

MOOSEHEAD LAKE.

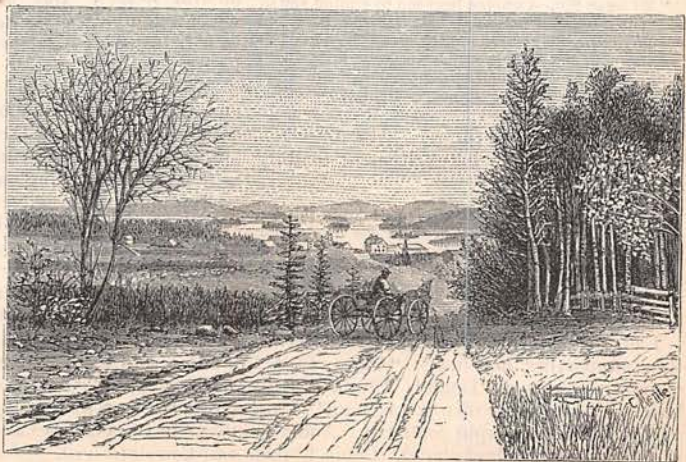


MOOSEHEAD LAKE lies in the heart of Maine, and in the depths of its wilderness. It is thirty-six miles from Dexter, the terminus of the branch railroad which connects with the Maine Central, and is reached by excellent stages through a country which rolls up wild mountains as you proceed. The first glimpse of the lake at the end of a weary day is a point of great interest. If the day is bright and the sunset clear, the view is very fine. Squaw Mountain stands up like a wall of defense upon the west; the clear bright blue above contrasts finely with darker blue below; the lake is gemmed with numerous small wooded islands, while mountains shut in the view to the front and right and left, and the pioneer village of Greenville—a hundred and twenty-five houses, with hotels, stores, post-office, and meeting-house—lies at

your feet, the limit of civilization in Northwestern Maine. Beyond this point there are not more than a dozen houses on the lake; nothing between you and the St. Lawrence but “the howling wilderness.”

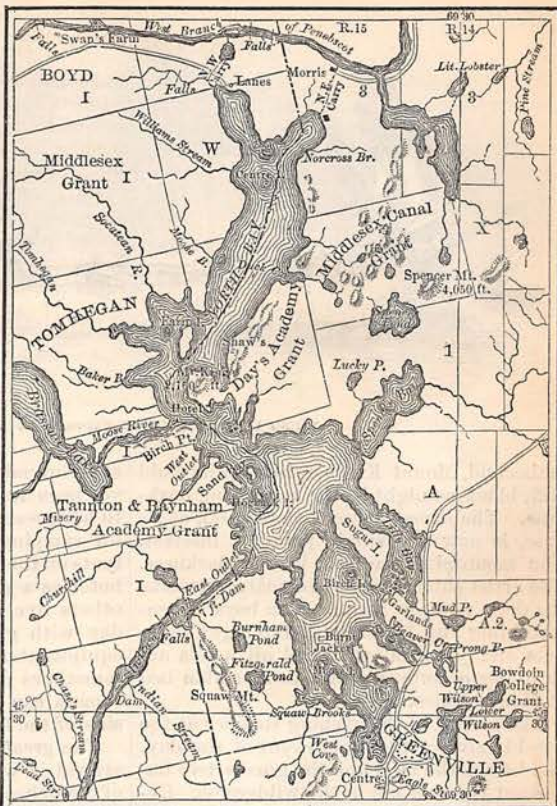
It is a decidedly fresh sensation to be thus speedily, like Nebuchadnezzar, “turned out to feed.” You can satisfy the demands of hunger with the excellent mutton, the fresh broiled trout, the good bread, to be found at any of the hotels—plain but honest fare; you can have a comfortable bed to sleep in—any thing from spruce boughs to feathers; but the entertainment of the inner man can no longer be gained from the newspaper, the club, the evening gossip. You have the lake, the woods, the mountains, the fresh air, and you can do what you please. All these thoughts rush in upon you as the stage lands you at the Eveleth House, its fat landlord the unmistakable sign of generous hospitality, and you stretch your limbs and walk about. Should you go to the other side of the little hamlet, and shake off the dust at the Lake House, you will remark, as you enter the office, the huge fire-place, which belongs to the backwoods inn by right, and the convenient arrangements for story-telling and loafing, without which the tavern would not be complete. These country hotels have a flavor of their own; and in spring-time, when the river men are discharged from the drive, the bar-rooms furnish pictures of humanity at its roughest and worst.

The *Lady of the Lake*, with steam up, is waiting at the wharf for the passengers to Mount Kineo, twenty miles distant; and the trip up the lake in the shadows of the evening is a delightful contrast to the toilsome stage journey. Moosehead Lake is



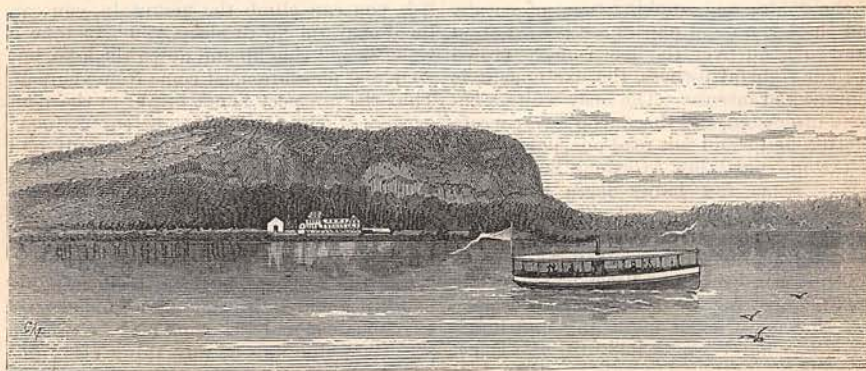
FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE LAKE.

forty miles long, and twenty miles broad from Spencer Bay to the outlet of the Kennebec River. Its usual width is from five to ten miles. It is hemmed in by mountains on every side, wooded to the summit, with an occasional crag or scur cropping out of the abundant foliage. The little steamer knows well her course among the numerous islands which sparkle and glow in the sunlight. A magnificent panorama of mountain scenery unfolds itself as you proceed. Squaw Mountain looms up grandly to the westward, while far in the north one of the Spencer Twins, next to Katahdin in height, displays its blue peak. Macfarlane Farm, the only gentleman's residence at the lake, gleams out of the forest to the right, and Burnt Jacket lifts up his sugar-loaf head just beyond. The Lily Bay range reaches out into the dim distance still further to the right, subdued into lovely outlines in the waning light, while Mount Kineo, the guardian of the lake, lies concealed behind the wooded islands in front. The steamer pushes on between Deer and Sugar islands at twelve miles an hour. The deck is covered with passengers, many of whom see this wilderness for the first time; and the ladies, as is their privilege, grow enthusiastic over the scene. Now the lake opens out into a sea, and you have reached its widest part. Away forty miles to the east the seamed and hoary side of Katahdin comes in sight, unlike any thing else in the range of the eye. The Spencer Twins are

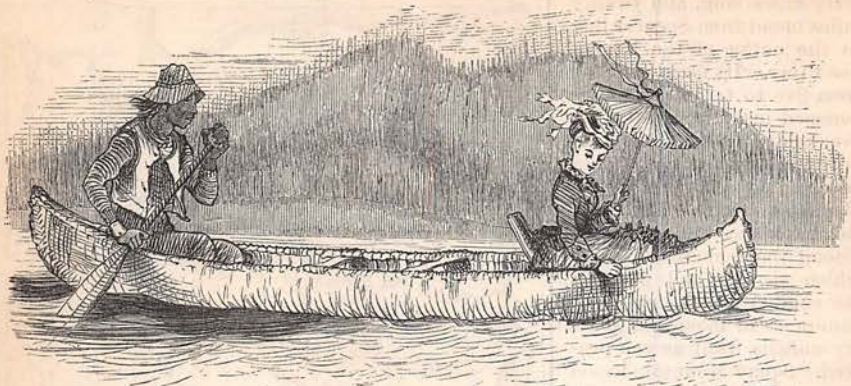


MAP OF MOOSEHEAD LAKE.

plainly visible to the east, fifteen miles distant. The shadows of night are now increasing and thickening. Behind us the mountains and islands have shut in the lake, and before us the forest comes down to the water's edge, as if to resist our advance. Islands separate, however, and the seemingly near shores recede as we proceed; and finally, behind an island which appeared to be a part of the



Kineo House. MOUNT KINEO.



YOUNG LADY IN A CANOE, PADDLED BY A GUIDE.

main-land, Mount Kineo raises up its bold cliff, black as night in the increasing darkness. The Kineo House, a mere speck at its base, is now the single point of interest. The mountains are lost in the darkness. The artist shivers in his overcoat, and walks the deck to keep warm. The boys are entertaining the ladies with their gay manners and youthful wit; and all hands are thinking of supper and a comfortable bed at Mount Kineo.

The arrival of the evening steamer at the hotel is always the great event of the day. She brings the mail and the guests, two important items of life in the wilderness. Every one turns out to greet her, the guests, the guides, the sportsmen; and even Raspberry the porter and his friend the donkey (both responsible for the baggage) manifest delight. The great interest centres in the distribution of the mail, and when the house has its complement of one hundred and fifty guests, each eager for a letter or paper to connect himself with the outside world—when ladies in their silks, and sportsmen in their red shirts, and the guides in their rough rig, all crowd into the bar-room, or, more properly, office, the usual loafing-place of the guides and smoking-room of guests, and the letters and papers are passed from hand to hand over the heads of the crowd to their rightful owners, the excitement is genuine and intense. The busy waiters become interested, and those who never wrote a letter, and could not read one, participate in the universal joy. Curious is the luggage. Some few ladies have the great trunks, as if dresses could show off to advantage in canoes and sail-boats and in climbing Mount Kineo; but most persons of either sex bring but little baggage, one suit for roughing it and another for society and the many needs of fishing and hunting. The hotel has to take all who come. There is no choice. The only rival is a log-cabin six miles distant, and the gentlemanly

superintendent at Mount Kineo has never yet been known to refuse food and shelter to his guests. Many parties come prepared for camping out at once, and pitch their tents on the night of their arrival, using the hotel as a post-office and base of supplies; others live at the house, and go out each day with guides, who furnish canoes and equipments. Old *habitués* of Moosehead sometimes dispense with guides, but newcomers can see but little of the enjoyable side of the lake without them.

The great question on the morning after arrival is what to do. People have heard of Moosehead as a watering-place, and have come in order to be able to say that they have exhausted the pleasures of the lake. They don't fish or shoot; they can play billiards any where, and they pace up and down the piazzas after breakfast, anxiously studying the possibilities of enjoyment. The attempts of the average American at personal pleasure have often been dwelt upon. He makes hard work of it, and returns to his routine intensely satisfied with what God has given him. Here the variety is limited. There is no stable. You can walk, you can run, you can row, you can fish, you can climb the mountain, you can lie down and go to sleep, you can take a steamer and ride up and down the lake, but your real pleasure must come from yourself. Thus the prospect is not bright to the man or woman who has come to be entertained: you just have to take care of yourself, and make the best of it. At such a place women are like a flock of sheep—one does what the others do—and unattached women are in a miserable plight. The lone female is here lonely indeed. She can't fish, because it is not the respectable thing to do. Being paddled about in a canoe by a guide hasn't any romance, and the same may be said of mountain-climbing or any thing else; but when young men bring their sisters, husbands their wives, and papas their daugh-

ters, it is a different thing, and the parties which are made up for a day's excursion in canoes to different points on the lake are charming and delightful. Bright women are interesting any where; and when people are thrown so much upon their own resources for enjoyment as they are here, their presence in these rambles into the forest, or in the recounting of the day's adventures at the hotel in the evening, makes the hours pass merrily by.

The guests at Mount Kineo are generally agreeable and well-educated people, those whom it is a pleasure to know, and when you have staid long enough to get acquainted, nothing can be more entertaining than the social enjoyments which mingle with the out-door sports. Your fisherman may be silent all day while casting his fly, but not so when he has laid his day's sport triumphantly upon the piazza, the envy of unlucky fishermen, and eaten his supper. The walks in the twilight upon the piazzas, the groups of friends clustered here and there, the peals of laughter from the adjoining rooms, the universal stir and movement of the place, the free intercourse of the guides with the sportsmen, the admitted privilege of any body speaking to any body if he chooses to, the chattering at every available point, make a joyous life whose like can hardly elsewhere be found. It looked dismal at first to interest one's self in this lonely spot of the creation, with mountains and forests as your companions, but each day it is less so; the place grows upon you; the common feeling is, "It is unlike any place I've been in before;" you eat more and more heartily as the days go on, and grow healthier and jollier; and the great world goes on without you, and you



A FLY-FISHER.

don't care if it does. It is impossible to bring your cares up here into the wilderness. Old men find that they can be young again, and young men have the spice and fun of recreation without dissipation. And so it happens that the people who have the capacity of enjoying themselves in close intercourse with nature come to Moosehead again and again, and those who have to be entertained come but once. The company is choice and of the best. In fact, the persons who love the woods, who are patient to fish and hunt, who feel that they are in their element when they are out-of-doors, who take to the woods as ducks take to water, are generally delightful company. They have something in reserve to talk about; you can't read them through like a newspaper at a sitting; they come direct from the original stock of mankind. It would have been to build a fool's castle to erect a hotel



THE CAMPER-OUT.



NATURE AND ART IN FISHING.

in the centre of Moosehead Lake for any other class of people. Mr. Cheney, of Boston, the proprietor of Mount Kineo House, saw farther into the millstone than the backwoods Yankee when he anticipated the interest of artists and doctors and lawyers and ministers and hard-worked people generally in coming up here to breathe fresh air and catch fish and enjoy themselves. His foresight has already been well rewarded, and made him the recipient of thanks from a numerous and growing household.

There is a great difference in sportsmen. Your city-bred man comes with any number of flies, with patent rod, with all the latest improvements. He dresses in corduroy and flannel, twines his extra flies around his hat-band, and tucks his trowsers into his huge boot legs with the significant air of knowing what he is about. Quite another man is the genuine fisherman, whether from the city or living at the lake. He indulges in no superfluities, don't talk, goes straight for game. He has the best guides, the best canoes, the best fishing ground. Generous as he may be in all things else, he is always selfish in his fishing. He can not endure a rival. Most of the guides understand all that can be known about fishing. It is one of the strong points in their profession. They invest but little in novelties. They are not confined to the fly. A stick, a hook, a worm, make their equipment, and you can always count on their success. Many a minister, apostolic with his rod if not in his commission, and many a lawyer have the

same tact in catching trout. They know how to do it. They can no more impart the skill to others than you can make the divining-rod work in unfitting hands. The birch skiffs shoot out from the Kineo pier at 9 A.M. or earlier, often wives and daughters accompanying the fishermen, and go to the famous fishing pools, returning at night with the brilliantly spotted game, which is served for breakfast the next morning. The guides have wonderful skill in handling these birches in quick water and amidst heavy seas. They are Yankees, Indians, and half-breeds, intelligent, thoroughly wide awake and interesting in all that relates to backwoods

life, and capable of story-telling to any extent. The *Day-Dream* takes parties to all points on the lake for fishing or pleasure—to the Outlet, to Lily Bay, to the Socatean Stream, to the Northeast or Northwest Carry, to Spencer Stream, and to the North Bay, the east side of Kineo Cliff. A whale-boat with a steam-engine in it, a gem of a steamer, the factotum at Mount Kineo, it works night and day during the height of the season, and brings the distant nooks and points of interest within easy reach for the day's sport. Guides and fishermen rapidly assimilate in appearance as the days go on, till you can hardly tell the



"SOMETHING THAT DOES NOT RISE AT A 'FLY.'"

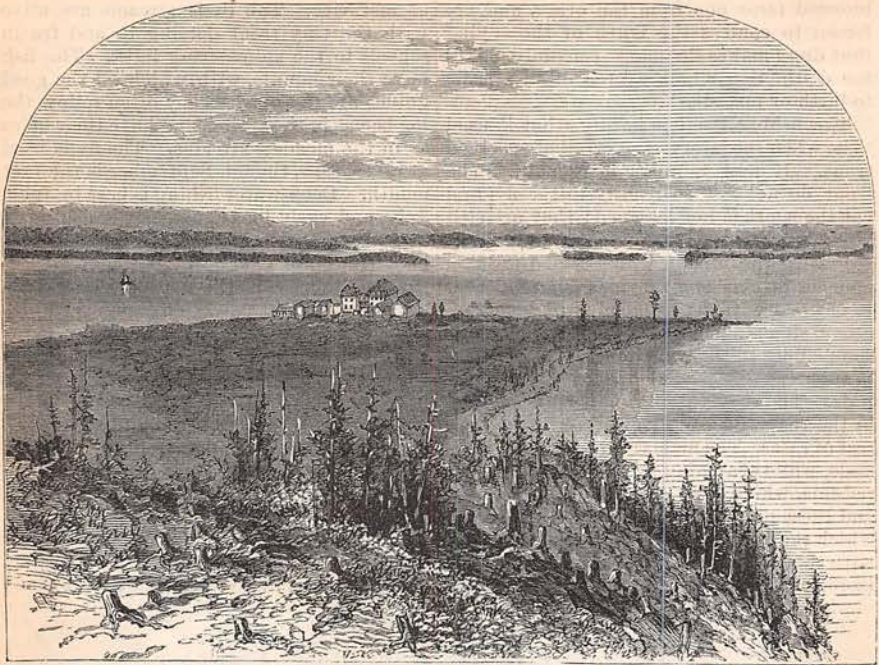
bronzed faces one from the other, and are forced to confess the truth of the saying that dress makes the man—certainly makes the distinction which we too often ascribe to birth or fortune.

The fishing itself is hardly what it used to be when the lake was overfull of speckled trout. It now requires more skill. The trout do not rise so readily to the fly, and yet the sport is not lessened; they are still abundant—if you can catch them. They spawn in the brooks which feed the lake. Spencer Stream is a famous spawning bed. It is filled with little mounds or heaps of gravel stones made by the trout, which carry the pebbles in their mouths, and place them in regular order over their spawn with their tails. The survival of the fittest is the law in the realm of fishes as well as in the contest of races. The male trout protects the female, while spawning, from the roaches and red-fins, which seek to destroy the spawn, and these mounds are the castles of defense which the trout erect for this purpose. Even with this protection, it is estimated that not more than one trout in one thousand arrives

at maturity. The little streams are alive with the tiny trout darting to and fro in schools in the shimmering light. The fish have their haunts, with which all the good guides are familiar. They often follow the log booms in the spring, and have their holes as in the meadow streams. The fly is used at all seasons, though September is the best month. Deep-water fishing is best in June, July, and early in August. Bait fishing is best from April to June. White-fish and lake trout are caught in large quantities through the ice in the winter. Buoy fishing is common all through the summer. Famous stories are told of the lakers or togue. The largest specimen yet taken weighed twenty-seven pounds. Our guide was positive that he had seen several uncaught which ought to weigh a hundred apiece. These lakers are the monsters of the deep, and prefer to live on their own race—cannibals in fact and cannibals in appearance. The speckled trout are the best to eat, and the most gamy to catch. We went to one of these trout holes for a day's good fishing. The fun began almost before we were ready



INSPECTION OF A DAY'S FISHING.



VIEW FROM MOUNT KINEO.

for it. We had drifted our boat over the hole, a dozen yards from a ledge of rock, and were putting our lines in order, when we found that the bait in a luckless moment had been thrown overboard, and we had nothing to supply its place but salt pork. We baited our hooks with this, and I sank my line to try the depth, when, lo! I discovered that we were in a school of trout, and pulling up my line, which was evidently troubled at the other end, I drew in a monster speckled trout weighing five pounds. It was something like inspiration to see him darting up through clear water, and to swing him, not with the calmest feeling, into the boat. Didn't the lines go down then in a hurry! We fished in earnest. Presently the youngster in the bow drew in a bright shining companion, and laid him down beside the champion. Then came another, then another—a pause—then, quick as a flash, another; and so we went on baiting the hook and pulling in the fish, not minding a shower which came up and drifted our boat with the strong tide in upon the rocks, but pushing out again and taking in the boundless enjoyment of a day's good fishing. That night we broiled trout on spits, perforated with bits of pork to season the meat, and sat upon the logs on shore, a piece of hard-tack in one hand and a piece of trout in the other, with a tin dish of tea on the sand, talking over the adventures of the day, about as hungry and happy a company of mortals as you could find in a day's ride.

The boys were just bubbling over with their new adventures. The guide himself owned that we had met with unusually good luck for the season, and the two fathers of the expedition counted noses that night with more than usual satisfaction.

Mount Kineo is a cliff of flint 789 feet above the surface of the lake, and on two sides presenting a perpendicular surface of dark brown and blackened weather-beaten rock. Around in the North Bay the front is especially bold. It would seem as if some convulsion of nature had thrown up this cliff from the abyss beneath, which is found by actual measurement to be as deep as the frowning battlement is high. The ascent of Mount Kineo is from the western slope. The fog was just lifting as we reached the peak. The scene was beautiful beyond description. The changing sky; the dim outlines of distant mountains; the sloping sides of nearer hills wooded to the top; the full wildness of continuous forest, broken only by two or three habitations within the whole reach of the eye; the lake northward ending in a forest desolation, with tall trunks here and there marking the wilderness; the lake southward dotted with islands, and finally shut in by projecting mountains—who shall transfer to paper the impression which this scene in Northern Maine stamps on the mind's eye? It makes you feel like another man to look from Mount Kineo over upon the Canada border, and stretch out your right arm and

almost shake hands with grand old Katahdin. One would wish to live here not less in winter than in summer. It would have made a delightful home for Wordsworth, or Thoreau, or Starr King, or Percival, and the poetry of the woods and mountains would have been far richer than it is now, had they camped out here in rain and shine.

Yet the scene from camp that night was hardly less beautiful. The wooded western slope of Kineo stood out in wonderful strength and color. The mottled sky reflected the sunlight upon the distant foliage with exquisite softness. The lake was smooth like a mirror, and the islands seemed like enchanted land. The fish leaped from the water as if to express their delight. The ripples glistened in the lessening light, and the shifting clouds every moment changed shape and color. The distant mountains took the departing rays with a kind of grand repose.



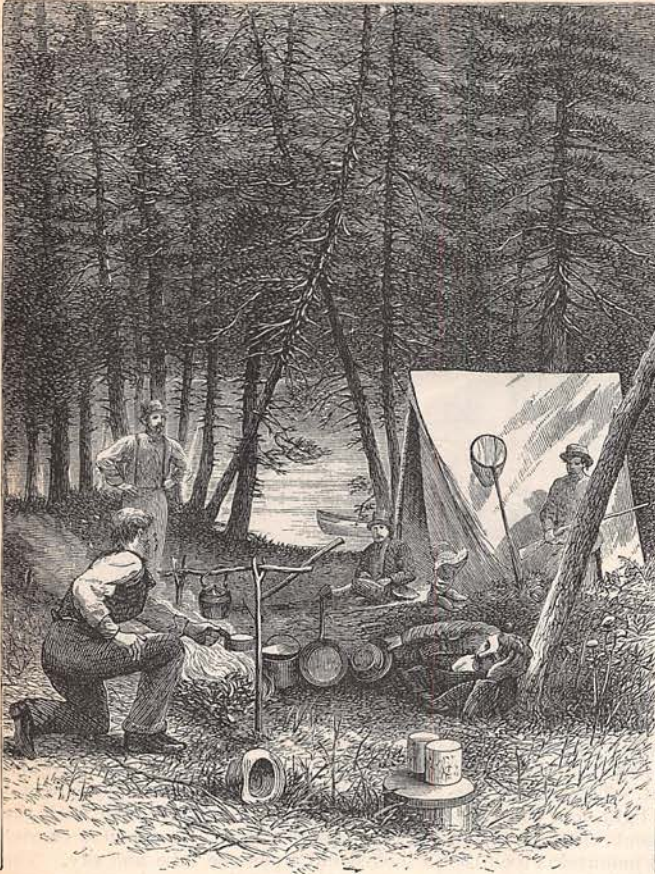
SOCATEAN FALLS.

The semi-human cry of the loons alone broke the universal stillness and solitude of the hour. It seemed a time when Nature and God could most fitly hold communion together. The scene was changed with the dawn of another day. Long before sunrise I looked out upon the lake and sky. The artist had preceded me, and rose at two

o'clock to watch the auroral display. The coming on of day was an event by itself. Dark and stern, the distant hills were outlined against the reddening sky. The rising mist just touched the tranquil lake, and the chill of morning was visible in your breath. Not a leaf stirred; not a sound came from the forest. Nature was in silent prayer to her Maker. The delightfulness of the scene grew every moment. Dark recesses were visible on the wooded hill-sides, and the foliage showed light and shade. The forest seemed to be waking up. The fish again leaped from the surface of the lake.



NEAREST HOUSE TO MOUNT KINEO.



CAMP AT HEAD OF LAKE.

Shoots of light started out from the mountain's edge. The changes were quicker and brighter. The magician's hand was visibly shifting the scene. The mountains glowed with golden light. The ruddy beams shot across to the western hills, and peak answered greeting to peak. The great orb of day lifted up his disk above the mountain's edge, and poured his glory into the darkness across the lake and into the forest, until the water itself became the mirror of the day, and the darkness fled in silent retreat through the forest. One could not help thinking of those words which expressed this glory under other scenes in the beginning of the world, "And the evening and the morning were the first day."

The forest itself has a charm which grows upon you. Here are the grand old primitive forests of New England; but if you think to see sentinels which have been standing for many centuries, and which seem to have come down from an ancient and venerable past, you will be disappointed. The lumberman's axe has searched out the largest and best trees, far inland from every stream

and pond, through the entire Maine forest, and the big trees of other days are now as rare as the moose which once stood proudly beside them. In places where you would like to feel that no one has been before you, you will presently find some mark that man has preceded you, and cut down a tree, or killed a moose, or made a camp. There is an impression, too, that trees simply grow old and do not die, and many expect to find them vigorous in a green old age. This is a mistake. You can not go a rod into the forest from the edge of the lake, in any place but the very few clearings, without treading upon the moss-buried shapes of venerable spruce and pines, or climbing over the huge forms which are waiting the gentle process of decay; and the very soil beneath

your feet is the departed life of fallen trees. It is a strange, unusual feeling to thus walk amidst life and death through the forest. It is like life, only you don't see a grave at every step, or find life so often locked hand in hand with death. The silence, the solitude, the sense of your own individual existence, come over you wonderfully; you grow conscious almost of your own shadow. The birds which in our common woods fly from branch to branch and make the trees vocal with their songs do not penetrate these wilds. You may see a heron or an eagle, the woodpecker, the kingfisher, and the hawk, but the domestic birds all prefer to keep closer to the habitations of man. The few voices which you hear are foreign, and communicate insensibly the feeling of wildness and isolation which hour by hour, in a recess of the forest a mile from shore, grows to be almost painful. To spend a few days here alone seems like living a month. The accompaniments of life are removed, and selfishness, ambition, and care have here no place; a man is most truly thrown upon his own resources. To be

alone with nature, without book, without work, without care, without the slightest hinderance to wandering at your own sweet will, with a heart which beats "true to the kindred points of heaven and home," and to be for this purpose in the very heart of the Moosehead forests, is more than all the trout-fishing, and almost the rival of the matchless views which meet the eye.



DONKEY BAGGAGE WAGON, KINEO HOUSE.

These experiences in their fullness can only be obtained by camping out. Pitching your tent in the wilderness is the favorite way of spending vacation among younger men, and any where from fifty to a hundred persons may be found any day from July to October encamped here and there around this magnificent lake. They come in parties of four and six and eight, bringing their equipments and boarding themselves—as often encamping without guides as with them. The fun of these outdoor experiences is immense. The cooking is of a rare sort—pork and potatoes and hard-tack, and fish if you can catch them. If the appetite were not sharpened by exercise in the fresh clear air, nothing would be eaten, the cooking by men, unless they are professionals, being any thing but congenial to the stomach; yet the zest of the thing, the attempt to take care of one's self, the hearty effort at good nature which alone can keep such a company in good spirits, overcome every thing, and the cuisine is

made the best of. It takes a good guide to give camping out a genuine flavor. You can pitch a canvas tent without trouble, but the backwoodsman makes his tent for the place where he stops, and cuts his garment according to the cloth. Our party of six—an artist, a doctor, an ex-minister, two boys, and a priest—engaged one of the oldest and most characteristic guides for our camping out. The splendid steamer *Governor Colburn*, on her trip up the lake, left us at the Northwest Carry, in the midst of a shower, to take care of ourselves. We could stay at Marsh Lane's shanty and be eaten up by fleas, or sleep in his hovel (barn), or camp out. We chose the woods. The guide, Skipper Sam, had pitched his tent and made his bed with the wild beasts often before. He and his stout wife, in the earlier part of their fifty years' sojourn at the lake, had made extensive journeys through Northern Maine in search of gold, and knew all about the woods. The skipper chose the Gothic form of architecture in the construction

of our camp, and began the tent, as Agassiz used to draw pictures of fishes, from an existing ideal in his own mind. Three forked sticks were speedily driven into the ground, and a pole was laid in the forks. This was the upperedge. The batteau sail covered one side; the bark of hemlock-trees, peeled off in large sheets and lapped, sheathed the other; the ends were left open



LANDING THE CANOES.



PIONEER'S WIFE.

for ventilation; spruce and fir boughs were arranged on the ground for our bed; bark was stretched across the ridge-pole to keep out the impending rain; a big fire was made outside; our kettles and pans and accoutrements were hung up on the broken limbs of the nearest trees; and as darkness walled us in, our humble home in cheerfulness, in simplicity, in adaptation of means to ends, was very like a Scotch kitchen. Supper that night was not a distinguished meal. We roasted a few trout, holding them by wooden spits over the fire, and hard-tack and tea completed the humble fare. It was served on a big log, the party sitting around on stumps and rocks, hungry and thankful. The lake was at once well and wash-basin. The skipper cleaned his dishes with Indian's soap—rubbing them in the sand. The first night of camping out is like the day of one's marriage: you are on your best behavior. The only light was the camp fire. A quiet smoke, a few yarns, a good toasting of one's several sides as one shifted from one seat to another, and we turned in for the night. The artist, true to his instinct, had camped out on the Saranac lakes for his wedding tour, and turned in with a familiar air, as if it were pleasure. It was my lot to lie next to the wilderness; my pillow was a bag of potatoes. Rolling myself up in an army blanket, I lay down to sleep; but sleep fled be-

fore anxious fears. What if a bear should come down from yonder mountain and just bite my leg off for his supper? What if some of the lesser fry should try their hand on me—squirrels search my pockets, wood mice crawl into my boots and vary my slumbers with a new sensation? There is a time when every man is a coward, and my time had come. Like many

a coward, however, I said nothing, and soon lost myself in sleep. Slumber is sweet out in these pine and spruce forests. The aroma of the trees fills the air; the silence is profound; the wild game is harmless; the security is complete; and nothing but a man's own sins need keep him awake. And just here is the tonic of the woods. Your life is completely changed; your thoughts are taken up with the things about you; your observing faculties are exercised within a small but fresh range; you have to learn, if the lesson is new, to be a good fellow; and so camping out becomes a quick test of character, no less than a wonderful renewing power for a worn-out man.

It was a study to see how each man in the party took to his own special liking.



MARSH LANE'S CABIN.

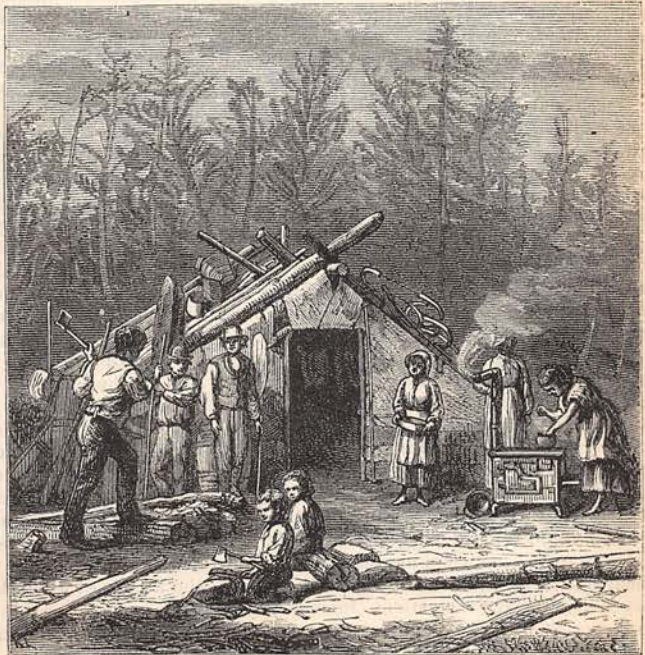


SKIPPER SAM.

The boys were fast for hunting, and brought in hawks, partridges, and squirrels. The artist had a general disposition to enjoy himself, and didn't fish, didn't hunt, didn't tell stories; but he was thoroughly genial, and we all liked him. The doctor talked "shop" a little, and theology more, and told stories, and developed a character of growing interest each day. The ex-minister had a solemn way about him which was very impressive. He was great with the rod, and supplied the table with trout. The priest had a passion for paddling a canoe, for entering into various experiences, and for finding out every thing. He could tell stories, but didn't fish or shoot; was, in fact, resting from his parish cares, and glad to be much alone. He and the artist took rambles into the thicket, and had much in common. Skipper Sam, a genuine character, made great fun. Clad in homespun, the stub of a pipe in his mouth, his ancient felt hat half concealing his hair, now sprinkled with gray, his eyes under the grim brows

twinkling with humor, he liked nothing better than to sit by the hour together, taking a puff from his pipe and spitting at the fire, amidst his wonderful yarns. You could set him agoing as you do a clock, and he was always ready for a little bigger story than the one last told.

The climax of our camping out was reached one evening at Marsh Lane's. We had broken camp and gone over to old Marsh's to spend the night, taking our supper at his shanty with some misgivings for what we might take besides, and obtaining the privilege of bunking upon the straw in his hovel. The night was clear, and the stars shone brightly. Marsh's log-cabin is the rudest possible specimen of the backwoods hotel, and being at the carry which strikes the old Canada road, and the last house before you reach the northwest boundary line of the State, takes the men who come and go both ways. Captain Smart, of the West Branch drive, was waiting to enter the interior with a party prospecting for lumber, and the party had come up from Kineo in a canoe just before sunset, and encamped on the further side of the bay. Skipper Sam built of drift-wood and broken stumps a famous fire upon the beach, and our own party sat down on seats which nature had provided, to wear away the hours till the time for turning in. Every man looked rougher than his wont in the red light, Skipper Sam the roughest of all. We had lighted our pipes, had extemporized comfortable seats,



INDIAN CAMP, NORTHEAST CARRY.



SKIPPER SAM'S WIFE.

and were warming up for good talking, when the dip of paddles announced the arrival of the exploring party from the other side—two Boston men interested in lumber, with the elder Masterman, a famous hunter, as their guide. Marsh Lane, a six-footer, slightly bent with years, a grim old man, a settler of thirty-five years ago, to whom cleanliness was a stranger and whisky was not, presently straggled in, smoking his pipe, silent, moody, with his dog behind him. His cook, who was, if possible, dirtier than himself, dragged himself along in the rear—a man who works hard for his board and clothes, and is too shiftless to do better. It was one of those rare gatherings where every man was unlike his fellow, and each was anxious to have his own say. Skipper Sam was in his element. He piled the fagots upon the fire till the flames shot up high into the air and glared out upon the darkness of the lake. He was allowed to be the master of ceremonies, and his own doings and sayings were the chief entertainment of the evening. Conversation and storytelling had become quite brisk before our visitors came, and were more brisk afterward. The topics, as was natural, were chiefly hunting and fishing, and the adventures which grow out of life in the woods; and the two guides, stimulated by the attentive listeners, soon began a race to see which could tell the biggest story. It was first trout-fishing, then moose-hunting, then bear-hunting; then the habits of the moose were discussed. Questions increased the number and rapidity of the stories of personal adventure. Old Marsh Lane puffed away at his pipe, discharging tobacco juice

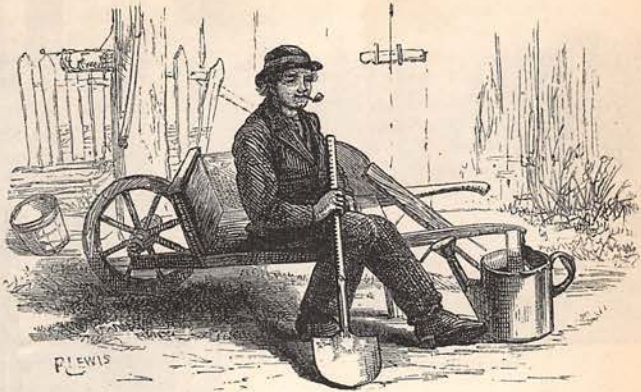
furiously at the end of a log, silent, attentive, not dropping even a word. Skipper Sam walked up and down the narrow beach, too excited to sit down. Neither guide could wait till the other had finished his story before he began one of his own, and each by gesticulations and raising of his voice tried to gain exclusive attention. Personal adventures from the lips of one who had killed two hundred bears, told in the picturesque and earnest manner which takes hold of your imagination, made the stories of Masterman intensely interesting; and if the skipper told whoppers, it was a pardonable offense in one who could not bear to be outdone.

Thus these naturally silent men of the woods kept our whole party on the *qui vive* till a late hour over their simple and thrilling narratives. Suddenly the talk ended. It was good-night all around. Rough forms retreated into the darkness, a canoe touched the lake, the dip of the paddles soon died away in the distance, and one after another our own party disappeared into the hovel, each rolling himself up in a blanket for the night, leaving the ex-minister and the priest to keep the fire and watch for the expected steamer, if she should come in the night. Even they finally searched in vain for the soft side of a bed of rocks, and sought shelter in the hovel. The morning disclosed six strange shapes in as many different directions imbedded in the straw, and the guide stoutly insisted that he had slept soundly under his canoe on the rocks. With the morning came the steamer, and after a breakfast, at which you questioned with yourself how little you could eat of Marsh Lane's cook's cooking and live till you reached Mount Kineo, we went on board. Thus ended our camping out. We were glad to have it begin, and more glad to have it end and to return to civilized life.

The list of Moosehead characters is not exhausted by Skipper Sam and Marsh Lane. Mrs. Harford, the wife of the skipper and the mother of six children, is one. A woman hard on to three hundred pounds in weight, as strong as she is stout, always at work, she is the *beau ideal* of a backwoodsman's wife. One winter she cut and hauled on a hand-sled to the shore of the lake fifty cords of wood, and she has lived so much out-of-doors that she prefers a camp to a house. Her husband had on a pair of shoes which she had cut and made, remarking, as he held up his foot, "Them's the best shoes I ever had, and my woman made 'em, every bit." She is tailor and dress-maker, and we found her at a hand-loom weaving homespun for the family of a neighbor. She is as expert with a canoe as Ida Lewis is with a boat, and is rather the heroine for courageous things on the lake. Hardly less so is Mrs. Rufus Lamb, who came to Sand Bar with

her husband fifteen years ago to begin pioneer life in the wilderness. They built a log-shanty, and began their clearing. Mrs. Lamb believed in copartnership in the work outside, and lent a willing hand. She used to cut wood and sled it to the shore of the lake with her heifers, transporting in this way one winter a hundred cords. In the summer she goes into the hay field, and in her own expressive words, the glow of a healthy soul beaming in her bright eyes as she spoke, "I can take Rufus and go into the field and get as much hay as any other two men in Greenville." She had just come in, on the summer morning I saw her, from trimming her apple-trees—her apology for her rough dress; but a brighter, more capable, more energetic, more intelligent, more self-reliant woman, or one who could entertain you better in conversation, can hardly be found around Moosehead.

Old Sebattis is now gone from Mount Ki-



OLD SEBATTIS.

neo. Very many sportsmen have passed a merry hour in his company. He pretended to an odd sense, and passed for a crack-brained prophet. He said that he made the lake and the mountain, and though only seventy years old, pretended to be one hundred and eighty-five. He was the bar-room wit at the Kineo, and liked nothing better than to entertain the crowd with his strange stories—often much wit amidst exhaustless nonsense. Originally a man of strong constitution, or, in his expressive words, "I used to feel as if I'd like to split myself in two and make four or five of me," he broke down rapidly from dissipation. Being questioned as to his religious views, he instantly replied: "I'm a Free-willer" (Free-will Baptist), "and think a deal more of heaven when I go to bed than these galvanized" (Calvinized) "ministers do. I'll go to heaven when I die." He was an excellent gardener, and seemed as much a part of the establishment as the donkey who carries the baggage.

"Old Ivory," the *sobriquet* of the late proprietor of the Lake House, is the true fisherman landlord—good-natured, always ready for fishing or a story, and making the best of every thing. May he long live to head fishing parties to Wilson's and the Outlet, and may that round brown face, cropping out below the mass of black hair and the broad-brimmed hat, continue for many years to greet the comers to the lake!

If Roach River be the point of an excursion, one should not fail to make the acquaintance of Ruel Keene, the quickest-witted Yankee around the lake, and the best story-teller. Whether you are sportsman or river-driver, you are sure of a bed and hospitality at his hands, and no better company can be found. The lake is often the resort of queer people. Once a man from Massachusetts came here to poison himself in the woods—a feat which he easily accomplished. In other days a hermit lived on Burnt



"OLD IVORY."



THE TRAPPER'S HUT.

Jacket—said to have been crossed in love—who used to run away from the sight of women, who dwelt in a hogshead, and lived on berries and fish, until, an old man, his friends took him to one of the towns below. Frequently men come here alone to rough it in the woods, regain their health, like a young Rhode Islander, who sought Moosehead in February, dug down through the snow and built himself a log-hut, fished through the ice, supported himself by sending trout to New York, made himself into a backwoodsman, pitched his tent from point to point as the season advanced, finally grew brown and stout, and went home in July, thoroughly built up and renewed, a wiser, stronger, better man.

Many people are disappointed with the hunting. They come expecting to find bears without searching for them, and to kill partridges by the dozen with a single charge of buck-shot. The game around the lake has been greatly killed off, and one must go long distances to find what he wishes. The real hunter goes where the game is, and the guides are chiefly engaged during the winter in hunting expeditions. They usually go in pairs, warmly dressed, but not burdened with equipments, and are often absent a month or six weeks from home. They carry a gun, an axe, a dipper, matches, a few pounds of hard bread, and make their tent each day at night-fall. One prepares logs for the camp fire, while the other with his snow-shoes digs down to the ground, and makes a place eight feet square, which is filled with fir boughs at the bottom and sides. A fire is built in the middle, and they lie down, one on each side, without more covering than the clothes worn during the day. The only caution is to keep your feet warm. Thus men, with the thermometer at zero, go from Greenville down the West Branch to Ripogum's, and even over to Katahdin and up to Chamberlain Farm, in search of moose, bears, and caribou. They often strike a trail, and turn in at the logging camps, where one is always sure of a generous welcome.



The game back in the woods is abundant. Moose ten years ago were very plenty, but have been so much killed off that they are seldom found except around Katahdin and further north and west. They live in winter on browse and fir boughs, in summer on blue-joint and lilies; are short-sighted and strong-scented, and are best shot near the streams and lakes. Bears are hunted chiefly in September and October. They feed on ants, berries, and honey trees, prowl around the camps, and are found in the fall by the streams and on the burned lands. They are human enough to be exceedingly fond of rum and molasses, and are often trapped or shot in this way. Masterman, the hero of bear-shooting, says that he never had one face him yet. The black-cats live on hedgehogs, mice, and various small game, inhabit the roughest parts of the mountains, and are not easily trapped, often biting off their toes in order to escape. The beavers live together in families of from two to twelve. The Indians watch and shoot them at night. To catch them you have to set your trap in ten inches of water, so as to take their hind-legs. The musk-rats are taken in traps or in their holes in the bank. The mink is chiefly caught in traps at dead-falls. The otter, furnishing the best fur, live on fish, and are generally trapped. Deer are numerous, live much like the moose, and are hunted in the same way. The caribou, a species of deer, are plenty, and very hard to kill. They live principally on mosses and browse, and are still-hunted. For bird game,

bald-eagles are plenty, but not often killed; partridges are numerous, and hunted in October; and black-duck shooting is good in September and October. The loons defy the skill of the hunter. They are the evil spirits of the lake. Their cry sounds like the mocking laughter of demons, and is heard at all times, day and night. They are about the size of a goose, but heavier, always in motion, and seldom caught alive. They are shot with a rifle, but are so quick in their movements that hardly one shot in a thousand takes effect. All this hunting

is at your hand, if you are patient and can wait for it. It is obviously out of reach for those who spend but a week at the lake, and live at Mount Kineo. In the autumn sportsmen abound, and excursions with guides to all accessible points, until the end of October, are the order of the day. Even then life does not depart from the lake. The lumbermen succeed the sportsmen, and 1200 men pass up into the woods and back again to the towns below before the summer visitors come again. In these grand old forests Maine finds her chief source of wealth.

TICONDEROGA AND MONTCALM.

"There have been far-sounding Epics built together on less basis than lies ready here, in this *Capture of Quebec*; which itself, as the Decision that America is to be English and not French, is surely an Epoch in World History."—CARLYLE, *History of Frederick the Great*.



MONTCALM.

I.

FROM the iceberg to the palm-tree,
As a giant check for giants,
Stretch a flawless chain of French posts,
Muskets, traders, priests, and cannon.
From the cold sea to the hot sea,
On our long path let the Northeast
Sift the snow among the forests;
On our long path let the Southwest
Sow the violets in the wet woods.
France will shut the English up now
East behind the Alleghanies.*

* "Not a fountain bubbled on the west side of the Alleghanies but was claimed as being within the French Empire."—BANCROFT, *History of the United States*, iii., 343.

In her right hand is the oak-tree,
In her left hand is the olive;
And she walks toward the sunset,
And her couch is in the sunrise.
From the Labrador St. Lawrence
To the tropic Mississippi,
From the arctic moss and reindeer
And the Esquimaux ice village
To the cotton blooms and rice-birds
And the Mexic hills of silver,
Let the woodlands give her welcome.
Let the Great Lakes be our border,
With these rivers we discovered:
Choke the lion with the lilies.

II.

So spake France, and built her strongholds
From the cold sea to the hot sea:
On the gnarled hoarse shores in pine glooms,
Where the dun moose snuffs the salt fog,
And the blue ice floats the walrus,
And the snow-shoe tracks the smooth seal,
And the whale's breath wakes the slow bear,
And the North lights daze the white owl,
In Acadia and bleak Brunswick;

Under mountains shagged with oak woods,
Where the wolf howls from the gray cliff,
And old war-paths thread the cascades,
And the clear springs wash the brown ores,
And the lilies fringe the lone lakes,
And the whippowil drinks night-dew,
At Crown Point, Ticonderoga;

In the quiver of the booming,
Where the rainbow spans the shot seas,
And the awed clouds droop and listen,
And the hushed stars quake at midnight,
And a thunder flaps its vast wings,
And ascendeth pauseless anthem,
At Niagara and Erie;

In the darkling Alleghanies,
Where the grim peaks nurse the lightning,