks over these pictures will perceive the aspects of beauty in proportion to his or her ability to recognize and appreciate such subtle appeals to human sense and sentiment. "If we meet no gods it is because we harbor none."

The illustrations are all that photographic art can do, with engravers' skillful aid, to represent in black and white the varied charms of the locality. They vividly suggest the pleasures of the "pathless woods" and lack only the enchantment of reality. It is surely by no accident or mere whim that trees and groves are interwoven with sacred myths and legends and religious rites.

The poet Bryant has truly and eloquently set this forth in his Forest Hymn, of which here are the opening lines :

*"The groves were God's first temples. 'Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them, — 'ere He framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems : in the darling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication."*



*"Sleeps in murmuring solitude
The worn old road that threads the wood."*

Bryant often returns to this theme of the wild side of Nature. He was a modern Druid, "born out of due season," and fitted well in spirit and aspect into the groups of Celtic priests that once flourished long ago in the forests of France and Britain. Listen to another word from him on this theme :

*" There is a spirit in these quiet woods,
With what a tender and impassioned voice
It fills the nice and delicate ear of thought,
Hence gifted bards
Have ever loved the calm and quiet shades :
For them there was an eloquent voice in all
The sylvan pomp of woods."*

John Burroughs is the present High Priest of Nature in the literary world of America. Here is a late utterance from this "old man eloquent" :

" I like to think of this old weather-beaten globe as the mother of us all, and that man with all his highest dreams and aspirations, his arts, his Bibles, his religions, his literatures, his philosophies, — all lay folded in the fiery mist out of which our planet was evolved."

We have in literature what are termed sacred and profane history. To me this seems an artificial and false division where there is no natural cleavage line to start with, for the entire history of mankind is sacred ; it is the evolution of a spiritual thing. It is only consistent to call all the sciences sacred, but the claim comes with peculiar force when it deals with the history of this earth and the creations that inhabit it, and it is but a proper tribute of mankind to love and study and reverence this marvellous monument of divine skill that besets us on every hand. Like the lame man of Scripture, we are every day lain at the "Gate Beautiful," and live in a wonderland of marvels, and yet most Christians pass away in the hope of feasting their spirit eyes on heavenly glories and listening with ravished ears to celestial music from angel choirs. I have the most serious doubts about the fulfillment of such expectations unless this world has furnished a quali-



*"Man's hand hath not measured the height of them ; thought
May measure not, axes may not know ;
In its shadow the woofs of the woodlands are wrought ;
As a bird is the sun in the toils of them caught,
And the flakes of it scattered as snow."*

— Swinburne, "Palace of Pan."

fying experience in the appreciation of divine entertainments.

I confess to a hearty approval of dear old Charles Lamb when he says: "I am in love with this green earth, the face of town and country, the unspeakable rural solitudes. I would set up my tabernacle here. I am content to stand still at the age to which I am arrived. I do not want to be weaned by age and drop like mellow fruit into the grave. I am not content to pass away 'like a weaver's shuttle.' I care not to be carried with the tide that smoothly bears human life to eternity. Sun and sky and breeze and solitary walks in summer holidays, — do these go out with life?"

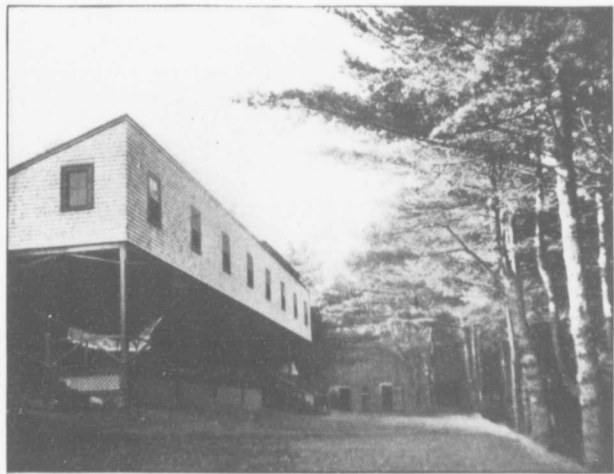
This homesickness for Mother Earth is a proper tribute of appreciation for blessings and beauties long provided for human enjoyment. I greatly like the verses of Celia Thaxter along this line, and here they are, and with them my pity for those in whom no responsive chord is struck:

*"If there be another, better land
A fairer than this humble shore,
Hoping to meet the blessed gone before,
I fain would go: but may no angel hand,
Lead on so far along the shining sand,
So wide within the everlasting door
'Twill shut away this good green world, no more
Of Earth, — Let me not hear that dread command.*

*"Oh tell me not of heavenly halls,
Of streets of pearl and gates of gold,
Where angel unto angel calls,
'Mid splendours of the sky untold.*

*"My homesick heart would backward turn,
To find this dear familiar earth,
To watch its sacred hearth-fires burn,
To catch its songs of joy and mirth.*

*"I'd lean far out the heavenly choir,
To hear once more the red cock crow,
What time the morning's rosy fire,
O'er hill and field began to glow.
To hear the ripples of the rain,
The summer waves at ocean's brim
To hear the sparrow sing again
I'd quit the wide-eyed cherubim."*



Through one-half mile of Pinehurst runs an old highway, abandoned some fifty years ago when a new one was made along the foot of the hill. Since the public turned aside, it has been unused, save by short-cut pedestrians and roaming boys with guns and fishing poles. Unless one learned of its whereabouts by report or experience he would not readily find this forest-hidden stretch of clean, clear, grass-grown road that runs like a ribbon of green across the level, and up the long hill, flanked all the way with pine trees that have thrust their long branches far over the open space as if they held it in especial guardianship, but in reality because there was more light than on the other side, where the limbs are shorter.

Many years ago there was a saw mill on the stream that runs through these grounds and across this road, and then all the trees that promised well for lumber were cut into boards. The crooked, many-croched knotty trees were rejected, and most of these were growing thriftily by the roadside. In fact, the open space had much to do with their profuse branching and go-as-you-please manner of disporting themselves. The disqualification for use saved them from the axe and saw, and there they have remained the venerable and lordly landmarks of the locality. If they had the gifts of speech that Emerson in his "Wood Notes" feigned they had then we might have them tell us of the forefathers of the hamlets who passed and repassed this hospitable road that offered a shelter from the blast of winter and the heat of summer sun.

As the friendly travel turned aside to the new highway Nature took charge of the locality and carpeted the unused space with grass, the "shadows numberless" sheltered it, the ferns fringed its old ditches with banks of green, hares at morn and eve browsed the verdant dainties and frolicked on its inviting stretches of fairest shadowland. Partridges came unawares on this fairy-field and made no haste to leave it; squirrels, taking it to be their own preserve,



*" Oh, yes !
I'm opportunity,
I'm great,
I'm sometimes late,
But do not wait
For me.*

*" Work on,
Watch on,
Good hands, good hearts,
And some day you will see
Out of your efforts rising
Opportunity."*

littered it with green cones cut from overhanging branches and then hid them away for winter use. I hope it will be always guarded from the sacrilege of gain or greed. There it lies,

*"Brown with shadows, bright with sun
All day long till day is done*

*"Sleeping in murmuring solitude,
The dear, old road that threads the wood."*

Some of the beautiful illustrations in this booklet are views of this road, and the new lodge is built on its very margin and seems like an unfair intrusion upon the sylvan solitudes of green-growing things. However, there it is and on its broad piazza, hung with inviting hammocks, one may pass the night in comfort, if health permits, and the more wakeful the better, if the most is gotten from such an experience, for there are sights and sounds not to be seen or heard with keenest interest, and best effect in the garish light of day.

The celestial blazonry of the stars is to be seen by a single upward glance. The pleasing splash of the gentle wavelets drifts up through the ranks of crowded pines and the lake lies like a basin of silver set in a rim of sombre verdure. The "*Too hoo*" of the "boding owl" from the impalpable shades, the weird calls of the lone loons, a squawk of a startled heron, the chirp of a dreaming bird, the yelp of a distant fox, are all invested with a subtle significance in the solemn hush of the world that disappears with the rising sun like a guilty ghost.

When these enchantments fall on the ears of gifted sons of song, the literature of a language may be enriched by the inspiration of such hours. It was the song of the nightingale that moved the soul of Keats to give us one of the finest odes in any language. I cannot well resist the temptation to quote a stanza or two:

*"'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot
But being too happy in thine happiness, —*

*That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singing of summer, in full-throated ease.*

*"Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird,
No hungry generations tread thee down :
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown ;
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn,
The same that oftentimes hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous sea in fairy lands forlorn."*

So far as fame is concerned, I had rather secure it from being the author of this ode than have it as the Wellington of Waterloo.

The flight of a flock of wild geese from their lofty height shouted down from the shades of oncoming night suggests a good dinner, a gun or a feather pillow to men of common mold, but in the ears of Bryant it was a bugle call to awaken his genius and give us the best short poem in our language. It can never be quoted too often, and with it I bring to a close this booklet, not for lack of material but for lack of space to set it down. I have had in mind a purpose to arouse curiosity in my readers as well as to describe natural objects and scenic features. I hold that the test of a man is, "What are his questions?" The lower the creature, the better its content.

*"Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way ?*

*"Vainly the Fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As darkly limned upon the crimson sky
Thy figure floats along.*

"See'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side ?

"There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast, —
The desert and illimitable air, —
Lone, wandering, but not lost.

"All day thy wings have fanned
At that far height the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

"And soon that toil shall end ;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home and rest
And scream among thy fellows : reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

"Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given
And shall not soon depart.

"He, who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright."