and industrious of authors. The volume of his work, as I have said, is prodigious: nineteen books of prose and verse, besides critical letters and brochures, within twenty years. While each man must produce in his own way, and while in Swinburne's most impetuous outgivings there is always food for thought, and never a lack of something rich and strange, his constant friends acknowledge that the one grace of restraint is the thing which can most add to his authority. They know that in lyric splendor and poetic enthusiasm he has no master, and believe that, as the greater includes the less, the art to limit art is not beyond his command.

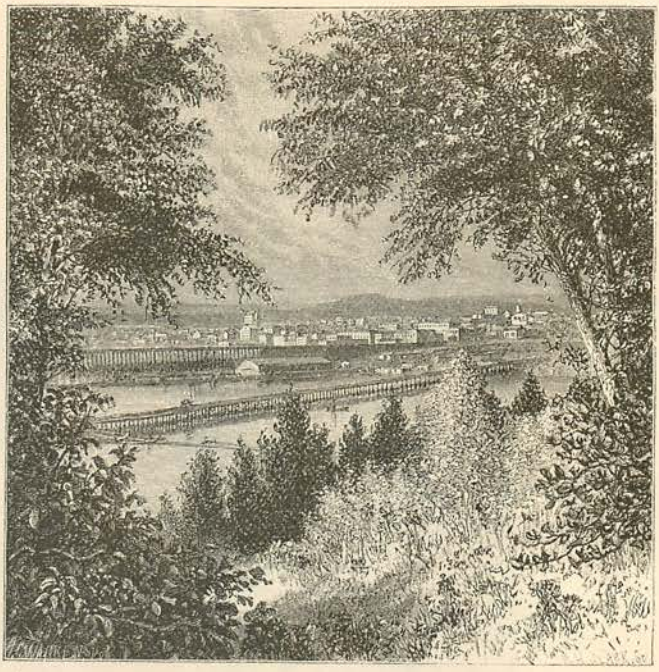
## THE UPPER PENINSULA OF MICHIGAN.

INDIAN PACKER.

MINING regions are proverbially barren and rocky, and the upper peninsula of Michigan—at least that portion of it which is so productive of iron and copper—forms no exception to this rule. It is old—older than most of our hills, for it was the first land that was attached to the original Laurentian nucleus about which our continent has been formed. It has, in consequence, always been a favorite field for geological study, and its novel industrial features make it no less interesting to the ordinary traveller.

The face of the country is rugged and seamed and worn. Were it not for its mineral wealth it would remain permanently a wilderness. Lumber companies would invade it here and there, and retire after having robbed the forest of the pine which is found in a few scattered patches. It would be an eddy where the stream of Western migration had left a few Indians and woodsmen to subsist by the methods of primitive life. The land is generally valueless from the farmer's point of view, for the soil is a light drift—too light for wheat—and the climate a winter modified by a season of summer weather too short for Indian corn to ripen. Hay, oats, and potatoes yield the farmer a fair return, but the climate is so rigorous that the securing of shelter and fuel calls for so large an amount of energy that little is left to devote to cultivation. It is a proof of this that a very inconsiderable fraction of the population attempts to subsist by farming, although the freight from Chicago is added to the price of all the staple articles of production—hay, for instance, being from twenty to twenty-five dollars a ton, and milk ten cents a quart. Curiously enough, strawberries and currants reach a perfection unknown in more hospitable latitudes, a Marquette strawberry resembling in size a Seckel pear, and in flavor a wild strawberry. This is owing, no doubt, to the fact that in northern latitudes—Marquette is about as far north as Quebec—the few summer days have from eighteen to twenty hours of sunlight and after-glow, and vegetable growth is virtually uninterrupted by darkness. Light, the botanists tell us, bears the same relation to aroma that heat does to sweetness. Such strawberries as these must be seen to be appreciated, and must be visited to be seen, for they are too large and too delicate to bear travel themselves.

I have spoken of the climate as a winter modified by a short summer. The July and August weather I can vouch for as delightful. Even when the sun is hottest you feel instinctively that there is no prostrating power in it, and the nights are invariably cool. In July the mean daily range was 19°, and the monthly range 50°, the lowest recorded temperature being 38°. Near the lake the presence of so large a body of water which at Marquette never falls below 52°, and on the extreme

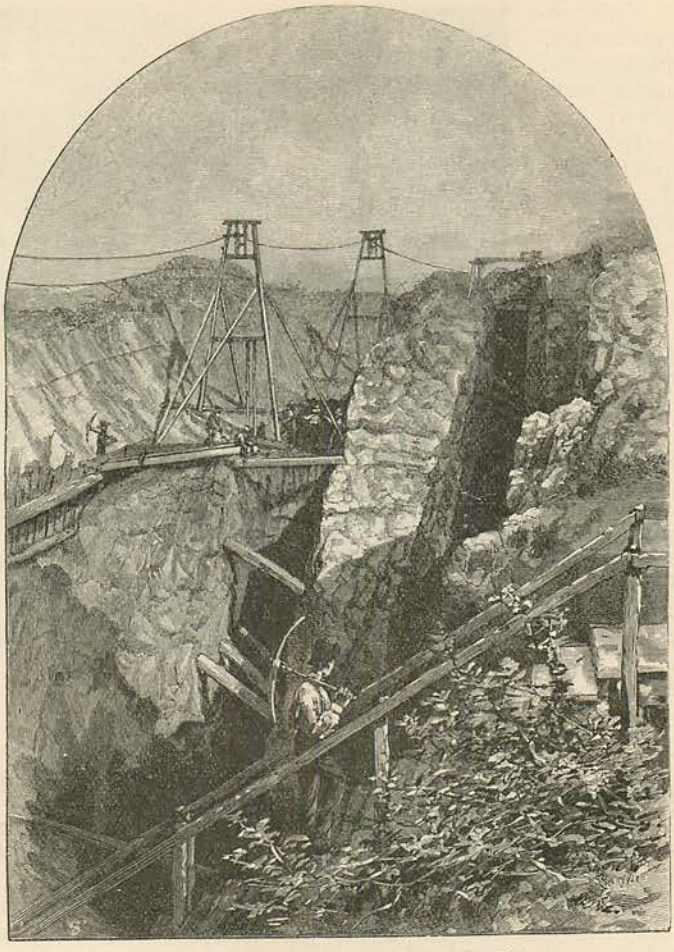


MARQUETTE FROM RIDGE STREET BLUFF.

northern end of the peninsula never below 48°, acts as an equalizer, and restricts the range within comparatively narrow limits. This low temperature of the lake water, which is higher than that of any of the streams entering it, precludes the idea of bathing. As a consequence few of the lake sailors can swim, and it would be of little avail to them as a means of preserving life if they could, for the most robust man if he falls into Lake Superior chills and dies in a few moments. The numerous trout streams in the woods are of an icy coldness. The snow, which falls to a depth of six or seven feet, melts and sinks into the sandy ground, to re-appear from deep-seated springs with a temperature of 39°, which is exactly equal to the average annual temperature of the place. The thick forests prevent the sun from warming the ground or the water. And finally the lake is so deep—its bed reaching several hundred feet below the level of the sea—that the summer air has little effect on it before it is again covered with ice There is no other place on the globe where so large a body of cold fresh water lies at an elevation of six hundred feet above the sea. The air in contact with this deep chilly water seems to acquire a peculiar vivifying and refreshing quality, quite impossible to describe, but very easy to appreciate. Here must be the great summer sanitarium or cooling-off place for Chicago and Milwaukee.

In point of woodland scenery the Michigan wilderness can not compare with the White Mountains or the Adirondacks. The great effective feature of height is wanting, as the elevation is rarely more than six hundred feet above the lake, and the general contour is broken and rolling. The northern shore is much bolder. The forest southwest of Portage Lake is more than one hundred miles long, and has escaped devastation by forest fires. It extends into Wisconsin, and as far as I went —about fifty miles—consists principally of hard maple. It is capable of supplying the continent with sugar. Until some discoveries of copper are made in it, it will probably remain one of the finest bodies of woodland in the country. There are many lovely little lakes and streams abounding with trout scattered through it. The eastern portion contains many impenetrable swamps overgrown with tamarack and cedar. The western portion of this great forest has less of the savage and forbidding aspect peculiar to Northern woods, and is comparatively open. The road to Ontonagon passes through it in one direction, and is barely practicable for uncovered wagons. It is worth enduring a long railroad journey to be able to drive forty miles through trees with the consciousness that you are leaving human habitations farther behind you at every step. The forest is singularly devoid of animal life. Mile after mile is uncheered by a solitary bird. Possibly you may chance on the fresh track of a bear or a deer. If indeed you have the endurance to watch for six hours without moving, it may be granted you to see a beaver working on his dam.

There is one short period of the June day when a Northern forest loses its wild,

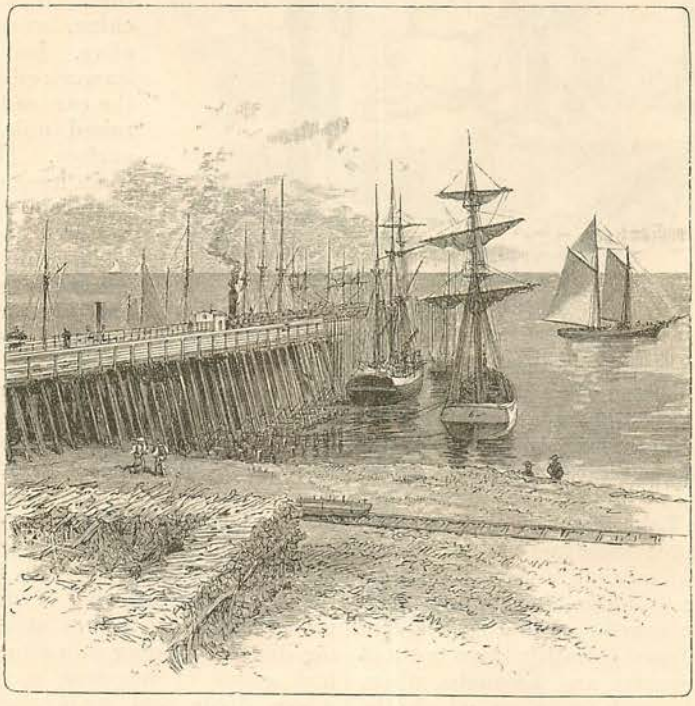


ASCENDING THE SLOPE, REPUBLIC IRON MINE.

stern character. It is when the long twilight of the summer evenings passes through the beautiful modifications of the after-glow. The setting of the sun is followed by the usual grayish light, but instead of fading gradually into darkness, the western sky for a space of ninety degrees on the horizon, and to a height of fifteen degrees or more, becomes filled with a soft yellow radiance. This lasts till ten o'clock or later. At half past nine one can read easily. The light is evenly diffused, and there are no shadows. It is as mystic as moonlight, but warmer, more kindly sympathetic. The cheerfulness of day is mingled with the serenity and solemnity of night. Nature speaks of the gentle and the loving in a way that draws the heart to her insensibly, and one perceives how it comes that the inhabitants of high latitudes are so strongly attached to their homes.

The few Indians who are left on the northern peninsula are a peaceful, harmless folk. They live by hunting and fishing, acting as guides for exploring parties, and a few work in a desultory way in the pineries. Many of them own sail-boats, and live in framed houses, and have adopted the white man's clothes. But some still retain the blanket and the wigwam, and can speak only their own language. The father in charge of the Catholic mission at L'Anse, whose knowledge of them is perhaps as accurate as that of any other person, puts their number at two thousand, nearly all of whom can speak English imperfectly. Their tribal relation is slowly decaying—in fact, exists only as a tradition. The name of the tribe he writes

"Otchipwes." He says that they can not resist the fatal effects of the vices of the lower classes of whites with whom they come in contact, and that the numbers of the full-bloods are gradually shrinking. The inherited habits of generations are so built into the constitution of the race that regular food and shelter have a pauperizing effect on them. In a few years the only trace left of them will be the melodious names of the islands and bays and rivers where they fished and hunted, unless perhaps a token of their ancestry remain in Ontonagon, Menominee, and Michigamme, the last a beautiful word, pronounced as it is with the broad *a*. It is the name of a river, a canoe trip down which has all the charm of wood life without its discomfort. Pewabic is the Indian name of a low range of hills, and has been changed by a printer's error into "Penokee," which is now legally adopted. With what a manuscript must that printer have contended! So this fine word, signifying "iron," is lost, except as the name of a mine, which we trust may immortalize it.



ORE-SHIPPING PIERS AT MARQUETTE.

the darker cheek or hair of some American citizen of obscure pedigree; for the half and quarter breeds, though a mongrel race, seem to have, in contradiction to the general rule, greater powers of resistance than the pure-bloods.

It is fortunate that the Jesuits and *voyageurs* came into this country before the Americans, so that the Indian and French local names were firmly fastened before our people took possession; and instead of the eternal Jackson and Madison and Adams, and North this and New that, we have Escanaba, Negaunee, Marquette, Isle Royale, Grand Portage, Allouez, Pewabic,

The material development of this country, which supports a population of twenty thousand people, depends upon two distinct industries, the mining of iron ore and of copper; for the cutting of lumber is carried on at a few points only, and is of necessity temporary. The production of iron ore, which began about twenty-five years ago, and reached one hundred thousand tons in 1862, has grown steadily till it touched one and one-half millions of tons in 1879, and will exceed two millions of tons in 1882. Most of this immense product is taken to Cleveland, whence it is distributed by rail to meet the coal of Ohio

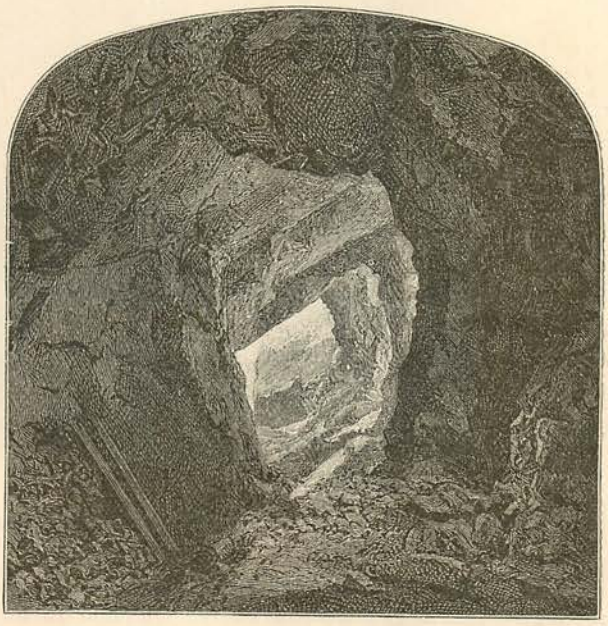
DRIVING A HOLE.

and Western Pennsylvania. A comparatively small portion is smelted on the spot in furnaces using charcoal, making a superior but high-priced iron for the better qualities of boiler plates and sheets. There is no better pig-iron in the world than that produced in Lake Superior charcoal furnaces. But vegetable fuel can never compete with mineral fuel in price, though its superiority is as marked in the forge as on the domestic hearth. The great bulk of the ore is shipped from the three ports of L'Anse, Marquette, and Escanaba, where are huge elevated docks, on which the trains of ore cars are run, and their contents discharged into bins underneath, from which it is loaded into lake schooners by opening a trap-door. During the navigation season the thunder of the ore, as it runs from the "pockets" into the holds of the vessels below, is almost continuous.

The Republic is rather the show iron mine of the district, as it is one of the largest and most picturesquely situated. It is remarkable, too, for a very bold and novel piece of mechanical engineering. All the power for pumping and hoisting is supplied, not by steam, but by compressed air, which is conveyed to the mine, from the spot where it is generated by water-power, in a huge iron pipe nearly a mile long. It is rather uncanny to see the engine wheels revolving, and the great pumps slowly reciprocating, with no smoke or sound of escaping steam. The pipes and cylinders are cold; snow forms around the exhaust passages; there is no apparent cause for motion. It is a dead machine, working as if alive. But it performs its work efficiently, and the car-loads of ore are raised quickly to the surface. The ore lies in an irregular vertical bed from fifty to one hundred and fifty feet wide, which has been excavated in an "open cut" to a depth of two hundred feet. The walls of this chasm are of deep red jasper and gray quartzite, and from the bridge which spans it give a magnificent effect. At the bottom is a black floor of iron ore, on which men and horses look like atomies. Drilling and blasting between these overhanging massive cliffs look very dangerous, and indeed can hardly fail to be so. The deeper "workings" are far beneath this, and in them a roof of ore is left for protection, which serves at least to hide the danger. Going down into these, we find suites of immense murky rooms, whose floors and roofs and walls are black lustrous magnetic ore. Around the sides the power drills are at work, striking six hundred blows a minute, driven by the compressed air, which is carried in a rubber hose to every part of the mine. They are as rapid as a sewing-machine, and not much larger, but energetic as a steam-hammer, of which, indeed, they are diminutive copies. But two yellow-haired young Danes, who are "driving" a hole by the old-fashioned method of striking alternately with sledge-hammers on a steel bar held in position by their comrade, are much better worth looking at than the busy little machines. They are in a very constrained position, but every movement is full of the grace

which comes from a perfect muscular development. They swing their hammers at arm's-length, as their forefathers used the two-handled mace. This is the famous "Bessemer ore," and in a month it will be at the great mills at Cambria, or Joliet, or Harrisburg, and in three weeks more it will be transformed into a steel rail, and in another month it will be in a railroad in Kansas or Dakota, and wheat cars will be rolling on it toward the Atlantic. On its hard, smooth face a bushel of wheat can be freighted a thousand miles for twenty cents less than on a soft iron rail.

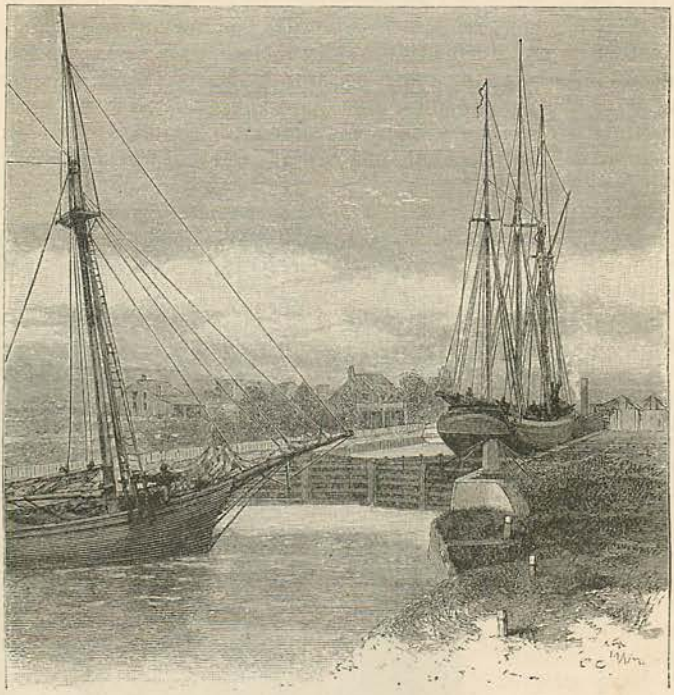
Every one in this part of the peninsula is covered with red ore dust and talking about iron. In the hotels, on the streets, in the stations, one hears the words "hematite," "specular," "magnetic," "output of the Norway," on every side. The very clocks are set to "mining time," half an hour faster than the old-fashioned sun time. More than one thousand men are in the woods "prospecting." The large land-owners have adopted the policy of granting "options"; that is, signing an agreement that if any person shall uncover a bed of ore on his land, the finder shall be entitled to a certain interest, generally one-third. Those who obtain these options frequently hire woodmen, for their outfit and a small fraction of the prospective interest, to explore for them. The ore lies in a certain geological formation, called, in the nomenclature of the country, a "mineral range," generally in irregular lens-shaped masses, or, as a mining captain expressed it, "like seeds in a pumpkin" —seeds from four to eight hundred feet long. The strata are so wrinkled and tilted and twisted by the contraction of the earth's surface that it is almost impossible to distinguish their bedding. If the surface were smoothed out again, the upper peninsula would be large enough to make a good-sized Western State. It has been ground down by the great continental glacier, and left covered with sand and gravel and bowlders, on all but the highest parts, to a depth of from ten to one hundred feet. The prospectors sink a well, which they call a "test pit," through this drift, and if they do not happen to hit the edge of a pumpkin-seed, move a little farther off, and try again. If they strike a bed of "lean ore," or any of the rocks that usually inclose a valuable deposit, they deduce from the inspection of a fragment the most favorable position for a new trial. They possess an acuteness and an amount of rough-and-ready geological knowledge, acquired in the mining school of experience, which almost reach the dignity of an instinct. The older companies use the diamond drill for exploring, which bores to any depth and in any direction required, and brings out a core or rod of stone from the hole, giving a consecutive sample of all the material penetrated. Every year new discoveries, new experience, and new mechanical inventions render Lake Superior iron-mining less problematical, and strengthen its position as one of the great permanent industries of the country.



UNDER-GROUND IRON MINE.

The northern part of the upper peninsula juts out into Lake Superior like a gigantic thumb. This is Keweenaw Point, and through it runs an inclined system of rocks known to geologists as the "copper-bearing series," and to miners as the copper "mineral range." This supplementa-

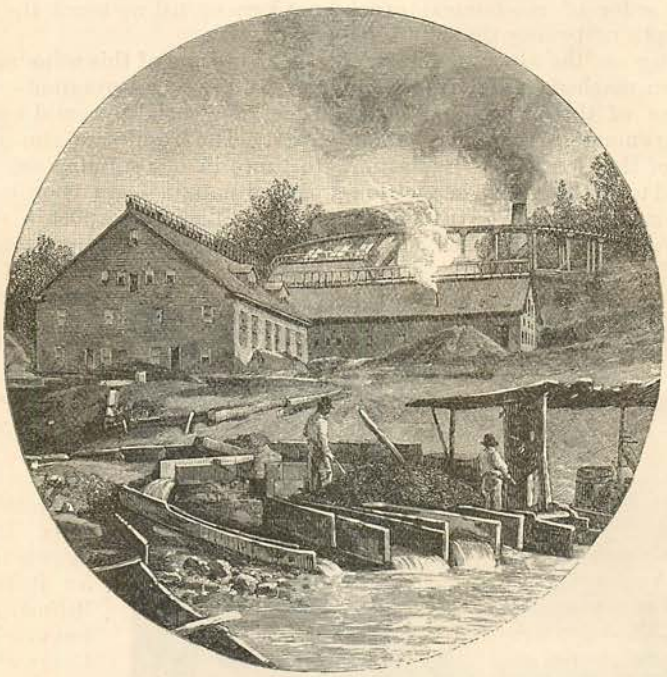
ry peninsula, which is not more than fifteen miles wide, is cleft from one side to the other near its base, and below the level of the lake, by a valley in which lies a long, ir-



ENTRANCE TO LOCK, SAULT SAINTE MARIE CANAL, CONNECTING LAKES SUPERIOR AND HURON.

regular sheet of water called Portage Lake, through which large boats pass freely. On the sides of this inlet are the great stamping-mills of the copper mines, and a few miles north of it is the great Calumet and Hecla Mine, which, whether viewed commercially, socially, or industrially, is one of the notable establishments of the world. A slice of conglomerate rock varying from ten to fifteen feet in thickness, and reaching to an unknown depth into the earth, is streaked and veined through more than a mile of its length with copper—not copper ore, which must go through an expensive process of concentration and smelting, but metallic copper, good enough to hammer into pennies and receive the mint mark. One-twentieth or more of the whole mass is copper; and when we reflect that copper is worth three hundred and eighty dollars a ton, that the regular monthly product of the mine is fourteen hundred tons, that other mines whose rock contains one-fifth as much copper, and is less easily obtained, are able to earn regular dividends, we can form some idea of the princely income of this magnificent property. At the mine is a village of eight thousand inhabitants, all living on land and in houses owned by the company, and on wages paid by the company. As a straightforward manly development of American civilization this village of Calumet is without a peer. There is no lawyer, and the only justice of the peace is obliged to act as superintendent of the railroad for occupation. There is, indeed, a lawyer in the adjoining and subsidiary village of Red Jacket, but one lawyer is of necessity as harmless as half a pair of shears. No one has ever been sent to State-prison during the ten years of the town's life. During a stay of a fortnight I saw no one under the influence of liquor—a state of things so unnatural in a mining town as to make one feel uneasy. Two "Molly Maguires" from the coal regions would make more noise than the two thousand employés of Calumet. The moral tone is as bracing as the fresh cool air. The miner, instead of eying a stranger sulkily, and as if hesitating which

stone he should throw at him, gives him good-day cheerily and heartily, as used the old-time rural population of New England. Here are Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, Finns, Scotch, Cornishmen, Canadians, Russians, Bohemians, Spaniards, Italians, and Germans quietly and harmoniously developing into self-respecting American citizens. Thirteen languages are spoken on the reservation. Mining companies usually prefer this mixture of nationalities, as a security against strikes; for confusion of tongues has been a preventive against unlawful combinations of labor since the building of the Tower of Babel. The tie which binds wage-earning men together is readily unloosed by race jealousies. A miners' union in thirteen languages is impossible. But the Calumet Company have no reason to fear strikes among any portion of their force. No man is discharged without cause, or forced to lose time. Pay-day is as punctual as the moon. The company employ four physicians, and have built a school-house with ample room for twenty-two teachers and eighteen hundred children, and equipped it with all the most approved aids to teaching. To the miners' aid fund the company subscribe exactly the amount the miners do, making last year a free gift of nine thousand dollars. But it is not so much gratitude for this liberality as the absolute certainty felt by the miner that the company are governed by stern principles of rectitude which gives tone to the Calumet community, and makes it the most efficient body of working-men in the world. It gives the strongest testimony to the immense silent power of character, in this age when we refer everything to the balance of material forces and the action of physical laws. When Fisk had control of the Erie Railway, the uncivilized bandit began to crop out in every conductor and brakeman; and if his spirit could enter the Calumet and Hecla direction, its debasing influence would filter through the organization, and make Calumet among mines what the Erie was among railroads.



A LAKE SUPERIOR COPPER MINE—WASHING THE TAILINGS.

A great property like this is a trust in more senses than one. With their unexampled facilities for producing copper, the company have the power of crushing competition. They might run the price of the metal up and down as one tosses a ball in the air, until all the companies who are working on a narrow margin were forced

to succumb. Their efforts, however, are directed toward securing a uniform price, toward preventing the wide fluctuations which, if promoted, might leave them without competitors. Their overshadowing power has, however, a tendency to check systematic exploration. While it can hardly be expected that another so valuable deposit will be found, it can not be denied that the copper region is as yet imperfectly developed. Capitalists naturally hesitate to enter a business where there is one producer of such preponderating influence.

All the equipments of this mine are of the highest order of mechanical excellence. A depth of twenty-three hundred feet, measuring on the slope of forty degrees, has been reached; and the new compound engine of three thousand horse-power, strong enough to turn the two Corliss engines of the Centennial Exposition backward and to do their work in addition, is capable of supplying power till a depth of four thousand feet is reached. Compressed air at a pressure of sixty pounds is carried to every working point. The mine itself resembles a section of a rectangular city. Eight parallel main avenues, each with its railroad, reach half a mile into the earth. Twenty-three horizontal streets nearly a mile long intersect them. The work goes on day and night three hundred and ten days in the year. Going down into this mine and seeing the perfection of the machinery, the tremendous effects of the nitro-glycerine explosions, the splendid physique and discipline of the force, all material obstacles seem to vanish, and one says involuntarily, "Why not keep on till we touch the centre of the earth?"

The income of this mine ascends to the apex of the social pyramid—if there be in America a social pyramid and it have an apex. The results of the great mining fortunes in our country are for the most part so paltry—a mansion on Fifth Avenue, a villa in Newport, a stable full of nimble horses, a family *fruges consumere nati*, at best a gallery of chance-selected pictures, are so frequently the highest outcome — that the country is to be congratulated that these yearly millions go into worthy hands and attain worthy objects. It seems an exaggeration to say of an industrial establishment, but it is not too much to say it of Calumet and Hecla, that it adds an honor to a great scientific name.

COPPER ORE CARS.

The Lake Superior mines have the advantage of producing metal free from any alloy of antimony or nickel or arsenic. In many of the mines great masses of native metal are found so large that they must be cut in place with chisels.

All the more important mines are situated on the ancient

workings of a prehistoric race. They seem to have been ignorant of the fact that copper could be melted, for they left behind them the fragments too small to use and the masses too heavy to lift. Every day they subjected it to a temperature nearly high enough, without making a discovery which would have lifted them out of the Stone Age into the Bronze Age, and perhaps have enabled them to survive the struggle in which they perished. They must have been very numerous, and have reached the point of development where they were capable of organizing industry.

LAKE SUPERIOR COPPER MINES—HOISTING ORE TO THE HEAD HOUSE.

In Isle Royale, near the Minong Mine, their pits, excavated to a depth of from ten to twenty feet in the solid rock, cover an area of from three to four hundred feet wide and more than a mile and a half in length. The labor expended here can not have been much short of that involved in building a Pyramid. Isle Royale is ten miles from the nearest land, and is incapable of producing food, so that all supplies except fish must have been brought from some distant point. Their excavations could of course never go below the point at which water would accumulate. Their hammers, frequently to the number of several thousand, are found in heaps where they were evidently placed at the end of the season. As no graves or evidences of habitations are found, we can hardly doubt that the ancient miners lived south of the great lakes, and made yearly journeyings with fleets of canoes to the copper mines. The aggregate amount of the metal which they carried off must have been very great, and it has, I believe, been generally thought that the copper implements of the ancient Mexicans came from this source. M. Charnay in a recent number of the *North American* seems to think that the Mexicans reduced copper from its ores. A chemical analysis of their hatchets would solve the question, for Lake Superior copper is so free from alloys as to be unmistakable.

The superintendent of the old Caledonia Mine in Ontonagon County kindly took me to the top of a cliff where three Cornish "tributers"—miners working not for wages but for a share of the product—had cleared out one of the ancient pits in the outcrop of the vein. They had brought out a quantity of copper, and had just uncovered a large mass which would weigh certainly not less than seven tons. Many battered stone hammers lay around the mouth of the pit. The active little Englishmen, belonging to a race of hereditary miners perhaps as old as the Mound-builders themselves, had come around the world from the east to finish the work of the departed Asiatic race who reached here from the west at a time to which no date can be assigned. Not far away another party had cut down a dead cedar to make props for their tunnel. As they were putting the log in position, from its centre dropped a small but perfectly formed stone hammer which had never been used. It was made from a stone found, I believe, only on the north shore of the lake. This tree was not far from two hundred and fifty years old; but as cedar is almost indestructible in this climate, it may have been dead sev-

eral hundred years. The axeman said that he had found several hammers in the centre of cedars. It would seem barely possible that this hammer had been placed in a cleft of the tree, when it was a sapling, that the wood might grow around the groove and serve as a handle. At all events, this one, which I have, was certainly placed where it was—about thirty inches from the ground—by human hands, undoubtedly by the ancient miner himself, when the tree was a twig.

# ANNE.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"The burnished dragon-fly is thine attendant,
And tilts against the field,
And down the listed sunbeam rides resplendent,
With steel-blue mail and shield."
—LONGFELLOW.

MISS LOIS came home excited. She had seen a left-handed man. True, he was a well-known farmer of the neighborhood, a jovial man, apparently frank and honest as the daylight. But there was no height of impossibility impossible to Miss Lois when she was on a quest. She announced her intention of going to his farm on the morrow under the pretext of looking at his peonies, which, she had been told, were remarkably fine, "for of course I made inquiries immediately, in order to discover the prominent points, if there were any. If it had been onions, I should have gone wild over them just the same."

Anne, obliged for the present to let Miss Lois make the tentative efforts, listened apathetically; then she mentioned her wish to row on the river.

"Better stay at home," said Miss Lois. "Then I shall know you are safe."

"But I should like to go, if merely for the air," replied Anne. "My head throbs as I sit here through the long hours. It is not that I expect to accomplish anything, although I confess I *am* haunted by the river, but the motion and fresh air would perhaps keep me from thinking so constantly."

"I am a savage," said Miss Lois, "and you shall go where you please. The truth is, Ruth, that while I am pursuing this matter with my mental faculties, *you* are pursuing it with the inmost fibres of your heart." (The sentence was mixed, but the feeling sincere.) "I will go down this very moment, and begin an arrangement about a boat for you."

She kept her word. Anne, sitting by the window, heard her narrating to Mrs. Blackie a long chain of reasons to explain the fancy of her niece Ruth for rowing. "She inherits it from her mother, poor child," said the widow, with the sigh which she always gave to the memory of her departed relatives. "Her mother was the daughter of a light-house keeper, and lived, one might say, afloat. Little Ruthie, as a baby, used to play boat; her very baby-talk was full of sailor words. *You* haven't any kind of a row-boat she could use, have you?"

Mrs. Blackie replied that they had not, but that a neighbor farther down the river owned a skiff which might be borrowed.

"Borrow it, then," said Mrs. Young. "They will lend it to *you*, of course, in a friendly way, and then *we* can pay *you* something for the use of it."

This thrifty arrangement, of which Mrs. Blackie unaided would never have thought, was carried into effect, and early the next morning the skiff floated at the foot of the meadow, tied to an overhanging branch.

In the afternoon Mrs. Young, in the farm wagon, accompanied by her hostess, and her hostess's little son as driver, set off for John Cole's farm, to see, in Mrs. Blackie's language, "the pynies." A little later Anne was in the skiff, rowing up the river. She had not had oars in her hands since she left the island.

She rowed on for an hour, through the green fields, then through the woods. Long-legged flies skated on the still surface of the water, insects with gauzy wings floated to and fro. A dragon-fly with steel-blue mail lighted on the edge of the boat. The burnished little creature seemed attracted. He would not leave her, but even when he took flight floated near by on his filmy wings, timing his advance with hers. With one of those vague impulses by which women often select the merest chance to decide their actions, Anne said to herself, "I will row on until I lose sight of him." Turning the skiff, she took one oar for a paddle, and followed the dragon-fly. He flew on now more steadily,