

## PARKMAN AT LAKE GEORGE



O the imaginative visitor Lake George is an ideal region for the pictures by Cooper and Parkman. He sees the surrounding summits flushed with the glory of romance and history as richly as with the colors of a summer sunset. As an artist's sketch is often quite as interesting as his finished picture, Parkman's preliminary study of Lake George is a document of some value. The following pages from his diary of 1842 are his first sketch of a historic locality. They are interesting also when viewed as the unstudied production of the boy of eighteen, and as additional touches to the character portrayed in my biography of the historian. This cruise on Lake George was the beginning of the journey that ended with his "Exploring the Magalloway," which was published in *Harper's Monthly* for November, 1864.

CHARLES H. FARNHAM.

July 15, 1842. *Albany*.—Left Boston this morning at half-past six for this place, where I am now happily arrived, it being the longest day's journey I ever made. For all that, I would rather have come thirty miles by stage than the whole distance by railroad, for of all methods of progressing, that by steam is incomparably the most disgusting. We were whisked by Worcester and all the other intermediate towns, and reached Springfield by noon, where White ran off to see his sister, and I stayed and took "refreshment" in a little room at the end of the car-house, where about thirty people were standing around a table in the shape of a horse-shoe, eating and drinking in luxurious silence. The train got in motion again, and passed the Connecticut. Its shores made a perspective of high, woody hills, closed in the distance by the haughty outline of Mount Tom. The view from the railroad-bridge was noble, or rather would have been so, had not the Company taken care to erect a parapet on both sides, which served the double purpose of intercepting the view and driving all the sparks into the eyes of the passengers. A few miles farther, and we came upon the little river Agawam, and an hour after high mountains began to rise before us. We dashed by them, dodged under their cliffs, whirled round their bases, only seeing so much as to make us wish to see more, and more than half blinded meanwhile by showers of red-hot sparks which poured in at the open windows like a hail-storm. I have scarcely ever seen a wilder

and more picturesque country. We caught tantalizing glimpses of glittering streams and waterfalls, rocks and mountains, woods and lakes, and before we could rub our scorched eyes to look again the scene was left miles behind. A place called Chester Factory, where we stopped five minutes, is beautifully situated among encircling mountains, which rise like an amphitheatre around it, to the height of many hundred feet, wooded to the summit. It almost resembled New Hampshire scenery. I learned the names of some of the mountains—Pontoosac, Bear, Becket, The Summit, the last being the highest. The road here is ascending for a considerable distance, through the townships of North Becket, Hinsdale, etc. The whole is a succession of beautiful scenes. The Irishmen who worked on the road made a most praiseworthy selection of places for their shanties, which many of them are wise enough to occupy still. Three or four of these outlandish cabins, ranged along the banks of a stream flowing through a woody glen extending back among the hills, made with their turf walls and slant roofs a most picturesque addition to the scene. We crossed the boundary line to Chatham, the first New York village. The country was as level as that about Boston. We passed through Kinderhook and Schodack—or however else it is spelled—and at half-past six saw the Hudson moping dismally between its banks under a cloudy sky, with a steamboat solemnly digging its way through the leaden waters. In five

minutes the spires and dirt of Albany rose in sight on the opposite shore. We crossed in a steamboat and entered the old city, which, indeed, impressed us at once with its antiquity by the most ancient and fish-like smell which saluted our shrinking nostrils the instant we set foot on the wharf. We have put up at the Eagle Hotel—a good house. Nevertheless, we are both eager to leave cities behind us.

July 16th. *Caldwell.*—This morning we left Albany—which I devoutly hope I may never see again—in the cars for Saratoga. My plan of going up the river to Fort Edward I had to abandon, for it was impracticable—no boat beyond Troy. Railroad the worst I was ever on; the country flat and dull; the weather dismal. The Catskills appeared in the distance. After passing the inclined plane and riding a couple of hours, we reached the valley of the Mohawk and Schenectady. I was prepared for something filthy in the last-mentioned, venerable town, but for nothing quite so disgusting as the reality. Canal docks, full of stinking water, superannuated, rotten canal-boats, and dirty children and pigs paddling about, formed the delicious picture, while in the rear was a mass of tumbling houses and sheds, bursting open in all directions; green with antiquity, dampness, and lack of paint. Each house had its peculiar dunghill, with the group of reposing hogs. In short, London itself could exhibit nothing much nastier. In crossing the main street, indeed, things wore an appearance which might be called decent. The car-house here is enormous. Five or six trains were on the point of starting for the North, South, East, and West; and the brood of railroads and taverns swarmed about the place like bees. We cleared the babel at last, passed Union College, another tract of monotonous country, Balston, and finally reached Saratoga, having travelled latterly at the astonishing rate of seven miles an hour. “Caldwell stage ready.” We got our baggage on board, and I found time to enter one or two of the huge hotels. After perambulating the entries, filled with sleek waiters and sneaking fops, dashing through the columned porticos and enclosures, drinking some of the water and spitting it out again in high disgust, I

sprang onto the stage, cursing Saratoga and all New York. With an unmitigated temper, I journeyed to Glens Falls, and here my wrath mounted higher yet at the sight of that noble cataract almost concealed under a huge, awkward bridge, thrown directly across it, with the addition of a dam above, and about twenty mills of various kinds. Add to all, that the current was choked by masses of drift logs above and below, and that a dirty village lined the banks of the river on both sides, and some idea may possibly be formed of the way in which the New Yorkers have bedevilled Glens. Still the water comes down over the marble ledges in foam and fury, and the roar completely drowns the clatter of the machinery. I left the stage and ran down to the bed of the river, to the rocks at the foot of the falls. Two little boys volunteered to show me the “caverns,” which may be reached dry-shod when the stream is low. I followed them down, amid the din and spray, to a little hole in the rock, which led to a place a good deal like the “Swallow’s Cave,” and squeezed in after them. “This is Cooper’s Cave, sir; where he went and hid the two ladies.” They evidently took the story in “The Last of the Mohicans” for gospel. They led the way to the larger cave, and one of them ran down to the edge of the water, which boiled most savagely past the opening. “This is Hawley’s Cave: here’s where he shot an Indian.” “No, he didn’t, either,” squalled the other, “it was higher up on the rocks.” “I tell you it wasn’t.” “I tell you it was.” I put an end to the controversy with two cents.

Dined at the tavern and rode on. Country dreary as before; the driver one of the best of his genus I ever met. He regaled me, as we rode on, with stories of his adventures with deer, skunks, and passengers. A mountain heaved up against the sky some distance before us, with a number of smaller hills stretching away on each hand, all wood-crowned to the top. Away on the right rose the Green Mountains, dimly seen through the haze, and scarcely distinguishable from the blue clouds that lay upon them. Between was a country of half-cultivated fields, tottering houses, and forests of dwarf pines and scrub oaks. But as we drew near, the

mountain in front assumed a wilder and loftier aspect. Crags started from its woody sides and leaned over a deep valley below. "What mountain is that?" "That ere is French Mounting"—the scene of one of the most desperate and memorable battles in the old French War. As we passed down the valley, the mountain rose above the forest half a mile on our right, while a hill on the left, close to the road, formed the other side. The trees flanked the road on both sides. In a little opening in the woods, a cavity in the ground, with a pile of stones at each end, marked the spot where was buried that accomplished warrior and gentleman, Colonel Williams, whose bones, however, have since been removed. Farther on is the rock on the right, where he was shot, having mounted it on the lookout—an event which decided the day; the Indians and English broke and fled at once. Still farther on, is the scene of the third tragedy of that day, when the victorious French, having been, in their turn, by a piece of great good luck, beaten by the valorous Johnson at his entrenchment by the lake, were met at this place on their retreat by McGinnis, and almost cut to pieces. Bloody Pond, a little dark, slimy sheet of stagnant water, covered with weeds and pond-lilies, and shadowed by the gloomy forest around it, is the place where hundreds of dead bodies were flung after the battle, and where the bones still lie. A few miles farther, and Lake George lay before us, the mountains and water confused and indistinct in the mist. We rode into Caldwell, took supper—a boat—and then a bed.

July 17th. *Caldwell.*—The tavern is full of fashionable New Yorkers—all of a piece. Henry (White) and myself both look like the Old Nick, and are evidently looked upon in a manner corresponding. I went this morning to see William Henry. The old fort is much larger than I had thought; the earthen mounds cover many acres. It stood on the southwest extremity of the lake close by the water. The enterprising genius of the inhabitants has made a road directly through the ruins, and turned bastion, moat, and glacis into a flourishing cornfield, so that the spot so celebrated in our colonial history is now scarcely to be distinguished. Large trees

are growing on the untouched parts, especially on the embankment along the lake shore. In the rear, a hundred or two yards distant, is a gloomy wood of pines, where the lines of Montcalm can easily be traced. A little behind these lines is the burying-place of the French who fell during that memorable siege. The marks of a thousand graves can be seen among the trees, which, of course, have sprung up since. Most of them have been opened, and bones and skulls dug up in great numbers. A range of mountains tower above this pine forest—Cobble Mount—The Prospect, etc., the haunt of bears and rattlesnakes. The ruins of Fort George are on a low hill of limestone, a short distance southeast of William Henry—of stone and in much better preservation than the other, for they are under the special protection of Mr. Caldwell, the owner of the village; but they have no historical associations connected with them. I noticed some curious marks of recent digging in William Henry, and asked an explanation of an old fellow who was hoeing corn in a field close by. He said that some fools had come up the lake with a wizard and a divining rod to dig for money in the ruins. They went at midnight for many successive nights and dug till daylight. I undertook to climb the Prospect—three miles high, without a path. I guided myself by the sun and the summits of the mountains, and got to the top almost suffocated with heat and thirst. The view embraced the whole lake as far as Ty. All was hazy and indistinct, only the general features of the scene could be distinguished in the dull atmosphere. The lake seemed like a huge river, winding among mountains. Came down, dined, and went to church. The church is a minute edifice, with belfry and bell exactly like a little school-house. It might hold easily about sixty. About thirty were present—countrymen; cute, sly, sunburnt slaves of Mammon; maidens of sixty and of sixteen; the former desperately ugly, with black bonnets, frilled caps, peaked noses and chins, and an aspect diabolically prim and saturnine; the latter for the most part remarkably pretty and delicate. For a long time the numerous congregation sat in a pious silence, waiting for the minister. At last he came, dodged into a

door behind the pulpit, and presently reappeared and took his place, arrayed in a white surplice with black facing. He was very young, and *Yankee ploughboy* was stamped on every feature. Judge of my astonishment when he began to read the Episcopal service in voice so clear and manner so appropriate that I have never heard better in Boston. He read the passage in Exodus quite appropriate to the place, beginning "The Lord is a Man of war." In his sermon, which was polished and even elegant, every figure was taken from warfare.

One of Montcalm's lines ran northwest of the tavern toward the mountains. Two or three years ago, in digging for some purpose, a great quantity of deer, bear, and moose bones were found here, with arrows and hatchets, which the tavern-keeper thinks mark the place of some Indian feast. The spikes and timbers of sunken vessels may be seen in strong sunlight, when the water is still, at the bottom of the lake, along the southern beach. Abercrombie sunk his boats here. There are remains of batteries on French Mount, and the mountain north of it, I suppose to command the road from Fort Edward. This evening visited the French graves. I wrote this at camp, July 18th. Just turned over my ink-bottle and spilt all the ink.

July 18th. *Camp at Diamond Island.*—Set out this morning in an excellent boat, hired at Caldwell. The sun rose over the mountains like a fiery ball of copper—portending direful heat. The lake was still as glass, the air to the last degree sultry and oppressive. Rowed to the western side and kept to the banks, which were rocky and covered with birch, spruce, cypress, and other trees. We landed occasionally, and fished as we went along. About ten o'clock stretched across Middle Bay, and got bread, pork, and potatoes at a farmhouse, with which and our fish we regaled ourselves at a place halfway down the bay. Here I wrote my journal for yesterday; we slept an hour or two on the ground, bathed, and read Goldsmith, which Henry brought in his knapsack. At three we proceeded to explore the bay to its bottom, returned, made for Diamond Island, which is now uninhabited, prepared our camp, and went to sleep.

Wednesday, July 20th. Entered the nar-

rows this morning and rowed among all the islands and all along the shores. White trailed a line behind the boat, by which means he caught a large bass. Scenery noble, but mists still on the mountains. Passed along the rocky and precipitous shore of Tongue Mount, stopped and fished and caught so many that we flung several dozen away. About eleven o'clock landed on a little island, built a fire and prepared dinner, White officiating as cook with considerable skill. We rowed down the lake again and soon cleared the narrows. On our right rose the ridges of Black Mount, the loftiest summit on the lake. We stopped at a log cabin at its base, where an old man of eighty was splitting shingles under a shed, surrounded by a group of women and children, who, with becoming modesty, fled at our approach. The old man lost no time in informing us that he did not belong there, but had only come to work for the family. We went up to the house—one of the most wretched cabins I ever saw—inhabited by two families, French and American. We left and kept down the lake, with a fierce wind sweeping down after us and driving the mists before it. The water was a dark glistening blue, with lines of foam on the crests of the waves; huge shadows of clouds coursed along the mountains. The little islands would be lighted up at one instant by a stream of sunshine falling on them, and almost making their black pines transparent, and the next moment they would be suddenly darkened, and all around be glittering with a sudden burst of light from the opening clouds. We passed under Black Mount, whose precipices and shaggy woods wore a very savage and impressive aspect in that peculiar weather, and kept down the lake seven miles to Sabbath Day Point. High and steep mountains flanked the lake the whole way. In front, at some distance, they seemed to slope gradually away, and a low green point, with an ancient dingy house upon it, closed the perspective. This was Sabbath Day Point, the famous landing-place of many a huge army. We noticed two abrupt mountains on our left, and steering under them, found the most savage and warlike precipices we had yet seen. One impended over the lake like the stooping wall of an old castle. Its

top was fringed with trees, which seemed bushes from the height, and great fragments of broken rock were piled around its base. We ran our boat on the beach of Sabbath Day Point and asked lodgings at the house. An old woman, after a multitude of guesses and calculations, guessed as how she could accommodate us with a supper and bed, though she couldn't say nohow how we should like it, seeing as how she warn't used to visitors. The house was an old, rickety, dingy shingle palace, with a potato garden in front, hogs perambulating the outhouses, and a group of old men and women engaged in earnest conversation in the tumble-down portico. The chief figure was an old gray-haired man, tall and spare as a skeleton, who was giving some advice to a chubby old lady about her corns.

"Well, now," said the old lady, "I declare they hurt me mighty bad."

"I'll give you something to cure them right off."

"What is it? I hope it ain't snails. I always hated snails since I was a baby, but I've heard say they are better for corns nor nothing else at all," etc., etc.

The old man was a revolutionary pensioner, Captain Patchin by name, and stout-hearted, hale, and clever by nature. He is the owner of the place, but the house is occupied by another family—old man, old woman, and a numerous progeny of youthful giants and ogresses, but the whole "calculated on" removing to Illinois in the fall. There were visitors of the family also, the most conspicuous of whom was a little Canadian Frenchman, with his family, who professed himself a mighty adept at angling, but whose pretensions were found on trial to be greatly above his merits. The whole household presently gathered under the old portico, where stories of revolutionary campaigns, rattlesnakes, deadly beasts, and deadly diseases flew from mouth to mouth with awful rapidity. After a few rifle trials with the aforesaid youthful giants we took supper, and went on the lake after bass, with the Frenchman in our boat, and the young men following in their own. We had good success—Henry and I caught a dozen apiece, some of very large size, while the vainglorious Frenchman had to be content with one wretched perch. The

Captain to-night sent his dogs to the mountains in the care of a neighbor of his in hopes that a deer may be roused and driven to the lake in the morning. One of the children is playing with the tail of a rattlesnake, killed last night by one of the men in the middle of the road.

Friday, 22d. Left old Patchin's this morning, he having previously exhorted me to come and buy his place, which he says I may have for \$5,000. A strong south wind compelled us to run toward Ty. We rowed six miles down the lake—mountains less high than before, lake broad. In front lay a confused mass of precipitous mountains, apparently stretching across and barring the passage. On the left was a hamlet at the foot of a range of hills, for which we steered, in order to put a letter into the post-office, which we knew to be there. We broke an oar when within about half a mile, and paddled to shore with great difficulty through a great surf which was dashing against the beach like the waves of the ocean. We found the post-office a neat little tavern, kept by one Garfield, entitled the Judge. He referred us to a carpenter who promised to make an oar forthwith, and worked six hours upon it, an interval which I spent chiefly in wandering about the country. I followed the course of a rocky brook, which came down a valley, with a little road running along its side, with an occasional cabin or mill, or narrow clearing breaking upon the forest. One old mill stood by the roadside where the stream tumbled in a broken line of foam over a mass of rock into a basin beneath, above which the building stood. Fantastic rocks, crowned with trees and shrubs, leaned above the basin and darkened the whirling waters below, while the dripping logs and walls of the mill on the other side, and the high rocks and waterfall in front, gave a sort of picturesque aspect to the place that I never hoped to see the companion of any Yankee edifice. Going on farther, I found other mills in abundance, and at last one which stood on the top of a deep descent of rock, flanked by the woods, down the surface of which the water came gliding in a thread so small that I wondered what had become of the stream I

had seen so large before. Listening, I heard the heavy plunging of water, apparently from under ground. I looked all about, and could see no channel; but the noise grew louder as I approached the woods on the left. I forced my way among the trees and came to the edge of a ravine not ten feet wide, but so deep that, leaning over, I could distinguish nothing but dark moss-grown rocks, while the noise of the water came up from the gulf with an appalling din. I went to the foot of the rocks and found the place where the water came glancing furiously out from the shelter of rocks and bushes, and following this guide by means of fallen logs and timbers, entered what seemed to be the mouth of a damp, gloomy cavern. The rocky walls of the ravine rose on each side some sixty or seventy feet, dripping with continual moisture. When I had got a little farther on, I could see a mass of rocks piled up in front, with the water tumbling over it in a sheet of foam. The cliffs leaning toward each other overhead, and the bushes that projected from them, rendered the place almost dark, though here and there the jagged rocks were illumined by a faint stream of sunshine. Just above the cataract could be seen the old green timbers and wheels of a mill, built across the ravine. The whole very much resembled the Flume at Franconia.

Returned to Garfield's, and found there Mr. Gibbs, with his wife, the "vocalist." Presently the man appeared with the oar finished. White undertook to pay him with a Naumkeag Bank bill, the only bills he had.

"Don't know nothing about that money. Wait till Garfield comes, and he'll tell whether it's genuine or not."

"There's the paper," said I. "Look and see." He looked; all was right. "Well, are you satisfied?"

"How do I know but what that ere bill is counterfeit? It has a sort of counterfeit look about it to my eyes. Deacon, what do you say to it?"

The Deacon put on his spectacles, held the bill to the light, turned it this way and that, tasted of it, and finally pronounced that, according to his calculation, it was good. But the carpenter was not contented.

"'Bijah, you're a judge of bills. What do you think?"

'Bijah, after a long examination, gave his opinion that it was counterfeit. All parties were beginning to wax wroth, when the Judge entered and decided that the bill was good.

We pushed from the beach and steered down the lake, passed some islands, and beheld in front of us two green mountains, standing guard over a narrow strait of dark waters between. Both were of solid granite, rising sheer from the lake, with a few stunted trees thinly clothing their nakedness. Behind each stretched away a long train of inferior mountains, like satellites of some gloomy despot. One of these mountains was the noted Roger's Slide, the other, almost as famous, Anthony's Nose, Jr. Both had witnessed in their day the passage of twenty vast armies in the strait between, and there was not an echo on either but had answered to the crack of rifles and screams of dying men. We skirted the base of the Nose—for which sentimental designation I could find no manner of reason—till we arrived opposite the perpendicular front of his savage neighbor. About a mile of water was between. We ran the boat ashore on a shelving rock, and looked for a camping-place among the precipices. We found, to our surprise, at the side of a steep rock, amid a growth of cedars and hemlocks, a little enclosure of logs, like a diminutive cabin without a roof. We made beds in it of hemlock boughs—there was just space enough—brought up our baggage and guns, ate what supper we had, and essayed to sleep. But we might as well have slept under a shower-bath of melted iron. In that deep sheltered spot, bugs, mosquitoes and "no-seems" swarmed innumerable. Our nets protected us from mosquitoes only. A million red-hot needles were gouged into hands, faces—everywhere. White cursed the woods and me for leading him into such a scrape. I laughed at him and the bugs as long as I could, but at last my philosophy gave way, and the utmost point of my self-command was to suffer in silence. It grew dark, and the wind came rushing along the side of the mountain, and stirring the trees over our heads with a lulling sound, and we were well

tired with the labor of the day, so we fell at last into a sort of unquiet and half-conscious doze, ever and anon interrupted by a muttered grumble or a motion to scratch some severely affected part. Late in the night I was awakened from this blissful state by sounds rather startling in that solitude—the loud voices and shouts of men close by. I sat up and listened, but the moaning of the wind and the dash of the water against the shore prevented my distinguishing a syllable, until there came, louder than the rest, “Now then,—damn it, pull for your lives; every stroke helps.” In an instant it flashed across my bewildered brain that some scoundrels were making off with our boat, and I got clear of my blanket and ran down to the shore, first shaking White to wake him. All I could see through the darkness was that our boat was safe, and that another was drawn up beside it, when a man sprung up suddenly from the grass, with a muttered curse, and demanded who I was. We made mutual explanations. He had tried to run up the lake from Ty, with a companion in another boat, but his strength had failed against a strong contrary wind, and he had landed, leaving his friend, who had a long distance to go, to keep on.

The wind drove the bugs from the shore and made it a much more comfortable resting-place; so thither we adjourned and spread our blankets near the ragamuffin boatman. We built a little fire, and our new friend and White enjoyed a social pipe together. As the light fell on his matted hair; his grisly, unshorn countenance, haggard with drinking; and his battered and patched clothes, and then again flared high upon the cliffs and savage trees, and streamed across the water, I thought that even that shore had seldom seen a more outlandish group—we in our blankets, he in his rags. He told us that the camp where we had been sleeping was made by a man last summer who lived here for the purpose of fishing. “He was a sort of a villain-like character,” said our acquaintance; “he went and stole fish off my ground, damn him; and then again he killed his own son right down here in this place. The old man got drunk, and said he *would* have the boy over to this camp, and so he got him

in his old boat with him, though the boy’s mother cried about it, and said she’d keep him at home, and the boy himself felt afraid to go. Well, the old fellow was so far gone that when he got to the landing-place—there, just where your boat is drawn up on the rock—he forgot he had his son with him, and ran his boat against the rock and tumbled herself out of it in such style that she overset, and pitched the boy into the deep water. The instant the old man heard his son holler, it sobered him up in no time, but he nor the boy neither couldn’t swim a mite, and so he stood on the rock and seed him drown, and then came over and telled the folks of it in the morning. That ere cured him of his tricks for one while, but within a week or two he has been up to them agin, and I ketched him on my fish grounds last Sunday—may I be d—d if I didn’t dress him.”

With this dismal legend did our new friend beguile the hours of the night-watch. At length we all fell asleep and did not wake till day. The ragamuffin said he was hungry, on which we gave him a piece of bread, got all things on board our boat, and set out again for Patchin’s, where we had left some linen to be washed. That morning was the most toilsome we have passed. The wind was dead against us; the waves ran with a violence I had never seen before except on the ocean. It required the full force of both arms to hold the boat on her course. If we slackened our efforts for a single moment, she would spin round and drive backward. We had about twelve miles to row under these agreeable auspices. “Well,” said White, “you call this fun, do you? To be eaten by bugs all night, and work against head winds all day isn’t according to my taste, whatever you may think of it.”

“Are you going to back out?” said I. “Back out, yes; when I get into a bad scrape I back out of it as quickly as I can”—and so he went on with marvellous volubility to recount his grievances. Lake George, he called a “scrubby-looking place”—said there was no fishing in it—he hated camping, and would have no more of it—and he wouldn’t live so for another week to save his life, etc. Verily what is one man’s meat is another man’s poison. What troubles me more than his treachery to our plans is his want of cash,

which will make it absolutely necessary to abandon our plan of descending through Maine. His scruples I trust to overcome in time.

We reached Patchin's at last, and were welcomed by the noble old veteran as cordially as if we were his children. We dined, and sat in his portico, listening to his stories. He is eighty-six. Three years ago he danced with great applause at a country party, and still his activity and muscular strength are fully equal to those of most men in the prime of life. He must once have been extremely handsome; even now his features are full and regular, and when he tells his stories he always sets his hat on one side of his head, and looks the very picture of an old warrior. He was several times prisoner. Once, when in Quebec, an English officer asked him, as he tells the story, "What's your name?" "Patchin." "What, Hell-Hound Patchin?" says he.

At another time an officer struck him "without any provocation but that of his being a rebel. Patchin sprang on him and choked him till he fainted, in the streets of Quebec. He served in the Indian campaigns of Butler and Brant about Fort Stanwix; at the recovery of Fort Ann, after it was taken by Burgoyne; was present when Sir John Johnson fled from the Mohawk with his property, and tells how narrowly that Tory made his escape from the pursuing party on Champlain. He wants us to come back and hear more of his stories.

We left him and his family and ran down the lake again, bathed at an island, and, White still continuing contumacious, I left him at Garfield's, and proceeded to camp by myself at an island two or three miles off. I hauled the boat on shore, and prepared to wash my pantaloons, an operation I could commit to no one else, since I should have to wander breechless in the interim. I put the breeks in the water to the windward of the island, and, having suitably pounded them down with stones, left them to the operation of the waves while I made ready my camp. Presently, taking them out and wringing them, I strung them on a tree hard by to dry, wrapped myself in my blanket and laid down. I read a book of White's as long as I could see. Two boats passed by me

as I lay, and the occupants turned a wondering gaze upon me, especially an old lady in green spectacles, whom her son was rowing down the lake. I slept comfortably and in the morning went back to Garfield's, where I found White, Gibbs, and his wife. The Judge was hospitable and kind, and we instantly planned a fishing party for the next day. To-day, being Sunday, I have stayed at home for the most part, written letters, journals, etc. The family are essentially "genteel" in the true sense of the word, the Judge a gentleman, his wife a lady, both polite by nature. The lady has a pretty flower garden—with no sunflowers in it. There is an old Irish gardener, whose department is managed in a most exemplary manner, and who has spent half the afternoon in expounding the superiority of the shamrock over the rose and the thistle. In short, the whole establishment is to the dwellings around it what Mr. Cushing's place is to a common farm.

Monday, July 25th. Breakfasted at nine, and went shooting with Gibbs—the ostensible object being a robin pie, the true one our own amusement. We made a great destruction among the small birds. The weapon I carried was used in the Revolution by Garfield's father. It was six feet long, slender, small bore, light breech of polished oak, flint lock. It had sent many a fatal charge of buckshot. In the afternoon went fishing with Gibbs and White, and witnessed the arrival of the great Nabob, Mr. Caldwell, the founder and owner of the village of that name, who comes here on a long-promised visit in a little barge of his own, with flags at prow and stern, and a huge box of wines for his private refreshment. To-night, the report of a piece from his boat gave the signal of his approach. Patrick, the Irishman, stood on the beach with the Judge's best gun and answered with a salute, for so it must be, or the great man would be displeased.

We were to have gone toward Ticonderoga to-night, but an easterly storm with rain prevents us, and compels us to remain here and sleep under a roof.

Tuesday, July 26th. The great man and his retinue occupied every nook and corner of the little tavern. Two of his satellites were quartered in the same room

with us and entertained us all night with snorings so diversified and so powerful that I wished myself at camp in spite of the storm. Garfield has a very good rifle, which he wanted to "swap" for mine. As his has some important advantages over mine, in size of bore, and is only inferior to it in roughness of mounting and in being rather worn by use, I agreed to make a trial with him, which occupied half the morning, and showed no marked superiority in either gun. I therefore declined the "swap." Left Garfield's at noon, and rowed down to Ticonderoga. Passed close under Roger's Slide, whose bare perpendicular sheets of granite, with their deep gullies and weather stains, and stunted shrubs in their crevices, present as dismal and savage an aspect as ever I saw, except at the White Mountains. Found the steamboat at the wharf at the outlet of the lake, and were welcomed on board by old Dick, whose acquaintance we made at Caldwell, who now composed her whole crew, the rest being seated under a tree on shore. Dick showed us his rattlesnakes again, and told us how a fellow once stole them, shut up in their box, mistaking the rattling for the sound of some valuable piece of machinery; but when he examined his prize and found the truth of the case, he dropped the box in the woods and ran for his life. We consigned our boat to the Captain to be carried back to Caldwell and got on a stage we found at the wharf, which carried us to the village of Ty. It is a despicable manufacturing place, straggling and irregular—mills, houses, and heaps of lumber—situated in a broad valley with the outlet of Lake George running through the middle—a succession of fierce rapids, with each its sawmill. I bespake me here a pair of

breeches of a paddy tailor, who asked me if I did not work on board the steamboat, a question which aggravated me not a little. I asked a fellow the way to the fort. "Well," said he, "I've heerd of such a place, seems to me, but I never seen it, and couldn't tell ye where it be." "You must be an idiot," thought I; but I found his case by no means singular. At last, I got the direction and walked about two miles before I saw the remains of a high earthen parapet with a ditch running through a piece of wood for a great distance. This, I suppose, was the place where the French beat off Abercrombie's army. Farther on, in a great plain scantily covered with wood, were breastworks and ditches in abundance, running in all directions, which I took for the work of Amherst's besieging armies. Still farther, were two or three square redoubts. At length, mounting a little hill, a cluster of gray, ruined walls, like an old château, with mounds of earth and heaps of stones about them, appeared crowning an eminence in front. When I reached them, I was astonished at the extent of the ruins. Thousands of men might have encamped in the area. All around were ditches of such depth, that it would be death to jump down, with walls of masonry sixty feet high. Ty stands on a promontory, with Champlain on one side and the outlet of Lake George on the other; his cannon commanded the passage completely. At the very extremity is the oldest part of the fortress—a huge mass of masonry with walls sinking sheer down to the two lakes. All kinds of weeds and vines are clambering over them. The senseless blockheads in the neighborhood have stolen tons and tons of the stone to build their walls and houses of—may they meet their reward.

# A MEMORY

By Marguerite Merington

INTO the slant of evening sun and shadow  
Went one when first the gold lay on the leaf,  
Yet I, to whom his being meant rejoicing,  
I have no grief!

So beautiful his passing and prophetic,  
As by it earth and spirit there were wed,  
That I, to whom his life of all meant living,  
Count not him dead!

---

## UNCLE DAVID

By Leroy Milton Yale

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST



THROUGH the clear water showed the bright gravelly bottom between patches of streaming weeds. Overhead the alders, maples, and beeches reached out horizontal branches so low that we threaded our way oftener crouching than standing, guiding our baits—the fly was impossible—as best we might. The boughs lifted and we raised our heads in freer space, a shaded steep bank on one side and a quick pool beneath. “This,” said the Doctor “is ‘Enoch’s Garden,’ a favorite place of Uncle David’s.” It was a pretty nook, but Uncle David’s name gave it a charm not its own.

To neither the Doctor nor to me was David an uncle after the flesh. As a lad he had come into the family of my grandmother and there remained as long as she lived. Naturally he was “uncle” to me. But the avuncular element was so essential a part of his nature that, as years passed, he became the titular uncle of nearly every well-meaning boy or young man in the village. But to those of us who had a strain of sportsmanship in us he was more than that. Never have I known so keen a sportsman, who would take such pains to teach a child the craft of the fields and the

streams. It is not strange, then, that those boys, gray-haired themselves to-day, still see him before them with his gun or beside them stealing through the alders to the brookside.

My own first memory of Uncle David comes from sad days. Severe illness entered my father’s house: my elder sister died and I was badly hurt. David’s faithful arms comforted my pains, and upon his shoulder I convalesced, soothed by the motion of his easy stride as he carried me to and fro. From that day we were friends.

That was a queer little seaside village in which we lived. Stretched along the water and climbing the hills behind, backed by woods and flanked by beaches and headlands, it was picturesque enough. The life of any New England village of that day seems quaint to us now, but this one had even then a repute for out-of-the-way-ness. That is all gone. It resisted innovation well, even after it had come nigh. But fire on the one hand and the villas and improvements of “summer people” on the other have made old land-marks hard to find. Asphalt replaces sand, and trolleys run in streets thrown up by the waves over places where I used to sail my little boats. But in that day—when Tyler was