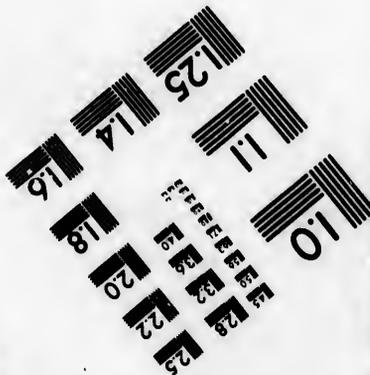
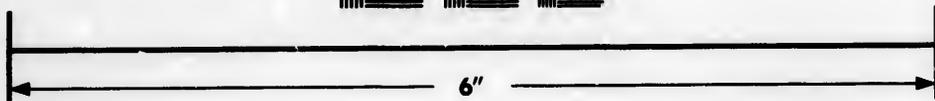
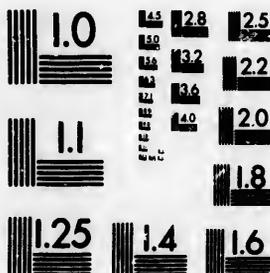


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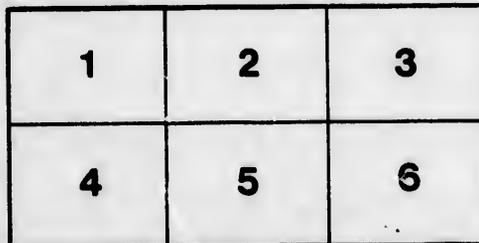
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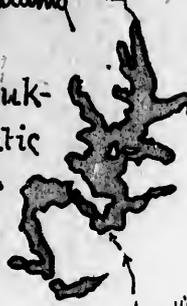
"Buck boarding"



"Towed by a moose"

Fun and games all

Moose-tuk-maguntic Lake.



"Old Moose-tuk-maguntic himself"

Berwick.



Ye Accident.



"A fearful sight"

Old man n' woman.



Ye Antique Maids



Hub of the Universe.

Exeter.



Moosehead Lake.



WASSAY GIRL!

Berries

Fine stumps grow here.

Where we saw a Black-fly

91

Funerall

long here

Good place to shoot Rabbits (with a Shot-gun)

more fun



Big Kamuk



Hunting the Caribou



Antique Match



Cangka Wardens



Potatoe trap



Off and Away



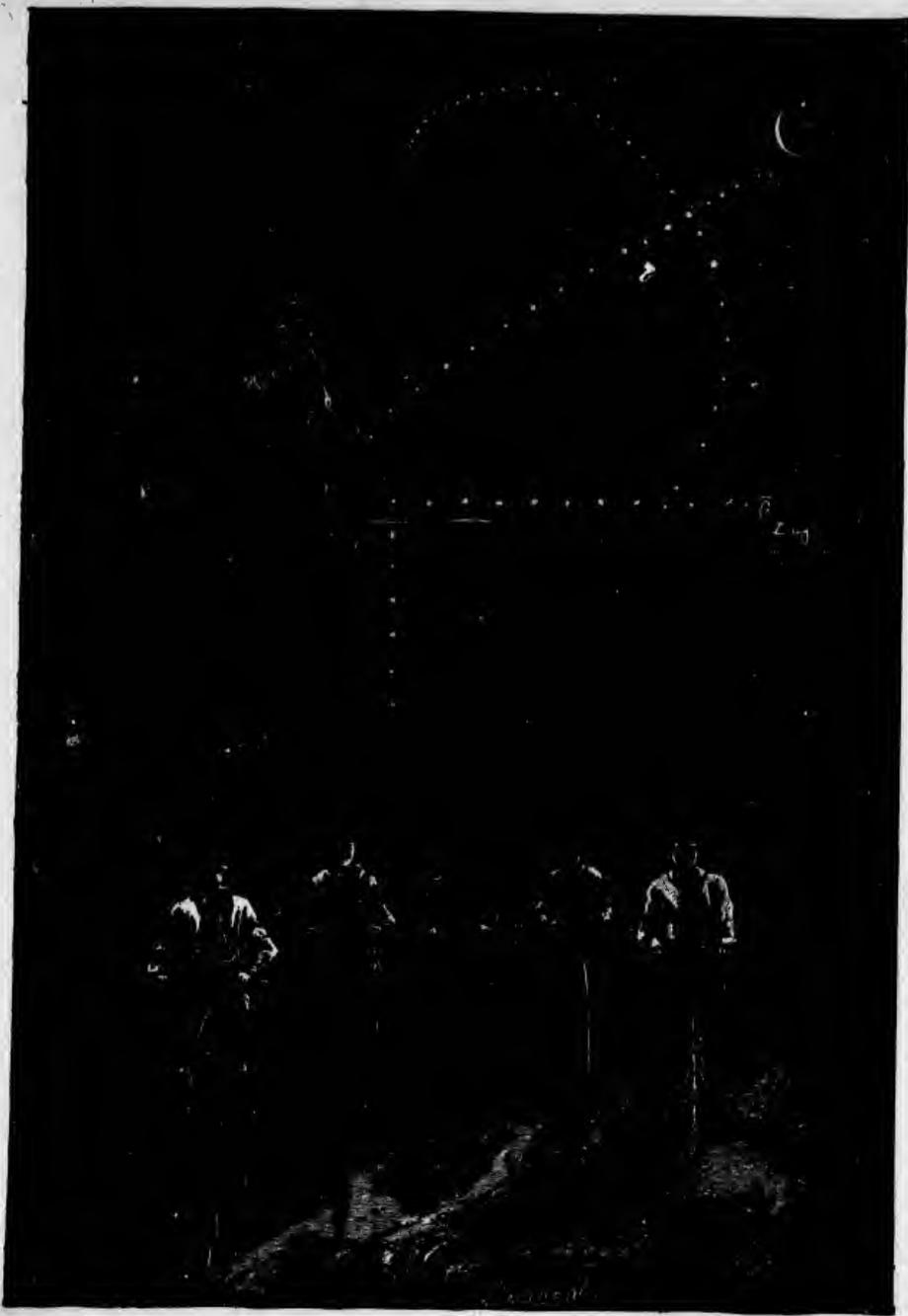
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THE

KNOCKABOUT CLUB

IN THE WOODS.

*THE ADVENTURES OF SIX YOUNG MEN IN THE WILDS
OF MAINE AND CANADA.*

BY

C. A. STEPHENS,

AUTHOR OF "CAMPING OUT," "LEFT ON LABRADOR," "FOX HUNTING," "ON THE AMAZONS,"
"THE YOUNG MOOSE HUNTERS," ETC.

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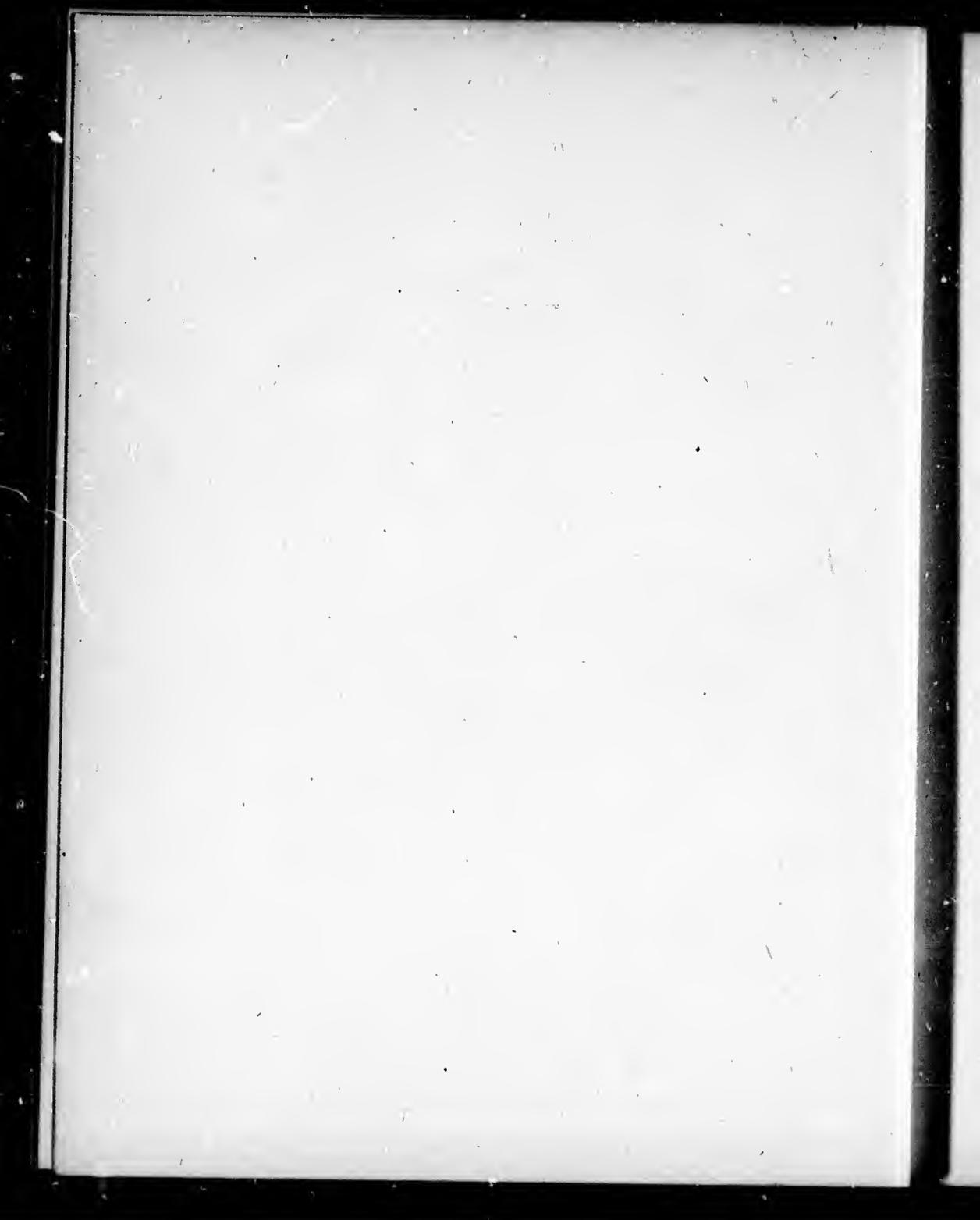
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THE KNOCKABOUT CLUB IN THE WOODS.

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THE
KNOCK-ABOUT CLUB.

INFORMALLY.



IF our railroads, factories, flour-mills, and machine-shops were *perfect in construction*, they would give forth, instead of thunderous and terrible noises, a grand, sweet music. Music is the synonym for perfection.

Last night I heard one of the most remarkable musical geniuses of this century set forth the above idea at great length, and it did seem as if he made his point.

"Well, what of it?" do you ask?

That was what I myself asked, after the lecturer had finished speaking.

"What of it?" I said. "This may be true. But what have we young fellows of this generation got to do about it? Locomotives, trip-hammers, and fog-horns do not make sweet music; they make a grievous noise, and will go on doing so."

"Not forever," replied the orator, with a grand air of prophecy. "Din, uproar, discord, and crime are the index of imperfection and error. The physical and moral forces are correlated. It is the mission of Enlightened Man to reform and bring the world into harmony. We all are, or should be, workers to this end. Nature ordains this. We are happy or unhappy as we work for good music or for a racket."

"But many youngsters like a 'racket,' " said a listener.

"That is because they are temporarily wrong-headed," replied the musician.

"But how shall we get to work to bring about this universal good music?" I inquired. "Give us a practical idea, one we can work on. What shall I do?"

"First and always, get knowledge. Second, put your knowledge into effect to the best of your judgment. This is a duty. Travel abroad. Get knowledge. Come home, and put it into effect."

Pondering this, I fell asleep at last, and later on dreamed that *Father Time*, as a great organ-grinder, stood turning the crank of the world. It was a huge hand-organ and an enormous mill, combined. Time, hoary and gray, but with muscles like Atlas, had hung up his old scythe, and was turning, turning, with a mighty Titanic swing. Creation resounded to the grand yet sweetly-solemn strains.

It was *Pinafore*. "I'm called little Buttercup, dear little Buttercup."

As the venerable Monarch of the Ages *turned* on, things kept dropping out into the great universal meal-box beneath. First there came a Czar of Russia along with a lot of Nihilists, all ground fine. This batch was followed by Chancellor Bismarck with his Jews and Jesuits, ground finer still. I thought that it was on a foundation of this sort, stamped down hard like macadam, that New Europe was to be built.

Then there dropped out a lot of coarse-cracked American politicians: a very corrupt, bad-smelling grist indeed. A voice like fifty millions of people shouting together, cried, "Amen! Grind 'em finer!"

But just then the grand old mill turned out a batch of strange and wonderful discoveries. New motors did the world's work. Electric lights gleamed from top to bottom of it. In the midst of the glorious illumination there popped out THE KNOCK-ABOUT CLUB!

That waked me ; and I remembered that it had recently fallen to my lot to record the doings of this Knock-about Club and introduce it to the reader. So I arose in haste (it was already eight o'clock), and got my pen.

Why is it that there is always something so inherently awkward about introductions, manage them deftly as you can? At the outset a question of etiquette troubles me : Can I properly introduce the Club ? For, being a member, it will infallibly be held by some that I am committing the ludicrous solecism of introducing myself, without so much as a letter of introduction !

True, I can urge that writers and historians are commonly accorded the privilege of introducing their characters, but must needs admit that it is a privilege they very often abuse by bringing to the reader's acquaintance some very queer people, to say the least. So much so that, for my own part, I am sometimes of the opinion that no writer should presume to introduce to his readers characters whom he would hesitate to present to his personal friends.

But on this latter point I am happy to say that I can stand before the public with an easy and limpid conscience. My fellow-clubsmen are irreproachable. Each one carries a certificate of moral character in his face and bearing. Reader,—particularly y^e young lady reader,—they are nice young men, whatever may be thought of the name of the Club.

On the former point, and just as I was setting off to take Madam Grundy's opinion, or that of some of her leading representatives, our artist called and offered me a sketch in pencil of the Club *en route* for *The Woods*, or rather on our journey "Down East." It occurs to me to offer a picture, which is to a certain extent true as a photographic likeness, as an informal introduction.

Informal in this case, as the reader will observe, means on a bicycle : that light and airy hermaphrodite betwixt feet and wings when the road isn't too sandy.

The locality selected by our artist-comrade for his introductory effort is a turn of the carriage-road shortly after crossing the Massachusetts State line into New Hampshire, at a point where a guide-board says, "*Exeter 11 miles.*"



THE CLUB AT THE CROSS-ROAD.

Here we are, young ladies and gentlemen, hat in hand; and with the aid of a few brief explanatory remarks, I hope we shall be

able to find ourselves sufficiently well acquainted to journey on together in quest of knowledge and adventures. *That*, I may add, was the object of the Club's present tour: to see everything worth seeing, to hunt, to fish, to camp out and have a good time.

Our Club was quite an impromptu affair. Six months ago, not one of us, save in a single instance, knew, or had ever heard, of the other members. We first became acquainted on the occasion of the "Bicycle Meet" at Boston, last summer, when we were for the week the guests of our present Captain, Mr. Harold S. Dearborn. Finding that our ideas ran in similar channels, we then agreed to spend our summer vacation together, and go down East on our bicycles — our object being, at first, to test whether a country tour on bicycles was practicable or not. When we left Boston, on the 28th of June, we had no idea of taking so long a trip as we were finally led to do. But the farther we went the better we enjoyed it, and so in the end had come nigh penetrating to Hudson Bay itself! — not on our bicycles, however; though we ran out a spoke from the "Hub" of a hundred and ninety miles on these, to begin with.

As a running accompaniment to our artist's picture, I am advised to subjoin a few facts as to the *personnel* of the Club.

At the head of the file, so politely doffing his straw helmet, is Captain H. S. Dearborn, citizen of Boston, Junior in college, in his twentieth year, and an enthusiastic amateur sportsman, base-ball player, and sculler; withal, a good shot. Strong point, U. S. History and Biographies of Eminent Statesmen. Special weakness (as far as observed), a certain moth-like attraction toward a pretty face: in other words, has an intense admiration for beauty.

Following the Captain, comes Roscoe C. Wayne, citizen of New York city, eighteen years old, fitted to enter college this year, afflicted with a rich parent, a small, silky moustache, and a belief that New York is all, or almost all, of America. Chiefly remarkable for being a good fellow generally, and liberal with his cash. No special

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weakness thus far discovered. Fairly level-headed, and prides himself on that.

After him Freeland Stein, who hails from the great city of the white shutters, marble doorsteps, and a Public Building, also marble; a thin, thoughtful youth of seventeen, yet a remarkably good bicyclist, who took to his machine as naturally as a duck to water. Said to be threatened with half a million, almost any day now. Strong point, mineralogy. Has a very fine cabinet of specimen ores, crystals, gems, etc., already collected. In connection with his penchant, the following story is told of him when eighteen months old. One day he was missed, and only found after a lengthy search, sitting in a neighboring alley, crying bitterly. The cause of his young grief was, apparently, his inability to get on his feet, owing to the load he had put in his apron, the corners of which he held tightly clutched up. Being inspected, the apron was found to contain one cobble-stone, weight two pounds, two lumps of coal, two ditto of coke, eleven potsherds of stone china-ware, and about twice that number of broken glass bits. He resisted, and screamed loudly when the nurse went to scatter this treasure, and had ultimately to be carried home with the whole collection intact. What is still more curious, he says he distinctly remembers the incident — which suggests the inquiry whether any reader, distinctly or otherwise, remembers an event occurring in his eighteenth month!

Next follows Mr., or perhaps better, Master Frey Karsner of Cincinnati, our special artist, and a cousin-german of our captain. "Karzy" is the *boy*, being but just turned fifteen. We think he possesses genius, and he sometimes appears to think so himself, having, like Artemus Ward, an enjoyable appreciation of his own peculiar talent. Karzy wished to go to Italy this year, to pursue his art studies, having graduated from the High School of his native city a year ago. It is a question of dollars and cents, I believe. I have little doubt that a bicycle is much better for him than a palette. But his

heart longs after Rome and its studios. In fact, he looks somewhat like a Roman, and his nose *is* wholly Roman.

Next to last trundles Moses O. Davis, a landed proprietor from one of the rural counties of the Hoosier section. Moses doesn't take much stock in colleges and the like, but goes in for living in a large sense. Nothing excites Moses O., not even the Indiana election last fall. "Corn grows all the same," Moses says. The matter of another fellow's getting awfully mad with him seems always to impress Moses as a jolly little joke: a thing to laugh at in a large, lazy way. Nobody ever saw Moses himself mad yet. There is a bet in the Club that he *cannot get mad*. Moses says he would like to see the man that gets him mad. He rides a fifty-six inch wheel, and is correspondingly big all over, but not yet very mature, and is probably still under eighteen. As to the matter of his age and birthday, Moses says there were so many of them in the family, that he believes the old lady forgot to set it down. He plays a cornet, and is the bugler to the Club; also plays the fiddle; but plays an autophone best of all, and remarks of this latter instrument that it is a great saving of a fellow's brains, and "makes mighty interesting music."

Bringing up the rear is "No. 6," or, "the scribe," whom the artist — following nature and fact, as he says — figures as just recovering an upright position from one of his ordinary attitudes of misfortune. It is mortifying, but cannot be helped. It must be allowed that it often happens. The Club attributes it sometimes to scribe's palsy, sometimes to the bewildering deflection of light through his eyeglasses.

CHAPTER I.

DOWN EAST ON A WHEEL.



BICYCLE is indeed an odd-looking vehicle; and to see half a dozen fellows dashing along on them at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, is pretty sure to attract the undivided attention of people not accustomed to the sight.

"Look a there, Hiram!" we heard one farmer, in a potato-field killing bugs, sing out to another gathering green pease the other side of the line wall. "Gosh a' mighty! Only see them fellers agoing it atop of them wagon wheels! What for 'nation' sake be they a-settin' on?"

Another time, as we were passing through M—— Plantation, far up in Maine, in the "greenback" region, we had got an early start one morning, and were trundling along in the wheel ruts; and our captain, in the exuberance of his spirits, had put on a spurt and gone ahead. It was about sunrise. There were farms scattered here and there along the road; and the good folks were at this hour just rousing out to milk their cows. Dearborn's bicycle was a nickel-plated one; and as he darted noiselessly along the road, an old farmer standing at the corner of his barn with two tin milk-pails on his arm, caught sight of him, and stopped short in the middle of a mighty yawn. Probably his eyes were not yet fairly open. His old lady was coming along the path from the house with another pail.

"Marm!" he sang out to her; "there goes old Split-huf himself, straddle of a streak o' lightnin', I vum! See his old forked tail glisten!"

Before Dearborn had got fairly past and round the turn, the rest of us hove in sight, in full chase.

"And, marm!" shouted the old man, "here comes another of 'um! — twin brother to him! — and *another!* — and ANOTHER! Run, marm — get the Bible!"

"Marm" disappeared, but whether for the holy volume or a bumper of hot water, we did not remain to learn.

The great annoyance is meeting teams. Now, a bicycle has just as good a right on the public highway as any other vehicle. But the public has not yet come to quite believe that it has. Drivers of teams often act as if they thought that a bicycler had no rights whatever which they ought to respect. It was our policy to carefully avoid all quarrels on this point. Almost always, the horses would prick up their ears, and often show signs of alarm. In all such cases, we at once dismounted and stood quietly by our machines. The teams would then generally pass us without further trouble. But it is necessary for the bicycler to have both patience and discretion. Especially should he use care and courtesy when meeting carriages driven by ladies. Frequently in the country, the farmers' wives and daughters will be met, driving to and from the village store. A Down-East farmer's horse is often a very ticklish animal, seldom more than half broken from a colt, and addicted to shying at every new object it sees. Frequently it is the farmer's pet beast, — never allowed to carry over three persons in the wagon, and they must all walk up the hills, — and in the matter of keeping and usage, sometimes fares better than the farmer's wife.

One day we met a rackety old express wagon drawn by a fat, rough-haired, gray mare, and driven by an elderly woman whose face was mostly concealed within the depths of a very extraordinary bonnet. The mare saw us, stopped and began to back and prance; while the poor old lady shook the reins, crying out to her horse and to us in a very thin, distressed voice, "Whoa, dear! Whoa, dear! Du pray,

young men, git them frisky-lookin' things o' yourn out o' the road! Dolly's so timid of 'em!"

In a moment we were off, and "Rike" taking "Dolly" by the bit, led her past—much to the old aunty's relief. "I dunno who you be," she said to him, "but I'm sure I'm very much obleeged to ye."

Another day, while passing through the town of G——, we met a Tartar.

It was quite early in the morning, and the road none too good. Presently we saw a man coming toward us, driving a flock of sheep. Not wishing to scatter the flock, we dropped off our bicycles and stood aside for them to pass. As the man came nearer we saw that there was one of the sheep which he was not driving exactly, but *wheeling* it like a wheelbarrow; that is to say, he had the sheep's hind-legs in his hands, and was making the creature walk before him on his fore-legs. It struck us as being a very odd performance. It was a large ram, with big, curling horns.

"That's one way to drive a sheep!" Rike observed.

"Wal, it's a good way," replied the farmer, who was an oldish man in a drilling frock, and a very much sweated and stained palm-leaf hat.

"A rather cruel way, I should say," said Rike.

"You think so?" queried the old fellow, with a grin and a broad stare at our vehicles.

"Yes, I do," exclaimed Rike, somewhat emphatically.

"Wal, now," drawled the old man, with a quizzical look on his puckered face, "if you think I'd better, I'll let him down. I'll do most anything to obleege sech a nice-looking lot o' young fellers"—and he let the sheep's hind-legs drop.

The animal straightened up, stamped one foot, and shook his head, as if the unnatural position he had been in had caused a rush of blood in that direction. Then he took a step toward us, and before we had the least thought of dodging, gave Rike a tremendous knock which pitched him sprawling into the sand between the wheel-ruts.

The rest of us scrambled to get our bicycles out of the way. And of all the haw-haws, I never heard anything beat that old fellow's in the drilling frock.

Rike jumped up, but before he could get off his knees to his feet, the ram took him again from behind, and sent him his whole length. And again that heartless old barbarian doubled up and laughed. One might have heard him half a mile off.



THE RAM TOOK HIM AGAIN AND SENT HIM HIS WHOLE LENGTH.

At this we began to bestir ourselves to rescue our man. Moses O. seized a fence-pole, and in another moment would have broken the ram's back, had not the old farmer, breaking off in the midst of his laugh, shouted, "Avast you!" and running adroitly up, again grabbed the ram's hind-legs.

Rike had got up. He was covered with dirt and much ruffled in temper.

"You are a mean old party!" he exclaimed. "If you were not quite so old and gray, I would punch your head for you!"

"O, wal now!" drawled the ram-wheeler. "If ye think best tu, ye needn't stan' fer that a mite. I ain't so old yit that I ask enny favers of ye."

He was such a queer, tough old specimen, and so ready for a fracas, that we laughed — all but Wayne.

"Come along, Rike," said Moses O., "or you'll get the worst of it again!"

We got our comrade remounted and moved on. The last we saw of the old farmer and his ram, he was wheeling the beast up to a pair of bars leading into a pasture beside the road.

Our nearest approach to an accident, which, however, resulted in nothing worse than a ludicrous tumble, happened one afternoon on the old country road in the town of W—. After climbing a pretty steep hill, there is here a long descent to northward. We had to toil up the hill on foot. But as the descent from the top did not look very formidable, we mounted, and with our brakes well in hand, started to run down. At the foot of the descent there is a moderately sharp turn in the road, round a clump of thick white maples; and on the lower side of the turn, just round it, stands a small district schoolhouse. School was in session at the time, and the door stood open.

We bore down in grand style, at the rate of a mile in three minutes, or less, and were soon nearing the turn. All would have gone well enough had we not had the misfortune to meet a very large load of hay, just coming round the turn, drawn by a yoke of oxen. We did not see the load till within fifty yards of it. The road was but a narrow one. There was but one thing for us to do.

"Skip the gutter, Charlie!"

"*Sauve qui peut!*"

"Gee, Buck!" yelled the bare-armed teamster who was driving with a pitchfork. But his *gee-ing* came all too late to do us any good.

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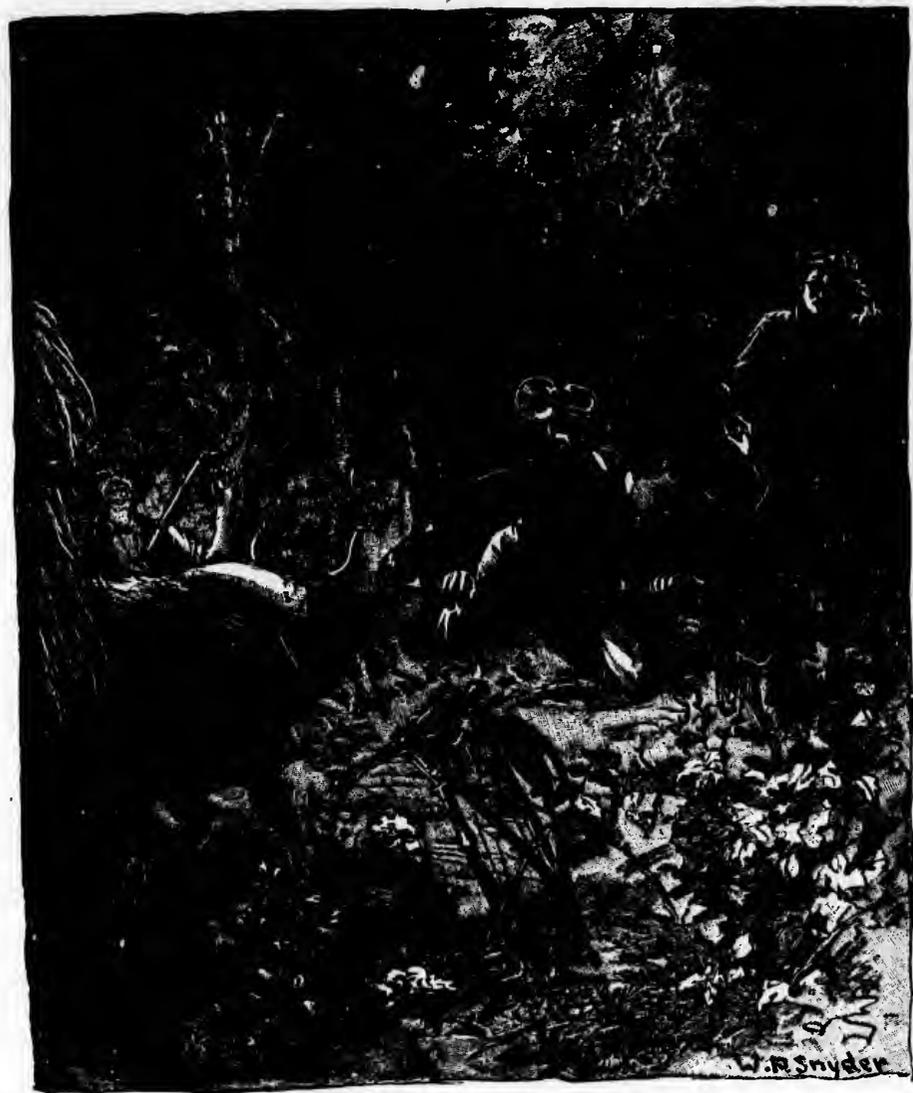
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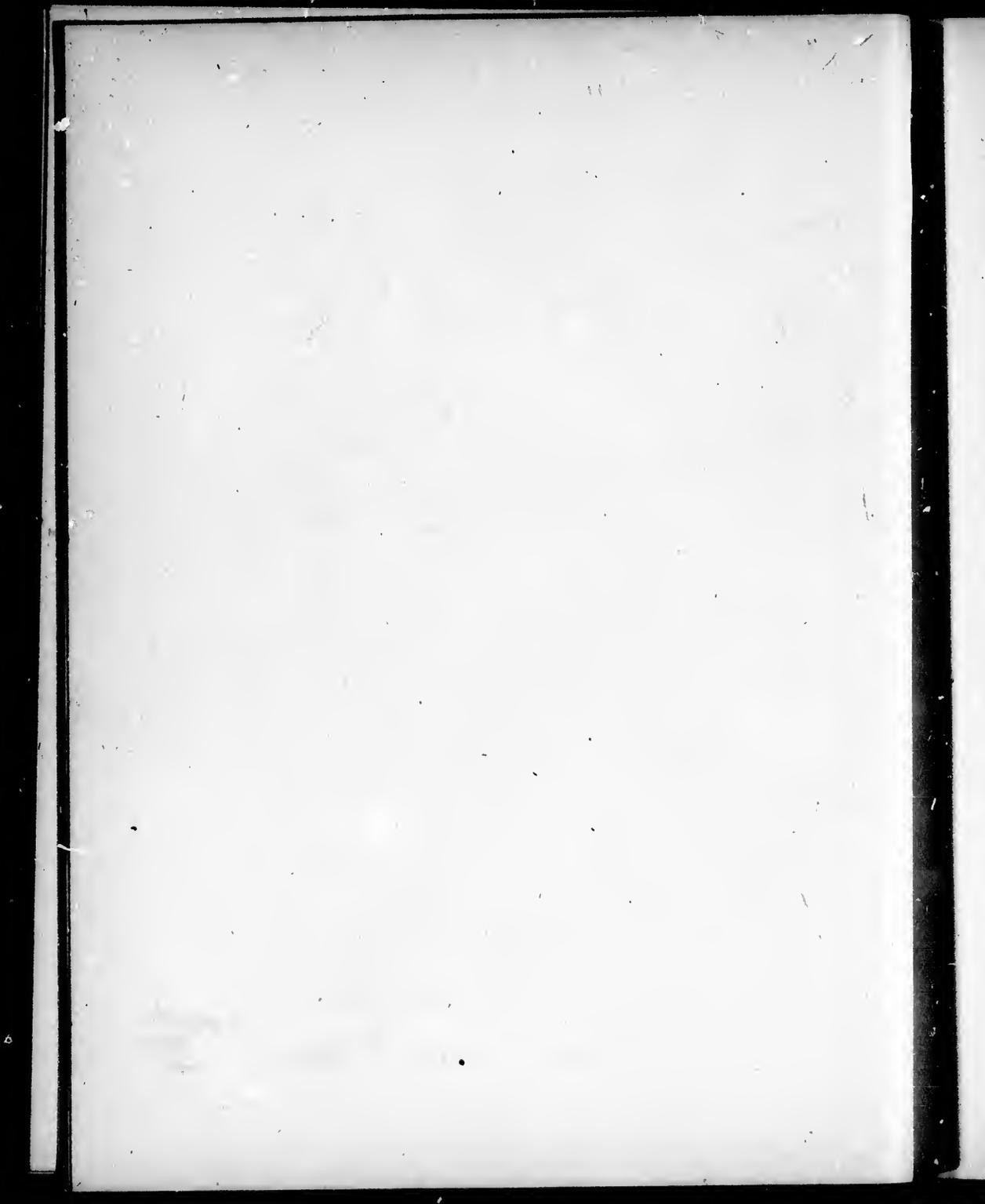
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We were already in the ditch. There was a tangled mass of rank raspberry bushes, bull-thistles, and mugwort across the gutter on the lower side. "Karzy," Moses O., and "No. 6," went into that—on the fly. Stein, a few lengths ahead, brought up in the schoolhouse wood-pile; while the captain went plump into the schoolhouse entry—came very near riding bodily into the arms of the school-mistress, a very comely young woman, who was coming to the door to see what was going on.

It was all the work of about three seconds; and meantime, Rike, who saw his best chance on the other side of the road, had shot along the gutter past the off ox, and went clear of the load, all right. But his rapid passage frightened the steers. In spite of their driver's yells they sheered suddenly into the little open yard of the schoolhouse, and came near lodging the high load against the house. The wood-pile stopped them, too; but the doorway was completely blockaded with the rack-cart and hay, so that our friend Harold and his bicycle were shut in there along with the school-mistress and her pupils for some minutes. What they said to each other has not yet transpired. He did not seem to us to make such prompt efforts to get out as one might have supposed he would under the circumstances.

Yet no visible harm was done—to any one; and we parted from our suddenly-formed acquaintance with mutual civilities, some five minutes later. But the captain was observed to look back wistfully, as we trundled away.

At Berwick, where we were very pleasantly entertained over a two days' rain-storm, the old people told us many stories of the early settlement of the town, called by the Indians *Newichawannock*, and some thrilling incidents of the Indian war. Here one of the most heroic deeds of American history was performed by a young lady, whose name has been suffered to be forgotten. The savages were menacing Saco, and Captain Wincoln, of Berwick, with all the men of the place, marched to the assistance of the Saco settlers. While they were

gone, a party of Indians suddenly attacked the house of John Zozier, where there were gathered for safety, fifteen women and children.

These all sat at the table eating supper, when the Indians were seen approaching by a young woman of seventeen or eighteen, who gave the alarm, and, closing the outer door, held it fast, while the others escaped at the rear of the house. The savages cut through the door with their tomahawks, but still the brave girl held fast, and it was not till one of them had reached in and repeatedly struck her with his knife and hatchet, that they could gain an entrance. The girl fell at her post — dead, as the Indians thought.

Finding that the house was empty, and that the others had fled, the savages gave chase, but were only able to overtake two small children, whom they killed on the spot.

The girl, who had thus bravely barred the door, lay senseless for many hours, but was found next day by some of Wincoln's party, who had returned, and was taken to the garrison-house. Ultimately she recovered from her wounds. It is a loss to our history that the name of such a heroine should have been forgotten.

Here, and at Scarborough and Falmouth, the Indians committed terrible atrocities. At the latter place, on the Presumpscot River, remote from neighbors, lived a settler named John Wakely, with his family, in a log-house which he had lately built. Being, as they thought, on good terms with the Indians, they had cleared land and planted crops.

Without warning, the house was attacked at noon, one day, by eight savages, and the entire family murdered in the most brutal manner, with the exception of one little girl, whom they took away into captivity, and who lived with them several years.

New Gloucester, a day's ride farther to the north-east, was also the scene of many tragic incidents during the Indian wars. But we shall remember it best from our visit, of an hour or so, to the very interesting Shaker village there.

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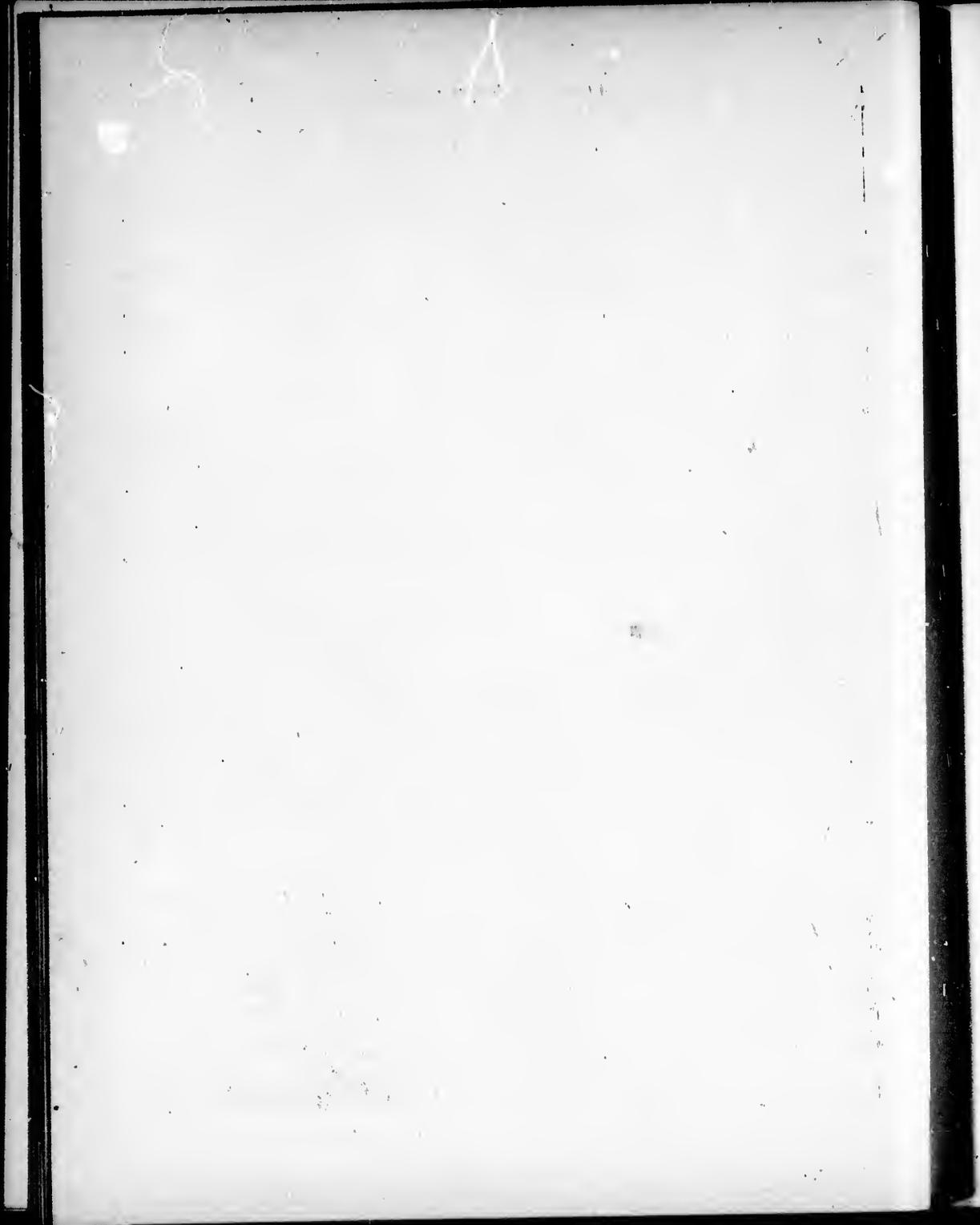
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At South Paris, where we arrived on the 7th of July, we stopped for a day to visit Mount Mica, famous the world over among mineralogists for its wonderful red and green tourmalines. Our comrade Stein had quite looked forward to this trip as one of the "lions" of the tour—for him; and he has prepared a brief history of the locality, which we are permitted to insert.

MOUNT MICA.

WHAT THE HAMLIN BOYS FOUND THERE.

On the last day of November, 1820, two boys, named Elijah Hamlin and Ezekiel Holmes, — names destined later in life to become familiar throughout this country, — were searching for minerals along the foot of Streaked Mountain, in the town of Paris, Maine. They were students at the village academy, and had then just begun the study of Mineralogy.

The boys had been tramping through the woods all the afternoon, having found little of interest save a few fragments of rose-quartz. Just as the sun was setting, they emerged from the forest upon the brow of a hill facing west. Here, tired from their long walk, they sat down for a few minutes to rest and enjoy the surpassing beauty of the scenery.

The chill of snow was already in the air, and, rapt as the two youths had been in the grandeur of the landscape, a shiver warned them to depart before the sunlight faded out.

Young Holmes ran down the hill to return to the village. Hamlin was following him more leisurely, when a vivid gleam of green caught his eye flashing from an object amid the loose red dirt, on the root of an upturned tree.

Advancing quickly to the spot, he perceived a fragment of a clear, green crystal lying in the loose earth. Its gem-like flash told him that it was no common stone, and he grasped it with a thrill of delight.

What wonder that the next moment he made the woodland resound to his excited call after "Zeke" to come back?

And Zeke was not long coming back. At sight of the crystal his keen eye sparkled, and he fell to searching the earth about the root and beneath the leaves with that innate eagerness which always characterizes the born mineralogist.

But twilight, rapidly fading into darkness, descended upon the searchers, rendering one stone indistinguishable from another.

"Never mind!" said Zeke. "We will come up again in the morning."

But during the night a storm gathered. At daybreak it was snowing heavily, and a thick white mantle lay on all the surrounding hills. Winter had come; nor did the snow thaw until the next April.



"ZEKE! ZEKE! COME BACK!"

During all these months the two students did not speak to any one of their possible discovery. Often, as the spring advanced, they turned their eyes toward the hill, and as soon as its crest was bare, they set off to visit it again.

From the tree-root, where Hamlin had found his crystal, they went up to the exposed ledge at the very crest of the hill. Here a rich sight met their astonished eyes. Upon that bare ledge, and in the loose earth about its edges, they found over thirty almost perfect crystals, which from their great beauty and transparency rank as true gems. They found also a great number of imperfect crystals. In a word, our two students had discovered the now widely famous Mount Mica — so named from the quantities of mica which subsequent blasting has thrown out.

The crystals were those wonderful green and red tourmalines which have since gone to adorn some of the choicest collections in both Europe and America, and even to be set in kingly diadems. But neither of the boys then knew their value.

Professor Cleveland, of Bowdoin College, was then known as the leading mineralogist of the United States. To him the boys addressed a letter, and inclosed with it some of the smaller crystals.

The professor at once replied, assuring them that their specimens were

both rare and valuable. With boyish generosity they made up a package containing some of the finest of the crystals, and sent it to the professor, intrusting it to the late Gov. Lincoln, then a member of Congress, who was about setting off for Washington.

At that early day, much of the journey to the national capital had to be performed on horseback. The governor took the package, but either he lost it *en route*, or else it was stolen from him. It never reached its destination.

There is little doubt that by some secret agency these tourmalines found their way into the cabinets of certain European mineralogists.

During the two following years, a great many crystals and fragments were picked up about the ledge. Thus far, however, no attempt had been made to blast. But in the spring of 1823, Cyrus and Hannibal Hamlin (the same who has since been Vice-President of the United States), both younger brothers of Elijah, and then aged thirteen and fifteen, determined to explore the hill and its ledges.

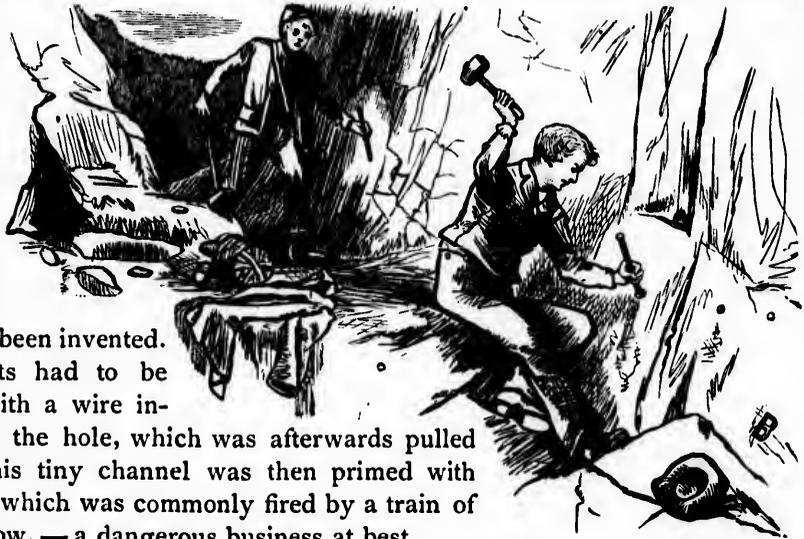
As few, if any, specimens could be found around the ledge, they bought a pound of powder, and borrowing some blasting tools, attacked the principal ledge with great spirit.

It is no easy task for lads of this age to drill and blast rock. Unless

properly held, the drill soon sticks fast in the hole.

The safety fuse had not then been invented. All blasts had to be loaded with a wire inserted in the hole, which was afterwards pulled out. This tiny channel was then primed with powder, which was commonly fired by a train of swingleto, — a dangerous business at best.

The two boys drilled five holes in the ledge, which they loaded and blasted out, one after the other. The surface of the ledge had looked gray



and weather-worn. But the explosions threw out great pieces of bright-colored *lepidolite*, broad sheets of mica, and glittering fragments of quartz; and the last blast opened down to a soft spot in the ledge where the rock had become decomposed.

Digging in this with the points of their drills, they broke through into a cavity which would have held, perhaps, two or three bushels. This dusty hole was partly filled with what seemed to be sand.

Thrusting in his hand, Hannibal groped in the loose stuff a moment, then drew out something which, glittering in his fingers, proved to be a magnificent tourmaline crystal, of a rich green color, and clear as a gem.

"Hurrah!" shouted the lad. "Hurrah! We've found a handsomer one than 'Lige did!'"

Well might the boy hurrah. They had found the most beautiful tourmaline which the earth has ever yielded, perhaps. It was a perfect crystal, perfect at each faceted extremity, and finely formed. In length it was two and a half inches, by two inches in diameter—a huge, clear, dark-green gem.

Scratching away with renewed eagerness, the boys soon emptied the "pocket" of its contents. From it they took out over twenty crystals, of varying colors and tints, but mainly red and green. Some of these were fully three inches long and an inch in diameter, banded, or rather clouded, red, white, and green. Of these splendid gems they took out enough to nearly fill a two-quart basket; while an ox-cart was required to enable them to get home their fine specimens of mica and lepidolite. Altogether, this "find" far surpassed those found by their older brother, Elijah. The lads were jubilant, for, boy-like, they had prosecuted the blasting less for the love of beautiful specimens than for the money they expected to realize from the sale of the stones.

They had learned from Elijah the names of several eminent mineralogists, both of Europe and America. To these they at once addressed letters, stating what they had to sell. And from time to time thereafter, Cyrus, who had meanwhile bought out Hannibal's interest, sold the most of the gems. What sums he received for them it is now impossible to ascertain; for not many years afterwards he removed to Texas, where he died. But it is likely that he received, in those early days, but a comparatively trifling price for the crystals.

This is all that is really known of the fate of those wonderful tourmalines. They were dispersed over the world. Some of the finest are said to be in the famous Imperial Collection of Minerals at Vienna.

In 1825 Professor Shepard, then a young and enthusiastic mineralogist, obtained some fine tourmalines here. And after him, the ill-fated Professor Webster found one or two beautiful crystals.

Here Professor Addison Verrill, of Yale College, prosecuted some of his boyhood researches in mineralogy, finding on one occasion a very fine nugget of tin weighing several pounds.

A great many persons have searched and blasted the ledges; and it is believed that crystals might still be obtained by further mining. But nothing obtained here of late can compare with those exquisitely beautiful gems which the Hamlin boys found.

Dr. A. C. Hamlin, a relative of the family, possesses what is probably the finest collection of Mount Mica tourmalines in this country. One of his crystals is remarkable for having a red and green shaft, surmounted at its faceted "point" by a snow-white crown — a veritable queen of crystals.

Mount Mica is scarcely a mountain, in the usual sense, but simply a ledgy hill in a pasture. Great heaps of broken stone attest to the vigorous search which later mineralogists have made. On the occasion of our visit I was able to secure nothing finer than a good, clear specimen of lepidolite and a bit of green tourmaline, the fragment of a crystal. But the ledges look as if they might be hugging hidden treasures within their stony bosoms.

CHAPTER II.

ROUGHER AND WILDER GREW THE WAY.



IF we had been as expert riders as some of whom we have recently read, who crossed a broad, raging river on the "stringers" of a dismantled bridge, or had we possessed bicycles specially fitted to run on railroads, we might have got forward from this point much more comfortably on the rails of the Grand Trunk Railway. The wagon-road was so bad that it is a lasting monument of what a bicycle can do, that we covered the distance, nine miles, from South to West Paris.

But a charming bit of scenery repaid us for our effort: Snow's Falls, on the Little Androscoggin River. A farmer living hard by, (at whose place we pulled up for a draught of water,) told us the following story as to the origin of the name.

Over a hundred years ago, when the whites first began to come into this region, two hunters, named Snow and Jackson, went to the Falls one afternoon, either to fish or to set traps. They came up the left bank of the river, and had been peering about the ledges round the cataract for some minutes, when they espied three Indians on the other side, sitting on the rocks, with their guns and tomahawks. Both the whites instantly cocked their pieces and took aim at the redskins, but one of the Indians, discovering them at the same moment, started up, and in broken English shouted, "*Quarter! Me want quarter!*"

"Quarter, you red skunk!" cried Snow, contemptuously. "I'll *halve* ye, and the devil may *quarter* ye!" With that he fired, and

shot the Indian. But one of the other savages, firing at the same instant, mortally wounded Snow himself, who died within a few hours. Jackson escaped.

The scenery, both from Mount Mica and henceforward all along our route, was wonderfully good, sometimes really grand, with a certain peculiar and picturesque wildness, which one might travel far to find excelled.

The farmer told us still another story of one of the early settlers here, a rather exciting tale, but one he assured us was true in every particular; and he pointed out the farm where this settler had made his first clearing. I had heard the story previously, or one much like it, and I think



SNOW'S FALLS ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

that many writers have made it the foundation for a thrilling backwoods tale. The following is the *true* version, as told in the locality where the adventure occurred.

CHASED BY A CATAMOUNT.

One spring morning the settler, whose name was Jackson, set off on a twenty-mile tramp to his nearest neighbor's cabin, in what is now the town of Plumford, to procure potatoes with which to plant a burnt patch which he had recently cleared. His route lay through the woods and was marked by a line of "spotted" trees. Having procured the potatoes, he started for

home. It was afternoon already; but he had planned to travel only a part of the distance that day, and, spending the night in the woods, to reach home early in the following forenoon.

About half-way between his neighbor's cabin and his own, at a point where is now situated one of the villages of the town of Woodstock, familiarly known as "Pinhook Village," was a rude camp, erected by trappers whose mink, sable, and otter lines were set all the way from New Gloucester to the Androscoggin River in Rumford.

Here Jackson decided to pass the night. It was late when he reached the camp. Throwing from his back the bag that contained the potatoes, he



A MAINE LAKE.

gathered wood for his fire, got his supper, and was about making preparations to lie down to sleep, when he was startled by a loud, savage scream from back in the forest toward the river. In an instant he knew his peril, and his hair almost stood on end. The rude camp in which he had purposed passing the night was a mere bark shelter from the rain, and no protection against the assaults of any strong animal. He was unarmed; he had not taken with him even the axe, which is so often carried by backwoods-men. The beast had smelled his fried pork.

What was he to do? That scream he knew too well, so merciless in its

shrillness and strength. No wonder that the Indians called the beast that uttered it the "devil," and that the settlers adopted the name. It was the well-known panther of our northern woods.

The frightened man felt that his only hope was in flight. Grasping his bag of potatoes, and a smaller bag which contained his food, he set off toward his solitary home and ran for several miles, hearing nothing of the animal, and beginning to hope that it had been content to drive him from the camp.

But by and by that dreadful scream again reached his ears; and he knew then that the animal had given chase. With increased speed he rushed forward.

In a few moments the piercing shriek of the pursuing catamount rent the air again. The animal seemed to be in the trees just behind; and fearing lest it should spring upon him next moment, and feeling the dire necessity of making more haste, the poor fellow dropped his precious bag of potatoes. Relieved of this burden, he went on as rapidly as the trail and darkness would allow.

For a considerable time he heard no more of the panther. The bag of potatoes had at least awakened the creature's curiosity sufficiently to cause it to stop to examine it. A gleam of hope now came to the settler. He had little that the panther would eat; but if the beast could be detained by that which was not food, he might, by dropping such articles as he wore, gain time for escape.

Forward he sped. But ten miles is a long stretch. Could he accomplish it before the panther would spring upon him? His heart beat wildly as minute after minute passed. Then again the sharp scream pierced the still night-air of the forest. So near did it seem, that he almost expected the panther would leap upon him from the trees. His little bag of provisions was next dropped; and for a time it was evident that the fierce beast had relinquished the chase. But it was only for a time. Again the startling cry was heard in the distance, then nearer. In an agony of fear, Jackson dropped his hat, and when the panther again drew near, his coat, and finally his vest.

This was the last article of clothing which he could remove while continuing his flight. As this was thrown away, the agonized man felt that his last hope was gone. On, on he rushed. The panther, uttering at intervals its fierce screams, followed after. Why the creature delayed its attack seems unaccountable. Perhaps it found no good position from which to

make its leap. Perhaps it was playing with its prey. Possibly it was too cowardly to spring upon the man unless sure of an advantage. With desperate energy the settler fled on. His strength was giving out.

The clearing about his cabin at last came into view. Behind him he heard the quick leaps of the panther. Must he perish just within sight of his home?

With a last effort of despair he nerved himself for a final struggle. In a few moments the woods ahead of him became brighter. He had reached the clearing.

But between him and his home lay the river. This must be forded. He leaped the bank and plunged into the stream. As he urged his way through the water, the panther came to the clearing, and bounding across it, leaped into the stream scarcely twenty yards behind him. But here the settler had the advantage. His progress through the water was faster than that of the panther; he gained a little on his pursuer. A little back from the opposite bank of the river stood his cabin. What if, even at its door, the maddened animal should overtake him!

As he reached the bank, he shouted to his wife at the top of his voice. She heard him cry out. Alarmed, and assured that danger must be at hand, she flew to the door and opened it. Up the bank at a headlong run came the settler, and gasping for breath, sprang into the house — staggered, then fell prostrate upon the floor.

Quick as thought, his wife shut the door and dropped the bar into its socket. Next moment, with a shock that made the cabin tremble, the catamount bounded against the door.

It was some time before the measures employed by his wife brought Jackson back to consciousness. Such terrible exertion as he had made would have cost a less hardy man his life.

Next morning Jackson's hair, which had been dark brown, or black, was found to have turned white — either from the fright or his over-exertion. His little boy, six years old, said that he saw the *colt* look in at the window-pane two or three times after his "pa" ran home that night. No doubt the panther was lurking about the cabin.

By the next day, however, Jackson was able to be astir, and wishing to get, if possible, the clothing he had thrown away, he went over the trail which had been the scene of his terrible flight. This time, with proper arms, he felt that he would not be unwilling to meet his pursuer. On reaching the place where he had dropped one after another of his garments, he

found them torn into shreds by the panther's claws. The provision-bag had been rent open and the food devoured, while the potatoes were scattered around the spot where they had been dropped.

Rougher and hillier grew the road—hills such as metropolitan bicyclers never dreamed of. The day was hot. Climbing so many long hills made us very thirsty. We had frequently to call at the farm-houses for water; there was none elsewhere.

Our worthy captain in particular seemed to be a great sufferer for water; he called at about every other house. But we began to observe that in this matter he was influenced much by the faces he saw at the open windows and doors. If a fair young pink-and-white face chanced to be seen at a window, the captain was always very thirsty. He would call—for water—alone if the rest of us did not care to. Indeed, he seemed to prefer calling alone; and now and then he would not *catch* us up for a mile or two.

Chaff failed to bring him to order. The Club grew scandalized. Naturally the others did not like the idea of his running a monopoly which their modesty forbade to them; and this feeling culminated toward night in the biggest joke of the tour, a double-dyed, practical joke.

Dearborn was behind—for the fourth or fifth time—when the rest of us came to where the road forked, and a rather tall guide-board, with outstretched finger, said, "*Bryant's Pond 3 Miles.*" We had planned to stop at this village overnight. The glance of Moses O. was observed to dwell, in a contemplative sort of way, on that guide-board after reading the inscribed information. "I have it!" he exclaimed with a lazy laugh. "Just hold my machine, Karzy. I've a trick worth all of *his!*"

(*His* referred to Captain Harold.)

"O Moses! what is it?" we asked.

"Look sharp!" said Moses O.

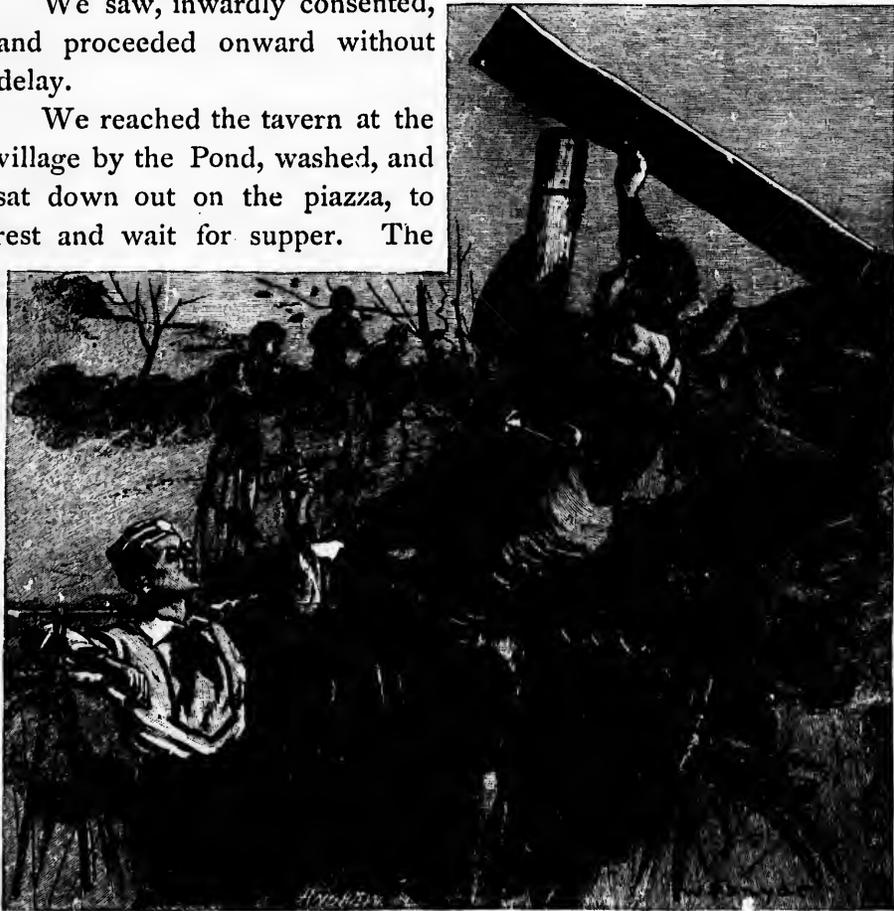
He "shinned up" that guide-post, and wrenching off the *board*

with one tug of those Hoosier arms, tacked it by the protruding nails to the other side of the post. The index-finger now pointed along the *other* road.

"That will fetch him, I reckon," Moses remarked. "See?"

We saw, inwardly consented, and proceeded onward without delay.

We reached the tavern at the village by the Pond, washed, and sat down out on the piazza, to rest and wait for supper. The



MOSES O. TURNING THE GUIDE-POST.

captain had not come. By and by we ate supper. Still he did not arrive. *We began to fear that he might have missed his way.* It was not till twilight had begun to fall that our belated one put in his appearance.

"Well, wherever have you been?" the others all shouted in a chorus of reproach. "We've been very uneasy about you — very!"

Dearborn carried it off pretty well. Whether he took it all in or not, we could not tell.

He had met some very agreeable people back along, he said, and hoped we would all excuse him.

He seemed tired, and lay down on a settee, as not much disposed to talk.

After a time, Moses O. slyly beckoned the rest of us into the hall. He had taken the cyclometer off the captain's bicycle. It indicated for that day a little over twenty-seven miles. Those on the others, belonging to the rest of the Club, marked but fifteen and a half.

No further allusion was ever made to the circumstance. But our comrade was seldom thirsty after that.

CHAPTER III.

GOOD-BYE, BICYCLES. OFF TO THE LAKES.



SETTING off early next morning from Bryant's Pond, we pushed on to "Pinhook," where are located some of the richest of the Maine silver mines, the name of one of which, the "Sigotch," keeps itself in memory from its oddity.

By nine o'clock we had reached the ferry over the Androscoggin, at "Rumford Point," in the town of Rumford. Stein asked several people whom we met here, whether the town had taken its name from Count Rumford (Benjamin Thompson), the most justly famous of American discoverers in physics, and who first demonstrated the grand doctrine of the Correlation of the Natural Forces.

No one with whom we spoke could satisfy us on this point. Any town might be proud to bear Rumford's name, for his is a fame that grows brighter year by year.

The road from the Androscoggin, northward through Andover Village, is fairly good. The sand dragged us somewhat, but there are few bad hills. The road follows the valley of the beautiful Ellis River, a tributary of the Androscoggin, the latter a broad, noble river two hundred yards wide at the ferry. It is the outlet of the lake system, toward which we were making our way, and, lower down its course, turns the great cotton-mills of Lewiston.

Ten miles below the ferry are Rumford Falls, (one hundred and fifty feet,) which we wished much to visit, as they are said to be grandly picturesque. But the river road was sandy; and of *sand* we

had come to have a well-grounded horror. Hills a bicycler can endure, but a five-mile stretch of sand fills his soul with a nameless terror, and his mouth with gall and bitterness.

Our bicycles were of English make — all save Karzy's: his was a forty-eight inch "Columbia." We had supposed, as many do, that the imported "machines" were the best; and perhaps they are for England. But at the end of this trip it was the opinion of our whole party, that Karzy had done his work easier than any other man in the Club.

Six miles north of the ferry we passed White Cap Mountain on the right, and the Lead Mine Mountain on the left of the river valley, both fine, bold peaks, and, pushing on, reached the hotel at the village a few minutes before noon, after a ride of thirty miles per cyclometer.

Andover Village is the head of bicycle navigation. Indeed, it took pluck to reach this point even. Unless the reader wishes to do something bordering on the heroic, we would not advise him to try to go from Boston to Andover, Maine, on a bicycle. But it can be done.



UPPER FALL, CATARACT BROOK.

We found ourselves pretty tired, and rested till after dinner, then drove to Cataract Brook, five miles out of the village. The brook, a stream large enough to turn a mill, falls down over cliffs and among rocks, after a most fantastic and picturesque fashion.

Karzy found work for his pencil here.

There are many drives and attractions of this kind about Andover. City people, who wish an easy, quiet summer in the country, can nowhere find a much more desirable resort. For ourselves, we



SYLVAN CASCADE, CATARACT BROOK.

already had a more extended programme in prospect. We wished to penetrate some wilderness, where we might find game that would furnish exciting sport. The sea-shore and summer watering-place business had been "done" to satiety by our party. We wanted something with adventure and a spice of peril in it; something to draw one out and call for a vigorous, manly effort. Fishing for perch, and make-believe hunting, had quite lost its charm for us. This time our heads were up for a genuine article in the way of sport. Fortunately we were not pinched for cash, and having two months at our

disposal, were determined to see what there was in this north-east country.

Bright and early next morning we were *en route*, by spring-board and span, for Welokennebacook, or Richardson Lake, distant fourteen miles, by a new road through the woods from Andover Village. At this latter place we said good-bye to our faithful "wheels," which had brought us so far, and so well. They were packed up and held to await our order. Here, too, we had found our trunks, containing



THE DEVIL'S DEN.

our outfit for the woods, awaiting us: our double-barrelled breech-loaders, ammunition, fishing-rods, etc.

Parties going on a tour to the Lakes, from Andover, commonly hire a guide. Many woodsmen, hereabouts, make "guiding" their business. We were fortunate enough to secure one of the best (whom we will call "Fred"), who furnished a tent, and an entire camping-out kit. Three dollars per day were his terms; and without care and bother to us, he bought such supplies as we would need; though of course we paid for these.

The forest road from the village up to the South Arm of the Lake gives a very enjoyable ride, and there is some odd scenery on the way. After five miles the spring-board halts to let passengers go to see "The Devil's Den," a strange, water-worn chasm in the ledges, near by where Black Brook roars and gurgles down.



SILVER RIPPLE CASCADE, BLACK BROOK

Hard by the Den are several picturesque falls, where the water has furrowed deep grooves and basins in the solid granite. It is said that "formerly a mill, owned by a man named Smith, stood over it. At that time the waters of Black Brook emptied into the Den over the wall of solid rock which formed the back, and made their escape through an opening in the rock at the lower end." The shape of the Den, inside, is like the letter U, turned sideways, with the bottom of the letter towards the brook. The wheel was hung in the Den, under the mill, and so near the precipice

over which the water fell, as to be driven by the force of its fall. But the mill has long since fallen to decay, and the waters of Black Brook have been turned from the Den, and have worn a new channel through the rocks a few yards beyond. The bottom of the Den is

now partially covered with rubbish and broken timbers, that have fallen in as the building has succumbed to the ravages of time and the elements. Across the top of the Den, where the mill stood, there yet remains one large timber that spans the awful chasm. Upon this one may walk out, and get a better view of the gorge through which the waters escaped. If you are troubled with dizziness, however, you had better keep off it, as a fall would be very likely to spoil your trout-fishing at the lakes.

The following legend is connected with the Den.

THE LEGEND.

Many years ago, a man by the name of Brown, who was more of a hunter and trapper than anything else, came down to Andover from Canada. After stopping in the village a few weeks, he came out here in the wilderness, and, with the assistance of the village people, built him a log-house. At that time Indians were thick about the lakes, and hunting and trapping was anything but safe business. Here Brown lived, miles from other houses, without any companion but a dog and a horse. Occasionally he would make a visit to the town, trade his furs at the stores for necessaries in the way of groceries and ammunition, and then return to his log cabin, not to be seen for another long spell. One winter and spring, two years after he had built his cabin, the Indians were particularly troublesome and daring, and Brown had not made his appearance at Andover for a long time. At the principal store, one day, a number of the villagers had accidentally met, and were wondering what had become of the eccentric hunter, when Brown's dog walked into the store, so thin and lank they scarcely knew him. He was almost famished, and Mudge, the storekeeper, gave him something to eat. After the dog had eaten, he acted very strangely — would go to the door and look out, then come back, and, looking the men wistfully in the face, would give utterance to a mournful howl. Those present thought something had happened to Brown, for the dog was never known to come to the village before, alone. After talking the matter over, they raised a company of twenty men, and the next morning, well armed, they started for Brown's cabin, the dog taking the lead, just as if he understood all that was going on. When they arrived here they found the cabin burned to the ground, and the bones of Brown, which had been picked clean by the

wolves, were all that was left of the unfortunate hunter. Near by, beneath a rudely constructed grave, they found the remains of four Indians, showing that Brown must have sold his life dearly. They dug a grave, and buried the bones, and then returned home, Mudge keeping the dog, who lived for some years after his master's death. The horse, and everything else of any value, the redskins had taken away with them.

Farther on, the road threads a tremendous ravine, betwixt steep, craggy mountains. This is the celebrated "Andover Notch." At



SCREW-AUGER FALLS, BEAR RIVER.

one point the way is but a ticklish trail, along the brink of a precipice. There is some grand scenery here, scarcely surpassed in the White Mountains.

High up the face of a bold mountain, the driver pointed out a black hole, which he called "The Devil's Oven."

Moses O. remarked that "the Old Fellow seemed to own a good deal of real estate hereabouts."

Several springs of exquisitely cool, fresh water, were passed; and ere long, a high, perpendicular ledge, called "Moody's Crag," was pointed out, concerning which Mr. Charles A. J. Farrar, who has written much of interest concerning this region, relates the following —

TRAGIC INCIDENT.

One evening, a man named Moody, with several others who were out hunting, heard wolves howling on the mountain above the ledge. They started up the mountain, intending to make it hot for the wolves. Moody led the way, and, when just above the ledge, a small tree that he had hold of, gave way, and before he could catch at anything else, down he went. He struck first on a little shelf of the ledge, about a third of the way down, which broke his fall and some of his bones at the same time. Before he could secure himself, over he went again, and landed about a third further down, on a little spur projecting from the main precipice, upon which grew a few small bushes. Before he could get hold of these, he again fell, striking heavily at the bottom of the rock. His companions made a stretcher and took him out to the village. A doctor was called, and it was found that the unfortunate man had broken both his arms and legs, and his collar-bone, and from a fearful cut in his head some of his brains were oozing. Yet, in spite of this, he managed to get well, went to sea and was drowned. The circumstance brings to mind the old adage, "A man who is born to be drowned can't die ashore."

Presently a thunder-squall, for which this "Notch" is somewhat noted, burst upon us. We were forced to take refuge in our rubber coats, in haste.

At length the "Arm" of the lake opened to view betwixt the mountains, and ere long we were in sight of a wretched little hovel, humorously yclept "Comfort," on a bit of board over the door.

The sharp, far-echoing whistle of the little steamer *Welokennebacook* broke the forest stillness; and the spring-board rattled up to the landing. Already the sun was shining again. Mr. Farrar, who

owns the steamer, and who is doing a great deal to make this pleasant region accessible to the public, was on board, and gave us kindly greeting.

The "Arm" is a fine, deep bay, walled on both sides by high, forest-clad ridges. In a few minutes the steamer was off for Middle Dam, where there is a "Camp," at which tourists are entertained. In the river below the dam there is *said* to be good trout-fishing. Our experience the day we fished here was not remarkable, but it may not have been altogether the fault of the speckled trout. A goodly num-



STEAMER WELOKENNEBACOOK.

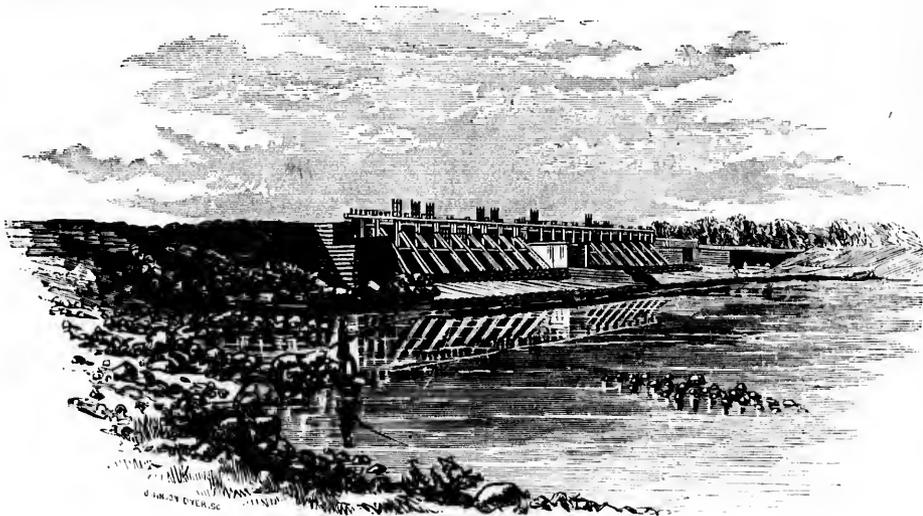
ber are taken here each season, some of them very large, — we heard of one weighing ten pounds; and I subjoin a statement as to the weight of a catch made at Upper Dam, which we saw recorded there:

"Frank E. Taylor, Brooklyn, N. Y., and J. H. Rhodes, New York city, took twenty-seven trout here, weighing one hundred and eight pounds, *an average of four pounds each*. This is one of the finest catches of trout ever taken at the Upper Dam. The separate weights

were, $6\frac{1}{2}$, $6\frac{1}{2}$, $4\frac{1}{2}$, $2\frac{1}{2}$, $3\frac{1}{4}$, $3\frac{1}{4}$, 3, 4, $4\frac{1}{2}$, $5\frac{3}{4}$, 4, $3\frac{3}{4}$, 6, $3\frac{1}{2}$, 4, 3, $3\frac{1}{2}$, 5, 3, $2\frac{1}{2}$, $6\frac{1}{2}$, 4, $2\frac{1}{2}$, $2\frac{1}{2}$, $3\frac{3}{4}$, 2, and 5 pounds each.

After a brief stop at the "Middle Dam Camp," the steamer turned back, and bore away through the "Narrows" and up the main lake for the Upper Dam.

At this point, where the stream from the Upper Lakes falls into Welokennebacook, there is a small village of camps, where various clubs of tourists spend a few weeks each year, and a large farm-house, where board can be obtained.



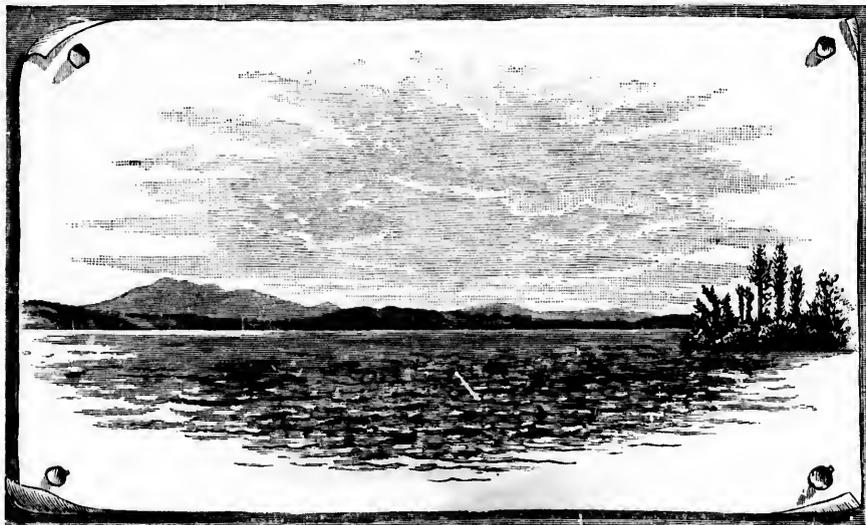
THE UPPER DAM.

Upper Dam is one of the places visited and celebrated so humorously by Theodore Winthrop, on his tour "down east." It was here that the famous cook, Joe Bourgogne, practised the culinary art, of whom the irresistible Theodore relates: —

JOE BOURGOGNE.

Our luxurious new friends had been favored by Fate with a French-Canadian cook, himself a Three of Frères Provençaux. Such was his reputation. We saw by the eye of him, and by his nose, formed for compre-

hending fragrances, and by the lines of refined taste converging from his whole face towards his mouth, that he was one to detect and sniff gastronomic possibilities in the humblest materials. Joseph Bourgogne looked the cook. His phiz gave us faith in him: eyes small and discriminating; nose upturned, nostrils expanded and receptive; mouth saucy, in the literal sense. His voice, moreover, was a cook's, — thick in articulation, dulcet in tone. He spoke as if he deemed that a throat was created for better uses than laboriously manufacturing words, — as if the object of the mouth were to receive tribute, not to give commands, — as if that pink stalactite, his palate, were



LAKE WELOKENNEBACOOK.

more used by delicacies entering, than by rough words or sorry sighs going out of the inner caverns.

When we find the right man in the right place, our minds are at ease. The future becomes satisfactory as the past. Anticipation is glad certainty, not anxious doubt.

. . . . The average world must be revenged upon genius. Greatness must be punished by itself or another. Joseph Bourgogne was no exception to the laws of misery of genius. He had a distressing trait, whose exhibition tickled the *dura ilia* of the reapers of the forest. Joseph, poet-cook, was sensitive to new ideas. This sensitiveness to the peremptory thought made him the slave of the wags of Damville. Whenever he had anything in his

hands, at a stern, quick command, he would drop it nervously. Did he approach the table with a second dish of pork and beans, a yellow dish of beans, browned delicately as a Sèvres vase, then would some full-fed rogue, waiting until Joseph was bending over some devoted head, say sharply,



CAMP BELLEVUE, LAKE MOLECHUNKAMUNK.

"Drop that, Josep!" — whereupon down went the dish and contents, emporridging the poll and person of the luckless wight beneath. Always, were his burden, pitcher of water, armful of wood, axe dangerous to toes, mirror, or pudding, — still followed the same result. And when the poet-cook had done the mischief, he would stand shuddering at his work of ruin, and sigh, and curse his too sensitive nature.

CHAPTER IV.

CAMPING OUT.



WE wanted to try camping out, Karzy in particular. So the next day (we spent our first night at Upper Dam Farm) Fred took us in a sail-boat, with our outfit, to Metaluk, or Metallic, Point, down at the "Narrows." Here there is a fine sandy beach, on the east shore just below Metaluk Brook. Back a little from the beach there are scattered pines, stubs, and low bushes; but the sand extends for a long way amongst the pines. Altogether it is a pleasant spot. There is a splendid chance to go in bathing. We tested it directly, but found the water somewhat chilly.

Two herons were started up here while we were landing. They flew off at a slow, *loping* flight, to the tops of some tall pines, a mile below, where they had their nests.

The site selected for our tent was back a few rods from the shore, where the pines broke off the rather too fresh wind. It was an A tent, ten by eleven feet. Two forked stakes, a pole, and some tent-pins, were all the preparations needed to pitch it. These were soon cut and driven, when our little white canvas house sprang up as if by magic under Fred's experienced hands. Hard by was a big pine stump, weathered, gray, and dry. Against this a fire was kindled. Rike and Harold cut fuel with the two axes Fred had taken along. Water was brought in a tin bucket; and in the course of twenty minutes our guide offered us each a tin pint dipperful of very good coffee, which with soda crackers, cheese, canned beef, and mustard, made a fairly relishable lunch.

For our dinner that evening, we were promised something better, for which Fred was already improvising a table from a stray hemlock board and some stakes set in the ground. From the outset our guide seemed to recognize the fact that people up in this lake country develop enormous appetites as if by enchantment, and governed his movements accordingly. He put beans in soak, to cook during the night in an old iron tea-kettle, buried in ashes and live coals, and began to wash at least a peck of Irish potatoes.

Convinced that he was on the right track, and fully understood his business, we set off to fish and hunt. Stein and Harold crossed the "Narrows," to shoot partridges in the woods on the opposite side. The rest of us went to catch trout up Metaluk Brook.

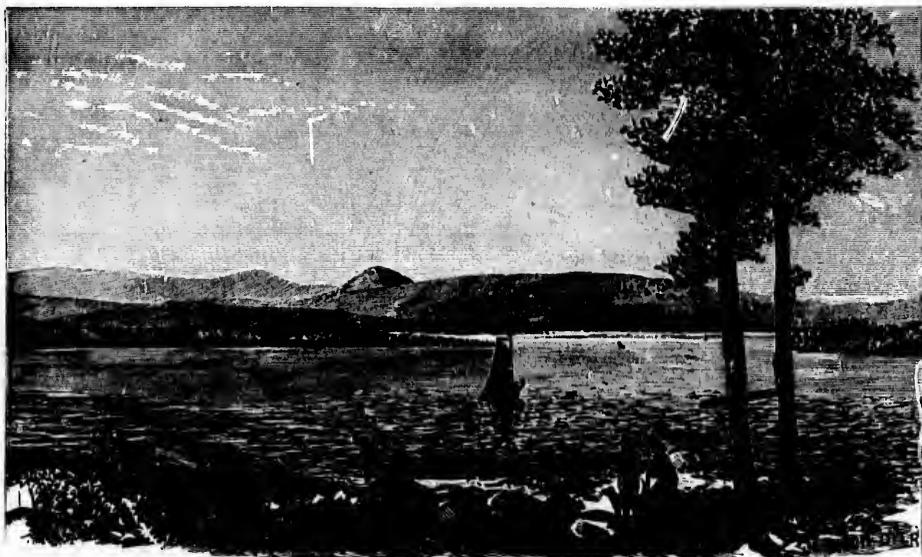
Both the Brook and the "Point" are named after "Old Metaluk," an Indian chief who is said to have lived here with his squaw "Molly Molasses."



CAMPING OUT.

We went round into the mouth of the brook in our boat, then landed and began to fish along the banks. It is a good-sized brook. For a mile or two it flows through a bushy, and in places rather sandy meadow, but farther back changes to a very picturesque mountain torrent. There are several fine, deep "trout-holes" here along; and at one of them Karzy caught a trout — actually *did!*

The rest of us *didn't*; but we did a great deal of earnest fishing. For bait we used angle-worms from the Upper Dam Farm dooryard,



LAKE MOLECHUNKAMUNK.

also flies and pork. Yet despite all our allurements, the trout manifested a surprising amount of indifference to us. It may have been our fault, or our innocent inexperience. Trout are "pecooliar." One expert says of the trout of these waters: — "This speckled trout is not to be trifled with. He must be approached cautiously and deceived with deliberation. Although possessed of a shark-like appetite, he is a stickler for form, and objects to unseasonable food with the perti-

nacity of a religious devotee. When he wants flies, the plumpest of angle-worms may be dragged before his very nose without quickening the play of his pectoral fins or the easy sway of his tail, and when it is no longer fly-time with him, the very king of gray hackles might flutter and flap, untouched, within a finger's length of the lily-pad which serves as his shelter. But there is one dainty he never rejects. Be it chub, or shiner, or even the small fry of his own species, this handsome cannibal, like the cormorant that he is, makes haste to take it in whenever opportunity offers. It is rare, indeed, when a big trout's stomach fails to yield his captor evidence of a fish-dinner. This weakness of the trout is often turned to good account by parties who bait strong hooks with live fish, and leave them 'set' in the water over night. Such fishing is condemned, however, as unsportsmanlike, and no respectable fisherman likes to be known as practising it. For that matter, too, trolling is looked upon as not exactly the square thing, the rule of fish-craft being that the fly ranks first in honor, then rod-fishing with a single hook."

This opinion of trout nature is indorsed by one of the native guides of this region, in the native tongue:—"Drefful notional critters, traout be, olluz bitin' at whodger haänt got. Orful contrary critters—jess like fimmels. Yer can cotch a fimmel with a feather, if she's to be cotched; if she haänt to be cotched, yer may scoop ther hul world dry an yer haänt got her. Jess so traout."

It was late when we got back to camp. The sight of the blithe fire among the pines, with its strong odors of pitch, was very cheery. Pleasant, too, was the odor of Fred's cooking. He was frying steak. Rike and Harold sat by. They had returned in advance of us and had already formed an opinion of the game. One red squirrel was their whole bag. "And for this I bought a hundred and seventy-five dollar gun!" quoth Rike, exhibiting the game.

Karzy laid his trout—the size of a clothes-pin—alongside the squirrel. The guide smiled as one not wholly unaccustomed

to such instances. "Shall I cook all this for your breakfast?" he inquired.

But dinner was a success. It always is up here, I fancy — if there is anything to eat.

As we ate, we heard the loons (the Great Northern Diver) calling to each other out on the lake; and a colony of frogs, in a little pond-hole hard by, set up a terrific conclamation. Once we heard a distant yell, which the guide said was made by a bear.



GENTLEMEN-TOURISTS' CAMP.

It had grown cloudy and lowering. But our cheerful camp-fire made all bright. It seemed rather odd, however, to be sitting on logs in a forest, with night and a storm coming on.

"What would my mother say to me?" Moses O. remarked thoughtfully. "She never allowed me to sit out of doors at this time o' day, for fear I would catch the 'shakes.' Ever have the 'shakes' so far east as this, guide?"

"Not that kind," said Fred.

For an hour or so, our guide entertained us with accounts of hunting and camping out, proving himself a capital hand at a story. So numerous, indeed, were his tales, that I should despair of giving a tenth of them in the brief space allowed me for recording our week at these lakes.

On looking into the tent, we found that Fred had filled it, while we were gone fishing, to the depth of two or three feet with pine boughs. On this natural mattress our blankets were spread; and here,



INTERIOR OF A SPORTSMAN'S CAMP.

not much later, we bestowed ourselves for the night. A bit of candle was set up in a candlestick contrived of a split stick stuck in the ground and a strip of white birch bark; and the tent-flap was drawn and buttoned.

Talking went on for a while, then died out. The frogs peeped and growled. We all thought that we should soon fall asleep. But we did not for some reason, — the oddity of the thing, very likely. I could

hear my fellow-travellers turning over and over. Then Stein got up to make some improvement in his part of the bed. "Good many *ribs* in this mattress of yours, Fred," he observed.

Rike, too, got up to improve,—and drew out a thick pine-branch from beneath his back.

Upon that we all fell to talking again, and I think it was one o'clock before sleep fairly reigned supreme in that tent.

But we slept late enough the next morning to make it up.



THEODORE WINTHROP.

When I waked it was light, and evidently late; but it was raining softly on the tent outside. All hands were snoring away as for dear life. A wonderful drowsiness brooded over that interior; next moment I had surrendered to it again, and we came near sleeping over that day. Fred waked us at last. He was getting those beans out of the hole where the kettle had stewed all night. The odor roused us out at once. That is the way to cook beans.

It had nearly ceased raining, and after breakfast we set sail for Upper Dam to fish for trout again. The following paragraph from Mr. Farrar's book had stimulated Dearborn so profoundly that he wished to try his luck at luring the "speckled beauties" at the earliest possible moment.

"At the Upper Dam you throw your fly on top of the white water, and have it seized by a ten-pounder, instead of a baby trout six inches long; you strike hard, and the fish darts away, while fathom after fathom of your line unreels, and you begin to tremble for fear he will never stop; he turns, and you begin to reel in, carefully and watchfully, keeping his head well up to the surface, and after many moments of exciting anxiety you get him near

enough to successfully use your net. It is no small job to take an eight- or ten-pound trout out of swift water, with a light rod, and not break your rod or lose your line. It requires skill, patience, and practice to do it; but isn't it sport? How your eyes sparkle, your cheeks flush, and how you quiver with the excitement of the moment, while battling with one of these gigantic specimens!"

One comrade more than hinted that we had not fished Metaluk



LAKE NOOSELUCKMEGUNTIC.

Brook correctly; and he proceeded to read us a section of instructions from a *Fisherman's Manual*, which he had brought:—

“Questions in relation to fishing *up* or *down* a stream should be decided by the condition of the stream and its borders. While casting from the shore it makes very little difference which way the stream is fished; but in wading it is best to fish up stream, because it does not roil the water, and there is not so great liability to alarm the fish. In making a cast it is always best to draw the fly across the current, for then the drop-flies will play clear of the casting-line. This is the opinion of most good fly-fishers. First, cast up

stream along the shore, and, if the stream be not too wide, cast to the farther shore, drawing your flies across the stream, but not too fast, lest the trout become suspicious. In striking you cannot be too quick, when fishing up a stream. Cast first near the shore; then a yard or two farther off; next across the stream. If you get not a rise, take a step or two up the stream and repeat. Continue doing so until a doubt arises as to whether the trout admire your cast; then replace one fly by another of different color from any on your cast. If that does not take, after presenting it several times, take it off and try another extreme in color. Keep changing until you hit the fancy of the trout."



SPIRIT OF MOSELUCKMEGUNTIC.

Mollychunkamug. Fair Mollychunkamug had not smiled for us until now; now a sunny grin spread over her smooth cheeks. She was all smiling, and presently, as the breeze dimpled her, all a-snicker up into the roots of her hair, up among her forest tresses. Mollychunkamug! Who could be aught but gay, gay even to the farcical, when on such a name? Is it Indian? Bewildered Indian, we deem it,—transmogrified somewhat from aboriginal sound by the fond imagination of some lumberman, finding in it a sweet memorial of his Mary far away in the kitchens of the Kennebec, his Mary so rotund of blooming cheek, his *Molly of the chunky mug.*"

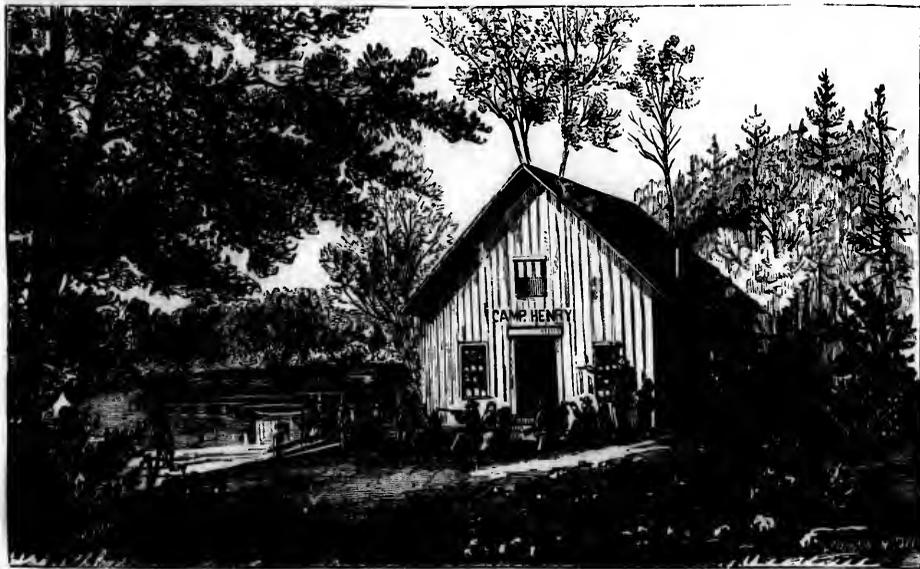
The wind was fresh from the south, and we had a fine sail of four or five miles to the Dam.

That portion of the lake above the "Narrows" is called the Upper Richardson, or Mollychunkamunk, Lake. Theodore Winthrop wrote it Mollychunkamug, and conjecturing, after his humorous fashion, as to the derivation of the name, he remarks:—

"When it cleared,—when it purveyed us a broadening zone of blue sky and a heavenful of brilliant cloud-creatures,—we were sailing over Lake

In like manner of *Mooseluckmeguntic*, the name of the lake next above Mollychunkamunk, Mr. Farrar gives us the following odd tradition: —

“ A hunter, who was out after moose, met with such poor success, that he almost famished. He said, — ‘I had been four days without game, and naturally without anything to eat, except pine-cones and green chestnuts. There was no game in the forest. The trout would not bite, for I had no tackle or hook. I was starving. I sat down and rested my trusty but futile rifle against a fallen tree. Suddenly I heard a tread, turned my head, saw a *moose* — *took my gun* — *tick!* he was dead. I was saved. I feasted, and in



CAMP HENRY, RANGELEY OUTLET.

gratitude named the lake *Moosetookmyguntick*.’ The name has undergone some modifications since its origin, but it cannot be misunderstood.”

Upper Dam is called very good fishing-ground. The waters in great volume plunge through the sluice-ways of the dam with a thunderous rush, making those *yeasty maelstroms* which the trout love so well.

We fished there with both assiduity and a long-lived patience for two or three hours — and Fred caught one! It was a pretty fish, and would have weighed a pound, I think. The ten-pounders did not show that day.

Next day Stein, Rike, and Karzy fished Mosquito Brook, two miles below, and Karzy caught three trouts as large as small cigars.

At the end of this day's sport Moses O, summed up as follows: —
"Fellows, this is a very pretty region of country, — these lakes and mountains. But it is getting rather thickly settled with city sportsmen and their camps. The game is mostly *on paper*. If we want to see any *real sport* this vacation, we had better move on."

FRED'S MOOSE-STORY.

AS RECORDED BY "RIKE."

We had heard a great deal about moose-hunting down in Maine, and were anxious for our guide to take us to hunt the noble animal. In a gentle way he gave us to understand that moose were not quite as plenty as they used to be, also that there was a law against killing them; and furthermore, when pressed hard by us, he as good as told us that it would be of no use to go hunting moose then, for the best of reasons: there were no moose at present.

But moose do sometimes come about these lakes; and a few years ago, in May, 1877, our guide had had a most exciting ride after a bull moose on Lake Cupsuptic, the third lake above Welokennebacook. He was at that time "guiding" for two gentlemen named Sargent and Chase; and that morning they were out in a boat trolling for trout. Not far off were two other boats with two gentlemen named Lewis (father and son), and two guides named Haley and Haines. It was a fine cool morning. The lake lay black and still. They were having fair sport, when Mr. Sargent's attention was attracted to what looked like the blanched roots of a pine stump, floating along at no great distance.

"What is that?" he asked.

"A moose! A big buck moose!" were the almost simultaneous exclamations from the whole party.

"Where could he have come from?"

Then came a scramble. Lines were hauled in, rods were shipped, and the guns were seized.

But a voice cried, "Don't fire; it's against the law! Let's catch him!"

Every paddle was at once brought into requisition. Meantime the moose, which had probably been taking a morning swim to free itself from flies, took alarm at the hubbub, and struck off for the shore.

It was an eager race now. The pursuers gained, and were close upon the moose, when his feet touched bottom. With a mighty splashing, a shake and a snort, he dashed into the woods on Birch Island.



A CAMP ON LAKE MOSELUCKMEGUNTIC.

"Head him!" was the cry. "Head him off at the other end of the island!"

Several of the party leaped from the boats, and ran pell-mell through the woods.

The moose could be heard crashing through the brush. Stimulated by the sport and by the fresh morning air, the men fairly astonished themselves with their own running.

Over logs, through brush and bushes, across bog-holes and sloughs, on they scrambled; and to drive him into the lake again they set up a chorus

of shouts, hoots, and unearthly yells, until the poor moose no doubt thought that pandemonium had broken loose. He dashed back and forth along the wooded shore. At length, hearing his pursuers closing in about him, he took to the lake again, and struck out with a tremendous splashing.

"There he goes! He's swimming for the other shore! To the boats again!" and his eager pursuers ran to re-embark.

By the time they were fairly afloat, the moose had got some distance from land; but under the energetic strokes of Fred and the other guides, well seconded by the amateurs, the distance was speedily shortened, although the



A SETTLER'S LOG CABIN.

moose swam powerfully, just showing its black head and neck above water. Foot by foot they closed with him.

"Look out — he may turn on you!" cautioned Haines.

But Fred shot alongside the creature within only a few yards of him. A running noose was made of the boat's tow-line. Watching his chance, Fred threw it. By good luck it fell over the moose's antlers, and was instantly drawn tight. A wild hurrah applauded this feat, both from those in the other boats and from several sportsmen on the shore.

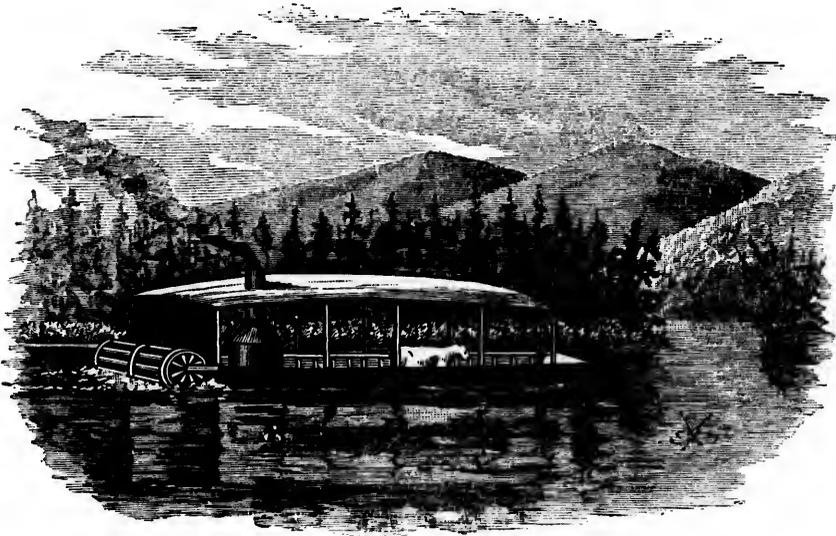
But though lassoed, the moose was not yet captured. The creature

struck off smartly, towing the boat after him. The men tried to stop him by backing water; but his strength overmatched theirs. One of the other boats now came up and made fast to the same rope, but the moose took them both along at the same rate.

"Well, let him go, if he's determined to!" cried Chase. "Let him swim, and we'll ride."

In fact, they were all about tired enough to rest; and since they could not stop the animal, they lay back and enjoyed the ride. On went the moose, up the lake, plunging through the water with heavy kicks of its broad hoofs.

"Why, this is equal to steam-power!" exclaimed Sargent.



THE FIRST STEAMER ON THE LAKES.

Indeed, the puffing and blowing of the moose forcibly reminded them of a donkey-engine. The lookers-on from the shore did not at once comprehend the situation, moose power being such a novelty. The moose swam with both boats as fast as a person could easily paddle a canoe. By hauling on the line, either upon his right or left side, the course of the animal could be changed. For three miles the moose forged ahead, the hunters riding serenely in his wake. The animal did not attempt to turn on them, as they had half expected he would, but seemed intent only upon getting away. Having

thoroughly enjoyed the "ride," a sentiment of sympathy began to creep into the hearts of the sportsmen.

"I say, gentlemen, it's too bad to ride a free horse to death," quoth one.

"That's so!" exclaimed every voice.

"There's some danger, too, of his getting winded and giving up suddenly," said Fred. "If he should drown out here we should lose him."

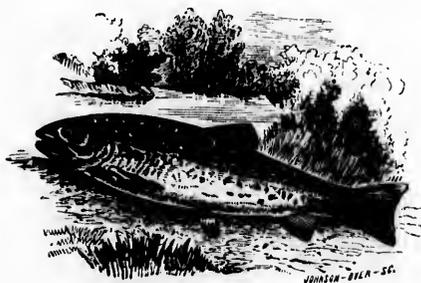
"Head him for the shore, then!" cried Chase. "Go for Camp Frye!"

"Camp Frye," it may be explained, is the designation given to a tourists' camp on the lake shore, after the Hon. Wm. P. Frye, Senator from Maine. It so happened that the camp was at that time occupied by Mr. Frye himself, with his family.

For Camp Frye the moose was accordingly headed, and by adroit management of the line he was "grounded" near the boat-landing. So completely tired out had the animal become that it offered almost no resistance when pulled out of the water upon the shore. It seemed stupefied, and gave no other sign of native ferocity than an occasional stamp of its forehoof, and by grinding its teeth. The guides say that they had never seen a larger moose. Its weight was estimated at twelve hundred pounds.

The sight of a live moose fresh from its haunts was a novelty. Of course nobody dreamed of such a thing as taking the animal's life. The law of Maine, at present, forbids the killing of all wild ruminants. To have "made away" with the animal in the presence of a veteran lawgiver like Mr. Frye would have been too foul a deed to have escaped merited justice.

We are well assured, therefore, that after three hours' duration the moose was turned loose to "multicrease and replenish" the forests. Having regained his "wind" somewhat, the old fellow departed with an exultant bound when the line was cut; but his report to his antlered brethren containing his views of the morning's sport has not yet been transmitted.



CHAPTER V.

MOOSEHEAD AND THE WEST BRANCH.



EXT morning there was thick fog: lakes, primeval forest, and roaring dams, all buried—lost—in one unutterable white sea of pearly mist. Till eight o'clock and past, we could scarcely discern objects fifteen yards distant, even. Men walking about, until nigh enough to shake hands with, looked like dim ghosts in gauze-like winding-sheets.

Then from out this bewildering and uprisen sea, yelled, on a sudden, the shrill whistle of the little steamer *Mollychunkamunk*, from Rangeley outlet.

We paid off Fred, and bidding him good-bye— not without real regret, for he had tried hard to give us a good time— went on board.

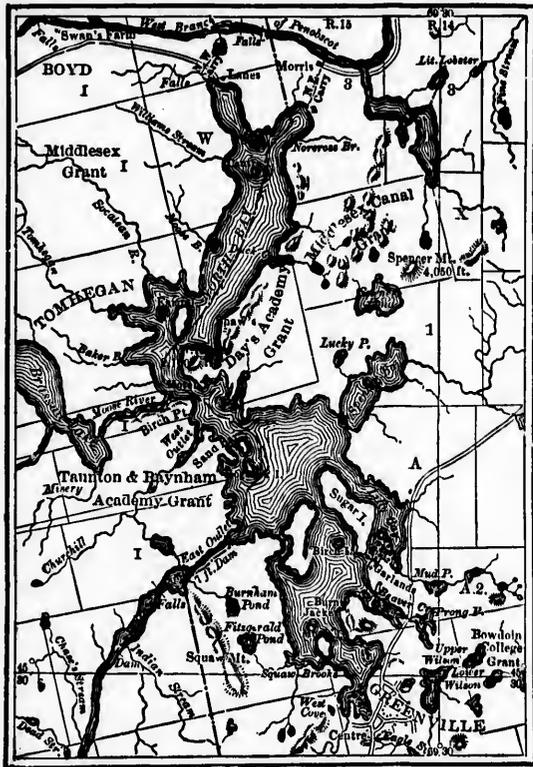
The *Mollychunkamunk* is a smart little steam-launch; and we should have vastly enjoyed our voyage up Mooselucmaguntic, Cupsuptic, and Rangeley lakes, that morning, if the fog had not covered us so closely. As it was, we got but indistinct, fleeting glimpses of the scenery, yet did not deem it worth the while



MOOSEHEAD.

to tarry longer. Our captain, Harold, and Moses O. had already declared for Moosehead Lake, Mount Kineo, and Katahdin, a hundred miles to the northeastward, and, as we then supposed, in a far more sequestered and wilderness region.

From Rangeley—named after an eccentric English gentleman



MAP OF MOOSEHEAD LAKE.

who had a grant of land and settled in this section fifty years ago—we went out to the town of Phillips, by stage, over a very pretty road through the woods, and past several picturesque ponds. At Phillips we found the narrowest of narrow-gauge railways which any of us had thus far seen. The rails were but *two feet apart!* with cars and locomotive on a like Lilliputian scale! In fact, it was the most *petite*, and, as Karzy remarked, “the *tamest*” little railroad imaginable. It did not seem as if it would hurt you if you jumped off and

got on again while going at speed. We had no end of fun riding on it down to Farmington. It was like a boy's railroad.

At Farmington, this little railway connects with a *full-grown* one; and from here, after a very pleasant night spent at the old home of the late Jacob Abbott, author of the *Rollo Books*, and so many

others, dear to our childhood, we went to Blanchard. This was then the terminus of the railroad up to Moosehead; and from there we had stage again for twelve or fifteen miles, north, to Greenville, situated on the southern arm of the great lake.

There is little call to stop long at Greenville, though a pretty hamlet; and as the steamer lay off, waiting, we went on board for Mount Kineo, the grand objective point with tourists, twenty miles up the lake.

Moosehead is a large, roomy sheet of water, though it does not look it from Greenville. North and south it extends nearly forty miles, we were told, and is twelve, and even fifteen and eighteen miles wide in places. Five or six miles up from Greenville the scenery becomes very fine. Standing far out into the



FIRST GLIMPSE OF MOOSEHEAD.

lake, in front, looms the brown, hornstone precipice of Mount Kineo, eight hundred feet high, named from a taciturn old Indian, a chief it is said, who lived for nearly half a century on the top of this bold crag. Off to the east are two tall, volcanic-looking cones, called the "Spencer Peaks." Still farther eastward, towers the granite block of Katahdin; while down in the south-west rises the high, dreary peak known as "Old Squaw," the mother of Kineo, who dwelt there while her son lived on Mount Kineo.

Clearings frequently met the eye along the shores: a circumstance

which by no means enhanced the scene in our eyes; for already, from the numbers on the steamer, and many other indications, we were beginning to fear that we should find Moosehead as "thickly settled" with tourists as was Welokennebacook and Mollychunkamunk.

The Mount Kineo House, situated on a plat of land at the foot of the towering cliff, is a large, well-kept hotel, placed in a most charming locality. It was full of people. We could scarcely obtain beds for our party — two in a bed.



MOUNT KINEO.

Next morning we hired a guide, locally known as "Uncle Amos," who took us in a row-boat along the foot of the crags, for a mile, to where the ascent of Mount Kineo is usually made. We spent the forenoon climbing the mountain, and enjoying the really grand view from its summit. In fact, I may as well condense and say we spent the next three days — four, including Sunday — touring about in the ordinary tame and lazy way, to see the *supposed* objects of interest:

over to the mouth of Moose River and Brassua Lake, to Pebble Beach and to the Socatean Stream.

Karzy, meantime, made a private trip of fifteen or twenty miles, with a guide and team, from Greenville to what is termed *The Gulf*, at the Katahdin Iron Works, where there was said to be some very fine scenery. He returned enthusiastic, saying that this "Gulf" is the "Yosemite of New England."

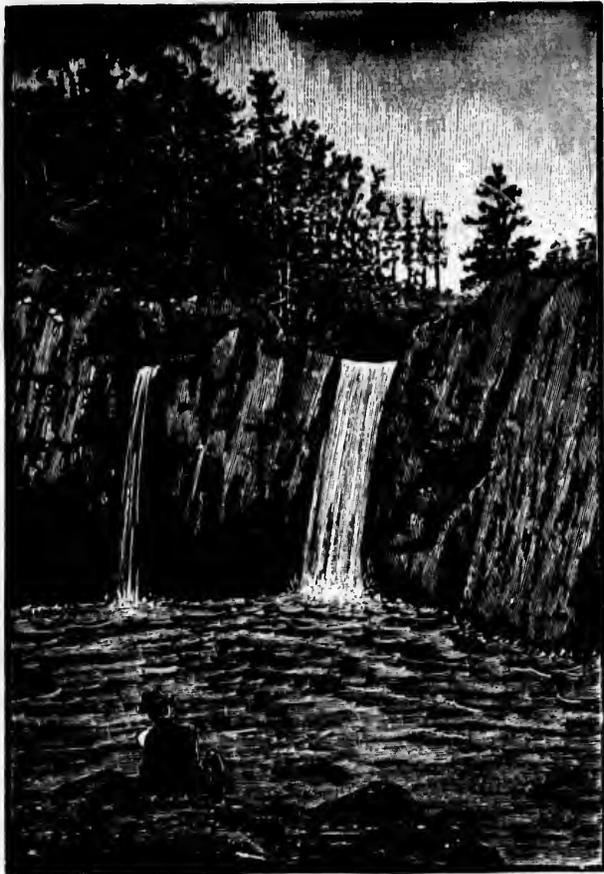


MOOSEHEAD FROM MOUNT KINEO.

But everywhere were tourists, thick as blueberries!—parties out for the day from the hotel; parties camping out for a few days; boys hunting; with brand-new guns, and no end of cartridge-belts and equipments; boys fishing, with fine, new rods, reels and fly-hooks,—in short, no end of nice-looking people, all enjoying themselves to their heart's content. But the game, alas! for which our hearts pined, was as scarce here as at Upper Dam.

"This never'll do," said Moses O., sighing. "O, for a lodge, etc."

We talked with several guides and others, and were advised to make a trip to the head of Chesuncook, and to Chamberlain Farm, and thence down the Alleguash and St. John rivers, to Woodstock, New Brunswick: three hundred miles, more or less, through the wilderness.



BILLINGS' FALLS IN "THE GULF."

That seemed to promise something. For it we hired two other guides, known at the hotel as "Uncle Johnny" and "Marsh," and three large birch canoes, with a tent and camping-out kit, like that procured at Andover, with Fred, only on a grander scale, and with a larger stock of provisions.

Setting off at five o'clock, Monday morning, on the little steamer *Day-Dream*, we went up to the head of the lake, where the "north-east carry" leads across to the West Branch of Penobscot River. Here, being diligent readers of Theodore Winthrop's *Life in the Open Air*, and Thoreau's *Maine Woods*, we

looked, but looked in vain, for the wooden railroad and "bullgine" which they have rendered historic. A forest fire had long ago burned up the railroad, we were told. Our canoes and luggage were drawn across the carry—two miles—by a span of stout Canadian horses. Even this remote "carry" has now its summer hotel.

Close by the river there is another tavern, and blacksmith shop, where they were shoeing a prodigious gray draught-horse, with shaggy legs. We stopped to wonder at the animal. They said it came from Prince Edward's Island. The shoes were as large as Tyndall's magnets! The blacksmith was an odd chunk of a man, with a beagle head and surly eye. But we saw a really pretty face peeping out of a window of the house.



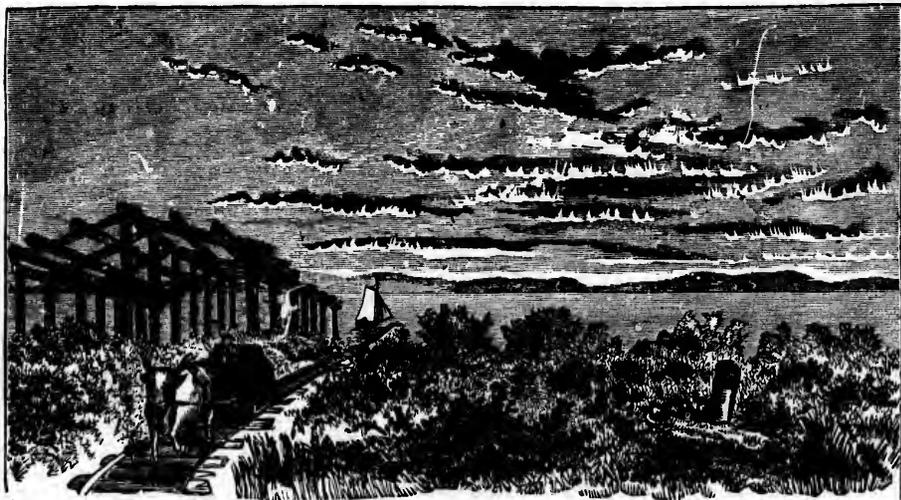
SOCATEAN STREAM FALLS.

The West Branch, at this point, is about ninety metres broad. It takes a strong arm to throw a stone across it, as we found out while the guides were launching the canoes and getting ready to embark. Close by there was a heap of barrels, window-sashes, boxes, etc., all marked "Murphy, Head of Chesuncook." Murphy is a great man in these parts, — lumberman, farmer, tavern and store keeper. It

is twenty miles from this place to Chesuncook, northward, and down the river.

We had three birch canoes, each a little larger than the ordinary size, for we were three to a canoe. Two were new, but all three were stanch and dry. The guides had brought along low seats with backs, made of pine boards, for us to sit on amidships; but we did not like these, and chose rather the great rolls of wool blankets strapped up in the rubber blankets.

A *canoe de bouleau*, or, in Maine phrase, a "birch," is not nearly



OLD WOODEN RAILROAD AND "BULLGINE."

so cranky a craft as many believe. The Maine lakes canoes generally tip and roll less easily than small board boats. Once a little used to them, they are the most delightful of skiffs, for they sit on the water like a duck, and a little care will prevent their listing. Some tourists object to them because a sail cannot be used; but as a matter of fact, we sailed them on every fair wind; and I am convinced that the objection is imaginary. True, it would not do to run plump on a rock; but that is a lubberly accident at best.

The Branch was low.

For a mile there was dead water between banks lined with black firs; then the stream shoaled, and thenceforward we found "rips" and "bars" in plenty, all the way down to the "carry" at Pine Stream Falls.

From the foot of the falls to the lake there is dead water, through a sort of alluvial bottom covered with a dense growth of firs. There were numerous frog lilies, but we saw no white ones. The bed of the stream is here very muddy; and as we drew near Lake Chesuncook, the water itself was muddy, for a breeze had arisen and the waves were running back.

We now espied a great smoke rising over the tree-tops. The settlers were clearing and burning off the forest, getting ready for next year's crop. A little farther on, the lake opened to view, and we



BRASSAU RAPIDS.

saw rude shanties along the east shore. We were in sight of Murphy's, or, as some said, Hatheway's, little kingdom, and on emerging from the river, on the lake proper, saw the *palace* itself of this backwoods potentate, upon the west shore on rising ground, distant about a mile. It was a large story-and-a-half house, with a piazza across the front side. Near by were numerous barns and storehouses.

Turning the bar off the mouth of the river on the west side, we crossed a bay in the teeth of a rather heavy sea. The whole lake, twenty miles long, lay before us, and, to the south-east, the high, rugged peaks of Katahdin. For three or four miles down the lake, on both shores, the land is cleared and studded with shanties belonging to Murphy's subjects. Everything had a new, rude aspect.

We landed in a smart surf, and withal a very muddy one. The canoes were drawn up, and we all climbed the steep and very stony path leading to the house. Several rough-looking fellows, French-Canadians, were lounging about the piazza, a part of Murphy's standing army, probably.

"Is Mr. Hatheway, or Mr. Murphy, at home?" Harold demanded. He had come near saying *Prince* Hatheway.

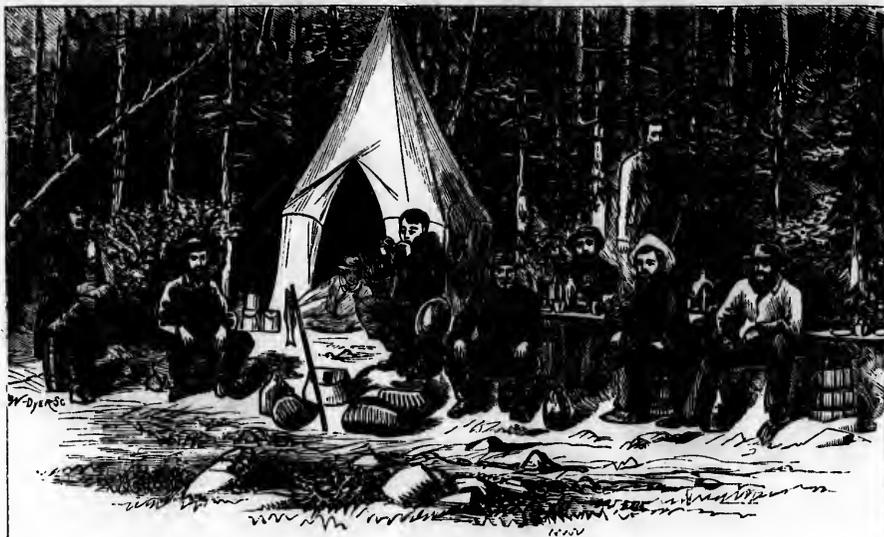
Alas! Czar Murphy was absent. What a fate was ours!

"Could we have dinner?" Stein inquired.

At this juncture Murphy's generalissimo made his appearance, and, on the question being repeated, admitted that the thing was possible, and naturally to be expected. We were invited to enter — and entered.

We should have been invited into the parlor, no doubt, but Murphy is a man of advanced ideas, and hires an annual schoolma'am to teach both his own progeny and those of his subjects; and just now the parlor was the schoolroom. Of this we were presently made aware by the escape of an unruly pupil, a wild-looking urchin, who burst forth with a howl and came tearing into the bar-room, closely pursued by the teacher, a hale young lady of eighteen or thereabouts. Little "Jake" came near involving us all in the *mêlée*, for he darted and doubled betwixt us, half frantic with terror. To put an end to the matter, Moses O. caught him and gave him over to legal authority; but he still kicked and reviled in a lively manner. Without waste of time, he was dragged away to condign punishment, as his yells soon attested.

A bell was rung to announce dinner, while we were thus engaged. We passed through the bar-room into the dining-hall, a large, long room, with a long table, now steaming with the whole bill of fare. A stout daughter of Ireland was in attendance. Evidently they thought we were hungry, and kindly meant to satisfy us. Everything by way of food was on such an enormous scale, and there were such unheard-of quantities of it, as to quite dismay Karzy, who gazed



A PARTY WE SAW.

about in ludicrous helplessness. I quite believe there was a half-bushel of boiled potatoes, not one of which was smaller than an average apple-dumpling! with platters of fried beef and gravy, which might have sufficed for Polyphemus. The slices of wheat bread were three inches in thickness, without exaggeration; and ginger-snaps were brought on in a kind of hod. In Murphy's kitchen they were used to feeding lumbermen and river-drivers, with appetites like a locomotive.

Following snaps came a vast pie; a pie with a bottom crust like a

plank, and nearly as thick; a pie, the upper crust of which resembled, in its vast undulations, a stormy ocean. Stein thought it would be a fine thing to study geology by. "Only look at the grand upheavals!" said he.

The charge was fifty cents per plate, which, considering the quantity provided, was certainly "wondrous cheap, and for the money quite a heap."

CHAPTER VI.

UMBAZOOKSOUS MEADOWS. TWO SIDES TO A STORY.



IRECTLY after dinner we took our departure, and paddled out across the mouth of the West Branch, and, keeping on to the north-east corner of the lake, entered the mouth of Caucomgomoc Stream, with a smart gale at our backs. For a mile the channel is broad, with little or no current; there is a thick growth of white birches on both banks. The Caucomgomoc then bends suddenly to the left and westward, and at this place the Umbazooksous joins it from the north-east and right. Our route to Chamberlain Lake lay up the Umbazooksous. These are Indian names, which "Marsh" thus explained the meanings of. Caucomgomoc, or Caucomgomoctook, meant Big-Gull-Lake-Stream, since it is the outlet of Lake Caucomgomoc to the north-west; Umbazooksous signified Great Bog Stream. We soon perceived the appropriateness of the latter name, for our course was now along a small muddy brook through miles of open bog. There was barely water enough to float us, and scarcely any current.

We met here a canoe containing a gentleman tourist and guide, of whom, after mutual salutations, we inquired of the stream above. Everybody feels acquainted when meeting in these wilds. Their account was bad enough.

Along the stream, in a score of places, there were broad plats of wild roses, of which there were still a few in bloom. The mud banks were soft and bare, and on these there squatted and hopped an infinite

army of frogs, and a few "peeps" which kept flying up a little in advance of us. At one place we saw the feathers and bill of a hapless heron. About it were the tracks of a fisher, or a wild-cat. Flocks of partridges were frequently seen in the grass along the banks. Rike, who was in the bow of the leading canoe, shot a number with Uncle Johnny's shot-gun; also several of the "peeps," though they would make but a mouthful apiece.

The stream grew still narrower and more shoal as we went on. The keels, or rather bottoms, of the canoes stirred the mud, and raised a not very pleasant odor, and at length, at about six o'clock, we came to a place where further navigation seemed quite impossible. On the right bank, too, there was a beaten path leading off into the fir woods; for here the open meadows ended, and higher ground, heavily wooded, began. The guides said we should have to "carry" around the place.

But off in the west a heavy bank of black clouds was drifting up over the mountains. It had the appearance of being a shower. We judged it best to camp.

Swarms of mosquitoes and "midges" came upon us from the low land. The prospect of a shower seemed wonderfully to add to their ferocity. We had hoped, at this season, to be free from these pests of tourists; but at times, and in certain localities, we still found them in full force. Uncle John said there were *always* mosquitoes on the Umbazooksous.

A fire was built on the bank, where former tourists had had one, and we set up our tent a little to the right of it, so that the west wind would take the smoke out clear of us.

The evening darkened rapidly, and the multitudes of frogs began their conclamation, some shrill-voiced and agreeable, but others in terribly bass gutturals. Ere long the thunder began to peal out and rumble in long reverberations, and the lightning to show in bright, vivid lines.

But this shower passed to the southward, following the West Branch; other thunders, however, were muttering far up in the northwest, over Caucomgomoc. A little later, a few drops were scattered down on a sudden, and these had, or seemed to have, a singular effect. With them the mosquitoes drew off for the time being; there was a lull of the continuous hum. We seized the opportunity to take our supper; but before we had finished, the torments again assailed us, fiercer than before. We were fain to flee to our tent. These intermittent attacks of the mosquitoes must be due to electric changes in the air, not perceptible to us.

As the evening advanced, some animal came about the camp. We heard it several times, breaking the brush as it stepped. Nobody cared to hunt it, however; Karzy and Rike, indeed, were already asleep.

Next morning, while Uncle Johnny and "Marsh" were boiling potatoes, baking biscuits, and getting up breakfast, we espied a smoke a few hundred metres back from the stream, across the meadow, on a knoll covered with gum-spruces. On going out to it, we found three fellows encamped there — not tourists, but young men of seventeen or eighteen, from



WAITING FOR HER COFFEE.

the settlement below, stopping there to cut and stack hay on these natural meadows.

They were bright, smart-looking boys, tough and inured to pioneer life; and they had ideas and aspirations, too, in advance of the kind of life they were leading. We found them getting their breakfast and *reading Cæsar in the Latin*; and we afterwards ascertained that they were trying, while thus working their way, to fit for college.

To find boys reading Latin and Greek in such a wilderness was a novelty which both astonished and interested us.

Finding them here was the occasion of our spending a number of days at this place, hunting, digging spruce-gum, etc., for we really took a great liking to them, and the rough but sturdy and self-reliant life they led.

A misunderstanding arose, however; (it was nothing more than a misunderstanding.) They took it into their heads that we were making game of their efforts to master Latin and fit for college. They seemed very sensitive on that point. The fact was simply that we were a little surprised at it, but really had conceived a great admiration for their pluck. We failed, however, to make them understand us. They grew suspicious, and kept on their guard; and finally (as we are free to own) they got one of the worst practical jokes on us that ever was *sprung* in those parts. Not content with the joke, too, one of them *gave it away* in a letter to a Boston paper.

As afterwards appeared, they had some time before come by chance upon a very old stag moose, too decrepit and blind to run much, off a few miles in the woods. This venerable old grand-dad of moose they had caught and hitched up to a tree near a neighboring pond shore — for sport. But we are perfectly willing the reader should have the joke as told in their press-letter. We merely claim the right to correct a few minor statements of theirs wherein they were misinformed in regard to us personally.

"Two of them [their letter referring to us states] were young medical students from Philadelphia, and another a young clergyman — or going to be — though you would never have known it from his actions, for the 'parson' was the wildest of the party.

"Before long these new arrivals happened to see our copy of *Cæsar*. The 'parson' and one of the young doctors were graduates of a university, and they wondered where that '*Cæsar*' came from. No statement of ours would make them believe we knew enough to read in it; so they quizzed us unmercifully, and laughed heartily at their own jokes at our expense.

"We really hoped, after we found they had studied Latin, that we might learn something from them, and when they asked us to read, of course did the best we could.

"Our pronunciation of the Latin amused them amazingly, particularly the 'parson.' We didn't care for his laughing, if we could only learn something from him; but I'm inclined to think that he did not know too much of *Cæsar* himself."

(There was nothing especially odd about their pronunciation of Latin, according to the English method. They read Latin fluently and well — remarkably well for boys without school-training. It is quite true that we could not teach them much, if anything, in *Cæsar*, and we had no intention of quizzing them. They were misinformed as to there being two medical students and a young "parson" in our party.)

"All of them were eager to hunt. They wanted to shoot something; a bear, or deer, or something of that kind; but they knew nothing of hunting, and could never even get sight of game of any size. They had expected to find the woods here full of game; consequently they would come back every night disgusted, and the more ready to torment us about our Latin.

"Then they asked us to go hunting with them, but we, of course, were too busy with our haying to comply with their request. At length we became indignant, almost angry, at their chaff, and determined to take some of the conceit out of them. We had not told them of our old blind moose; but the following night, when we got home, Ed said to them that we had seen moose signs as we came along.

"'Is that so?' they exclaimed.

"'Yes,' says Ed; 'and I am sure I could beat up that moose before to-morrow noon.'

"That caused them to urge us again to go out with them.

"'We have our hay to take care of,' said Vet, 'and cannot afford to spend time in that way.'

"They spoke in whispers a few moments, and then offered us ten dollars if we would take them within sight and good fair range of a moose.

"'No,' said Ed.

"They said no more that night, but the next morning they doubled the



"GRAND-DAD."

offer. They would give us twenty dollars if we would take them where they could see and have a good fair shot at a moose.

"'All right,' said Ed. 'You will promise to pay us that if we will bring you within rifle distance of a moose.'

"'Yes, yes, certainly; we're serious.' And then they strapped on their hunting-knives and revolvers, and loaded their guns. All had elegant, double-barrelled, English sporting-guns, Purdy's make, worth a hundred and fifty dollars apiece.

"We took them along the 'carry path' half a mile or more, then round and about through the woods five or six miles, pointing out moose signs by the way. About ten o'clock we brought them round near where we had old 'grandsir' hitched on the pond shore. Ed crept along, and imitating his careful movements, they were presently all creeping on their hands and knees after him. By this time they were wrought up to fever-heat, and Ed



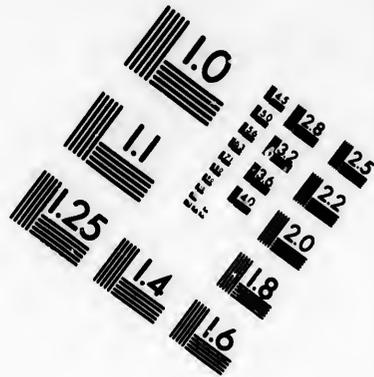
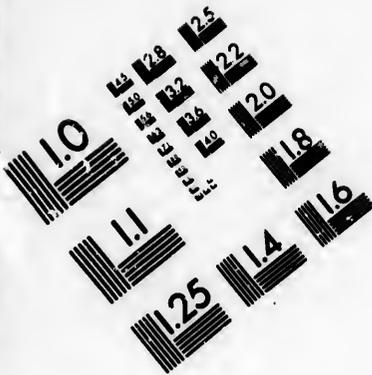
A HAPPY FAMILY.—ONE WE DIDN'T MEET.

led them, still creeping, through mud and rushes, until near the moose, and then we parted the reeds and gave them the first glimpse of old 'grand-dad' grubbing the bushes.

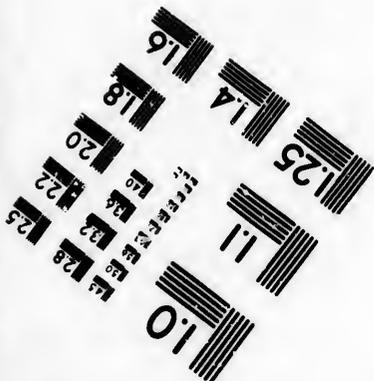
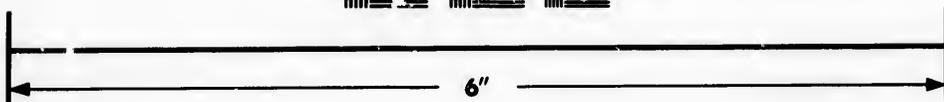
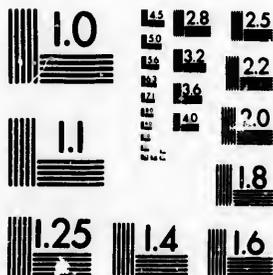
"There, now take good aim, and don't butcher the critter,' Ed whispered.

"Their hands trembled with excitement as they fired, but some of their shots hit the poor old brute, causing him to utter a distressful grunt. At that





**IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



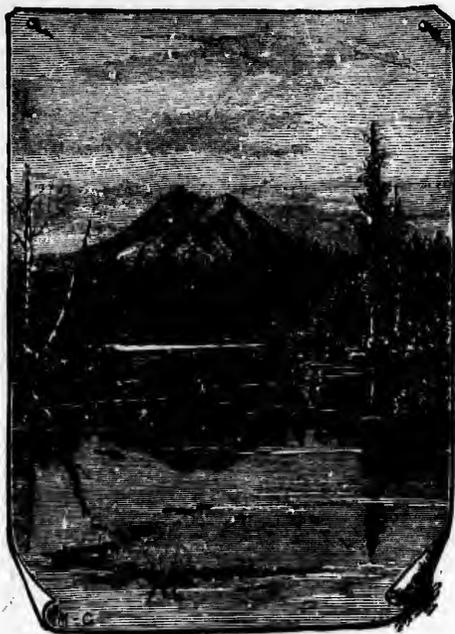
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they retreated for dear life, but rallied after a few moments' listening, and closed round the animal again. They did not dare go very near him, but fired through the bushes. Ed and Vet and I were in the rushes, shaking with laughter. They fired six or eight shots. So long as the poor brute showed the least sign of life they fired at him, for they had been told stories of moose turning on hunters. Then they ventured up, and discovered *that he was hitched to a tree, and had been hitched all the time.* Then there was a



KATAHDIN FROM THE LAKE.

silence for some moments, then some talk; but the chaffing was on our side now. Of course they saw the joke, but wouldn't take it. They considered themselves insulted, and were very angry. The 'parson' wanted to know whether we had any particular motive in hitching up the moose.

"'So he needn't hurt ye,' said Ed.

"They were so disturbed that we went off and left them. Towards supper time they came to camp, bringing 'grandsir's' head and antlers. That evening Dearborn asked us if we expected to get the twenty dollars.

"'Of course,' said Ed.

"'Let us know when you get it then,' said Dearborn, coolly.

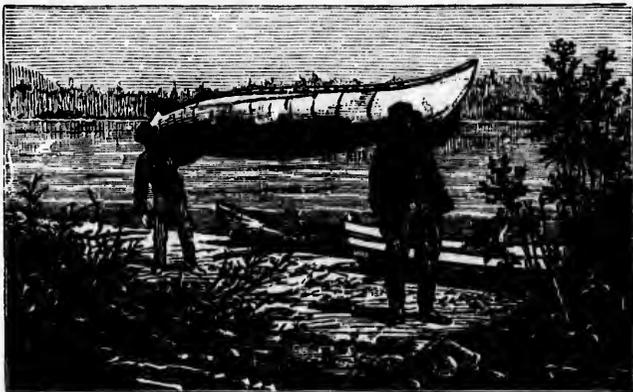
"'Didn't we keep our part of the agreement to the letter?' Ed asked.

"'What if you did?'

"'Well, as we did, we expect you to keep your part;' and he stepped up quickly and took up one of their guns. 'I'll keep this for security till the twenty dollars are paid.'

"There was dead silence for a while; in fact, there wasn't much more said that night. But the next morning they gave us the twenty dollars, packed up their things, and left, without even bidding us good-by. We said nothing. We had endured so much chaff from them on our Latin that we felt we had a right to retaliate in some inoffensive way, and we certainly thought they ought to have taken the joke in good part."

It is evident that this account was written up to make the joke sound as *big* as possible, and to put us in a damaging light. That it was a *round joke* we never denied. From some cause there is an inaccuracy in the statement that "Ed" seized one of our guns. They had *borrowed* one of our guns *some days before*. The twenty dollars was



UNCLE AMOS AND UNCLE JOHNNY.

not paid *under compulsion*, but was a free gift on our part — after we had talked over the matter together — in the hope that they would cherish no further ill-will.

CHAPTER VII.

THE WOOD-SPRITES. A NOCTURNAL SCARE.



FTER undergoing such a "sell" as this, we naturally concluded that we had better *go*. If we went, as our friends complain, without a formal "good-by," it is simply that we felt such a ceremony would be superfluous, not from any premeditated rudeness.

If, on reflection, the time comes when they shall repent of the unfeeling manner in which they practised on our innocence and inexperience, we shall be heartily glad to receive their overtures and resume friendly relations. No better earnest could be given that we are willing to take their joke in good part.

We departed up the muddy Umbazooksous on our way to Mud Pond and Chamberlain Farm in a rather *wilted* condition. Moses O. was not heard to speak *a loud word* that day. He only whispered faintly once or twice, and shook his head dismally at times.

Karzy wished we hadn't come *that way*.

Rike hinted gently his fears that the *aborigines* were too much for us.

We didn't dare to tell our guides what had happened to us, for fear their sympathies would be on the *wrong side*, possibly that they might desert us right there in the woods.

"Ruined! ruined!" Karzy would groan at intervals. "Ruined by Chinese cheap labor!"

All day we toiled along that shoal, crooked, and muddy Umbazooksous, wading and fighting mosquitoes. Four times the canoes,

and everything in them, had to be "toted" across "carries," round dams and blockades of driftwood. Both banks, too, were densely wooded with thickets of black alders, fir, and larch.

It was not until sunset, and after, that we came out to Umbazookous Lake. Launching on this, we crossed to the north-east side, where "Mud Pond Carry," across to Mud Pond, begins, two and a half miles long. There is a clearing here where formerly was a hay farm, now partly grown up to bushes.

It was dark already when we landed. Going along the path through the willow clumps to reconnoitre, Karzy espied the glimmer of a camp-fire. It looked so cheery there in that wild and gloomy wilderness, that, while the guides were getting out the canoes, we started off to see who our neighbors were. It was at some distance out across the clearing, with many intervening bush clumps and much dewy grass. At length we came through some hazels in sight of a large tent and a blithe camp-fire partly behind a thicket of fir near a haystack.

Meantime our "Uncle Amos" had come up behind us, to keep us out of trouble, I suppose.

"Better be kinder keerful," he advised, *sotto voce*. "No knowin' who they be. They might hear us a-comin' through the brush, and think 'twas some wild critter, and fire."

Rike was about to hail them, when to our astonishment a silvery laugh floated across to us, and a clear, girlish voice cried, "Louis, please toast more crackers."

"Whew! Young ladies!" Harold exclaimed under his breath. "Where do you suppose they came from? and what are they doing here?"

"Camping out, perhaps," Stein said.

"I'll bet ye 'tis the very same party that left Kineo a week ago," Uncle Amos remarked. "They ware goin' through to Chamberlain Farm. Got two guides, and had two new, large canoes."

"Know who they were, Uncle Amos?" questioned Harold.

Uncle Amos didn't, but he knew their guides: Louis Soccabeson (Indian) and Billy Goss (American). "An' Louis is a good guide," Uncle Amos added; "the best guide round the lakes, I du s'pose, if he is an Injun."

"Well, hail them, Uncle Amos!" cried Rike. "This is no place for ceremony. Perhaps they will kindly give us a cup of tea."

Our guide roared out a prolonged "Hullo-o-o-o thar!"

Silence for a moment brooded on the opposite encampment. Then we saw two dark forms come through the firs.

"That you, Billy?" Uncle Amos called out.

"That you, Uncle Amos?" from so-called Billy.

Without further ado we ventured to approach.

Ah! but 'twas a pretty sight that then met our eyes! A large, gayly accoutred tent, a bright camp-fire, and on a carpet of green boughs, amidst the firs, four ladies cosily taking supper from off a table-board laid on the boughs and covered with a bright-colored cloth.

Naturally they were a little disturbed at our coming upon them as we did, and paused from their repast in reserved silence.

The two guides said nothing. Nothing said our Uncle Amos. The burden of the thing was on us.

"I sincerely beg pardon, ladies, for this intrusion!" Harold exclaimed, with a bow. "We were belated over in the swamps, and your fire looked so cheery, we could not resist coming toward it."

The oldest of the ladies, whose intellectual face I had at once noted, bowed courteously.

But fortune was on Harold's side that night.

"Pray excuse me!" he suddenly exclaimed; "but I cannot be mistaken, — am I? Is not this Miss M—— whom I had the pleasure of knowing at Newport last summer, and afterward at the Fabyan in the White Mountains? Or (laughing) is it the queen of the wood-

sprites, Queen Mab, perhaps, who I hope has not entirely forgotten —”

“Forgotten Mr. Dearborn? No indeed!” cried one of the young ladies, rising with a pleased smile, and extending her hand to our lucky comrade.

We were “all right” now, and soon had the pleasure of mutual introductions. In fact, we found that none of the party, upon whom



THE LADIES' CAMP.

we had so accidentally fallen, were wholly unknown to us. The pleasant lady who had this jolly expedition in charge, is a writer whose works we have all come to admire; while the younger ladies were still "college girls."

They had come up to Moosehead and Kineo three weeks before, on a sketching and camping-out tour. To-night, with their guides, they were *en route* for Chamberlain Farm; and very picturesque they looked in their camping-out suits, seated round their fire. Right hospitably, too, they entertained us that evening — a benefit not soon forgotten by us in our belated and hungry condition.

An hour later we bade them good-night — not without a secret resolve to spend next day in that vicinity.

But going back to our landing-place by a shorter cut-off to the right, past a growth of high choke-cherry bushes, we stumbled on still another camp, near another haystack, where were four young fellows — strangers to us — students from the Harvard Scientific School, with their three guides.

At first their greeting and reception of us was a little stiff. We mistrusted at once that they were hovering at a respectful distance in the wake of those young ladies, and did not blame them a bit for not relishing our appearance on the scene. Naturally they wouldn't.

But they warmed toward us after talking awhile, and at length gave us so cordial an invitation to fetch up our tent and camp by their fire, that we did so, and passed a most enjoyable evening. They were fine, manly fellows.

An exceedingly funny thing happened that night.

These ladies, as you must know, were away off at the other side of the clearing, alone in their tent. Their two guides, "Louis" and "Billy," had come over to our side, and were spending the night with our guides.

Sometime along in the night, (it must have been as late as two in the morning,) one of our new Harvard friends (whom the others

called "Robin Goodfellow") woke up with toothache, and arose to walk about and chew cloves. In the kindness of his heart he reflected how lonely and unprotected those ladies were, with "Louis" and "Billy" sound asleep and snoring there with our guides, and he walked cautiously out toward their tent—just to see that they were all right. A few wakeful mosquitoes met him and presented bills for immediate adjustment. While negotiations of this sort were going on, he stood a moment, and at length began to be aware of a singularly regular sound from the direction of the ladies' tent. In fact, it sounded uncommonly like some one munching something, only very slowly and regularly. A very absurd idea seized the young gentleman. Ha! they are having an extra supper in there! he thought, and was on the point of calling out, "Give me some!" when the curtain of their tent was opened a little, very stealthily, and an alarmed whisper called, "Louis! Louis!"

As the aborigine was far away, Robin at once went forward.

"Oh dear!" cried the distressed whisperer; "there is certainly something behind this tent! We can hear it chewing something, and oh! it steps so heavy! Do look! But do be careful. Oh, dear me! What shall we do?"

Without in the least sharing this terror, Robin started round the tent, smiling, but on turning the corner on the back side, uttered a yell and bolted!—for there stood an animal close up to the tent, as large as a rhinoceros! black as ink—a monster!

At this note of masculine alarm, a chorus of shrieks arose from the tent. It burst open, and there streamed out a headlong, horrified group in long wrappers, with flying hair.

The stampede came straight out where we were encamped; and we were waked by the screams and by Robin shouting, "Get your guns! Get your guns!"

The ladies fled past our tent and stood barefoot in the dewy grass, holding fast to each other, with eyes dilating.

Rousing up, we seized each what he could first get hold of, for weapons, and sallied out in our stockings.

"Out behind their tent!" Robin exclaimed. "The Lord only knows what!"

We made for their tent and edged round it.

There *it* stood!

"By the Lord Harry!" muttered Moses O. under his breath. Several guns were cocked. We were all staring hard. But the beast seemed to be gazing calmly at us.

Louis gave an impressive "humph!"

"Hold on!" exclaimed Uncle Johnny. "Don't fire! Why! why, you dear boys! That air's an ox!"

"*What!*"

"Go-'long! Hurrup! Gee, Bright! Huh, Broad, away from there!" shouted Uncle Johnny, charging on the calm old bovine, and giving him some sound thumps with an axe-handle.

"Hoh!" sneered Wert (another of our new friends). "This is nice! But how the dickens did that old ox get here?"

That was the puzzle. We were looking for anything sooner than an ox, there.

Robin was badly sold.

Meantime "Billy" had taken after the ox with a long pole, and goaded him off into the woods.

"Nothing but an ox," Wert had called to the ladies. But they would not stir from the spot where they stood, for a long time; they seemed rooted there.

"Oh! we heard him, and heard him champing so horribly!" quavered one. "Gnawing and gnawing at something!"

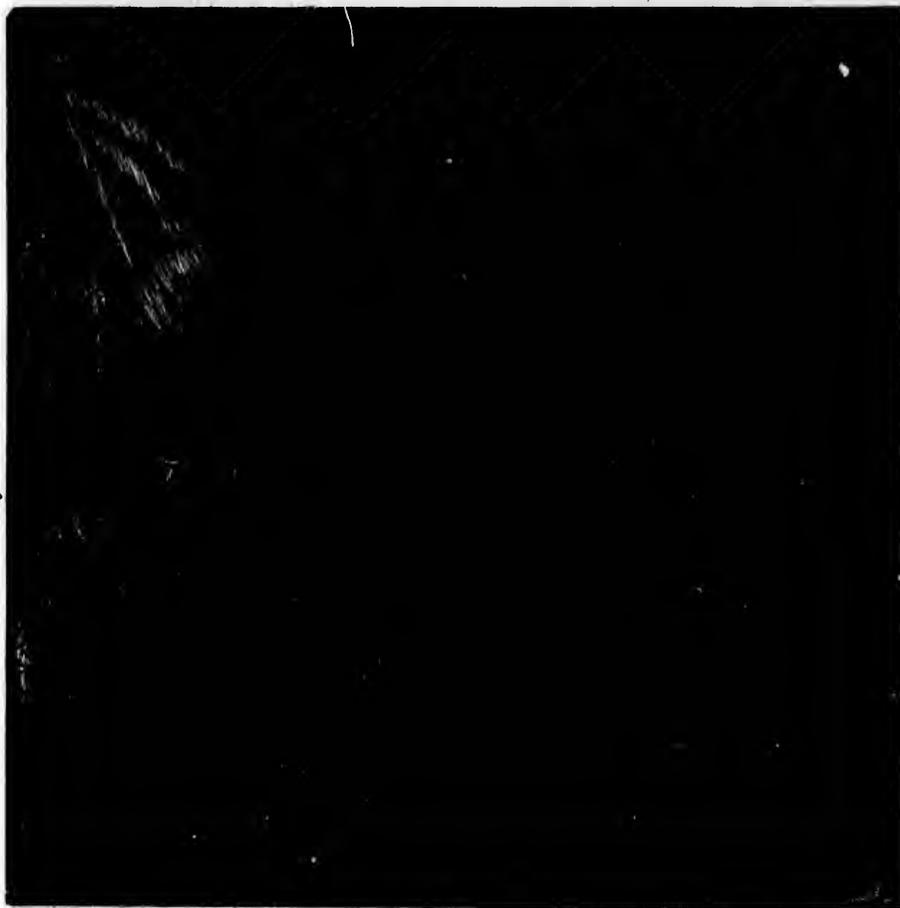
"Chewing his cud," explained Moses O:

"But he kept smelling and snuffing and *grabbing* all along the head of the tent!" she persisted.

"Pulling out the hay," said Wert, laughing. They stood a moment

more, then all four went straight to their tent and shut themselves up in it.

"They must have some cold toes standing here in the wet grass,"



"DON'T FIRE! THAT AIR'S AN OX!"

observed Moses O., gazing reflectively after them. "Louis, you had better build a fire, as near the front end of the tent as it will answer, so they can dry and warm their feet."

The Indian hastened to do so.

The old ox came back. In the morning we espied him, standing at a little distance, chewing his cud, and gazing on us complacently, as if he enjoyed the sight of us with all his heart. By daylight he turned out to be a dark-brown ox, instead of a black one.

"Billy" thought that the Chamberlain folks had used the ox here about their haying, or to draw supplies across the "carry," and so turned him out to get his own living in the clearing. The old brute seemed lonely, and no doubt pined for the privileges of a civilized barn-yard. His curly old face and great inoffensive eyes seemed to say, "Let me, at least, look on; for the sight of you does me good."

CHAPTER VIII.

BUMBLE-BEES' NESTS. STEIN'S ADVENTURES.



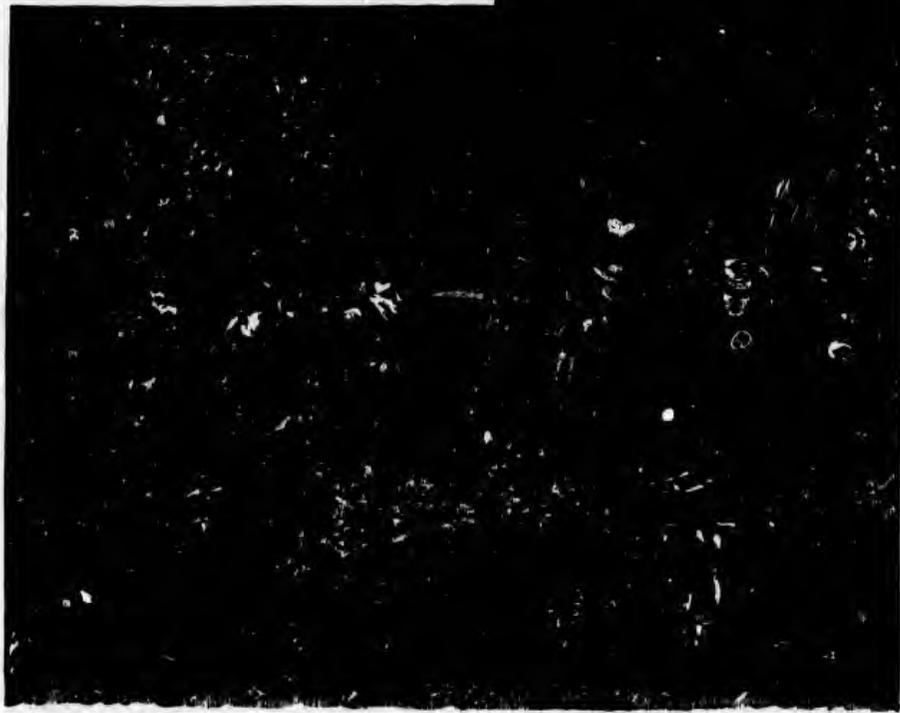
THE ladies did not seem much the worse for their misadventure, but appeared not to relish any allusion to it. The subject was accordingly tabooed.

It took our guides till late in the afternoon to tote the canoes and luggage across the long "carry" to Mud Pond. We spent the day with our newly-met friends, and had a superb time. It was a most cosy place for camping out, there in that old clearing, among the bush clumps and haystacks. There were numerous bumble-bees' nests in the grass and about the old stumps. We "took up" not less than ten that forenoon. The ladies helped. We would each get a great "brush" of bushes and go at the bees, by guess. Nearly all got stung before the "craze" was over; and there were some of the most ludicrous scenes imaginable when all hands were fighting bees at once!

We got out some fine bits of comb, with honey as clear as dew, for the ladies.

In the afternoon — after a grand union dinner from the combined supplies of all three parties, and four ducks our friends had shot — we went across the lake in their canoes upon a gumming excursion on the farther shore. It was a great, sombre, old spruce forest, extending back over the hills. In many places there were trees with long cracks and seams up their trunks, studded with fine great knobs of clear gum. We dug off not less than eight pounds that afternoon, — a peck basket-full, in fact. It was a novel experience.

Next morning we *tore* ourselves away—most reluctantly. G'adly would we have stayed—*a month*. But to stay seemed hardly the fair and honorable thing from us towards our new friends, the Harvard boys. The two parties there were just nicely *matched off* as it was, and were having a quiet, enjoyable vacation. I regret to say that one or two of our party were sufficiently self-confident to think that the ladies would not in the least object to our remaining;



TAKING UP BUMBLE-BEES' NESTS.

but the rest of us overruled them, holding that it would be a breach of that delicate honor which ought always to subsist between young gentlemen in such cases.

We bade them all good-bye, and wished them a happy vacation, hoping we might meet again next year; and so parted the very best of friends, which we might not have remained had we stayed.

Crossing Mud Pond, we had a second "carry" of half a mile to Chamberlain Lake: a broad, sea-like expanse twenty miles long by four in width. The day was calm, and launching our "birches" fearlessly on the lake, we crossed to the "farm" on the north-east shore, seventy miles from any other house.

Here we remained three days, mainly to gratify our comrade Stein, who became much interested in the mineralogy of the locality. He made numerous excursions to the ledges and hills about the farm, and off to adjoining clearings connected with it by cart-roads. They let him have an old farm-horse there, named "Jed," to ride. Meantime, the rest of us fished and hunted, but saw very little game. Oddly enough, Stein, who was not after game at all, had two adventures with bears. As he was hero of these, and alone at the time, I record them in his own language. "Ben," the foreman at the farm, had described some wonderful "black diamonds" to him, and Stein had set off on old Jed, with hammer and saddle-bags, to get specimens.

STEIN'S ADVENTURES WITH TWO BEARS.

There was a new road for three or four miles [as he relates]. My route then led me along a disused lumber-road, which followed up the valley of a large brook. It was a very desolate, wild tract, but I readily found the ledges and the black crystals which Ben had described. These proved to be very fine, large crystals of tourmaline, some of them fully six inches long by two and three in diameter. I set off to return a little before sundown. As nearly as I now remember, I had gone a mile and a half, perhaps more,

for the sun had now set to me in the valley of the lumber-road, when my horse, which had thus far plodded on soberly enough, stopped short and began to snort and stamp. After a moment or two I tried to urge the horse along. He set his forefeet and snorted, and while I was trying to spur him up, a large black animal — a bear, I knew at a glance — trotted out into the road from behind a clump of basswoods. Seeing us, the bear stopped, and stretched out an inquiring nose towards the horse. The animal was perhaps a hundred feet ahead of us.

I felt the horse begin to tremble under me. His ears were bent forward, every nerve tightening. I kept speaking to him, and shouted at the bear, which stood looking sullenly at us. I didn't know what to do; but old Jed settled that question for me. All his fear seemed suddenly to turn into rage, and he bounded at the bear like a fury. I came near going off his back at the first leap, but clutched his mane and hung on. The next thing I recollect seeing was the bear almost under the horse's forefeet, running and growling, the horse biting wildly at him. It seemed as if we must come down plump on to the bear at every spring. He was

right under the horse's fore-hoofs at each plunge. I should think we went a hundred rods down the road in just that way, the horse almost trampling on the bear at every jump. At length he tacked suddenly out of the lumber-road into the woods, and the horse, rushing frantically after him, dashed under some hemlocks, the low boughs of which scraped me off his back and sent me rolling into a little hollow. I got up and



"I MET THE OLD BEAR."

listened awhile, till the horse and bear had gone fairly out of hearing, then limped back to the farm in anything but a comfortable condition. Next morning we found the horse near the barn. One of the stirrups was torn off, and he had lost the hammer and a part of my specimens out of the saddle-bags. How he had come off with the bear we could only guess.

But I was destined to have still another bear adventure in that region.

The second day after I went up to "Ben's" "diamond ledge" again, on foot this time, and was returning through partly cleared pasture-lands, when I came suddenly upon a little wee chub of a creature, with a yellow face, sharp ears, and brownish back and sides. 'Twas a bear-cub—a little suckling. It ran a few steps, and hid itself beside a stump. I played with it a while, and found that it wouldn't bite, and then thought I would carry him to the farm. So I caught him up, took him under my arm, and started. The little chap whimpered some, and soon began to squeal. I was afraid the mother-bear might be about, and so started to run. There was a sheep-path there which wound in and out among the bush clumps. I hurried along this path, and had gone twenty or thirty rods, when round one of the hazel clumps I met the old bear coming up the path—liked to have run plump against her! My first impulse was to drop the cub; but as suddenly recollecting that I had heard it said that a bear would not touch a person so long as he held her cub in his arms, I clasped the little fellow close and stood still, though not a little frightened, I must needs confess. Never shall I forget the expression on that old creature's face, as she stood there not six feet from me, with her eyes fixed on mine, studying my every movement. I backed off a few steps; she followed each step. I then advanced a step, and she fell back, always with her eye on mine. Had I put down the cub I have little doubt she would have sprung upon me.

I walked round then for some minutes, holding the cub. Now that his mother was there, the little fellow did not seem to be so scared. The old bear kept right round with me, always facing me. I thought of climbing a tree, and then dropping the cub; but there were no trees thereabouts which I could climb and hold the cub too.

While I was looking about I happened to spy the roof of a shanty, built of logs, in a hollow by a brook down to the west of me. For this I started, making my way along by zigzags. On getting nearer, I saw that it was an old deserted hovel; but I went on to the door, which had a large wooden

button. As we came closer, the bear seemed to divine some stratagem on my part, for she placed herself directly in front of the door, and would not budge an inch. By going round the shanty, however, I drew her after me, and making a quick run from the back side, I opened the door and whipped



"THE HORSE BITING WILDLY AT HIM."

in, hoping to shut out the bear. But so closely did the brute come at my heels, that she shoved her way in despite all my celerity.

We were now all inside together, with no better prospect of getting apart than before, that I could see. But there were two old barrels in the shanty. I began to walk round these and tip them towards the door, and at length, getting them about where I wanted them, I kicked them both over in front of the old bear as she trotted round after me, and suddenly dropping the cub, jumped out at the door and buttoned it. I then took myself off as fast as I could run.

On reaching the farm I told my adventure. My comrades took their guns and went back to the shanty with me; but the old bear had burst off the button and gone with her cub.

CHAPTER IX.

CAMPING AT THE GREAT DAM. UNCLE JOHN'S STORY.



FROM the "farm" we went down the lake to the "locks," or dam, and thence, during the day, paddled our way northward through Eagle and Churchill lakes, — both fine, broad forest-and-mountain-girt expanses, — camping late that evening near the ruins of the "great dam" of lumbering fame and story, at the foot of the latter lake.

This was the dam which turned the chain of lakes, down which we had come, back into the Penobscot, through the famous "cut" at the south end of Chamberlain Lake.

It was a vast structure of stone and huge timbers, about four hundred feet in length, and designed to hold back a "head" of twenty feet of water; and in spring and early summer it flowed an area of about a hundred and sixty square miles. In its day it was a terrible bone of contention between the Maine and the Province lumbermen. Uncle Johnny remembered all about it; he had worked at lumbering in his younger days, and round our camp-fire that evening he told us a thrilling story of the fierce fight which had occurred there, at the very spot on which we were now so peacefully encamping — of which he was an eye-witness, and indeed one of the combatants.

UNCLE JOHN'S STORY.

At that time Uncle John worked with a gang of "choppers" in the employ of Messrs. Cary & Glaisher, who were then lumbering on the Alleguash, and doing a large business; for in those days lumbering operations were

conducted on a larger scale, and through longer periods of time, than at present. They had four hundred men employed for two years upon a single job — one that was well-nigh shipwrecked by the building of the great dam.

As was then frequently the case, the men were hired with the understanding that they would be paid when the logs were in the St. John booms, not before. In fact, their employers had not capital to pay until the lumber was sold. For two successive winters the Cary & Glaisher gangs had been hard at work. All along the banks of the Alleguash were "landings" piled up with logs, acres and acres of them, ready to roll into the stream.

Spring was coming with its freshets. The swollen waters would float the lumber down; and the men, long shut up in the wilderness, would see the "world" again. The floods from the Chamberlain, Eagle, and Churchill lakes would then make this wild river-bed boil like a pot.

It was the 19th of March. Word had already been passed to "break in" the landings, when like a thunderbolt the news came that the "Penobscot men" had dammed the river. Two moose-hunters brought the story. All knew what that meant. It meant ruin; it meant no pay; it meant the utter loss of two years' hard labor. The men were a lot of rough fellows, — backwoodsmen, Irish, Scotch, Canadian-French, and Indians, — the possessors of nothing in the world save their axes, "peevies," and the few dirty rags on their backs. On first hearing the news they seemed stupefied, and sat inertly around their camp-fires for several days. But dark thoughts



OLD TIMES ON THE ALLEGUASH.

began to be uttered in murmurs, like the growls of wild beasts. Their employers feared for their lives, but durst not attempt to leave them.

Thus for three weeks the matter stood. No work was done. The gang was sulky and grew desperate; would not hear a word of advice or remonstrance. Meanwhile a small party had been off to reconnoitre. It was thirty miles to the dam. They came back and reported that "a dam with a lift of twenty feet had been built, and every gate shut, hard and fast."

This announcement was received with a savage "aye!"

Then a hoarse cry arose: "Who's up there?"

"Turtlotte and six men."

Not a man but knew Turtlotte, the French giant, — knew him, hated him, dreaded him. One of those terrible fellows who literally bruise their way through the world. Six feet and a half tall, so it was stated; all brawn and ugly muscle. Head and neck like a bull; features like a gorilla. Fist like a sledge; with it he had time and again been known to knock an ox down; a fist half the gang had felt the wicked weight of. Quarrelsome by nature, revengeful as an Indian, cruel as a brute. Thus, at least, have his contemporaries drawn him. His record ran back over a long series of fights and bloody assaults, in which he was invariably the aggressor and victor. He was even said to have killed two men; while the number he had maimed and scarred for life was quite too large to be told of at one sitting.

Those were lawless times and wild regions, it should be remembered.

It was not without good reasons that the Bangor men had secured the services of this ferocious ruffian, and set him to watch over a piece of property certainly very liable to be violently dealt with.

Turtlotte and his *confreres*, armed with double-barrelled guns, were guarding the new dam.

The men raged and cursed. Cary and Glaisher went round among the shanties. They took off their hats to the gang.

"Men," said Glaisher, "every dollar we've got in the world lays there flat in the river. So long as it lays there we can't pay ye a cent. God knows that's the truth; and that's all there is to it."

It is admitted that neither Glaisher nor Cary said a word about the dam, or hinted that it should be destroyed. But the thing spoke for itself.

The movements of such bodies of ignorant men, when wrought upon by great excitements, show a strange intuitive freakishness very difficult to explain. Cary and Glaisher stayed by them, though quite uncertain what

direction the fury of the gang might take. To add to the trouble, the stock of provisions was nearly exhausted.

But a few nights afterwards, about fifty men left the camp, unbeknown to the others. Their employers surmised where they had gone; but nothing was said by any one.

The day passed. About midnight there came a rush of water. The river rose fifteen feet in an hour! Every log floated and went whirling down the channel. The gang followed them. Water had come from some source.

But where were the fifty? Uncle John relates: "Somebody waked me up about one o'clock that night. It was very dark. He said, 'Take your axe and come along, and r . foolin'.'

"I got up and followed this person out into the woods. I didn't know how many there were in the party, nor who they were. Nobody said where we were going. I asked no questions. We started up the river. We had our axes. But there wasn't a mouthful of victuals for anybody. I felt queer — as if I was on a life or death business.

"We went fast, part of the time at a dog-trot. I never was up that way before, and had no idea how far it was to the dam. It was thick, black growth all the way.

"A little after daybreak one of the men said, 'We're 'most there;' and then I heard the plunge of the water over the dam at a distance.

"We halted a few minutes to rest. We had come thirty miles and over, but nobody complained. I think that some of the men now went ahead to see how the dam was placed. Orders were passed to string out in a half-circle and then close up at a run. In a few minutes we came out into a clearing, where we saw the dam, with two shanties close by it, and the lake water back of the dam standing at a high level. It was barely light. We had come up to within ten rods of the two shanties, when a dog barked, and I saw the big fellow they called Turtlotte come out with a gun in his hand. He had the deepest, heaviest voice I ever heard. The moment he set eyes on us he called out to know what was wanted there. We told him, 'Water, to float our "drive" down the Allequash.' The fellow gave us a furious curse.

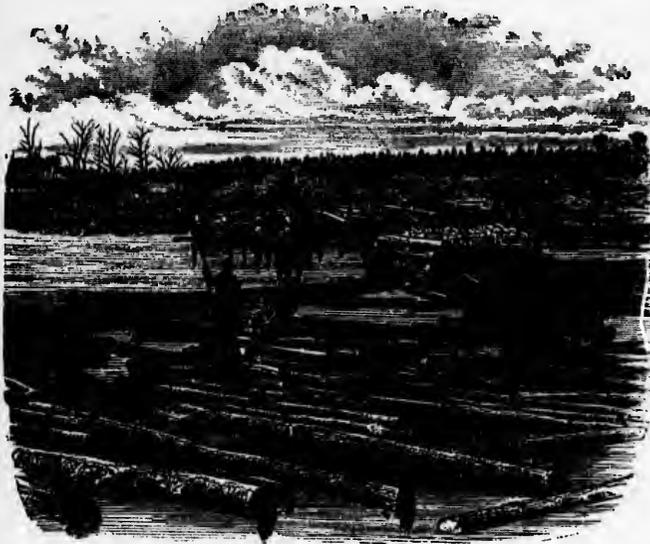
"'Be off!' said he, 'or I'll give you hell-fire instead of water!'

"His voice was like a trumpet, and the words seemed to come from deep down in his body. The men watching the dam with him came out. They looked like boys beside the Frenchman.

"One of our men then spoke right to the point. 'We have not come to break the dam,' said he. 'All we want is water enough to start out our "drive," and that water we're bound to have. We'll die, every man of us, but what we'll have it. We're going to hoist these gates, and if you try to hinder us, you're "dead men."'

"The men with Turtlotte did not want to fight. They called out to us that they did not. But Turtlotte defied us with the most awful oaths, and threatened the men with him, if they did not stand to it.

"Then somebody sang out, 'Go for him!' and about half the men



IN THE DEAD WATER.

made a rush at the Frenchman. He let both barrels of his gun drive among us as we ran on him. One man got three buckshot. But nobody stopped. The moment we were within arm's length, Turtlotte clubbed his gun and struck at a young fellow called Jack Cardigan. Jack was quick as light; he caught the stroke on his axe. That saved his head. It

sprawled Jack out, though. Before Turtlotte could strike again, we were on him. The men dropped their axes and 'matted' right on to him. I never saw anything like it. We were none of us babies, but Turtlotte was a tremendous man, a perfect giant for strength. He kept throwing us off, heels over head. But our fellows were as desperate as he was. They leaped at him just like wolves; and wherever they caught they hung to him. His fists went round there! I got one lick from his old paw that just knocked me clear off the ground. At last we brought him down; but then we couldn't hold him. He twisted and squirmed and

doubled under us for more than a hundred feet from the place where he first went down.

"I expect we used him pretty hard. He got punched and kicked without mercy. There was a long hawser there, such as lumbermen call a warping-line. We took that and tied him to a spruce; wound it round him more than fifty times, so that he could not stir a hand. After the first grapple, Turtlotte never uttered a sound, save gritting his teeth; but he foamed at the mouth like a wild boar.

"The men with him did not take any part in the fight. They stood off and watched the tussle. I expect like as not they were glad to see Turtlotte catch it. We told them to leave the place, and not to be seen there again for three days. Then we hoisted all the gates. We left Turtlotte tied to the spruce; and I heard afterwards that he had to stand there two days."

Such was Uncle Johnny's tale of "y^e olden time."

CHAPTER X.

DOWN THE ALLEGUASH. UNCLE AMOS' STORY.



THESE lakes are the headwaters of Alleguash River, which makes out to the north here at the old dam, joining the St. John, of which it is the east fork, seventy or eighty miles below.

We set off the following day down the river, finding very rough *canoeing* for six or seven miles, then emerging on two fine, long lakes, or *bulges* of the river, where we were able to use our rubber blankets as sails for our three canoes. The forest scenery is good here along; and our guides had numerous odd, often weird, stories to tell of old-time adventures in the "lumbering days."

One of these, told by "Uncle Amos," so impressed Karzy, from its singularity, that he has written it out — to be a warning (he wishes it stated) against playing practical jokes.

Since the affair with the old moose, down on the Umbazooksous, "Karzy" has been *dead* against that kind of joke.

UNCLE AMOS' STORY.

If this very strange but true story — as told us by Uncle Amos — has the effect of showing the foolishness and danger of playing mischievous tricks, it will well repay the trouble of telling it. The incident occurred many years ago, on the Alleguash River; and the subject of it was a most tricky, monkey-like youngster, named Peter Lougee. *That*, at least, was the name he gave on presenting himself to hire into the logging gang that winter. But it was not ascertained where he was from, or whether his parents, or, indeed,

any of his relatives, were living. He was eighteen years old — so he told the lumber company's agent — but he did not look over sixteen.

The agent at first refused to hire him as a "chopper;" but Peter, laying hold of an axe, showed so ready a hand and so clean a scarf with it, that he took him without further question.

The agent declared afterwards that "Peter had a droll eye in his head."



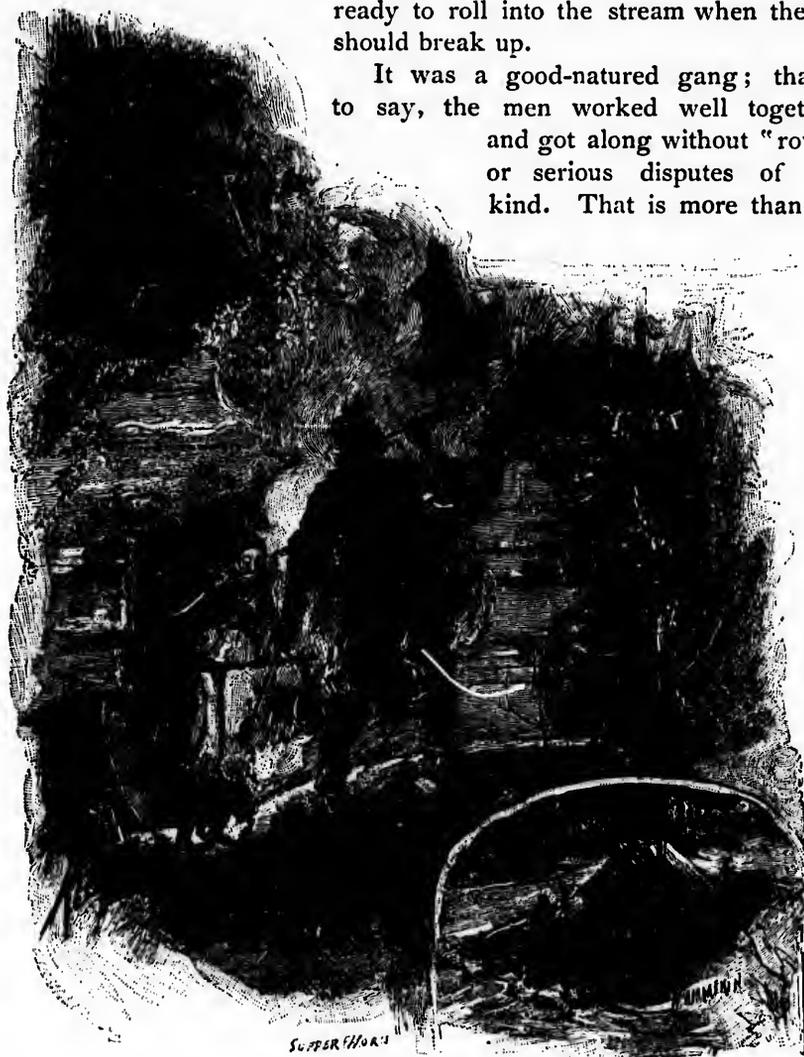
A SCENE ON THE ALLEQUASH.

He was told off into gang No. 13, numbering twenty-four men, and sent up the Allequash, early in December, under a "boss" named Sweetser. The company went into the woods for the winter, taking their supplies with them.

The men were a miscellaneous gathering of Madawaskians (French), "Blue Noses," Yankees, and a few Indians from Tobique. During the winter they were to cut the lumber on a certain tract along the river; and in the spring they were to "drive" it down the St. John, to Fredericton.

For the first few days the men were occupied in building and thatching their camp; then began the winter's work of felling and drawing the logs to "landings" on the bank, ready to roll into the stream when the ice should break up.

It was a good-natured gang; that is to say, the men worked well together, and got along without "rows," or serious disputes of any kind. That is more than can



A LOGGING CAMP.

always be said where a lot of rough fellows, of all nationalities, are brought together in one camp.

But during the second week an odd piece of mischief was done. On going out to grind the axes one morning, it was found that grease had been turned on the grindstone, which hung in a frame close by the camp-door. In the "fire-bed" there was set an old pan of grease, with a swab with which the men greased their moccasins. This pan of hot grease, as it seemed, had been poured on the stone, completely encrusting it.

It took half the forenoon to scour the grease from the grindstone, thus causing loss of time and annoyance. Sweetser could not find out who had caused all this trouble, even after strict inquiry; still less could he discern any motive for so absurd a trick. The men all declared that they knew nothing about it, and they appeared innocent. Sweetser told them that whoever did it, if found out, would have his time "cut" to offset the loss.

The second morning after, the stone was found greased again. Then there followed great excitement among the men. "It's Old Nick himself," the "Blue Noses" said. "The thing's bewitched." The Madawaskians "*sacré!*;" and the Indians grunted.

The boss observed the gang closely, but was as much puzzled as before. He was, however, satisfied that the trick had been done during the night. He said nothing, but resolved to watch, without letting any one know it.

That night he lay down as usual, but kept awake. There was no sign of mischief, and the stone was not touched. The next night it was also undisturbed.

By the third night Sweetser had grown very sleepy by reason of his vigils. A little after midnight, however, he was roused by one of the men getting up from off the bunk. Creeping out quietly, Sweetser collared him in the very act of greasing the stone—the warm pan in his hand!

It was Peter Lougee, and little enough had he to say for himself. The boss gave him a sound cuffing and shaking, and sent him back to the bunk, with the promise of as good a whipping as birch withes could give him, if caught at another such a trick.

At breakfast in the morning, "the man what greased the grindstone" was greeted with a roar of mockery. But Peter protested that he knew nothing of the trick, and that if he did do it, he did it in his sleep. He even denied that he recollected anything of the shaking Sweetser had given him, saying that he was in the habit of walking in his sleep and doing tricks of some

sort. Neither the boss, nor any of the gang, believed a word of this story; but they hardly knew just what to make of the boy.

The men all smoked, and used to lay their pipes on a shelf that was placed on one side of the shanty for that purpose. About a week after the grindstone trick, all the pipes were found to have lamp-oil turned into their bowls. Whale-oil was used in the shanty, and a jug of it was among the other supplies. Every pipe, Peter's with the rest, was well saturated with the offensive oil.

It is quite needless to say that this prank made a serious commotion amongst a lot of old smokers. As it was a personal matter, Sweetser let them settle it among themselves. The way they settled it was by taking Peter, without asking him any questions, down on to the river, cutting a hole through the ice, and "dousing him" till he could neither stand nor speak.

Sweetser began to think that he had a "hard customer" on his hands; but for the next fortnight Peter played no more tricks, and then came the most serious disturbance of all that occurred.

Somebody — Peter of course — put molasses on the "deacon's seat," as they call the long bench at the foot of the bunk, on which the men sit when at table. It was poured — a most generous puddle — along the whole length of the seat. As the men rose and ate their breakfast before light (six o'clock), more than half of them sat down in the sticky stuff before it was known that it was there.

Any one can imagine what an uproar would naturally arise among a lot of rough fellows like these. "Break his neck!" was the almost unanimous sentiment. The boss was obliged to interfere, or Peter would have fared worse than he did at the ducking.

On being seriously questioned by Sweetser, why he persisted in such foolish pranks, thus bringing on himself the enmity of the whole gang, he grinned, and said he did not know when he did it.

The boss did not believe this statement. There was, besides, an odd manner about the boy, and his way of talking was not calculated to inspire confidence in what he said.

At first Sweetser was disposed to flog him soundly, though he felt that even this punishment was likely to do but little good. Then he determined to give him a reduced bill of his time, and send him off down the river, feeling assured that the angry men would execute their threat and really "break his neck," if any new trick was played upon them. He was, however, sent

out to chop that day, and a lively time of it Peter had in dodging the chips and knots which flew most unaccountably about his head.

Meanwhile, Sweetser was considering the matter. There really was not a better chopper in the gang than Peter, and the boss did not like to lose him.

While he thought it over — he was a live Yankee — a bright idea popped into his head. They had brought the axes, "peevies," warping-lines, etc., up the river in a great chest, such as lumbermen call a "wangin." It was six or seven feet long by four wide, and perhaps three feet in height.

When new, the chest had been furnished with a lock, but this had come off, leaving a ragged hole in the side as large as a man's fist. The lid was now fastened in place by a hasp on the outside.

That night, at about "turning-in" time, Sweetser had the wangin brought into the shanty, and the peevies and warps taken out. He then threw in a coverlet, and turning to Peter, bade him get into it, adding that in future he might consider it as his bunk, one from which he would not be able to get out in his sleep and trouble other people.

But this device for keeping him quiet, though it greatly amused the men, in no way suited Peter. He refused to sleep in the chest, and, resisting stubbornly, was caught hold of by several of the men, and put in despite his struggling and kicking. The lid was shut down and hasped. He howled at them through the hole, and they threw cold water in his face through it, till he was glad to lie down and remain quiet.

In the morning he was let out. Though rather close, it was by no means an uncomfortable place in which to sleep.

After this, as regularly as night came, Peter slept in his box, but almost always had to be put into it by main force, or at least sharply ordered to get in. It was, "Here, you prowling dog, be getting into that wangin!" and not unfrequently he would have to be "wet down" before he would quietly go to sleep.

On the 29th of March, the "landings" of logs were broken in, and the business of driving the lumber down the river began. The wangin, being needed to carry the tools in, was loaded into one of the bateaux, and taken down the stream each day as far as the gang moved.

The men camped each night on the shore. Peter proved an excellent "driver." He was active, quick of eye, and ready. If a "glut" was to be broken, or an eddy cleared, no man in the gang could be sent out on the stream to better purpose.

For three nights he was allowed to camp with the rest of the crew. On the third night, however, a most disagreeable trick was played, the precise nature of which it is not necessary to tell.

There was a great hubbub about it, and to prevent further trouble, Sweetser had the wangin emptied of the tools each night, and Peter put in it as before. The heavy chest remained in the bateau, which was moored close to the night camp.

Matters went on in this way till the "drive" was below Round Pond, about seven miles above Allequash Falls, when one morning, wangin, bateau, and Peter were missing. The bateau had been drawn up the previous night. Maxime Thibbudeau, who had taken it down the river the afternoon before, asserted that he had made it fast to a sapling with the painter line.

If he told the truth, there was reason to suppose that Peter had got loose during the night and taken French leave of them. But Sweetser had his doubts; he was afraid that the bateau had been drawn up without hitching, and that the rise of the river had floated it off in the night.

Without stopping a moment, he took three men with him and set off down the bank of the stream as fast as possible, looking sharply for the bateau, but not seeing it. They reached the Falls about nine o'clock. It is a cataract about forty or fifty feet high.

In the pool below there was a great "glut" of logs, foam, and driftwood, and in this eddy they found the wangin. It was half full of water; the old coverlet was still in it, but the lid had been burst off at the hinges, though still hanging by the hasp. The hinge screws looked as if they had been dug out from the inside with a jack-knife. That was all the clue there was.

Whether Peter had dug them out, and then casting loose the boat, had made off down the river's bank, letting the bateau go over the Falls to mystify the gang, or whether the bateau floated away of itself, and Peter, awaking, had dug frantically and in vain to escape, were questions nobody could answer.

Thibbudeau persisted in his assertions that he had hitched the bateau to a sapling; but in such a case his word was probably of no great value.

On the following day they came upon the wreck of the bateau, in a "logan" some three miles below the cataract. Despite these dubious omens, there was a general impression that this was but another of the strange youngster's tricks.

On getting down to the settlements, diligent inquiries were made; but no one had seen him. He never presented himself to be paid his winter's wages. No inquiry was ever made concerning him by friends or relatives, if he had any.

Sweetser made a statement to the agent, who was as much puzzled as were the men of the gang. Peter was never seen again in that locality, and what became of him, He whose eye sees all things alone knows.

I may supplement Uncle Amos' story, as told by Karzy, by adding, that to the rest of our party it looks extremely likely that Peter Lougee went over Alleguash Falls, and that the poor fellow received anything but fair usage from first to last.

CHAPTER XI.

RIKE AND MOSES O. GO MOOSE-HUNTING. THE RESULT.



HAT night we camped some six miles below the lowermost of the two long lakes, on a site cleared among the firs by some previous party of tourists, and plentifully spread with yellowed boughs. On these we — rather injudiciously — spread our blankets, and the night being very warm, undertook to sleep in the open air without the tent. But those old boughs were the lair of a most numerous family of “ear-wigs,” and the warmth of our bodies soon set them crawling out to make our closer acquaintance. The result was a most unwelcome rouse-out shortly after ten o’clock, and the shifting of the camp to another site.

By noon next day we emerged from the wilderness into cleared land where there were a number of settlers’ houses, built of logs.

Here we fell in with a man named Gourill, who called himself a hunter and guide. This person expressed himself ready to “warrant” a moose to any party employing him. His terms were three dollars per day; and he so wrought upon the Nimrod-like instincts of “Rike” and Moses O. that they hired him for four days, promising to rejoin the party at Fort Kent or Little Falls, fifty miles below on the main St. John.

Harold, Stein, “Karzy,” and “No. 6,” with the guides, continued on our route down to Allequash Falls, where we *portaged* and camped for the night.

There is here a picturesque cataract of fifty feet over slaty cliffs.

"Karzy" found several subjects for his pencil, next morning, while the guides were getting breakfast.

From the Falls, a run of twelve miles with the rapid stream brought us to the junction with the Woolastook, or main St. John. Here we entered Madawaska and French-Canadian civilization. On both banks the land is cleared, and the quaint little farms, churches, and hamlets, stud the river all the way down to Fort Kent and far below, we were told. It is a beautiful river valley, that of the upper St. John. We found the people good-humored and quite ready to sell us unlimited fresh milk, eggs, and bread loaves; and were constantly meeting parties in odd black boats, called "peerogs," made each from a single large pine log.



JUNCTION OF ALLEGUASH AND WOOLASTOOK.

It was dark that night when we reached Fort Kent, a little hamlet on the Maine side of the river, where we found a fair hotel.

Here we remained two days, waiting for our "moose-hunters" to catch up.

They arrived very early the third morning, in rather sorry plight, not a little excited, and very anxious to be off at once — *over into*

Canada! To see Moses O. excited boded something alarming indeed! To our eager questions he said, "Old Nick was to pay — not far behind!"

Rike and he had gone back with Gourill to *Round Lake*, on the *Alleguash*, in a bateau. Here they had lain in wait for game for nearly a day and then gone to a small pond, not far back from the river and connected with it by a dead-water gap.

But we have persuaded Moses O. to write out their adventure himself, and here it is: —

THEIR MOOSE HUNT.

Just as we came out into the pond we heard a sudden noise in the bushes on the right bank. Looking quickly round, I saw the leaves waving, and some large black animal moving.

"A bear!" exclaimed Gourill. "Quick, with your rifle!"

Rike had a Remington rifle, and I a reliable "Purdy," the left barrel of which I always kept loaded with double B shot. Before we could fire, however, Gourill exclaimed, —

"It isn't a bear; it's a moose — two moose!"

The bateau was gliding forward. We all saw them now — great, black, ungainly creatures, glowering half fearfully, yet curiously, from among the willows, their huge ears rising and falling. They were not more than seventy yards away.

"A cow-moose and a calf," muttered Gourill. "Take the cow!"

We both fired on the instant.

"You hit!" Gourill exclaimed.

But both animals had disappeared, and we heard a great thrashing about in the swamp. Landing as speedily as possible, we went in through the bushes, and had not proceeded far when we came upon the moose lying mired in a soft bog, nearly dead. A second bullet from Rike's rifle put an end to the creature. Gourill pronounced it a good-sized cow-moose.

We could hear the calf rushing about in the woods, at no very great distance, uttering, at rapid intervals, most singular, trumpet-like squeaks. It seemed loath to leave the place.

"Load up!" Gourill said, "and keep quiet. I'll call him in."

He began to make an odd, bellowing sound through his hands. Hearing this, the calf redoubled his trumpeting, and dashed up nearer, first on one side, then on the other. It would stand for a moment, then dash away again.

At length, catching a good sight of it at rather less than a hundred yards, we both fired and brought it down. It was a male, but its antlers had as yet hardly started. It was no more than half grown, and would have weighed possibly four hundred pounds.

We wished to save the head of the cow, to mount as a trophy. So Gourill cut it off, and also skinned the animal, and took some of the choicest parts of the meat to cook. The calf we determined to take down the river with us.

It was not till afternoon that we secured our game on board the bateau, and set off down river again.

"But isn't there some sort of game-law in this State protecting deer and moose?" Rike presently asked. "How is that, Gourill?"

It had occurred to me already that I had heard of some such legislation in Maine.

"Well, I suppose there is a law," replied Gourill, making light of the matter. "I've heard there was. But, bless ye, ye needn't worry about that; it's a dead letter. Nobody thinks of enforcing it up here. I'll warrant ye, nobody'll molest ye."

That was precisely what he told us.

We got down to Alleguash Falls that evening, and camped at the foot of the cataract. A mile or two above we had passed the place where Gourill told us his family lived, — a new place, with a new frame-house and sheds.

After we had camped and had supper, and got comfortable, Gourill said he guessed he would run up and see how his folks were getting along, and as he shouldn't see them again for some weeks, he would be much obliged if we would let him have a little money. We at once paid him for his services up to that night. We did not expect him back till morning.

Very early next morning, before it was quite day, we were awakened by voices outside the tent, and, on looking out, saw three burly fellows, and three or four hounds, examining the trophies of our moose-hunt.

On our asking their business, one of them announced himself as the legally appointed moose-warden of that section, and took us formally into custody for violating the law of the State. The man, who gave his name as Merron, produced an apparently legal certificate of his official position.

Of course we made no attempt to deny the shooting of the moose. I asked

what the penalty was. They said one hundred dollars for each and every animal shot; also that we must accompany them to Fort Kent to have the fine legally imposed and collected.

Of course we felt troubled, but, being educated to respect law in all places, determined, since we had broken a law, to put the best possible face on the matter.

We could not but feel, however, that in this case the law was rather unfortunate in the selection of its executors; for three more unprepossessing fellows we had rarely met. Indeed, they looked quite capable of collecting fines without the apology of law. And the way they had come upon us, with their dogs and guns, was far from exciting agreeable feelings on our part.

However, we told them to lead on; we would go to Fort Kent, or any other place where justice was administered, but that we had a guide whom we wished to wait for.

At this they laughed and winked. Till that moment we had not suspected Gourill of treachery. One of the men now said that we shouldn't probably set eyes on Gourill again; and at last Merron told us bluntly that it was Gourill who had given the information with regard to shooting the moose, and that he would get one-half the fine for so doing.

After a breakfast of moose-meat, we set off in the bateau down the river, and reached the junction with the St. John about ten o'clock. We let our captors do the rowing, and took things easy. But the more we thought of the matter of our guide's defection, and the more we saw of the "moose-warden" and his *posse* and dogs, the more the arrest aroused our suspicions. These men were merely taking advantage of the law to fleece us and put the spoils into their own pockets.

They bragged of it to our very faces, and were positively insulting in their talk. It is not pleasant to be crowed over all day long with the near prospect of losing two hundred dollars; and by night we were in no very amiable mood.

About five o'clock the warden and his *confreres* pulled into the Maine side of the St. John, and camped for the night at a deserted log-house, about nine miles above Fort Kent.

The old house had but one room, and that very small, scarcely large enough for the five of us. The four dogs had followed us along the bank all day. To keep the hungry brutes from devouring the moose carcass, the men took it out of the bateau and put it into a "potato-hole," a few steps from the house-door.

Nearly all these Madawaska settlers dig a potato-hole instead of a cellar. The potato-hole, in fact, is a cellar out of doors, instead of under the house. This one was six or seven feet deep, and would possibly have held three hundred bushels of potatoes.

It was simply a large pit covered over with logs and turf to the depth of two or three feet, to keep out frost. It had a thick trap-door, about four feet square, in the top, made of hewn plank. The hole was now empty; so they dropped the carcass and the cow-moose's head down into it, and shut the trap-door.

There wasn't much said that night. Rike and I made a bed of old straw and our blankets, and retired early — if going to bed in such quarters can be called retiring.

Along in the night something roused me — some one whispering and talking in low tones. Our captors were consulting together. I stirred; instantly they ceased whispering. This struck me as suspicious; but I turned over and began breathing heavily again, though quite awake.

Five minutes or more passed. Then they began whispering and talking again, and I heard the words, "Gourill will be thar and hev things all fixed. These fellers can't talk French. We kin put it through."

It was the voice of the warden.

"But ef ole *Merron* finds this out, — an' he wull, — thar'll be the mischief ter pay," muttered one of the others.

"Huh! We'll be far enough away 'fore that time, over the line with the dosh," replied the self-styled warden; and I heard a sound of suppressed chuckling.

I lay and thought. This man, then, was not the real *Merron*, the genuine warden, nor yet his authorized deputy. There must be foul play then. We were victims of a trick. These rascals had their confederates, and were taking us before a "justice" of their own making. It was very plain to me now.

It will be easy enough to denounce them, I reasoned. Yet, on second thought, our situation had an ugly outlook. We were away in a remote, lawless region, the ignorant, French country of Madawaska, where not half, nor a quarter of the people knew a word of English. The trick these fellows were playing was not so difficult, after all. I was not sure that we had not better have been under legal arrest than in the hands of this gang of rogues. Safer, certainly.

There was no more sleep for me that night.

We were called up early, and all had breakfast out of our supplies. In fact, they had lived at our expense ever since taking possession of us. We went down to the river-bank to wash, and here I was able to tell Rike what I had heard.

He was even more alarmed than myself, and declared that we must now look to our own safety, and get out of their clutches the best way we could.

And a most unexpected opportunity offered itself.

After breakfast, two of the men opened the potato-hole and got down into it to lift out the moose; for they must needs take that along. As I have remarked, the young moose must have weighed four or five hundred pounds, and the two found it a rather heavy lift to put it up through the trap-door. They called to Merron to bear a hand.

He got down with them. We stood looking on a few steps off, as they were tugging and grunting. Rike suddenly shot a glance at me, and pointed to the trap-door. I understood him. *We both sprang to the door, banged it down over the hole in a second, and jumped on it!*



"WE BOTH SPRANG TO THE DOOR."

There was a moment's astonished silence below, then such an outburst of whoops, shouts, oaths, and threats, as never arose, I verily believe, from any other hole except the "bottomless pit."

They hammered at the door, swore vengeance, said they would "cut our hearts out," "drink our blood," and many other similar threats.

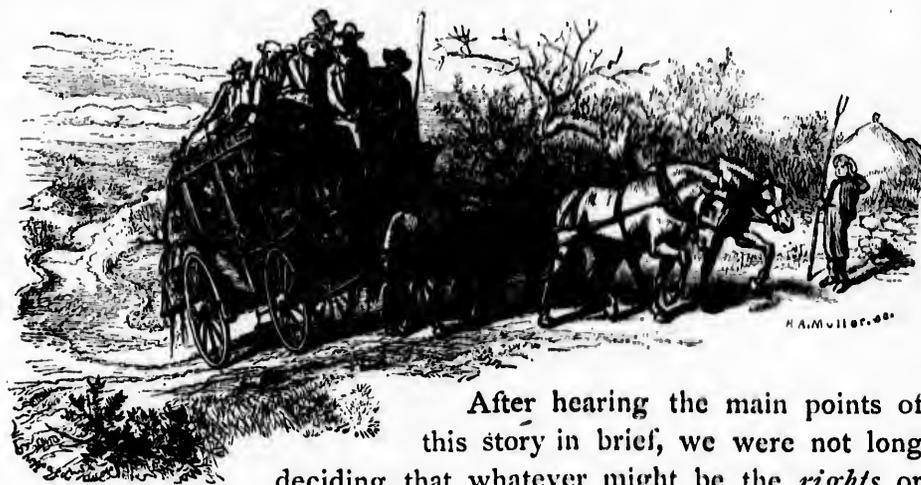
We stood fast, and chaffed them to our heart's content. Presently, one of them began firing his pistol up through the door. At that we began to

pile stones and logs upon it, and did not stop till we put there several hundred-weight.

Then they changed their tune, and began to beg — promised to let us go unharmed, and we could take our moose with us. We, of course, did not believe in promises made under such circumstances.

"Yesterday was your day," we told them; "to-day is ours. Eat moose-meat till you are let out."

Running down to the bateau, we wrapped the moose-hide in our blankets and shoved off, and were not long pulling down to Fort Kent.



ON THE STAGE.

After hearing the main points of this story in brief, we were not long deciding that whatever might be the *rights* or the *wrongs* in this queer business, we had better go on at once.

Accordingly, having settled with our three guides, who would paddle back up the Alleguash homeward, we hired the hotel-keeper to take us down to Little Falls, at the mouth of the Madawaska, in his double wagon. From this place we took passage by the little steamer and stage across to Riviere du Loup on the St. Lawrence. But ere starting from Little Falls, our two hunters mailed a letter back to the postmaster at Fort Kent, and another to the same functionary at St. Francis. In those letters they stated that three pretended moose-

wardens were shut up in a potato-hole at a deserted log-house about midway between the two places; and they added that it might not be healthy for them to remain there too long, as the place was none too well ventilated.

We have since learned that the *soi-disant* wardens stayed in the potato-hole all that day and until the following morning, when a man, passing in his "peerog" close to the shore, heard their outcry and went to their deliverance. Also that they pursued us to Little Falls, threatening dire death and destruction!

But they had stopped too long in the potato-hole to see us again.

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CHAPTER XII.

RIVIÈRE DU LOUP AND THE SAGUENAY.

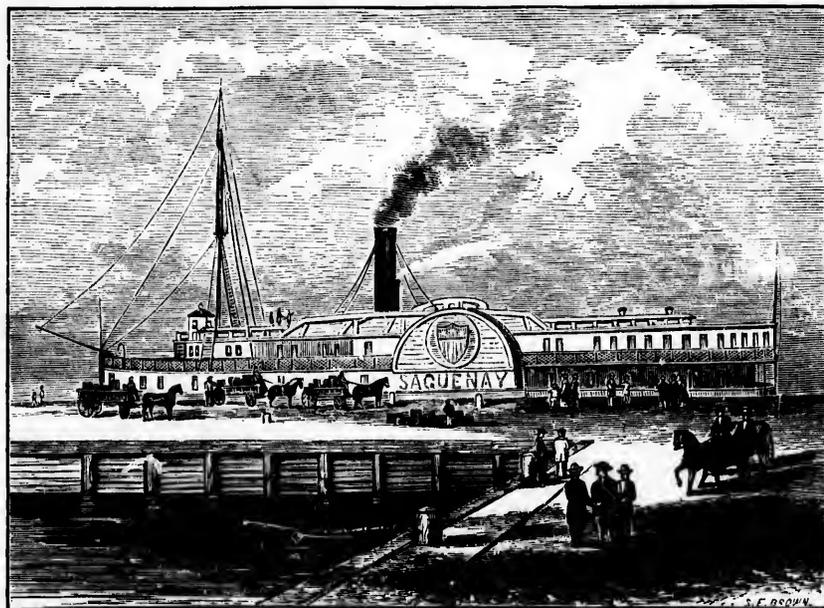


FROM the northern end of Lake Temiscouata, the stage-road descends through a wild, and often rugged, forest region, to Rivière du Loup on the St. Lawrence. Here we arrived late in the afternoon, and had barely time to get dinner at a quaint old French inn, close upon the long triangular pier, when the steamer *Saguenay*, bound for the far-famed Saguenay River, whistled in. On board her we were comfortably unpacking our satchels, in three state-rooms, half an hour later.

We thus saved a day, but had little time to see Rivière du Loup, which is a picturesque Province village of twelve or thirteen hundred inhabitants, and contains several summer hotels; but the Canadian watering-place *par excellence* is Cacouna, situated six miles to the south-west. It is the Canadian Saratoga, or rather Long Branch, being on the *brackish*, if not exactly salt, waters of the Lower St. Lawrence, here a broad and majestic affluent of old ocean, twenty miles in width, pouring its mighty flood onward betwixt dark mountains.

From Rivière du Loup, the steamer stands boldly out to stem and to cross the great river to Tadousac, at the mouth of the Saguenay. It occupies two hours, this "ferry" over to Tadousac, under full head of steam: what better idea of the size and grandeur of this queen of rivers can be given? Correspondingly, too, we had here struck another of the grand annual streams of summer travel. On board

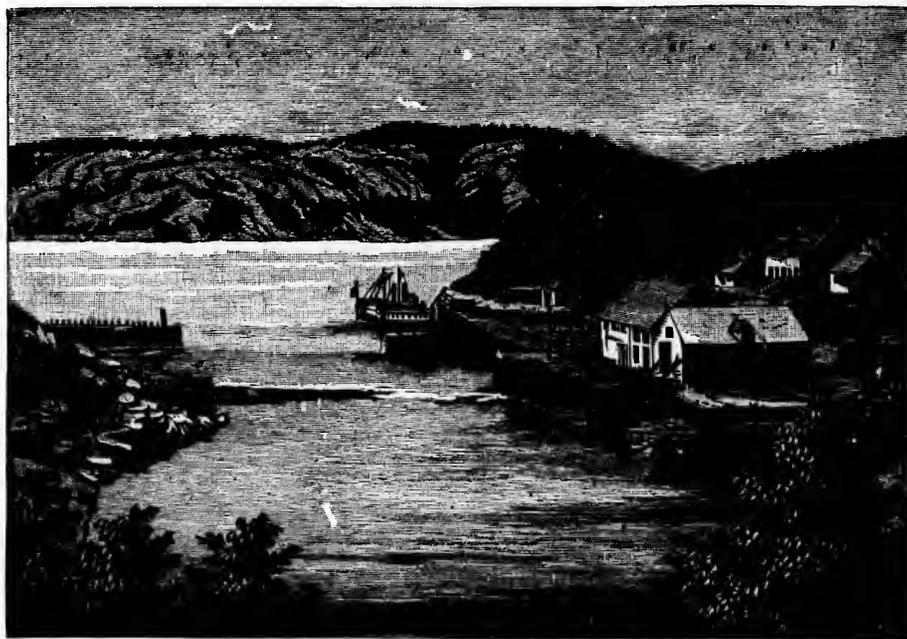
were several hundred passengers: tourists from almost every civilized country, but chiefly everywhere-going "Yankees;" wiry, tanned journalists; bland, worldly-wise merchants and railway magnates — men of millions; jolly-looking clergymen, whom you never would mistrust were such till introduced as "Rev.;" college graduates of the period, with satchels and field-glasses slung from their shoulders, brown, hard-meated, full of vital power, who talk of nothing save base-ball, regat-



ALL ABOARD FOR THE SAGUENAY.

tas, and the races; and last, but first seen, the American lady tourist, serene, beautiful, dressed just right for the trip, never looking heated, or excited, the only lady in the world who really knows how to travel and enjoy it. Night before last she was at Niagara, last evening in Montreal; next week she may be *en route* for Switzerland, while still somewhat expecting to *take in* the Yosemite ere her summer vacation closes. Twenty thousand miles will be covered, and she will

return with that clear-brown tint of health, more pleasing to the eye than any of that veiled, pink-and-white, spick-span prettiness, which, a few years ago, constituted the standard of beauty. In fact, we Americans have reason to be proud of our lady tourists abroad. They do *tour* beautifully — and never make but *one* mistake in good taste or sterling common-sense: the mistake of getting captured by large-



L'ANCE A L'EAU, OR PORT OF TADOUSAC.

titled noodles in Europe, a mistake nearly always ending in bitter regret. Fair America for Americans, would be a happier motto.

Truly no people cut so good a figure abroad as Americans; genial, self-possessed, good-humored. If a pig-headed, disobliging official is encountered, where an Englishman fumes and threatens, our American gets the better of him with a joke, or, at worst, a quizzical sarcasm.

It was dusk when the steamer reached Tadousac. We had time

to half walk, half run, a mile or so about the village (in old times a Hudson Bay Fur Fort and Trading Post), for ten or fifteen minutes, when the whistle summoned us back.

Here it may be said that in consequence of making the trip up the Saguenay during the night, we saw none of the grand, world-famous scenery on the river when *going up*. But coming back, three weeks later, we saw it in all its grandeur. Until then, I reserve an account of it.

On rousing out in the morning, we found the steamer in Grande



TADOUSSAC.

Baie, more commonly Ha Ha Bay, a long, deep arm of the Saguenay. When the early French navigators, Jacques Cartier and others, first ascended the Saguenay, they mistook this arm for the main river, and humorously named it Ha Ha Bay, from the great laugh they indulged in on so suddenly coming to the end of it. There is a quaint little hamlet here where we first saw the queer spectacle of ovens built up of clay on little platforms out of doors. Here, too, the French people

offered us blueberries in odd, long coffin-shaped boxes, holding each half a bushel or more — at twenty-five cents per box. Blueberries grow in endless profusion over the sterile, bare, or at best bushy mountains which make up this whole vast region. Geologists tell us that this was the first area of the North American continent which showed itself above the sea: so Stein read to us that morning; and



ENTRANCE TO THE SAGUENAY.

Moses O., after another long look around, made the remark that he thought it had showed up too soon.

The Saguenay is the outlet of the great *Lac St. Jean* (toward which we were now heading our course), and numerous other large lakes, draining a vast area of country in that unknown hyperborean region lying far up under the "Great Dipper." The rugged grandeur

of its unsettled mountain shores, the profound depth of its waters, and the absence of human, even animal life, for leagues on leagues, make the Saguenay unique among rivers. It is on these natural features that its fame depends.

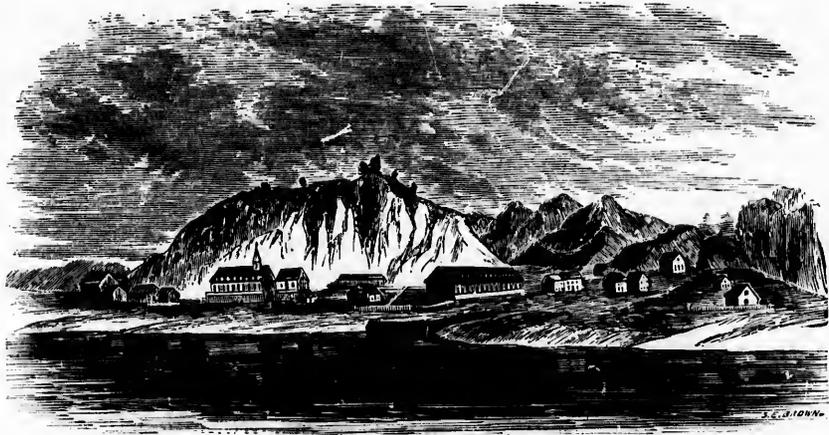


UP THE SAGUENAY.

Bayard Taylor well says of it:—

"The Saguenay is not, properly, a river. It is a tremendous chasm, like that of the Jordan Valley and the Dead Sea, cleft for sixty miles through the heart of a mountain wilderness. . . . No magical illusions of atmosphere enwrap the scenery of this northern river. Everything is hard, naked, stern, silent. Dark, gray cliffs of gneiss rise from the pitch-black water; firs of gloomy green are rooted in their crevices and fringe their sum-

mits; loftier ranges of a dull indigo hue show themselves in the background, and over all bends a pale, cold, northern sky. The keen air which brings out every object with a crystalline distinctness, even contracts the dimensions of the scenery, diminishes the height of the cliffs, and apparently belittles the majesty of the river, so that the first feeling is one of disappointment. Still it exercises a fascination which you cannot resist. You look, and look, fettered by the fresh, novel, savage stamp which nature exhibits, and at last, as in St. Peter's, or at Niagara, learn from the character of the separate features to appreciate the grandeur of the whole. Shores that seemed roughly piled together out of the fragments of chaos, overhung us, — great masses of rock, gleaming duskily through their scanty drapery of ever-



SCENE IN HA HA BAY.

greens, here lifting long, irregular walls against the sky, there split into huge, fantastic forms by deep lateral gorges, up which we saw the dark-blue crests of loftier mountains in the rear. The water beneath us was black as night, with a pitchy glaze on its surface; and the only life in all the savage solitude was, now and then, the back of a white porpoise, in some of the deeper coves. The river is a reproduction of the fiords of the Norwegian coast. . . . The dark mountains, the tremendous precipices, the fir forests, even the settlements at Ha Ha Bay and L'Ance à l'Eau (except that the houses are white instead of red), are as completely Norwegian as they

can be. The Scandinavian skippers who come to Canada, all notice this resemblance, and many of them, I learn, settle here."

Another writer thus characterizes it: —

"Sunlight and clear sky are out of place over its black waters. Anything which recalls the life and smile of nature is not in unison with the huge naked cliffs, raw, cold, and silent as the tombs. An Italian spring could effect no change in the deadly, rugged aspect; nor does winter add one iota to its mournful desolation. It is with a sense of relief that the tourist emerges from its sullen gloom, and looks back upon it as a kind of vault, — Nature's sarcophagus, where life or sound seems never to have entered. Compared to it the Dead Sea is blooming, and the wildest ravines look cosy and smiling. It is wild without the least variety, and grand apparently in spite of itself; while so utter is the solitude, so dreary and monotonous the frown of its great black walls of rocks, that the tourist is sure to get impatient with its sullen dead reverse, till he feels almost an antipathy to its very name. The Saguenay seems to want painting, blowing up, or draining, — anything, in short, to alter its morose, quiet, eternal awe. Talk of Lethe or the Styx, — they must have been purling brooks compared with this savage river; and a picnic on the banks of either would be preferable to one on the banks of the Saguenay."

This is really painting it a little more sombrely than we saw it. But then all persons cannot be expected to see it alike.

The name Saguenay, we were told, comes from the Indian word *Saggishekass* (a rather forced derivation, certainly), which means *precipices for banks*. The river has depths where no sounding-line has been able to touch bottom. Near Cape Eternity it is said to be eighteen hundred feet deep.

CHAPTER XIII.

LAC ST. JEAN. MOSES O. MAKES A BAD SHOT.



SHORTLY after noon we reached Chicoutimi (*the place of deep waters*), as the Indians named it. This is the head of steamboat navigation on the Saguenay, the head of all navigation, in fact; for the village lies at the foot of the tremendous rapids of *Terres Rompues*. The Chicoutimi Falls are in plain sight to the north, a band of white wrathful water showing through the green forests.

Chicoutimi is the metropolis of the Saguenay country. There are eight or ten hundred inhabitants — English, French, and Indians, — a new Catholic college, and one very old church, up into the belfry of which we climbed, at the imminent jeopardy of our necks, to see a very ancient bell of which we had heard, but failed to find it there.

There are several passably good hotels.

Senator Price is the great man here, politically and by virtue of ownership. The house of Price Brothers & Co. owns about everything here and in the outlying country. Perhaps there is not another man on the American continent who comes so near being a *Grand Seigneur* of the olden time as this same Canadian senator. We had noticed a well-looking man on the steamer, at whom all the officials and *indigines* cast looks of awe.

"Who's that gentleman?" Moses O. asked the second officer.

"*That! why*, that is Senator Price," replied the man in a low tone.

But from all accounts the Prices *regnant* are wise and judicious potentates. The Senator is locally known as *The King of the Saguenay*.

While on the steamer we had made inquiries of the captain (a rather gruff official, but whom our comrade Dearborn's easy assurance drew into conversation), concerning guides and game up about the St. John Lake. He advised us to apply to a man named Nugent at Chicoutimi, who had taken out parties of tourists. We did so that afternoon. It proved excellent advice. The moment we saw this Nugent we knew by the "eye of him," as Theo. Winthrop would have said, that he was our man.



NUGENT.

It took but an hour to arrange all the details for a three weeks' tour camping out; he to furnish canoes, outfit, another guide — everything, in fact, even including provisions. And he simplified matters vastly by having a sufficiently good financial head on his shoulders to put all this *into one bill*, and say at the outset what he could do it for. That is a rare kind of man, particularly in the Provinces.

"My dear sir," Wayne said to him, "that's the way we like to hear a man talk. That's just the way we do

in New York. Why, if your folks here were only all like you, we would *annex* you tomorrow."

His round charge for everything was a hundred and sixty dollars. I think he was ready to take off twenty or thirty dollars. But Wayne, in his delight at finding a man who mentally resembled a real New Yorker, cried out, "Cheap enough! When can we start?"

"Start to-morrow morning, if you like," replied the admirable Nugent.

So the matter was settled on the spot. We had nothing to do that afternoon but see Chicoutimi. Later, we crossed over to the quaint French hamlet of *St. Anne de Saguenay*, on the other side of the river; and still later, we fished for *wininish*, a kind of salmon trout peculiar to these waters; so, at least, the inhabitants claim. Up in the



LAC ST. JEAN.

great pool at the foot of Chicoutimi Falls, Stein caught five, either one of which would have weighed four pounds. Nugent furnished us with rods, bait, etc. The others of our party caught two and three, each. Here, for the first time, we began to see something like sport.

Next morning we had our *wininish* broiled for our breakfast at the inn. They were delicious, better than trout even. The rapids of *Terres Rompues* are grand fishing-ground, and also very grand as scenery. Altogether they extend over nearly fifteen miles.

Next day we set off by wagon road, through a rough section of country, for *Lac St. Jean*.

Nugent had provided us with spring-boards to ride on. In advance was a rude vehicle loaded with canoes, bear traps, supplies, in short, the whole paraphernalia for a "big hunt."

Behind it walked the Indian guide, a Mic-mac by tribe, whom Nugent had hired for an assistant, — a quiet, swarthy man of twenty-seven or eight, Otelne by name; Otelne being his Indian name and



PARAPHERNALIA

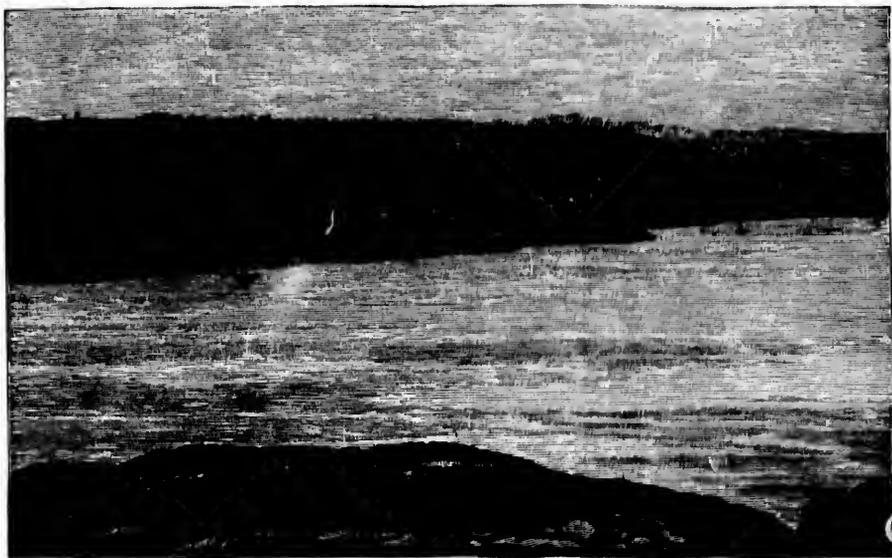
Jean the name bestowed by the priest who had christened him. But for his Indian eyes, Otelne might easily have been taken for a French-Canadian, being not a whit darker of complexion than many of the latter.

We were all day — a rather wearying one, though the scenes passed through were ever fresh and interesting — reaching St. Jerome, a little hamlet of lumbermen on the lake.

We had left the Saguenay on our right. In all there is a fall of three hundred feet along the *Terres Rompues* rapids. Karzy

wanted to spend a day here sketching; but the others would not hear to it.

At St. Jerome we had rather close quarters for the night at the log-house of a lumberman, a friend of Nugent; and next morning put out, with all our kit, on the lake in a large sailboat, bound for the mouth of the Perilonca. For it was up this unexplored northern river that our guide proposed taking us — to the shores of another lake, which Otelne, with a fine, guttural enunciation, called *Tshistagama*.

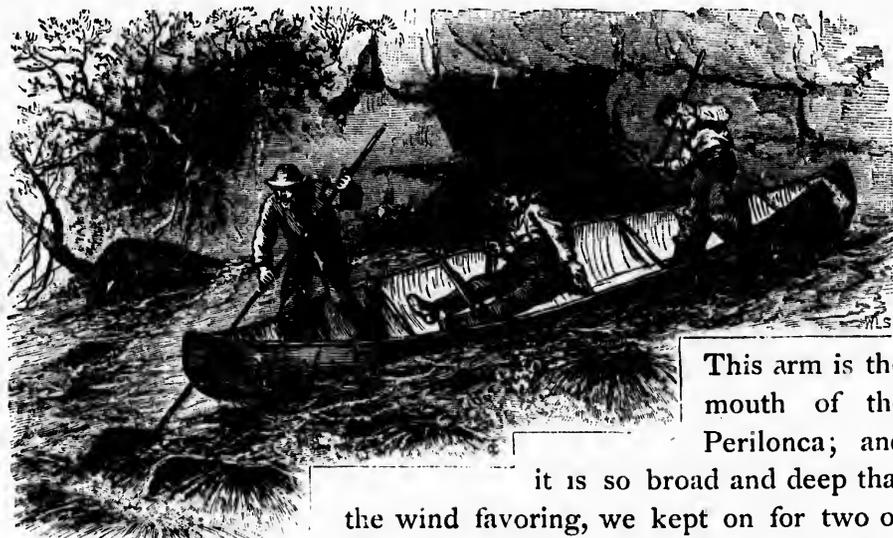


CHICOUTIMI.

The Perilonca is one of six or eight large rivers which pour their waters into *Lac St. Jean* — one of these, the Misstassini, flowing down two hundred and fifty miles from the great Lake Misstassini, seventy-five miles long by thirty in breadth; Lac St. Jean seemed to us fully as large, broader perhaps. But for a lake of such size its waters are very shallow. We could often discern the bottom when miles from the shore. The scenery would, by the most, be called

dreary. Off to the north and west extends a vast level tract, clad with black spruce forests, bounded faintly, seventy miles away, by a line of low, volcanic-looking peaks. The soil along the shores is said to be very fertile; but then, the winters!

We crossed the lake to the north-east on a fair wind, or rather a fresh westerly wind, and about one o'clock entered a broad, deep arm, between sombre, low, alluvial shores densely wooded with firs.



SHOOTING A RAPID.

This arm is the mouth of the Perilonca; and

it is so broad and deep that the wind favoring, we kept on for two or three hours longer, up to the head of the "dead water," where "quick water" begins.

Here the little sloop was left at anchor to await our return from *Tshistagama*. Upon this side of the great lake, and along the Perilonca, there is not a clearing nor a sign of human habitation. All is wilderness, the gnarled, stunted wilderness of the far north. Even in the mild summer it has a bleak aspect, and still shadows forth the terrors of winter here.

At this point our canoes came into requisition, and the ascent of the river proper—the quick water—commenced. Many "rips," some of them considerable falls, were encountered. All of us had then to

bear a hand to lift the canoes over the rocks, and our long, flexible-legged gum boots came into use.

Night fell before many miles of this sort of thing were made; and never was a party more willing to camp and have a "hot tea."

Sailing so far in the fresh wind, on the lake, followed by our exertions getting the canoes over the "rips," had rendered us all stupidly tired; even Nugent's strong tea failed to rouse us much. The tent was pitched, and we turned in, under a lowering sky, on a bed of boughs; and I must needs own that our first night on the Perilonca was far from a cheery one.

Otelne alone went fishing, and caught—as he avouched next morning—a fine large *wininish*. Here we first made the acquaintance of that ugly, thievish beast, the Canadian wildcat, or *loup cervier*. One of these creatures came about our tent in the night, and probably got Otelne's fish. Moses O. heard a noise among pots and tin dishes outside, and jumping up, *sans culottes*, seized his gun and peeped out. Catching a glimpse of some animal scudding away, he let fly after it. The report of course brought us all to our feet; but the marauder had made good its escape.



MOSES O. GETS AFTER A LOUP CERVIER.

CHAPTER XIV.

CAMPED ON THE TSHISTAGAMA. STEIN LOST.



THE Perilonca is a large river, as large as the Merrimac, or the Mohawk, we judged. For forty or fifty miles back from *Lac St. Jean* its course is sluggish, along a deep, broad channel. Then follow "rips," or small falls, over rough, syenitic ledges, through a barren region of country up to *Lac Tshistagama*, twenty-five or thirty miles farther. We used up all next day, and only reached the lake the following evening at six o'clock. "Carry" followed "carry," round falls and dangerous rapids. There was no such thing as shirking hard lifts that day. At one point we had to tug the canoes, etc., up a tremendously steep bank; and here Moses O. particularly distinguished himself by walking, or crawling, up with a canoe on his shoulders, *a la tortoise*. Truly a set of brawny shoulders are a handy thing to have about one.

On both banks and everywhere extended away the spruce and fir wilderness. There was little else for timber, and the dark-tinted funereal landscape was varied only by the whitish sides of crags and bare-peaked mountains.

Into the Perilonca the lake opens on the right by a broad, sluggish "neck" of water. We paddled in, and then coasted along the northern shore for four or five miles, to a camp where Nugent and Otelne had hunted the year before. It was eight o'clock and already quite dark when we arrived—fully as tired as on the preceding evening. A rougher or wilder locality it would have been hard to find, even in

that wild region. All along the shore and round about were great fire-scorched and calcined rocks, with dead trees stripped of their bark; while a few hundred yards in the rear loomed a long beetling crag, showing a hundred feet of sheer precipice over the dark-green tops of the fir woods.

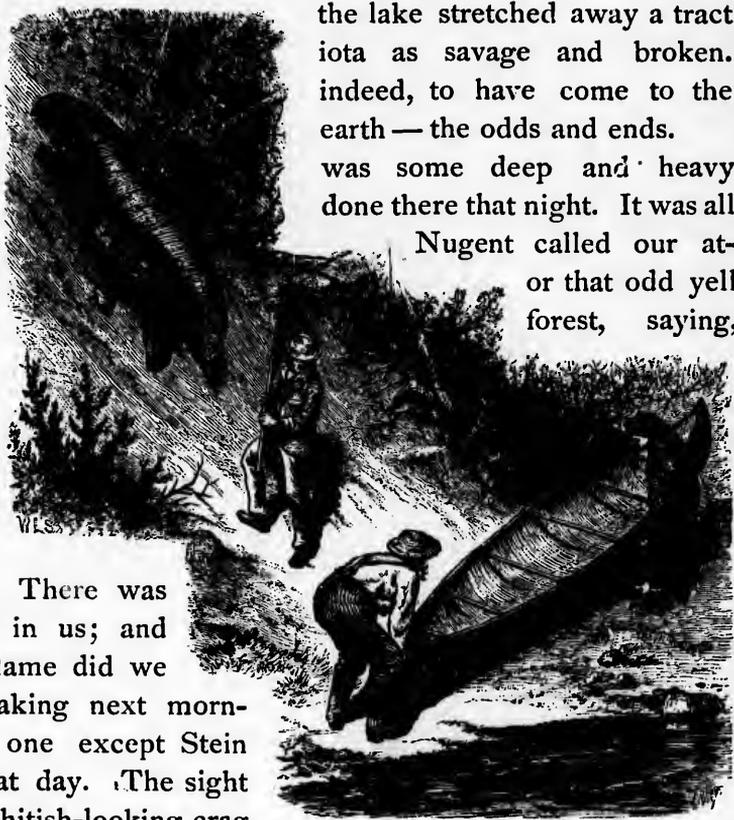
Across
looking every
We seemed,
ends of the

But there
slumbering
in vain that
attention to this
off in the
"That 'ere's a
bear; that's a
'screamer;'
that's a *po-
kumpk*." We
were *done up*
for that day. There was
no *hunt* left in us; and
so stiff and lame did we
all feel on waking next morn-
ing that no one except Stein
stirred out that day. The sight
of that tall, whitish-looking crag
had so strongly stimulated the
mineralogist in him, that shortly after mid-day he got up, ate some-
what of the breakfast which Nugent had kept hot for us since
eight o'clock, and then went off alone on a quiet excursion, after
"specimens."

the lake stretched away a tract
iota as savage and broken.
indeed, to have come to the
earth — the odds and ends.

was some deep and heavy
done there that night. It was all

Nugent called our at-
tention to that odd yell
forest, saying,



MOSES O. A LA TORTOISE.

Nugent and Otelne had gone fishing.

They came back toward sunset, having caught a fine string of *tuladi*, as they called them, a species of gray trout; and it was the savory odor of these broiling, half an hour later, which at last roused us out. Now that we had had our "big sleep" out, we all felt pretty well and ravenously hungry. It was not till we sat down to eat those broiled *tuladi*, that Stein was missed. Where he had gone nobody had the slightest idea. We shouted and fired two guns—then fell to on the fish, and were thus employed for three-quarters of an hour.

Still Stein did not come. It was getting dusk; and now for the



CAMP ON THE TSHISTAGAMA.

first time we began to feel a little anxious about him. More guns were fired, and we made the forest resound to our shouts. These latter drew no reply from the missing man, but had the effect to call forth a most dismal howling from far across the lake, a circumstance which by no means tended to reassure us. There were some odd-voiced denizens thereabouts. Nugent himself looked a trifle grave, though he professed to us to have no fears for Stein's safety; but Otelne and he set off a few moments later, without saying anything to us.

Ten or fifteen minutes later we heard them hallooing from the top of the great crag back of the camp. The opposite shores resounded to their shouts. But we could hear no response.

What to do we scarcely knew, and were in a fever of suspense.



OUR DINING-ROOM.

Rike and Moses O. started off after the guides; and the others went along the lake shore for a mile or more to the eastward, shouting and firing guns at intervals.

Presently we saw a great bonfire on the crag in the rear of the camp. The guides had set a large, thick fir standing there on fire; and the whole tree blazed like one enormous torch. If Stein were lost anywhere within ten miles it was incredible but that

he would see it, we reasoned. Distant howls and cries attested to the fact that many a savage eye was gazing wonderingly at it.

To search further in the darkness now appeared to little purpose; yet this but added tenfold to our fears. Indeed, it would be quite impossible to describe what we endured from apprehension that night. No one thought of sleeping; and the minutes and hours dragged by in a manner too painful to speak of. Day broke at last over this, now to us sombre-looking country.

Harold and Rike were for starting at once upon the search; but Nugent wisely insisted that we must all take a substantial breakfast first.



THE KITCHEN.

It seemed hours ere potatoes and meat could be cooked; and we were eating in haste, a prey to most dismal foreboding, and revolving

plans for a thorough scouring of the whole country—when, who should come along the lake shore but Stein himself, looking a little jaded, but smiling.

Such a shout as rose!

In our delight at seeing his face again we quite forgot our sleepless night for a moment: only for a moment, however. All, with good reason too, deemed that an explanation was needed—a full and copious one.

“Well, where the *Big Dickens* have you been?” was the question he heard in full chorus.

We record the “lost one’s” confession in his own language.

WHERE STEIN HAD BEEN.

It came into my mind (he said) that I would “prospect” that crag a little; and as I knew none of you would care about going, I did not like to wake anybody. When I started, I thought I should not be gone over an hour. I climbed up to the top of the ledges, back here, and while looking off, saw something sparkle as bright as a star on another big ledge a mile or two back in the woods. It glistened so like a gem that I thought I would cross over and see whatever it could be.

It took an hour or two to make my way across the ravines; and when I got over, I found that what had sparkled was only a tiny bit of vitreous quartz which lay on the rocks, in the sun. There were many fragments of quartz lying scattered about, and one was a bit of true amethyst. This gave me a trail which I traced back to some other ledges, a mile or two farther; and here I discovered the vein whence the fragments of crystals had come. It was up ten or fifteen feet in the face of the crag; a nearly perpendicular crack in the quartzose rocks large enough to thrust in one’s arm, and set on both sides, as far as I could reach, were the glossy, six-sided “points” of the crystals.

The sunlight streaming in, showed many of them to be amethysts of purest water. Set in the quartz rocks, were also many crystals of tourmaline; and at the foot of the crag lay a massive eight-sided prism of feldspar, as large as a quart-measure.

Here was a bonanza, indeed.

Having no drill and hammer to work with, I got a stout bit of spruce limb, and with this, and a stone for a hammer, I fell to despoiling this storehouse of Nature's treasures, by breaking out the crystals and filling my pockets.

(Here Stein admiringly displayed several fine crystals, — clear, white quartz and amethysts).

"Yes, we see," quoth Moses O., not much pacified as yet. "Go on with your little story. Were you tinkering there all night, pray?"

It was nearly sunset (continued our mineralogical comrade, looking somewhat abashed at our still unsympathetic faces) before I thought how late I was remaining. Somewhat hastily, then, I gathered my trophies and set off. Rather than climb back in and out of the ravines, I injudiciously resolved to go round to the south of the ledges, where there was a long, narrow pond, and so follow round to the lake shore. It seemed likely to be a less tiresome route.

But I made a great mistake. No sooner had I reached the bed of the valley near the pond, than I found myself in an almost impenetrable swamp of cedar and alder, and sank into mud and water at every step.

It was almost dusk, too, in the valley. Keeping the pond in sight through the bushes, I pushed ahead, resolved to stick to this route, now that I had taken it.



THE BLAZING FIR.

I pushed on for half or three quarters of a mile, and had come to an upturned root, covered with vines and briars, where, years before, a large spruce had been blown down.

Leaping upon this, I was poising myself to spring off on the other side, when the top suddenly crumbled beneath my feet, and I was precipitated into the hole at the foot of the root, through brush and dead vines.

Instantly there was a snarl, a spit, and a growl, and several creatures leaped out from almost under my feet as I slid down.

A good deal startled, though not frightened exactly, I scrambled out, having had an indistinct glimpse of two or three furry forms. Jumping upon a log, I looked around. At first, I could neither see nor hear anything of the animals. I shouted to frighten them, then whistled several times. At this I saw a head rise up from behind an old log,—a round, cat-like head, with erect ears,—and it kept stretching up three feet, at least. Then it as cautiously drew down again.

Scarcely was the first one out of sight, when another, a little to the right, rose up and took a look at me. And this second one was hardly down when a third head, from out a dry spruce top, was stretched up, peeked at me a moment, and drew down again.

I knew they were some species of woods cat. They looked both large and ferocious. I thought I would frighten them if possible, and shouted and screeched; and while I was screeching, the brutes kept down. But when I stopped, the heads began to stretch up, one after another, again!

I didn't know what was the best course to follow; and while I stood hesitating, the one behind the log came a few steps towards me, and sat down like a dog, with his big silvery eyes regarding me attentively.

Then both the others did the same thing, coming a few steps nearer, and sitting down, quite at their ease, just as if they wanted to be social, and were making an evening call.

Determined to make a demonstration, I threw my stone-hammer at the nearest, and seemingly the boldest of the three. It just missed him. He crouched for a minute, then rose to his sitting posture again.

I threw two or three of my specimens at him. The brute seemed to dodge them, crouching suddenly, then as quickly rising again. Meanwhile, one of the others approached and sat down a few steps nearer.

Getting desperate, I seized a big quartz crystal and hurled it, with all my strength, at the creature. It hit him in the breast. He gave a shrill yelp; and at this, both the others uttered a similar note, and skulked up towards him.

Taking advantage of this momentary confusion into which I had thrown my stealthy assailants, I cut and ran, having now only the bit of spruce stick in my hand.

It was a terrible place for running. I tripped several times, and fell into brush, mud, and water, but jumped up plunged ahead again for a hundred rods or more, when coming out into a little open place, I pulled up, completely out of breath. I could not have run another minute to save my life.

Scarcely had I stopped when I heard a snapping of the sticks back in the bushes, and out bounded those cats, and came lazily leaping up within a few yards of me, where they again sat composedly down, their silvery eyes bent on me in grim significance.

What to do now I didn't know. If there had been but one, I would have tried the temper of his head with my stick. But I knew the three would be more than a match for me.

As soon as it got dark, I supposed they would fall upon me tooth and nail. I had kept near the pond, and as I glanced hopelessly around, I saw, through the fast gathering shadows, a great stooping fir which leaned out over the water. I backed towards this, and reaching the foot of it, turned and ran up the inclined trunk to where I could catch the lowermost dry limbs, and so swung myself up twenty feet or more.

Glancing hurriedly down, I saw the cats walking leisurely up near the foot of the fir. There they sat down as demurely as before. I had kept hold of my club, and I felt tolerably certain of being able to beat them back if they attempted to climb up the trunk of the fir.

But the oddly-behaved brutes did not attempt to climb up to me. At intervals, one of them would come and stretch up on the trunk of the fir, sharpen his nails, then fall back and sit down again.

It was soon dark, and, to cut my story short, I have been *roosting up in that old fir all night*. It was anything but warm and comfortable before morning; but I did not dare to get down; for it was not till after daylight that my gray-furred watchers betook themselves back to their swamp.

I knew of course you would be worried about me; *I came as soon as I could*.

Once or twice I thought I heard guns and saw something that looked like a distant fire, shining upon the sky over the top of the ridge, back of the pond. Did you fire guns for me?

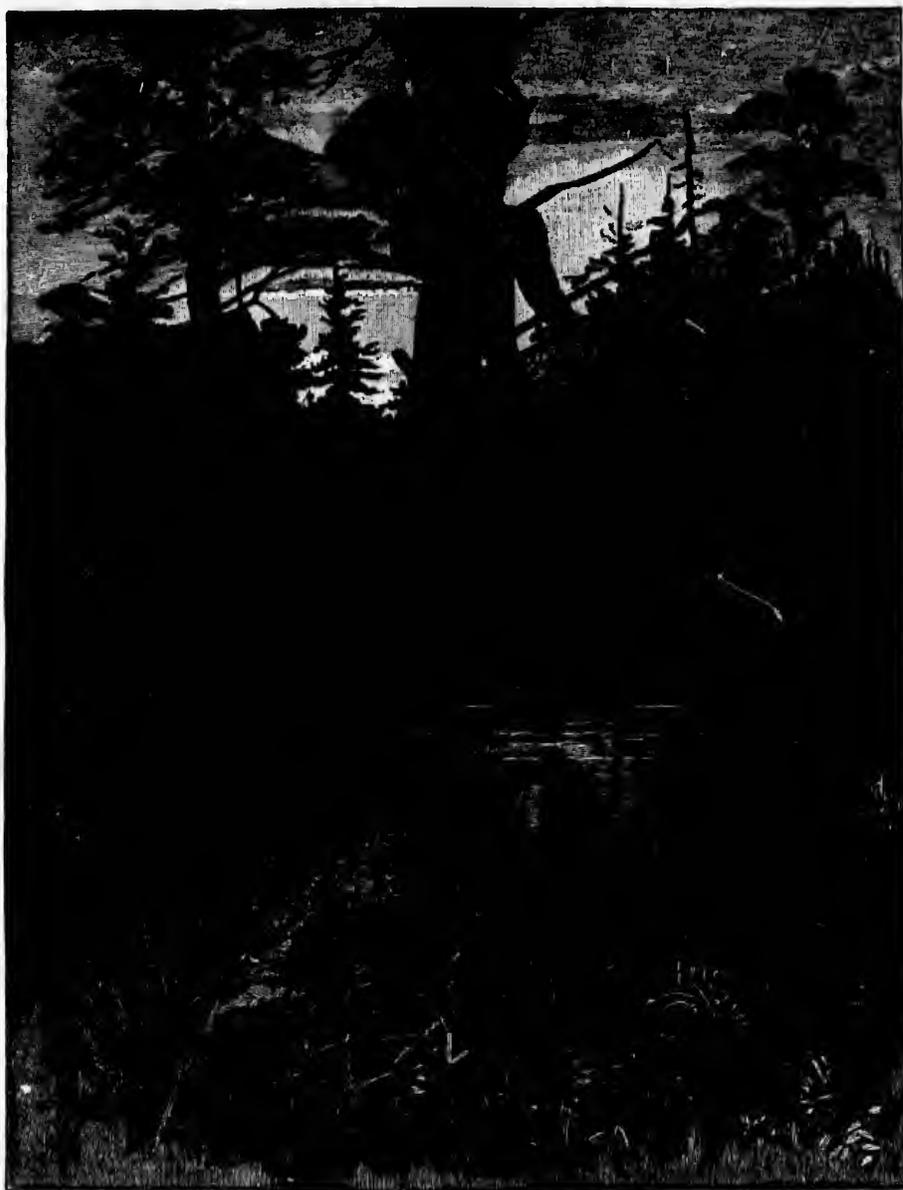
"Well, I should rather say we did!" Rike observed.

"I suppose we shall have to forgive you, Freeland," Moses O. remarked, doubtfully, "and congratulate you on your escape. But the next time you go after 'specimens,' do pray let us know, or if we are asleep, leave a line or something; and I should think it might perhaps be as well to take your gun along."

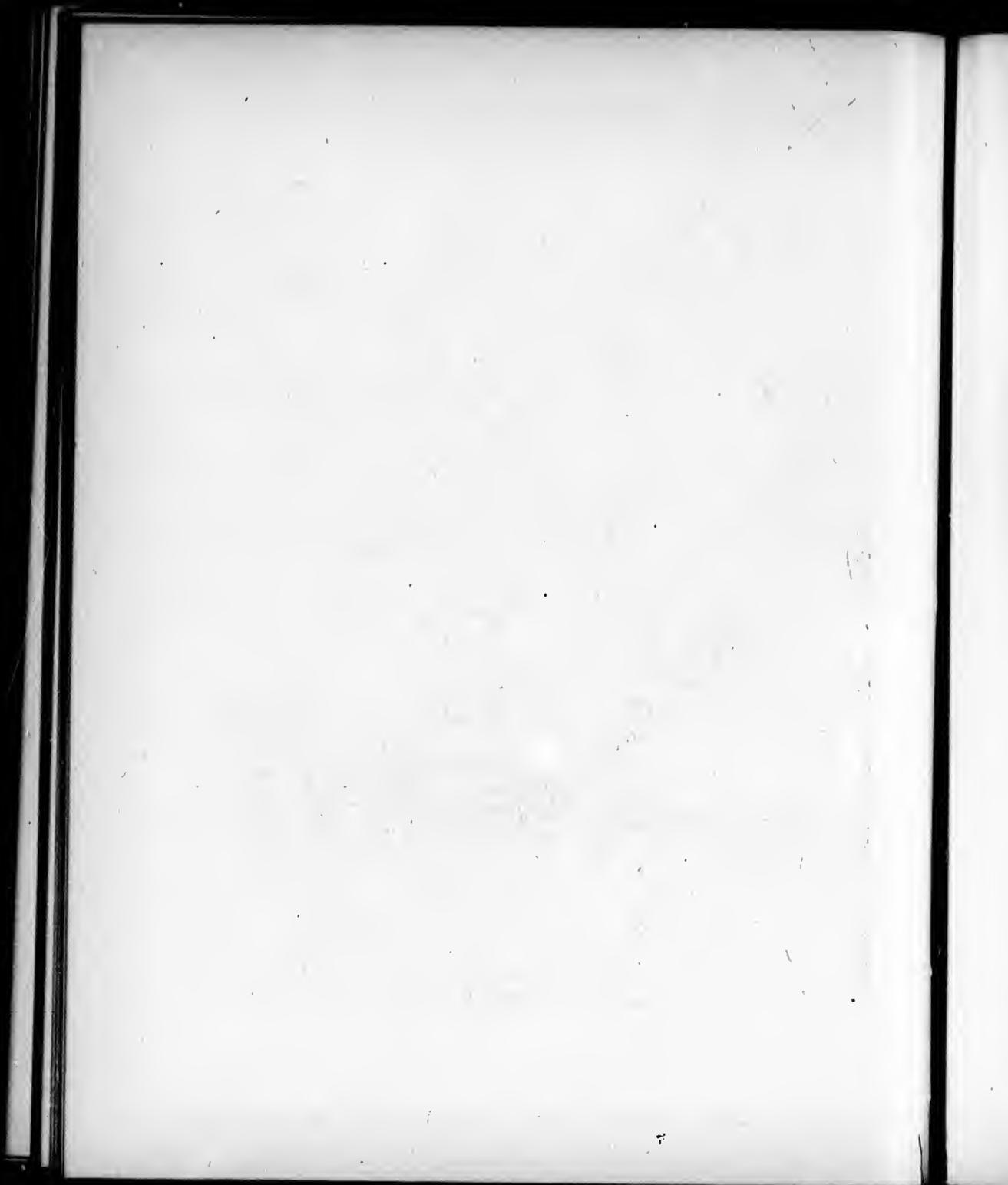
Nugent said that Stein's "woods cats" were no doubt *loup cerviers*.

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"UP IN THE OLD FIR."



CHAPTER XV.

A CARIBOU AT BAY. HUNTING BY TORCHLIGHT.



HERE are no moose on the Perilonca; but hundreds of caribou range over this northern country. The caribou (*Rangifer Caribou*) is a large, gray deer, quite distinct from the common red deer of the United States, and allied, naturalists hold, to the reindeer of Lapland. They are sometimes killed as large as a cow, weighing five and six hundred pounds, commonly from three to four hundred. This deer is found in Maine, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia; but the great wilderness regions to the north of the St. Lawrence are their stronghold. To the westward their habitat is said to extend as far as the Great Lakes, and northward to Hudson Bay.

To hunt caribou was one of the "great expectations" which had led us to penetrate this remote country. Nugent and Otelne were both professional caribou hunters, and on the day following Stein's adventure, we set off on a caribou hunt.

Caribou at this season are rarely found in the woods about the Lakes. Nugent took us to what he called a "barren," ten or twelve miles to the northwest of Lake *Tshistagama*, where, after a long tramp through the spruce woods, and over several mountains, we came out upon a kind of elevated table-land, thousands of acres in extent, bare of trees, and covered with furze, moss, and blueberry bushes. Dry, gray, larch stubs rendered the aspect of this dreary tract still more desolate.

Almost immediately upon emerging on the "barren," we descried

a herd of eight or ten animals, a mile or more away, which Otelne had no sooner set his eyes on than he exclaimed, "*Chit-i-nu-zeet!*" — the Indian name for this species of deer. But they had our "wind," and were already moving off. For though the vision of caribou deer is rather defective, their sense of smell is so delicately acute that, the breeze favoring, they will detect the approach of a hunter at a great distance.

The particulars of our chase after this herd — skirting the forests about the "barren" — crawling on our hands and knees through the moss and low bushes — trying by every device known to Nugent and the Mic-mac to get within shooting distance, but always failing of



A CARIBOU BARREN.

it — would prove more tiresome than interesting, I fear. It may best be abbreviated to the simple phrase, *no deer that day*.

The only event of the day was the starting up of a bear by Karzy, as he was creeping through some blueberry bushes about waist high. Bruin was either asleep in the bushes, or else lazily *blueberrying*; and Karzy crept — like Radé in the ballad — into his near presence before either of them was aware. The bear rose on his hind legs — and

grinned. At the same instant, Karzy jumped up and stared. So rapt in astonishment was our young comrade at seeing a bear when he was merely looking for deer, that he quite forgot to use his gun — forgot he even had a gun. After mutual inspection, the bear "bowed" (Karzy says) and took his leave. It occurred to our comrade — just as the animal was turning a corner of some ledges, a hundred yards off, or so — that it was his business to shoot bears when he saw them. He then let both barrels go, the echoes of which boomed far and wide.

We had brought along a supply of crackers, pressed meat in cans, and a coffee-pot, also each a blanket. Towards night Nugent took us off the "barren" to a little pond in the woods to camp, and selected a most cosy spot in lee of a high, overhanging rock. There were a few mosquitoes; but we made very comfortable quarters, and slept soundly on a heap of fir boughs. It was just cool enough that night to rest comfortably under the blankets.

Otelne rose very early and went off caribou-hunting, leaving Nugent to get breakfast. After a while Harold also got up and started off on his own hook, along the pond shore.

Half an hour passed, and the rest of us had just arisen, yawned, and were washing our faces, in a row, on the sandy pond shore, when we heard a gun not very far off, in the direction Harold had gone. At that we stopped short, in the midst of our ablutions, to listen. *Bang* went a second gun, and scarcely a minute later we heard a "halloo!"

"He's foul of something!" shouted Moses O., and we all seized our guns and ran, Nugent dropping the coffee-pot, regardless of contents.

Away we sped through brush and bushes. Another *halloo* directed us. Moses O. and Nugent ran ahead of the others. We heard them fire, *bang, bang*, and, catching up with them a minute later, saw Harold standing close against a large spruce trunk, while a few

rods off lay a large buck *caribou* which Nugent had just brought down.

"Did he attack you?" we all asked Harold in some astonishment.

"Well, not exactly — not till I attacked him," said Dearborn.

He then told us that going quietly along he had come plump upon the caribou, among some alders in the water's edge, drinking, and shot it. The animal ran a few rods, then turned, gritting its teeth and shaking its antlers. On his shooting it again, the creature dashed at



BARREN-GROUND CARIBOU.

him. With that our comrade jumped behind a tree and halloed. The buck came up within twelve or fifteen feet, and stood gritting its teeth. It was bleeding freely, nor did it move from that position till Nugent fired at it with large shot, killing it.

This was good luck indeed.

Two hours later we had some of the venison — rudely cooked, it is true, but very palatable — for our breakfast.

Otelne and Nugent skinned and butchered the deer, and in the afternoon we returned to our camp on the lake with the head and antlers for mounting as a trophy, and a pack of one hundred and fifty pounds, or more, of the meat tied up in the hide, and slung midway of a pole for convenience in carrying.

Pretty tired with the tramp back to the lake, we hung the skinful

of meat up to a dry limb of one of the spruces close to our camp; but the head Harold stuck upon the front pole of the shed. By ten o'clock I presume we were all soundly asleep; and it seemed to me that I had but just fairly fallen into a drowse, when a great hubbub woke me, and I heard a gun *snap!* Nugent was up. So were Rike and Otelne.

"What's the matter?" Moses O. exclaimed.

"Something's got our meat," said Rike, — "got it down and dragged it off."

Nugent and Otelne had given chase, and after a few minutes they came back, laughing, bringing the meat. They had run so close on the thief that he had dropped it. They now got out one of the big traps and a piece of the meat, and then, going back, set it where the creature had dropped its prize.

Otelne said it was a *kekwararkis*. "That is a wolverine," Nugent explained, "a carcajeu."

Quiet again reigned for some hours.

Just at daybreak, however, we were wakened again by a horrible yelp — a whole string of them — not far off.

"We've ketched him," Nugent exclaimed; and with that we all got up and started — all except Karzy and Moses O.

"Let *kekwararkis skip*," said Moses O., dreamily. "I cannot be broken of my rest for every beast that comes round here."

The animal had dragged off the trap.

It was scarcely light as yet; but Otelne soon found the trail. They had chained a clog, or short log of green wood, to the trap. The



WOODLAND CARIBOU HOOFS.

animal had jerked the clog after it, leaping, sometimes, eight or ten feet at a bound—over logs and water-holes. Otelne went at a dog-trot, making it no easy matter to keep pace with him.

First through a swamp, then over a high ridge and into an alder bottom, the trail led us, two or three miles, till at length we came to the foot of a deep ravine betwixt crags. Here a well-marked path leading up the ravine, winding among the rocks and through the scrubby thickets, was discovered. Not only had the creature we were following escaped up the gorge, but the place was plainly a haunt of wild animals. I think I never was at a much more dismal spot. The dim light caused it to appear really savage, and the loud roar of a foaming brook, the black rocks, and blacker firs, shut in by rugged cliffs, made sombre scenery indeed!

But Otelne and Nugent were ahead; we followed. The path, beaten by unknown feet, wound about the huge lichen-grown boulders that lay in the bed of the ravine, round, and even beneath the heaps of drift, and beneath overhanging trees, and logs which lay tilted across the rocks. Once or twice we had to creep and crawl to get through.

I should think that we fo'lowed this ravine for half a mile, — crossing the brook half-a-dozen times at least; sometimes wading knee-deep, then leaping from rock to rock, or balancing ourselves on old logs. The stream here fell over a ledge twenty or twenty-five feet high.

The path, turning off beneath the overhanging cliff on the left, led into a sort of arm, or branch of the ravine, still narrower and darker. Indeed, it was so dusky here that we could barely distinguish Otelne twenty-five feet ahead of us. He stopped short, and we came plump upon him.

"I b'lieve I kin see his eyes by that old root," Nugent whispered; he fumbled about, and found a dry knot which he threw.

Something moved, with a quick bound, and — above the roar of the brook — I heard a snarl, and the trap rattling.

"Fah! Smell'im!" exclaimed Nugent. "Don't you see his eyes?"

We were still unable to make out the eyes, but could see the motion and dark outlines of some animal beside the old root. Nugent cocked his gun, and stepped back.

"Fire at him, some of you," said he. "If you don't fetch him, I'll stand ready to."

Rike fired.

But I think that even Nugent himself was unprepared for what followed. For at the report, or flash of the powder, such a chorus of snarls, growls, and loud "yawlings" burst out as never before, I fancy, smote on the ear of a hunter! The place seemed full of savage beasts. We all beat a rapid retreat back to the brook.

"Thar's more'n twenty of 'em!" Nugent exclaimed.

We could still hear the pack snarling and yawling.

Otelne began pulling and fumbling about a pile of drift-stuff which lay at the foot of the falls, and presently we saw him strike a match. There was plenty of the drift-stuff, and he soon had a fire going which lighted up the wild gorge with baleful glare.

"We'll rout 'em now!" Nugent cried, in great glee; and seizing a brand out of the fire, and swinging it over his head to keep it blazing, he advanced into the side-ravine again.

"Come on behind me," he called to us, "and be ready; but be careful and don't shoot me."

The snarling had stopped after our fire was lighted, but we had not gone many steps before it began again. The brutes were there yet. I fancied that the fire had frightened them away. But we found afterwards, that they could not have got away without running past us and the fire; for we were at the entrance of a chasm that was shut in all around by steep rocks fifty or sixty feet high.

At sight of the brand, the growling and snarling were redoubled. I never heard such a noise!

Nugent stopped, and then flung the brand ahead. As it flew, end

over end, in the air, we heard a great scratching of nails on the logs and stones! The brand blazed up for a moment where it struck; and then we all caught sight of an ugly-looking brute crouching on a boulder.

"Shute, shute!" cried Otelne. Stein and Harold fired, and then there was another hurried retreat.

Nugent fixed the fire, took another brand, and we started into the den again.

It was not difficult to tell when we were getting near the brutes. The snarling gave us warning enough.

Just as Nugent threw his second brand, one of the animals made



WOLVERINE.

a rush, and brushed out past us with an ugly snarl. But, coming into the glare of our fire, it turned back on us. Otelne fired, and we had the satisfaction to see the creature leap up and fall upon its back.

"Good shot!" exclaimed Nugent. "You've settled that one;" and he ran forward, seized a club, and beat the animal on the head.

It was a thick-set, black beast, with a round, squat head, short prick ears, and a rather bushy tail. We looked it over, added fuel to the fire, and went into the den again.

The snarling at sight of the firelight was the luckiest thing in the world for us. It showed just where the animals were crouching. Nugent would throw a brand in the direction of the sounds. Up the brutes would jump to another rock, or another log, and stand glaring at the brand—just in a position to offer a fair mark. We shot three in that way. The sight of the blazing brands seemed to daze them.

Two or three managed to claw their way up the rocks at the

upper end of the chasm, and escape. There were, at least, seven in the den at the outset.

We did not try to get out the ones we had shot till fairly morning. Otelne then dragged them out. There were five of them. The one in the trap was rather the largest. We dragged that one over to camp. The fur beneath the long coarse hair was thick and fine. The animal was doubtless the Wolverine, or *Glutton*.



HOISTING HER GENTLY OVER.

CHAPTER XVI.

SETTING BEAR TRAPS. A STRONG FISH. ODD GAME.



OWARD evening the sky darkened. It was not from clouds, but smoke. The sun was entirely obscured three hours before sunset ; and one of the closest, darkest nights which I ever remember passing, succeeded ; it was "dark as Egypt."

Nugent said the smoke came from great forest-fires in the north. "Much moss burn," Otelne remarked. Both he and Nugent told us that far in the north, in Labrador, were vast plains covered to the depth of three feet with a thick mat of moss. At this season of the year (August) these moss-fields are sometimes burned over. Ordinarily the moss-beds are too damp to burn.

It was a very strange-seeming night. In the morning the sky looked black ; nor did the sun show its dull, copper disk through the smoke pall, till near ten o'clock.

There was no wind, yet fine white ashes were continually sifted down.

Nugent said there was sure to be plenty of game within a day or two — driven southward by the fires. That day the bear traps were all set at different points. While taking a swim early in the morning, Moses O. had seen a bear walking along on the opposite shore of the lake. Stein and he, with Nugent, had crossed over at once. The bear had moved on, but left some prodigious tracks behind him in the sand. Some of these were measured, and our two comrades returned profoundly impressed with the magnitude of Tshistagama bears — their

feet, at least. "Why," said Moses, "that old chap would need a No. 13 boot. He's a regular Voorhees."

They set one of the traps in a "path" which they had discovered. Nugent did not chain his traps, but fastened a log of wood to them, a "clog" he called it.

The lake at this place is about a mile in width. We judged it to be thirteen miles long. Here, too, there were *wininish*. Otelne caught one early in the morning which would have weighed six pounds.

In the afternoon, Moses and Rike went out in one of the canoes, to try their hand at *wininish* — and had a rather perilous adventure. The first intimation of their trouble which the rest of us (who were taking a *siesta* at the time) received, was a shout from Otelne. Before we got out, Nugent and he had launched another canoe and



BIG TRACKS.

were paddling vigorously off from the shore. Out a third of a mile, or more, there was a nondescript-looking object floating in the water with what looked like a man's head on it.

Our two fishermen had capsized, and were having about all they could do to keep afloat. Nugent picked them up and brought them ashore — *dripping*. He then paddled back for their hats which he recovered, and also towed in a *wininish*, which would have weighed at least ten pounds! — *twelve* Nugent set it. It was the big fish which had overturned them. While *drying*, Rike gave us the following points of their experience with the *wininish*: —

CAPSIZED BY A WININISH.

We had been angling patiently for some time. By getting my face down close to the water, I at length discerned the faint outlines of a large fish, a *wininish*, balancing himself a foot or two up from the sandy bottom, slowly, fanning and winnowing the water with its clear fins.

Again and again, we dropped the meat bait in front of him, where it would almost rub his nose. He wouldn't touch it; wouldn't even so much as smell of it. At last I let mine fall plump on his back, when, as if provoked at my persistence, he swung round, and opening wide his big mouth, swal-

lowed it, hook and all, at one gulp.

I jerked, and then there was a lively scrimmage. For, feeling the prick, the great fish darted away, making a great *swirl* deep down in the water, and sawing the line into my fingers. The canoe turned with



CAPSIZED.

him. I held on. Moving slowly at first, our little birch began to glide off, faster and faster, as the big fish darted away toward the middle of the lake. I think at one time we were drawn through the water as fast as a horse could trot. But he could not continue that speed, and gradually decreased it. Then he stopped altogether. The water was black and deep here. We couldn't see the *winnish*. He was down the whole length of the line, and would not come to the top, but held back, like a hog.

Mose took the line, and I seized the other pole to punch him. All at once he made a great rush through the water, under the canoe, giving a heavy tug at the line, which nearly jerked Mose overboard. I jumped up to catch hold of it with him. Just then the fish plunged off sidewise, quick as a flash,

making the line almost "sing" as it rushed through the water, and,— I can't tell exactly how it happened,— but the little birch box of a canoe spun round under us, rolled, and over we went, sprawling into the water.

We could both of us swim, but this was such a sudden *duck under* that I sucked in more water than was quite pleasant, and came up blowing and strangling.

The first object I saw, when I came up, was Moses' head and arms a few yards off. He was seemingly trying to swim towards me, using every effort to get to my side; but, strange to say, he was going backwards, out into the lake! Seeing my head bob up, he yelled, at the top of his voice,—

"Help! Help!"

"What's the matter?" spluttered I.

"Help! *He's* got me by the legs!"

"What has?"

"The fish—the line! Help! or he'll draw me under!"

The line had become wound about his leg somehow; and, as the *wininish* was fast on the hook, they were at a deadlock. Not exactly at a deadlock, either; for, though swimming with all his might for the shore, Mose was getting farther out into the lake at every stroke. The fish was stronger in the water than he.

I swam to him as quick as I could, and, reaching down, tried to get the line from his leg. But it was wound and snarled so securely, that, with the fish pulling at it, I could not start it.

"Help! hold him, then!" panted Mose, "or he'll have me under!"

So, keeping hold of the line with one hand, I struck out with the other.

Together we were a little more than a match for the fish. It must have been a ludicrous sort of swimming-match, but was no joke for us though!

Every few seconds the fish would dart aside, jerking us under for a moment; but we hung to the line, (Mose couldn't very well help it,) and foot by foot worked our way back to the canoe, where we clung till Nugent got out to us.

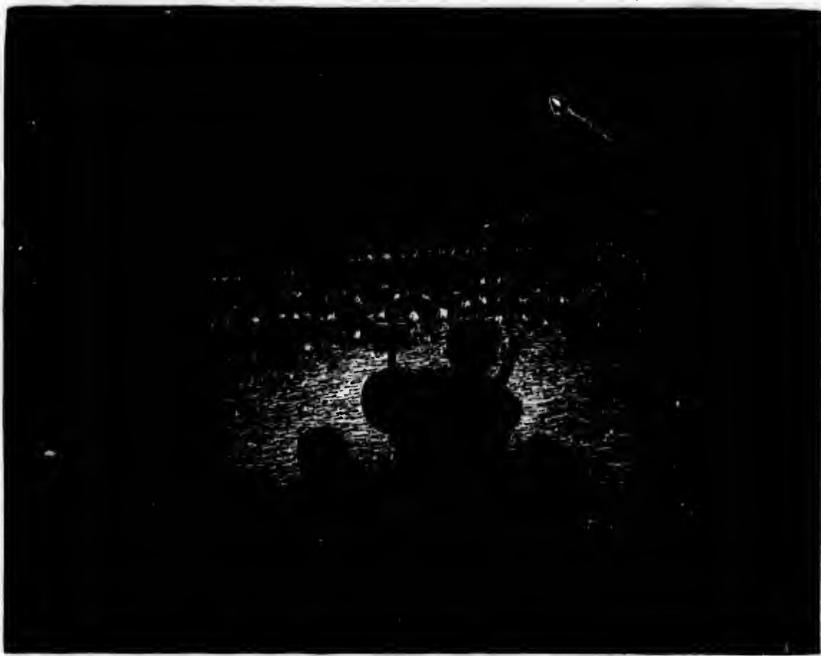


HIS HEAD.

It was a magnificent fish.

We feasted on it for two days, changing alternately from *wininish* to caribou.

While we were dining that night we repeatedly heard a whizzing, rushing noise in the air. It proved to be ducks, both sheldrake and black ducks, coming into the lake from the north. The fire may have



SHOOTING DUCKS BY TORCHLIGHT.

hastened their flight southward. Flock after flock came down in quick succession.

"I'll show ye sport!" Nugent kept saying.

He rigged a torch in the bow of one of the canoes, and set up behind it one of our tin pans, in such a manner as to reflect the light forward, and leave the canoe and its occupants in the darkness. With this rig, he, with Rike and Harold, and Otelne to row, put out as soon

as it was fairly dark. The reports of their guns immediately showed that they were having sport—much to the envy of us who were left behind.

They did not get back till between eleven and twelve, but were in high glee; they had shot and picked up forty-three ducks. And they assured us that these were far from being all that they had killed; in fact, numbers of dead ducks were seen afloat next day. Some of these drifted ashore.

Nugent and Harold had crossed over to look to the trap set for the big bear on the opposite shore the previous afternoon. It lay unsprung and unmolested. Next day Stein and Karzy went over to visit it. In the course of two hours they came hurriedly paddling back.

"It's sprung! It's gone!" Karzy exclaimed. "But there's something *more than just a bear* in that trap!"

"Don't get excited, Karzy," said Moses O. "Calm your feelings and tell us all about it.

"I'm not excited," protested our young comrade indignantly. "I'm only out of breath rowing. But I guess any one might be pardoned for getting somewhat wrought up. We went where the trap was set—and found it gone. Then we followed on after it, by the marks the clog had made, away out through a thick swamp, half a mile. Suddenly, right ahead of us, not twenty yards off, there rose a cry of agony, wild, fearfully shrill and piercing. So unearthly loud had it sounded that we hardly knew where or how near it was, and stood breathless. It startled us both, *very much*. Then we heard other noises. There was a terrific thrashing, and clanking, and pounding of the ground! We could hear wood—seemingly great poles—breaking and cracking as if some mighty struggle was going on.

"This cracking and pounding continued for several seconds, then came another terrible cry, then another, and still another; the most agonizing and blood-curdling sounds that can well be imagined.

And — well — we thought we would come over and get the rest of *you fellows*."

"Make a clean breast of it, Karzy," laughed Harold. "Confess that you both 'lit' out of that swamp at just your handsomest paces."

"'Tis false," exclaimed Karzy. "Did we run, Freel?"

"No," said Stein, "we only walked — quite rapidly."

All hands paddled across to see what we had caught. Landing, we followed Karzy's lead into the swamp, and presently — as we cautiously drew up to the spot where the boys had heard the cries — a deep and labored breathing began to be heard. We instantly stopped to listen. The sound continued with an occasional loud grunt.

"It's the critter in the trap," said Nugent.

We expected nothing less. Meanwhile, a heavy trampling and cracking of brush was heard. Very cautiously, and somewhat fearfully, we peered through the alders, every gun cocked.

"There he is," whispered Nugent, "in the trap! A great gray — why, why, why! Thunder! that's a *caribou*!"

"A what?"

"A caribou!"

It was indeed a large caribou buck, hung up against a root by the clog!

To dispatch him was now but the work of a moment. The animal was even larger than our first one.

To set a trap for bear and catch caribou was indeed an odd chance. Otelne laughed all the evening; and always afterwards whenever it was mentioned. "Caribou, he tink new kind wolf grab him by leg — little small kind o' wolf, but very strong!" he would say.

CHAPTER XVII.

ANOTHER CARIBOU. NUGENT'S FIGHT WITH A LOUP CERVIER.



ON the next morning, but very early, before any one else was awake, Otelne, who was out looking for game signs, saw another caribou come out upon the summit of the high crag back of our camp. The animal stood quiet, looking off on the lake; and Otelne, taking his gun, crept stealthily back almost to the very foot of the precipice, and shot it.

Instead of bounding backward when struck by the ball, the creature gave a convulsed leap, and came headlong down the cliff, striking in the tops of some spruces, whence it fell through to the ground. Otelne ran up, when, somewhat to his astonishment, the caribou bounded to its feet and sprang off! There were copious *douches* of blood on the stones, however.

Nugent said the animal would run a mile or two and drop. So, after breakfast, we started out to find it and bring it in. The track was not difficult to follow. The deer had fled along the lake shore; its foot-prints in the mud and the sand were plainly visible. But even after three or four miles it showed no symptoms of *dropping*, or slackening its speed. We followed on until we came to the river (Perilonça), which it had waded at a shallow, and which we too waded, waist deep. From the other bank, straight off into the woods, still the trail led us, for at least two miles further, when we came upon the poor creature among some rocks beset by five *loup cerviers*! The growling and snarling these brutes were making over their

booty had caused us to pull up while still at a considerable distance. One of them was sitting up like a cat on one of the rocks; the others were tearing and eating the caribou which they had throttled already. The one on the rock looked as large as a pretty good-sized bull-dog. It had an enormously big, round head and large, yellow eyes.

"There's a mark for you," said Nugent to Harold.

Our captain let a bullet go at it, and with such good aim, that the



OTELNE HUNTING CARIBOU.

beast leaped up, turning a complete somersault in the air, and fell heavily betwixt the rocks.

With that the other four hopped up in sight off the caribou — for a moment; but they all skulked before we could get aim, except one, a big old "Tom." This one which seemed considerably larger and fiercer than the others, wouldn't budge, but stood growling hideously. Its great round eyes shone like silver; in fact, it looked to be no contemptible antagonist for the boldest hunter.

"Don't shoot," said Nugent. "I'll show you some fun."

He whipped out his knife and cut an alder club, three feet long, and as thick as one's wrist.

"Are you going to fight that beast?" exclaimed Harold.

"Oh! I'll soon fix him," said Nugent, and slipping past us he walked slowly toward the lynx, holding his club ready to strike.

"He'll surely jump at you!" Rike exclaimed; for the animal was snarling savagely.

"Let him jump," said Nugent. "That's just what I want him to do."

The lynx growled and crouched lower and lower, working its hind feet. Then it jumped; but Nugent was on his guard, and when the brute leaped, he jumped back. The animal struck on the ground a few feet in front of him, and before it could spring again the heavy, green alder came down on its head with a sounding thump which sent it sprawling. But it took fully a dozen blows, dealt with might and main, to fairly dispatch the creature. Nugent then took the body by the fore-paws, and laid one on each shoulder, allowing the hind feet to rest on the ground, thus showing the length of the animal. Its claws were hooked like those of an owl.

Scarcely was the singular *duel* over when Stein, chancing to turn, saw a she-wolf, a large gray one, standing beside a fir not more than fifty yards off. He shot at it on the instant, but the beast leaped away. Truly, that poor caribou had been pursued by *manifold hunters* that morning; its carcass was so badly torn and gory, that we let it lie where the *loup cerviers* had pulled it down. Nugent managed, however, to cut out some steaks from one of the quarters, which he broiled for our dinner.

Next day was Sunday; and, as it happened, the "scribe" had a little adventure of his own, though fortune rarely favors him much in that line. Stein was the man for adventures on this trip.

Getting tired of lying in camp, the day being fine, the said scribe started out for a walk. True, it was Sunday, but he took his gun; for,

after Stein's roosting in the tree over night, watched by *loup-cerviers*, we all made it a point to take our guns on going out, even for a walk. It was a comfortably warm day, but cloudy, rather thickly cloudy; and the air darkened at times as if great black masses of vapor, above the haze, were gathering for showers.

Going north-eastward along the lake shore for two miles, perhaps three, he came to where a large stony brook flowed in. The water was low among great, black mossy boulders; and a little way up he found a pool, now getting dry, where there were pent up six large, *tuladi* trout, the very smallest of which would weigh nearly two pounds. All six of these were captured very easily, and, when strung on a stout alder fork, they made as pretty a string of fish as one would ever wish to astonish one's fellows with by taking home to camp.

Hanging this piscatorial trophy to a high fir limb, the scribe went on up the brook, reasoning inwardly on the matter of fishing Sundays, and arguing with his conscience that this could fairly be termed an exceptional case, the fish being there in a hole, suffering to be caught,—so to speak,—when a rather rare object in that region claimed his attention. It was a clump of six or eight poplars, or trees resembling poplars, standing on the high bank of the brook, eighteen or twenty rods ahead, and making, in contrast with the surrounding black-green spruce and fir foliage, a very notable feature in the landscape. It had been the opinion of the party that no maple or poplar grew in this section of the country. Interested in adding something new to the general fund of information, the scribe climbed the bank, with difficulty, for it was both high and steep, and found beyond doubt that the trees were true poplars, a foot and a half in diameter, one nearly two feet, and from seventy to eighty feet tall.

But five or six of the trees were dead, or dying. There was scarcely a leaf in their tops; and the topmost limbs, too, had an odd, yellowish look. This climate is too severe for poplars, thought the scribe, these trees were winter-killed last season; and then he sat

down to observe a new object of interest, in the form of a large ant-hill, or rather ant-burrow, on the top of the bank near the roots of the poplars. There was a large hole in the dry bank, as big as the mouth of an ink-bottle, and into this the ants—a medium-sized, black species, with a certain watery reddish tint—were going in numbers. But, unlike the ants of more southern latitudes, these had not thrown up a hill at the mouth of their house. Their *door* was simply this round hole down into the ground, and, so far as he could ascertain by measuring with a straw, it extended straight downward a foot or more. The conjecture suggested itself that this departure from the methods of their more southern congeners, was on account of the severity of the winters, which made it necessary to their existence that their houses should be deep down in the earth, out of reach of the intensity of the frost.

But the scribe had not sat long when a short, sharp shriek—an odd, querulous note—from directly over head, broke in upon his entomological study. Glancing upward he saw nothing at first, but a moment after espied what looked to be a yellow-gray bundle, the size of a peck measure, in a fork of one of the poplars, up thirty-five or forty feet from the ground. A second glance showed it to be a Canada porcupine, or hedgehog; and while he was reconnoitring the animal, he saw still another in a fork of two limbs higher up.

The secret of the dead, yellowed trees was out at once. It was not a case of winter-killing, but of hedgehog-killing. These greedy animals had gnawed the bark off the poplar limbs, almost completely denuded them, in fact, and would, in the course of the month, destroy that whole rare grove.

The scribe had heard of baked hedgehog,—baked in their skins, and said to be a luxury among Indians. A vision of a new dish for his comrades took possession of his mind. He either forgot that it was Sunday, or else for the moment his sportsman's instincts made him reckless. In a minute his gun was cocked, and, taking aim at

the lowermost of the "quill-pigs," he fired and shot it. The bristly little creature tumbled off the limb at once, but caught in a crotch between a lower limb and the trunk, where it hung kicking.

The other, alarmed by the report of the gun and the fall of its mate, started to come down, but lost its hold, and tumbled from limb to limb, catching at each with its hooked toes. But it fell to the ground, with a sounding thump; the scribe, indeed, had to jump nimbly out of the way. The moment the animal struck the earth it coiled itself up in a thorny ball. Not liking to strike it with the butt of the gun, the un-Sabbatarian hunter gave it a poke, when, presto! it unrolled as suddenly as it had rolled up, and made a wonderfully direct bolt for an old upturned root, and before the tardy sportsman could cut it off, it had made good its retreat into a hole under the root.

"Well done, little fellow," quoth the scribe. "But I will make sure of your mate!" And, pulling off his shooting jacket, he started up the poplar bear fashion, with his arms locked round the trunk.

It cost some little exertion and a good deal of wriggling to get up thirty feet; and so much wriggling produced an effect on the tree which the climber had not anticipated.

As has been said, the poplar stood on a high, crumbling bank, at the base of which the brook had been *digging* during freshets, washing out the roots of the trees on that side. This particular tree leaned out a little on that side; several of them did; and by the time the hunter of porcupines had got up nearly to where the hedgehog was, the poplar began to *sag* over towards the stream, and the bank to crumble and slide down,—and it kept *sagging* over and crumbling, slowly at first, but awfully sure; and it was sixty feet down to the water, if an inch. He felt it going. How deep the water was down at the foot of the bank he could only guess. It was a still, dark-looking pool of deep, stagnant water. He seemed an age going down,—sailing those sixty feet through the air! Clutching the branches, he

struck the water back first, head and shoulders down, with such a tremendous *spat* as nearly to knock the breath out of his body.

But, luckily for his bones, he did not strike the bottom, as he had expected. It was a deep hole, and being a tolerable swimmer he got clear of the brush, came to the surface and reached the shore. But his ears were *singing* smartly, and altogether he did not feel like giving much attention to the hedgehog, which had disappeared in the *mêlée*.

Landing, he first wrung his clothes, then sat down on the bank to dry awhile, and had nothing in the way of baked hedgehog in view to solace him for his ducking. In fact he omitted this episode entirely from his account of his walk, to his comrades, and was content to let them admire those *tuladi* without making any reference to hedgehogs.

A rather singular phenomenon resulted from this fall. For more than a week after that the scribe had not a little difficulty in sleeping nights. No sooner would he get in a drowse than he would dream of falling: would seem to be going — going — going down into bottomless pools of ink-black water. The sensation was so vivid that he would sometimes jump half out of his bunk in his unreasoning fright.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BEAR VERSUS HEDGEHOG. KARZY GOES BEAVER-HUNTING.



KARZY, as it happened, had a Sunday adventure, too. His was more *gamey* than the scribe's, but, oddly enough, had a hedgehog in it. To the credit of Karzy it should be said that he did not start off in quest of Sunday adventures, but merely to gather blueberries. On the opposite side of the lake he had discovered a *brulé*, or small burnt tract, in the woods where these berries abounded. So, taking our tin water-pail, he crossed over in a canoe to gather blueberries for dinner. While wandering about the *brulé* he saw a most amusing thing. It was on the hillside, in the midst of old logs and stumps, among which a rank second growth of wild red cherry had sprung up, along with a profusion of high briars.

He was walking through this bushy tract, when, to his surprise, he came upon a bear, not more than five or six rods off, and a very large one, he says. The animal was smelling and *nosing* about a great pine stump, around which stood the clear red stems of three or four thrifty cherry trees.

The bear had not heard him, being intent on something inside, or under the stump. Here was a fine chance to do some fancy hunting, especially as Karzy had Rike's fine double-barrelled "Purdy," well loaded with buck shot, but either because it was Sunday, or for *some other reason*, our young comrade drew very gently down into the briars out of sight. No doubt the bear looked very big and burly. His great broad head appeared as large as a bushel basket, Karzy

says, and he very appropriately remarked that if one were going to shoot such a bear as that, he needed bullets.

So Karzy contented himself with playing the rôle of naturalist instead of hunter.

First the bear would peep down under the stump beside one of the bleached roots, growl a little, then thrust in a paw and reach for something. Soon he began to tear and wrench at the stump, which was old and decayed. It cracked and split under the beast's great strength. Off came one side of the stump with a part of the root. It was full of ants. These came swarming out. They got on the bear, and it was amusing to see his conduct. He threw himself amongst the dry leaves, and rolled and snapped at the ants, throwing a cloud of leaves into the air. Then he would jump up and fly at the stump again, tearing and rending it with his great claws.

Once or twice, as the ants swarmed out, Karzy saw him brush them into his mouth; and he began to think it was the ants the creature was digging for. But it was not; for a few minutes after he got down to the game, and with one paw scooped out a reddish, hairy ball, which he sent rolling ten or a dozen feet.

At first sight Karzy took it for a woodchuck, but soon perceived it to be a hedgehog coiled into a ball, with its quills bristling. The bear sniffed it and rolled it gingerly over, but did not attempt to bite it. In this particular wild animals show themselves more sensible than dogs, which frequently get in sorry plight from worrying hedgehogs. Rolling it carefully over, the bear would work one paw under it, and then send it spinning thirty or forty feet.

This manœuvre was repeated some half a dozen times, when, either from accident or design, the hedgehog was hurled violently against another stump. When it fell it went out of Karzy's sight; but he thought that the shock either killed or stunned it, so as to cause it to partially uncoil, for the bear immediately began tearing and eating it.

Our comrade remained quiet (still in the rôle of naturalist), and in

the course of ten or fifteen minutes the bear finished his dinner, and then stalked off. After waiting a little longer Karzy rose from his hiding-place and went forward to the scene of the bear's operations. He found the skin of a hedgehog only. It had been torn open along the under side of the body, and the carcass nicely peeled out.

We would have given a trifle to know whether the bear actually did kill and eat the hedgehog without getting any of the quills into his paws or mouth. It was Karzy's impression that he avoided them altogether.

While on the subject of our younger comrade's hunting exploits, we may as well recount his adventure lying in wait for beavers.

Nugent had discovered beaver signs, and two or three of their mud houses, in a large brook, — the same on which the scribe had had his accident climbing for hedgehogs. Several traps were set there, but nothing was caught; and one afternoon Karzy, having had a little falling out with Rike, went off to the brook alone, to watch for beavers. As these animals come abroad from their coverts chiefly after nightfall, it was Karzy's avowed purpose to conceal himself near the bank of the brook and lie in wait for them till after dark. Hence we did not expect him back till evening.

Evening came; we ate supper, and began to think it was about time for him to return, when we heard a gun a long way off, in the direction of the brook.

"Karzy's among the beavers," said Moses O.

Pretty soon we heard another, and then another, and shortly after another.

"He's making a tremendous slaughter," observed Rike.

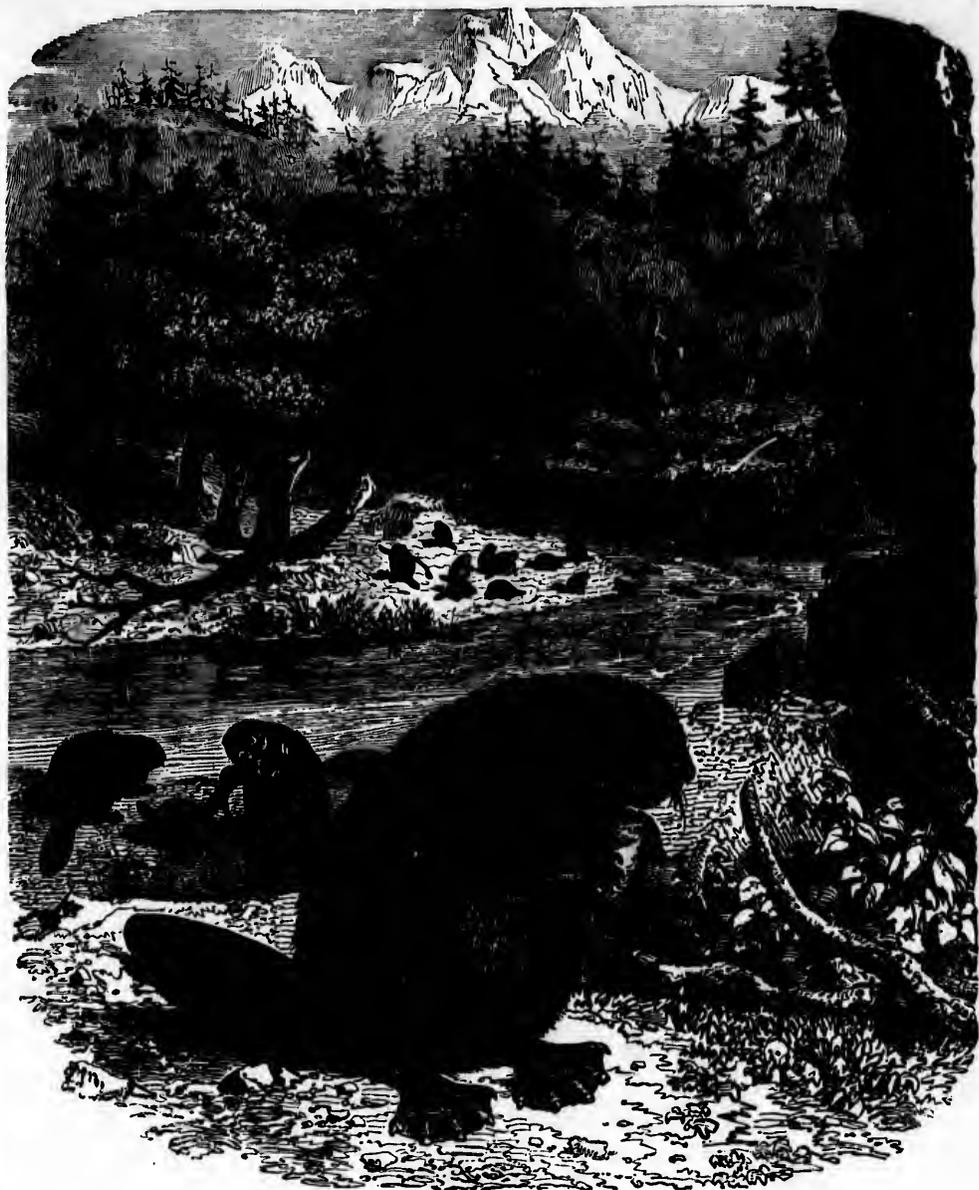
A few minutes after we heard still another gun.

"It can't be beaver he's firing at," Nugent remarked. "They're too shy a creature to get more than one shot at in the same place."

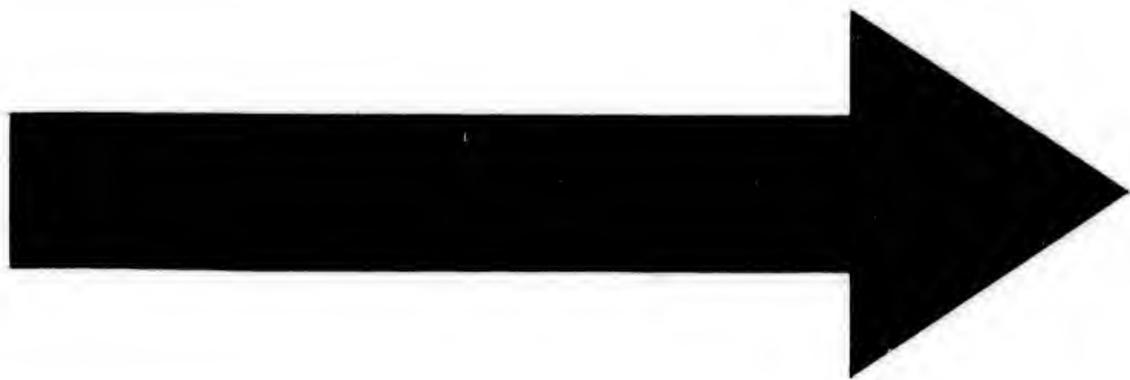
"What can he be shooting at, then?" said Stein.

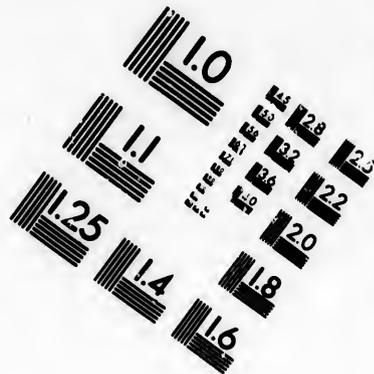
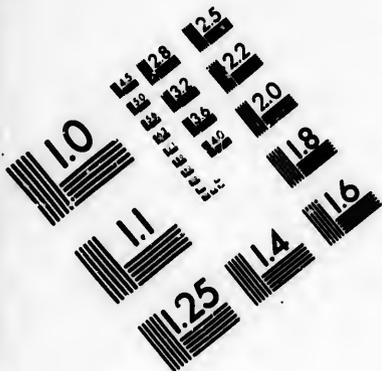
"You don't suppose those are signal-guns, do you?" said Harold.

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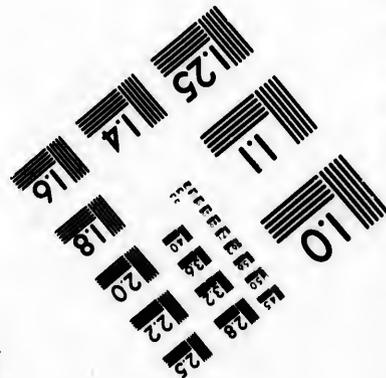
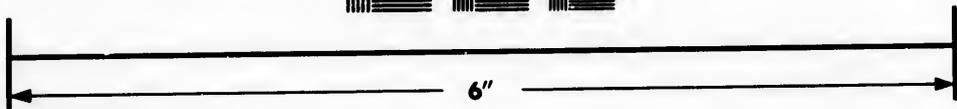
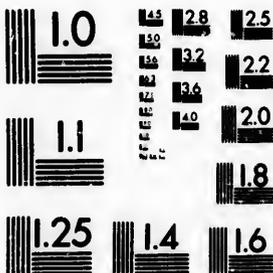


BEAVERS AT WORK.





**IMAGE EVALUATION
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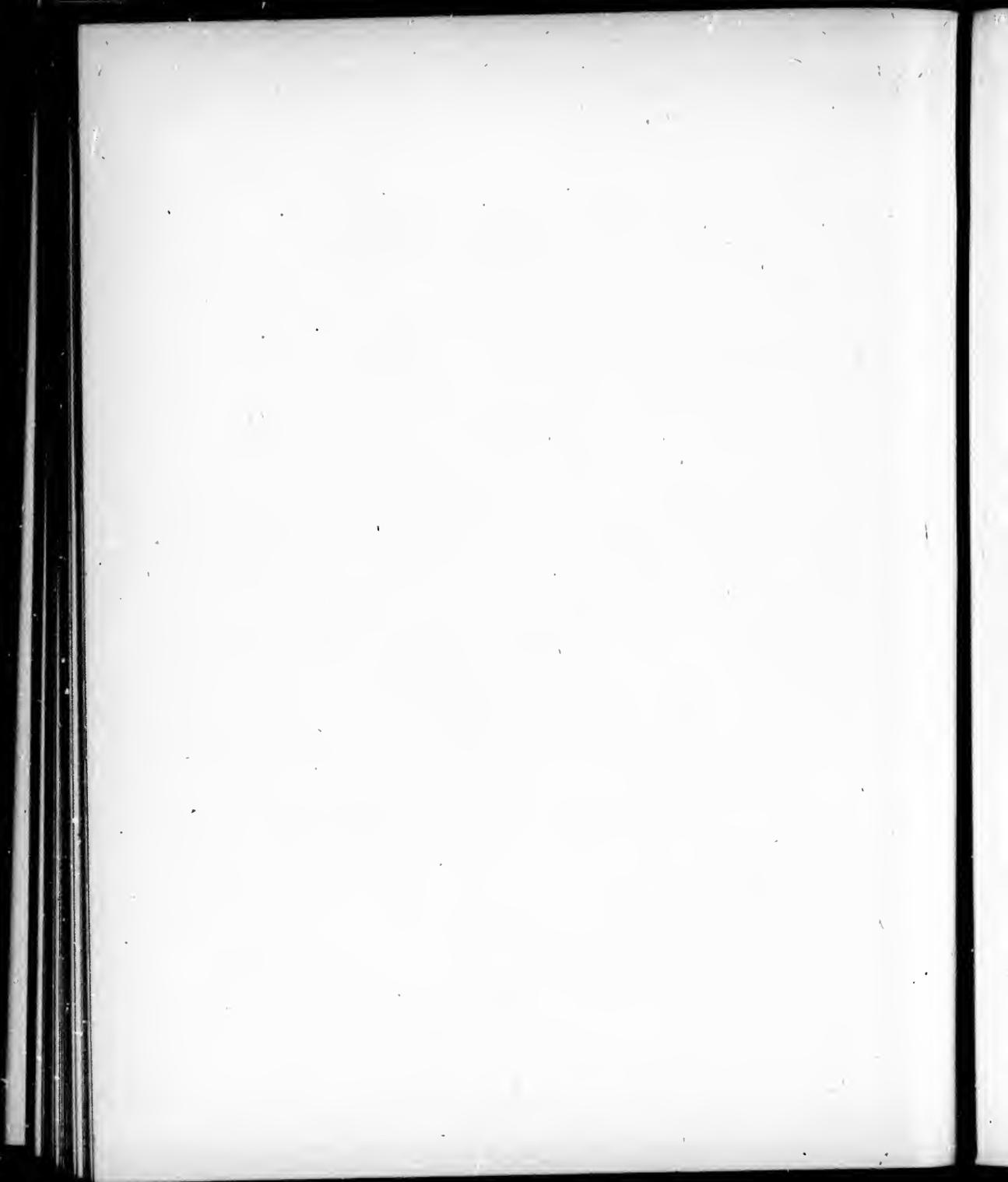


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We hardly knew what to think.

Anon there came another gun.

"This never'll do, fellows," said Moses O., uprearing his long length from off the ground. "We've got to hunt that child up. He's in trouble again."

Forthwith all hands set off for the brook, led by Nugent and Otelne; and three more reports, booming away at intervals, directed us to the scene of the difficulty.

The bank was high here, and just as we came out on the stream there was a flash and another stunning report from down at the foot of the bank.

"Well, what's the matter?" Harold shouted.

"Oh, I got after a beaver," was the rather disconsolate response from down in the darkness. "But you'll have to make a raft, if you can."

"Make a raft," cried Nugent.

"Yes, if you can. You know I can't swim," answered Karzy.

On closer inspection we were able to discern Karzy perched on something which we took at first for an old stump, or rock, out twenty or thirty feet from the bank; but it proved to be a beaver-house.

We had quite a job of it, for it was no small matter to make a raft there in the night. First we built a fire. By good luck Otelne had brought along his hatchet. We searched along the bank and found a number of dry drift-logs, which, with withes and poles, we made into a rough raft. Nugent and Moses O. then got on it and pushed cautiously out to where Karzy sat.

"Get aboard here," exclaimed Moses O., rather impatiently, for he thought Karzy might have got ashore himself, if he had tried.

Karzy clambered down upon the raft. "Now hold on till I get the beaver," said he.

"Oh, you've got a beaver!" cried Nugent.

"Oh, yes," said Karzy, quietly; "that's what I was out here after."

"But how did you get out here if you couldn't get back?" asked Moses O.

"Well, you see," explained Karzy, somewhat chop-fallen, "I was lying in wait in the bushes, up the bank here. For an hour or two I didn't see anything. Then, awhile after sunset, I heard the water splash, and saw a beaver rise to the surface close to this house, and swim off up to a green birch tree, which had been gnawed down and lay in the water, a few rods up stream.

"I kept still, and watched him bite off a lot of branches and cut them up into sticks about a foot long. By and by he took five or six of these in his mouth, and started to swim back down to his house. I waited until he was within about ten feet of it, and then fired. I knew I hit him by the way he jumped and let go of the sticks. But he dived and got into his house.

"The house itself doesn't stand in very deep water, but between it and the shore the stream here is ten or fifteen feet deep. I saw an old pine stump, with roots on it, a tremendous big one, a little way up stream, lying partly in the water. I went and hauled that clear, and as it floated I got on it, and, with a pole, pushed it out to the beaver-house; for I was determined to have the beaver.

"Then I tore a hole through the sods, sticks, and dried grass, on top of the house. The beaver was down inside, not quite dead; but while I was reaching in to haul him up, the old stump got away from me and floated out of reach, and there I was."

Luckily, Karzy had his gun slung across his shoulder, and was able to fire those signals of distress which we had heard.

The beaver which he had secured was a fine fat one, with a tail as broad as a mason's trowel. The animal weighed nearly forty pounds. At any rate, it gave us a pretty good tug to carry it down to camp.

The beaver's tail, as is well known, was considered a very delicate morsel among the Indians; and we had Otelne prepare this one next

forenoon, in the light of all his aboriginal traditions. But it had an excessively oily flavor, with a strong suggestion of fishiness. It is one of those things which need an *educated* taste to appreciate, and we somehow lacked the requisite degree of education.

Karzy's adventure set Nugent recalling incidents of his own younger days. Among others he told of his brother Marc's tragic death some twelve years previous. We were all not a little affected by his story. This "brother Marc" must have been a brave and generous boy. I subjoin the story in substance as Nugent told it.

NUGENT'S BROTHER MARC.

We were at work up the *Aux Lieves* that spring "driving" logs. The river was very high; but the channel is a rough one in many places and often broken by what we used to call "centre rocks." These "centre rocks" gave us a great deal of trouble; for the lumber lodged and jammed against them, often blocking the whole river. Then, too, logs *shooting* down the rapids above would strike these upstanding rocks and broom their ends, till they resembled nothing so much as a huge paint brush. Pine logs of free rift, thirty feet long, would strike half on and go in halves their whole length, so great was the strength and velocity of the mighty flood of down-driving water. Long sticks of black spruce, grazing the smoother boulders would glance up from their slippery surfaces, and fly a hundred feet, like a shuttle!

The "drivers" especially dreaded a jam of logs on the rocks above *Great Falls*, as one of the heavy cataracts was called; for, to break a jam here was a perilous job, always attended by risk of life. As we got down towards these falls, that spring, the gangs on both banks hurried on to see the lumber go through.

I well recollect the sight, and how wild the rapids looked. Ice and logs were rolling down together, with the white jets flying up, while from below, came the thunder of the falls. Squads of drivers, in their red shirts, were climbing over the crags on both sides, shouting to each other, though scarcely a word could be heard above the roar of the water, and the loud cracking of the descending mass.

As yet, there was no jam in the falls, but about three hundred yards

above, a light "glut" had formed, betwixt the shore and some rocks a little off from the left bank. It grew fast, for the stream above was full of logs, and the eddy threw them in upon the "glut."

"Now, then, who breaks this glut?—and quick about it!" the boss, a man named Mullet, sang out.

It had an ugly look, as it rose and fell with the mighty rhythmic motion of the surging rapid. A great clotted mass of froth and foam was piling against the upper side. The men looked at it and then at each other.



BREAKING A GLUT.

"Come, look alive there!" shouted Mullet. "Do we pay men to *moon* at a glut?"

At that, three of the left-bank fellows, named Glam Bouchet, Ceeph Bennet, and a Tobique Indian, whom the men called "Molasses Pete," made a run for it.

There had all along been a sort of rivalry between these three men. Each had the name of being a fearless and expert driver.

Out they ran over the heaving logs, jumping from one to another, (prevented from slipping by the sharp corks in their boots), and began prying with their "peevies" (hooked levers) to start the logs off the rocks.

At almost the same moment a heavy "clot" of logs and ice came driving in against the glut. The shore end of the glut began to slide clear.

A shout of danger arose. "Back, *cours-la!* Run in!"

The Indian sprang over the rolling logs, and, slipping, went under them. But being an expert swimmer, he kept beneath the lumber, and was pulled out about a hundred feet below.

But Bouchet and Ceeph Bennet were not quick enough. A great gap opened between them and the shore, and the piled-up mass of logs on which they stood swung off the rocks, and went whirling down stream.

A great cry arose. "*Ils sont hommes perdu!*" (they are lost men). "They'll go through the falls!"

The crazy raft on which they stood spun round and was swept down the rapid. Once it was dashed up near the right bank; then, caught by a counter current, it surged off into mid-channel.

A few rods above the brink of the cataract it struck one of the rocks, the top of which just fretted the current. A part of the logs, breaking out from the raft, went over, while the rest hung wavering against the rock.

Bouchet was thrown off headlong by the violence of the shock, but he caught by a projecting stick and drew himself back. Bennet had cast himself flat, and held fast.

There they clung. Beneath them the falls roared and flung up wild gusts of mist. The abyss yawned at their feet.

As we looked, a cake of ice struck the swaying logs and dislodged several of them. Not more than eight or ten logs still hung on the rock.

Precarious footing for the poor fellows!

A great pine stick turning end over end in the rapid, barely missed them as it fell over. They seemed to stand in the jaws of death.

Old man Mullet, though a hard boss, was not one to stand still and see his men lost.

"Fetch the warps!" he shouted. "Man the bateaux!"

One of the warping hawsers, six hundred feet long, was brought. Twenty men stood by to handle it. An end was bent to the stern of one of our two bateaux, which followed the "drive" down the river, to bring on our supplies and the "wangins" of tools.

The empty bateau was then dropped down the rapids, towards where the men stood on the logs. The current dashed and beat it about, but we hoped it might reach them.

The gang holding the cable paid it out slowly. The boat had come

within a hundred feet, when a drift-tree root, rolling in the flood, bore it down. Instantly it filled and was swamped. The warp had to be cut. The wreck went over the falls.

The other bateau was brought, and another warp attached to it.

"It must be manned!" exclaimed Mullet. "It's their last chance!"

The men could hardly be blamed for holding back.

"I'll go myself, then!" cried Mullet.

My brother Marc was on the "drive" with me, a young fellow, not more than seventeen, but perhaps the most expert waterman in that whole section. It was he who took our bateaux down the "Weir Carry Rapids," over seven miles of water, hitherto considered too rough even for a pirogee.

When Mullet said that, Marc seized a paddle and jumped into the bateau. "Good luck, mates!" he called out to us; and he took out his buck-horn-handled knife and flung it to me.

I have sometimes fancied that the poor boy had a presentiment of his fate.

Under Marc's practised hand, the bateau was dropped from eddy to eddy. And he would have reached the men but for a clot of drift which, suddenly fouling the bateau, forced it into the "suck-hole" at the foot of one of those dangerous centre rocks.

Before he could clear the hole, a forty-foot pine stick, coming down with the swiftness of an arrow, struck the upper side of a rock, and, ending over, fell into the bateau, crushing it like pasteboard.

The shore end of the warp, bent to a tree, straightened under the shock, and the men holding it were "flipped" aside like bobbins. We saw Marc whirled amid the foam, clinging to the crushed bateau, but were powerless to help him. A moment more and he was gone,—gone into the falls!

He was a brave lad, and died like one.

But his bold effort to save his comrades was not, as we at first feared, a fruitless one.

The warp, to which still a fragment of the crushed bateau hung, floated on the current, and was dashed up near the logs on which the poor fellows were clinging. Ceeph caught it, and at once made it fast to a log. We hauled them out, clinging with arms and legs to the log, breathless and half-strangled.

It required the united strength of more than twenty men to pull the log back through the current.

Poor Marc's name was cut in a spruce standing close over the falls. I suppose that is the only monument the lad will have.

CHAPTER XIX.

A ROUGH AND TUMBLE OTTER HUNT.



HAT large stony brook proved one of the *gameyest* places which we found on our tour. *Tuladi* by the hundred weight could be caught there in the deep pools. These fish run up into the stream from the lake, probably, since they are held to be a kind of lake trout. The morning after Karzy's beaver hunt all hands set off on an exploring trip to see what the outlook for beaver was, farther up the stream.

Otelne, who had returned from a trip by canoe down to Pointe Bleue Mission, on Lake St. John, the previous afternoon, went with us. This trip out to the settlement was avowedly to fetch up sugar and get a new spring put in one of the guns, but really to procure a few plugs of tobacco. Nugent and he had run short; their pipes were empty, and their peace of mind was gone. What slaves tobacco makes of men! A great deal of tobacco is raised in Canada. We saw the *weed* growing rankly in a little garden patch at Chicoutimi! It used to be the opinion that tobacco would not grow farther north than Connecticut; but I should not now be surprised to hear that it was grown and cured at Upernavik in Greenland. This which Otelne procured was raised in Canada, near Quebec.

Overburdened, probably, with the cash we had paid him, Otelne had made another purchase, a *canine* one. When he first hove in sight, paddling up the lake, we thought he had a companion, some other Indian, perhaps, with him; for the dog sat up erect in the stern of the canoe. It was a wiry, shaggy, yellow and black cur, with a

curling bush tail, and a remarkably peaked nose. Otelne introduced him to us as *Monsieur Kroob, un très bon chien.*

Kroob set off with us, hunting, next morning; but his career was a brief one, as will be related further on.

When we reached the place where we had rescued Karzy the night before, all of the party except Rike and Nugent stopped to examine the beaver-house there; they went on up the brook and we did not overtake them for an hour. When at length we did come up



UP THE BROOK.

with them, it was at a great rick of drift-stuff which blocked up the entire channel, and through which the waters made their way with a deep, murmurous, gurgling noise, which we heard at some distance below. It was at a point between high, ledgy banks; and a perfectly enormous quantity of logs, tree-tops and stumps had lodged one upon another to the height of twenty or thirty feet, and extending back up stream for several hundred yards. As we came up the

channel we espied Rike standing high up on the drift-pile with a long pole in his hand; but instead of fishing, he appeared to be prodding at something down amongst the logs.

"What's there!" Moses O. hailed.

"Game!" was the stimulating response, above the roar of the brook. "Don't know what it is. Can hear its teeth grit!"

We clambered out on the rick. Rike was punching away industriously at something. Nugent was ashore in the bushes cutting a longer pole with his hatchet.

"I know there's something down there," Rike explained, "for I saw the *tuladi* jumping in the pool off here. So I cut a pole and began to fish, and in a minute caught one. I hauled it out, but it tumbled off my hook and fell down amongst the old logs here. While I was looking for it I heard teeth grit. Some creature had got it and was eating it."

We climbed and peeped about the rick for some minutes. Nugent came with his pole. Otelne and his new *chien* joined in the quest. From the general appearance of the place and from the odor, we concluded that we had stumbled on a burrow of otters, in a strong place, too.

"But they've got to come out of there!" exclaimed Rike, whom the near presence of game always worked up to fever.

Then followed a great deal of peeping through crevices and gaps between the logs. At last Nugent got at them with his long pole. The animals snapped and bit at the end of it. But they ran still farther back under the rick. There were great dark gaps and water-holes beneath it. At length, prodding deep down, they cornered the web-footed aquatics up against the rocks on the left bank. But here the poles failed to touch them; and we worked an hour, I should think, cutting off logs and hauling out stuff to make an opening down to them. Harold and Moses O. improvised a huge "pry," or lever, nearly twenty feet long, with which they did great execution, heaving

aside the logs and old wet stumps. A great, black, sopping, mouldy hole was opened away down to the shelving rocks.

"Where's *Kroob*?" cried Rike. "Now for your new *chien*, Otelne! Here's a chance to prove his grit. Send him in there. Here, *Kroob, Kroob, Kroob!*"

Kroob came up, with the curl out of his tail, but he looked ready for business. Otelne showed him the hole. He snuffed a moment, then began to bark.

"Take hold of them! Fetch them out!" Rike exhorted him.

"*S'vat mi crish!*" Otelne cried.

With that in went *Kroob*, straight down under the rock for the otters, and in a moment there was a pow-wow down there which beat all description. They clinched and snarled, yelled and bumped. We could hear their heads striking the logs and rocks like hammers!

"They'll kill him," exclaimed Karzy.

He had scarcely spoken the words, when out tumbled *Kroob* with two otters hanging to him. One let go, on coming out to the light, and darted back, but the other hung on. Otter and dog rolled over the logs.

Rike struck with his pole and missed; Moses O. flung the hatchet and hit the dog.

Dog and web-foot rolled over each other out betwixt the logs and fell into the pool below. It was a deep hole. Down they went to the bottom, I imagine. We cocked our guns and stood waiting for them to rise; and after a long while the otter did rise. As soon as we made sure it was the otter, Stein, Harold, Rike and Nugent, all four, fired and shot the animal dead. Then we stood waiting for the dog to rise, but saw nothing of him for some time. At last Karzy espied him floating out at the foot of the pool below. Otelne ran down and around to pull him out. But the dog was drowned. No amount of rolling and shaking on Otelne's part could make anything but a drowned dog of him; he was *un chien perdu*. Nugent

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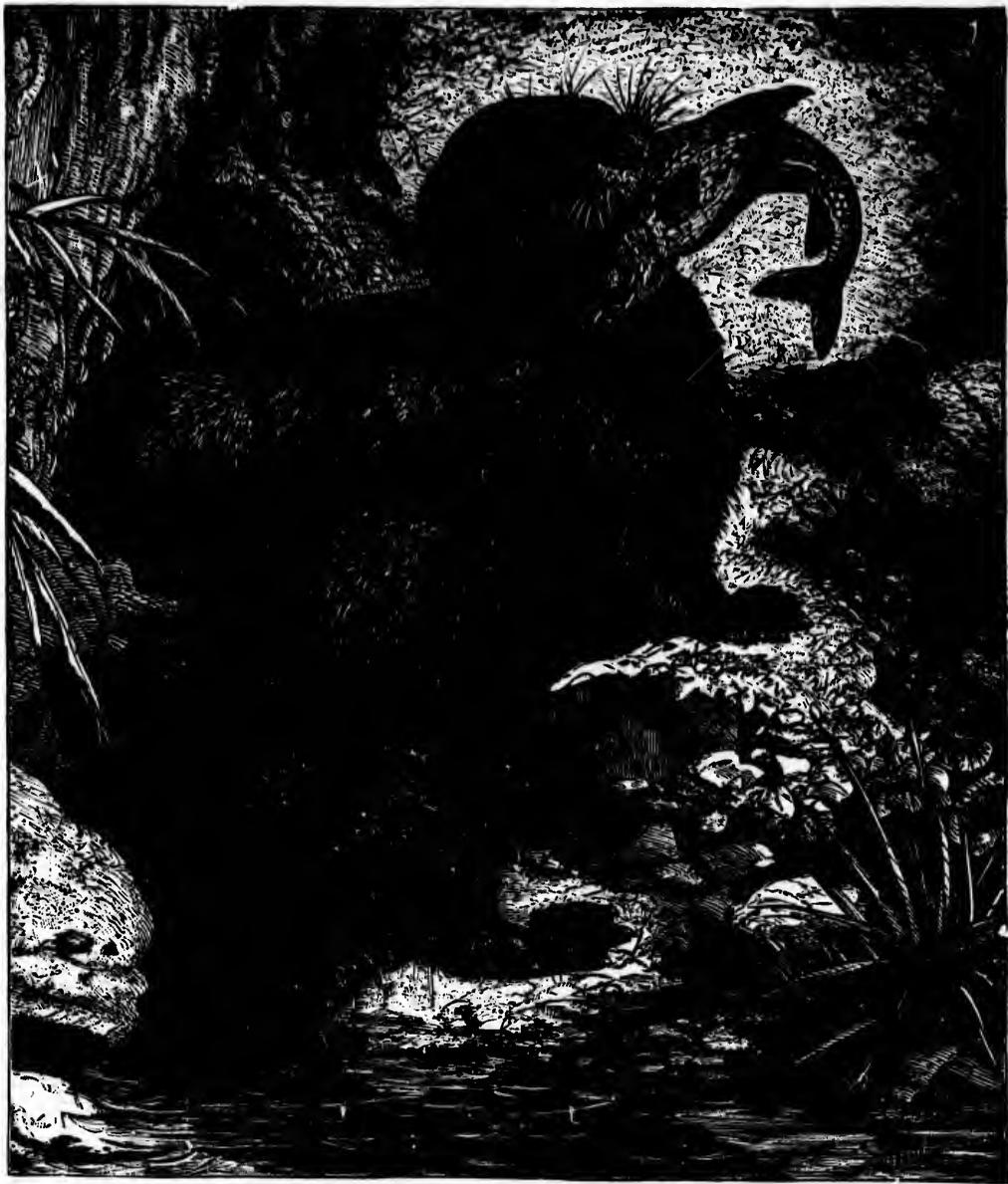
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OTTERS FISHING.



conjectured that the otter had held him down on the bottom till the poor brute was strangled.

For my own part, I think poor *Kroob* had anything but fair play; as I said at the outset, his career with us was a short one.

After expressing proper condolence to Otelne we again turned our attention to the otters; but they were difficult to get at. At least two hours more were spent cutting and hacking, and we pried out four more big logs. Nugent, Rike, and Otelne were then able to get down to the bed of the stream, beside the shelving rocks, beneath which the burrow ran. The rest of the party got partly down and stood ready with poles and guns.

It was a dark, nasty hole. The mud and slime were knee deep, and mixed up with chunks of logs and roots. We could now just see the otters retreating as far back as they could under the slippery green rocks. It was a pokerish place. Nugent's plan was now to shoot the otters, and then haul them out with a pole. Rike, already muddied from head to heels, crawled round to one side to get a better view of them, and was poking along in the mire when he suddenly screeched and began floundering and hopping frantically.

"Help! help! a big snake's got me!" he yelled, and came tumbling out over the logs. Nugent and Otelne pulled him up to the light, when an object as large as a big milk-pan was seen hanging to Rike's foot.

It was a big mud-turtle.

The old chap had a grip on Rike's boot toe and there he hung. Rike kicked and slung him about, but could not shake him off. Otelne paid on to the reptile's shell with a large club, Rike twisting and yelling, for the turtle's snake-like head gripped his toes all the harder for the beating.

"Pass the hatchet," shouted Nugent. "Let me cut his black head off!"

It took several strokes to do it, and even then, the head wouldn't

let go. Meantime the rest of the turtle waddled off. Down plumped Rike on a log and hauled off his boot and stocking. The turtle's teeth had not cut through the leather, but the ball of his great toe had fairly burst open, so tightly had the turtle gripped it.

That turtle must have weighed from thirty to forty pounds. It was an old settler, no doubt from seventy-five to a hundred years old.

Thinking it would be better to keep out of that mud if it contained such inhabitants, we now went farther up on the drift-rick and cleared away a new opening down to the bed of the stream. By so doing we hoped to head them off from running farther back into the rick. This new hole let more light down under the rocks. Stein, Harold, and Karzy were stationed with their guns down in the lower hole.

We'd no sooner begun to punch with our poles in the upper hole, than two of the otters made a break to get down past the boys into the pool. They all three fired, one after the other, bang, bang! One otter was shot, but the other dived into the pool and escaped to the opposite side under the high bank.

We all climbed out to see what was shot. It was a fine, great otter. They'd put three bullets through him. By mistake they had all fired at the same one. This otter had a tail as large round as a man's arm, solid meat too.

"Go back, go back to your places," Nugent shouted. "There's more of 'em. Load up again."

He and Otelne began punching again; but for a while nothing stirred. Harold thought there were no more otters there. But in a few minutes three others ran out all together, heading down for the pool.

A tremendous fusillade in the lower hole was our first notice that we had started them out. Only one of the three was shot, however; and they did pretty well to hit that one even, for the otters darted out quick as light. This last one was larger even than the second. It was a beautiful, great, sleek, wine-brown animal.

One of the other two swam across the stream and got under the bank a little below where the other had taken refuge. The other, swimming the pool, ran under another great heap of drift as large as a small house, which lay piled on a rocky bar ten or twelve rods below.

We went back to our places, but failed to punch out any more. Those six were probably all there were.

"Now for the one in the lower drift-pile," exclaimed Rike; and we all ran down there.

The otter had run to a strong place. It would have been wellnigh impossible to break up the pile, composed, as it was, of large logs and stumps. But it was tolerably dry, and we set it on fire.

Harold and Rike posted themselves on the lower side of the bonfire. The rest of us guarded the upper side. The pile burned some minutes and no otter stirred. But when the live coals began to drop upon him, he made a dive for the water.

Rike missed him with his first barrel, and the otter got into the stream. Then he and Harold fired together, and one or the other of them hit the animal, killing him almost instantly.

This latter was just a fair-sized otter.

Crossing the brook, we punched for the two that had gone under the bank, but could not start them out, nor discover where they were hidden.

So we got only those four, but two of them, Nugent said, were the largest otters he had ever seen.

It took us all the balance of the afternoon to cleanse ourselves and wash and dry our clothes; for, though exciting sport, it had been one of the dirtiest jobs imaginable; we were covered with mud and slime from head to heels.

CHAPTER XX.

THE WOODS-DEMON.



RETURNING after our hunt that afternoon, we passed a deserted lumberman's camp, half hidden in the black, rank firs which had sprung up in the clearing about it.

"That ere's the old haunted camp," Nugent remarked.

"O, haunted is it?" said Rike. "What's it haunted with, bear-spooks?"

Nugent affirmed that the place was commonly reported by woodsmen to be haunted by the spirit of a strange unhuman *creature* which had years before been killed there by a logger crew in which Nugent himself had worked. That evening he told the story. I give it in substance, as setting forth a strange, yet possible, physiological fact.

THE HAUNTED LOGGING-CAMP.

NUGENT'S STORY.

There were seventeen "choppers" and four teamsters, besides the foreman and cook, in our crew that winter at the camp over here — twenty-three men in all, partly French, and more than half of them Catholics.

In February, towards the last of the month, after they had been in the woods thirteen weeks, there came on at night one of those fearful northeast snow-storms such as are known only in British America and Siberia. Overhead the wind roared and shook the tree tops, and the snow, fine as meal, was sifted blindingly down through the frozen boughs.

So full was the air of snow that the voices of the men seemed muffled as they came in from their work. In an hour and a half a foot of snow had fallen, and the old "loggers" predicted a fall of four feet by morning.

But, gathered before the fire in their warm log camp, saluted by the savor of a bountiful supper, the hardy fellows cared little for the terrors of the storm outside.



A LOGGER'S CAMP.

Supper was nearly ready, and Lotte, the cook, had taken up the three-gallon teapot to fill, when he discovered that the supply of tea was out. If there was any tea drunk that night, it would be necessary for some one to go down to the wangin, on the river bank, half a mile below.

The wangin, or storehouse, was a strong structure of heavy logs, wherein

was kept the winter supply of flour, pork, sugar, molasses, etc., which had been poled up the river in bateaux before the ice had formed.

Leading down to it from the camp there was a road cut through the timber. The men, however, generally avoided going there after dark. There were wolves about, and the *loup cerviers* of that section are remarkably large and fierce.

Bidding them wait patiently a little while, Lotte began to muffle himself for the tramp, when one of the French boys, a youngster of twenty, named Marc Lizotte, offered to go in his place. Lotte very thankfully handed him the key and a basket, and Marc set off at a run through the snow.

He had been gone scarcely ten minutes, when terrified shouts startled the camp.

The men rushed to the door. Hardly had they opened it, when Lizotte leaped in amongst them, shouting, —

"Frap la porte! frap la porte! pour Dieu!"

One or two of the men declared that they heard a hoarse cough at the same moment, close at hand; but it might have been the wind.

They saw nothing, and all cried out, "What is it?"

"I don't know," panted Marc, "*Je crois que c'est le diable lui-même!*"

A laugh followed this honest avowal.

The boy said that he had come within a few rods of the wanging, when, distinctly above the roar of the storm, he heard heavy blows, as of some one pounding on the door with an axe or a club. He stopped short, and, peering sharply through the darkness, made out the form of a man, as he at first thought, breaking in at the door.

He watched a moment; then called out to know what he was doing there. Instantly the creature turned, uttered a most unearthly cry, and sprang after him with uplifted club. Marc ran for his life.

He said that the "*tison d'enfer*," as he called it, had chased him to the very door of the camp, and at one time was almost at his heels.

Many of the men ridiculed the whole story. "Marc got scared," they said. Others thought that it might have been a thief, or some wandering hunter, possibly an Indian, who had tried to break into the wanging.

Three or four were for going down, but the "boss" said that nobody could break through the log door, even with an axe; and as it was storming fiercely, none cared to make the trip in the snow and darkness.

Early next morning, three of us on snow-shoes set off to get tea and look for traces of "Marc's bugbear." We found them easily enough.

The wain door was broken open, the great bolt wrenched from its socket, and the huge log door-post split and splintered. The snow had drifted in.

It was not without many cautious glances that we ventured to enter. The room was empty. So far as we could discover, nothing of value had been stolen. From one of the open barrels of pork a chunk had been taken out, gnawed, and the remnant thrown into the snow. That was all.

The snow had covered the tracks, both Marc's and the creature's. We should have believed it the work of some wild beast, but from the fact that no wild beast could have broken in that door.

This happened on Tuesday. The next Sunday two of the choppers, named Leverett and Corbain, went out to hunt a caribou, the tracks of which we had lately seen in the snow near where we had been felling timber. About three in the afternoon they came back and told a curious story.

They had come upon the caribou not an hour after starting out; but it had run off through the snow, and they had to follow it an hour or two before getting near enough to shoot at it with the old musket they had carried from the camp.

Finally they fired, and wounded the animal so severely that after running a little way it fell in the snow. They had no difficulty in killing it.

Leverett then began to skin and cut up the carcass, with a view to take the best portions of the meat back to camp. While thus engaged, they heard a trampling of the snow, and looking up, saw a "*géant*"—so Corbain called it—coming towards them, snuffing horribly and brandishing a great bludgeon.

Leverett dropped his knife (they had not stopped to reload the old musket) and both he and Corbain ran away as fast as they could.

They described the creature as a monster, a giant bare-headed and bare-legged, with matted hair, but wearing, they thought, the skin of a bear about its shoulders and body. Its arms were bare, brown and hairy, so also was its face, and the hair on its head was thickly matted and stood up in a frightful tuft.

We could scarcely believe so queer a story; several of the men openly ridiculed it. Eight or nine took their axes and followed Leverett and Corbain back to where they had shot the caribou.

They easily found the spot; but the carcass of the caribou had been dragged away. They followed the trail in the snow for a mile or two, and then, as night was coming on, turned back.

Of course there was plenty of talk and surmise. The French boys would hardly stir out of camp alone, and the Province men teased them continually.

A few nights after, the wangin was broken into again. The "boss" had repaired the damage done the door by the former attack, and strengthened it by two new bars of green ash, a foot in width and four inches thick. This time the hinges were torn out of the post, and the door wrenched outward, leaving the bars intact.

But, as before, only a few chunks of pork were missing. It was plain to anybody that it must have taken prodigious strength to pull out the hinge irons, fastened and clinched as they were into the door post.

The men began to look serious, and to talk less about it.

That day four of us Province men agreed to go to the wangin, and watch for the man, creature, or whatever it was. The boss was willing.

We quit work early, got our supper, and went down to the wangin a little after sunset. We took our axes and the old gun, which we used to shoot game with, loaded with slugs.

Going inside, we pulled the door together, and drove the hinge-irons back into the post, and then barricaded it on the inside with barrels of flour. There was a number of bales of hay in the wangin. We cut open one of these, and piling the hay against the front side, lay down on it, first pulling the moss out from between the logs, so that we could look out.

It was a still, clear night with a new moon, which soon set behind the tree-tops, leaving it dim, yet not very dark. The names of the three men with me were Hanley, Carnise and Foley.

The evening passed tediously enough, for it was pretty cold lying there with no fire. Nothing stirred about the wangin till after eleven o'clock, when I heard steps in the snow at some distance.

I whispered to my mates, and we listened intently. The steps came nearer. We peered out between the cracks, but it was too dark to discern objects off in the woods.

A moment later Foley muttered under his breath, "There he is!" and then I saw a dark, indistinct figure, not twenty yards from the wangin. For some moments it stood there motionless, then slowly came up to the door.

It seemed to be the form of a very large man, but even in the darkness we perceived that he was half naked, and of strange mien.

We noiselessly got on our feet, grasping our axes, Carnise holding the gun. I confess to have been a little scared.

There was a sound as of nails on the door, then a heavy push against it, which made it crack and the barrels rattle.

"Who's there?" shouted Hanley.

For a reply there was a kind of snort, followed by a tremendous blow from some heavy instrument. At the same instant there came a blaze of fire and a stunning report.



CAPES TRINITY AND ETERNITY.

The old gun had gone off in Carnise's hands. He was holding it cocked and it went off itself — he said.

As soon as we recovered from our flurry, I looked out through the cracks, but could see nothing of our disturber; and after looking and waiting an hour or more, we ventured out and went up to the camp, for it had grown unbearably cold.

Our story re-excited the French boys very much.

Two nights after, one of them saw, or fancied he saw, the creature stealing up behind him as he came in from the ox-camp, a few rods back of our shanty. Then their terrors took voice.

They were going to leave and get out of that place. *Parbleu!* 'twas the devil himself.

The foreman, Lamson, was used to the French.

"It may be the devil," he said, and started four of them off to the settlement after a priest. He knew that the presence of a priest was the only way



THE WILD MAN.

to keep the gang from bolting. When once these French Catholics are scared, nothing can quiet them but a priest.

The night after the priest was sent for, we were roused up, about one o'clock in the morning, by a tremendous uproar at the ox-camp. There was a great racket, and the oxen were bellowing terribly.

"Some of them are loose and goring the others," Lamson exclaimed, and half a dozen of us turned out to quiet the hubbub.

Foley was ahead. The great door of the ox-camp was open. This circumstance of itself ought to have warned us, but we were too stupid with sleep to reflect.

As Foley entered the doorway, something struck him on the head and

knocked him down, senseless. A blow was also aimed at Corbain, but he jumped aside, and we all ran back to the shanty for our lives.

Lamson caught up the gun. The rest took their axes and rushed out.

We found Foley lying in the snow. He was beginning to stir a little. There was a fearful cut on his head, but whatever had struck him was gone.

The ox-camp contained nothing but the oxen.

One of them was bleeding from his nose profusely, and kept shaking his head as if half stunned by blows. That same night the wangin was again broken into and more pork taken.

Nothing now but the expected arrival of the priest kept the "Frenchers" from stampeding.

The Province men kept quiet. They did not know what to say or think.

Lamson spent the forenoon, gun in hand, looking about in the woods for signs and tracks. There had no snow fallen for over a week. Our own tracks and those of the teams had trodden the snow hard about the camp; but out in the woods Lamson found in many places the print of a large moccasined foot. It left no heel print. The boots and moccasins worn by the men had raised heels.

That afternoon the boss called Carnise and myself off from work an hour or more before sunset.

"I want you two men to go down to the wangin with me," he said.

We went to the shanty, and then set off for the wangin, Lamson taking the gun.

"I'll know whether this critter is flesh and blood or not," he said, as we went down. "I'm going to set a spring-gun for him. It doesn't act like a man; but if it isn't a man, what can it be? At any rate, he's a murderous wretch. Devil or not, I'm going to try a charge of slugs on him."

We helped Lamson set the gun inside the wangin, with a line running from the trigger across the doorway, and the muzzle pointed at about breast height of a person entering the door. The door itself we left just as it had been found that morning, wrenched outward and forced back on the outside.

Lamson told the men at supper what we had done, and bade them keep away from the wangin. Foley was getting better of his wound.

So much had the setting of the gun and the attendant circumstances excited me, that I did not go to sleep that night, but lay thinking and listening.

The night wore on. It was not till after two in the morning that the gun was sprung. Its dull, heavy report startled me, and set me trembling all over.

All the men were expecting it, and seemed to be but half asleep. In a moment everybody was astir. Lamson went to the door.

"We've fetched him!" he explained; and, on going out, we could plainly hear cries, as of one in pain and rage.

The French boys refused to stir out of the shanty; but the most of the Province men set off with Lamson, who had lighted a lantern.

The cries burst out at intervals as we hurried down the wanging path.

It was with strange feelings that we approached the place. By the light of the lantern we saw the brown, hairy body of a nian, half covered with a bear hide, lying just outside the door. There had been a desperate death-struggle.

The five slugs with which Lamson had charged the gun had pierced him through and through. But he died only after many struggles and outcries.

I had never imagined anything like the ferocious expression of the face. The skin of the body was very brown, and much covered with hair. The legs, especially, were almost shaggy. The feet were tied up each in the hide of a lynx, and the bear hide hung from his shoulders, fastened with a thick thong around the neck. There was no other clothing.

Both arms and legs were rough, dirty, almost horny. The face was repulsive, and the hair matted. Though lean, the body must have weighed fully two hundred pounds.

There was every indication of great physical strength, — instances of which we had certainly seen. Near by lay a large, greasy bludgeon, between three and four feet long, which must have weighed ten or twelve pounds.

The idea which we settled on was that it was a backwoodsman, half-breed Indian, perhaps (it was hard telling), who had years before gone crazy. By chance he had been lost in the woods, and had gone on leading a wandering life, eating raw flesh for food, till the man had well nigh changed to a fierce *animal*. Instances are known to lumbermen where persons getting lost in the woods became deranged.

That night the men whom the foreman had sent down to the settlement came back, and a priest came up with them.

The corpse of the madman we had killed was put into a roughly constructed coffin and buried in the snow.

Lamson asked the priest, whose name was Villate, whether he wished to conduct a funeral service over the body. He declined to do so.

Lamson then asked him what he thought of what we had done, and whether he deemed it a murder. And to this question he made no reply.

The next morning, after hearing confession from the French boys, he went back, taking two men as guides, and these men did not return.



STATUE POINT.

But the general opinion of the men was, that it was not a murder, and that such a being as this man had better be put out of the way than suffered to go at large in the woods."

Such was Nugent's story.

Next forenoon a most laughable thing happened. We had several bear-traps set at different points along the lake and in the woods, and used to take turns going to visit them. After breakfast Karzy strolled away to look to one set in the bed of a gully about a mile back of the camp.

In the course of an hour he came back, running, and out of breath. "We've got the old fellow!" he shouted. "Come on!"

"What is it?" we inquired. "Is it a bear?"

"It's either a bear, or *something bigger!*" cried Karzy. "It has got in amongst some firs. Oh, you just ought to hear it growl and snap its old teeth!"

On that we all loaded up and started. Karzy led the way. We advanced cautiously up the gully, and for some time reconnoitred the clump of firs where the trap was set, with due prudence. Several stones and clubs were flung in. At length, getting tired of the by-play, Nugent and Moses O. pushed in, and lo! *there was a little woodchuck, caught!*

Karzy looked nonplussed. He had no more peace that day. "Karzy's bear" was a standing joke ever afterwards. Moses O. in particular was vastly amused at Karzy's description how the woodchuck had "growled and snapped its teeth;" and that evening at dinner he gave us some of his early experiences of Indiana woodchucks at the district school where he went when a "little shaver."

MOSES O. TELLS A LITTLE STORY ABOUT WOODCHUCKS AT SCHOOL.

"It was the first day of the summer school, ten or eleven years ago, at a certain little yellow school-house out West. Thirty-five or forty of us had come together for the first time that season, the boys in their new palm-leaf hats, the girls in their starched sun-bonnets, and all, save one or two, with clean-scrubbed faces, and hair combed down slick and smooth.

Our teacher that summer was a Miss Woodward, a young lady from an

adjoining town; and this was her first attempt at teaching. Miss W. could not have been more than seventeen or eighteen, herself. A little, slight, fair girl, with light-brown hair and light eyes, which some of us thought were blue and some gray. I think I shall always remember with what a grave little air she came into the school-room that morning and rang her bell, and in what a low and diffident voice she said a prayer after we had read in the Testament. But she brought with her one of the biggest "rulers" we had any of us ever seen. We little fellows eyed it, and wondered whether so small a school-ma'am could really do business with it. Later in the term we had less doubt on the subject.

As it happened, a woodchuck had dug his hole under the school-house, on the back side, and taken up his abode there, for the house was not under-pinned, and the sills were laid on the ground, or on low corner-stones close down to it. Probably the chuck had come there early in the spring. Every one knows what an odd whistling note a woodchuck will make when it hears or sees anything that startles it, or that it does not understand. Just as Miss W. had called the class in the Fourth Reader, that forenoon, what should we hear from down under the floor but this woodchuck's loud, sharp and long-drawn whick-ur-ur-ur-r-r-r!

It made us jump and it made us laugh; and this was the beginning of our little lady teacher's troubles for many a day. During school hours, however, the woodchuck generally kept pretty quiet; but at recess and at noon, it would often whistle; and, once in a while, it would begin in school time, when either we were reading, or reciting the multiplication tables, and particularly when one sharp-spoken little urchin was saying his letters. Then, suddenly, would come that queer, shrill whistle, "whick-ur-ur-r-r." And when the woodchuck would whick-ur, all the children would snicker. For it would come so suddenly, and seem so near, that it was really comical.

Yet, if we could have had one good laugh over it, unrestrained, and the teacher had joined in it and let it pass, we probably should not have wanted to laugh at it again—not so much, at least. But Miss Woodward would as soon have laughed at a funeral. Once, I recollect, the woodchuck whistled right in the midst of her quiet, little prayer, and then three or four of us snickered right out! We could n't help it. But our teacher thought that was very rude and wicked in us. Such of us as had laughed had to stand out on the floor and lose our recess. The fact was—as I now surmise—Miss Woodward was morbidly anxious lest she should not keep "good order" in her school-room.

For several "noons" Miss W. had us try to drive out the chuck. But the sills of the house were so low that no one, however small, could crawl under. At length she appealed to the school-agent, Mr. Murch; and Mr. Murch came, and, with a long pole, tried to punch out the animal. He worked at it for an hour or two, and even took up one or two boards of the floor; but he could not seem to dislodge the disturber.

"It's diffikilt reachin' 'im, ma'am," said Mr. Murch. "An', arter all, it's on'y a woodchuck. Let 'im whistle!"

But, next noon, Ned Garland and I thought we would try again; and see if we could not beat Mr. Murch, and astonish Miss Woodward with our smartness. We procured an old hoe, and, going at our task with a will, dug under the sill on the back side. Scraping a hole large enough to admit our bodies, we both crawled under; and, once under the sill, we could creep about, though it was a very mouldy, dirty place.

Seeing us inside its retreat, the woodchuck ran from side to side, then escaped by another hole it had. But now a new wonder took our attention. Up in one corner, under a wisp of dry catnip, we perceived something wriggling; and, on poking into it, lo! there ran out *six* little woodchucks! Wee, tiny things they were, not bigger than little kittens, yet rather more active, and perfect little woodchucks in form and looks. They scud about under the house. But we caught four of them in our caps. The other two got away into some hole, or dark cranny, where we could not find them.

We were two begrimed and dirty lads when, at length, we crawled out. None of the children had ever seen baby woodchucks before. We put them down on the school-house floor and wondered over them and played with them. For they were about as cunning little objects as can well be imagined. Even these tiny little bits would try to whistle, just like the old one, and make an oddly feeble, squeaking little noise, in their throats. They were chubby and fat and had the drollest stub noses; they would run for the corners of the room; and when we touched them, to draw them out, they would try to *whick-ur-ur-r-r!*

"Oh, we must show them to the mistress!" one little girl said. It was almost school time. And then the roguish thought came into my head, to put them into the teacher's drawer, for there was a drawer in the "desk," where she kept her books and ink. We knew it was mischief, but we did not think Miss W. would mind it so much — seeing we had driven out the old woodchuck. We wanted her to see the little chucks and thought it would be fun to surprise her. So we took out her books and piled them on

the desk and then put the four bits in the drawer and shut it. We hurried, for Miss W. was already coming, a few rods away, then ran to our seats.

When the teacher came in, she did not notice the books being out, for she often left them on the desk. She hung up her hat, rang the bell and then called the class in the Fourth Reader. We felt pretty queer and a little guilty, as we went out to read. But everything went on as usual, till Julia Sylvester came to read. Julia could not pronounce the word *formidable* correctly. After telling her how several times, Miss Woodward opened the drawer suddenly to get a piece of chalk to write the word, in syllables, on the blackboard. When she pulled out the drawer, out leaped the little woodchucks — one of them into her very lap!

Of course it startled her. She screamed, jumped up from the desk, ran half across the floor and stood all in a flutter.

"They're nothing but little woodchucks!" Ned and I ventured to say. "They won't hurt anybody!" and we got up and caught them in our hands. By this time Miss Woodward had regained her dignity a little.

"Put those creatures out of doors," said she in a tone that made us feel rather serious.

We made haste to drop them outside.

"Who put those animals in the drawer?" was her first question, when we came back.

Ned and I did not attempt to deny it; though now we were conscious that it would be a grave offence. For the teacher regarded it as a gross attempt to impose on her school government. She was very pale now and trembled like a leaf, as she took her "ruler" and called Ned and me up to her desk; but her eye had a gleam of baleful resolution in it before which we quailed, for we saw no mercy there. I suppose our soiled and dirty appearance was against us.

She bade me hold out my hand and took the tips of my fingers in hers like a vice. And, then Oh, how she put on the ruler! — and not only the right hand, but the left, — both hands; I don't know how many blows; I was too much occupied twisting and squirming to count straight.

One would never have supposed that such a slight little thing could have given us such a hammering, and laid on the blows so hard!

Ned got an equally severe chastisement on both his hands. She did pay on outrageously hard!

In a minute my hands were puffed up in white blisters, fingers and palms. They ached as if they had been chilled, all the rest of the afternoon; and the

next day were dreadfully sore, fairly blue and purple in spots. Neither of us could play ball or pitch quoits for four or five days.

Perhaps it was no more than we deserved. I do not remember that we laid up any grudge against our teacher. Yet I think it would have been better if Miss W. had tried to more fully understand her boys. For if she had understood us a little better she would have seen how easily we were ruled and led by a sympathetic word or look from her.

Still another woodchuck, at the same school-house, came near getting me into trouble. It was one that some of the large boys had put into the stove. This was during the "winter school," which began that year about the first of November. At this time, woodchucks are denned up for their winter sleep. But there had been a very heavy rain which had washed out the roads badly. A party of men were at work repairing the damage done on a hill near the school-house, and either ploughed or dug this woodchuck out of his burrow, where he was nicely coiled up and fast asleep. So dormant was it, that it rolled down into the ditch and lay there, without seeming to wake or stir much.

Some of the large boys were out there at noon, and they brought the woodchuck up to the school-house and put it, all coiled up as it was and not half conscious, into the box-stove which stood in the middle of the floor. The day was a warm one, for the season. We had only a little fire in the morning, and none in the afternoon.

Alf Sylvester was the one who put the woodchuck in the stove, though Newm Darnley and Wilts Murch had a hand in it. They did it to impose on the master. In the winter, when all the large boys went, we had a male teacher. The master's name was Foster; he was a rather tall, sandy-haired young man, twenty-two or three years old and pretty sharp on us; though he had about all he could do to keep order. This Alf Sylvester and Newm Darnley disliked him and had often threatened to carry him out of school; but they did not quite dare to try it. This trick with the woodchuck was pure mischief on their part — to try the teacher's mettle.

When Alf put the woodchuck in, he turned to us smaller boys and said that if we told of it, or said a word about it, he would thrash us. We knew him only too well.

Very likely there might still have remained some warmth, or embers under the ashes in the stove. At any rate the chuck waked up after a time.

School was called to order and went on as usual, till almost recess time, when "Bub" Sylvester, one of the little fellows, fired off a potato pop-gun,

in school. The master caught him at it and after giving him a shaking-up, took the pop-gun away from him and went to throw it in the stove. As he opened the stove door, out jumped the woodchuck, covered with ashes, and dived under the front seats, where some little girls sat.

It made the master start! and it caused a general hubbub; for the creature made a great dust and ran about under the seats. The girls screamed when it ran their way; and the boys laughed. It was some minutes before Mr. Foster could knock it over with the fire-shovel, and throw it out.

The master had heard the story, how Ned and I had put the little woodchucks in the mistress' drawer, the term before. I suppose it came into his mind that we had done this. For as soon as he had tossed the chuck out, he turned, looked straight at us and called us out into the floor.

"Did either of you put that creature into the stove?" he demanded.

We, of course, denied it. The master regarded us doubtfully. He was angry.

"If you did not do it, who did?" was his next question.

We did not dare to tell.

"Tell me who did it, or I will whip you both!" exclaimed Mr. Foster, sternly.

We were in a fix. If we told, Alf would break our bones, for aught we knew. It was a choice of evils. We stood and trembled.

At that moment of our distress, Delia Voorhees, one of the large girls, to whom the master was very polite, spoke a judicious word in our behalf:—

"*They* did not do it, Mr. Foster," said she. "But they know they will be worse whipped if they tell."

At this the master stood regarding us a moment, then abruptly dismissed us to our seats, and said not another word about the matter that day.

But next morning, the first thing after school began, the master called Alf out, and, taking his ruler, feruled him on both hands, so severely that our big tyrant, seventeen years old though he was, whimpered like a four-year-old.

"You know what that is for, and all the school knows," observed Mr. Foster. That was all he said.

We all knew; and knew very well that Alf had got no more than he deserved.

CHAPTER XXI.

QUEBEC. THE WOOD-SPRITES AGAIN. FAREWELL.



AT breakfast on our thirteenth morning at Camp Tshis-tagama, Rike had the misfortune to bite a shot in a duck's breast, and break one of his back teeth. It commenced to ache, and he had a sorrowful time of it for a number of days; and on his account (that he might as soon as possible get to a dentist) we stayed not so long up at the Perilonca, by a few days, as we had at first planned.

Getting back to Chicoutimi, the second afternoon after breaking up camp on the lake, we found the steamer *St. Lawrence*, bound for Quebec, just casting off from her pier. She stayed for a few minutes to take us on board.

Our tour with Nugent and Otelne had been in every way satisfactory. They had showed us good sport; and we half bargained for their services on a future hunt in that country, to the north of *Lac St. Jean*.

In a few moments we were again on the rock-walled Saguenay. Passing the entrance to Ha Ha Bay, the sternly grand scenery of this singular river soon began to loom on either hand in all its unrivalled majesty. The river seems not more than a mile wide; but the steamer's officers told us that it was double that width.

To sit on the deck in the cool breeze with new and still more tremendous cliffs heaving in sight minute by minute, was, indeed, a rare pleasure.

Of these *Les Tableaux*, a precipice nine hundred feet high, the riverward face of which contains a broad sheet of dark limestone, six hundred feet by three hundred, so smooth and straight as to suggest a vast canvas prepared for a picture, soon claimed our attention, Karzy's in particular.



LES TABLEAUX.

Shortly after we were off *Statue Point*, towering thirteen hundred feet above the river. At a height of a thousand feet a huge Gothic arch gives entrance to a black cavern which no one has ever reached. In this archway there formerly stood an enormous rock

which, from the river, resembled a statue. A few years ago, during the winter season, this Cyclopean effigy was dislodged from its pedestal, and came crashing downward, plunging through the ice of the Saguenay. Its fall revealed the cavern's mouth which, for ages, it had guarded.

Immediately afterward, the two world-famed wonders of the Saguenay came into view: Capes Trinity and Eternity. There is a cove or arm of the river extending back betwixt these on the right, or west, bank. The steamer put in here, close beneath the gloomy foot of Trinity, the better to show its own littleness as compared with the prodigious height of the cliff. We seemed to be within a few yards; yet on trial we found that not one of us, at first, could throw a stone against the face of the rock. Each steamer carries a locker of pebbles for this especial purpose.

At length Harold and Moses O. succeeded in planting each his missile against the crag. The whistle of the steamer is thrice echoed back from far up the precipice; yet it sounded strangely like a boy's penny trumpet. Far more gifted pens than ours have portrayed these master-pieces of Nature's rough Titan-work.

Mr. Howells thus describes them:—

"Suddenly the boat rounded the corner of the three steps, each five hundred feet high, in which Cape Trinity climbs from the river, and crept in under the naked side of the awful cliff. It is sheer rock, springing from the black water, and stretching upward with a weary, effort-like aspect, in long impulses of stone marked by deep seams from space to space, till, one thousand five hundred feet in air, its vast brow beetles forward, and frowns with a scattering fringe of pines. . . . The rock fully justifies its attributive height to the eye, which follows the upward rush of the mighty acclivity, steep after steep, till it wins the cloud-capt summit, when the measureless mass seems to swing and sway overhead, and the nerves tremble with the same terror that besets him who looks downward from the verge of a lofty precipice. It is wholly grim and stern; no touch of beauty relieves the austere majesty of that presence. At the foot of Cape Trinity the water is

of unknown depth, and it spreads, a black expanse, in the rounding hollow of shores of unimaginable wildness and desolation, and issues again in its river's course around the base of Cape Eternity. This is yet loftier than the sister cliff, but it slopes gently back from the stream, and from foot to crest it is heavily clothed with a forest of pines. The woods that hitherto have shagged the hills with a stunted and meagre growth, showing long stretches scarred by fire, now assume a stately size, and assemble themselves compactly upon the side of the mountain, setting their serried stems one rank above another, till the summit is crowned with the mass of their dark-green plumes, dense and soft and beautiful; so that the spirit, perturbed by the spectacle of the other cliff, is calmed and assuaged by the serene grandeur of this."

With this graceful description compare a briefer paragraph from Bayard Taylor's graphic pen:—

"These awful cliffs, planted in water nearly a thousand feet deep, and soaring into the very sky, form the gateway to a rugged valley, stretching inland, and covered with the dark primeval forest of the North. I doubt whether a sublimer picture of the wilderness is to be found on this continent. . . . The wall of dun-colored syenitic granite, ribbed with vertical streaks of black, hung for a moment directly over our heads, as high as three Trinity spires atop of one another. Westward, the wall ran inland, projecting bastion after bastion of inaccessible rock over the dark forests in the bed of the valley.

"When the *Flying Fish* ascended the river with the Prince of Wales and his suite, one of her heavy sixty-eight-pounders was fired off near Cape Trinity. For the space of half a minute or so after the discharge, there was a dead silence, and then, as if the report and concussion were hurled back upon the decks, the echoes came down crash upon crash. It seemed as if the rocks and crags had all sprung into life under the tremendous din, and as if each was firing sixty-eight-pounders full upon us, in sharp crushing volleys, till at last they grew hoarser in their anger, and retreated, bellowing slowly, carrying the tale of invaded solitude from hill to hill, till all the distant mountains seemed to roar and groan at the intrusion."

Grand but less lofty headlands and capes succeed all the way down to Tadousac.

Thence we crossed to the pier at *Rivière du Loup* again where for some reason best known to the steamer's officers, we lay all night and did not reach Quebec till two the following afternoon. This trip by day gave us a good view of the breadth and grandeur of the St. Lawrence. Along its north shore the scenery is not a little, at intervals, like that of the Saguenay, particularly the dark, beetling promontory of Cape *Tourmente* and the lofty crags of Cape *Rouge* and Cape *Gribaune*.

Then succeeds the pleasant suburban aspect of Isle of Orleans (noted chiefly in our memory for the "Orleans plum," a fine damson in its season), and then the picturesque old city of Quebec, with its towering citadel and (at that time) two grim red-and-black iron-clads lying in the river beneath.

Quebec with its old walls, frowning fortress, cannon and frequent sentinels, is held by tourists to much resemble certain old European towns; and it is upon this resemblance that its fame and its attraction for visitors, particularly those from the "States," depend. For our "Yankee" tourist and his lady, though grand despisers of the "effête monarchies of the old world," are yet curious admirers of ruins, old churches, etc. Quebec is the next best thing to a tour in Europe. The sacristan told us that those old vestments, woven of gold thread, in the cathedral, said to have been presented by Louis XIV. (Le Grand Monarque) to the Bishop of Quebec, were his irresistible card with the "States people." He gets his most liberal "tips" for showing these. Some days he tells visitors that the vestments cost one million dollars, others one million pounds; sometimes he cuts it down to two hundred thousand dollars, according to the looks of the visiting party. He was *exact* with us; there were wrought into those vestments seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars worth of fine gold thread—he stated. We gave him, each, a quarter for this valuable information.

Immediately on landing from the steamer, we took passage in

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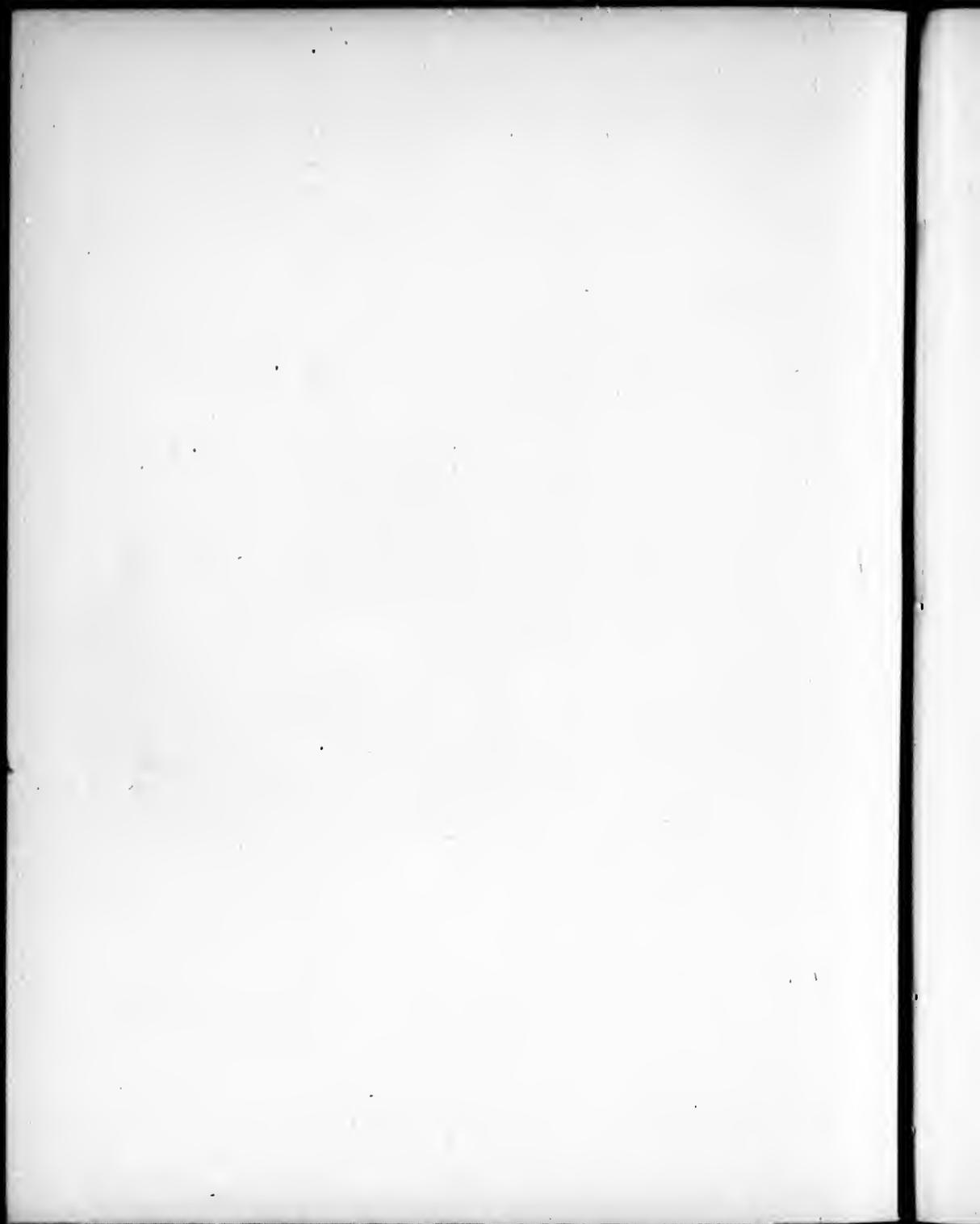
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CHAMPLAIN FIGHTING THE BATTLES OF THE INDIANS.



three calashes (*calèches*), odd, two-wheeled, one-horse vehicles, with French "Jehus" who laid on the lash, shouting "*Marchez donc!*" for Hotel St. Louis. A rattling ride up the steep streets, where we were compelled to hold to the sides of the rocking calashes with both hands, brought us to the hotel. But this hotel, the best in Quebec, was, thanks to our fellow countrymen, *full*, all too full to receive us. We proceeded accordingly to the *Albion*, a less palatial hostelry, where we were fairly well accommodated.

Dinner over, we walked up, in the cool of the afternoon, to see the citadel, and enjoy the magnificent view from its old walls; a view unsurpassed in all Canada.

Off to the north-east rolls the grand St. Lawrence, its shores studded with

towns and villages. This view alone is worth a visit here. No wonder old Jacques Cartier's adventurous eyes dilated with pride and joy as he gazed out from this lofty headland over the new country and mighty river he had discovered.

But not much does the Quebec of to-day resemble that of Jacques Cartier's early time, when the starving savages came begging food to the rude stockade and block-houses at the foot of



JACQUES CARTIER.

the cliff now surmounted by massive walls and gaping Whitworth guns.

Little, indeed, does any portion of this fair Dominion resemble the Canada of two hundred years ago when Champlain, Cartier's brother explorer, clad in armor, fought in the ranks of his new Indian allies and astonished the Iroquois with the, to them, terrible thunder and smoke of his old arquebus, a weapon that now no school-boy would go squirrel-shooting with.

A bird's-eye view from the citadel shows Quebec to be a triangle



THE CITADEL.

in situation, bounded by the St. Lawrence and St. Charles rivers on two sides and the Plains of Abraham on the third. But this triangle holds two distinct towns, the *Upper* and the *Lower*. The *Lower Town* is the business part; the *Upper Town*, or *Old Quebec*, is that situated on the bluff at the foot of the citadel. Formerly this portion was surrounded by a strong wall de-

signed to resist assault; and there were massive gates like those we read of in the Middle Ages. But the walls and most of the gates have been taken down. This part of Quebec stands some three hundred feet above the Lower Town, where are the wharves and warehouses. It is the mediæval aspect of this *Upper Town* which constitutes it such an attraction to travellers from the "States." We have nothing like it at home. Certainly a great deal has been said of its old walls and churches; but if we may trust Thoreau's taste, "too much can

never be said. The citadel is omnipresent. You travel ten, twenty, thirty miles up or down the river, you ramble fifteen miles among the hills on either side; and then, when you have fairly forgotten it, at a turn of the path, or of your body, there it stands in its towering geometry against the sky. No wonder Jaques Cartier's pilot exclaimed in Norman French, *Que bec* (What a beak)! when he saw this cape, as some suppose. Every traveller involuntarily uses a similar expression.

"The view from Cape Diamond has been compared by European travellers with the most remarkable views of a similar kind in Europe, such as from Edinburgh Castle, Gibraltar, Cintra and others, and preferred by many. A main peculiarity in this, compared with other views which I have beheld, is that it is from the ramparts of a fortified city, and not from a solitary and majestic river cape alone, that this view is obtained.

"I still remember the harbor far beneath me, sparkling like silver in the sun, the answering headlands of Point Levi on the south-east, the frowning Cape Tourmente abruptly bounding the seaward view far in the north-east, the villages of Lorette and Charlesbourg on the north, and farther west the distant Val Cartier, sparkling with white cottages, hardly removed by distance through the clear air, not to mention a few blue mountains along the horizon in that direction. You look out from the ramparts of the citadel beyond the frontiers of civilization. Yonder small group of hills, according to the guide-book, forms the portal of the wilds which are trodden only by the feet of the Indian hunters as far as Hudson's Bay. . . .

"Such structures as these walls and gates carry us back to the Middle Ages, the siege of Jerusalem, and St. Jean d'Acre, and the days of the Buccaneers. In the armory of the Citadel they showed me a clumsy implement, long since useless, which they called a Lombard gun. I thought that their whole Citadel was such a Lombard gun, fit object for the museums of the curious.

"Silliman states that the cold is so intense in the winter nights, particularly on Cape Diamond, that the sentinels cannot stand it more than an hour, and are relieved at the expiration of that time; and even as it is said, at much shorter intervals, in the case of the most severe cold. I shall never again wake up in a colder night than usual, but I shall think how rapidly the sentinels are relieving one another on the walls of Quebec, their quicksilver being all frozen, as if apprehensive that some hostile Wolfe may even then be scaling the Heights of Abraham, or some persevering Arnold about to issue from the wilderness; some Malay or Japanese, perchance, coming round by the north-west coast, have chosen that moment to assault the Citadel. Why, I should as soon expect to see the sentinels still relieving one another on the walls of Nineveh, which have so long been buried to the world. What a troublesome thing a wall is! I thought it was to defend me, and not I it. Of course, if they had no walls they would not need to have any sentinels."

While promenading on the breezy Esplanade an hour later, whom should we come plump on but "Robin Goodfellow," of the Harvard party we had met at Mud Pond Carry.

"How are ye, old boy!" shouted Moses O., who was the first to espy him. "Where are the ladies?"

"All here!" responded R. G.

"Then you stuck by them?"

"Of course."

"And got them through all right?"

"To be sure."

"Good for you. Where are they?"

"They've taken rooms for a week on St. Genevieve Street. We fellows are stopping at the hotel."

"Is all serene?" Rike asked.

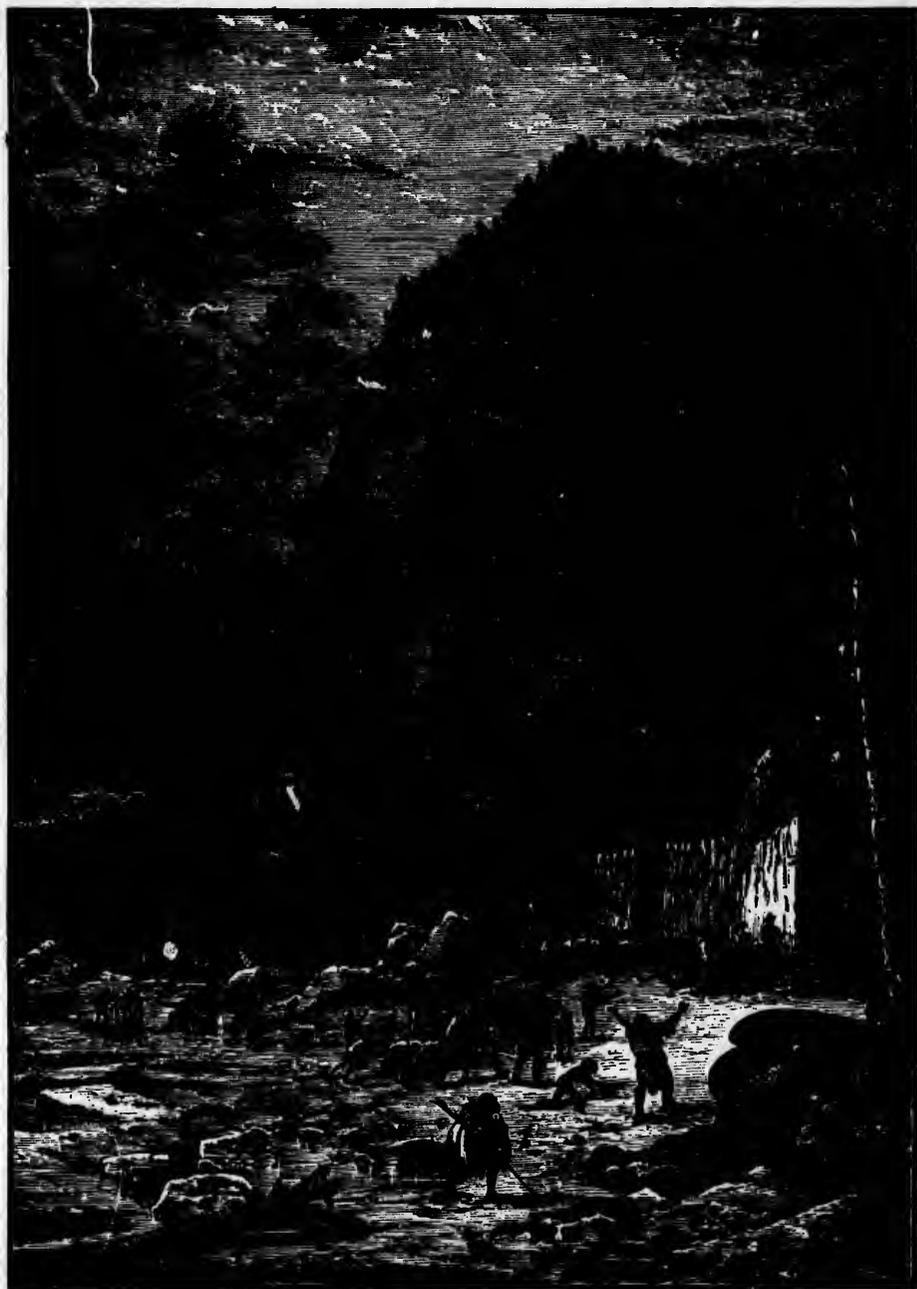
"Serene as an Italian sunset," said Robin. "We're going to *do* Quebec in company; Montmorenci Falls to-morrow forenoon."

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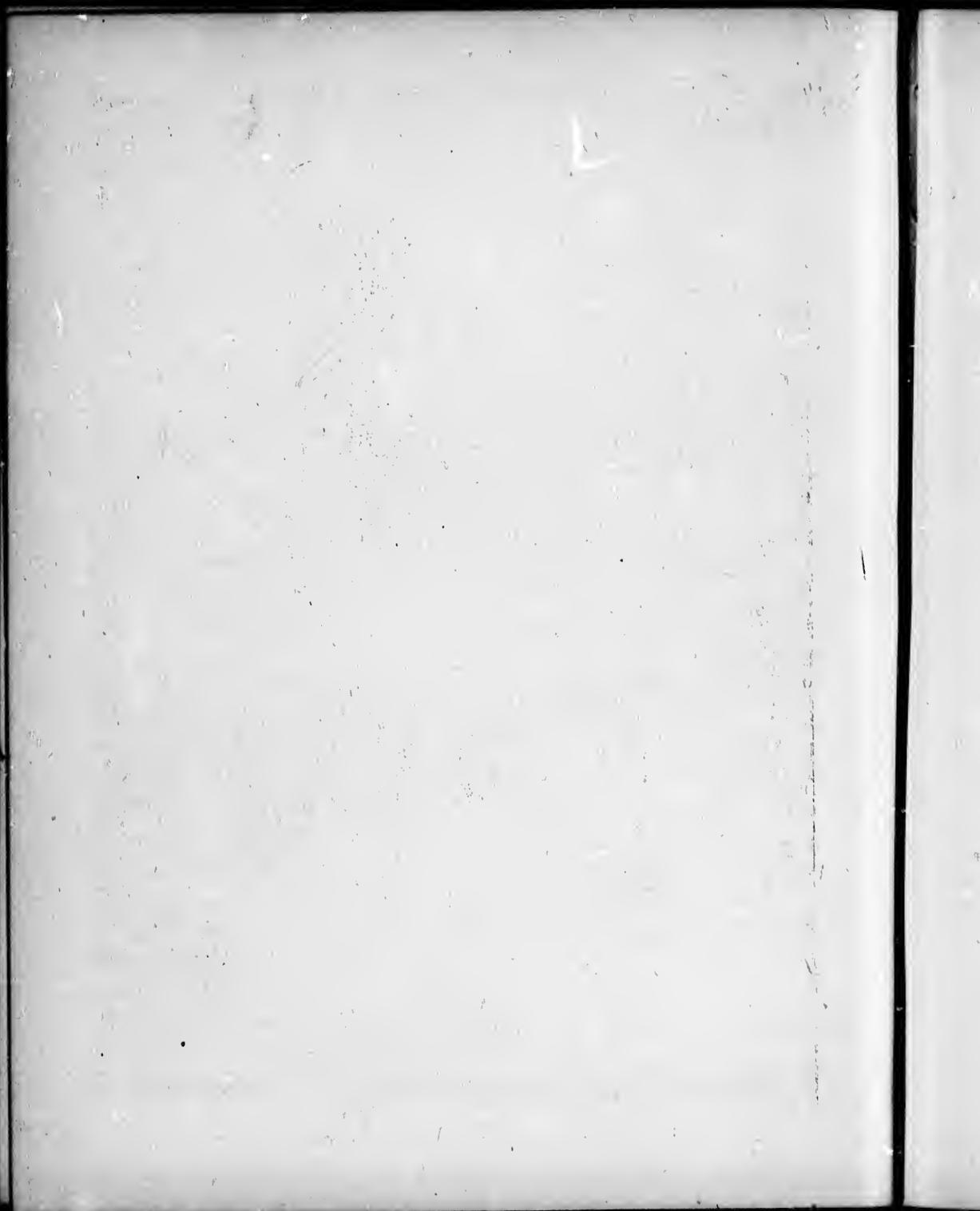
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FAMISHED INDIANS SEEKING FOOD AT QUEBEC IN 1668.



"I say, 'Robin,'" quoth Harold, in his most insinuating tones, "*we* are doing Quebec too. Can't we 'jine' in? *We'll be good.*"

Robin very kindly undertook to plead our case with the others, and he did it so successfully, that some two hours later we received a most cordial call from "Wert" and "Mellen," and the thing was so arranged as to include us in the ride to Montmorenci. Next morning we had the pleasure of meeting the ladies, who looked finely after their wilderness tour.

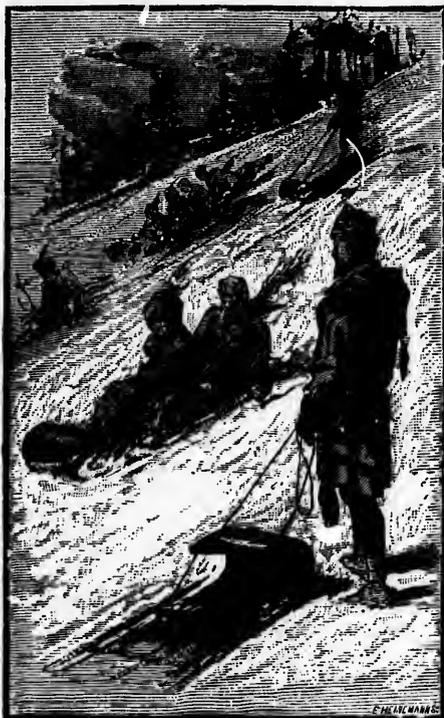
In the morning we went up in front of Hotel St. Louis, to hire carriages and drivers for the trip out to Montmorenci.

Instantly on making our appearance, we were the centre of a crowd of hack and calash men. There was no difficulty in hiring; the trouble was to keep from hiring the whole of them. There is an amazing number of these drivers who apparently live out of carrying "Yankees" and others to the various points of interest about Quebec. Our experience was no doubt much like others of our fellow countrymen who visit this old town. Mr. Howells thus describes one of these scenes:—

"A red-coated soldier or two passed through the square; three or four neat little French policemen lounged about in blue uniforms and flaring havelocks; some walnut-faced, blue-eyed old citizens and peasants sat upon the thresholds of the row of old houses, and gazed dreamily through the smoke of their pipes at the slight stir and glitter of shopping about the fine stores of the Rue Fabrique. An air of serene disoccupation pervaded the place, with which the drivers of the long rows of calashes and carriages in front of the cathedral did not discord. Whenever a stray American wandered into the square, there was a wild flight of these drivers towards him, and his person was lost to sight amidst their pantomime. They did not try to underbid each other, and they were perfectly good-humored. As soon as he had made his choice, the rejected multitude returned to their places on the curb-stone, pursuing the successful aspirant with

inscrutable jokes as he drove off, while the horses went on munching the contents of their leathern head-bags, and tossing them into the air to shake down the lurking grains of corn."

Our own experience was that they *did underbid* each other most atrociously, on the sly. At length, we selected three double-seated



COASTING ON TOBOGGINS.

carriages, at seven dollars each, and gathering up our party set off at a rattling pace adown the streets of the Lower Town, across the St. Charles and round by the north shore to the cataract. There were three toll-gates on the route; and as we had made no previous bargain with our drivers, as is customary (not knowing of the gates), we had the toll to pay. The way lies through *Beauport*, and past the celebrated *Beauport Asylum* for the insane. Our drivers were constantly pointing out objects of supposed interest, among others the house where Montcalm, the French general, who commanded at Quebec and fell in the famous battle with Wolfe, once resided.

A drive of an hour took us to the river Montmorenci, which we crossed, and, leaving our teams and drivers at a little hotel, wended our way by a pleasant path along the left bank to the long flights of stairs which wind down to the foot of the Falls.

A detailed description of this famous cataract would appear but

trite, perhaps; for is it not all down in a score of guide-books? and did not even our primary geographies tell us that it is two hundred and seventy feet high, and one of the most beautiful in the world?

In winter, when the ice-cone forms, the view is said to be even more striking. Then, too, there is merry coasting down the cone on toboggins.

The French inhabitants here call Montmorenci *La Vache* (the cow), on account of the resemblance of its white foaming waters to milk, seen against the black walls of the precipice. Others say that the name comes from the noise of the Falls, which, when the wind is favorable, can sometimes be heard in Quebec, like the distant lowing of a cow.

Next day we rode, still in jolly partnership, out to the Plains of Abraham, where, as every school-boy knows, was fought the last decisive action between the English and French for the possession of this fair city and Canada.

A simple white marble shaft, erected by his brother officers of the British army, marks the spot where Wolfe fell.

HERE DIED
WOLFE
VICTORIOUS
Sept. 17th
1759.

Nothing could be more appropriate for a gallant soldier's grave. No fulsome compliments are inscribed. British Canada is his monument.

In the afternoon we rode through the Lower Town, round by the narrow street, beneath the precipice on which the citadel stands, to the spot where our own equally gallant Montgomery fell, in the forlorn attack on this towering Gibraltar.

History has hardly given this bold expedition full credit. How

very near Montgomery and Arnold came to capturing Quebec that bleak winter morning, the following facts will testify: —

“In the midst of a heavy snow-storm Arnold advanced through the Lower Town from his quarters near the St. Charles River, and led his eight hundred New Englanders and Virginians over two or three barricades. The Montreal Bank and several other massive stone houses were filled with British regulars, who guarded the approaches with such deadly fire that Arnold’s men were forced to take refuge in the adjoining houses, while Arnold himself was badly wounded and carried to the rear. Meanwhile, Montgomery was leading his New Yorkers and Continentals north, along Champlain Street by the river side. The intention was for the two attacking columns, after driving the enemy from the Lower Town, to unite before the Prescott Gate and carry it by storm. A strong barricade was stretched across Champlain Street from the cliff to the river; but when its guards saw the great masses of the attacking column advancing through the twilight, they fled. In all probability, Montgomery would have crossed the barricade, delivered Arnold’s men by attacking the enemy in the rear, and then, with fifteen hundred men flushed with victory, would have escalated the Prescott Gate and won Quebec and Canada, but that one of the fleeing Canadians, impelled by a strange caprice, turned quickly back, and fired the cannon which stood loaded on the barricade. Montgomery and many of his officers and men were stricken down by the shot, and the column broke up in panic, and fled. The British forces were now concentrated on Arnold’s men, who were hemmed in by a sortie from the Palace Gate, and four hundred and twenty-six officers and men were made prisoners. A painted board has been hung high up on the cliff over the place in Champlain Street where Montgomery fell. Montgomery was an officer in Wolfe’s army when Quebec was taken from the French fifteen years before, and knew the ground. His mistake was in heading the forlorn hope. Quebec was the capital of Canada from 1760 to 1791, and after that

it served as a semi-capital, until the founding of Ottawa City. In 1845, two thousand nine hundred houses were burnt, and the place was nearly destroyed, but soon revived with the aid of the great lumber trade, which is still its specialty."

On the day following we crossed over to Point Levis, by ferry, and rode nine miles by carriage, to the Chaudière Falls, three or four miles above the mouth of the river of this name, which here enters the St. Lawrence.

The Chaudière is a river as large, to look at, as the Connecticut at Springfield, Mass.; and it here falls over a sheer precipice, a hundred and twenty feet in height. From the right bank and from several points below (to which we descended not without difficulty and some risk) there are exceptionally fine views; and we can but regret that our artist-comrade, Karzy, was so busy making himself agreeable to the "wood-sprites," to one of them at least, that he utterly forgot "art," and brought away, as he confesses, but very confused memories of this really grand cataract.

Of course we do not mean to intimate that it is not a young gentleman's business to make himself agreeable to young ladies. By no means: we hold it to be his very proper business, always, everywhere and under all circumstances, almost all. But it was unfortunate; for a cut of this fall would have been a fine accompaniment to our narrative. Its absence from our pages is all on account of the "wood-sprites."

The carriage-road leads down to within a half or three-fourths of a mile of the cataract. Thence the walk in the glowing autumn weather is a delightful one. I say autumn weather; for already the maples had begun to show red and golden tints. There had been frost, the drivers told us; the pasture furze displayed patches of crimson along the roadsides. Great loads of grain were everywhere moving to the barns.

At one farm we saw a novel piece of machinery, nothing less than

a threshing-machine for grain, of which the motive power was furnished by a windmill. The machine was made entirely of wood, even to the teeth of the beater. Moses O. was much interested in it. "They have nothing in my section of country (Indiana) like that," he remarked. "Would n't a Western farmer smile to see himself threshing wheat with a *wooden cylinder!*"

There is no hotel at the Chaudière Falls. Climbing about the precipice developed a most avid sense of hunger. We felt famished, and had no doubt the ladies were equally sufferers. A rather pretty farmhouse stands hard by where the horses were left. Harold knocked at the door. It was opened by a stout, but pleasant-faced *Canadienne*. To her our comrade addressed himself most politely and persuasively.

But she *no comprend Anglais*.

Determined not to be foiled, our captain had recourse after some hard knitting of his brows, to his *college* French : —

"*Avez vous le pain?*" he pronounced.

"*Oui,*" replied the woman after a puzzled and rather amused contemplation of our friend.

"*Et la lait?*" Harold went on.

"*Oui, oui, Monsieur,*" said she quickly, beginning to at least guess what was wanted.

"*Et le beurre?*" continued our comrade.

"*Oui, oui, oui!*"

"*Très bien,*" responded Harold. But there he hung. How to say that we wanted some, puzzled him somewhat. At length, he made a grand comprehensive gesture, embracing the whole party, which stood delightedly looking on at a little distance, and cried: "*Vous avons faim!*"

That did the business; the woman kindly invited us to enter her house, and ushered us into a little sitting-room, where the breeze, through two opposite open windows, was blowing out the white cloth

curtains. There were willow-woven chairs and a table; and she brought in another table and spread them both with white cloths.

Three pans of milk, with bowls and cups, were set on. Then came *le pain*, two warm loaves and two cold loaves, then the *beurre*, plenty of it.

Hunger is a famous sauce. The ladies expressed themselves delighted with the fare; and they certainly did ample justice to it. So did we all.

As remuneration, we left each an American half dollar; and the woman seemed quite astonished at the heap of silver it made. With true native French politeness, she gave us a pretty little "*Bon jour, Messieurs; bon jour, Mesdemoiselles,*" as we rode off. On the whole it was a repast to be gratefully remembered.

That night our lately met friends favored us with some amusing incidents and experiences of their trips down the Alleguash and St. John rivers through French Acadian Madawaska. They had taken the same route which we had traversed in advance of them; but they had travelled more leisurely than we, and had lots of sport. Trout they had caught by the *gross*, and had *seen* two bears. But the most dangerous game which they had fallen in with was a Madawaska *hog!* Wert told the story, amidst much laughter, as follows:—

THE PRIEST'S HOG.

We came out of the Alleguash into the main St. John a little before noon, and passed the junction with the St. Frances, a considerable river which makes in from the north, shortly after four o'clock in the afternoon.

Two miles below we camped for the night on one of those beautiful little islands in the river which form so fine a feature of the scenery on the upper course of the St. John. There is here a little French hamlet on the north bank, and a number of houses along the south or Maine shore.

As we landed from our canoes at the upper end of the island, we heard several shouts from the French side, which sounded like "*Gardez vous de porc! Prenez garde a le cooshong!*"

But the cries were indistinct, and in such odd French, that we did not understand their purport, but supposed it to be badinage with which the village "bambins" not unfrequently saluted us *en route*.

The island was, perhaps, three acres in extent, and partly covered by willows, above which rose a few graceful, drooping plumes of the river elms. It was a lovely September evening. The sun, setting far up the shining stream, burnished the wooded hills, which, at a distance of two or three miles, walled in the river valley on each side.

The woods were clothed in all their gorgeous autumn beauty; the golden yellow of bass and elm, the vivid reds of maples, and the dusky purple of ash; for frost had been here already. Even the hazel and willow banks were "fall'n into the sere, the yellow leaf."

The tents were landed and pitched. From the plentiful ricks of dry drift-wood, brought down by the spring floods, we built grand camp-fires, about which our guides were soon busy getting supper. The ladies of the party walked to and fro along the sandy shore, glad of the exercise after their confinement of many hours in a canoe.

Our position here was wonderfully picturesque. The mellow autumn light, the chatter of French talk over at the hamlet, the "peerogs" (pirogues), which now and then shot across the river, paddled by brown-robed women and girls, in red and green skirts, wearing straw hats, all combining to form an aspect of peasant life such as, had we not seen it, we could not have believed to exist in America.

It was like rural France; though never in France, and only in northern New England and Canada do early frosts, followed by days of hot sun, give to foliage those glorious hues, which make a tour during September like a visit to some gorgeous gallery of Titian's masterpieces.

We were at supper. The ruddy light on the forests was fading out, and dusk was bringing out the glow of the camp-fires, when Musidora suddenly said,—

"Listen! Is not that a pig?"

Surely from within the bushes, and not far off, could be heard a gruff reh-treh-reh! rah-rah-rah! in true porcine accent, very deep and hoarse, too.

"Pig!" exclaimed Mellen, "I should call that an *old hog!*"

"I declare," muttered uncle Jethro, "who'd a thought o' thar bein' hargs here!" And the old man charged into the bushes, shouting "Whch thar! whch! whch!"

Instantly we heard a deep angry bark, and then uncle Jethro vociferating,—

"Show fight, will ye? Take that! I'll larn ye!"

But the next moment he came leaping out of the brush, with a great, gaunt, black and white hog foaming at his heels, and barking like a wild boar!

The ladies screamed "Mercy on us!" We all jumped up from the table, and scattered right and left, in our stampede to escape that terrible pig.

"Shoot 'im! shoot 'im!" shouted uncle Jethro.

But we were too intent on getting out of the way to shoot; besides, the guns were in our tents, and the cartridges withdrawn from them.

Louis attacked the beast with one of the setting-poles, but it made at him so savagely, that even our faithful Penobscot had to fall back.

The reader may, perhaps, smile, yet this was a really fearful brute, long and gaunt and tall. It looked more like a wolf than a hog, and it had terrible great white tusks, which it struck together when it barked, with a clash that could be distinctly heard.

When it charged at Louis the long bristles rose on its fore-shoulders and along its back in a most menacing fashion. Indeed, I quite believe the creature would have hurt some of us — it looked capable of doing mischief — had not its attention been drawn to our supper, the appetizing odor of which was diffused about.

Very likely this was what had attracted the animal. It stopped in full career after Louis, and shuffling about amid our outspread crockery and provisions, began to put in practice the historic motto that "to the victor belong the spoils."

Graham pudding, buttered toast, and our recently purchased pail of new milk, seemed to suit its taste.

Meantime we, the defeated party, rallied. We could hear from the French shore, a great outcry and unlimited laughter, with shouts of "*Trappe! Trappe! Guerre! Guerre! Battez vous ferme, Americains! Defends poorc!*"

Miss Louise and "Mab" were in one of the canoes ready to push off. Miss S. was hiding in a willow clump, and Musidora was trembling behind the ladies' tent.

Our fellow-voyager, Mellen, had crept up in the rear of our tent, secured one of the breech-loading fowling-pieces, and was preparing to shoot.

"But you must not shoot it!" Louis called out to him. "It's somebody's pig!"

"Somebody's wildcat!" muttered our friend, and let a charge of light duck fly at the beast. Such a squeal.

The creature dived at its tormentor round our tent, but tripped itself up on the guy ropes, and in the scuffle brought the tent flat, squealing all the time as if freshly "stuck."

Then it whirled round fifty times, more or less, and struck off at right angles towards where Miss S. was hiding in the willows.

A scream of terror came from the lady.

But here Robin appeared with his revolver, firing two or three shots, one of which must have hit the animal. With a fresh squeal it tacked and ran off into the bushes, where we could hear it uttering the most ear-piercing cries, and making both shores resound to its notes of pain.

"Let's get out of this!" exclaimed Mellen, disgusted. "What a beastly contretemps."

"This is Hog Island, indeed," Louis observed.

The creature had made sad work with our commissariat. Our tablecloth was irremediably defiled. We gathered up what victuals remained intact, then struck our tents, and, re-embarking, paddled down to the second islet below.

Here, after a careful reconnoissance, we landed and set up our injured *Lares* and *Penates* for the night. But we could still hear "that beastly hog" bewailing those shot holes. In fact, his subdued squeals were about the last sounds I recollect hearing that night.

Next morning Uncle Jethro and Mellen went across to the French hamlet to inquire what sort of hogs they kept thereabouts, and also to ascertain the public sentiment relative to the affair.

They learned that it was one of the priest's hogs. The animal had been the terror of the village, till the people turned out *en masse*, and with dogs and missiles drove the brute across the arm of the river to the island where we encountered him. They had shouted to warn us.

As we wished to leave a favorable impression, Mellen went in search of the priest, so as to settle up the matter; for we supposed we had killed the animal. The good man was found walking near the church in his black gown. Mellen and his "riverence" had some difficulty in understanding each other; but Mellen thought that he quite disclaimed damages, and even apologized profusely and kindly for the fright the ladies had suffered.

As they came back to us, however, they espied the porker on his island, "lively as ever," Uncle Jethro said. So we were able to go on, relieved of the burden of having slaughtered the priest's hog.

Next day being Sunday, we attended church, but exhibited our tolerant and cosmopolitan traits by going to the Anglican service in the morning, the Catholic in the afternoon, and the Presbyterian in the evening. In the matter of churches a right American must have no prejudices, all are good enough, if they live peaceably together. We cannot have any "unpleasantness," nor any division, long or short, of the public school money.

The three following days — Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday — were occupied in excursions to the Indian village of Jeune Lovett, to Lac St. Charles, and to Cape Rouge.

Need I say that those were delightful days? Ah, fair Quebec! — but hold, this is not *our* romance, but that of our Harvard friends. Kindly taken into their charming partnership for a few brief hours, it would be ungrateful, indeed, in us to *give it away*.

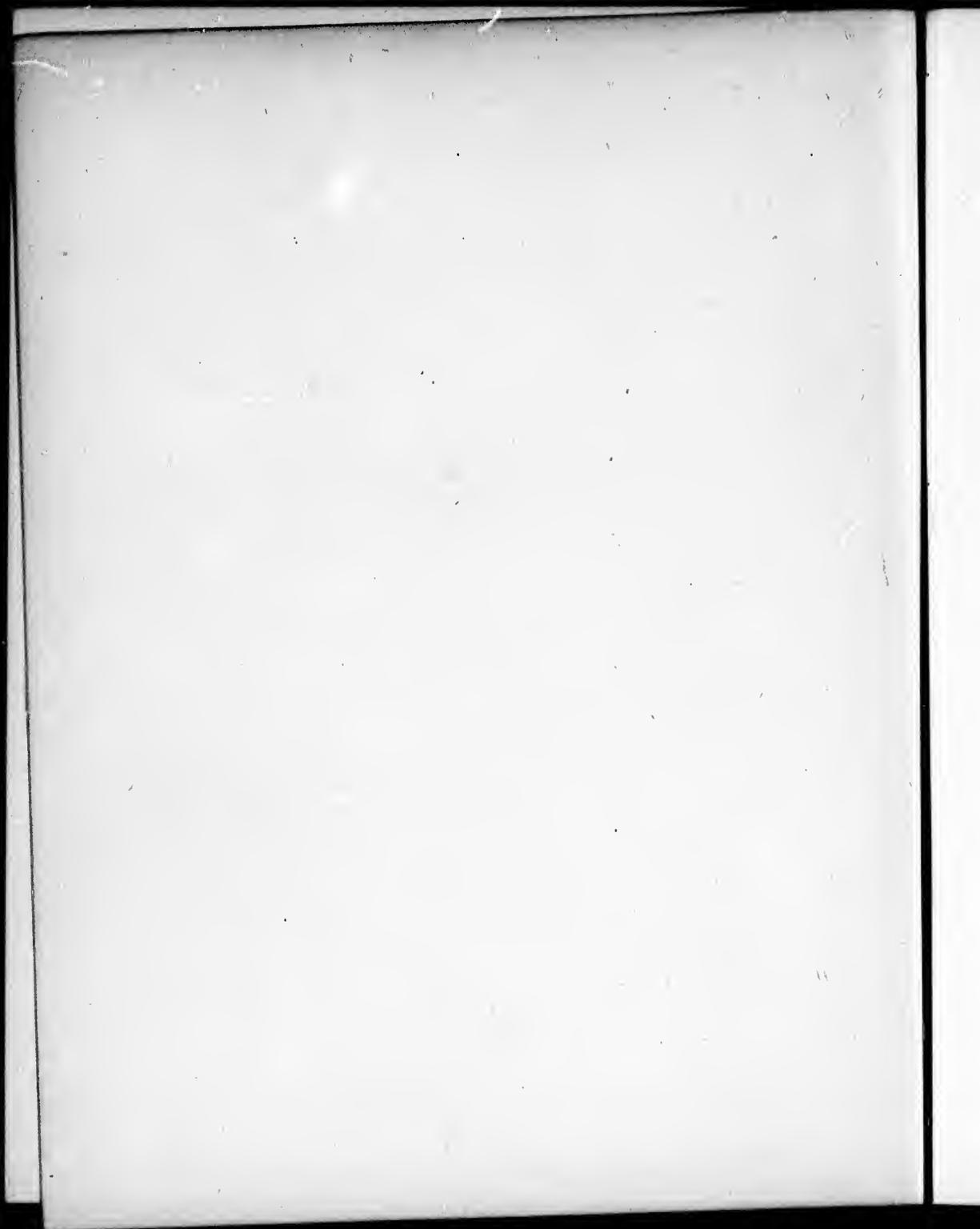
Ask "Robin."

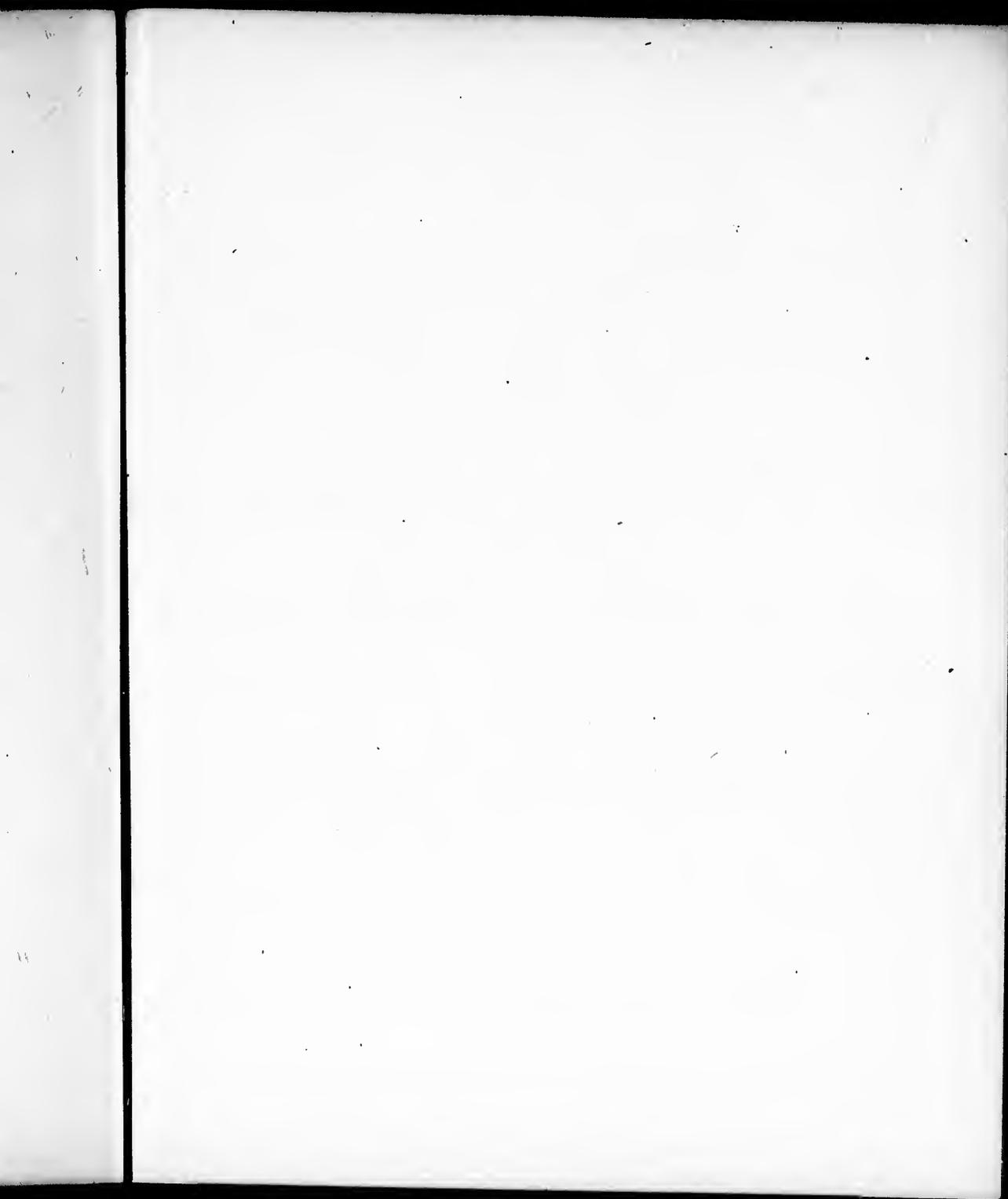
Ask "Wert."

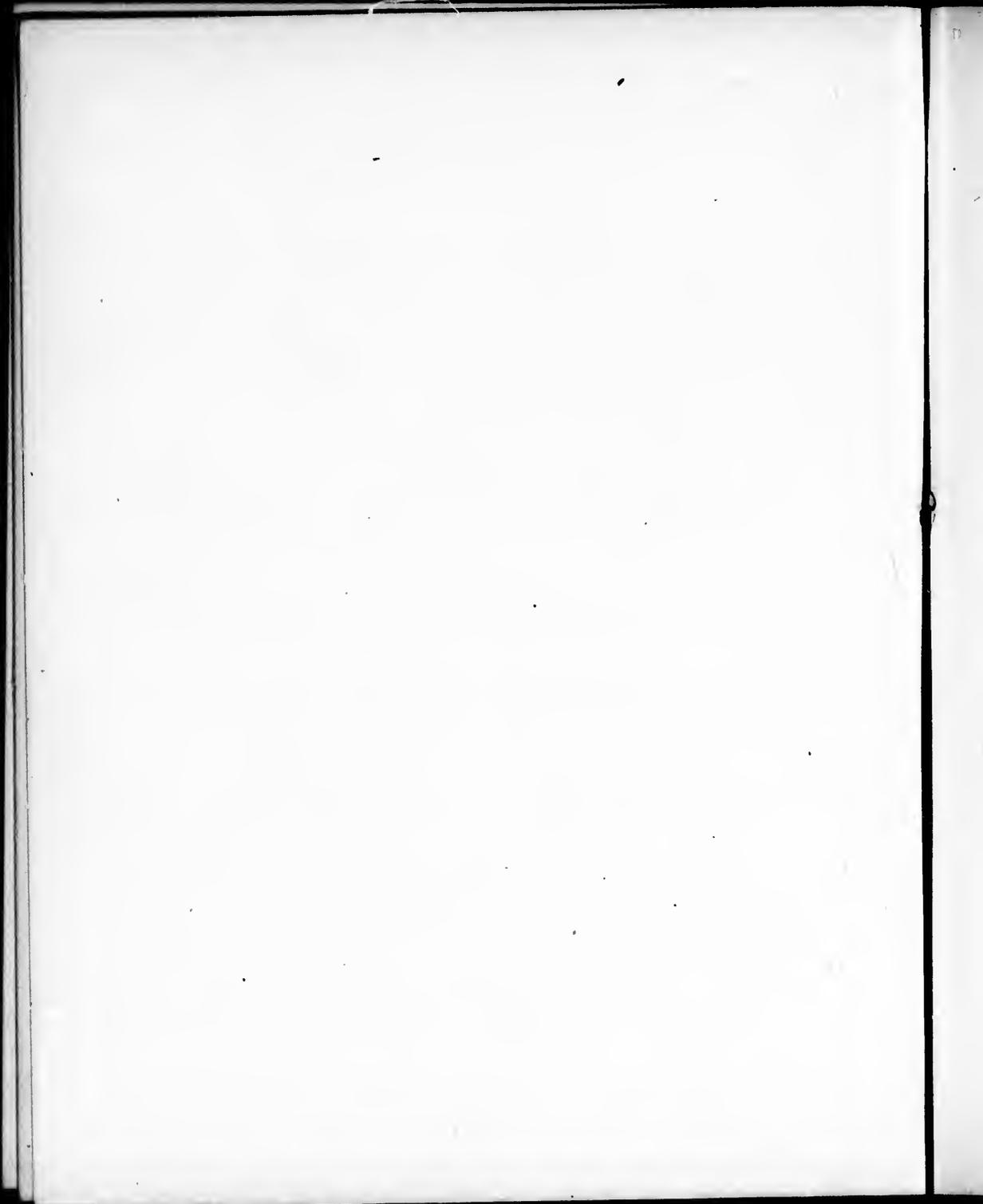
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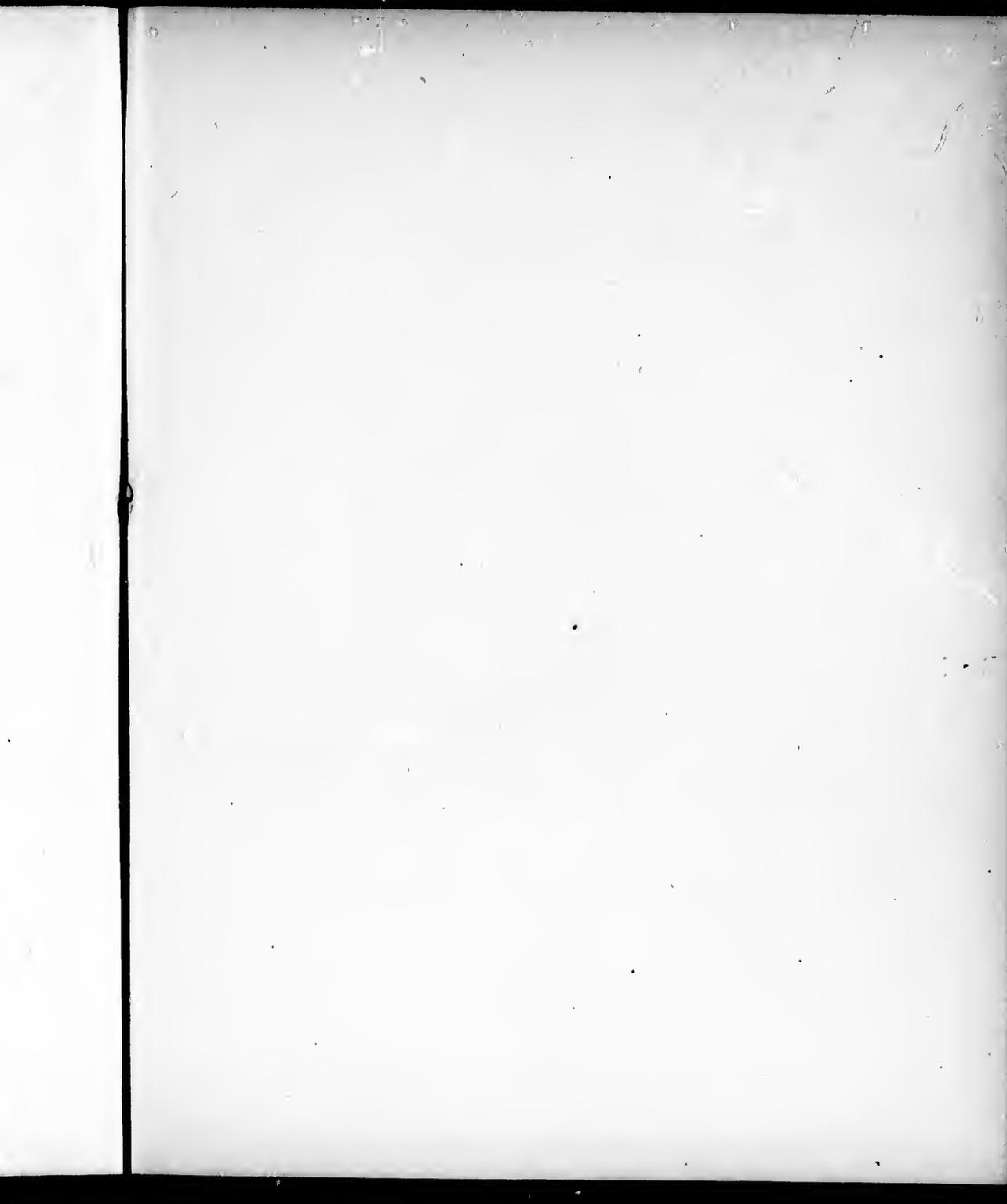
They know.

Home by rail Thursday.











Lake
St. John.



"Habitat fishing"



St. Lawrence
River.



St. Lawrence.

