

SARATOGA SPRINGS.



BROADWAY, FROM CONGRESS PARK, SARATOGA.

(Johnson), the medicinal properties of the "High Rock Spring." Nor, perhaps, could there have been a stronger proof of the affection in which he was held by the Indians than this act of giving to him the benefits of that which they had always sacredly guarded as a precious gift to themselves from the Great Spirit. Accompanied by his Indian guides, the baronet, on the 22d of August, 1767, being too feeble to walk, was placed on a litter and borne on the shoulders of his faithful Mohawks through the woods to the spring. Here he remained in a rude bark lodge for four days, by which time he was so much benefited as to be able to return to Johnstown, part of the way on foot.

The popularity of Saratoga Springs as a watering-place may be said to date from this visit. "My dear Schuyler," writes the baronet to his intimate friend General Philip Schuyler, "I have just returned from a

THE first white man who (so far as is known) visited Saratoga Springs was Sir William Johnson, Bart. Sir William, under a commission of major-general from George II., defeated the French army under Baron Dieskau at the battle of Lake George, on the 8th of September, 1755. In this action he received a wound from which he never recovered, and was frequently subject to serious illness. It was during one of these attacks that the Mohawks revealed to their "beloved brother," War-ra-ghi-ya-ghy

visit to a most amazing spring, which almost effected my cure; and I have sent for Dr. Stringer, of New York, to come up and analyze it." Hence it was that the fact of so distinguished a personage as Sir William having been partially restored by the water soon became noised through the country, inducing others to make the trial. In 1770 a Dr. Constable, who resided at Schenectady, examined the water at Saratoga and pronounced it highly medicinal. In October, 1777, Major-General Mooers, of Plattsburg, who was stationed after Burgoyne's surrender in the vicinity, visited the spring; and in 1783 Dr. Samuel Tenney, a regimental surgeon in camp at Fish Creek, also paid a visit to the spring, and made some judi-

nated in a marsh. There is no convenience for bathing except an open log-hut, with a large trough, similar to those in use for feeding swine, which receives the water from the spring. Into this you roll from off a bench."

In 1783 General Washington, accompanied by his aids, Alexander Hamilton, George Clinton, and Colonels Humphreys and Fish, visited the High Rock on their return from an inspection of the northern forts, their attention having been directed to it by General Schuyler while guests at the latter's house at Schuylerville. On their return route through the woods, when near the present village of Ballston, they lost their way. Near the bridge-path lived one



SIR WILLIAM JOHNSON'S VISIT IN 1767.

cious remarks on its uses as a medicine. In the summer of the same year General Schuyler cut a road through the forest from Schuylerville to the High Rock, and erected a tent, under which his family spent several weeks, using the water. For many years after its discovery the High Rock continued to be the resort of people from all sections of the country; and when other springs were found in the neighboring village of Ballston, in 1770, the chief drive of the visitors there was through the woods to the "High Rock." The accommodations, however, for a long time were of the most primitive character. "These waters," writes Elkanah Watson, in visiting the High Rock in 1790, "are sit-

"Tom" Conner, who was chopping wood at his cabin door. They inquired the way, and Tom gave the requisite directions. The party accordingly retraced their steps a short distance, but, becoming bewildered, rode back for more explicit directions. Tom had by this time lost his temper, and peevishly cried out to the spokesman of the party, who happened to be Washington, "I tell you, turn back and take the first right-hand path, and then stick to it: any darned fool would know the way." When poor Tom learned whom he had thus addressed, he was greatly chagrined. His neighbors for a long time tormented him on his "reception of General Washington."

The next year, 1784, another distinguished person visited the High Rock, brought there by the advice of Washington, viz., Colonel Otho H. Williams; and in 1790 the mother of the late Hon. Theodore Dwight also visited the spring, coming from Hartford on horseback. On reaching the spring, Mrs. Dwight found but three habitations, and those but poor log-houses on the high bank of a meadow. The log-cabins were full of visitors, and she found it almost impossible to obtain accommodations even for two nights.

Among the visitors to the High Rock in the spring succeeding Mrs. Dwight's visit were a Congressman (John Taylor Gilman) and an aged gentleman, his friend and fel-

low. It was necessary to climb over logs waist high to gain access to the new spring, the water issuing from a fissure in the rock, and being conducted to the glass through a wooden spout fastened into the crevice. The village now rapidly increased; new springs were discovered; a large frame house was built in 1802 by Gideon Putnam on the site of the present Grand Union, having for its sign a quaint representation of the adventure of "Putnam and the Wolf," and thenceforth the "Springs" became the resort of those who were in pursuit of health and pleasure.

The fountains of Saratoga will ever be the resort of wealth, intelligence, and fashion. As a political observatory no place



CONGRESS SPRING, SARATOGA, IN 1816.

low-traveler. One day, as the former, accompanied by a young son of the woodsman with whom they were stopping, was returning from a hunt along a foot-path leading to the cabin, the aged gentleman meanwhile sitting on the door-step awaiting their coming, the boy, highly elated, ran forward, exclaiming, "Oh, mother, we've found a new spring!" To the question, "Who found it?" the son replied, "The Congress." The aged gentleman then said, laughingly, to Mr. Gilman, who had now come up, "The spring shall always be called the 'Congress.'" Thereupon the entire household "turned out" and went down to see the wonderful discovery. At this peri-

od it was necessary to climb over logs waist high to gain access to the new spring, the water issuing from a fissure in the rock, and being conducted to the glass through a wooden spout fastened into the crevice. The village now rapidly increased; new springs were discovered; a large frame house was built in 1802 by Gideon Putnam on the site of the present Grand Union, having for its sign a quaint representation of the adventure of "Putnam and the Wolf," and thenceforth the "Springs" became the resort of those who were in pursuit of health and pleasure.

The fountains of Saratoga will ever be the resort of wealth, intelligence, and fashion. As a political observatory no place

can be more fitly selected. Gentlemen are continually coming from and going to every section of the country; information from all quarters is received daily; and it is the best of all places for politicians to congregate. The great "combination" of opposite parties and opposing interests, by which General Jackson, Mr. Eaton, and Mr. Van Buren were brought into power, and John Quincy Adams turned out, was chiefly formed here; and it was here that the old Clintonians were sold out to "Jackson and Co." Saratoga, too, for a series of years, was the head-quarters of the "Albany Regency," under the leadership of Edwin Croswell and John Cramer—a combination which has

never been equaled in its influence over the political destinies of New York State, and, through it, upon the nation.

During three-quarters of a century Saratoga has entertained more persons distinguished in letters, human and divine, than any other place of the kind. Time would fail to mention in detail the reception of the "Great Magician," who, in the autumn of 1832, like the hero of a German melodrama, came clothed in a storm; the arrival of Senator Douglas, amidst the thundering of cannon, in the summer of 1860; the great Whig gathering during the Harrison campaign in 1840, and the speech of Daniel Webster on that occasion to an audience of fifteen thousand; the tributes paid to Scott, Madison, Clinton, Clay, Calhoun, Tyler, Fill-



UNITED STATES HOTEL.

more and Seward, and Sir Allan M'Nab; or to descant upon the genial Irving, who for many seasons occupied a cottage at the "United States," or the individual traits of Wayland, Fuller, Murray (Kirwan), Cheever, Kent, and a host of others equally distinguished. All that may be done is to photograph a few characters as they flit across the camera of memory.

In 1825 Joseph Bonaparte, the ex-King of Spain, who with a numerous retinue was stopping at the "United States," was present at a dinner party given in his honor by Mr. Henry Walton. He was accompanied by his sister, Caroline Murat, and his two daughters. Though a king, he looked very much like other mortals. His manners, dress, and equipage were wholly unassuming, quiet, and unpretentious, as was the case with the ladies of his family. The rank was there, and needed no demonstration. In the course of the dinner, Bonaparte suddenly turned deadly pale, and, with the perspiration standing on his forehead, turned imploringly to his host, gasping out, "*Un chat! un chat!*"

"John," said Mr. Walton to his waiter, "take away the cat; it disturbs this gentleman."

"Cat, Sir?" echoed John; "I can see no cat!"

The other members of the family now joined in the search; and at last, sure enough, crouched under the sideboard was discovered a little frightened kit-



FAC-SIMILE OF PUTNAM'S SIGN, STILL IN EXISTENCE.

ten. But it was not until Bonaparte had lain down for some hours that he recovered from the prostration into which the presence of the feline had thrown him.

The dinner was followed in the evening by a brilliant party. Among other literary gentlemen present were Theodore S. Fay, Percival, Paulding, Irving, Verplanck, and Joseph R. Chandler. M'Donald Clarke, the "mad poet," was also among the guests. Clarke did not remain long, nor did he circulate among the company. Most of the time he stood by the door, his pose and style the familiar attitude of the classic Napoleon, with arms folded. His head rested not upon his breast, but his eyes looked up to the ceiling, while on one foot was a jack-boot, and on the other a large clumsy shoe. After he had left, Colonel Stone related to the company the history of the stanza by Clarke that had lately appeared in the *Commercial*. It seems that Lang, in his *New York Gazette*, had alluded to "M'Donald Clarke, that fellow with zigzag brains." The insulted poet rushed into the sanctum of the *Commercial*, blazing with fury.

"Do you see, colonel," said he, "what Johnny Lang says of me? He calls me a fellow with zigzag brains."

"Well, and so you are," said the colonel. "I think it is a very happy description of you."

"Oh! that's very well for you to say," retorted M'Donald. "I'll take a joke from you; but Johnny Lang shall not destroy my well-earned reputation. Zigzag brains, forsooth! Zigzag brains—think of it, colonel! I must have a chance to reply to him in your paper."

"How much space would you want?" inquired the colonel.

"I think I could use him up in a column and a half," said M'Donald.

"A column and a half!" said the colonel. "Stuff! You shall have no such space. I'll give you just four lines; and if



THE "MAD POET."

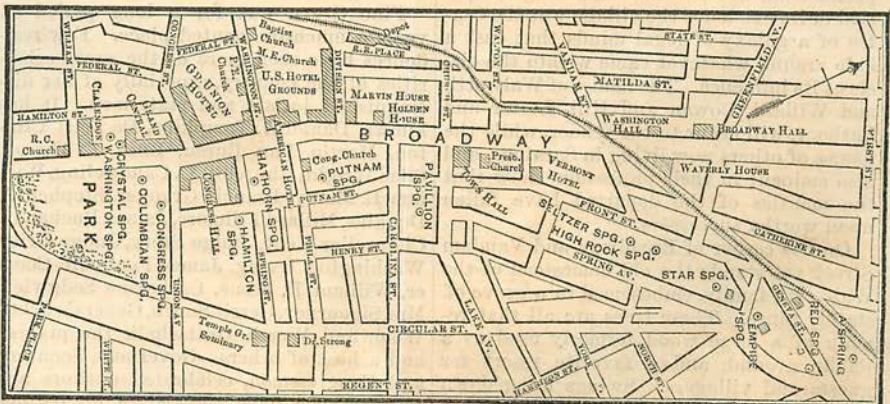
that will answer, fire away; but not one line more."

The poet, thus driven into a corner, instantly wrote off the following neat epigram:

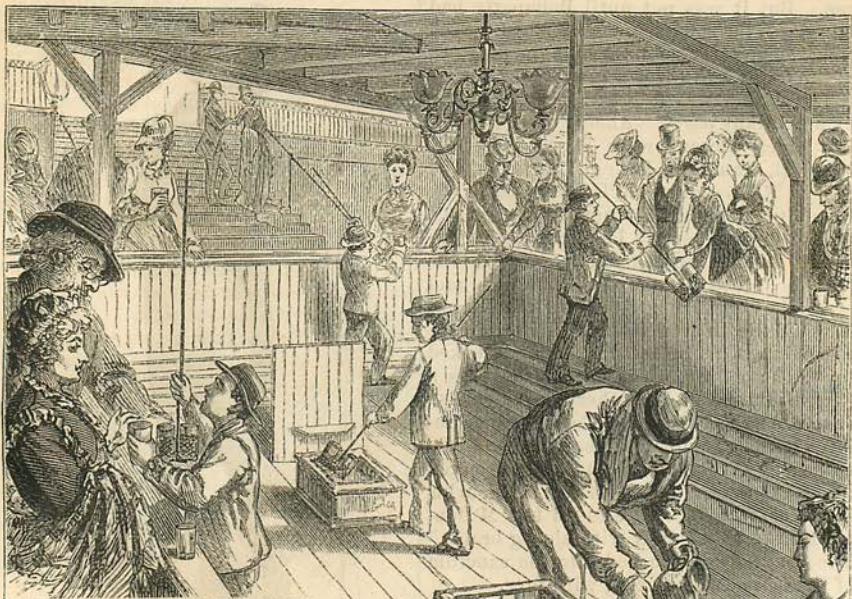
"I can tell Johnny Lang, in the way of a laugh,
In reply to his rude and unmannerly scrawl,
That, in my humble sense, it is better by half
To have brains that are zigzag than no brains at all."

"There, colonel," said he, "let Johnny Lang put that in his pipe and smoke it."

In August, 1828, Judge Cowen gave a farewell reception to James Fenimore Cooper, who was to sail in a few days for Europe. From the diary of a gentleman who was



MAP OF SARATOGA, SHOWING LOCATION OF THE PRINCIPAL SPRINGS.



HATHOEN SPRING.

present I quote the following reflections brought out by seeing Cooper at this time: "To Mr. Cooper the loss of his property has probably been of more real advantage than the money ten times over would have been. It has called forth the slumbering energies of his mind, and given vigor and richness to his imagination, by the exertion of which he has acquired a proud name among the distinguished writers of his country."

Saratoga has also been the residence of many distinguished lawyers, men who have adorned the bench by their individual and professional worth. Indeed, during one period of its existence the village was the centre of a galaxy of legal minds that cast a halo around whatever came within the circle of its influence. The names of Walworth and Willard, Cowen and Hill, Lester and Barbour, will occur to the reader, while the names of others now living in Saratoga, and also eminent in their profession, show that the mantles of the departed have fallen upon worthy successors.

On the corner of Broadway and Vandam Street yet stands the old homestead of the Walworth family, embosomed in a grove of stately pines. These trees are all that remain of a large wood formerly used as a public ground, and a favorite resort for guests and villagers. Swings hung down between the tall pines, which in fair weather were in almost constant motion. Here the



Indians encamped, sold their bows, canes, and baskets, and shot at pennies to show their skill; and here, too, the militia met for drill, armed with umbrellas and broomsticks, or, in default of those articles, with corn stalks.

Pine Grove was for a long period of years a much-frequented place. Few residences have seen more of the great celebrities of the country, especially of her distinguished jurists and statesmen. It has known Daniel D. Tompkins, De Witt Clinton, Martin Van Buren, Enos T. Throop, Silas Wright, Churchill C. Cambreling, William L. Marcy, Francis Granger, Stephen A. Douglas, Millard Fillmore, James Buchanan, Chancellor Kent, Judge Story, Judge Grier, Washington Irving, James Fenimore Cooper, William L. Stone, Catharine Sedgwick, Mrs. Sigourney, Gerrit Smith, Generals Scott, Wool, and Worth, Gottschalk the pianist, and a host of others—Governors, Senators, and Congressmen, celebrated authors and soldiers, who have chatted in its parlors, dined at its table, and walked about under

the shade of its pines. Chancellor Walworth never forgot an acquaintance. Every morning during the summer season he looked carefully over the list of arrivals, and hastened to call on those he knew. The "Grove" has known the portly form of Joseph Bonaparte in tights, and the squat figure of Mar Yohannan, the Nestorian bishop, in multitudinous folds of cloth. Clergymen always found a welcome here, whatever their type of faith or form of worship. Its traditions array such names as Eliphalet Nott, Lyman Beecher, Drs. Sprague and Bethune, Francis Wayland, Archbishops Hughes, M'Closkey, Purcell, Kenrick, and Spalding, Cardinal Bedini, and Bishop Alonzo Potter. Methodist bishops have visited there, and at a very

members of the bar, who, by going there instead of to Albany, were able to combine a little business with a trip to the Springs. A wood-box being covered with a carpet, an arm-chair was placed upon it, and a long-legged desk before it, and the little office was thus converted into a court-room. Here for many years distinguished counsel came to make, defend, and argue motions in chancery. Hither came Ambrose Spencer, Chief Justice of New York, John C. Spencer, Joshua Spencer, Charles O'Connor, Samuel Stevens, Mark Reynolds, Elisha Williams, Benjamin F. Butler of New York, Daniel Lord, William H. Seward, David Graham, and many other men of equal mark, though of a later generation. Here once William Kent and George



PINE GROVE—THE RESIDENCE OF THE LATE CHANCELLOR WALWORTH.

early date a Catholic bishop from Canada, in quaint knee-breeches and large buckled shoes, whose zeal in the cause of temperance brought him in connection with the chancellor. Thither also came at various times innumerable missionaries from foreign parts, and occasionally a russet-coated elder from the Shaker settlements.

The front-room in the north wing was the chancellor's office for forty-three years. Any one passing the house might see him hard at work throughout the day, and his lamp was burning there still until two, three, and often four o'clock in the morning. In this same office the chancellor held his "motion courts." This was not only a convenience to himself, but generally agreeable to the mem-

Griffin were pitted against Daniel Webster in a case involving the Illinois State bonds, which crowded the room, piazza, and sidewalk with anxious listeners, until, out of consideration for these, the chancellor adjourned to the Universalist church. "This cause does not end here," said Griffin, in a tragic tone of voice; "we shall meet again at Philippi." "Ay," replied Webster, with a grim humor that convulsed the audience, "the learned counsel will meet us again at Philippi; but will they pay us when we get there?"

At "Pine Grove" the celebrated "spike case" dragged its "slow length along" for many years, in which nearly all our great lawyers had a finger. It was a reference

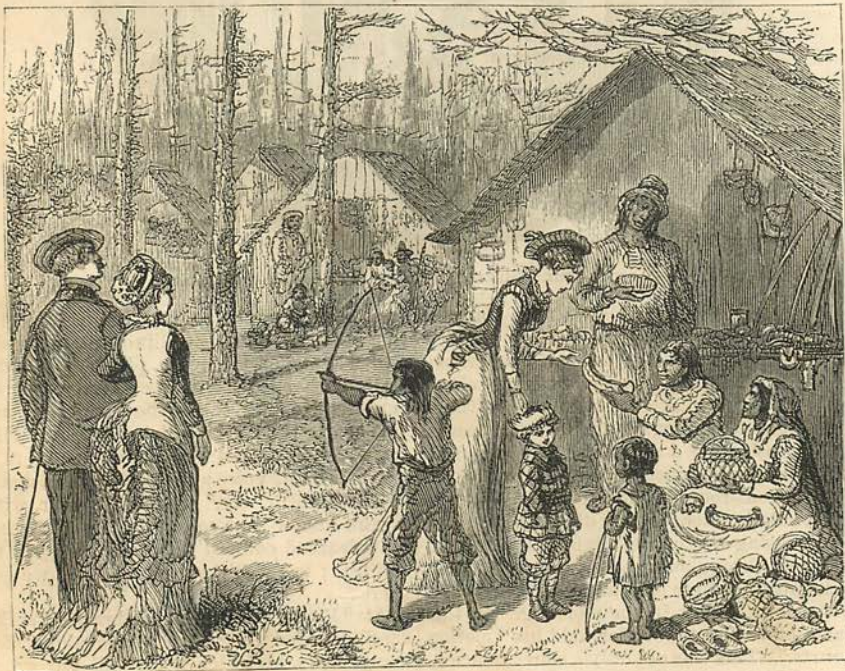


CHANCELLOR WALWORTH.

case, which the chancellor undertook after the abolition of his office. The original suit was brought in the United States Court for the infringement of a right to give a peculiar rap to the head of a spike in the process of formation, and the question before the

referee was to ascertain the increased profits of a party of manufacturers so rapping as aforesaid, and the consequent damages to the other party having the exclusive right so to rap as aforesaid. Mrs. Walworth once, in conversation with Governor Seward, said, "I wish you would explain what this everlasting spike suit is about; I don't understand it." "Indeed, madam," he replied, "I should be very much ashamed if you did. I have been engaged in it for several years, and I don't understand it yet."

Chancellor Walworth had certain peculiarities while presiding in court which were well known to the lawyers who frequented the little forum at the Grove. In endeavoring to master the points of a case he had a method of his own, and it was necessary for counsel to conform to it in their arguments. Those who frequented his court soon learned to humor him in this respect, but strangers were often annoyed by his interruptions and contradictions. He required not only the names of the parties and the general nature of the motion, but the peculiar character of each one's interest clearly stated, before he would listen to any argument or to any rhetorical preambles. A noted lawyer of Brooklyn once, after reading his affidavits, was endeavoring to enter upon his argument in support of his motion. But the chancellor was not satisfied. "I think," he said, "that Widow Van Bummel ought to be heard from in this matter." "Indeed, your honor," replied the counsel, "I do not see how the



INDIAN CAMP, PINE GROVE.



COWEN'S STONE OFFICE.

widow Van Bummel can have any possible interest in the motion." He endeavored to proceed, but was soon interrupted again: "I should like to know what the widow Van Bummel has to say." After a hard contest for liberty to proceed, despairing at last of success, the counsel began tying up his papers, and said, testily, "Well, your honor, I will hunt up this widow Van Bummel, and see if she has any thing to say; and if there is any other old woman in the United States or elsewhere that your honor would like to see, I will bring her into court."

Another old landmark yet standing is the "Stone Office," built by Esek Cowen in 1812, and in which were written *Cowen's Evidence* and the *Notes on Phillipp's Evidence*—works which are, perhaps, more extensively consulted than any other law-books extant. The latter of these represents a labor of eleven years, in the last three of which he was assisted by Nicholas Hill and William L. F. Warren. Here were written those learned opinions which illumined the Reports in the best days of our jurisprudence; and here, also, was written Judge Cowen's famous opinion in the celebrated "M^lLeod case," in which were discussed the question of perfect and imperfect war and other great national principles, and which by its learning and ability attracted universal attention.

Judge Cowen was a man of untiring zeal in intellectual labors, with fixed habits of intense application; and while yet young he became a ripe and varied student, earn-

ing the reputation of being one of the most finished scholars as well as one of the most erudite judges of the nation. He devoted never less than fourteen hours a day to study, often protracting his labors far into the night. At such times he never consulted his watch, but used wax candles, starting with fresh ones every evening; when they had burned to the socket it forced him to bring his labors to a close. On one occasion he substituted for them a lamp, as requiring less attention in snuffing. The hours wore on, and the oil being unexhausted, daylight found him still at his labors. He made the trial a second night, but with no better success, and was obliged to return to his candles.

A little distance from the "Stone Office" stood, until within two years, the house in which those talented sisters Lucretia Maria and Margaret Miller Davidson lived and died. It was an old-fashioned wooden building, with gable ends and moss-grown porch, and surrounded by magnificent elms, whose branches, meeting over the roof, had intertwined and clasped hands as though desirous of protecting the occupants within. It was, in fact, the ideal home for a dreamy poetic nature.

The earliest of Lucretia's poems which are preserved were written at the age of nine years; and although a great portion of her compositions were destroyed, two hundred and seventy-eight yet remain. Margaret, sharing her elder sister's precocity, began to write when she was six. At

ten she wrote and acted in a drama at New York; and notwithstanding her sister's fate, her intellectual activity was not restrained. So early, ardent, and fatal a pursuit is unparalleled, except in the cases of Chatterton and Kirke White. Catharine Sedgwick and Washington Irving were, when visiting Saratoga, loved and welcome guests of the Davidson family; and on the death of Margaret her poems were published under the auspices of the latter. The remains of both the sisters, together with those of their brother, the lieutenant, also a writer of elegant verse, lie in the cemetery of the village—a cemetery which, without the showiness of Greenwood, or the clustering memories of Mount Auburn, or even the picturesque-

making the toll one-twelfth, was Tom's idea of money; for when on a certain occasion he was asked to pay a bill of one dollar, he indignantly exclaimed, "A dollar I will not give, but I have no objection to pay ten shillings!"

The greatest and most historical occasion, however, in which Tom figured was in 1849, during one of the visits of Madame Jumel to the village. Madame Jumel, whose criminal intimacy with Aaron Burr had brought her into contempt (those were the days when free-love doctrines were estimated at their true value), was then staying at the "United States," and she endeavored by a magnificent equipage to dazzle the understanding, and thus atone for her



LUORETIA MARIA DAVIDSON.



MARGARET MILLER DAVIDSON.

ness of Laurel Hill, still attracts by the quiet beauty of its surroundings.

It would be passing strange if Saratoga should not have known during its existence many curious characters. Of these none, perhaps, have excited more notice of a certain kind than a colored man who was known as "Tom Camel." This person was decidedly an original genius. Like Yorick, "a fellow of infinite jest," and withal of great shrewdness in some respects, he yet at times was in his simplicity a perfect specimen of the Southern negro. Like the wisdom of the Canadian miller, who sought to better the condition of his craft by declaring that the miller's toll (one-tenth) was too small, and therefore proposed a law

dismissal from the ranks of Diana. It was therefore determined to administer to her a lesson.

Accordingly, one afternoon, when her carriage, with a numerous retinue of outriders, drew up in front of the "United States" to take her to the lake, lo! just as she drove off, another equipage appeared directly following her. This carriage was driven by a villager in full livery, and behind, in a huge clothes-basket for a seat, sat another villager, in footman's dress, while plainly visible within the open carriage, and dressed up in woman's clothes, sat Tom Camel, representing the former mistress of Aaron Burr. It was the custom of Madame Jumel, before going out of the town, to drive slowly

through the main village street, that the rustic inhabitants might have a proper sense of their own insignificance; and before the trick was discovered, madame's carriage, followed by her counterfeit in "double," had paraded the entire length of the street, Tom Camel, meanwhile, fanning himself with a large fan, and bowing and courtesying to the crowds, which had now gathered on every side. Madame Jumel by turns threatened and pleaded and offered bribes. But Tom was inexorable; and the two equipages went to the lake and back in the same order.

Owing to this exhibition, Madame Jumel made this her last visit to the Springs.

A striking feature of American scenery is

the great number and beauty of its small fresh-water lakes. One of the most beautiful of these is Lake Saratoga, the best view

of which is obtained from the top of Caldwell's Hill, on the eastern bank. There the scene which meets the eye is calm and beautiful rather than sublime. Nothing can surpass the gracefulness of the sweep of the hills which come down to the further shore, or the charm of the prospect which the scene presents of native forest and cultivated fields, in one part stretching up the hill-side, and in others spreading out into rich plains. At a distance of one mile from this stand-point the lake takes a turn to the right, and is merged in the Fish-kill, through which



CLARENDON HOUSE.



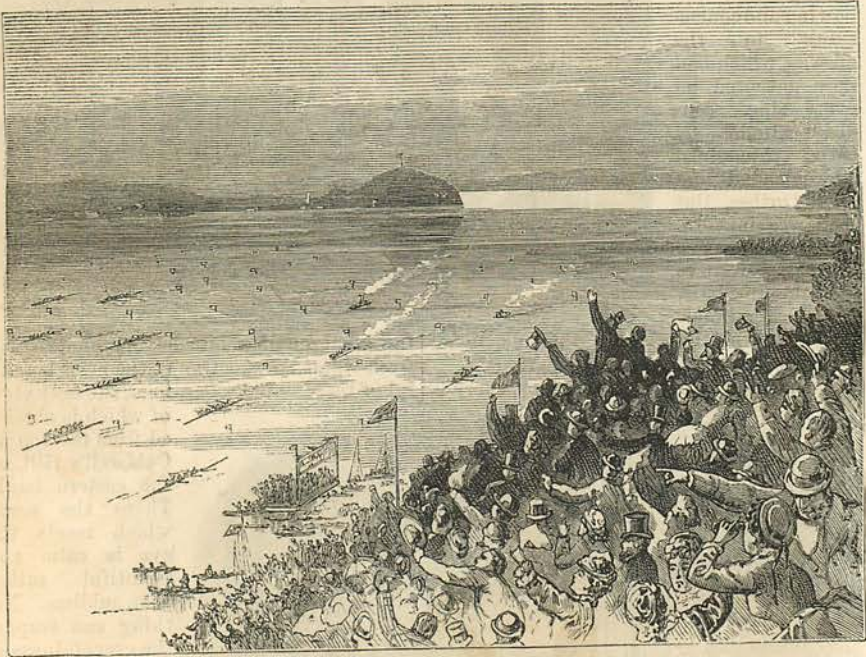
GRAND UNION HOTEL.

it enters the Hudson. The lake can be seen from nearly every point of the compass. From the Catskills on the south, from the Kayaderoseras Mountains on the west, and from the French Mountains at Lake George on the northwest, it is distinctly visible; while from the top of "Potash Kettle," near the Sacandaga River, Lake Saratoga, as well as the vicinity of the Indian Pass in the Adirondacks, may be plainly discerned.

The lake is about five miles in length, with an average width of one mile, it being the broadest opposite the promontory known as Snake Hill. This hill, which has of late years become so familiarly known as the starting-point of the intercollegiate regattas, has formed the frame-work of a Rev-

out of the box to show their docility. Not, perhaps, liking the familiarity of a tipsy keeper, one of them bit him in the hand, and his death ensued on the following day.

In the vicinity of Snake Hill there lived, a year or two since, a half-breed Indian of the St. Regis tribe, by name Pete Francis. To his little cottage it was the custom of epicures to make regular pilgrimages, for no one—so they all agreed—could cook a fish as delicately and serve it as temptingly as Pete. When Pete Francis cooked the Lake Saratoga bass, fresh from the cold translucent depths, whence he had lured them with a skill that none could equal, criticism became dumb, and the appetite enjoyed a feast that lingered long, like



INTERCOLLEGIATE REGATTA ON SARATOGA LAKE—SNAKE HILL IN THE DISTANCE.

olutionary romance from the pen of the late Daniel Shepherd, of Saratoga. The name was given to it by the early settlers in consequence of a formidable den of rattlesnakes that formerly existed half-way up its side. President Dwight, when visiting Saratoga in 1820, was informed that a few years previously there was a man living near Snake Hill who had the singular power and still stranger temerity to catch living rattlesnakes in his naked hands without wounding the snakes or being wounded by them. He used to accumulate them in great numbers for curiosity and sale. But one evening, arriving at the Springs with a pair of these amiable playthings in a box, and having disregarded the principles of the temperance society, he heedlessly took them

the memory of some pleasant ecstasy. As Charles Lamb said of a canvas-back duck, the eating of one formed an era in a man's existence. Pete, like all great geniuses, was eccentric and peculiar. With strong likes and dislikes, he had a keen appreciation of character, and was a great favorite with his distinguished patrons, among whom he numbered Governors, judges, members of Congress, and hosts of connoisseurs of all degrees of prominence. For the most part, he was a quiet, good-natured soul, strolling about with a subdued aspect, an easy and deliberate gait, in a state of entire freedom from restraint, reflection, and want, and without any impulse strong enough to call forth his latent manhood, save—and with this solitary exception—when he had

hooked a five-pound bass at the end of his line. Then, presto! what a change! His muscles would stiffen, his eyes sparkle, his nostrils dilate, and his whole frame fairly quiver with emotion. Pete was started in business some thirty years ago by the late Hon. James M. Cook; and though he was handsomely remunerated for his many years of unrivaled catering, yet, like Daniel Webster, he never

knew what it was to be wealthy. No bass ever escaped his clutch when once it was hooked, but dollars somehow slipped through his fingers with marvelous celerity. Upon first coming into this region he was, when quite young, employed by that renowned French caterer and keeper of the old Sans Souci Hotel at Ballston, Andrew Berger, and by him taught to prepare fish in a manner in which, I believe, he has never been excelled.

Lake Saratoga was formerly quite noted for its remarkable fishing; and during the interregnum between the first and second battles of Bemis's Heights, when the British army were in want of food, the Indians were accustomed to supply General Burgoyne's



PETE FRANCIS.

table with trout of a delicious flavor caught in its waters. Shad and herring also were in the habit, before the mills were erected at the junction of the Fishkill and the Hudson, of running up into the lake. Up to the year 1825 the lake was filled with trout; and even so late as 1832 the late Colonel William L. Stone, writing from the Springs to his paper, the *New York Commercial Advertiser*, states that a few of these fish were yet occasionally taken. But pickerel having been introduced into the lake in 1824, the trout very soon disappeared. The lake also has long been famous for its yellow perch (*Perca flavescens*).

But the glory of Lake Saratoga as a place for fine sport has, I am afraid, departed forever. The cause of this is to be ascribed entirely to the pernicious practice of "spearing," and fishing with "set lines" and nets—a custom not only fraught with tenfold more danger to the finny tribe than legitimate fishing, but one that has continued for many years, notwithstanding all endeavors to put a stop to it.

There is an Indian superstition attached to this lake which probably had its source in its remarkable loneliness and tranquillity. The Mohawks believed that its stillness



HIGH ROCK SPRING.



MYNHEER BARHYDT.

was sacred to the Great Spirit, and that if a human voice uttered a sound upon its waters, the canoe of the offender would instantly sink. A story is told of an Englishwoman, in the early days of the first settlers, who had occasion to cross this lake with a party of Indians, who, before embarking, warned her most impressively of the spell. It was a silent, breathless day, and the canoe shot over the surface of the lake like an arrow. About half a mile from the shore, near the centre of the lake, the woman, wishing to convince the Indians of the erroneousness of their superstition, uttered a loud cry. The countenances of the Indians fell instantly to the deepest gloom. After a minute's pause, however, they redoubled their exertions, and in frowning silence drove the light bark swiftly over the waters. They reached the shore in safety, and drew up the canoe, when the woman rallied the chief on his credulity. "The Great Spirit is merciful," answered the scornful Mohawk; "He knows that a white woman can not hold her tongue!"

Stretching around the village of Saratoga Springs on its eastern side is a wide belt of low marshy land known as the Bear Swamp. In the early settlement of the country this region was remarkable for the number and variety of the wild animals it contained. It undoubtedly furnished a large portion of the game which caused Lake Saratoga to be so well known to the Six Nations as "the place where the game abounds," and

after the country was comparatively settled up it still presented fine opportunities for hunting the larger and smaller varieties of animals.

Lying on the southern edge of Bear Swamp, and partly draining it, are two bodies of water—Lake Lonely and Barhydt's Lake. Lake Lonely was originally called by the early settlers "Owl Pond," on account of the quantity of owls which were wont to gather around its shores and make night dismal by their hootings. On its eastern bank steep declivities rise up from the water's edge, covered with tangled firs and hemlocks, some of which, the growth of

centuries, rise above their fellows, till their tops, resembling so many spires, seem lost in the clouds. Standing upon the eastern shore and looking northward, the eye, sweeping beyond the smooth sheet of water, takes in the most southerly spurs of the Adirondack region, darkly wooded to their topmost elevation. In the spring considerable torrents pour down the deep ravines into the lake, forming cascades of some magnitude. One of these glens forms an echo almost as distinct and powerful as the celebrated one in the ruined bastion of the old French fortress at Crown Point.

Barhydt's Lake was formerly—between 1820 and 1835—a great resort, having on its banks a public-house kept by Mynheer Barhydt, a Dutch settler. This tarn is called a "lake" by courtesy. Sunk as deep into the earth as the firs shoot above it, it is surrounded by a wilderness of straight columnar shafts, which "branch out at the top like round tables spread for a banquet in the clouds." As late as 1835 it was filled with trout, though even then the shrewd old Dutchman foresaw the future scarcity of this fish. In the summer of that year Colonel Stone writes to the *Commercial Advertiser*, "At Barhydt's the sportsman is obliged to throw all the trout he may take, back into their native element again, and pay by the hour for the privilege besides."

Jacobus Barhydt was in many respects an original character. With all his astuteness, however, he sometimes overreached himself.

When Joseph Bonaparte was at Saratoga in 1825, he offered Barhydt \$20,000 for the place. Astounded at such a sum, Barhydt refused it, remarking that he "did not know whether Bonaparte was a fool or a knave." The old Dutchman could not conceive that the beauty of the place had tempted the offer, and suspected some sinister design. "If it's worth that to you," he said, in closing the conversation, "it's worth that to me." Bonaparte, failing to buy in Saratoga, afterward bought a beautiful place at Bordentown, New Jersey, and thus Saratoga lost a king for a citizen.

In 1839 N. P. Willis visited Barhydt's Lake, and gave the following description of the old Dutchman:

"The old man sat under his Dutch stoop smoking his pipe, and suffered us to tie our ponies to his fence without stirring, and in answer to our inquiries if there was a boat on the lake, simply nodded and pointed to the water's edge. Whether this indifference to strangers is innocence merely, or whether Herr Barhydt does not choose to be considered an innkeeper, no one is enough in his secrets to divine. He will give you a dram or cook you a dinner of trout, and seems not only indifferent whether you like his fish or his liquor, but quite as indifferent whether or what you pay him. In his way Herr Barhydt is kind and courteous.

"We descended to the lake, and after rowing about, we returned to partake of

the old Dutchman's hospitality and have a little conversation with him. Among other things, we asked him if he was aware that he had been put into a book. 'I've heard tell on't,' said he. 'A Mr. Wilkins or Watkins has writ something about me, but I don't know why. *I never did him no harm as I know on.'*"

On a ball night the scene on driving into town from the lake is most wonderful. On emerging from the pine groves that skirt the village on the east, a thousand dazzling lights burst upon the view as they shoot forth their beams from the brilliant halls and countless windows of the splendid establishments of this celebrated watering-place. A very trifling effort of the imagination would at this moment be necessary to transform these mansions into the fairy castles and palaces of Eastern romance, lighted up in honor of some signal triumph or royal bridal *fête*. On these occasions the ball-rooms at the three principal hotels are frequently decorated with arches and festoons of flowers, and the halls are finely illuminated.

The hotels at Saratoga are of world-wide reputation. They afford the means of judging of the manners and forming some estimate of the diversified character of our countrymen from the various parts of the extended Union, and enable us to catch a glimpse of the prevailing follies and fashions of the day.



LAKE LONELY.