

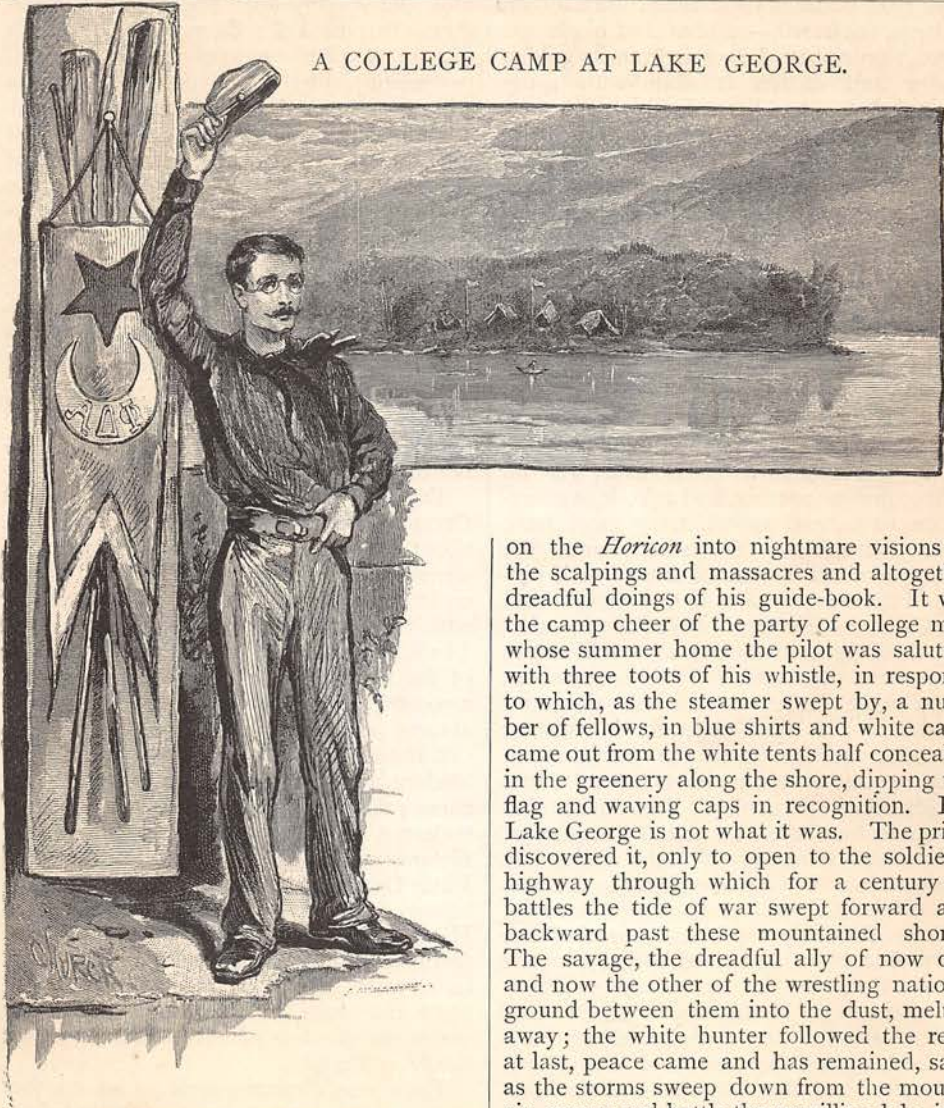
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A COLLEGE CAMP AT LAKE GEORGE.



RAH! RAH! RAH!—CAMP MANHATTAN!

“RAH! rah! rah!—A—D—Phi!—Khou-jhar-r-r!” It was not the war-whoop of a horde of painted savages, sweeping out from the ambush of the pretty island in their birch canoes, that startled the timid tourist

on the *Horicon* into nightmare visions of the scalplings and massacres and altogether dreadful doings of his guide-book. It was the camp cheer of the party of college men whose summer home the pilot was saluting with three toots of his whistle, in response to which, as the steamer swept by, a number of fellows, in blue shirts and white caps, came out from the white tents half concealed in the greenery along the shore, dipping the flag and waving caps in recognition. For Lake George is not what it was. The priest discovered it, only to open to the soldier a highway through which for a century of battles the tide of war swept forward and backward past these mountained shores. The savage, the dreadful ally of now one and now the other of the wrestling nations, ground between them into the dust, melted away; the white hunter followed the red; at last, peace came and has remained, save as the storms sweep down from the mountain passes and battle the unwilling lake into fury of wind and wave. And now the crumbled forts are green with grass,—so nature teaches us to forget and to forgive war; Bloody Pond, tinged only with the twilight glow, is still with the lovely quiet of a lily pool; and scarred Black Mountain beholds

no longer the pageantry of Abercrombie's flotillas and the scout on his stealthy track, but the brisk little steamers, gay with parties of tourists, and the "summer boarder" in his aimless skiff.

It is in the glory of its eternal hills, the changeful beauty of its waters, the myriad islands that float like anchored ships, the piney points, the recessed and dreamy bays that nestle beyond them, the Sabbath stillness, the storm—sudden and black and fierce, that rouses the water from its golden dream and dashes it white with spray against the rocks; the splendor of sunsets bursting through gates of cloud,—it is in these that the lake remains what it has been from the beginning, through solitude, savagery, war, into the jaunty days of "through tickets." So it is that Lake George, as picturesque in its history as in its shores, is now a highway of pleasure and fashion, and so it is that these college fellows, enticed first by the beauty and historic associations of the place, have come here year by year for ten years, until Camp Manhattan is to them a second *alma mater*.

The conscript fathers, the founders of the Camp, known also as its sachems, were all college mates together, and as college generations came and passed, many more have been "gathered to the fathers," until the Camp numbers a score or more. It is perhaps because they are all city men,—from the College of the City of New York,—that this dwelling in tents has so much zest to them, and that their kindling enthusiasm anent "the Lake" makes the ambitious Freshman the more eager for his distant sheepskin because it is the passport not only to the world at large but to Camp Manhattan in particular. The Camp takes its name from the Manhattan Chapter of the college fraternity of Alpha Delta Phi, whose star-and-crescent emblem is the banner of the Camp, and in whose bonds of college friendship the "many hands" are "one heart." Other neighboring chapters of the fraternity have proposed to follow the example of Manhattan, so that by and by the lake may be dotted with star-and-crescent camps, the green and white of the fraternity varied with the college purple of mountain-shadowed Williams, the lavender of sedate Wesleyan, the garnet of rollicking Union, the orange of the mother-chapter, Hamilton, and the "cornelian" of victorious Cornell. It is a happy precedent thus to tempt college graduates, mostly professional men, into so entire and wholesome a

change of life, in pleasant renewal of the associations of college days.

It was a dream of Freshman days—some expedition from the brick-and-mortar city out among the woods and waters which most college men enjoyed at their very doors. One memorable summer, five undaunted spirits, having borrowed a tent and laid in a short supply of provisions, took the Albany boat and presently found themselves at Lake George, in the hands of the merciless savages (of the colored persuasion) who then preyed upon the errant white man at the Fort William Henry Hotel. Escaping from their clutches at the dawn of day, they took ship with Captain Hulett, of the good craft *Ganouskie*, who sang to them camp-meeting songs, and told them that if they wanted to camp, perhaps they'd better try Sheldon's Point. "Try it they did, and liked it well enough to stay—and starve. Not that they had nothing to eat, but being their own cooks, and very green, their hands could not keep pace with their mouths; they dropped one meal, two, three, behindhand, until it was impossible to tell whether today's breakfast was properly yesterday's dinner or the supper of the day before.

But after all the vicissitudes of the first Camp, there was a pleasant remembrance about it: the lake had already begun to weave its enchantments. The second year, eight camped at Sheldon's Point, taking with them a cook, the dusky and devoted Lewis, since canonized as the matron saint of the Camp. As the numbers increased, a second servant became necessary, known always, whatever his personal identity, under the nomenclature of "Johnson." At Sheldon's Point the Camp remained for some years, until the too obliging proprietor "cleared up" for it by removing all the picturesque undergrowth, and it moved to Little Green Island, on the east shore, just below the Trout Pavilion and Kaatskill Hotels, seven miles north from the Head, and six south-east from Bolton, a lovely bit of earth, having the full sweep of the lake north and south, and nestling in a quiet bay under the shadow of the mountains called the Deer Pasture.

Each year's encampment is set on foot at New York by the choice of the fortnight, with due regard to Mistress Luna,—usually the beginning of August,—and the selection of the Executive and Treasurer, who are the managers for the Camp, and who proceed forthwith to lay in sufficient stock of provisions for the number going, according to

tables compiled from the Treasurer's books of previous years. Canned goods and luxuries in general are expressed or carried as baggage from New York; the staples are laid in at Glenn's Falls and carried by wagon with the other baggage to the landing nearest the camp; meat, milk and fresh vegetables are supplied by a farmer on the lake shore, who rows to the camp each morning, and in whose barn the tents and camp equipage are stored through the winter. Boats are hired, at about \$5 per week; the other chief expenditures are the servants' wages and expenses. The assessment is now levied at so much per day for each person's stay, a convenient system for a large camp, and usually runs under \$2, about the charge of the smaller hotels at the lake. An advance party of three starts a couple of days ahead and pitches camp. The general start is commonly of a Thursday night, by Hudson River boat, when all the Knights of Discontent who can't get away gather to give the happier ones a send-off. A jolly breakfast at the Delavan House in Albany, and the boys feel fairly in camp again as they rush across to the cars.

At Saratoga the morning train is boarded by tourists about to "do" the lakes in a day,—north through Champlain and south through Lake George,—on the round trip ticket which brings them back to the Springs in time for supper. This is the chief pleas-

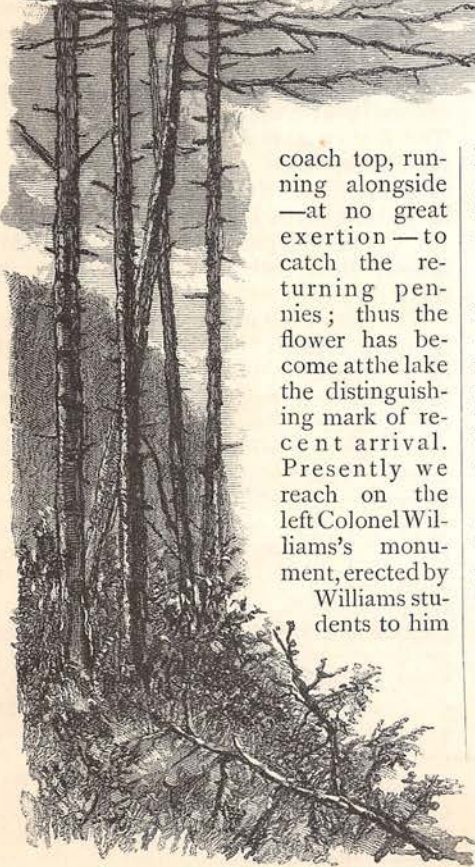
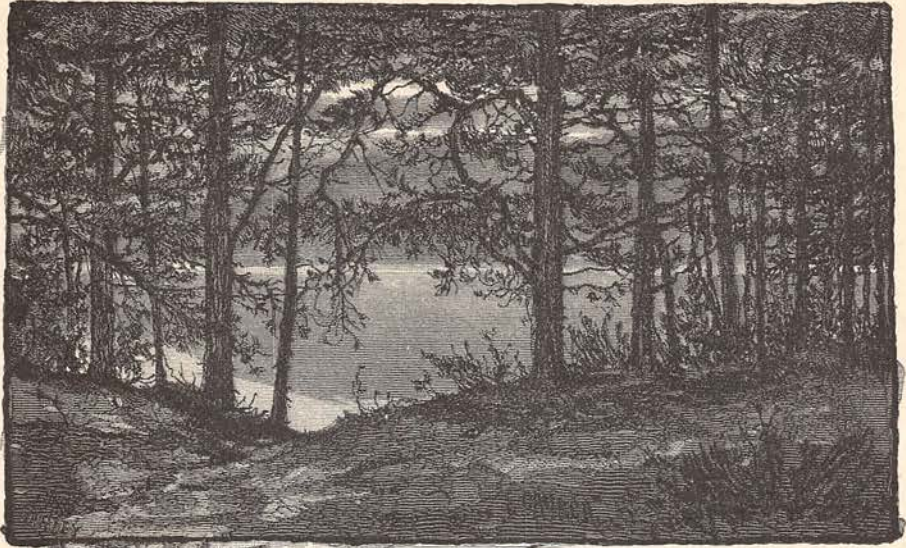
ure train of the continent, and its iron path follows (Lake George excepted) the very trail of Indian, colonial, and Revolutionary warfare,—the highway of history. The bright faces that look out from the windows of the palace cars, which presently you shall see at Lake George, Champlain, the Adirondacks, the Green Mountains or the White Hills, Montreal or Quebec, the St. Lawrence or the Saguenay, Niagara itself (to all of which these particular cars go or connect), are alive with associations from their history books, now for the first time become real. At Fort Edward there is a change to Glenn's Falls, so called since a modern Esau, an early settler named Abraham Wing, sold his name-right in what was then Wing's Falls, to a Colonel Glenn, for the mess of pottage of a wine supper. The new-comers beseech the obdurate conductor to telegraph ahead for secured seats on the stage, while the more knowing fringe the platforms of the cars, ready to drop off and run a race with the train in the hurry-scurry scramble for the first stage and the top seats, in which possession is at least eleven points of the law. The last stage commonly starts off first, its population busily reading up in their guide-books, and asking the unstoried driver when they shall see the Falls and the cave in which Mr. Cooper hid away "The Last of the Mohicans," from both of which he is driving them rapidly away.

The stages roll out of the village with that leisurely rapidity which seems to be the characteristic of the few stage-lines still left about the country, as though they were discouraged by the railroads, and didn't much care. Long may it be before the threatened railroad invades this approach to Lake George! The old picturesque stage-route at the north has already been superseded by the rails, and barren "observation cars," from which you can observe nothing, take the place of the Concord coaches; and the famous and witty Baldwin, their presiding genius, drags out a dampened existence as "general superintendent" of the branch,— "no longer a man," he says, "only part of a corporation." But the sole means of reaching the Head is still by stage. For the most part, the turnpike follows the old military road, though the planks here and there turn aside, by way of modern improvement, leaving the old road below. To the west the Luzerne Mountains lift, and those which surround Lake George loom to the north.

As we drive along, parties of boys throw bunches of fragrant water-lilies to the stage-



MAP OF LAKE GEORGE.



FROM THE OLD FORT.

whose will founded the "free school" which has since become Williams College, and who

died here in that "bloody morning scout" of 1755, on the same memorable day in which Bloody Pond, half hidden among trees be-

coach top, running alongside—at no great exertion—to catch the returning pennies; thus the flower has become at the lake the distinguishing mark of recent arrival. Presently we reach on the left Colonel Williams's monument, erected by Williams students to him

low the road to the right, a little way beyond, received its name. Presently the stage reaches the top of a hill, and "The Lake! the Lake!" is the cry, as of old the returning Greeks called "Thalassa! Thalassa!"

We catch at once the familiar view of the lake by which it is known to ninety-nine out of a hundred tourists, who look north from the south end. Its clear blue waters seem to be guarded by the two mountain pillars on either side,—Prospect to the west, with the speck of a hotel perched close to its top; the long, dark mass of French Mountain, under which nestles the summer convent of the Paulist Fathers, to the east. The stately Fort William Henry Hotel, with its well-kept grounds, is at the very end of the lake; the unpicturesque village of "the Head" (Caldwell, now "Lake George"), with the Lake House stretches along the western shore; the eastern is pretty with trees and unspoiled banks along to pleasant "Crosbyside." The little steamers lie at the dock, ready to scurry off down the lake, or, if it is afternoon, the *Horicon* is coming up, signaling to the southern stages how many passengers she has,—a long toot for every ten, a short one for the odd five. But all this is forgotten in the outstretch of the lake itself, blue and bright, circled with mountains, along which the clouds float dreamily. Tea Island first catches the eye, a pretty bit

of green a mile or so down the western shore, but bluff little Diamond Island, standing out by itself four miles off, insists on being the prominent jewel in the circle. This, where still there are signs of earth-works, was once the scene of a memorable fight. Here are found the quartz crystals sold as "Lake George diamonds," and here, of old, dwelt the "Lady of the Lake." Beyond it a dozen miles to the north, Tongue Mountain laps the lake, the pretty village of Bolton hidden to the west, the picturesque Narrows with their hundred isles still beyond. Shelving Rock, a curious formation, though not much of a mountain is from almost any point of view a central promontory, and insists on intruding itself into every orthodox picture of Lake George. Over its shoulder looms Black Mountain, the mountain of these ranges; nearer on the east shore are Buck Mountain and the Deer Pasture, or Pilot Mountain, under which the flag and one tiny tent of Camp Manhattan may faintly be seen.

"That, madam," says a studious youth who has been diligently reading up in his guide-book, addressing his elderly neighbor: "that, madam, is Lake George, called by James Fenimore Cooper in his celebrated novel, 'The Last of the Mohicans,' madam, Lake Horicon.* Lake George, madam, called the 'Chromo of America,' is thirty-four miles long, madam, and one to four miles wide. It is elevated, madam, about 300 feet above the sea, and flows north, madam, into Lake Champlain. Lake George, madam —"

"Give him ten; that'll do, Freshie," remarks a muffled voice, and the geography lesson is cut short in the middle. Presently the driver whips up, and the stage now bowls with a dash into the grounds of the Fort William Henry Hotel. The "round trip" tourists take a rapid glance at the lake from the fine piazza, rush out to the old fort, gaze with mingled emotions at the ruined earth-works and the game of Aunt Sally rigged on top, sentimentalize over the lime-kiln they mistake for Fort George, rush back again to the hotel, run upstairs to see the jumble of relics and curiosities in the upper hall, bolt a hasty dinner while the little

steamers whistle provokingly, and finally hurry aboard to "do" the rest of Lake George.

But, despite the incongruities about the hotel, no one of any thoughtfulness can approach Lake George without a deep sense of the somber historic tinge that colors every scene. From the moment Bloody Pond is reached, each spot has its history, —the sunshine of to-day is tempered by the shadow of the past. At these old earth-works, plain enough yet, not a stone's throw from the gay hotel, men fought and died, there was a dreadful massacre, women were murdered with their babes at their breast. Desecrated as the place is, the ear closes to the sounds of pop-guns, clicking balls, and flirtatious chatter, and the imaginative eye sees only the somber mounds and the sad pines that have had a century's growth upon these graves of men.

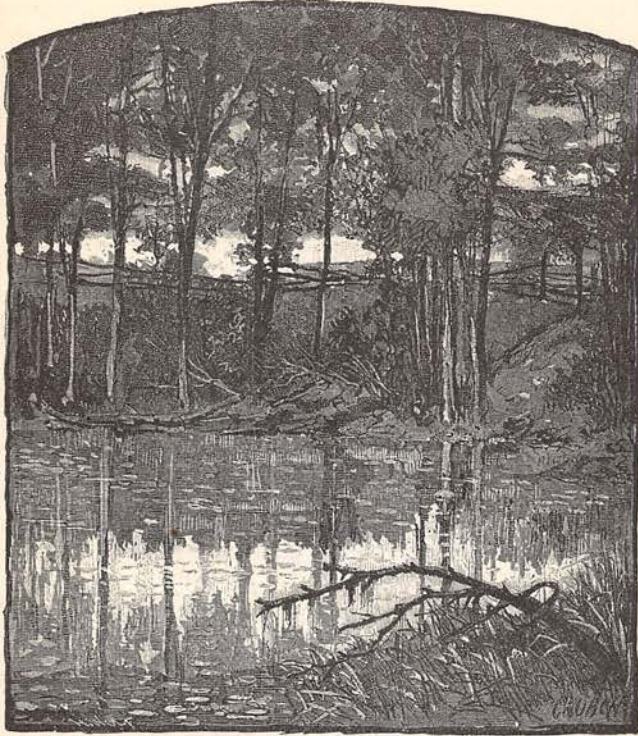
The history of Lake George* is too absorbing to pass it by, even in a brief sketch of summer pleasuring. Arnold, of Rugby, in his lectures on history, counseled his students to study well the topography of a country before they undertook to compass its history. This is peculiarly desirable at Lake George, and Black Mountain offers an excellent observatory. From its peak the whole country is mapped out in the distance below, and one sees at a glance just why this region has been the battle-ground of the continent. Here is the open key to whole book-shelves of histories. To the east, the Green Mountains, to the west, the Adirondacks,—the "Black Mountains" (Aganuschion) of the Indians,—form great walls, between which lies the valley of the lakes, called "The Gate of the Country" (Caniaderi Guarunte) by the Iroquois. Lake George itself is a mountain valley, swept ages

* This is said by Cooper, who spells it Horicon, to mean "silvery water," and to be the name of a tribe of Indians residing near. The nearest approach that can be historically traced is "Horiconi," another way of spelling Iroquois (Parkman), though an old Dutch map locates a tribe of "Horkons" near Cape Cod (De Costa).

* Rev. B. F. De Costa is the historical student of the lake and the best authority; see his "Narrative of Events at Lake George," virtually incorporated in his guide-book to "Lake George;" "Notes on the History of Fort George," with a late appendix; and a *brochure* on "The Fight at Diamond Island." A "History of the Town of Queensbury," by A. W. Holden, M. D., is full of interesting detail about the lake, though it has the failings of a local history. S. R. Stoddard's "Lake George Illustrated" is the latest guide-book; see also descriptive and historical guides by B. C. Butler and H. Marvin. The best map is a large one of the lake published by J. E. Beers & Co., New York, 1876. To complete the bibliography of the lake, see references in the general histories, particularly Parkman's, Bancroft's, and Lossing's; the early relations and colonial documents; military reports; the descriptions of travelers, particularly of the Baroness Riedesel, President Dwight, Trumbull, and Charles Carroll, and passages in Cooper's novels.

ago by deep floods, which ground the clear, fine sand that forms much of the bottom of the lake, and left the lower hill-tops peeping above the remaining waters as islands. Here is a continuous pass, by water, through

Hendrik Hudson was pushing up from the south, visited the lake which bears his name and defeated, probably not far from the familiar battle-ground, their Iroquois enemies. There is no evidence that he saw



TWILIGHT AT BLOODY POND.

the peaks and forests of the "endless mountains" (Appalachian), down to the great Hudson valley, through which, between the Catskills and the Berkshires, the mighty river carries its waters to the sea. Long before the white man set foot here, two great nations of Indians battled for these hunting-grounds, and the falls at the outlet of Lake George, the future battle-ground of many a famous general, were known to the wandering Indians of the north as Huncksoock, "the place where everybody fights." After generations of struggle, the Iroquois, the powerful league of the Six Nations, drove the more ancient settlers, known to white history as the Algonquin or Huron tribes, beyond the St. Lawrence and across Champlain, and in derision of the vanquished called their remnant the Adirondacks, "who eat the bark of trees." But their war parties still preyed across the border, and it was with one of these that Champlain, in 1609, the very year in which

Lake George, though it is probable that he heard of it from the Indians. The first white man to gaze upon its waters was doubtless the Jesuit Father, Isaac Jogues, who saw the lake in 1648—some contend in 1642. On the thronged and splendid canvas of these historic scenes, the delicate and saintly figure of this heroic martyr stands forever first.

When the French conceived that splendid military campaign which their generals followed for the great part of a century,—the environment of the English settlements, by a line of forts from the mouth of the St. Lawrence up the great lakes and down thence to New Orleans, which should be drawn closer and closer to the Atlantic coast, until the English were swept off the continent,—this line of attack became of first importance, and the brilliant history of Lake George is chiefly connected with that final struggle for the supremacy of the continent, which we know as the French and Indian war.

Here, in fact, was decided a question, the most pregnant in modern history,—whether what is now the great Republic should be an English or a French nation. Had this been otherwise determined, how much might have been lost to human progress!

In the year 1755, General, afterward Sir, William Johnson built the military road from the Hudson River to the lake, encamped at its head, and named it Lake George, "not only in honor of His Majesty, but to ascertain his undoubted dominion here." The country was covered with dense primeval forest, where, according to his report,—perhaps not quite correct,—"no house was ever before built, nor a spot of land cleared." It was on the 8th of September that, hearing of the French General Dieskau's approach, a skirmishing party was sent to the south to reconnoiter. The party was trapped into an ambush; Colonel Williams and King Hendrick fell at the first fire, and the French, who had come around the southern spur of French Mountain, pursued almost into the works of the camp. It was on their careless retreat from this first "Battle of Lake George," having failed to carry the fortifications, that a fresh force of 200 New Hampshire men, under Captain McGinnis, coming north from Fort Edward, attacked a party of three hundred, seated at their supper by the little pond near Half-way Brook, and killed so many that the pool was said to have been heaped dry with the slain, and from the dreadful hue of that slaughter took its name of "Bloody Pond." In this autumn, Fort William Henry was built. In July of 1757, the greatest of French-American generals, Montcalm, left Montreal with 9,000 men, among them those ruthless savages of whose cannibal orgies Father Roubaud tells the dreadful story. On the 3d of August, from near where the Lake House now stands, he planted his batteries against Fort William Henry, which some of the French records mistakenly call

Fort George. The defense was brave, but fruitless; after six days it was agreed that the garrison should march out with honors and be given escort to Fort Edward. As the English troops filed out, the savages, defying the compact, began that dreadful massacre of Fort William Henry which is one of the most terrible scenes in American history. The first butchery, says poor Father Roubaud, "transformed them into so many ferocious beasts"; according to many of the accounts, not less than five hundred were most cruelly slain.

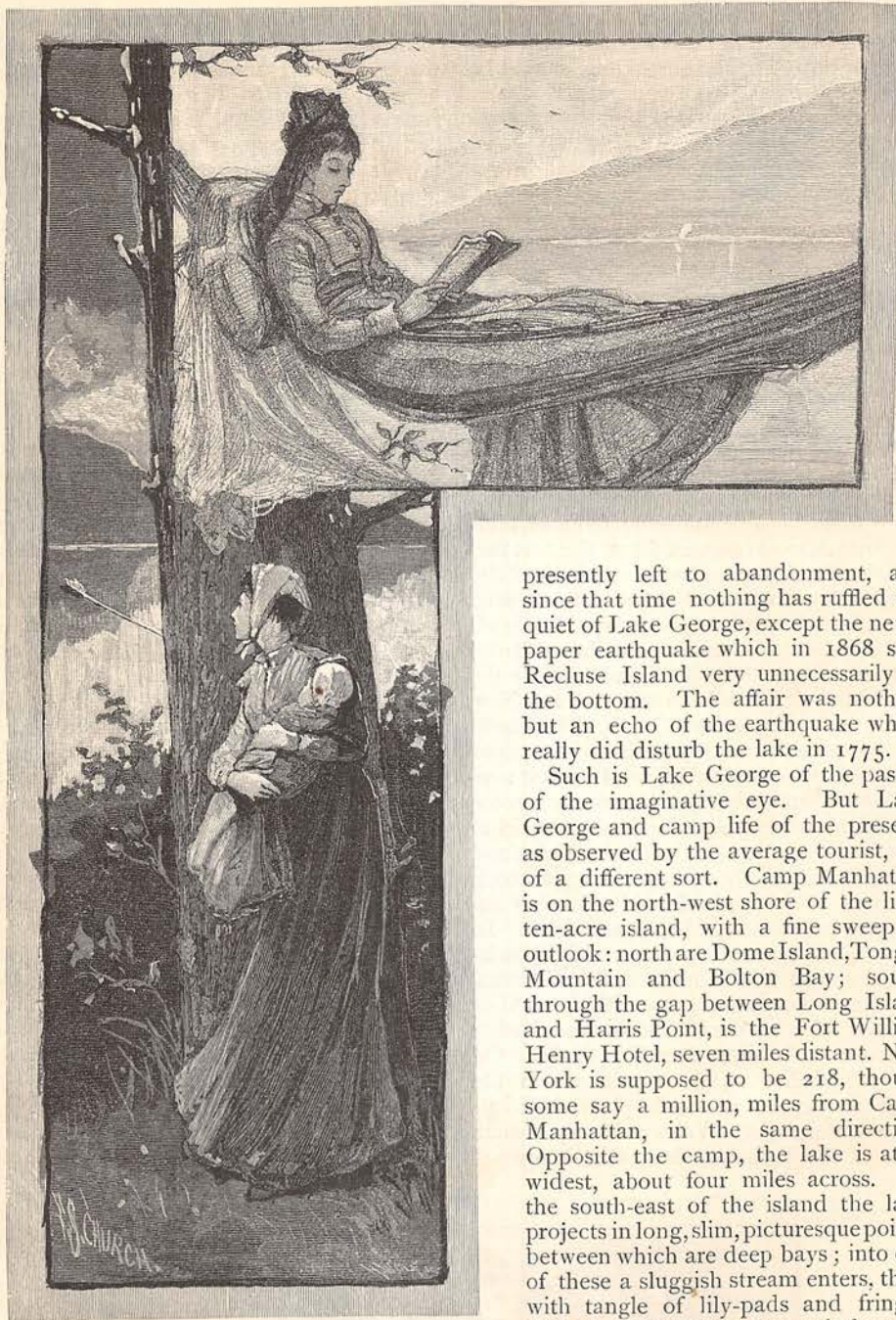
The next year the tide of war turned north, bearing upon its surface the most brilliant pageant in American history. On Wednesday morning, July 5, at eight o'clock, an army of 16,000 men, generated by Abercrombie and young Lord Howe, the "Lycurgus" and idol of the troops, embarked from Fort William Henry in a thousand boats. It was a brilliant midsummer day, and not a cloud, say the chroniclers, was in the sky. The troops and the boats were decked as if for a holiday parade; it was a gala-day prefacing an easy and bloodless victory. The long lines fronting down the lake were gay with flags; the brilliant uniforms and glint of arms put to shame the sparkling waters; martial music inspired those not kindled by the pageantry itself. Three days afterward a melancholy procession of defeat, bearing the body of Lord Howe and the groaning wounded, returned over the course of the gay procession. Here, at once, are the two sides of glittering and dreadful war.

The next year, 1759, in which year Fort George proper was in part built, a third procession, Amherst's army of 11,000 men, passed along the lake. Fort Ti was precipitately evacuated and fell into the hands of the English; and September 21 a proclamation was issued declaring this region again quiet.

The Revolution made this country again a field of battle and the last event in Lake



A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.



HISTORY AND ROMANCE.

George's military annals was in 1780, when the American garrison of Fort George, venturing out against the enemy, was cut to pieces near Bloody Pond, and the Fort for the last time fell into British hands. It was

presently left to abandonment, and since that time nothing has ruffled the quiet of Lake George, except the newspaper earthquake which in 1868 sent Recluse Island very unnecessarily to the bottom. The affair was nothing but an echo of the earthquake which really did disturb the lake in 1775.

Such is Lake George of the past—of the imaginative eye. But Lake George and camp life of the present, as observed by the average tourist, are of a different sort. Camp Manhattan is on the north-west shore of the little ten-acre island, with a fine sweep of outlook: north are Dome Island, Tongue Mountain and Bolton Bay; south, through the gap between Long Island and Harris Point, is the Fort William Henry Hotel, seven miles distant. New York is supposed to be 218, though some say a million, miles from Camp Manhattan, in the same direction. Opposite the camp, the lake is at its widest, about four miles across. To the south-east of the island the land projects in long, slim, picturesque points, between which are deep bays; into one of these a sluggish stream enters, thick with tangle of lily-pads and fringed with reeds. The shore is wooded mostly with the evergreen trees, though here and there are graceful clusters of elms, and the maple waits its autumn time of flowering. Two summer hotels, with a considerable bluff occupied by cottages between them, form a convenient base of supplies

for the camp; these are the Trout Pavilion and the Kaatskill House. The island is cut off from the shore by a narrow and lovely inlet of crescent shape, named by the Camp Crescent Water; with it the island star forms the star-and-crescent of the Fraternity. It is in the very shadow of the great Deer Pasture mountain, which gives back echoes to the camp halloos; and about the foot of the mountain, just north from the camp, are hidden three quiet, rounded bays, so withdrawn that they are still unnamed,—tiny lakes themselves, where the turtles bask in the sun on the water-soaked and mossy logs, the cardinal-flower tempts the boatman into tangles of fallen trees and tropic undergrowth, and the water-lily perfumes the air with an odor that seems part of the dreamy, delicious scene. These are poets' bays; let the gay world keep away.

The visitor to the camp lands at a natural dock between two great masses of flat rock, and is ushered first to the "Head-quarters Tent," its name a relic of the mediæval military history of the Camp. It is always explained to visitors—by each member of the Camp who happens to converse with the victim—that "This is a historic tent—the very tent in which Napoleon, Little Mac, and Alexander the Great hob-nobbed together at the siege of Jerusalem." The first part is true: the shapely English tent—a genuine article, that has stood nearly a generation's

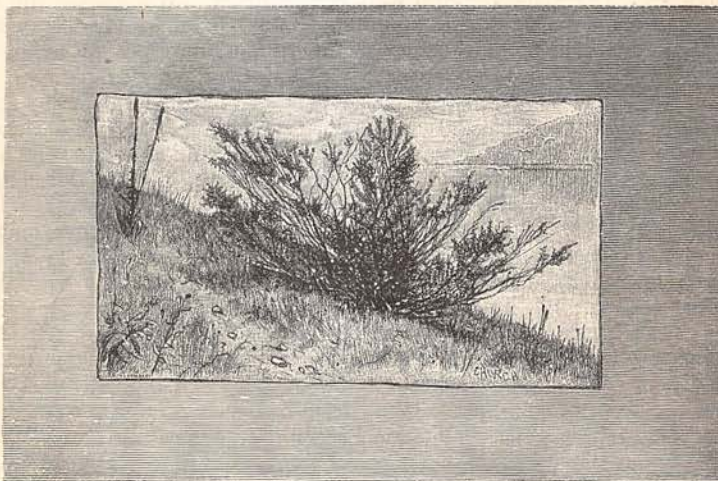
home of the all-hours-of-the-night element, particularly of the whist quartette, who at this writing stand 286 to 269, the sum total of two years' campaigns. Just south is



A CHAMPION FISHERMAN.

the "Gospel Tent," founded on a rock by the very shore, with a lovely outlook, the waves lapping you to sleep at night, and bothering you exceedingly in the morning; it is inhabited by the Gos-pellers—the quiet men. It is so called because the lapse of years has made it not only venerable, but holy; its inhabitants love it, but they do criticise the impartiality with which the holes and the rain are distributed, so that the most extensive dry

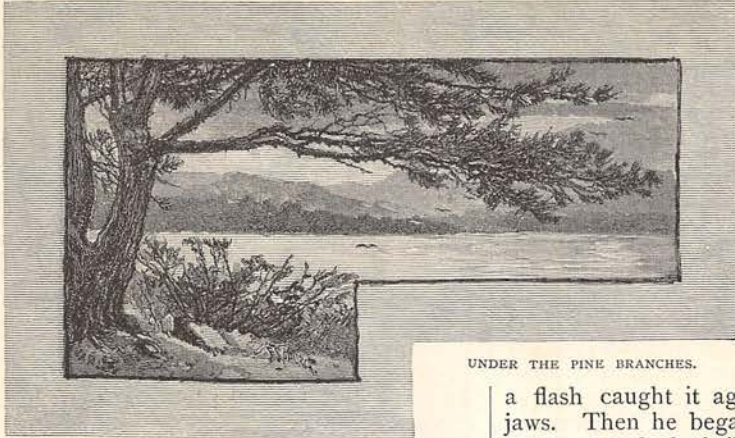
places are just short of six feet long. The third tent, north of "Head-quarters," is the "Nursery," where the younger men, infants of six feet two, sleep the sleep of the innocent. Near the landing are the cook's and provision tents, and the kitchen, where Lewis, best of cooks, has a single eye to the public good, holds the umbrella over the stove on rainy days, and always has frosted



A JUNIPER BANK, LAKE GEORGE.

wear and tear—was that used by General Delafield, General McClellan, and Major Mordecai, during the Crimean war, as Uncle Sam's corps of observation. This is the

cake for lady visitors. The Camp prides itself on its *cuisine*, particularly its ice-cream made in camp, its flap-jacks, and its roast potatoes. The daily bills of fare are religiously



UNDER THE PINE BRANCHES.

recorded by the scribe. Past the kitchen, a pleasant woodland path leads to the leafy dining-room, with its northern sweep of view; the dining-table is of the highest style of constructive art-furniture, and portable, so that it may be floated off for the winter into the storage barn, or floated up on rainy days into the big "Nursery Tent," lest the children should get their feet wet by coming out-of-doors. A sheltered landing for the boats, in Crescent Bay, is near by, and another path leads to the "Jumping-off Point," the swimming-place, where, also, the campfire is built on gala nights.

"But what do you do all the time?" asks the visitor, after he—or oftener she—has been shown the sights of the Camp. And we have to confess that we are a lazy set, though lazy, perhaps, as a reaction from the busy life of the city. We don't fish very much,—a few Izaak Waltons excepted,—for the black bass and lake trout, and even the pickerel which "abound" in Lake George are uncommonly modest of late years, and permit the rock bass and horned pout and "punkin seeds" and other objectionable small fry to come too much to the surface. There *are* fish; Bishop Williams, of Connecticut, can catch them; but he has had a score of years' acquaintance with the finny Lake Georgians, and most people can't. But Mr. Seth Green has come to the rescue, and if the natives will not fish out the lake every spring, there may be some chance for "most people."

The most successful Lake George fisherman we knew was a water-snake, which swam ashore at the landing just as three of us were pushing off one day, with a huge horned pout, or cat-fish, in his mouth. When he saw us, he dived; but unless he held the fish

above water, the latter had the advantage, so presently he came up and landed cargo. We waited and watched. The snake wriggled the fish well away from the shore; he had it in his jaws cross-wise between the horns and the tail. Suddenly he gave it a throw, and in

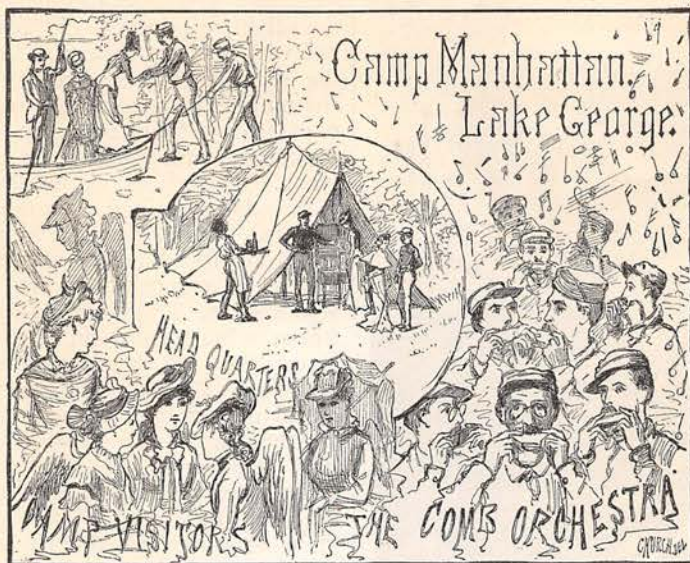
a flash caught it again, head first, in his jaws. Then he began to swallow it whole. The jaws unlocked till they were wide open in a straight line, and the swallowing went on charmingly till Mr. Snake came to the horns. Those bothered him; he wriggled and maneuvered for full fifteen minutes, till we thought he had given up the job, and was a strangler strangled; but presently he got the horns down on the head, and the fish quickly disappeared.

We don't hunt, except it be the Khoujah-r-r. There is a game law that prevents our shooting the large droves of deer that daily come down to water from the Deer Pasture, whence its name (!), and rattlesnake-hunting is charming only to professionals. And now the Khoujah-r-r himself has been hunted to death, and there is no more Khoujah-r-r. Whereupon the camper endeavors to divert his fair visitor from further impertinent questions by telling the Camp ghost story of the Khoujah-r-r.

The Khoujah-r-r is a mysterious beast indigenous to Lake George, which prowled about the camp o' nights and struck terror into the bravest hearts. Mr. Church further on has introduced a sketch from life as a contribution to natural history, for fear natural history should never have another chance at him. He has a stealthy tread, and prowls. That is how he came to be a ghost. In the memorable summer of 1876, mysterious footsteps were heard about the camp, and since Little Green Island was not in the direct route between New York and Philadelphia, it could scarcely be "tramps." The Camp, alarmed at this mysterious being, "laid for him," shot bull's-eye lanterns suddenly at him, appointed deputations to sit up all night for him—in vain! The mystery became known variously as the Ghost, Annex (an x being the unknown quantity in algebra, and this being, also, the Centennial year), and at

last the Khoujahr-r-r. Finally, the Camp turned out all together one night, "dead set" on surrounding and capturing that Khou-

—in view of which, by various ingenious devices, he managed to entice successively nearly every member of the Camp. The



"COMPLIMENTS OF THE CAMP."

jahr-r-r. Armed with lanterns, torches, guns, pistols, axes, poles, stones, they waited patiently for the familiar tread, and at last they were rewarded. They formed a circle, flared up the lights, made ready their missiles, and closed in. The Khoujahr-r-r *was not there!* No sleep visited the Camp that night; discouraged, they returned to New York. Then came strange rumors from the breaking-up party. As they were striking the tents, an animal was seen deserting the island and swimming for a new camp on Long Island. They pursued it with their boat; savagely it turned on its pursuers, but they mastered and captured it. They telegraphed to New York: "We have met the Khoujahr-r-r, and it is ours!" They brought the animal back with them—but was it the Khoujahr-r-r? The mystery was never solved. It remains the bone of contention in the Camp to this day. During the winter following, the wag of the Camp hired one day a peripatetic show-bill to parade up and down Broadway with two huge placards:

HAVE YOU SEEN THE

KHOUJAHR-R-R?

MAJOR A. D.

effect may be imagined. I am not sure but the thing got also into the "Herald" Personals. We have often wondered whether some of the great and curious public who happened upon that placard have ever ceased wondering why they never saw or heard more of the mysterious Khoujahr-r-r.

"But what do you do with yourselves?" reiterates the insistent visitor. Rowing gives plenty of exercise, and sailing is a favorite delight. The first thing after breakfast is writing letters and waiting for our own. The "Camp Manhattan" mail-bag hung always in front of the "Nursery Tent," while its mate was on the way to or from the post-office at the Head. As the little steamer *Lillie*, with ever-obliging Captain White, came along, she tooted for the mail-carrier, who pulled out in his boat, tossed our bag, caught the other and came ashore, the most popular man of letters in camp. Then, if it were "a rainy day in camp"—and there were twelve one year out of fourteen—we would start up the comb orchestra for a grand tin-pan-onion, skylark about the tents, or play "Duck-on-a-rock" in undress uniform out-of-doors, then, becoming desperate, take to the boats or the water, and defy the weather. Sometimes there would be a splendid storm,—and Lake George is grand in its storms—and we would all wait out on

the rocks and watch the storm-clouds rolling up over the darkened mountains, the white sails scurrying home, the straight line



DOWN THE LAKE.

of white-caps drawn across the lake and driving fast upon us, the booming dash of spray upon the shore, the crash and then the breaking of the storm, until the sun threw splendors of light from above the mountain rift, lighting up the middle lake with a golden glory, while north and south the storm still lowered and gloomed in all

its blackness. And then between the storms there would be a hush—an expectant, a thrilling stillness, until again the wind and the rain were upon us, now north, now west, now south. Sometimes, in the silver moonlight, we locked the boats together and with paddling oars drifted about, under the shadowy shores, out in the spectral sheen of the open lake, and sang “the songs of other days” that to a college man bring back at once the fun and the pathos of his youth. Sometimes we visited and were pleasantly entertained, as at the comfortable Mohican or the Bolton House at Bolton, or at private friends’, not least enjoying hospitable “Graynook” or the dilapidated woodshed at Bolton which ingenious mistresses, a branch mission of the Society of Decorative Art, had transformed into a household shrine. Sometimes we entertained in turn, and one day in each year was set apart as “reception day,” when the tiny steam-yachts, the shrieking *Julia* and the screeching *Owl* brought friends, from all over the lake. The glee-club on these occasions offered their entire college repertoire; the soloists of the camp excelled themselves; as evening came, the island, lighted with Chinese lanterns among the trees, looked its best; Lewis rose superior to the occasion, and the only bitterness in our cup was the practical difficulty of satisfying a full hundred visitors with less than forty spoons.

Sometimes, again, we would take a day to it, and start “down the lake,” sailing to Ti, or towing part way after the *Lillie* or *Ganouskie*. (To the long unsolved question, why this boat is so called, there is at least a satisfactory answer, viz.: because it looks like one.) The landing-place might be Shelving Rock beach, where are lovely falls, a picturesque saw-mill perched on heights of rock, a road winding up and up across the divide toward Lake Champlain. This was the ground for the “circus,” when the whole Camp took to lacustrine gymnastics. Thence a quiet inlet, threading which you saw neither your way in nor your way out among the islands, led under the shadow of the Shelving Rock precipice, to Fourteen Mile Island, with its hotel famed of old for good dinners—so called because it is *twelve* miles from the Head. Or, crossing to the west side of the lake, past large Green Island, we found our way to the black weather-beaten “Huddle” of houses which the post-office department still mistakes for the thriving summer vil-

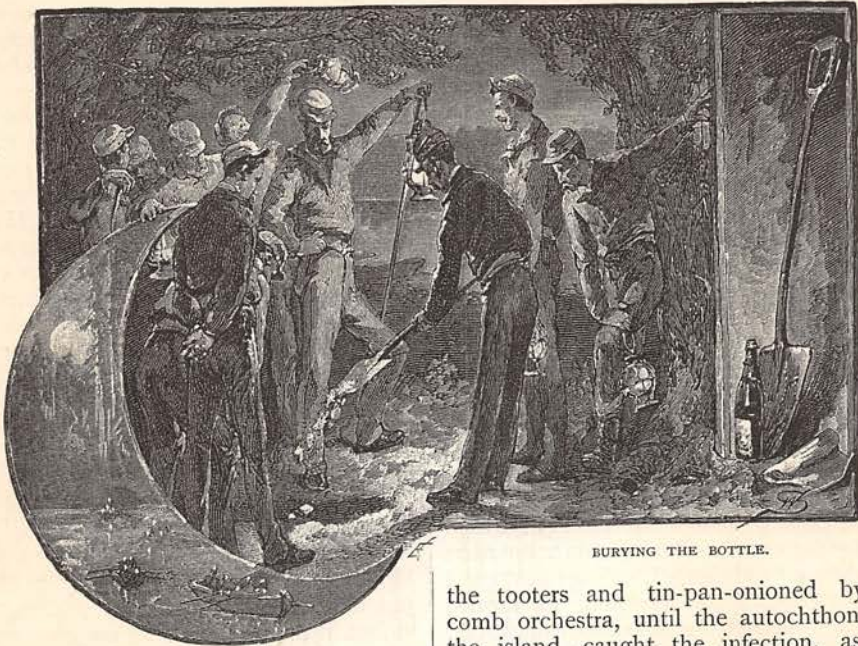
lage of Bolton, a mile north; or rowed past Bolton, to the end of Northwest Bay, into which, hidden amongst willows, a little stream enters, up which you may push your boat, through a bit of Adirondack water, to the loveliest picnicking ground in the world. Or we threaded the Narrows, with its hundred islands, all unlike and all beautiful. There is a myth that the lake contains altogether 365, to which that veracious chronicler, Mr. Stoddard, artist-photographer and guide-book writer to the lake, adds that a tiny extra one pops up occasionally to represent the 29th of February, which, with the high and low water of successive years, is more true than the original story. Or the little steamer took us all the way, past frowning Black Mountain, the giant of the region, whose northern ridge forms the Lake George "Elephant"; past the peaceful stillness of "the Bosom" under it, broken only by the chatter of the summer boarders who throng to Hulett's Landing; past quiet Sabbath Day Point, reaching its farmed fields far out into the lake, so called long before Abercrombie's day, but taking its name, nevertheless, from the fact that his army rested there on Wednesday; past Rogers' Slide, where that famous ranger baffled the savages by turning his snow-shoes heel first and thus escaping down a gully to the frozen lake, where his pursuers seeing him, supposed he had slid down the precipice through the aid of the Great Spirit; past Anthony's Nose, which the steamer almost touches though in 400 feet of blue water, the deepest in the lake; past Prisoner's Isle, where the French kept their prisoners of war until they proved Yankees enough to find out that they could wade ashore; to the wide open whence, along Tremble Meadows, trembling still, perhaps, with the memory of dreadful scenes, and over the tumbling falls of Ticonderoga, Lake George finds its way under the ruins of the once frowning fort, to its mingling with Lake Champlain. Here is Baldwin, where the whilom humorist of that name waits with his train of "observation cars" to hurry-scurry would-be lingerers over to the Champlain boats. We take our pleasure hastily, these days.

Some of the Camp are mountaineers, who, spring and fall, explore, in "Alpha Delt" parties, the Catskills, the Berkshires, the Adirondacks, or the White Hills. These would take a stroll up Spruce or Finch Mountain, as the two peaks which make up the Deer Pasture or Pilot Mountain are separately called; or climb Buck Mount-

ain, just to the north; or make a day of it and essay Black Mountain, 2,500 feet above the lake, yet of old the toughest climb in eastern mountains. From the western spur, the whole lake is spread out like a map, dotted with islands, a tiny steamer leaving its trail along waters flecked with cloud or rippled with wind. To the south, east of French Mountain, the valley of the Hudson can be seen, far beyond Saratoga, to where, on a clear day, the familiar outline of the northern Catskill ridge is just distinguished from the lines of cloud. To the north-west, the Adirondack ridges roll, Blue Mountain (of the south), Seward, the Gothics, and Marcy, unless we mistake the outlines, standing out. On the north-east, over the mass of forest, there are glimpses of Lake Champlain, and across it Mount Mansfield lifts as the presiding genius of the Green Mountains. South again is lovely Graylock and the lower Berkshires. This peak of Black Mountain, on an exact line between Marcy, just west of north, and Graylock, south, is in fact in the very center of the great eastern ranges, the White Hills only excepted; it presents that best of mountain views which you get always from a peak amphitheatred by higher mountains.

Now all but the view is changed, and for mountaineers the glory of Black Mountain is departed. Mr. Cyrus Butler, of New York, the owner of much of this shore, who has had built during the past summer a fine bridle-road to the very top, is nevertheless entitled to the thanks of the tourist who is willing to pay a dollar for the privilege of walking up the road or three for being carried, and who might not otherwise attain these splendid heights and their unfolding views. Mr. Butler has also purchased the hull of the old steamer *Minnehaha* and anchored it in a cove at the beginning of the path, as a temporary hostelry. He projects a considerable hotel on the shore, a smaller summit house near the peak, and other improvements about the lake, of which the new "Horicon Club," an association of summer residents, is to be the instrument.

So pass the pleasant days, with winged hours. But presently straw hats and "biled shirts" have become epidemic; there are a good many white caps that belong to no one in particular, and it is time to break camp. Then comes the solemn and mystic ceremony of "burying the bottle," which Mr. Tylor would call a "survival" from undergraduate days. The records of previous years are exhumed, the bottle being found



BURYING THE BOTTLE.

by a surveying formula that would do credit to the mixed Professor of Mathematics (as college parlance hath it), and the old-time jokes, though slightly mummified, soon awaken shouts of reminiscent laughter. The ceremonies vary from year to year with the ingenuity of the concoctor. A roll of the Camp, with the names and nicknames of the campers of the year, is first prepared for the bottle, with some record of events and the watchword of the year, "that solemn and mystic word by which you shall hereafter be known and recognized as members of the camp of '78." In '78 it was "Johnny Morgan plays the organ," that



AND EVEN THE NATIVES CAUGHT IT.

dire melody which, imported from New York by one member whose sins be upon his own head, was whistled by the whistlers and sung by the singers and tooted by

the tooters and tin-pan-onioned by the comb orchestra, until the autochthones of the island caught the infection, as Mr. Church has depicted—the unfamiliar animal to the right being the ghost of the mysterious Khoujah-r-r.

The Camp gathered, seated in camp chairs, in a solemn circle, in front of the "Nursery Tent," the scene lit up by the lurid glare of the "stable lantern." Here the bottle, empty, was passed from hand to hand; the records were then interred in it by the undertaker, the mournful strains of "Johnny Morgan" meanwhile wailing forth from the comb orchestra. Then the chairs were stacked, the lights partly extinguished, and a demoniac war dance ensued, which beggars description. The procession, headed by the chief mourners, the officers and sachems of the camp, the bearer of the bottle, the grave-digger and his assistants, then took up its line of march past all the tents and familiar places, stopping at each for salute with a verse of

" Good-bye,—Nurs'ry,
Good-bye,—'Quarters,
Good-bye,—Gospel,
We're going to leave you now."

Through the woods to the dining-room and the boat-landing in Crescent Bay, the solemn line moved on, and there took boats to the great camp-fire on Jumping-off Point, when another demoniac scene ensued. Returning to the grave, under the shadow of the great pine, they formed a circle, "hands grasped and toes touching," while

the bottle was inhumed, throwing each a handful of earth upon the corpse. A doleful howl, each person reading in concert at the top of his voice, the favorite passage from his favorite author, concluded this portion of the service.

At the last, the nonsense becomes serious earnest, as the thought of parting strikes home, while the boys gather in a circle before the main tent and, joining hands with "the grip," sing the parting-song of the fraternity:

"And bid a last good-bye,
And bid a last good-bye,
To all the joys we've known so long,
We bid a last good-bye."

After this the sleepy-heads turn in for the last time, and the wide-awakes sit by the camp-fire and talk over old days, perhaps of the distressing humors of the first year's camp, perhaps of that one sad year when the telegram came that put the flags at half-mast for the silent and gentle hero who died fighting the battles of science in the far West. "How the flag," they say, "followed us about camp, and would not let us forget! And here on this very rock, are still the traces of the last camp-fire old Harry"—so they called his prankish reserve—"ever built. Dear old Harry!"

A few remain beyond the usual two weeks to pack and store the tents and camp equipage in a hospitable barn near by. Of old this was a ceremony, and as the tents fell together at the tap of the dish-pan which always did camp duty for a drum, there came a sudden sense of homelessness, of the lonely largeness of the world under the wide sky, such as one seldom feels save in

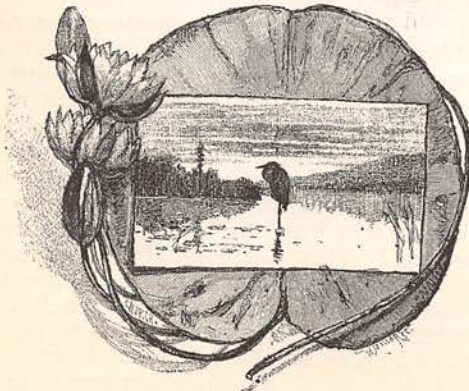
this peculiar and petty circumstance of striking tent. From one camp to another, the year is divided in the intervals of business for "the boys," all busy men in busy New York, into looking back and looking forward. The New Year is simply the dividing line—such a thralldom does "the Lake" exercise over its votaries. It is a part of them, and they of it. Thus nature enchants us, and with her perpetual youth keeps us young. Amidst the hum and din and rattle of city streets, sound the roar of the winds through the pines and the lapping of the waves; in their dreams, they sleep under the stars; and, when the summer comes and they return, it is as to a familiar home whose peaceful blessedness they have never left.

(Written on the return to camp, 1876.)

Was it a year ago, dear friends, a year?
Have we so long been truants from our home?
I cannot think it. All things are the same.
Untouched by time, the purple mountains loom.
The changing clouds flit changeless o'er the sky.
Here are the self-same ripples on the lake—
The very leaves of the trees nod as old friends.

I lie and dream old dreams upon the shore,
And hear familiar voices of old days.
It cannot be that far away a year
We've known the streets of cities, jostled men,
Found only the sad solitude of crowds,
Bargained and bought and sold, learned and forgot.
—Nay, yesternight we dwelt here, and have slept.

Or is it, friends, a parable of Heaven,
That Heaven the golden-visioned poets dream,
Whereto returning, in the eternal round
Of birth and death, our petty life shall seem
Scarcely the dreamy interval of a night,
And we, the home of ages reached again,
Rest, heart-content in well-remembered bliss.



A DAY-DREAM.