LAKE AND FOREST AS I HAVE KNOWN THEM

CAPT. F. C. BARKER

LAKE AND FOREST

AS I HAVE KNOWN THEM

To my Guests

WHOSE YEARLY COMING IS AWAITED WITH PLEASURE
AND WHOSE GENIAL PRESENCE GIVES ADDED
DELIGHT TO OUR WOODS AND WATERS

This Volume

IS GRATEFULLY DEDICATED
BY THE AUTHOR

Yours very truly,
F. C. Barker.

LAKE AND FOREST

AS I HAVE KNOWN THEM

BY

CAPTAIN F. C. BARKER

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

AUTHOR'S EDITION

BOSTON

LEE AND SHEPARD

1903

SK 33
B 25

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY F. C. BARKER.

Published May, 1903.

All rights reserved.

LAKE AND FOREST.

ALL RIGHTS
RESERVED

Norwood Press
J. S. Cushing & Co. — Berwick & Smith Co.
Norwood, Mass., U.S.A.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. A COUNTRY BOYHOOD	9
II. CAMPING OUT	26
III. THE INDIAN CHIEF METALLUK	44
IV. FIRST EXPERIENCE IN LOGGING	51
V. RIVER DRIVING	66
VI. ON A DIFFERENT TACK	98
VII. BACK TO THE WOODS	106
VIII. ON THE MAGALLOWAY DRIVE	115
IX. GUIDING DAYS	128
X. CAMP BEMIS AND THE BIRCHES	138
XI. THE BARKER	144
XII. ANECDOTES OF MY GUESTS	147
XIII. EXPERIENCES ON THE ICE	155
XIV. VARIOUS TRIPS	175
XV. CAMP LIFE AS IT WAS	198
XVI. CONCLUSION	211
SOME OLD-TIME LUMBERMEN'S SONGS	217

ILLUSTRATIONS

Captain F. C. Barker	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	FACING PAGE
The Birches	16
A Bit of Scenery at The Birches	32
My First Steamer, the <i>Oquossoc</i> — A Winter Hunt	48
Camp Caribou at Parmachenee Lake	66
The Cookee	80
The <i>Oozalluc</i> — The <i>Wm. P. Frye</i>	98
Getting Supper	114
F. C. Barker and John Danforth. <i>Taken in Quebec in 1877, after a trip through the woods from the Rangeley Lakes</i>	128
Camp Bemis	138
The Barker	144
Miss Florence E. Barker and her Namesake	148
Camp Parkman at Bemis — Interior of Camp Parkman	160
A Camp Interior	176
The Ruins of our Old Hunting Camp — John Danforth and Two of his Guides at Camp Parmachenee on Cupsuptic River	198
Miss Florence and John	216

LAKE AND FOREST

CHAPTER I

A COUNTRY BOYHOOD

SACCARAPPA, the village in the town of Westbrook, Maine, was my birthplace, and where I spent the first six years of my life. At the end of that time, it was thought best for me to go to Andover to live with my uncle and aunt, who had taken my sister, three years older than myself, soon after my mother's death, which occurred before I was a year old. My sister, a year and a half older than I, was taken by my mother's niece, and still lived in Saccarappa. My father, who was an overseer in a cotton mill in the place, gave up keeping house at this time.

My remembrance of being a Saccarappa boy is rather vague, although there are many things that I well remember; standing up in the class in school, and shouting that I lived in the County

of Cumberland, Town of Westbrook, and State of Maine, with emphasis, is still in my memory. And the song of "The Old Horse":—

"I have carted dirt for many a year
From Saccarap to Portland pier,
And now, from age and sore abuse,
I am salted down for sailor's use."

And also:—

"You would scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage,
And if I chance to fall below
Demosthenes or Cicero,
Don't view me with a 'cricket's' eye,
But pass my imperfections by.

"Large streams from little fountains flow,
Tall oaks from little acorns grow,
And though I am but small and young,
Of judgment weak and feeble tongue,
Yet all great learned men, like me,
Once learned to read their A B C.

"And why may not Columbia's soil,
Rear men as great as Britain's isle?
Exceed what Greece and Rome have done,
Or any land beneath the sun?
Let Massachusetts boast as great
As any other sister state.

“And where’s the boy but three feet high,
That’s made improvement more than I?
These thoughts inspire the youthful mind
To be the greatest of mankind,
Great, not like Cæsar, stained with blood,
But only great as I am good.”

It was twenty years after leaving Saccarappa before I returned to it, and at that time my sister and I passed a pleasant afternoon looking over the old house where we were born and played in childhood. All had a familiar look, but not as my childhood eyes saw them; for the rooms in the house were much smaller than I remembered them, and the trees outside, and rocks that I remembered as being quite a distance from the house, I found very near. In calling on some of the people that we had remembered in childhood, and on telling them who we were, one old lady said to me, “La, I never should have known you,” adding in the same breath, “You were an awful pretty baby.”

My life in Andover, on an upland, rocky farm, was a very pleasant one; for, although I had no special liking for picking rocks in a stubble field, or pulling potato tops when white with frost, I

soon developed a great love for the woods and brooks, and the inhabitants of them early began to absorb my whole attention. My Grandfather Merrill, whose father was the first settler of the town, was then well along in the eighties, but very smart for his years; and I remember my first summer in Andover, and the good times my cousin Frank and I had when the haying at the meadow was going on. This was about three miles from our house, and in a woodsy, wild place, with a nice brook winding through it. Grandfather was too old, and Frank and I were too young, to take an active part in the work, and after the spreading was done early in the day, we put in most of our time fishing in the brook, and listening to grandfather's stories of Indians and animals, their neighbors and companions of early years. And how Frank and I enjoyed lying on the new-mown hay, while grandfather would sit on the ground, with his back resting against the stump of a tree, and tell his stories that were so fascinating to us!

The outdoor dinners were also very enjoyable, and I can remember yet how good they tasted, when the tin pail and fry-pan were worked

over the open fire. Usually the fry-pan was well supplied with trout that Frank and I had caught from the brook, under the direction of grandfather; and now I can close my eyes and almost see trout sailing over the alder bushes, as they often used to do in response to our yank, we running through the alders with bare feet and legs, which we scratched till they were bleeding, listening for the sound of the fish as he threw himself in the air, and struck the ground again in his death struggles. And I well remember one unlucky day, when hurrying around a bunch of alders for a coveted trout, running "whack" into the business end of a hornet, which performed a surgical operation on my upper lip, while legs and hands and straw hat flew. But the fish would usually land in the fry-pan in the wind-up, where, with salt pork, they fried to a crisp; and with potato, which was mashed with salt and cream by my good aunt at home and pressed down into a tin pan, and a nice piece of crusty corn bread, made a meal that tasted far better to me than anything eaten in the house.

I remember one day Frank's dog, Rover, treed

a bob cat on the meadow, and then there was excitement among both men and boys; but the game was of the kind that boys could not take much hand in securing. The men armed themselves with stout sticks, and the tree was felled, while they stood ready for battle about where the cat would strike. Between Rover, and the cat, and the men, there was a lively time; and, while the cat did not escape with its life, Rover received some severe scratches from the cat, and whacks and thumps from the sticks.

All this tended to kindle the fires that were in me for hunting and woods life, which my people, a few years later, as it developed, tried so hard to discourage, by pointing out the men in the neighborhood who had followed this life, telling me that I would be like them and bring up on the poor farm in the end. The first money that I remember making myself, I received for the skin of a black woodchuck, which I myself trapped and skinned. It was a large skin and covered quite a piece of the barn door when stretched and held in place with nails, but not larger to me than the two old-fashioned three-cent pieces which I received after I had carried it three miles to the tanner.

My uncle's farm was a considerable way from neighbors, and the woods extended for miles to the mountains. There were no pasture fences, and the cattle roamed where they would, in dry weather making long trips into the woods, where there were abandoned clearings and brook meadows; and a good part of my duties was the getting of the cows. I used to start away early in the afternoon and often not return till late at night, and on the late trips would generally meet my uncle at a greater or less distance from the house, having grown uneasy at my being out in the woods in the darkness. I had a regular course to pursue. First I would go on to the "pinnacle," three-quarters of a mile from the house, and listen for the bell; and not hearing it would strike for the "Benjamin Poor opening," which was well grown up with bushes, half a mile below, on the banks of the Rapids, the name we had for the east branch of the Ellis River. Not finding them there, I would cross the river and strike for "Uncle John's opening," a half-mile farther on.

No matter how much I might be in a hurry, I hardly ever let the opportunity pass for a little

swim when crossing the Rapids. It was but the work of half a minute to slip off my short drilling pants and shirt,—I wasn't bothered with shoes and stockings,—and although there was a chance to jump from rock to rock, and not wet my feet, I generally preferred the pool, where the water was nearly to my neck. After my swim I would carry my clothes to the other side and dress there, and, after arraying myself in my scanty wardrobe, I would run for rods, jumping on one foot and then the other, canting my head and giving it a quick jerk, to throw the water out of my ears, and to get warm.

In this pool I learned to swim, on my solitary trips. The first lesson I gave myself was by laying my right arm over a perpendicular rock, where the water was well up to my shoulders, holding my feet from the bottom by bracing my other hand beneath myself on the rock, and trying to work my legs, bullfrog fashion. In this I succeeded fairly well, but when I came to strike out, the fear that my head would go under water, and my inability to work my hands and feet at the same time, caused me to get my feet on the bottom as quickly as possible. Then it came to

THE BIRCHES

me that I must get over this fear, and that I must find out if the water would really hurt me. I began by laying my face very gently on the water, and holding my breath; then, as I got used to it, letting my head sink, and on opening my eyes under water was surprised to find how plainly I could see, and that it was not an unpleasant sensation. As my head went down, my feet wanted to come up, and it came to me that in trying to learn to swim it would be easiest to try it under water first. Accordingly, I straightened out, gave a little plunge in the water, putting my head below the surface, and tried to swim; and although my hands and feet were going, one at a time, after the fashion of the Irishman's rowing, "Pull, Patsy, I pulled last," I found that I kept near the surface. In a very short time I got my hands and feet educated to pull together, and tried it with my head out of water, and was surprised to find that swimming was as easy as "rolling off a log," and that the secret of learning to swim was in overcoming the fear of one's head going under water.

I often saw partridges and ducks on my trips after the cows, but as I was thought to be too

young to be trusted with a gun, I would feast my eyes and long for the time when I should be allowed to carry one, and try to satisfy myself by pointing a stick at them and crying "bang." I soon had a bow and arrow almost always on hand, the arrow pointed by a board nail filed to a point; and many a squirrel, and occasionally a partridge, came to grief through my William Tell ability. My left knee still has three good scars, souvenirs of my early efforts in shaving out bows from hemlock limbs, interest getting away with caution in handling the draw-shave.

When the fall rains came it was easier work to find the cows, and they were usually in their yard near the house in good season. In the frosty fall mornings, before the sun had fairly shown his face, I would trudge out to the yard, a milk pail on each arm, my hands stuck well down into my pockets, and pat the cows very gently to make them get up without moving from the bed, giving me a warm place for my bare feet while milking them.

As the fall advanced, I used to set a few steel traps, that I borrowed, along the banks of the brook for muskrat, now and then being rewarded

by getting one in my trap, and made wooden deadfalls for mink. In one of these I once caught a large, nice mink, for whose skin I received seven dollars. My first deadfall was a wonder in trap construction, and would have driven the ordinary mink out of the country at first sight; but a foolish one came along, and managed to choke himself to death in it. Possibly he had had a suicidal intent for some time, and availed himself of the first opportunity; but he could not have made away with himself when his pretty, glossy skin would have looked better, or been more appreciated, than it was by the small boy who found him in his trap. I do not remember that I keeled over, but I do remember that I rolled over several times, smoothing his slick fur from his nose to the tip of his tail; and a better-feeling boy than I was, on the way home, could not have been found in that part of the world.

Although during the days of the school term I was in the schoolroom in body, it was very hard to keep my mind there, for it found more pleasure in wandering among the birds and animals than among the sums and spelling lessons, and I took more interest in figuring out how to make a trap

to catch a mink than in doing the examples in arithmetic. I would try hard to keep my mind on my lessons, but would hardly get settled down before an imaginary squirrel would run across the book, or a woodchuck whistle from some distant rock pile or stone wall on the farm. And many of these piles of rocks and pieces of wall have suffered in my desperate attempts to get the withe, which I would twist and then double in a loop, where the woodchuck would bite at it, when I would unceremoniously yank him from his stronghold, by hooking the loop on his upper front teeth, and finish him with a few raps over the head with a stick, or my dog would shake his life out by the nape of the neck. Cruel as it may seem to some of my readers, it was in me, and the cruel part never entered my mind.

Many were the scoldings I received from my indulgent uncle, and although he often threatened to cut and use a bigger withe on me than I used on the unfortunate 'chuck, and which I so richly deserved, yet I always got off by promising not to do it again, and not to ask to go fishing the next rainy day, but put the stones back in their proper places, which promise I faithfully kept

until I chased another woodchuck into about the same place, when the promise would be forgotten, and again the stones would fly, regardless of mowing field or waving grain.

Although I was not allowed to own a gun, yet I had a constant longing for the possession of one; and there were usually some good fellows, larger boys or men, who would loan me one, which when not in use found a secret resting-place under the barn. When in use, I was very particular that my good uncle or aunt did not look that way; and many were the wily pigeons which fell from the limbs of the tall dry trees on the "parsonage" blueberry grounds, overlooking the fields of India wheat.

In these early years my boating propensities were being developed, for second in my mind to gun and trap was a boat, and every frog pond in the vicinity early had a more or less pretentious raft; and hidden in the alders by the river was a contrivance which I was pleased to call a boat, which I had made from boards picked up from neighboring fences, with a couple of horse-shoes nailed on the sides for rowlocks, and with oars and paddles hewn from boards. Many were

the wild rides I had down the swollen waters of the Rapids, when the stream was filled to the banks by a heavy rain, dodging the numerous rocks and leaning trees, until they proved too much for me; and I would find the boat overturning, or canting up on a rock with the current boiling over it, and would finish my voyage by "finning it" for the nearest shore where the current would let me land. After a few days, when the water got back to its original depth, I would wade my boat back over rocks and sand-bars to the starting-point, hiding it in the bushes, awaiting another rise of water. As I think of it now, I wonder how I always succeeded in making a landing; but I did, with nothing more than a good drenching, though when I started down the Rapids I generally finished my run with that.

About this time a young white man and a squaw came up the Ellis River in a birch bark canoe, and pitched their tent on an intervale, about half a mile from my uncle's farm. I was among their early visitors, attracted there by the tent; and expressing my strong desire to go out in the canoe, the young man at once took me out and showed me how to use the paddle, and

after that he would let me go out with the canoe alone, which pleased me very much. At times I would spend whole half days practising with this, poling up the stream, taking advantage of the eddies formed by the large rocks, shooting across currents and catching other eddies made by other rocks, then changing to the paddle, let the canoe shoot down the stream, keeping clear of the rocks, getting ideas all the time how the current set around the rocks. I thought his must be a very happy life, and very much envied him his tent, his canoe, his gun, and his dog; but I do not remember that I thought the tawny squaw added anything to the outfit.

This young man had a pretty story to tell of living with the Indians from his babyhood, having been stolen from his parents by a white man and given to them. This squaw, in particular, had always been very kind to him, and so he had married her, though she was ten or more years older than he. His story was not at all improbable, for when I was a boy the story was current around Andover of a man by the name of Robbins, who lived about the lakes, and who was a "tartar." One of his many

very bad deeds was to steal a boy in one of the backwoods settlements, and take him away into the woods with him. On being asked what he did with him, his answer was that he "made very good sable bait;" but years after the boy was found among some Indians to whom he had been given, and he had grown up with them and become very much attached to them.

Either for this, or for some other of his wicked deeds, a warrant was issued for this Robbins, and two of the best men that could be found anywhere in the country were deputized to bring him to justice. They followed him up the Magalloway, to the carry that leads across to Parmachenee Lake. They found that he had taken his canoe, and carried it across, but would probably return, as his pack was hidden in the bushes. They hid in a thicket close by the trail, and soon heard him coming. When he got opposite, one of the men, Loomis, who was a very powerful man, jumped on him and pinned his arms to his sides, while the other man came quickly to Loomis's assistance. Together they took away Robbins's weapons and bound him, and soon had him in a canoe, and paddled

him back to Magalloway settlement, which place they reached with their prisoner. They soon started with him for Paris jail, bound securely on the back of a horse, and about every man in the settlement went with them, to see him safely in jail; but he made his escape by digging out before the day of the trial.

CHAPTER II

CAMPING OUT

MY father, who followed his factory life for some years, during the summer time often used to visit my uncle's farm to see my sister and myself, and would encourage me to work on the farm and study my lessons, which promise I would make, and usually forget. Both he and my good uncle and aunt were firmly of the opinion that, unless I got over my fondness for the woods and attended to the farm, my life would be a failure. But as I grew older my love for the woods and waters only strengthened, and in my mind I was constantly planning a home in the woods; and any one who could tell me about the woods and great lakes above Andover was my most-sought-after friend.

In my uncle's sitting room was a large map of the state of Maine, published in 1862, giving

the lakes and rivers, and with little dots denoting houses, showing the settlements. This was my constant study, and I took greater interest in this than in any school books; and always when I could get a chance, when my uncle and aunt were absent, I would find myself studying over the lakes and rivers of the map. Much to my gratification I was allowed to sleep on a lounge which rested against the wall beneath the map; and many a night have I gone to sleep thinking of the home I would have on some of the lakes, and as soon as daylight came, would stand on the lounge, and hunt over the different lakes of the state.

Chamberlain Lake was where I decided to settle, as there were more ponds and streams in that vicinity and fewer settlements, according to the dots on the map. I had my route planned out, and, as I remember it, I was going without asking permission. But to get there, I realized that it was quite a distance, through woods and across waters, and that I should need something of an outfit. It was not very elaborate as I had planned it, for all I wanted was a rubber and a woollen blanket, a gun, an axe, a two-inch auger,

and a fry-pan. Besides this I would take a little pork, flour, and salt, a liberal supply of matches, and this, with what my gun and fish-hook would bring me, I thought would be all I needed.

My route that I had planned was to take the old lake road from Andover to the arm of the Richardson Lake, twelve miles distant. Here I planned to build a water craft, what might now be called a catamaran. I had it in mind to cut two good-sized cedar logs, about twelve feet long, hew the bark from them nicely to make them run smoothly through the water, and point the ends. Then with my auger I would bore them at each end, and pin pieces across to hold them about five feet apart. These, with two more across at about equal distances, one in the right place to brace my feet against while rowing, I thought would make it strong enough to stand whatever waves I might meet. Then I was to bore two holes in each log, about twelve inches apart, in which I would put small crotches to make uprights for a seat about twelve inches above the crosspieces. Then I was to bore holes in each log about the right distance from

the seat to hold rowlock standards, which I would hew out of green hard wood, bracing them by notching in the log, and upright near the top; and the oars I would hew from a straight rift spruce, that I would split in the middle, hewing down the opposite side.

I planned that I could get to the settlement at Rangeley with this outfit, by knocking it apart and carrying it in pieces across the carries between the lakes. By this time I thought I should have to stock up with provisions, and thought that I could earn enough money for this by working among the farmers. Another resource that I had was a square pasteboard box, containing a dozen paper collars, for which my father had paid seventeen cents, and made me a present of on one of his visits to Andover. But, instead of indulging myself in the extravagance of spoiling a paper collar, I kept them carefully concealed with the rest of the outfit I was getting together, thinking that I could take them to Rangeley, where, undoubtedly, they would "take great" with the natives, and I could probably get as much as five cents apiece for them.

After spending a few days in Rangeley, disposing of my stock of paper collars, and replenishing my larder with a little more flour and pork, I would shoulder my pack and strike through the woods for the nearest water, which was Dead River, as I learned by the map. This I expected to follow down until I came to navigable water, when I would build another catamaran; and I traced out the course, down the Dead River and up the Kennebec, to Moosehead Lake. Just how I was to make my way across this big body of water, I was a little uncertain, but I was willing to trust to luck and not cross it till I came to it, feeling sure that I should reach my coveted stamping-ground, Chamberlain Lake.

Although I spent many hours in planning my route, and got the various articles of my outfit nearly all together, yet my much-planned trip fell through, like many other air castles I have built.

When I was twelve or fourteen years old, my uncle decided to shingle his buildings, and accordingly a shingle weaver had to be employed to make the shingles, who happened to be a

man well along in years, who had spent much of his life in fishing, hunting, and trapping about Andover and the lakes. Although he had not accumulated more than a living, he had more or less woodcraft, and a vast amount of hunting and fishing stories. In me he found a willing listener, and as I was his helper in getting out shingles, most of my entire summer was spent with him. It was my part to help saw off the cedar blocks for the shingles, and rive and split out the shingles with a mallet and a big iron froe, and Uncle Asa did the shaving.

Uncle Asa was a great believer in scent as well as bait for his traps, and he was generous enough to impart his knowledge of some of these to me, although some of them had been sold as high as fifty dollars, he said, and I had lost no time in following out his instructions; for in an earthen pot in a hole in the ground, not far from where we were working, was a combination of muskrat, house cat, woodchuck, and skunk, chopped together. Here it was slowly working itself into condition, which would take five or six weeks, before it would be "ripe," allowed Uncle Asa, when it would toll a fox for a mile

if the wind was right. And in a sunny place, suspended by a string from the limb of a tree, was a loosely corked bottle, containing chub, sucker, and trout. This was also to remain five or six weeks, "And then," said Uncle Asa, "put a little on your bait, and every mink in the country will have his nose in the air."

One day, as we were pulling on the saw, Uncle Asa said to me, "There's one o' them city fellers that's boardin' over t' the tavern, and he's goin' down t' the brook after some o' your trouts, and, by cod, ef he don't tack ship, he'll run right straddle o' your fox bait."

We kept an eye on him, and, sure enough, he did not change his course, but kept on in the direction of the fox bait, when all at once he stopped short, clapped his hand to his nose, swung himself half around, and took some long steps at right angles, which brought him toward us. On seeing us he sang out, "Something dead down there in the lower end of your pasture."

"Guess not," said Uncle Asa, keeping on sawing.

"But I tell you there is. I got a whiff of something a *little* the loudest of anything I ever struck in the smelling line," said he.

A BIT OF SCENERY AT THE BIRCHES

"Tarnal woodchuck crawled in the wall and died," suggested Uncle Asa.

"Nonsense, man, all the woodchucks in Christendom couldn't get up such a smell as that;" and he kept on his way, while Uncle Asa's soft, musical "cluck, cluck, cluck," was heard, and the small boy on the other end of the saw, with a very red face, was nearly bursting.

How Uncle Asa's stories helped to pass the time away, and make me forget the aches in my young back, while hooked over that old cross-cut saw! Uncle Asa, on the other end, constantly spun his yarns of fishing trips at the lakes, and running "sable lines" over the mountains with Elmore Scribner or Mark Porter; how the bears hollered and the "Injun devil" yelled up under Bald Pate, or on the back side of Old Lone Mountain, at the sight of their camp-fire.

Uncle Asa was a firm believer in the "Injun devil." As he put it, "The critter didn't stay there all the time, but come 'round once in a while. Steve Morse saw him at C Pond medder. He had his old six-shooter with him, with three barrels loaded, and he didn't want any part of him;" and "Elmore Scribner and Mark Porter

were runnin' a 'sable line' up on Old Goose-Eye, when he give a screech in a tree almost over their heads, and they threw away all their traps and axe, and come a-tearin' down the mountain as though the devil had kicked 'em in end."

Although he was Uncle Asa to me, and a hero, he was generally spoken of as "Old Fox," and I fear in these days might be called a poacher. But in those days most of the old-time hunters were like him, and considered the tenth day of October the right time to go on a fishing trip to be "real sartin" of a good catch, and to him it was as much honor and pleasure to yank a fish off the spawning bed with a grapple, as it is to-day for the fisherman to pick a trout off the surface with a five-ounce rod and a Parmachenee Belle. How my memory goes back to Uncle Asa, for some of the pleasantest remembrances of my boyhood were with him.

The remembrance of him brings to my mind a picture of an old man with gray hair, whose straight-stemmed brier pipe was usually in his mouth, whose swear word was "By cod," and whose face beamed with good nature, who walked with a hitch in his gait, caused by a careless blow

from a fellow-woodsman's axe, severing the cords on the back of his knee, so that, from boyhood to old age, Uncle Asa had been obliged to drag his leg behind him and use it as a prop to support the other.

It was with him that I did my first real camping out in earnest. This was on a trip to C Pond, which is nine or ten miles from Andover, C Pond Bluff Mountain only dividing it from the Richardson lakes. His son Humphrey, Uncle Asa, and myself started for the pond one pleasant morning. Oh, what a delightful trip we had, and, in my impatience to get there, I often found myself a long way ahead of them, on the woods path, and would have to wait for them to come up, amusing myself in the meantime by chopping into logs with a light camp axe that I carried.

One of our resting-places was a path which led off to the right, and which Uncle Asa told me was the mountain trail to the arm of the Richardson lakes. "And, by cod, young feller," said he, "we'll take that path one o' these days, and I'll show ye the lake; and I'll take ye up to Bemis Spring and show ye more trout in a minute than ye can shake a stick at in a week,

and ye can yank out a back load in less time than it takes to tell it."

On this trip we passed the Moody Ledge, in Sawyer Notch. This was a wild-looking precipice, a good one hundred feet high, where Uncle Asa told me that a man by the name of Moody had fallen from the top to the bottom, a number of years before, having climbed up there after young wolves. His head was split open by the fall, so that one could see his brains. They carried him to Andover, where Dr. Daniels washed his head out, and patched him up, and he got well and went off to sea and was drowned. I had heard Granny Gilson tell this same brain story before, but she always said they took his brains out in a three-pint tin basin and washed them, and that a dog got at the basin and ate some of them while they were getting them back into his head.

About noon we stopped for dinner by a pretty brook, built a fire, made some tea, and opened our packs and got out the eatables. I had fortified myself with a chunk of pork that would weigh five or six pounds, and from this cut a square piece that would weigh about a pound.

Uncle Asa watched me out of the corner of his eye as long as he could stand it, then he burst into a fit of laughter, with his usual "cluck, cluck, cluck," and said, "By cod, young feller, what d'ye think yer goin' t' do with that hunk of pork?"

"I'm going to frizzle it," said I. "You said frizzled pork was good, and I want to try it."

"So it is," said he; "but that is no sign ye should try to frizzle the whole hog at once. Here, let me show ye," and he cut a thin slice of the pork from the chunk, put it on a slim, forked stick, and stood it up by the fire. "Now," said he, "split open a biscuit, and stick it on another stick under the pork, and let it get the drippin's on it; then get ye a dipper o' tea out o' the pail, and a piece o' this patridge breast I'm cookin', and ye'll have a dinner that'll make yer hair curl."

It was the middle of the afternoon before we struck the shore of the pond, and hunted up a flat-bottomed boat which Uncle Asa had hidden in the bushes, and paddled up to a place called "The Whale's Back," about half a mile beyond. We built a bough lean-to, picked fine fir boughs

for a bed, and, with a big log fire in front of the camp, I passed a night of enjoyment such as very few boys may experience.

After we had tried the fish between sunset and dark, and been well rewarded with a good catch of trout, we had our supper, listened to some of Uncle Asa's stories, and turned in for the night. The sociable owls, probably startled by our bright camp-fire, saluted us with many a hoot, and kept me awake far into the night, either pleased or disgusted at our intrusion into their private wilds. Late in the night I was awakened by Uncle Asa, who gave me a poke in the ribs, and told me to "wake up and hear the bear hollering down on the medder." Bruin was either very happy, or very unhappy, for he was making lots of noise, which was magnified by the stillness of the calm night.

At the peep of day the next morning we were out in the boat, and soon had all the fish we wanted. Although we had all the fish we cared for, we were to pass another night in camp, and spent the day in rowing around the pond, going down to the outlet, and on to the meadow to see if we could see anything of the

bear which had given us the midnight serenade; but we found only his tracks, and the rotten logs he had been tearing to pieces to get the ants from them to eat. I might as well here add that Uncle Asa carried an old smooth-bore queen's-arm, with which he had caused the death of many a bear. On this trip, however, partridges and a few ducks were the extent of his prowess as a hunter.

After another pleasant night in camp, we again turned the boat over in the alders, and took the path through the woods to Andover, carrying with us a good load of fish.

Although I fondly wished for the time for Uncle Asa to take me to the lake, it did not fall to my lot to have him for a companion; but with another man and boy I made my first trip there the following winter, and tried fishing through the ice, with very good success. We camped at the foot of The Narrows on Richardson Lake, but the other boy and I made a trip on the ice as far as Mosquito Brook and the Upper Dam.

In the middle of October, in the fall of '69, another boy and myself made a hunting trip to

the lake in earnest. I had realized about fifteen dollars for some potatoes I had planted for myself on my uncle's farm, and the whole of this I put into traps, provisions, and ammunition, and, with these and about an equal amount which my companion had, we started for the lake with a horse and buckboard. This was a few days after the "big freshet of '69," which all Maine remembers, for it carried away nearly every bridge and tore up about every brook and river road in the state. The lake road had suffered with the rest, and we soon found it too rough for our buckboard, and were obliged to unhitch from this and pack our goods over on the back of the horse, taking what we could carry ourselves. After about three miles more of climbing over rocks and through washouts, we realized we could go no farther with the horse. As night was coming on we built a bough camp in Black Brook notch, still four miles below the arm of the lake.

The following morning the other boy took the horse back to Andover, while I, with eleven bright, shining new traps strung on my belt, a pack load of provisions strapped to my back,

and a Springfield rifle bored to a shotgun, of which I had become the proud possessor, struck through the woods toward the lake. I got my load through, and, returning from my second trip, got back to the camp, where the other boy joined me, having been to Andover with the horse and returned; and we carried the rest of our supplies to the lake, where we again camped, preparing to make a more substantial camp than the one where we had passed the night before, planning to call this our home camp. We were both wet to the skin, for we had had to wade a good part of the way, often in water nearly to our armpits, but both happy at being in the woods; and we went to work with a will, clearing away, and building our new camp, and getting ready for the night.

When morning came we were up bright and early, and after breakfast was out of the way, we commenced to set traps along the brook for mink, and to run sable lines back on the mountains. Here we stayed about two weeks, and at the end of that time, having swapped a sable and mink skin for a skiff that was on the lake, with some hunters, we moved on up the lake to Metalluk

Point, near the mouth of Metalluk Brook, by the old Richardson farm, and six miles from the arm of the lake. Here we trapped the mink and muskrat with very good success; but the other boy, getting tired of roughing it, returned to his home in Andover, and I was left alone to look after the traps, which I very much enjoyed.

As darkness was settling down at night, I would always go to the lake to get fresh water for morning, and after filling my two-quart camp kettle by walking out on a friendly log half buried in the sand, I have stood on the shore and looked over the water of what seemed to me at the time a very great lake, and at the big mountains in the distance, on every side, so dense and black with heavy woods and the spreading darkness; and this, perhaps, with the night cry of the lonely loon, which Theodore Winthrop once described as coming from a being that was "exiled from happiness that it never knew," would impress me with a little sense of loneliness. But on returning to my camp and brightening up the fire, all loneliness would be banished, and it was in this camp that I passed some of the happiest hours of my early woods life. And even now, in fancy, I

can go back to that pleasant camp on Metalluk Point, can again hear the night cry of the loon and owl, see the sparks go up from the blazing camp-fire, again smell the balsam bough bed, and taste the water from that smoky camp kettle.

“Still o’er those scenes my memory waits,
And lo’es to brood wi’ miser care ;
Time the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.”

CHAPTER III

THE INDIAN CHIEF METALLUK

IT was near this camp that the lodge of the Indian chief Metalluk had stood years before, the ruins of his cellar being still to be seen, though all the logs had rotted away. Here, one cold winter's day, his good squaw, Oozalluc, had died, and he, being of too affectionate a nature to bury her in the cold snow, had twisted some withes, and suspended her body in the smoke hole of his cabin. In this way he preserved her body until spring, when he could bury her in a cosey spot in the bright sunshine.

This, I have been told by old hunters, was an absolute fact, and that the withes were yet in the smoke hole when they first visited the cabin.

After all this devotion, it seems that the cruel white man should have let Oozalluc rest in peace, but a few years later her bones were taken up by some enterprising doctor in a party on a fishing trip.

Metalluk was once a chief of the St. Francis tribe, but I have understood that for some reason he had been expelled from the tribe, and he and his squaw had found their way through the woods to the Richardson Lake, and built their home on Metalluk Point, leaving their children, two sons and a daughter, to grow up with the tribe. After Oozalluc died, Metalluk abandoned his quiet home and moved to Metalluk Island in Umbagog Lake, and a few years later on to the Magalloway, near the lower Metalluk Pond, where he built a camp.

Metalluk's two sons, Olumbo and Parmaginnie, after they grew up, I am told, used to make frequent trips to their father's home on Richardson Lake. One fall, it seems that Metalluk and Olumbo were trapping there alone, and Olumbo, perhaps pining for his Canadian home, decided to take French leave, — or Indian leave, — and take the spoils with him. Accordingly he returned to the camp early one day, and packed the furs into his canoe and started up the lake. Metalluk returned to the camp soon after Olumbo had taken his departure, and finding the furs gone, and seeing Olumbo paddling hard toward the head of the lake, guessed what had happened,

and sprang into his canoe and followed. It was six miles to the head of the lake, and, although Olumbo had quite a start, he found himself no match for his father, for just as he reached the shore at the head of the lake, Metalluk jumped into his canoe and gave him a good trouncing. The canoe was overturned, and Olumbo received a good ducking, as well as his trouncing, and had to take to the woods empty-handed, while Metalluk packed the furs in his canoe and paddled back to camp.

Possibly Parmachenee Lake derived its name from Parmaginnie, as this lake must have been much frequented by them, as on their trail from the Richardson lakes to their Canadian home, they traversed in their canoes nearly the whole length of the Lower and Upper Magalloway, its outlet and inlet, as well as across the lake.

At Metalluk Pond, on the Magalloway River, when Metalluk, now an old man and blind in one eye by an injury years before, was drawing a log for firewood by the aid of his tump-line, which was used in carrying his pack, and which like himself was getting old, the line broke, and Metalluk fell forward, striking a broken

stub into his remaining eye, which rendered him totally blind. He felt his way into his cabin, where he lay for several days, with but little fire and but little to eat. Two of his hunter friends, who were Magalloway settlers, going by, called at his cabin, and found him lying in his bunk. In response to their "Hello, Metalluk," he said, "Me know him voice, but me no see him." Although they were anxious to take him out of the woods, he would not go with them, but wanted his daughter, who lived not far from the New Hampshire border, in Canada; and, leaving him fuel, wood, and water, they got word to his daughter, who came with her son. I have been told by a Magalloway man that he met them on their way out of the woods, the young man ahead with a stick in his hand, the old man grasping the other end, and the daughter bringing up the rear with the pack.

When Metalluk lived in his home on Metalluk Point, on the Richardson Lake, he used to make frequent trips to Andover to sell his fur, and used to make his home at my Great-grandfather Merrill's, and he and my grandfather became fast friends. Like most of the Indians, Metal-

luk had a weakness for firewater, and used to purchase quite a quantity and be under its influence for a few days, not going back to the lakes until he had finished it. In answer to an inquiry as to why he did not take it to the lake, he said, "S'pose me burn up me camp and me dog?" One time when he was purchasing some of the ardent, he questioned the price, thinking it was a little high, and was told by the trader, "It costs a good deal to winter a barrel of whiskey; it costs as much as it does to winter a cow." His reply was, "He no eat um so much hay, s'pose maybe he drink um as much water."

My grandfather's name was Moses, but Metaluk's name for him was "Moselem." On one occasion, having trouble with a trapper at the lakes, who, he claimed, was infringing on his territory, and catching his beaver, he walked to Andover to consult "Moselem" in regard to it. Grandfather's verdict was, "Well, Metalluk, if they're your beaver, you must catch 'em."

When at grandfather's he would not sleep in a bed, but would always sleep on the floor, with his head toward the large, open fire, with a

MY FIRST STEAMER, THE "OQUOSSOC"

A WINTER HUNT

blanket around him. Once he got too near the fire, and a man coming in saw his hair smoking, and without warning caught Metalluk by the feet and pulled him away from the fire. Metalluk jumped to his feet and gave chase, but did not quite strike the door into an adjoining room, through which the man darted, but went through the next one, which was the cellar door, and got quite a sobering off by taking a header down cellar.

I do not think that grandfather or any of his Andover friends ever knew what became of the old Indian after he left the lakes, as communication was not what it is to-day, and it was from Magalloway settlers that I learned of his becoming blind and being taken to Canada by his daughter. But I have learned from people in Stewartstown, New Hampshire, that Metalluk was not happy in his daughter's home in Canada, and was continually talking of "Moselem," and if he could get to the place where "Moselem" lived, he would be all right. Finally a boy was employed to take him from Canada to the place where "Moselem" lived. It was in the spring of the year, when the snow was going off, and

the travelling was hard. They got as far as Stewartstown when the boy got discouraged with his job, and, leaving poor old Metalluk in the road near a house in the night, took French leave back to Canada. In the morning the poor old blind Indian was taken in and fed by the kind farmer, and later was bid off as a town charge, living two years with one man and six with another, where he died, and

“Gave earth’s favored lodgers room,
By sleeping in a pauper’s tomb.”

A man who was a boy in Metalluk’s last home in Stewartstown has told me that he remembered him well. In the morning when old Metalluk rose, he was given a basin of water, when he would unbutton his shirt to the last button, roll it back well, and give himself a good bath. During the day he passed much of his time on the lounge, occupying his time by running his hand through his hair, and, whenever finding a hair longer than the rest, pulling it out.

CHAPTER IV

FIRST EXPERIENCE IN LOGGING

AFTER the lake had frozen over and the snow began to get deep, I took up my traps and returned home to Andover with my fur, for which, though of not very large amount, I realized a welcome little sum, and found good use for the most of my money, which left me pretty nearly down to "hard pan" again. After attending the school in the village a few weeks, and feeling obliged to be earning something, I started for the logging swamps in Upton.

There I found but little work, and soon put my snowshoes on and struck through the woods, by the Pond-in-the-River, for Middle Dam on Richardson Lake, then taking the lake to Upper Dam, eight miles distant, which I reached just as night had fallen. I had hoped to get work here, but found there was nothing for me to do; but Mr. Frank Allen was in charge, and was very

kind to me, and as he had worked the summer before at Chamberlain farm on Chamberlain Lake, for Mr. Coe, who was Maine's greatest lumberman, and who owned the country about Upper Dam, as well as a great deal of land in the Chamberlain Lake region, he was a man I was very glad to meet, as he could tell me of the place I so much desired to know about. He also told me there was logging going on near Bemis Stream, on the Big Lake, about eight miles from Upper Dam, by men from Rangeley, and I decided to try my luck in that direction.

The following morning, asking Mr. Allen what I owed him for my night's accommodation, on being told that my bill was seventy-five cents, I fished hard in my pockets, but seventy-four cents was all I could raise. Not wishing to let Mr. Allen know that was all the money I had, I said that was all the change I had. He probably guessed my predicament, for he quickly passed it back, saying that I was more than welcome to what I had had. If he had asked the usual fee, I should have entered the region above the Upper Dam one cent behind the world in my finances; but as it was I had seventy-four cents, the clothes

I stood in, besides the change in my pack, and my snowshoes; and although I could not weigh down the eighty-pound weight on the scales, I had a good appetite and was fairly full of day's works.

How well I remember snowshoeing down the big lake, past the big island, toward the mouth of Bemis Stream, thinking of Chamberlain farm and Chamberlain Lake as I went, and wondering how I could work it to make Mr. Coe acquainted with the fact that I wanted a job there, little realizing that I had already found my future stamping ground, and thirty-three years later would write a story telling of twenty-six years' experience in steamboating on this very lake, of my Camp Bemis, the Birches, and the Barker, entertaining many sportsmen and summer visitors during the season, and would be writing of this very trip. My thoughts were absorbed in Chamberlain farm in the future, and striking a job at the mouth of Bemis Stream in the present.

As I approached the shore just above Bemis Stream, I saw a landing of logs, with men and teams on the lake, and by the men was told where to find the logging camp, about a mile distant.

I had no trouble in finding the camp and was told by the cook that it was owned and run by "Dan and Bill T. Hoar" and "Hen Kimball," and that the prospect of getting work was good, though the bosses were in the woods, and would not be in camp till night. Accordingly I threw off my pack and made myself comfortable, awaiting the coming in of the men.

The camp was a large, low-walled structure, mostly roof, the roof covered with splits about four feet long, the walls about two logs high, the typical logging camp of that time. The door was not over five feet high, and about as wide as high, making the men stoop as they went through, and causing many a man to forget the third commandment when he did not stoop quite low enough. The first six feet to the left of the door was the wood dingle, which was kept well-filled with large logs, ten to twelve feet in length, for the fire. The right of the door was used as a sort of storeroom, where the molasses barrel was kept, also the pork barrel, some extra barrels of flour, and the grindstone, which was in use a good deal of the time evenings and Sundays, while the men ground their axes. The

camp was floored from the door to the fire bed by poles about four inches through, laid down close together, and the top adzed off quite smoothly. The fire bed, which took up fully one-third of the camp, was of earth, built up a little above the level of the floor, with two rows of stones about six feet apart as fire-dogs.

On either side of the camp were berths, lined up with splits overhead and on each side. These berths were twenty-five feet long, and were expected to hold eighteen or twenty men, and when the camp was full, it was the rule that no man should sleep on his back, but on his side, "spoon fashion," and one could not change unless all changed. The berths were well covered with fine boughs, and it was a Sunday job, occasionally through the winter, to "bough the berth," which was giving it a coating of fresh boughs.

The bedding was two long spreads, running the entire length of the berth, the under one being but one thickness of heavy blanket, and the upper of two thicknesses of blanket, with cotton batting between, well tacked, making it about two or three inches thick; and it was the rule that the last man up in the morning should roll up the

spreads, which was done by giving them two or three rolls toward the head of the berth.

At the foot of the berth, and running the full length on each side of the fire, at convenient height, was the "deacon seat," made from logs about fifteen inches through, usually split, then hewn smooth. Here you would find the men the most of the time evenings, either sitting on the seat, or half reclining on the berth, with their backs against the rolled-up spreads, and their feet hanging over the "deacon seat," chewing gum, telling stories, and singing songs. A cord, run from one log to another above and to one side of the fire, made a place for the men to hang their wet mittens and stockings, and here and there were the tops of little fir trees, nicely peeled, with the limbs cut off to about two inches in length and sharpened, also making convenient hooks for mittens and stockings.

The farther end of the camp from the door was the cook's department, the flour barrel and shelves for the tin dishes being next the fire, and the two tables for the men, running the entire width of the camp, with the exception of a passageway between to the seat at the back

side, which was made the same as the deacon seat, and ran the length of the tables against the wall, just room being allowed between the wall and the table for the men to sit. When a man had a seat at the farther end of the table at the back, and was a little late, he would step up on the seat, the men would tip forward, then he would walk along the seat to his place. The seat on the other side was made the same, round legs being put in with a two-inch auger.

At each end of the camp a short piece of log was left out to admit of some panes of glass, which, with the help of the smoke hole, furnished the daylight for the camp. The fire furnished the heat, and as cooking stoves were but little known at that time, in the logging camps, also answered all purposes for cooking. Two large bakers extended each side of the fire, and at the end next the cook's department was the indispensable beanhole. A crane over the fire suspended the kettle and the big teapot, which half-filled thirty or forty pint basins for each meal.

Two large logs, about eight feet apart, ran the entire length of the camp, higher up than a

man's head, resting on the log ends of the camp. These were called the "lug" beams, and formed the foundation of the smoke hole, which was built of small logs, from five to seven inches through, by notching the ends and locking them together, the same as a log camp is built, sometimes extending above the roof for six or eight feet.

The whole roof, on top of the splits, was covered with coarse boughs, two or three feet thick, quite large ones being used at the bottom, to hold the weight of the boughs and snow off the roof, and form an air space above the splits. This made the camp much warmer, and prevented the snow from melting, and what little water did come from it would run off on the splits; whereas, if the snow came to the splits, it would form ice, which would back the water up and cause the roof to leak. After the snow got deep, more or less holes would be thawed through the snow by heat from the roof, the smoke hole and whole roof forming a ventilator; and but little sickness was known in the camps.

How different are the logging camps of today. Now the roofs are either boarded or

covered with poles, and well covered with tarred paper, making a roof through which neither water nor air can penetrate; and instead of the big, open fire, is the cook stove and big heater, around which the men hover in the evening. Instead of the "field bed," where all sleep together, the berths are partitioned off for two men. Though the camps are much more comfortable for all kinds of weather, and there is far more variety in the food, there is four times the sickness that there was in the old-time camp. Magic yeast and cream of tartar have done away with the old-time "emptin's tub," which, when kept at an even temperature, and soured right, would turn out as good biscuit as ever a man need to put in his mouth, at least they seemed so to me then.

As I sat on the deacon seat and watched the thirty-five or forty men come in, all strangers to me, I did not know what to think of them, and I guess they did not know what to think of me by the way they stared; but I soon found them very sociable and pleasant, and along in the evening, after getting pretty well acquainted, and answering many questions as to how I got there,

I screwed up my courage and slid along on the deacon seat toward the three proprietors, whom I found all together, and asked if they wanted any more men. Dan gave a chuckle, Bill T. said, "Gorry, I don't know," and Hen Kimball said, "Gracious mighty! Is that what they call such fellers as you down where you come from?"

After considerable laughing and joking, they said, if I thought I could shovel snow and use an axe, I could go to work, and they would pay me what it was worth. This was very satisfactory to me, and the following morning I took the axe and the shovel that were given me, and struck into the woods with the rest of the men. My first job was swamping a road, which had to be shovelled first. We would shovel through and cut out the trees and old logs, when it would be ready for the teams. My companion, with whom I was set to work, was a young man, able in body, and with the heart of a Christian, for he at once proceeded to take five shovels wide for himself, and leave me three, which I fully appreciated, not expecting to find that kind of treatment in a stranger and a lumberman. After the road was shovelled, it left banks so high that we could fall trees across and drive the teams

under them, this being one of the old-fashioned winters, when the snow was a good six feet deep on a level.

This work, though hard, I enjoyed very much, and soon felt quite at home, and was fast friends with the crew, although I fear I did not treat them as well as they did me; for I was not all over the boy, and there were many foolish pranks that I was ready to try on some of my friends. One of my favorite tricks, and one which afterward became a part of the regular course of initiation of all newcomers, as well as being yanked up the smoke hole with a rope around his ankle, was the power of mesmerism which I pretended to have, and which, my first Sunday, I prevailed on one of the men to let me try on him, claiming that I was very sure that I could put him to sleep. He was just as sure I could not, and was willing for me to try it on him. On the sly, I took one of the cook's tin plates and held it over a lighted tallow candle till the bottom was as black as could be, and putting a little water in it, gave this to him. I then took a clean plate, with water, myself, and we bestrode the deacon seat, facing each other, he bolstered up against the splits at the end of the

seat. He was to imitate my motions exactly, and not try to keep awake if he felt sleepy. With a few flourishes of my hand before his eyes, I proceeded to dip my middle finger in the water, pass it around on the inside a few times, then on the bottom of the plate, then place it on my forehead, draw it down my face, across my cheek, around my chin, and up on the other side, he imitating my example exactly, leaving a big black mark with every touch. Another flourish, and more from the outside of the plate, and the finger was passed from the middle of the forehead down the nose to the tip end, and so on till the face of the subject was well marked.

Many of the men had business in the bunks, faces down in the spreads, while others, with more self-control, stood around, and added much merriment to the occasion by suggestions to the subject, telling him that he was the sleepest-looking man they ever saw who pretended to be awake, and he might as well shut his eyes up, give up beat, and go to sleep. At the proper time some one passed the looking-glass, telling him to look for himself.

The first look was one of surprise and astonish-

ment, and the next was a look for "The Trapper," as they had nicknamed me ; but I had slipped my leg over the deacon seat, and was well toward the other end of the camp, as the looking-glass went down ; for experience had taught me that it was best not to be too near when the subject woke up, as he always did with more or less force, proving to be very wide awake. And it took some of the best men in camp to persuade the victim that I did not need a trouncing ; and my legs stood me in good service in the chase-the-squirrel game which followed around some of the big fellows I knew would take my part. But it was soon all over, and we were just as good friends as before.

What pleasant remembrances I have of that old logging camp, and what a charm it had for me ! Though I have seen many a home since then, fitted up with all the elegance that wealth and good taste produce, I have never seen a home that was more fascinating to me than the rough camp, as I used to see it, after the Sunday morning snooze, when a number of the men were making weekly visits to their homes in Rangeley, going the night before, and we had plenty of

room, and did not have to get up till after daylight had made its way down the smoke hole. How I watched the light creep down and spread over the camp, exposing to view the log ribs and clean split roof, and thinking that no one was better situated than I!

There is nothing that a man enjoys better in a "field bed" than the absence of a few bed-fellows; for the field beds of the old-time camps were calculated for a few less men than they usually held, especially after the snow got deep toward spring and required large crews. What a fatherly interest those men seemed to take in me, and how many nights I have been cuddled in the arms of some big fellow, protecting me with his body on one side, and laying his arm over me, making a brace! I have half awakened to feel my protector punch the man on the other side, who had got on his back, and, with the exhaust turned out of the stack, was holding his bigness, both in space and in the snore he sent forth, till there was danger that the roof would leak at the next thaw, soon to be brought back to earth by the sharp punch from my companion, with a "Damn ye, spoon! Y're squatting th'

daylights out 'n th' Trapper;" and I would get a few long breaths, way down, as he would roll back on his side, and I would soon forget myself, not to know anything again till the cook's "Turn out."

CHAPTER V

RIVER DRIVING

THE winter soon wore away, but the spring was a late one, and we had good logging till the 16th of April, when the teams left the woods. Then we proceeded to boom the landings, the boom having to be strung around the logs, the logs of the boom having to be bored with a five-inch auger, about a foot from the end, fastened with a yellow birch thorough-short passed through the hole, and a well-made maple pin at each end. The holes were bored at right angles, making what the men called a "swivel joint" in one end, and an "up-and-down" in the other.

When the booming was done, with a few others I went to "Squire" Toothaker's camp on South Bog Stream, which empties into Rangeley Lake, where I was to remain; for I had hired with him

CAMP CARIBOU AT PARMACHENEER LAKE

to help get headworks and pickpoles ready for the drive, and then go through on the drive.

Mr. Toothaker was the king lumberman of the region, being a partner of Mr. Coe in the ownership of land about the lakes, and doing quite an extensive logging business, running a camp himself in company with his son, "John R.," as he was called by every one, who always drove one of the best teams, and had full charge of the camp when his father was not there. The other camps in the vicinity took the jobs of him, putting the logs on the landings at so much per thousand. Mr. Toothaker had made a fortune by his industry, and now lived in Phillips, making occasional trips to the lakes to look after his interests there. He was "The Squire" to every man, woman, and child, and was the friend of every laboring man; and many was the poor man he aided in purchasing a farm, stock, or tools, with nothing more than the man's word for a guarantee. Although he was a stern man, and at times would give one the impression that he was a hard man, he was never unreasonable in the work he expected of the men; and no matter how much of a seemingly unnecessary "call

down" he gave a man, or how mean he made him feel, yet the goodness of his heart shone through it all before he got through talking; and he usually brought the man back to thinking well of himself, as well as of the Squire, and it was often hard to decide whether he meant to scold or not.

I was the errand boy of the camp when anything had to be done, and often made trips to Rangeley with some message or for some article; and my first trip there was with Squire Toothaker, who had come into camp to take a look at things before the travelling on the lake broke up. Something from Rangeley was wanted at the camp, and I was honored with a ride with the Squire from the camp to Rangeley, behind his favorite horse, "Old Troublesome," which had a record on the ice of a mile in 2.29, and of roading one hundred miles in a day, and following it, and the Squire allowed nothing to pass him on the road.

Mr. Toothaker was a man looked up to by all, and I felt it a great honor to be favored with a seat by his side to Rangeley. I had seen him in the woods a few times, and he had been very

pleasant and talkative, and this day was more sociable than common as we sped over the smooth ice, bringing me out in his conversation, and asking me how I would like to go home with him and go to school, telling me that if I would, and do as he wanted me to, I should go through college, and he would give me a chance to keep his books. I jokingly told him I should probably go in the door and out the window, but he assured me I would be all right if I did not think more of having a good time and playing ball, than of studying my lessons. I was much elated by the proposition, and although I wanted nothing better than to live in the woods, I knew the advantages of an education, and felt favorably toward the opportunity he so generously offered.

But there are few smooth stretches in life where we do not encounter obstacles, and such was to be my fate, for, as we neared the shore, the ice had thawed away from it, leaving a few yards of water between the ice and shore. The Squire, with his usual courage and go-ahead, encouraged Old Troublesome to jump into the water, which he did, well up to his sides, and the next moment the ice on

the Squire's side gave way, and over we went, Mr. Toothaker going into the icy water nearly all over, while I came on top, and a good jump took me ashore, dry shod. The horse had broken away and the pung had righted itself, and Old Troublesome was going into the road at a good gait, uncertain whether to be frightened or not. I took after him, and got the reins that were dragging, and the Squire came up, dragging the buffalo, and not in very good humor.

"Now, that is what I call a pretty smart piece of business," said he, stamping first one foot and then the other, looking back at the place where he had taken his bath. "And you didn't get wet a bit, did ye? Well, I got wet all over."

"I am sorry," said I. "Did I hurt you when I struck on you?"

"Hurt me! I didn't feel ye any more than I would a Long Pond mosquito that lit on me; but I don't think much of that way of doing business."

I did not feel sure from his manner whether he was giving me a going over or himself, till he said good-naturedly, a few minutes later, "Well,

you run like a fox. I am glad you caught him; I always hate to have a horse get away."

We got up into the road and started for Green-vale, which was about three miles farther on, where we were to stop over night. On the way the Squire had some business at a house, and he hitched and cared for the horse, and we both went inside. After his business was completed, we came out of the house together. It had grown quite dark, and I went to get the horse, leaving the Squire talking with the man of the house.

While I was unhitching and getting the blanket off the horse, a team drove up and stopped in front of the house; and as I did not see Mr. Toothaker when I got turned around, I thought he had got into the team, which was then driving away at a rapid rate. I jumped into his sleigh and followed on, Troublesome and I having no idea they would get a great ways ahead, and he kept his head well up to their shoulders. I could see in the darkness two men, one of whom I thought was the Squire.

As we went gliding along at a lively gait, I holding a tight rein on Old Troublesome, having

visions, perhaps, of college days, and the time when, with a pencil behind my ear, I would speak of the business of the concern as "we" instead of "A. T. & Coe.," I fear I was approaching that state so common to young men, and which so few escape for a longer or shorter run, even at this period. I refer to the time when the young man's head begins to swell, and the one affected is not the one afflicted. My success in handling Troublesome, and thinking Mr. Toothaker was a witness of my horsemanship, gave me the feeling that he would have perfect confidence in me, and that I should have to come home from college to drive the horse at every Phillips horse trot, when I would show the boys how I could make him step.

But my mind soon took a different turn, for instead of the team turning in at Greenvale, which I was sure was the Greenvale House, from its appearance, where I knew the Squire was going to stop, it dashed straight on toward Phillips; and with a sinking feeling clear to my toes, I reined up Old Troublesome, and wondered what on earth was the best thing to do, whether to hitch Troublesome to a tree and take to the

woods, or get back as fast as I could, and take whatever the Squire was pleased to give me. I soon decided that the latter was the better way, and so I got out, took Old Troublesome by the bits and straightened him out into the road, jumped in, and encouraged him into a quick pace for the return trip.

I realized what the horse was I was driving; but when following the team, and thinking the Squire was near, and had confidence in me that I could handle the horse, I would have had courage to tackle anything in the horse line. But with darkness added to a rather bad spring road, and Troublesome showing evidence of his displeasure at what he undoubtedly considered was uncalled for and a confounded piece of boy foolishness, I urged him on in a very uncomfortable frame of mind. I fortunately kept the horse in the road and the pung right-side up, till I saw the tall form of Mr. Toothaker in the darkness, and I braced myself for the coming storm, which broke as follows: "I would like to know what under the sun you think you are doing with that horse; what on earth you are running away from me for? I don't think much

of keeping a dozen horses, and to be made to foot it halfway to Phillips; and I want you to understand I am a little particular who drives Old Troublesome."

Old Troublesome rubbed his head against the Squire's arm affectionately, as much as to say, "I've had a d——l of a time." I was as meek as Moses, and could only say that I was sorry, and that I thought he was in the team that stopped in front of the house when I unhitched.

"I wasn't," said he. "I went back into that house; and it wouldn't have been very hard work for you to have found out where I was without driving that horse all over town."

There was not much I could say, but I hurried out, and we turned the team around, and started again toward Greenvale. After a few minutes the Squire said, "I should thought he would have got away from ye." On being assured that I had no trouble, he asked, "Well, did anybody get by ye?" Again being assured that they did not, he said, "Well, as long as he didn't get away from ye, and there didn't anybody get by ye, there's no great damage done. You probably thought I needed a good walk

after treading me into the lake, and I do feel better for it; but I was scared when I see ye driving off, for fear he would get away from ye, and kill you or himself."

After passing the night at Greenvale, Old Troublesome was hitched up and the Squire went on to Phillips, while I, with whatever I had been sent for in my possession, returned to our camp on South Bog Stream. How pleasant it seemed that bright morning to be footing it all alone over the smooth ice of Rangeley Lake, and how wild and free the woods life seemed to me; and I decided that the man who could use an axe or a cantdog, or handle the lumberman's bateau, was a king beside the poor fellow who had to be enclosed in four walls, figuring over long accounts in an office, and that I could get along very well without any college education.

As soon as the ice left South Bog Stream we began rolling the logs into the stream from the landings, and driving them down to the lake. As the logs would generally leave the landings in gluts, it was usually my work to be on the logs with a pickpole and single them out, push-

ing some up and some down, so that they would be less likely to jam. As I was thus engaged one afternoon, I saw the Squire pass me on his way to the landing, and when we were all around the fire in camp that night, he gave me a puff which produced a swelled head again.

"Well, Trapper," said he, "you were working over those logs in great shape to-day, when I came up by."

"It was interesting," said I, "to single them out, and see them go down river."

"That was just the point," said the Squire. "I came up that stream for half a mile, and I never saw spruce run so handsome, and I knew somebody was turning out who was interested in what they were doing. It isn't always the biggest man, or the man who can make the biggest show when he knows that the boss is around; it is taking an interest in his work, and working to the best advantage, that makes him valuable."

He had probably taken this chance to preach a sermon to the rest of the men, who were listening, and it did me a world of good to receive such a compliment from him.

As soon as the lakes were cleared of ice, we hooked our headworks on to a boom of logs and proceeded to wind it across the lake, taking two to three million feet of logs to a boom.

The headworks were made of logs about thirty feet long, being pinned solidly together, making a raft perhaps twenty-five feet wide. In a large log in the centre of this was placed a maple spindle, six feet long, made from a big tree, one end being worked off to a tenon, six inches one way and the whole bigness of the stick the other, and a foot long, being well fitted into a mortise made to receive it in the big log. The capstan, which went outside of this, was a good-sized spruce, split open and hollowed out in the centre, pinned solidly together at the top and bottom by a wide maple slab hewn out perhaps four or five inches in thickness. This was set on to the spindle, and between the shoulder of the spindle and the bottom of the capstan was placed a large piece of pork rind for the capstan to revolve upon, and was called by the men a "pork rind jewel." The inside of the capstan was well greased with fresh lard. Eight holes were mortised in the capstan about as high as

a man's breast, to receive the capstan bars, eight feet long, which were hewn out from straight-grained maple wood. Two men were supposed to man each bar, making sixteen men to a headworks. With each headworks was a bateau manned by six men, one at each end with a paddle, and four oarsmen, or midshipmen. An anchor line, 600 or 800 feet in length, and an anchor weighing from 175 to 225 pounds, was an important part of the outfit, the anchor being carried out on the stern of a bateau, the length of the line, and then thrown overboard, when the line would be wound around the capstan by the men on the bars, drawing the logs up to it. In this way the logs were worked across the lakes.

Two headworks were usually lashed together, and attached to a boom, giving the advantage of keeping the strain on the boom, as one anchor could always be kept drawing. When the anchors were carried out, both boats were employed, one hooking on ahead of the other, making eight oarsmen to drag the long line through the water. When the call of "All gone" would be given by the man paying out the line from the capstan,

there would be a splash as the heavy anchor would go overboard, and a moment later would come the cry from the boatmen, "Wind away"; and the two bateaux would whirl, being released from one another the moment the anchor was dropped, and join in a lively spurt to see which would reach the headworks first. There was always rivalry between the boats' crews, and it was always watched with interest, to see which bowman would first strike his calked boots on their respective headworks. As soon as the cry came, "Wind away," the men on the headworks would clap the bars into place and take in slack line on the run; but as the heavy anchor took hold we would settle down to slow, steady work, joined by the men from the bateau until the other anchor on the other headworks was ready to be taken out. When our boat's crew would hitch on and assist in taking out their anchor, while the spare men of their headworks would join us on the bars, until the cry came of "Wind away," when they would jump for their bars, clapping them into place, and hurry in the slack line.

Taking logs across the lake in this way was

hard, steady work, and was usually kept up day and night as long as there was no head wind to interfere. We were often three days and two nights without sleep, and once I remember we worked four days and three nights, from the time when we wound our boom out from the mouth of Kennebago Stream, till we tied up in Trout Cove, at the Upper Dam, keeping continually at it, with but very little sleep. But sometimes we would get a shore hold in the lee of a point, and lie for several days until the head wind went down, when we would again go forward. At these times, when we had a shore hold, and there was no prospect of the wind going down, we would go ashore to the wangan tent, and would put in the most of the time sleeping. Being blown into Bemis was the dread of the men, as it was a hard place to get out of, the prevailing wind being generally north-west, which was a head wind all the way to the Upper Dam.

The cook's crew, which consisted of a cook, cookee, and wangan man, generally followed along, pitching their tent on the shore, near the boom. It was the place of the cookee and wangan man

THE COOKEE

to bring our four meals a day to us in the wangan boat; and how good those baked beans and biscuits were that Dan Quimby used to make. I have eaten meals at some of the best hotels since then, but have never found anything that tasted better than a chunk of Dan Quimby's gingerbread, washed down with a dipper of tea, which finished up the midnight meal on the headworks, on some dark, rainy night.

The wangan tent, which was where the men slept when ashore, was a long, open tent, with two or three fires in front; and how good it seemed to crawl under that camp spread; and, whenever we got the chance, we were always ready to sleep. While at the Dam we used often to get a chance to sleep in the barn, and pleased we used to be at this opportunity; and what sweet sleep has come to me on that old haymow!

Dan Quimby was one of the most noted cooks in the country, and also one of the most noted liars, when it was anything in the joke line; and many are the good lies he made the men swallow, together with his good cooking, which would please him immensely. One time, when we were

tenting at Bemis, on the very spot where the camps are now, we had been putting in the day sleeping, when Dan appeared in front of the tent, apparently the maddest man there was on the job, saying: "Turn out, ye confounded sleepy heads. This is the second time I have been up here after ye, and the Squire's tearin' 'round and swearin' he'll turn every man of you off if ye don't get 'round in better season. That sun's half an hour high now," he added, "and you'd better get 'round here and get yer grub into ye as quick as ye can;" and he struck for the cook's camp, while we were hustling on our shoes, preparatory to following him to make way with the meal he had ready for us before going on to the logs; and it was quite a while before any of us realized that it was within a half-hour of sunset, instead of half an hour after sunrise, and we were being called to supper before winding out for the night.

But there was one day when neither Dan, his cookee, nor his wangan man felt very good-natured. It was near nightfall, after a cold, snowy day, such as we sometimes get about the middle of May. We had been turning logs out of the Bemis bog, and the cookee and wangan man

were bringing out our last lunch to the headworks, which was a considerable way from shore. One had the kettle of boiled salt fish and the big teapot, and the other had the large bucket of bread on one arm, a bucket of other eatables and dishes on the other, and the pint dippers on a string over his shoulder. They were both quite heavy men, and the luncheon they carried added to their weight; and in crossing the logs, though both were quite good on them, they got a little too near together, which caused the logs to roll around a good deal, making it uncertain footing, so that they both began to hurry. The more they hurried, the more the logs went up and down. Keeping nearly abreast, they both made a rush for the boom; but when they got to the outside of the logs, the boom had swung away about six feet. Both made a jump for it at the same time, but one did not quite reach it, and punched quite a respectable hole in the water, shutting the door after him, and taking his part of the luncheon with him; while the other struck the boom square-footed, but was under too much headway to stop, and made his length, together with his half of the luncheon, on the other side.

Though Dan used some very choice language in expressing his opinion of such a "landlubber crew," he hustled, and soon had another baker sheet down on each side of the fire, and this time we had a chance to go ashore for our luncheon.

The Squire usually took charge of one of the booms, and was seldom ever away from the headworks, either night or day, when we were at work; and although he did not wind with the men all of the time, he wanted to be there, as he realized the value of his experience on the lakes. How many times, at night, I have seen him, with a rubber blanket tied at the neck and hanging loosely about him, sitting, dozing, with his back against a coil of rope, occasionally brightening up and looking at the sky and some point on the shore, noting what progress the boom was making, and generally advising us which way to throw the anchor. Whenever the wind clouds would show themselves in the sky, the Squire would rise and take a hand on a bar, causing the capstan to give an extra groan as he braced his powerful frame against the bar. As the wind freshened, and the chances of a shore hold became doubtful, he would stimulate

the men to their efforts on the bars by shouting, "Give her H-He-Huldah, boys, give her Huldah!" which was as near swearing as he ever came, even under the most trying circumstances.

The Upper Dam was the objective point for the logs, and here the boom was cut and the logs singled out and run through the sluice, the boom stuff being sent through ahead and strung at the mouth of the river in Richardson Lake, to receive the logs again. Before this was done a bateau and one set of headworks were run with which to string the boom. The boatmen had a chance to show their skill in handling a boat through the sluice, which tried the courage of the new ones; and some of the old ones would look a little white "around the gills" as they pointed their boat into the sluice. Generally it was run with two midshipmen, besides the two boatmen, but sometimes four. Although it was a straight run, with no rocks in the way, yet it was a wild place, as the water from the long, steep sluice made boil after boil below, through which the boat would plunge, covering both boatmen and midshipmen with spray, and often shipping a great deal of water.

A chance to run the sluice was much talked about by the green hands before the booms reached Upper Dam, but one look was often all they wanted, and they were ready to give up their place to some one else. I remember once making the seventh man in one of the boats, having begged the chance to go after they were all ready to push off; and it came near being the last run for all of us, as the boat was overloaded. Instead of rising the boil, the boat went straight through, filling nearly full of water, becoming unmanageable, and it was only kept from going under a side jam by the efforts of the bowman, who, as the boat neared the jam, which, if she struck, she would surely have been sucked under, shipped his paddle, leaped to the logs, threw his shoulder against the bow, and with a few long steps carried the boat safely by, and, still firmly grasping the bow, swung himself back into the boat, caught his paddle, and we went ploughing on down the stream.

The sluice, when there was a full head of water on, was a wild-looking place, but fortunately nothing serious ever happened there, although, in running the sluice, and in towing the

logs from the eddies below, there were some narrow escapes. I remember one time in particular seeing a boat with a full crew start to run the sluice. The bowman not giving the order to ship their oars when they should, they came flying down to the head of the sluice with four oars on, which, with the current, gave them tremendous headway. As it often happened when there was a full head of water on, the bow of the boat had to be crowded down to go under the stringer of the bridge, and the bowman clapped his paddle over the bow, as was the usual way to press it down, but, owing to the speed they were going, she was carrying an uncommonly high bow. The bowman had to work so quickly and being considerably excited, he did not get his paddle fair on the bow, and it slipped to one side, allowing the sharp point of the bow to strike fair, and to embed itself in the stringer, the jar throwing the bowman down, and knocking the four midshipmen backward off their seats. "Old Nelse," as he was called by the men, the sternman, was the only man who did not seem to be taken by surprise. Throwing his right foot well forward, his body inclined

backward, with stiff ankles and half-doubled knees, he prepared for the shock, which hardly jarred him. The least swing of the stern of the boat meant death to the six men; but "Old Nelse" stood solid as a rock, with his eye on the bow of the boat, his hands well apart on the strong paddle, which he held close to him, working it continually, but hardly perceptibly, not allowing the stern of the boat to waver a hair's breadth. It was minutes before cantdogs could be got and the bow of the boat pried down, when she shot through the sluice, with many a "hurrah" for "Old Nelse," from the boys who had gathered around.

A few years after I left river driving, I had a bateau of my own and used to take sportsmen through the sluice. I once took two ladies through, who were the only ladies to ever run the sluice; but the march of improvements destroyed the old Upper Dam sluice more than twenty years ago, and spoiled my fun and the lucrative business I was doing in this line, and put an end to what would have been the "shoot the chutes" of the country.

After the logs had been turned through the

Upper Dam sluice and wound across Richardson Lake, they were turned through Middle Dam into Rapid River, where there was three-quarters of a mile of rapid water to the Pond-in-the-River, about a mile long and a mile wide in the widest place, and the logs were usually taken across the pond by "sweeping" it. This was done by a boom strung clear across the pond, with a set of headworks attached to each end, the anchors being carried ahead the whole length of the line, and thrown near the shore, the men pushing the logs out from the shore as the headworks were wound along, the boom holding them, and if we did not get a head wind, we made a quick job of sweeping the pond. At the outlet a trip boom was strung across to control the logs in turning out, and in case of a jam below, we could shut them off altogether.

Then the logs were again turned into the river, which was a stretch of rapid water for three miles, Smooth Ledge Pitch and the Devil's Hop Yard being the worst places. The Devil's Hop Yard was well named, for it was not only a wicked name, but it was wicked water, and a succession of large rocks and heavy swells,

one after another, for half a mile. On this river was some of the wildest water, and if we got by Forest Lodge rips and the head of the island without a jam clear across the river, we were lucky. We often had very bad jams which we worked on days and even weeks with cant-dogs, and many a river driver has distinguished himself here, and gained his title of being a "catty man," and a "bubble-walker."

Only the best of boatmen were allowed to run Rapid River, or the Five Mile Falls, as it was often spoken of, and they usually took but one man with them to help trim the boat, by sitting near the stern and working an oar in places to assist the boatmen. I remember one green man on the drive, who was always bragging of his courage, declaring that no water was ever rough enough to frighten him, and continually begging the boatmen for a chance to run the falls, which they finally granted, knowing that he would get enough of it; and he did, for before they got through the Devil's Hop Yard the boat was nearly full of water, and the boatmen realized that she must be lightened. Accordingly they swung her on to the shore by the help of a friendly eddy.

When the boat struck the shore, she tipped up, spilling half the water out of her, and Mr. Blowhard scrambled over the side, as scared and as pleased a man as ever stood on terra firma. After the water was bailed out with a paddle, and she was ready for a start, the bowman said, "Come, get in." He took a few steps toward the boat, then, looking up, said, "See here, if it don't make any particular difference to you fellows, I—I—I don't believe but I'll travel the rest of the way."

It was thought for years after logs began to be driven over the Five Mile Falls that only Bangor boatmen could handle on the falls, and make the run through from the Pond-in-the-River to the "Cedar Stump"; but as the Rangeley boatmen got more experienced on the lakes and smaller falls, some of them developed into as good "white water" boatmen as the East River men, and began to run the falls whenever their turn came.

Probably Maine never had better boatmen than Joe Carey and 'Lisha Bedill, "Uncle Lish," as he was called, who were men with the experience of at least forty springs in rough-water handling, and who came from the Penobscot and the lower Androscoggin to help over the falls. They were

a well-matched pair. "Uncle Lish," who handled the stern, was a man of over 200 pounds weight, and with the strength of two ordinary men, and the way he could throw his weight on to a paddle or setting pole, when dropping in rapid water, was marvellous ; while Joe, who handled the bow, would not tip the scales at over 135 or 140 pounds, but was "smart as a weasel," although he was a man well along in years, as well as Uncle Lish. How many times I have seen him, standing carelessly in the bow, swaying his lithe form to catch his balance as the boat rose or plunged in the swift water, smoking his short-stemmed brier pipe as unconcernedly as though standing on the shore, and taking the precaution to turn it bowl down before the boat would take a plunge where the water was sure to fly. But, like all other men, Joe one day made a mistake, when running the falls just above Smooth Ledge Pitch, in not striking a boil far enough away from a rock, and his bow was sent on to the rock instead of away from it. Joe shipped his paddle, jumped to the rock, and seized the bow, preventing it from striking hard, when the stern began to swing. Finding that he could not hold the boat, and not caring to go over

Smooth Ledge Pitch in a bateau stern first, he sang out to Uncle Lish to jump, which he might have done as the boat swung around, and made the shore without much of a wetting ; but as Uncle Lish said afterward, he had held down the stern of a boat for forty years, and never jumped in time of danger, and he was getting to be too old a man to jump then.

Joe, realizing the danger in trying to make the eddy below Smooth Ledge, decided to remain on the rock, and when he could hold the boat no longer, let go ; and Uncle Lish went on his way alone, with the boat half-full of water, and the stern down-river. He threw his mighty weight and strength on to the old rock-maple paddle till it bent like a sapling, and succeeded in swinging the boat, and running her near enough the upper end of Smooth Ledge, which was a gradual rise from where it left the water back some rods, for a man who was standing on the ledge to jump in, and called for Joe to do so ; but he, thinking the ledge far the safer place, declined. Though Uncle Lish again might have jumped ashore dry shod, he did not embrace the opportunity, but instead rushed to the bow of the boat, and worked with all his might to

throw her into the eddy, but owing to the strong cross-current made by the ledge, it was a difficult task for one man to do this alone in a thirty-five-foot bateau.

Dave Haley, a Rangeley boatman, and his sternman had just made the run, and were resting on their paddles in the eddy. Seeing Uncle Lish coming alone, it flashed across Dave's mind the danger he was in, as knowing the set of the water so well, he realized it would be next to an impossibility for Uncle Lish to make the eddy, and that the strong current would prove too much for him, with all his muscle and science with the paddle, and carry him behind the island, where he knew was a jam under which the boat would be swept. He called to his sternman to give headway, and their boat almost flew to the ledge, upon which Dave leaped, and going down at full speed he reached the water's edge just as Uncle Lish's boat went shooting by the lower end of the ledge, though a good fifteen feet away. Without hesitating he made a spring and landed in her all right, and after a hard fight they worked the boat, now nearly full of water, into the eddy below Smooth Ledge.

The men all said it was the first time they had ever seen Uncle Lish any "white around the gills," and he allowed that he was never gladder to see a pair of calked boots strike the bottom board of the old "bat," than he was to see "little Dave's."

From the river the logs found the boom again at the head of Umbagog Lake, and four miles of wind took them across the lake to the outlet, the head of the Androscoggin River. Both the weather and the water used to get very warm before the wind across Umbagog Lake, which would be from the middle to the last of June. The Umbagog, being a low, marshy lake, was a paradise for frogs; and no one who has never been on that lake on a calm, pleasant summer night can have any idea of the sound that can be sent forth by three or four square miles of able-bodied and well-developed bullfrogs. And the "Umbagog band," as we called them, has a reputation among river drivers of being second to none in the state. For no matter how loud the capstan squeaked and groaned on account of the well-worn "pork rind jewel," its complaint was lost in the chorus of the "Umbagog band."

It was four miles of dead water to Errol Dam, where the logs were again sluiced and left in a wide place in the river just below the dam, called Bragg's Bay, or at Milan Boom, some miles below. Here we were paid off and started for our several homes, often hiring teams and making up parties of six or eight; and it was then that if the boys had any weakness for "split" or any hilarity it was likely to develop. It was sometimes lively work for those who did not indulge in "split" to look after the ones who "split it" too often, and keep them within bounds; for they felt very friendly and very well acquainted with the neighbors all along the way, and would generally insist on going in the front door and going all through the house. If they passed a schoolhouse they were especially interested, as they had a great respect for "knowledge boxes," and were very anxious to visit them, much to the consternation of the schoolma'am and her flock. It was on one of these rides that a party of us called at a farmhouse late at night, and asked for a chance to put up, which the people were kind enough to grant. In the room which was assigned to three of us was a large

and a small bed. Being told that the "two men could sleep in the big bed, and the little feller in the trundle bed," — "the Trapper, if you please," said one of my companions; "and see here, the Trapper and I have slept together on the ground for the past seventy nights, and we don't intend to be separated the last night we shall be together; and if it don't make any difference to you we will both sleep in the trundle bed, and if it does make any difference to you we will both sleep in the trundle bed." I have remembrances of hearing my companion up in the night, "splicing out the bed," as he said, with a chair; but in the morning we were both in the trundle bed, I for one having passed a very comfortable night.

CHAPTER VI

ON A DIFFERENT TACK

WHEN I had left the drive this time I had promised Mr. Toothaker that I would go to Phillips and locate with him; and so accordingly, after a few days in Andover, I shouldered my "Kennebecker," and took the road through Byron and Number Six, and on to Phillips. I found Mr. Toothaker and his family very pleasant, and the following day, being Sunday, went to church with them, and passed the afternoon in walking with the Squire about the pretty village of Phillips, and over his fine farm; and hearing him talking with some men about his starting them for the woods at the lakes the next morning, was very anxious to join them, as some of them were men I had been in the woods with. But the Squire would not hear of this, saying I had come to Phillips to live, and he wanted me to stay with him and begin to go to

THE "OOZALLUC"

THE "WM. P. FRYE"

school. This was the only difference of opinion we had, but I went to sleep that night thinking over the situation, and realized that if I stayed there my days of doing just as I had a mind to were over, and woke up still with the spirit of freedom and unrestraint about me, and I rose and dressed and again packed my "Kennebecker"; and after breakfast, just before time for the Phillips and Farmington stage to leave, made my appearance downstairs, grip in hand. The Squire was much surprised, and wanted to know "what on earth this meant." I told him I was very sorry, but had decided not to stay any longer; and while he was forcibly expressing his opinion of the uncertainties and downward course of young men, I was expressing my regrets and backing toward the outside door, which, with my most polite bow, I soon had closed between my kind would-be benefactor and myself, and hurried for the Barden House, to board the stage for Farmington.

I had had a letter from a young man of my acquaintance in Salem not long before this, telling me of the openings there were for work in Massachusetts, and I decided to try my luck in that

direction. So at Farmington I bought a ticket for Salem, and the next day found my acquaintance, who worked in a shoe shop in Lynn, and went there the next morning and walked the whole town over looking for some kind of work, with but little success, being told many times that no boys were wanted; and my plea that I was no boy, but able to do a man's work, did no good, and \$4.00 a week was the best I could get, the work being to sweep up a machine room where there were fifteen girls, and take the welts out of women's shoes, which was somewhat different from handling an axe in the logging swamp, or a cantdog on the drive, I thought. But this was the best I could do, and I decided to try it, with the promise before me that there would be something better for me when business came up. Earning \$4.00 a week and paying \$5.25 for board was making money the wrong way, and I decided to move on to Boston, which I did. I was told to buy a *Herald* and look in the columns of Help Wanted. I bought the *Herald* and walked down every job that was held forth in Boston, Charlestown, and Cambridge, the only thing I found worth considering being \$5.00 a week in a fish

market in the South End, and \$6.00 a week in a picture-frame factory in Cambridgeport. The latter, I decided to try; but as the engine broke down on my second day there, and I would have to lose my time till it was repaired, with \$4.00 a week for meals and with \$2.00 a week for a room staring me in the face, I again began the hunt for another job.

One of the places I tried was Page's box factory, and was told there was no work in the mill for me. I then interceded for a job in the yard, handling lumber, as I saw quite a crew at work there, and was told there might be a chance there; and, on inquiring what the pay would be, they told me if I could lug as much lumber as the "Irishmen and niggers," they would pay me the same as they did them. This was the next job I tackled, and could soon balance a load of boards on my shoulder with my hand on my hip, and found no difficulty in carrying as large a load as any of them, and found my companions good fellows to work with, soon making friends with them all. The Irishmen and darkies worked in separate crews, and I often found myself working with the negroes, when some Irish friend

would seize me by the arm, saying, "Oh, come along with us; don't go off there with the black men. We'll make a Cork man of you." When Saturday night came and the men were paid off, I was given \$9.00 a week, the same as the others, which pleased me very much, and I continued the work, but early the following week received my first promotion, which, although it was not a call to a soft snap in the office, was an election to the chip hole in the basement of the mill, and was considered a notch above the yard, as it was an inside job. My work, with another young man, was to clear away the edgings as they came down from the saws and pile them into large baskets, carry them up a flight of stairs on our backs, and pack on to a wagon where they were distributed about the town, selling at two dollars a load.

Although I liked the outdoor work better, I kept this job for a couple of weeks, when I was invited up on to the floor above and instructed how to run a light planer. This promotion I was much pleased with; but after a week or two I was again taken up another flight and instructed how to run a circular saw in getting out the

boards for boxes. This job pleased me best of all, as I liked the work; and they soon raised my pay another dollar. As I was allowed to help nail boxes by the piece evenings, I saw the chance of getting a little money ahead. I tried hard to pile up a little in the Main Street Savings-bank, but I found it slow work, and a vacation of two weeks at my Andover home, the following summer, took about all my money, and brought back to me all my old love for the woods and waters. I worked but a few days after returning, when I could stand it no longer, and on reporting to the office that I desired to settle up, and being asked what the trouble was, my excuse was that I was sick, which was true, as I was sick at heart, working under cover, with my mind far away in the woods and waters of the lakes. When the pleasant bookkeeper paid me the small amount there was coming to me, he suggested that I probably had a severe case of "home fever." Possibly my looks and actions reminded him of some cases he had seen.

For many reasons I was sorry to leave Cambridge, for I had made some good friends there,

both in the factory and about town. I had not been in the place long, when, one Sunday evening, in going past a church of which the door was partially open, I heard the sound of many happy voices :—

“We are going home in the good old way,
It's the good old way, by our fathers trod,
'Tis the only way, and it leadeth unto God.
It's the only way to the realms of day ;
We are going home in the good old way.”

How good that sounded, and how it carried me back to the young people who gathered at the Sunday evening concerts in the little church at Andover Corner ; and, after walking past the church a little way, I retraced my steps, and went in, and was shown to a seat by a pleasant gentleman. As soon as the services were over, the minister came to me and shook hands, inquired my name, and introduced me to a number of the people, both old and young, all of whom were very pleasant ; and I left there that night with a cordial invitation to come again and to attend their sociables, and a feeling within me that it was not such a cold, hard world, after all, as many

people claimed it to be. During my stay there I passed some very pleasant Sunday evenings with the people of the Broadway Baptist church, and still remember pleasant Mr. Hinckley and many of his congregation.

CHAPTER VII

BACK TO THE WOODS

I WAS soon on the Boston boat, headed for "Down East," in company with another young man afflicted with about the same trouble that I was. Soon after leaving Portland on the Grand Trunk road, a pleasant-looking man who occupied the seat behind us struck up a conversation, and asked us which way we were headed, and if we wanted any chances to work; and although I had it in mind to go to Andover and start for the lakes trapping, the dollar a day and found that he offered was rather tempting, and as the other young man was much in favor of going, after consideration I decided to take up with his offer. He wanted to hire me to cook for a crew, and the other man to use an axe, and although I told him I did not know anything about cooking, he said the crew was small, and promised that the man then cooking

would stay and help me till he got me well started. Under these conditions we promised to start from Andover the next morning for the upper Magalloway settlement, at which place his crew was at work.

Accordingly the next morning we shouldered our packs and started for our new jobs, footing it the first day to Errol Dam, a distance of twenty-five miles, which might be considered a fair day's work for sick men; but the fields and woods scenery was the tonic that we needed. The next day, early in the afternoon, we arrived at the old deserted house at Wilson's Mill where the men were camping. Mr. Mailing, our employer, had sent word that a cook was coming, and as soon as the dishes were washed after supper, the cook threw the dishcloth at me and said he was done; and although I told him I was no cook, and Mr. Mailing had promised that he would cook till he got me well started, he positively refused to help me get breakfast the next morning.

I realized that I was in for a difficult job, and told the men that I did not know enough about cooking to boil water without burning it,

but if they were willing to stand it I would give it a try, and do the best I could. The boss, who seemed to be a kind-hearted man and who stood six feet four in his stockings, was an "East River" (Penobscot) man, as well as the rest of the crew. He said that they would risk it, and that he thought I would pull through all right, and if I did not poison them all with nastiness inside of a week, I would do as well as the other fellow did.

I struck many matches in the night to look at my watch to be sure not to oversleep, and at four o'clock crept from our field bed on the floor, where we all slept, and built a fire preparatory to getting breakfast for the crew. Boiling potatoes and frying salt pork was easy enough; but making biscuit out of sour dough was the sticker, and I guessed as near as I could to the amount of soda I had seen cooks use in the woods, regardless of not knowing how sour the dough was. Throwing in some salt and putting in some pork fat for shortening, as luck would have it I had fair success with my first batch of biscuit, and these, with the beans the other cook had left, which I warmed up, and

some tea, made a breakfast that the men declared was an improvement over what they had been having.

This encouraged me to launch beyond my depth, and after breakfast and the dishes washed, I struck in to make my first batch of doughnuts. I had to guess at everything,—what to put in, how to mix them up, and how hot to get the fat. I thought I would fry them in a large fry-pan, and accordingly filled it about half full of lard. When I thought the fat was hot enough, I cut out something I thought would be a doughnut, and dropped it in, waiting for its appearance as I had seen doughnuts rise; but neither bubbles nor doughnut made an appearance for some time, and when the doughnut did, I noticed that the fat was disappearing. When I lifted it from the bottom, where it struck when I dropped it in, about all the fat there was in the pan came with it. Thinking it would be a pity to throw away so much good lard, I laid it away carefully on a plate in the cupboard, and when I came to squeeze the fat out of it, I had enough to shorten three or four batches of biscuit. I put some more lard in the pan, this time getting it hotter, and after a while

had a pan full of something which could be called doughnuts, if a man's imagination were elastic enough. But I kept trying, and after a while the men allowed that I was making a very fair cook.

One of my duties as soon as I got up in the morning was to call the teamster. I always had a constant dread of not waking up early enough to have breakfast ready for the crew at daylight, and one morning, on looking at my watch with sleepy eyes, I decided that I had overslept. I grabbed the teamster by the shoulder, giving him a good shake, whispering, "Hustle, Albion, hustle, I've overslept," which he at once did. While I was piling the shavings and fine wood into the stove, Albion jumped to his feet, clapped his hat on his head, gave one hitch to his pants, with one tuck, fore and aft, kicked one foot, then the other, shoved his feet into his loosely fitting cowhides, and with his frock on his arm shot through the outside door, throwing his only and port-side suspender into place with his left hand, and with his right lighting his pipe, which he "always loaded over night" and was in his mouth as soon as he struck the floor, with the

same match with which he had lighted his lantern.

I had the stove red-hot, the potatoes boiling, the biscuit in the oven, and was just going to turn the men out when Albion came panting back, for the barn where the cattle were kept was fully a quarter of a mile away. "I wish you'd take another look at that turnip o' yours," said he, "for them critters had hardly laid down;" and on looking at my watch again, I was horrified to find that it was not quite twelve o'clock. Albion, instead of being provoked at my sending him off on his midnight trip, gave me a poke in the ribs, and nearly doubled himself up in convulsive laughter, smothering it as much as he could so as not to wake the men who were asleep in an adjoining room, and was soon turned in for the rest of the night; while I decided to sit up and finish baking the bread and boiling the potatoes, and contented myself with taking a nap beside the stove.

The watch that I carried that fall was an old-fashioned, silver, hunting-case watch. In looking at it so many times each night with sleepy eyes, I had struck the lighted match before the brim-

stone had burned off against the inside of the case, till it did not have much resemblance to a silver watchcase.

After spending a few weeks in the old house, we were obliged to move four miles up the brook into the woods, where we built a shed-roof camp of small logs, leaving one side open, in front of which we kept a good log fire, by which I had to do the cooking, baking my bread in an old-fashioned tin baker, doing my boiling and frying on top of the fire, and with the bean hole at one side of the fire. As I had no iron bean pot I used a cast-iron teakettle, putting a pine plug in the nose to keep the ashes out, which the steam from the beans prevented from burning out during the several weeks I used it. The bean hole I put more work in than is usually done, digging out a large hole and then stoning it, leaving it round like a well, making it about two feet deep and a foot wider than the kettle. In this I would build a fire early in the day by putting dry wood at the bottom, piling coarse wood on top quite a distance above the hole, so when it burned down I would have the hole nearly full of nice coals. I would shovel a part

of these out, and set my teakettle of beans into the hole and pile the coals in around the sides, covering the kettle over eight or ten inches deep with hot ashes. The rocks, which had been well heated through by the fire, aided the coals in keeping the bean hole hot; and the next morning the beans would come out in prime condition.

My quarters where I kept my cooking things was a tent which stood a little way from the fire; and as we stayed till well along into December, it was somewhat airy at five o'clock in the morning to get one's hands into flour and knead up sour-dough bread. There were also many other things about outdoor cooking at this time of year that I did not find pleasant. While cooking dough-nuts one day, after a heavy snowstorm, keeping the kettle covered to keep out the snow, when I lifted the cover, preparatory to tossing in a dough-nut, a lump of snow as big as my head fell from the limb of a tree, striking the cover, quite a quantity going into the fat, making it fly in all directions, and setting the whole thing afire; and I had a lively time with a picaroon in getting the blazing kettle from the fire. Another inconvenience I experienced in this outdoor cooking

was after a heavy rain, soon after we had moved up here, waking up in the morning and finding that the brook near the camp had dammed up and turned its course by the camp, running directly across the fire bed, washing out every spark, and drowning the bean hole, which wasn't a very pleasant predicament to face in getting a daylight breakfast ready for ten men. But there was always a way out of these predicaments, by commencing a little earlier and by adding a little more work; and in this case it was hunting for dry wood in the darkness, and chopping and splitting it up in the rain and snow. Many times since this, in my experience in employing cooks, when I have had them explain to me the impossibilities of an early breakfast or something which required a little extra exertion, I have kept my mouth shut and secretly wished them in no hotter place than to have to turn out two hours before daylight, some December morning, in a combination rain and snow storm, and find both fire bed and bean hole drowned by a mountain brook pouring over them, and a crew of men to get breakfast for.

GETTING SUPPER

CHAPTER VIII

ON THE MAGALLOWAY DRIVE

IT was the middle of December before our job was finished and we struck for the settlement, and on weighing myself, found much to my gratification that I weighed 117 pounds. Although I was twenty-one years old, a month and a half before, when I left Massachusetts, I weighed but 90 pounds, having grown but little in the last five or six years before, although I had been perfectly well, with the exception of some headaches and a light run of the measles. The hearty food which I was obliged to eat in the logging swamp and on the drive, in order to keep up steam, gave me a sick headache occasionally, and caused me to creep from the berth many times through the night and make futile attempts at parting with everything, seemingly clear to my boots. My remedy for this was plenty of warm water for my stomach to have something to work on, and after a while

I would fall asleep, waking up in the morning feeling like a new man, and after a dipper of tea and a light breakfast, I would feel so good I could hardly stay on the ground. The logging swamp fare of pork and beans, hot saleratus biscuits and Yankee butter, which was pork fat and molasses mixed together, was a little harsh for my stomach before it got educated to take care of anything that could be got below the shirt collar. The Andover doctor attributed the cause of my not growing to the many baths taken in the cold waters of the Andover brooks when I was young. Giving me a start in growing was not the only thing my Massachusetts trip did for me, for I have never had a sick headache since I went there. I continued to grow, and before I was twenty-three I went up to 140 pounds.

The remainder of the winter I put in in a fishing trip through the ice on Richardson Lake, and in the logging swamp on The Diamond, and the following spring took up river driving again, thinking, perhaps, that the old adage, "Once a lumberman, always a lumberman," was going to prove true in my case. And I was satisfied to have it so, as I never had done any work

I liked better ; for though the work was hard and the days long, yet I was light and well adapted to it, and it meant from \$2.75 to \$3.50 a day. I was made happy when the drive was in and I was being paid off, on being told by the boss that I was the only man on the drive who had not lost time ; and the following spring there was only one other who had no lost time charged to him.

But a few years later I worked out of it almost unconsciously, for I had been guiding, summers after the drive was in, and found it a lucrative business ; and soon early parties began to interfere with the business of the drive. Shortly after I dropped out of river driving altogether ; but my river-driving days are remembered with pleasure, although some of them were days and nights of hardship. Turning in at night under a heavy camp spread with thirty or forty men, perhaps with wet clothes on ; coming out in the morning with a feeling of being parboiled ; pulling on wet stockings that had been wrung out the night before and placed in our bootlegs under our heads, for this, experience had taught us, was the best preventive for sore feet ; eat-

ing our breakfast while the early spring days were breaking, which at that time of year meant before four o'clock, standing up before the open fire, warming first one side and then the other; and hobbling away to the logs in the gray of the morning, perhaps wading through ice and water for rods to get on to them, feeling every joint in our bodies, — but as soon as our cantdogs would begin to rattle and the loosened logs go plunging down the stream, we would limber up, and forget we ever felt a sore spot. There were some exciting and pleasant incidents as well as some sad and hard ones.

An experience which came near being fatal to one of our brother river drivers occurred one spring on the C Pond drive, the upper part of which was a dead-water drive, a dam having been built some four miles down the stream below the pond. This dam, raising the water a number of feet, had flooded the flat land in some places half a mile or more from each bank, which was wooded with fir and spruce and small growth. Our camp stood on a knoll, perhaps a mile below the pond, and was almost surrounded by water, and between our camp and

work the only mode of conveyance was by a log, or in a bateau. As the bateau was not generally available, a log was what we commonly used. Our work was mostly on the logs, often going on them in the morning and not going off till night, eating our luncheon by pulling a glut of logs together and sticking our pick in the outside one, and holding them together by sitting down on the pole.

One night it was growing quite dark as we were returning to camp, when somebody thought they heard a man halloo down the stream. Three of us poled down that way to make sure, two on one log and one on another. We soon heard the noise again, and decided it was a man ; and we began to answer him, working our logs down the stream as fast as possible, till we came opposite where the voice came from, when we headed our logs into the woods, and began to work them through till we came to dry land, which proved to be a high knoll. One of the men stayed with the logs to "holler" us back, while two of us hurried over the ground, keeping our hands in front of our eyes as we went, as it was getting quite dark, till we came to water on the

other side. We could hear some one splashing through the water, occasionally falling, but keeping up a continual whoop, but which hardly sounded like a human voice. We commenced to call to him to come toward us, but it was some little time before we could get him to come direct to the knoll. But when he did get to us, we found it to be one of our fellow-workmen who had been to his home in Upton, and returning, realizing that night was overtaking him when he left the dam, he hurried along on the high land, until he thought he was opposite the camp, when he had waded into the water, and was soon bewildered after wading in water to his shoulders and having no idea which way to go. He was a very grateful and much-pleased man, when an hour later he was warmed up and had dry clothes on in the camp. If we had been in camp a few minutes earlier, we should not have heard his voice, and there is little possibility that the following morning would have seen him alive.

We had one of those sad experiences so common on the drives, of seeing a fellow-workman drowned in taking a drive over Aziscoos Falls,

which was one of the roughest pieces of water in the region, and which, before they had been improved by dynamite and a dam, was a series of falls, many of the pitches being from twelve to fifteen feet high; and when a jam was formed the logs would back up over these pitches, standing on end and in all positions. The only safe way to work them was by a dog warp on shore, the iron dog, attached to the long warp, being driven into the log thought to hold the jam, which would then be pulled from its fastness by the men, and as soon as it struck the water would go like the bullet from a gun, and the dog would be wrenched out by getting a turn around a tree with the line. Sometimes, when the snub man would lose his turn around the tree and the rope would go switching through the trees, it was lively work for the men to get out of the way.

There was always more or less rivalry among the boats' crews, which were often made up from men from different sections of the country, for they all had their "white water" men, who had the reputation of staying with the jam till the last log was gone, and going ashore on "bubbles." They were usually ambitious not to let any one

get ahead of them, and when two or three of them got together, unless called back by the boss, they would go where it was almost impossible to get back with their lives. In this crew were three men of this stamp, two East River men and one a Frenchman from Canada. It had been the custom for a number of years for a boat's crew to come from Canada, made up by a big Scotchman, a good boatman and a sort of under boss. The year before he had had a Scotch crew of midshipmen, who, though good river drivers, found the East River men too much for them, and had been kept in the water a good part of the time, and had all come near being drowned by them. This spring, when making his appearance with his boat's crew, he had said to Randall, the chief boss, "Your East River boys won't find the Scotch lads this spring;" and they didn't, for he had for midshipmen four Frenchmen, who were as good white water men as could be found anywhere, and one in particular who was a wonder. He was a man weighing about 160 pounds, rather short for his weight, put together as straight and compact as human frame and muscle could be. His legs seemed to be

made of spring steel, and always ready to spring at just the right time. He seemed to have been born with a balance, and a pair of calked boots on, and no log ever turned quickly enough to catch him off his guard. He always had the same look of unconcern on his face, — whether creeping through the cobwork of logs on a white water jam, searching for the “key,” as the log was called which was supposed to hold the jam, in which to drive his dog, with the logs trembling all about him, seemingly all ready to break away, which if they did meant sure death to him; riding a single log down a rocky rapid, his cantdog on his shoulder; or taking in dead water rear.

It was on these falls on a May afternoon that we had a bad jam, and the Frenchman had shouldered his cantdog and made for the head of it, followed by his East River rivals. They took off a few of the logs without any sign of the jam hauling, when the call for luncheon sounded, and all got together on the shore. At lunch the men were told that it was a crazy piece of business for them to be out there, as if the jam hauled there would not be the slightest chance for their lives, to which the East River men replied that

they knew it and would not be fools enough to go back; but as soon as the Frenchman swallowed his luncheon, he again shouldered his cantdog and made for the head of the jam. This was more than the blood of the East River men could stand, and they were soon with him, lifting and picking on the swaying logs with their cantdogs.

Soon there was a splash as about a dozen logs at the head of the jam quickly gave way and went into the water. All three of the men went with them, jumping for their lives at the same time. Fortune favored the Frenchman and one of the East River men, as they kept their feet and struck on the logs, and made some quick running jumps from log to log, till they landed, one striking the shore, and the other near enough to be pulled out by his companions. But poor Jack was not so fortunate, for the logs went out from under him, and he struck the water, clasping his arms over a log in a desperate attempt to jump on it; but the strong current was rolling the log toward him and his attempt was fruitless, and giving one wild and longing look at his companions, first on one bank of the river, then the other, where we all stood, powerless to lend a helping hand,—it was only

one glance that he had time to give, — the wicked swells closed over him, and that was the last that was seen of him alive. Although we searched the river for rods below, and took off many a side jam, we could find no trace of his body.

Poor Jack! Not a man in the crew but felt that he had lost a brother, for he was everybody's friend, always ready to lend a helping hand in a hard spot, a hail-fellow-well-met, and one of the foremost "bubble walkers" of his time. There were many sad hearts in the wangan that night, and many went to sleep thinking of Jack; and in the morning about every one had a dream to tell about him. It was said by those who lived near his home that he had a girl whom he intended to marry when the drive was in; and the only relative he had was an uncle, who was on the drive, but working a short distance below at the time Jack was drowned, and who returned to search for the body after we got the drive in and the water on the falls was down to its summer pitch. He found the body nearly out of water, about half a mile below where he had been last seen. With the help of another man he buried it near by.

I wonder if the girl ever thinks of her old-time river-driver lover, who has slept so quietly all these twenty-eight years, in that lonely grave, where the waters of the Magalloway unceasingly play his funeral dirge over her gigantic boulder keys, as they did on that sad May afternoon.

How river driving has changed, with everything else, in the last twenty-five years, for nearly all the bad boulders have been blasted out with dynamite; and when a jam does form, instead of the rattle of the cantdog and the cry of the men as they pull on the dog warp, is heard the explosion of dynamite as the logs are blown from their fastnesses, often being broken in two by the shock. In most cases a dam is made at the head of the falls, and when a jam is formed, the gates are shut, taking the water away from it, when the logs can be worked with cantdogs with safety until a blast of dynamite can be put in to good advantage. Then the gates are hoisted, and the water carries all before it with a rush.

No more the old-time bosses are found who would jump into the water waist deep at the head of the men, wading through to the logs and threshing the ice ahead of them with their cant-

dogs, that had formed perhaps an inch thick the night before, as the quickest and often the only way of reaching the logs, and calling to the men: "Come on here. What to h—l you fellers afraid of; this won't burn ye!" when the men with a rush would usually follow him, shouting that good men were not afraid of the water.

CHAPTER IX

GUIDING DAYS

IT was three or four years after my uncere-
monious leave-taking of Squire Toothaker
before I saw much of him ; but one day, as
I was seated on the plate of the Upper Dam with
a landing net across my knees, watching the
man I was guiding fish, he came up, and, tapping
me on the shoulder, said : " Well, Trapper, how
are ye ? If you had stayed with me and gone
to school, and done as I wanted ye to, ye wouldn't
have had to be doing this — ye wouldn't had to
be digging worms for these city fellers." I said
that water was plenty and the dirt washed off
easily, and to this suggestion he replied, " It
don't make any difference, I wouldn't dig worms
for no man," and went on his way to look after
his work, leaving me feeling more or less cut
up. But I was afterward assured that he enter-

F. C. BARKER AND JOHN DANFORTH.

*Taken in Quebec in 1877, after a trip through the woods from the
Rangeley Lakes.*

tained no hard feelings toward me, as he was always pleasant; and when buying my first steamboat, and lacking \$170 of the required sum, I asked the Squire if he would sign a note for sixty days with me on the Phillips bank. He said he didn't make a practice of signing notes with strangers, but he thought he knew something about me, and if I would get the note he would sign it. This I did, and with his indorsement drew the money, and before the time was out saw him at the lake, paid him the money, and he took up the note for me.

I had for three or four seasons made a business of guiding before I bought this steamer, and had been financially fairly successful. Being an Andover boy, I naturally worked into guiding from that end of the lakes, our parties coming in on a buckboard over a rough road from Andover to the arm of the lake, and by rowboat four miles to the Middle Dam, and the Upper Dam, which was twelve miles. These, with the Greenvale House at the head of Rangeley Lake, and the Umbagog and Lake House at Upton, were the only public stopping-places on the whole chain of lakes. Although the Upper

Dam was not really a public camp, yet they generally accommodated what few fishermen came along.

I made money in guiding in those days, as there were generally extras to be had if one was looking for them; and many a time at night I have taken my boat and rowed from the Upper Dam to Indian Rock, or the South Arm, for some article that had been forgotten, or perhaps for some boat that had been left, making three or five dollars by my night's work, getting back in season for a day's work, but often not in time for even a cat-nap. Quite often we would make double headers, getting a day's pay for rowing a party from the Upper Dam to the arm of the lake going out, and meeting a party there just coming in, engage to guide them and row them back to the Upper Dam; and although we had a twenty-four miles' row, generally with a head wind one way, and sometimes both, we had six dollars to recompense us for our hard day's work. I think one of the best investments I ever made was parting with sixty hard-earned dollars for one of the first six Indian Rock boats that were built at Rangeley by Mr. Ball, the old-time super-

intendent of the Oquossoc Angling Association, and Luther Tibbetts, taking for a pattern a boat brought from Ogdensburg, New York. They were lap-streaked cedar boats, shaped much like a canoe, being pointed at both ends, and about sixteen and a half feet long, and which are now so common all over the lake region, the model of which has been changed but little.

The boats which the guides used on the Richardson Lake were all quite heavy, and more or less hard to row; and although nearly all had sails, it was seldom we had a chance to use them to very good advantage, and generally more time would be wasted in trying to sail than if depending on our oars. With this boat I could make the pull from the Upper Dam to the arm of the lake and back in almost any ordinary day, and take about as much load as any of the large boats. When the old guides first saw the boat, they told me I had fooled away my money, for the boat would not stand either baggage or rough weather. In this they soon found themselves mistaken, for I could go in almost any wind that blew, and with a fair load could pull up past Hardscrabble, while they were obliged

to seek shelter at Saints' Rest. It did me good service for a few years, and then I sold it for what it cost me; and an Upton guide used it for his guide boat for more than twenty years.

The summer of '76 the first steamer was put on Richardson Lake by Captain Farrar, also on Mooselookmeguntic Lake by Captain Howard, who the year before had put the small steamboat which he called the *Mollychunkamunk* on Oquosoc Lake. Not finding much business on Mooselookmeguntic Lake, Captain Howard sold the steamer to me that fall; and in the spring of '77 I fitted her up and began running her, making my headquarters at Indian Rock, which I continued to do for the four years following.

The name Indian Rock originated from a broad, flat ledge on the east side of the stream at the junction of the Rangeley and Kennebago streams. This ledge, covered with moss, made an ideal camping-ground, where it is said the Indians held their councils and smoked their pipes of peace. A few rods lower down on the west bank is said to be an Indian burying-ground.

The rapid, shallow water at the junction of the streams, and the half-mile of stream below, partly

rapids, and farther on deep and almost currentless to the mouth of the stream, where the waves from the Cupsuptic Lake form the Cupsuptic bar, were among the best of the old-time fishing waters of the lakes. Here the old-time hunter, Perley Smith, had one of the first fishing camps about the lakes. This he later sold to Mr. C. T. Richardson, who in turn sold to a party of gentlemen, who in the year '68 organized the Oquossoc Angling Association, with George Shepard Page of Stanley, New Jersey, as its president, and Lewis B. Reed of New York as its vice-president, and with our Senator William P. Frye as one of the original members.

Camp Kennebago, the camp of the Oquossoc Angling Association, was the point from which I got the most of my business, taking parties around the lake on fishing trips, as there was but little through business; but I made a regular night and morning trip from Indian Rock to Upper Dam, connecting with the boats on the Richardson and Rangeley lakes. For the first two years after owning a steamer, I would guide more or less during the summer, leaving some men on my boat, and always returned from my

trips with more money than the boat would earn. By that time, as business was increasing, I thought it best to stay with my steamer all the time.

The lakes presented a very different appearance from what they do now, for, though the old Upper Dam raised the water in the lake seven feet, it was only kept up while they were getting the logs through; and early in July the water was usually down to its original level, and shoals and sandbars, that had been ages in forming, were exposed. Nowhere about the lakes is the change more noticeable than at Indian Rock, for where now is the lake, was a well-wooded, flat piece of country, and a stream with quite high banks, although now entirely covered. The entrance from the stream into the lake was a good half mile from Indian Rock, and there was barely enough water to float my steamer, and when a northwest wind blew hard, I used to have difficulty in getting over the bar. From the Cupsuptic Lake into the Mooselookmeguntic was more shoal water, and as much the shortest strip of sandbar was over by Mr. Frye's camp, I usually made my run out into the lake from this point. Cutting a lot of stakes, I drove them near together, putting

brush on the upper side, and shovelling the sand from the shore side on to it, building a sort of jetty, to keep the sand from washing back in. In this way the channel was kept clear. Twenty-five years ago there were many dry pine trees that stood near the water's edge, but very few of them are left now. The high water has softened their roots, and one after another they have fallen, till about the last one is gone. Any one looking at the lake now would not think it possible that a man ever waded across from shore to shore between Cupsuptic and Mooselookmeguntic lakes, but I have done it when the water was but a little above my knees. Although there is much regret expressed that the Upper Dam was ever raised, adding the eleven feet of water, yet a few years more will see the most of the "dry ki" out of the way, and in many cases the beeches will be back again. The eleven feet rise of the lake has been a great advantage to navigation, as the Upper Dam, Indian Rock, Cupsuptic, and Bemis were hard places to get to.

Many of the people of Maine little realize what they owe to its woods and waters, outside of the

immense lumbering interests. Its fish and game bring to the state millions of dollars yearly, villages have sprung up and regions developed that would otherwise have been nothing but forests, and residents of the state have had the opportunity to come in contact with some of the finest people the world produces.

I shall always retain a feeling of gratitude for the many kindnesses I have received from the members of the Oquossoc Angling Association, and from its superintendent, Mr. Richardson, in those days when I was young in doing business for myself; but a gloom of sadness comes over me when I think how few of that noble body of men, who used to gather around that big camp-fire at Camp Kennebago, are still on this side of the dark carry, for many have passed to the other side. Mr. Richardson, hale and hearty yet, though over eighty years of age, has moved away, and his kind face is seldom seen at the lakes; and in his place is a younger superintendent, who, with his efficient wife, runs the camp in a satisfactory and up-to-date manner. While the club still flourishes, new members having been added who are men of as sterling worth as the

old members, and many fine cottages have been built, to me it is not the Camp Kennebago of former years.

The travel at the lakes had increased but little in the four years that I lived at Indian Rock. The year before I started my first steamboat on the lake, Camp Henry, now the fine outlay called the Mountain View House, at the outlet of Rangeley Lake, also Soule's Camp at Haines Landing, now the Mooselookmeguntic House, were opened up as public camps and began to get more or less patronage from sportsmen coming in by way of Farmington and Phillips; and this year the narrow gauge railroad was built from Farmington to Phillips. The travel to Upper Dam and the lower lakes came almost entirely by way of Andover and Umbagog.

CHAPTER X

CAMP BEMIS AND THE BIRCHES

REALIZING that my steamboat business might be improved by my opening a camp, I bought the camps at the mouth of Bemis Stream of the Buckfield and Canton Railroad, but which were built by the members of the Oquossoc Angling Association, attracted there by the fine fishing. The railroad company had purchased the camps with the intention of encouraging travel over their line by putting a buckboard road through from Byron to Bemis; but after cutting the road through, and getting a buckboard over it two or three times, the route was abandoned, and they sold the camps to me. These camps stood on the very site where we used to tent when on the drive; and I well remember putting in a pleasant afternoon while on the drive, asleep in the crevice of the cleft rock, which was carpeted with leaves and "spills"

CAMP BEMIS

which fell from the heavy growth of trees which stood around.

My travel soon began to build up, and to keep pace with this I was obliged to replace the old camps with new and larger ones; and soon the only one of the original camps left was the cottage built the year the railroad company owned the camps, by its president, ex-Governor Washburn, who with his family occupied it that summer.

Although Bemis was the jumping-off place and a hard place to reach, I soon had the camps well filled the greater part of the season, and it is with a feeling of pride and pleasure that I read or hear the praises of Camp Bemis as it was in the old days. Getting to Bemis camps was rendered more difficult by the lateness with which I usually landed my passengers there; for it was generally late in the afternoon before passengers and baggage could get across the carry from the Rangeley Lake, or Upper Dam, and started for Bemis, and usually considerably after dark before we reached there; and on account of the shallowness of the water before the lake was raised, I was obliged to anchor my

steamer quite a way from shore, and transport my passengers in a small rowboat which I towed. And many nights I have gone scudding down there before a northwester, really sorry for the passengers, and almost wishing that they had not come, and thinking of the probable unhappiness to be caused, and sarcasm to be showered on me, when they realized what it really was to be out in Bemis Bay in a small boat when a Bemis gale was on. I used to try hard to get the boat around into the wind with as little motion as possible. The best way to do this I found was by working the boat quartering to the waves, and throwing the anchor while under good head way, which would snap her around into the wind quickly, without much opportunity to lie in the trough of the waves; but she would usually get two or three good rolls before she got headed around, which would generally bring some strong exclamations from the passengers, and their ruffles would not get entirely quieted when I would get the rowboat alongside. They often declared that they would not risk their lives in so small a boat in so strong a sea, but they usually thought better of it in a few moments,

and allowed me to help them into the rowboat; and I would soon have them ashore, always dry, but sometimes in no pleasant frame of mind. One of the rules of the camp, especially when it was late and rough, was to have a good fire started in a vacant camp, when I gave the signal with the steamboat's whistle that there were passengers aboard; and on being shown into a camp with a bright, open fire, leaving them for fifteen minutes, and going back again to tell them that supper was ready, I always found them in very different spirits. And often ladies who were "scared blue" when I got them ashore, have told me that everything was fine, and that boating experience the greatest lark they ever had.

After running the Bemis camps for four years and finding my trade growing so that I did not have room, and not caring to build more at Bemis, I located on Students' Island, and called the camps there the Students' Island Camps. I soon found that the name did not give people a very favorable impression, as some of my letters of inquiry would state that parties did not care to go if there were to be a lot of noisy students about the place; and as there were a

number of birch trees growing in front of the camp, I thought the name of The Birches would be appropriate. This name at once seemed to take better with the people.

The name Students' Island came from the fact that three students from Yale College built a camp on the rise in about the centre of it, sometime in the fifties. They built quite a substantial log camp, boating the brick to build their fireplace from the old Adams farm, on the north shore, near the head of the lake, six miles from the island. The logs have all rotted away, but the bricks still show the location of the camp.

Realizing the advantages of this place, I had had a lease of the island for some years. From the first of my hunting and guiding about the lakes, I had landed on this spot at every opportunity, walked over the land, and climbed a tree to get the view; and even before I knew the wants of sportsmen, I had planned a dining room in the centre of the point, with camps having open fires extending from each side. Possibly the lay of the land, and my love for camping out by an open fire, suggested this;

and that it was the right idea is proved by the demand for camps. My work since I commenced at The Birches has seemed to be to build camps to get money to build more camps; and, although I now have twenty-eight of different sizes for sportsmen, still the demand goes on each year for more, and for the past three years it has been a succession of noes to the inquiries of people all over the country for a camp at The Birches.

CHAPTER XI

THE BARKER

THINKING that I had the place about large enough, and that for many reasons it is not well "to have too many eggs in one basket," I was prompted two years ago to buy thirteen hundred feet of the shore of the "Decker strip" of land, taking in Sandy Point, which, of course, I consider the best spot on the lake, outside of The Birches. Yes, better than my much-loved Bemis; for although I have always known that Bemis was not a place to develop as a large summer resort, yet my love for it as it was in former years still clings to it and will as long as memory lives, for it was my home when passing the best years of my life; and I now have a little daughter, Florence, who is nearly ten years old, to remind me of one who for five years helped

THE BARKER.

me to make Camp Bemis what it was. Here, without reflecting on other places about the lakes, or the many fine people who come here now, were gathered each year people second to none who ever honored the summer resorts of Maine, knowing whom would give one a feeling of pleasure at realizing he lived in a world with such fine people. Although those who are visitors to our lakes to-day are of the same stamp, yet we got closer to them and knew them better, than in these days of so much hurry up, for none came and went that we did not get well acquainted with.

Last summer the new place at Sandy Point was opened up, which I have decided to call The Barker, well knowing that the name is no honor to the pretty sandy point, but hoping that the place may prove a favorite, and continue to do so, long after its present proprietor has ceased to run camps, and prompted by that feeling, so natural to us all, in

“Whatever voyage in life we make,
Though driven before the blast,
To leave something in the troubled wake,
To show that we have passed.”

Although I have built a large house to start with, at which some may be surprised, after my experience with log camps, I intend that the camps shall come later, and five are already in process of construction for the spring opening, and I expect more will be completed before the summer travel begins. One has to cover a good deal of ground in kitchen, dining room, and office, and it is necessary to go into the air a piece to make a structure look right; and perhaps this is my excuse for the thirty-five rooms which the new house contains, and which I am sure that the visitor who wants rooms in a house will find pleasant, and with a view unsurpassed in the region.

CHAPTER XII

ANECDOTES OF MY GUESTS

CAMPS are not all that I have been building since the first camp at Bemis, for steamboats have been as necessary as camps. The *Oquossoc* was the name of my first steamer, and the first year after opening Camp Bemis, I purchased a small boat, called the *Reindeer*, which I soon afterward sold and built a larger one, the *Metalluk*, which I used for a regular boat, using the *Oquossoc* for a spare boat. The next year followed the *Mollelocket*, and I soon did away with the *Oquossoc* altogether. A few years afterward I built the *Oosalluc*, later the *Florence E. Barker*, and a year or two after this I purchased a new steamer, the *Wm. P. Frye*.

At one time a little New York miss, in giving the names of my steamers to some lately arrived guests at The Birches, spoke her piece as

follows, "There's the *Florence E. Barker*, the *Wm. P. Frye*, the *Metalluk*, the *Oozalluc*, and the *Molleloket*; and the *Molleloket* is down at Bemis with her boiler out."

Although these steamers are no ocean liners, the largest being the *Florence E. Barker*, which is sixty-five feet long, they are as large as it is profitable or practicable to run, as the landings are so situated that the smaller boats, and more of them, are better adapted to the work than one large one. Although the *Florence E. Barker* and the *Wm. P. Frye* are the newer and more substantial boats, I still remember the good deeds of the *Metalluk*; for she has earned me many an honest dollar, and ridden out many a gale. Always first in the water in the spring, and last to be pulled from the water in the fall, she has been abused and scratched by the ice, both spring and fall, carrying safely her loads of passengers and freight. How many pleasant chats I have had with friends in the pilot house, and how many fair hands have graced the well-worn spokes of her wheel, struggling with the first lesson of starboard and port; and it was on this boat that Governor Long jocosely remarked that he had the experience that afterward made

MISS FLORENCE E. BARKER AND HER NAMESAKE

him Secretary of the United States Navy, when introducing me to some naval men in Washington.

Speaking of Governor Long reminds me of my first acquaintance with him. It was in the days when Captain Andy Smith ran the *Welokenneba-cook* on Richardson Lake, and all who ever met him will remember him with pleasure, as well as the old red hat he used to wear, which was filled with fly-hooks by which he reckoned his friends who had put them there. He had known Governor Long from boyhood, and one day, as I was crossing the dam, I met Captain Andy with a gentleman and two little girls. As I neared them, Captain Andy stepped in front of his companions, and gave me a shock by saying, "Now, Fred, I am going to introduce you to a real live governor, none of your thin-skinned, shoddy kind; he's all oak, and copper-fastened, and the same John D. Long every day in the week;" and the cordial handshake I received convinced me Andy was right. And for the next five years he and his family became regular visitors at Camp Bemis.

I well remember another incident when the governor and Captain Andy met on my boat,

after not having seen each other for some time, and after the good-natured greetings, Captain Andy said, "Well, Governor, the last time I saw you, you didn't see me."

"How was that?" asked Mr. Long.

"Oh, well, it was in Boston," said Andy. "You were in pretty big company, and you didn't see me."

"You know, Andy, if I did not recognize you, I did not see you, don't you?"

"Yes, yes," said Andy.

"Then why didn't you make yourself known?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, Governor, you had on a new hat and I had on an old one."

"Now, Andy," said the governor, "you know me well enough to know that would not make any difference to me, no matter who was around."

"Yes, I do, Governor," said Andy; "but you were in a hurry and so was I, and I thought I wouldn't stop you."

Writing this reminds me of some of the lake wit expressed by our good Senator Frye, whom I am always glad to see on my boat many times during a summer. One day my steamer touched at the senator's camp with some friends of his aboard,

and found him sitting on a rock, casting the fly. A passenger stepped off with them, and asked for an introduction to the senator; and he was introduced as Mr. So-and-So, from Somewhere, "And," the gentleman added, as he held out his hand, "editor of Such-and-Such a newspaper."

"Ah," said the senator, as he shook hands. "Well, *I'm* a fisherman."

At another time the senator was on my boat as I ran into Indian Rock, and Superintendent Packard came down to meet us.

"Hello, Packard," said the senator, "hear your cook's left."

"Yes," snapped Mr. Packard, who was a quick-spoken man.

"Well, what are you going to do now?" asked the senator.

"Cook myself," Packard responded. .

"That won't do you any good," seriously said the senator. "There wouldn't anybody eat you if you did."

One day in talking politics with an old guide at the lakes, who boasted he had always been a stanch Democrat, knowing that he had guided

Mr. Frye more or less, I asked him, "How about Mr. Frye?"

"Oh," said he, "I always vote for Frye, he's such a darned good feller;" and this sentiment is voiced by all the senator's Maine acquaintances; for, like Secretary Long, we always find him the same, whether one meets him in Washington or in the Maine woods.

Representative Dingley was also a frequent visitor to Camp Bemis, and all who knew him felt a personal loss at his death; and no truer words were ever spoken over the remains of a man than those of the minister who preached his funeral sermon.

"The heights by great men gained and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward through the night."

In the season of 1883 Mr. Francis Parkman was a guest at Camp Bemis for six or eight weeks, and many were the pleasant walks I had with him on the piazza of Cleft Rock Hall, after supper, he telling me many of his early experiences in the West, and the early French his-

tory of Canada, and Arnold's famous trip through Maine to Quebec; but I did not know he was an author until I received through the mail his book, "The Oregon Trail." He was a man whose acquaintance was much sought after by the guests, and he was pleasant and genial to all. The following winter I built him a camp at Bemis, but ill health before the next season caused him to give up his trip here.

George Fred Williams was once a visitor to our lakes. It was before the days of steamboats, and Frank P. Thomas, now division superintendent for the International Paper Company, and myself were the guides to take the party from the arm of the lake to Upper Dam. There were three ladies and three gentlemen, and we guides rowed the ladies and one gentleman, while Mr. Williams and the other young man rowed themselves in the small boat. The impression that I received was that he was a first-class fellow, and pulled a rattling good oar for a city chap.

For a number of seasons Governor William E. Russell was a guest at the private camps on our lower lakes. On the trip made just after

his election as governor, at about every station along the route he was honored with the greeting, "Welcome, Governor Russell," and he expressed himself when he got into the woods, as being glad to be where he could not see "Welcome, Governor Russell" for a while. This suggested to his host the chance to spring a little joke on him, and he got the camp paint-pot out, and painted on a sheet, in large, black letters, "Welcome, Governor Russell," and had one of the guides take it in a roundabout way to an old deserted lumbering camp in the woods, not far away, instructing him to get through the broken splits of the roof, and hang it over the door, without leaving any tracks in the snow in front of the camp. The next morning he invited the governor to try still hunting for deer, and accordingly steered him for the old camp. Not a track was to be seen to show that there was any one but themselves in the forest. As they swung around to the front of the old camp, the governor looked up, and stopped in astonishment at the "Welcome, Governor Russell," looking down at him.

CHAPTER XIII

EXPERIENCES ON THE ICE

WHEN Camp Bemis was first started my supplies came by the way of Phillips, and I used to get most of my heavy articles in the winter, hauling them to Rangeley by team, where I used to store them, awaiting the time when the spring travelling on the lakes should be at its best. Toting to Bemis was a difficult job, across the two lakes and a mile and a half carry, unless we were favored with good going; and oftentimes in the winter, when we have left Rangeley with heavy loads, we have got to Bemis with scarcely hay and grain enough on the sleds to feed the horses, having thrown the loads off, one article after another, the whole length of the lakes. Often when the Rangeley lumbermen have been logging down the lakes, they have had some hard experiences in getting their supplies to camp, as always after a big snow-

storm the ice is pressed down by the weight of the snow, and more or less water rises on top of it, forming deep slough holes at intervals, into which the sled sinks; and the snow in front of the bars has to be shovelled out before it can be started, when with a short pull it sinks again, which means heavy lifts for the men and killing work for the horses. In one of these winters, when the going was very hard, Mr. H. T. Kimball, who was the veteran toter of the lakes, lost two fine horses, which died from fatigue and exposure on the lake, before they could be got to camp or back to the settlement.

My plan generally was to take advantage of the time just after the ice would rise in the spring, which was usually soon after the first of April and when the sun had melted the snow and shell ice and the water had run under the ice; but it was much safer and better to be off the ice before the afternoon sun had softened it, as it was then much harder going, as well as being much more dangerous. Many have been the two and three o'clock morning starts we have taken from Rangely with several teams to take advantage of the night freeze, put in good condition by the good

hot breakfast given us by Mrs. Jerry Oakes, who even at that early hour would insist on getting up and giving us a warm meal. And what jolly times we would have skipping over the lakes! There was something about these early morning trips on the lake, when the ice was in prime condition, that was very exhilarating, shared by both horses and men; and we would often find ourselves squabbling in a game of catch-as-catch-can, and the teamsters, often men well along in years, would play like boys. Many times before daylight had fairly made its appearance we would reach the carry at the foot of Rangeley Lake, and would reach Bemis without any trouble whatever.

Of course it was not always smooth sailing and there were times when we would have a team in, or come very near having one in, and as a safeguard seldom had one team alone, especially if the ice were getting thin; as, in cases of a team getting in, it was policy to have another near to help get it out, but having one team a considerable distance ahead of the other.

When a team breaks through the ice, a sled seldom goes in, and so the first thing to be done is to get a rope around the horses' necks, clear

them from the sled, and pull it back away from them; then taking one of the horses from another team, and hitching to the rope and prying up the hind-quarters with a plank or pole, they can be pulled out very easily, generally no worse for their ducking, after they have been driven far enough to get warm. When another horse is not available, two men can pull a horse out of the water by putting a slip noose around its neck, so as to choke it, causing it to fill with air, when it will float up lighter in the water, and it is much easier to draw it out. But it is usually a hard pull, hard on the horse, as well as hard on the men. It is quite exciting, especially to one who has never seen a horse in the water, and coolness and thoughtfulness are good things to exercise.

A light set of threefold blocks should always be carried, with a hook that can be hooked in a notch in the ice, and with this purchase, half the strength of an ordinary man is sufficient to pull a horse from the water without the use of the slip knot. Any sensible toter will not be caught on the lake without an axe, for it is not only useful for cutting a hole to find the thick-

ness of the ice, but in time of trouble it is indispensable, as in case of a team getting in, it is necessary to cut places for the men's feet, to enable them to brace themselves for a good pull. If nothing more serious happens than a horse getting its foot caught in a crack, it might lead to a great deal of trouble if an axe were not handy. A rope should always be kept on horses' necks when the ice is dangerous, as when breaking in they are likely to slat their heads under the ice before you have time to put a rope on them. The best hitch to put on a horse's neck to draw on to choke it, is to put the two ends of a rope together through the loop, making two ropes around the neck instead of one, which will not cut as a single rope would, and will slacken the moment the strain is off. In case a rope is not available, the reins will often answer the same purpose.

Although I have been on the ice with horses a great deal in the past thirty years and have taken all kinds of chances, I have been fortunate enough not to drown but one horse. This was done by his breaking the throat latch and clearing his head from the bridle, and slat-

ting his head under the ice, while we had hold of the reins, and before we could get a rope around his neck.

A number of years ago, when Ma'am Peary used to be the cook at Bemis, it got to be the tenth day of May before I was ready to take her down the lake. I got the lightest and cheapest horse I could get in Rangeley, and on my inquiry was told that if I did not bring the horse back, fifty dollars would pay the bill. I received many warnings not to put a horse on the ice, and one in particular from Mr. Straw, who was the agent for the Union Water Power Company, who, in company with Mr. Henry Kimball, had just returned from Upper Dam, pushing their pung ahead of them. Mr. Straw said that they had found the ice so thin that they had left the horse at Upper Dam for me to take up on the scow, when the ice should have left the lake; and it was not till a month or two later that it came out that they drowned the horse soon after leaving Upper Dam. It was a remarkably smart horse, and as they drove on to the ice, following the track where a four-horse load had been hauled the afternoon

CAMP PARKMAN AT BEMIS
INTERIOR OF CAMP PARKMAN

before, Mr. Kimball made the remark that they would make the ten-mile drive to Haines Landing in three-quarters of an hour. Mr. Straw was just returning his watch to his pocket after taking the time, when the fore feet of the horse suddenly went through, and throwing his head down, he shot under the ice. Mr. Straw and Mr. Kimball scrambled out of the pung, just as it, too, was disappearing. They succeeded in pulling the pung back and in getting the horse out, but not till after he was drowned.

I took my horse to Mountain View by land the night before, to be ready for an early start across the lake, and on getting up at one o'clock was pleased to find that it was a crisp, frosty morning. I gave the horse four quarts of grain, but he seemed to think that two suppers in one night were very unnecessary, and proceeded to make a very slow job of munching it. I stamped around the barn floor, with my ulster collar well turned up, for a while, and was disgusted, on going in beside him once or twice, to find what slow progress he was making, and soon discovered how to quicken him up. Giving him a punch or two in the ribs to wake him up,

I would pull the grain away from him with one hand, and throw back a little with the other, and he, thinking it was nearly gone, would proceed to make away with it rapidly. I soon had him hitched up, and a good three-quarters-inch rope around his neck, and with a young man who had just joined me at Lake Point Cottage, we proceeded across the carry to the Mooselookmeguntic House, where we were to take Ma'am Peary aboard. I figured on the time it would take to get the ordinary woman up and started at that time in the morning, having dubious thoughts of the waste of valuable time, and was surprised to see Mrs. Peary coming down the steps, bag in hand, as we approached the house. On telling her that I expected it would take a half-hour at least for her to get her eyes open, she replied, "La, sakes! you needn't worry about getting me up, for I've been up and had my bed made for an hour."

The ice was black as a coal, but stiffened and in good condition by the crisp air, and I sent the eight hundred pounds of horse-flesh along at a lively pace, we joking Ma'am occasionally about how to handle herself when the horse

went out of sight, which he was liable to do at any minute, she retaliating by telling us that she should not begin to handle till the time came, and she should keep dry till she was wet. By daylight we were at Bemis, and I was back again and off the lake at the Mountain View House at seven o'clock that morning, the horse not having put a foot through. Just as I got the horse put up a man came along leading a cow that he was going to take to Indian Rock, and asked if the ice would hold her. He was told that I had just driven off there with a horse, and he proceeded to take my track. Soon hearing a big outcry and going out of the barn, all there was to be seen was the man, the rope, and the horns of the cow, and before we got her out we had to take boats out on the ice to stand in.

It was not always that we could get the women help to the camp on the ice with teams, and as it was necessary to get the help there before the ice broke up, in order to get the camps in readiness for the first fishermen, we have had some jolly times in handsledding the girls across the ice, one girl and man to a sled; and it was

very often the case, when the ice got thin and there were some timid ones, we would put a light boat across the sled and allow them to ride in the boat. And there is hardly a spring or fall that we do not do more or less icing in this way, for with a man at each end of the boat, one can go in safety on very thin ice.

As I have been asked many questions in years past, in regard to the ice freezing in our lakes, and the cracks and reefs, which commence to show themselves soon after, perhaps a few points in regard to it will be of interest. The lakes usually get sealed over some time from Thanksgiving to the middle of December, although two years ago the greater part of the lakes were open at Christmas time, which is the latest I ever knew. The coves and greater part of the lakes will generally get frozen over lightly some little time before they get sealed up to stay, as a wind will spring up, get the water into motion, and the ice will be broken and driven into the coves in larger or smaller pieces, where it often freezes together, leaving the square corners sticking up in all directions, making it very uncomfortable to walk over. Snowstorms before the

lake freezes cool the water, and cause it to freeze earlier than it otherwise would. I have heard it said by people who live about the lake that it was impossible for the lake to freeze up "rough," when a wind was blowing, and have heard others say that it will freeze up in waves. Both of these arguments are right, and not right, to a certain extent, for I remember one Thanksgiving Day, a few years ago, the whole of Bemis Bay froze over for a distance of two miles or more, when the wind was blowing as hard as it could blow, and the heaviest kind of a sea was running. It had snowed hard all day, and the water being ice cold, the snow did not melt, but was blown into the bay, packing together, where it would soon freeze, although in motion for rods between where it was frozen and the open water, the snow-covered waves making a very pretty sight. But it would only freeze when packed against the ice, which it kept doing very rapidly, working farther out into the lake all the time.

After the lake is all frozen over, if the snow doesn't come on it, the ice begins to expand, and the thicker it gets, the more it expands, and of

course has to give somewhere, and this causes the surface of the lake to be more or less uneven, rising in some places and lowering in others, though hardly perceptible to the eye. Then as expansion becomes greater, and the ice presses from the shores toward the middle of the lake, reefs are formed at the point where the pressure is the greatest. In some places the two edges of the ice will rise together, often going five or six feet into the air, and in other places they will rise but little, one side sliding under and the other over. Sometimes, when the pressure is great before the ice gives, the reefs will be thrown up with great force, making a loud report. In times of thaw the ice will contract, and cracks and reefs will be pulled quite a way apart by the ice being frozen to the shore.

There is always strong pressure on the exposed points on the lake, and often large rocks are pushed up on the shore by the ice; and I once had a solid log pier, filled with rocks to the top, pushed four feet into a gravel bank by the expanding ice, before I learned the secret of building a wharf with its exposed sides slanting, so that the ice would rise as it pressed against it.

When we were getting ice at The Birches last winter, having a hole cut a few rods off the point of the island, the ice suddenly gave way on the point, rising up on the shore, pushing a large rock from its gravel bed till it came on top of the ice, and the water boiled through the hole where we were cutting, which was a few yards across, knee-deep. The man who was pulling the cakes from the lake with the tongs had just hitched on to one as the water rose. He made one attempt to pull it out, then dropped it, with the tongs, and legged it with the rest of the men rods away from the hole.

The idea is often expressed that reefs and cracks are caused by the air, which is a mistake, as they are caused solely by expansion of the ice. It is continually working, either by expansion or contraction, and reefs are never safe to team over without being carefully examined. Once, when driving across the lake, we came to a reef, and found no place to cross until we had followed to the end of it, which was a good half-mile from shore, where we crossed on smooth ice, rods away from the reef, and where the surface was as level as the rest of the lake. When we were

opposite the reef the horse suddenly dropped through, the water coming well up to his back, and all supposed he had gone into the lake; but with tremendous plunges and leaps he came out on to the dry ice, breaking away from the sled as he did so. In getting the sled out we examined the spot, and found that, in expanding, the ice had settled down instead of rising, and there was not crack enough for a horse to put his foot through, yet the water was a good five feet deep over it.

The going out of the ice in spring is as much of a conundrum to many people as the winter reefs, judging from the many questions I have been asked about it. This is also very simple when it is understood. Where the snow lies on the ice it protects it from the warm spring sun; but where it is blown off, giving the sun a chance to come to the solid blue ice, it penetrates it very quickly, and we usually speak of it as being "honeycombed." Often in the morning after a cold night when it would hold tons of weight, toward night, after a warm day, it will not begin to hold the weight of a man; and I have often stuck my axe handle through in spots where it

was over two feet thick, and where for days after this we would go on it with teams, by going in the morning. Whether the night is very cold or not, after the sun goes down the ice begins to stiffen.

There are different ways of the ice leaving the lakes. Sometimes, when it is quite thick and will hold the weight of a man in most places, a strong wind will spring up, and where it is melted away from the shores enough to allow the whole body to get a start, the wind will keep it in motion, pressing it out on the shore, where it will keep falling to pieces, until in a few hours' time a whole lake full of ice will be ground to a powder on the rocky shore, sometimes piling up twenty or thirty feet high. A few years ago at The Birches, which commands a view of a larger part of the lake, in the morning not a bit of water was to be seen, and at night not a bit of ice was to be seen. This was the twentieth day of May.

Four times in the thirty-three years I have been on the lake, the ice has gone out in April, last spring going the earliest that was ever known, allowing me to run my steamer the twenty-fifth day

of April. Many times it has been the twentieth and past of May, and one year it stayed in the lake till the twenty-seventh. Another year the lake partially cleared the twenty-third, so that I started out with my steamer, and was obliged to steer by compass for miles, owing to a thick snowstorm. The snow, the water was so cold, lay on the surface, and we ploughed a road through, which, to look back at, was a curious sight. The year that the ice remained in the lake till the twenty-seventh of May was twenty-eight years ago. I got a panful of snow from a drift near the shore, in June, boiled some maple syrup to a candy, and poured it on the snow, to let some people I was guiding have a sample of maple candy cooled on the snow in June.

There are springs when we get but little wind, and the ice lies perfectly still in the lake, and melts out by the sun; and in some of these springs I have worked my steamboat through by going very slowly; and, putting my foot over the side with a rubber boot on, I could drag it through the ice with ease, although it would sometimes be six or eight inches thick, but thoroughly "honey-combed." At times the ice seems to be very

tough, and almost as elastic as India-rubber, just before going out. I have dragged a light row-boat over ice, wearing long-legged rubber boots, walking on it, but bearing a large part of my weight on the boat, when the ice would sink above my knees before it would give way, then only breaking a hole the size of my foot.

It is either sun or wind, or both, that makes away with the ice, though many people have very queer ideas as to what becomes of it. Some have asked me if it did not sink, and others if it did not go down through the Upper Dam. A few years ago a gentleman with whom I was talking at the Sportsmen's Show, in Madison Square Garden, asked me what became of the ice in the Rangeley Lakes in the spring, and on my telling that the sun or wind, or both, made away with it, he replied, "There is a lake up in New Hampshire where it always sinks." To my inquiry if he ever saw it sink, he replied that he never had.

"Did you ever see it lying around on the bottom in shoal water?" I asked.

"No," said he.

"Then what makes you think it sinks?"

"Many people have told me that it did," was his reply.

Just as he was leaving, after answering satisfactorily to his own mind some questions of mine regarding it sinking, I said, "Have you ever given it a second thought yourself, instead of being governed by what somebody told you, and don't you think it is an impossibility for ice to sink?"

He hesitated a moment, then turned around and passed me a cigar, and with a very polite bow walked along.

I think it was the summer after this that a gentleman on my boat, in speaking of the ice, said, "There's a lake up in New Hampshire where the ice sinks."

"Did you ever see it sink?" said I.

"No," said he.

"Ever see it lying around on the bottom?" I asked.

"No," he replied.

"Then how do you know it does sink?"

"Why, I've been told so by people who live about there."

"Did you ever give it much thought, or realize

that it is an impossibility for ice to sink of its own weight?" I asked.

"Gorry, I never did," was his answer; "but I guess that's one on me, and I'll see it sink before I tell that story again."

This goes to show what ideas people will carry for years from what others have told them. I well remember a case something like this of a pond back in the mountains, near the national boundary. I have often been told that an old hunter used to catch many fish there, but the fish would bite only in the night, and although I said, "Is that so?" I knew much better, for I had myself caught many fish there without being foolish enough to fish in the night. Another thing that is often said is that beaver have a process by which they sink wood, whereby it will lie on the bottom; and I have heard it said, that if it is disturbed by man, it will rise, and he cannot sink it again. No sensible beaver goes through any sleight-of-hand performance to sink wood. He merely takes it to the bottom and fastens it there, by pulling it under a root, or rolling a stone over it, and of course a green stick would soon get water-soaked so that it will

stay of its own weight. He gets in his winter supply of food, pulling the first stick under a root or rolling a stone on to it, and the next one he will pull under the root, or stone, or stick which he has already fastened, and in this way weave them together till he gets a pile above water, and the weight above water will hold the rest down; and the beaver can come out from his house and help himself to his submerged wood whenever he chooses, without being particular which stick he takes.

CHAPTER XIV

VARIOUS TRIPS

THE extension of the Portland and Rumford Falls Railway to Bemis in 1897 changed the state of affairs at Camp Bemis in many ways, for instead of being one of the most out-of-the-way places in the region, with a broad gauge railroad to its back door it is one of the most accessible points. And although a number of the old-timers lament the loss of its former seclusion and the presence of the two lumber mills that have gone up there, yet many people find its accessibility and the convenience of daily mails and telegraph and telephone very desirable.

Notwithstanding that the railroad takes out many of the spruce trees, yet there is hard wood enough left, so that, looking at the mountains from the lake, there is hardly a spot where a tree can be missed. Last September the nine miles extension to the carry between the Rangeley

and Mooselookmeguntic lakes was completed, and Bemis is no longer the terminus, which may perhaps bring back some of its old-time quietness. Probably the end of two years will see a connection with the Canadian Pacific Railway at Lake Megantic.

The coming of the railroad to Bemis side-tracked Andover and the south arm of the Richardson Lake, and did away with what was a few years ago one of the popular routes to the lake, thereby shutting off from the tourist one of the prettiest country towns and one of the finest woodsy drives of the state.

In these years, while Camp Bemis and The Birches have been developing, the Middle and Upper Dam, Haines Landing, and Billy Soule's have been keeping up with the times, and Bald Mountain Camps have lately been added to the list, and doing a thriving business, as well as the Mountain View House, Rangeley Lake House, and other resorts on the Rangeley Lake. The places that a few years ago were but fishermen's camps now throng with summer visitors, who often pass the entire season here without wetting a hook. Although any one fisherman

A CAMP INTERIOR

seldom gets the catches that he used to get twenty-five years ago, he must remember that whereas he was then fishing almost alone, he now has many neighbors, and that it is only fair that he divide with his brother sportsmen; and while some are still ambitious for their old-time catches, we note with pleasure it is becoming unpopular to bring in more trout or salmon than is needed for table use; and instead of reckoning their sport by the number they kill, they find pleasure in returning all uninjured and not needed fish alive to the water, to be caught, if not by them, by some brother angler. Although we do not expect or ask this, we very much appreciate it, and are more than much obliged to the angler who is generous enough to assist in maintaining our fish supply in this way. This practice is strongly encouraged by our best guides, who for some years past have realized the importance of keeping up the supply of trout and salmon.

Late years a great deal of attention has been given to artificial propagation, and stocking the waters from other hatcheries, and the government has also been very generous in remembering us with trout and salmon fry, through the efforts of

our star fly-fisherman, Senator Frye, who has the record of a trout of ten pounds and a fraction over, actually taken on an artificial fly and a light rod, by fair casting, the only way that he enjoys or indulges in fishing; for if the trout or salmon does not care to rise and take the fly on the surface, the senator does not try to bribe him with anything different. Although there are not so many nine and ten pounders taken as a few years ago, the smaller trout seem to be as plenty as ever, and the salmon surely are increasing very rapidly.

It used to be my custom to make a still-hunting trip for deer, late in the fall, when enough snow had fallen to make good tracking, which I usually did alone; and it was after one of these trips, after dark one night, early in December, that I was returning to my camp at Bemis, with two good bucks in my boat. I had left the camp alone when I went away about a week before, but a week of camping out in a bough lean-to at that time of year caused me to enjoy the anticipation of getting back to my comfortable Camp Bemis very much; and I was planning on the good fires that I would soon have going in the old "ram

down" and cook stove, and the good supper that would soon follow, of broiled venison steak, fried deer's liver and bacon, fried potatoes, hot biscuit, and a nice cup of coffee; of the pleasant evening reading by a warm stove, and the luxury of a lamp; and later of the warm, comfortable blankets to take my clothes off and crawl into, and sleep all night without having to turn out two or three times to pile logs on the fire; for, although I enjoyed the camping out in a lean-to by an open fire, the thoughts of the comforts of the home camp were very pleasant, and were occupying my mind, as well as the idea that I was likely to strike ice at any minute, which had been prompting me all along to pull as stiff an oar as I was capable of.

The wind had died away, leaving the water calm and motionless, and I well knew that the temperature was falling very rapidly, and the frosty air would soon seal the water with a covering of ice, making it a prisoner until the warm spring sun came to its rescue. I had guessed right about the ice, for, when two miles out from Bemis, I began to strike thin ice, and I soon had to drag my deer into the stern of the boat, so as to

bring the bow above the ice, to prevent it being cut, and to paddle, standing up in the stern. I landed in front of the camp, drew the boat out on the shore, and, taking my pack and rifle, started for the camp I lived in in the winter, which was the guide's camp, and lay back of my line of camps, and reached by a path between them.

As I passed one of the summer cabins, I was surprised to hear fire crackling inside; but, on looking at the windows, could see no ray of light, which struck me as very peculiar, as when the camps were closed in the fall the curtains were taken down. I went to the front of the camp and tried the door, and found it fastened on the inside. After repeated requests to open the door, there was a slight commotion and it was unfastened, and besides the man who opened the door, I saw another lying on the floor with his feet on the side of the fireplace, in which a good fire was burning.

In answer to my inquiry as to how they came there, they said they were strangers in these parts, and had got lost on the lake that afternoon; and seeing the camps here, and finding

them unfastened, they had come in and built a fire. I told them that was all right, and in answer to my inquiry if they had had any supper, they said they had not; so I told them I would soon have the camp where I lived warmed up, and would have some supper ready, and for them to come over there. As I left the camp, I saw the reason why I had not seen the light from the fire from the outside. They had taken the oilcloths from the tables and hung them up, shutting off all light from the front windows.

I went to my living camp, lighted my lamps, and built fires in my cook stove and "ram down," and went out to pilot the men to it with a lantern. I was surprised to find them with pack and rifle in hand, preparing to take their departure, which they explained to me, saying that they thought they had better be going. Thinking that they realized that the lake was freezing over, I told them that if they were going to get away with a boat, of course it would be necessary for them to go that night, but urged them to remain to supper. They thanked me, but said they would not stop, and I went back to the camp.

It came to me all of a sudden that there was

some good reason for so hurried a departure, and, seizing my lantern, I hurried to the main house, where my summer outfit was stored, and saw at a glance the cause of so sudden a leavetaking, for they had broken the lock on the outside door, which let them into a small room, used in the summer as a laundry, but in which there was little of value left. The door from this leading into the main house, however, was not broken open, and I knew they had not succeeded in getting a great deal; but I ran to the shore after my visitors, but could only hear them threshing the ice with their oars, quite a distance out in the lake, and knowing that it was of no use to follow them then, I returned to camp to get supper in no very pleasant frame of mind.

As soon as the ice froze hard enough to hold me, which was two days later, I put on my skates, and with a long, dry pole in my hand as a safeguard in case I should strike thin places or cracks in the ice, started for The Birches, to see if they had honored that place with a visit. As I neared it, I was very sure they had, as I saw oilcloth at the cook camp windows, the same as had been done at Bemis. After getting inside, I found they had but

recently taken their departure ; but they had not gone away until they had stocked up on my supplies, which they had made no effort to conceal. I only took a hurried look around to ascertain as nearly as possible what they had taken, which seemed to be mostly supplies, and among other things a quart glass pickle jar with a large mouth, which I used as a molasses pitcher, and in which I had put a wooden plug, which I had whittled out one evening, when I had a whittling spell on ; and I knew if they did not throw away the stopper, I would have something to prove the story of their visit.

I had no trouble in finding their track on the snow and following it to the lake, and had no trouble to again find it on the thin, glare ice, as they had hauled something which scratched. I soon had my skates on and was on my way to Birch Point, as the scratches led in that direction ; and as I saw that the upper end of the lake was clear of ice, I knew they would be obliged to go ashore there. I very soon found their track on the shore, and very near the lake I also found what had done the scratching. A light fish car which we had made for trolling behind a boat had

been used as a sled to haul their load across the lake, but on getting into the woods they were obliged to leave that and make their load up into packs. In doing this, they had scattered beans, dried apples, and prunes, which I knew must have come from my camp.

I followed the tracks along the shore for about three miles, when they went on to the ice again, near Stony Batter. Here I could not follow the tracks, and I again put on my skates and struck across to the Mooselookmeguntic House to inquire if anything had been seen of two men. This was in the days when Crosby and Twombley ran the Mooselookmeguntic House. Walter Twombley had just skated down Cupsuptic Lake, and had seen two men going along, following up the west shore, toward the head of the lake, carrying a pole on their shoulders, while between them, and attached to the pole, they seemed to have a heavy load. He was considerably interested, as two men, answering their description, had come there a few days before and hired a boat, and he at once offered to go with me as soon as we could get our supper.

As Walter had just skated down the lake, he

took his track with a lantern, and I followed along with the pole a few yards behind. The ice was thin and cracked up considerably, but we found no difficulty until we got out on to the Cupsuptic, above Senator Frye's camp, when all of a sudden, Walter broke through. Pitching forward, he scrambled out on the ice getting wet only a little, but I was not so fortunate, as I had time to turn but slightly, and got full benefit of the ice he had broken. I went in about all over, but was soon out again, with no damage done more than a good wetting, and was fortunate enough to have both skates on, while Walter had had the misfortune to lose one of his.

The lantern was uninjured and still going, and as Walter would have to go slowly on account of the loss of his skate, it was decided he would keep the lantern, while I would skate on ahead to Billy Soule's, for the night was cold, and I was in no condition to go slow. I struck out in the darkness, one end of the pole in my hand, sliding the other end ahead of me to find the cracks, which I very often did, when I would catch the pole by the middle and crawl along regardless of water, till I was safely over the crack; then I

would rise and go on till I struck another one, when I would go through the same thing, often lying flat on my stomach. Sometimes I would be about all under water, but by feeling the pole ahead of me I would be sure that there was ice beyond. I wasn't sorry when I struck Pleasant Island and found myself before Billy's pleasant open fire, and was soon throwing my wet clothes right and left; and Billy was not long in putting his whole wardrobe at my disposal. All who know Billy Soule and his Pleasant Island camps know that it is a good place to reach, either wet or dry, for there's nothing about camp too good for his friends; and if a man were in need of a shirt, and Billy had the only one on that was on the island, he'd pull it off and insist that his friend should take it.

I was soon arrayed from head to foot in Billy's clothes, after giving myself a good rubbing with a dry towel; and after a while Walter came, and he and I were again on the way in search of the much-wanted men, whom Billy had seen just before dark, near the head of the lake, and thought we should find in one of the small unoccupied camps on the west shore, so we went in that direction.

The first camp we came to, we smelled camp smoke, and saw tracks. The door being fastened, we rattled it and demanded an entrance, and repeated this until finally the door was opened, the man opening it quickly rejoining his companion in the berth. We held the lantern to their faces, and I saw that they were the same men I had seen at Camp Bemis, which they stoutly denied, saying they had never seen me before. I then inquired about a camp on an island, and they said they had not been there and did not know anything about it, although they admitted they were the men who had got the boat at Haines Landing; but said they had been camping in the woods ever since, and had left the boat, as the lake had frozen and they could not get it away. After finding there was no satisfaction to be had in questioning them, we began to look the camp over, and found on the table, on which were a few eatables, the glass pickle jar with the wooden stopper I had whittled out at The Birches; and although we hunted the camp over thoroughly and the berths under the men, that was all we could find that I could swear belonged to me.

I took the jar, turning the molasses out in a

bowl, telling them I could prove the jar was mine, that men had seen me whittle the stopper out at The Birches, and that I was going to Rangeley, to get a warrant and an officer. Then Walter and I took our departure and went down on to the ice, giving them time to think over the situation, and to plan on what we thought was the best course to pursue. We decided that it was best to try to settle with them, then and there. We went back into the camp and told them that if they would own up to what they had taken and bring out what they had, we would settle with them. But they still protested their innocence, which we told them would do them no good, as we were there to settle or push them by law to the utmost, and the best thing for them to do was to own it up and settle, man fashion.

Upon this, one of them said, "What d'ye say, Jack?" Jack replied, "Do as ye like," when he got up and fished out an axe that I at once recognized as mine, from overhead under the splits. Then, unlocking a chest, he took out some of the supplies he had taken, and was about to shut the cover down, when we interfered, as we were sure there was more in the

chest, knowing he had not got to the bottom, as there was straw in it. Pulling the straw out, we found canned goods and other supplies they had taken from my camp.

After getting them all out in a pile, and on their repeated assertions that that was all they had that belonged to me, we agreed to settle for fifty dollars; but they declared they had no money, when, seeing the outfit they had of new shooting-irons, we agreed to take those. I took two new .38 revolvers, that at that time were worth about eighteen dollars apiece, and Walter got a new Winchester rifle and a dirk knife. With these in our possession we left them, and went back to Billy's, where we spent the night, a good part of it being devoted to the nice lunch Billy had prepared for us, and pleasant chats over old times, for we had all been on more or less hunts together. One in particular, which Billy and I had taken some years before to Parmachenee Lake, had made impression enough on both our minds not to be easily forgotten.

We had taken a morning start from a camp not far from Pleasant Island. It was just after

freezing-up time in the fall, or the first of the winter, and about a foot of light snow was on the ground. We both had quite heavy packs, and rifles, and we found the travelling hard, both on the river and in the woods. Darkness overtook us long before we reached the lake, and we were obliged to strike through Moose Brook swamp by a compass course, lighting matches occasionally to see which way the needle pointed. When we reached the lake we found the ice very thin, but we ventured on, keeping near the shore, and took our chances of a ducking. Soon we got it, both going in at the same time to our middles in the ice-cold water. This sent us into the woods again for a short distance, but the travelling was so hard there—on account of windfalls, underbrush, and darkness—that we soon gave the ice another try. Another cooling for one of us soon followed, and we were obliged to take to the woods again.

After a while we got opposite Camp Caribou, which is on an island, and was about half a mile from the point where we were. We could see the light in the camp windows shining brightly, and though it looked near, it seemed far away.

A shot from our rifles brought an answering one from the camp, then with a "Halloo, can you get to us with a boat?" we waited breathlessly for an answer. Soon the cheering (?) response came, "No; you will have to go around."

This meant another two miles of groping our way in darkness over blown-down trees and underbrush to a point within a few rods of the island where the camp stood. Another halloo from the camp interrupted Billy in a little recitation that he never learned from his Sunday-school book. We listened. "Come around on to Long Point, and we will break across to you with a boat," came from the darkness. On we went, some of the time on the ice, then into the water, then into the woods.

Long Point was at last reached, and our old friend, John Danforth, was there to grasp us by the hands, take our packs and load them into the boat, and paddle us to camp. The first thing to be done, after getting into camp, was to be thawed out. Our legs were almost unmanageable on account of the weight of ice on them, caused by wetting them so often and then wallowing in the snow. John stood us up before

the fire and went for us with a club, knocking the ice off in large pieces. When this was done Billy found himself minus one stocking leg, and it has always been a mystery to him where he lost it. He claims that a bed never felt better to him than it did that night; and, if my memory serves me right, I didn't find any fault with the way my bed was made.

This, and some of our other trips in which there was not so much hardship, wound up our evening's reminiscences, when we realized that, if we were to do any sleeping, we must be about it, and accordingly turned in in one of Billy's comfortable beds. In the morning, Billy having furnished Walter with a pair of skates, we had good skating back to Haines Landing, where I bade Walter good-by, and skated on to Bemis, stopping at The Birches long enough to put things in order and fasten up the camps.

On the way down to Bemis, skating over the fine ice, and knowing that I had come out very nearly square with the rascals I had offered to befriend at Bemis, put me in a very pleasant frame of mind; and the conversation of the night before about the Parmachenee trip carried me

back to some of the enjoyable trips I had made with my friend Danforth in that vicinity, some of them being of hardship, mixed with pleasure, but all very pleasant to look back upon.

At times when hunting on the head waters of the Magalloway, above Parmachenee, we would make long snow-shoe trips, often going through to the Canadian settlements to get a pack load of provisions, and to get acquainted with some human beings besides ourselves. The settlers along the Canadian border were Canadian French, and generally but few of them could speak a word of English. They lived upon what they could raise, and what they could get out of the woods, but were the happiest race of people imaginable. There was hardly an evening that they would not get together in one of the small log houses, where, with the help of a fiddle or two, they would have a very merry time.

On one of our trips John and I spent the night in one of these small houses, and as usual all the young people from the neighboring shanties came in. A fiddle not being available, they decided to play games, which a young man who could speak a little English said they would be very

glad to have us join. On our asking what the game would be he said, after many motions and considerable French talk among the party, "Roon after leetle animal; don't know what you call heem in English, but he go joomp! joomp! joomp!" making us understand more by his motions than by his talk.

"Rabbit," we suggested.

"Oui, oui, roon after the rabbeet," and we expressed ourselves as being very glad to join the game.

Accordingly the stools were moved outdoors, and we all stood in a circle around the room. A stocking, with a longer leg than is usually worn by the men, was produced, and a fair-sized potato was placed in the toe of it, secured in place by a knot, tied firmly above it; and while our French friend was explaining to me the game, something struck me over the head, which I thought might be a beam from the loft above, and all began to make motions around the circle, and call "Roon! Roon!"

I lit out, but not before I got another reminder that there wasn't any mistake about my being the rabbit, and my turn had come to jump. I made as good time around the circle as possible,

for I don't remember of ever being more in a hurry than I was in making that circle, and getting back into the place I had left, and not escaping a few more good welts on the way. Then I was given the stocking by the roguish-looking girl, who seemed to enjoy the pelting she had given me as well as the rest of the crowd, and no one was more pleased than my friend John, who was nearly doubled up in his merriment.

I was told by the French boy to take the stocking and hit the girl I liked best; so I took it and walked around the circle, looking them over, and it wasn't a question of the one I liked best, but a "racer built" one I was looking for; for I well knew John would be the next victim, and when I had spotted the right one, as I thought, I signified my selection by striking the open air where she stood when I made the motion to strike. I gave chase, and though I never made better time in running down a deer, I hardly got a fair blow, but her running gear was perfectly satisfactory.

I gave her the stocking and stepped into the place she stepped out of, and I was not disappointed in thinking who would be the next victim, for John soon got a crack over the head that sent

him spinning around the circle for all he was worth. The cracks came thick and fast, and in his hurry he failed to make the turn, and took a header over the cradle in which the baby was sleeping, the good mother of the house sitting in the corner behind it. As the baby went sprawling on the floor, she made a grab to catch it, and got a full blow, calculated for John, between the shoulders, which caused her to forget the baby and take a hand in the game. She seized the stocking and gave the saucy miss a good crack that sent her flying, and then "mother" sailed in for a grand right and left, swinging the stocking with telling effect at anything within reach. It was really wonderful what a stiff game "mother" could play.

John and I took refuge under the ladder that went up loft, but dodged out long enough to right the cradle and put it in the corner, and place young Canada in it, who was "giving tongue" as only a well-scared, buckwheat-fed, young "Canuck" can.

The game didn't last long, and would have been shorter if the door had been larger, as they taxed it to its utmost in the rough-and-tumble scramble to

get out of reach of the powerful arm of "mother." John and I still clung to our place of refuge under the ladder, not knowing whether we were to play the part of the rabbit any more or not; but our minds were soon at rest, for as soon as she had cleared the house she returned, bringing a couple of stools, and made motions for us to be seated, which we did, sitting very straight, and on our best behavior, very much appreciating the agility of "mother" in championing our cause. John ran his fingers lightly through his hair, smiling a sort of sickly smile as he did so, remarking that he should play no more French games until he understood more French.

Shortly some of the young people began to venture back with the stools, and we were soon all seated around the room, looking at each other, and being very quiet. A fiddle was brought from one of the neighbor's, and the rest of the evening was spent very enjoyably in something not quite so hard on the head as "chase the rabbit."

John and I spent a vastly comfortable night on a bearskin spread on the floor under the ladder, and we were a little particular how we laid our heads on our coats, which we used for "heading."

CHAPTER XV

CAMP LIFE AS IT WAS

EARLY in the fall, after my summer guests had gone away, I usually let my cook and most of my summer crew go, keeping two or three good fellows to assist me in what boating there was to do, and in the work about the camps, repairing them or building new for the following year. But as the fall advanced and winter made its appearance, the steamboat would be pulled from the water and the camp jobs abandoned until the following spring; and we would grind our axes and turn our attention to the next season's woodpile, which would usually take until well into February, with the exception of a break of a week or ten days taken to fill the ice-houses.

What good times we used to have and with what pleasure I can look back to the companionship of those good fellows, both in our days of work and evenings of comfort in that old

THE RUINS OF OUR OLD HUNTING CAMP

JOHN DANFORTH AND TWO OF HIS GUIDES AT CAMP PARMACHENEE
ON CUPSUPTIC RIVER

log camp; for they were men who took an interest in their work, and tried hard to accomplish something besides getting in their day. And our working hours were not from eight to five, or from sun to sun, but from the time that daylight would allow us to strike the first blow in the morning, until darkness shut us off at night. We would then quit work and go to camp together, and while one would attend to "hotting" the stove, which would be already warm, and full of coals from being filled with large wood and left with closed draughts from the meal before, another, who might be called the "head cook," would wash his hands and quickly place over the fire eatables that had been prepared beforehand. Often this was broiled beefsteak, fried potatoes or meat hash, and biscuit, with the top and bottom crust wet, and placed in a baker sheet in the oven, covered with another baker sheet, to hold the moisture and keep them from drying, which would make them as fresh, and to my mind better than when first baked. The indispensable teapot would be steaming by the time the other things were ready, and usually, in less than half an hour from the time we came

to camp, supper would be ready, the night wood and water in, the camp swept out; for each man took his part to do, and all worked together to help in getting the work along.

One of the staple articles of camp fare was a pot of beans, although we had graduated from a diet of beans twenty-one times a week; for there is nothing that wears better, or will stand by a hard-working man any better, than good, old-fashioned baked beans, with plenty of pork, a liberal supply of molasses, and eight or ten hours of a fairly hot oven or bean hole. The meat stew is also one of the convenient dishes, if one is fortunate enough to have the meat and potatoes, and all the meat and bones that would otherwise have to be thrown away can be used to good advantage, as the more bones there are for it, the better the stew. By keeping the kettle on the back of the stove, it is always ready, and good, either morning, noon, or night, and one of its advantages is that the more times it is warmed up the better it is.

We used to keep a large kettle of stew on the back of the stove the most of the time, which would usually last us three or four days a week.

I was particular to keep the kettle covered up, especially after Bill Russell told the story at the table one night, of working in a crew at one time where the most they had to eat was stew. One day, after making a fresh, full kettle, the cook missed his fur cap, for which he continually mourned, as he had worn it for years, hardly ever having it off his head night or day. When the stew was nearly gone, he located it, snuggled down in the bottom of the kettle.

After supper was the time to wash the dishes for the day, for at breakfast and dinner we would turn our plates over, not being so "nasty particular" as to wash them, only after supper; and we had often heard it said that it was "a dirty pig that had to have his trough washed out after every meal." I have heard of a camp where the rule was that the dishes should not be washed as long as they could remember what was eaten in them last, but we did a little better than that.

It was not in our camp that the story originated that I have been told, of a crew that changed cooks every time one of them found fault with the cooking, the rule being that the man who found fault should cook until some one

else complained that the grub was not what it should be. One fellow, thinking that he was getting more than his share of the cooking, which he did not enjoy, and had tried in vain to make some one growl, added a cupful of salt to the two quarts of flour for the breakfast biscuit. When the first man got a liberal piece in his mouth, he brought his fist down on the table with a whack, saying, as he did so, "This biscuit is all-fired salt," and then, remembering the penalty for fault-finding, added in the same breath, "*but I like it.*"

While the table was being cleared and the dishes washed, one of us usually baked a sheet of gingerbread, or mixed up some doughnuts, one of the others lending a hand in the frying when they were ready; and before it was anyways late in the evening we would have the work finished and sit down to a social chat around the stove, or a game of cards, or perhaps I would read aloud to them from some book we would all find interesting. We did not know much about daily papers, it often being two or three weeks that we would be obliged to go without mail, so that the books that were given

me by my good city friends in the summer used to be read. One fall and winter I had a man who was one of the best fellows, ingenious and capable in his work, and although he could not read a line, he was the most interested one of them all when reading was going on. Long after I had read myself and the others sleepy, and they had turned in for the night, I used to sit up and read to him; and among other things that he promised to do for the favor, was to keep me awake; for although I would be much interested in "Uncle Tom," or some of the other books that I read, my voice would thicken, and my eyes begin to close, in spite of my trying hard to keep awake. It was then that he would get in some of his work, by rapping my shins with a broomstick which he kept by him; and with his cheery, "Come back here on to your job," or some other comical expression, I would brace up and go on till he had to wield the broomstick again.

My last work before retiring was to fill the old "ram down" full of green wood, and bank the front draught well with ashes, and the first thing in the morning to dig the ashes away,

when the "ram down" would go to puffing like a steam-engine, being half full of large live coals and brands, a few shovels of which, put into the cook stove, with a little dry wood, would soon have it ready for business, with boiling water and a hot oven.

Rockefeller little realizes the debt of gratitude that he owes the cooks of to-day and the fire-builders of the country, for they have helped to swell his millions to an unrealized extent; and as his wealth and output of oil have increased, the art of banking a fire and of whittling shavings has been lost, and the average man who has a fire to build will, in order to get to the kerosene barrel, wade ankle deep through birch bark and splinters that would once have gladdened his heart.

While the "ram down" was warming the camp, the cook stove would help out in this direction, and turn out potatoes and biscuit enough for the three meals of the day.

Our sleeping quarters were upstairs, and as the chamber was one room and open to the roof, it was a little airy some of the nights when the mercury got well down in the twenties. As

the camp stood not far from the shore, where the northwest wind had an eight-mile rake over the lake, it would rock quite perceptibly when some of the Bemis blasts struck it; and the frosty air would carry the powdered snow with it through the shingles of the roof, as the roof boards were laid a little way apart to save lumber, and although it was water-tight, it was not wind-tight. Many a night, when the camp was unusually frisky, I have slept and dreamed that I was on the lake in my boat, and that there was a heavy sea running, and the spray was flying, as the powdered snow would be sifted into my face.

After one of these nights it was my morning job, as soon as I got the fires going, and before the heat got to the chamber, to take the outside blankets very carefully from the beds, shake the snow from them, and return them to the beds, and sweep up the snow on the floor, sometimes getting several bushels of it in one morning; but this was not a common occurrence, and only happened in the coldest of weather and hardest of winds. I used to work around very quietly so as not to waken the men, as some of

them might be thin-skinned, and abuse the dear old camp by saying some very uncomplimentary things about it; and I remember that one morning, when I did not look sharp enough in getting the snow from the different articles, when I called "Turn out," a man who had not been with us long jumped into his trousers, that had been left beside his bed in an exposed position. This caused him to come downstairs at a lively gait and make for the "ram down," where he whirled around and backed up unusually close to it, swearing that he "never would go to sleep in that d——d hole again" without rolling his trousers up and putting them under his bed, even if it was in the middle of July.

Good stories were sometimes told by the men of their guiding experiences in the summer, and the following is one, perhaps, that will bear repeating. Guides generally know their place, and are not over inquisitive as to the affairs of their city patrons; but some guides, like all other men, may not be perfect in all ways. This story was told one evening while we were enjoying an after supper chat around the fire.

"Last summer, when I was camping up at White

Cap Pond with a party, Pete came in to sack in some grub to us from the settlement, and while I was getting supper, he got himself straightened out with his back to a tree, and his old pipe lit, and struck a sociable streak, and went to entertaining my man.

“Says Pete, ‘Where do you come from?’

“‘New York,’ says my man.

“‘Is that so?’ says Pete. ‘Well, I should think you would find it mighty lonesome away off there in New York.’

“‘Oh, not so very,’ says my man. ‘There is quite a lot going on in that small town.’

“‘What do you find to amuse yourself in?’ says Pete.

“‘Well,’ says my man, ‘for one thing there is the Stock Exchange, that sometimes is quite exciting.’

“‘Oh, I have heard of that place,’ says Pete, ‘and it was one of them fellers that belongs to that, that come down here fishin’; and he had one o’ them things with him that takes picters, and he was shootin’ everything with it. He fired it at one of Old Harding’s pet Jersey heifers, and when he got the picter out of it, he marked it “A Famous

Maine Durham Bull," and some one showed it to old Harding, and told him what it was, and how one o' them New York Stock Exchange men took it; and the old man was mad I can tell you, and he said if one o' them fellers ever insulted one of his good, nice, respectable heifers like that again, he would go down to New York and knock the stuffing out'n that whole Stock Exchange, and show them fellers that before they went to exchanging any of his stock into picters, that they better have brains enough to know a heifer from a bull.'

"My man he laughed, and Pete he thought he was a natural entertainer upon that, and he braced up in great style and started in again. 'Do you do much in stock?' says he.

"'Oh, not so very much,' says my man, 'I buy and sell a little occasionally.'

"'How are yer New York heifers, a putty smooth article?' says Pete.

"'Well, fairly so,' says my man.

"'Come in medium kind of early?' says Pete.

"'Well, now,' says my man, 'that's just what they don't do.'

"'Well,' says Pete, 'you ought to look after that. Where do you pasture them?'

“‘Some of them on The Bowery,’ says my man.

“‘Pretty rocky on The Bowery, ain’t it?’ says Pete.

“‘Well, there are people who find it so,’ says my man.

“‘Sheep and lambs would do well there,’ says Pete; ‘for I know that it ain’t any more rocky than my back lot, and I turned that out to sheep and lambs, but I used ter tell about havin’ their noses steel-p’inted before they could get a living.’

“Pete lit his pipe and started in on another tack. ‘Ain’t there some kind of a game they play on that Stock Exchange?’

“‘Don’t know what you mean,’ says my man.

“‘Well,’ says Pete, ‘I don’t understand it, but when I was with the Spiller party last summer I heard one o’ the wimmen say, “Mr. Sargent, when you were a member of the Stock Exchange, was you a bull, or was you a bear?” “I was neither,” says he, “I was a jackass,” and I thought probably there was some game like that they played.’

“‘Well,’ says my man, ‘they do play a pretty stiff game sometimes, and some one represents all of those animals.’

“‘Well,’ says Pete, ‘I guess they’re better at that than looking after stock, for I don’t believe that many of those fellers know enough about stock to water it.’”

CHAPTER XVI

CONCLUSION

THE OLD CANOE

WHERE the rocks are gray and the shore is steep,
And the waters below look dark and deep ;
Where the rugged pine in its lonely pride
Leans gloomily o'er the murky tide ;
Where the reeds and rushes are tall and rank,
And the weeds are thick on the winding bank,
Where the shadow is heavy the whole day through,
Lies at its moorings the old canoe.

The useless paddles are idly dropped,
Like a sea-bird's wings that the storm has lopped,
And crossed on the railings, one o'er one,
Like folded hands when the work is done ;
While busily back and forth between
The spider stretches his silvery screen,
And the solemn owl, with his dull "too-hoo,"
Nestles down on the side of the old canoe.

The stern, half sunk in the slimy wave,
Rots slowly in its living grave,
And the green moss creeps o'er its dull decay,
Hiding the mouldering dust away,

Like the hand that plants o'er the tomb the flower,
Or the ivy that mantles a fallen tower ;
While many a blossom of liveliest hue
Springs up o'er the stern of the old canoe.

The currentless waters are dead and still,
But the light winds play with the boat at will ;
And lazily in and out again
It floats the length of its rusty chain,
Like the weary march of the hands of time,
That meet and part at the noontide chime ;
And the shore is kissed at each turn anew
By the dripping bow of the old canoe.

Oh, many a time with a careless hand
I have pushed it away from the pebbly strand,
And paddled down where the stream ran quick,
Where the birds were wild and the storm was thick !
And laughed as I leaned o'er the rocking side,
And looked below in the broken tide,
To see that the faces and boats were two
That were mirrored back from the old canoe.

But now, as I lean o'er the crumbling side,
And look below in the sluggish tide,
The face that I see is graver grown,
And the laugh that I hear has a sober tone,
And the hands that lent to the light skiff wings
Have grown familiar with sterner things ;
But I love to think of the hours that flew,
As I rocked where the whirls their wild spray threw,
Ere the blossoms moved or the green grass grew
O'er the mouldering stern of the old canoe. — ANON.

AS my vacation days for the winter are nearly over, and the approach of spring again calls me to repairs on camps and boats, for the coming of the sportsmen, I must draw this story to a close, in which I trust my friends may find entertainment enough to cover the price paid for it.

Although it outlines a life in which the work hours have often been long, it has been full of enjoyment, and I have in the last twenty-five years found many play days, which have been mostly in the winter; for between the time when the wood was worked up, and the ice-houses filled for the following season, were six weeks or two months, when I found time in which to go where I pleased. I have had many an enjoyable winter trip, several times to Florida, once to California, and the winter after the Spanish-American War, to Cuba; and although these trips were for no other purpose than the pleasure and rest they gave, I have never taken one without realizing, sooner or later, that I was well paid in a business way, for "I met you in California," or "on the steamer on the way to Cuba," or "in Florida, and told you that I would come

to see you sometime," has often been the introduction of a newcomer to my camps. What I take to myself as quite a compliment is the fact that a pleasant-looking man once entered into conversation with me on a railway train in Florida, and soon asked if we did not meet seven years before on the steamer *Osceola* on the Ocklawaha River. We soon decided that he was right, and he drew from his inside pocket a pamphlet of Camp Bemis and The Birches that I had given him on that trip, with the remark, "You see I did not forget you, and I have always intended to go up there and see you, but one thing or another has kept me going in another direction; yet I have recommended your places to a great many friends of mine, some of whom have been there, and say that you gave them the best kind of a time."

In closing this story I have to say, that if good Father Time would but turn back the wheels and make me a boy again, giving me the power of choice of condition and circumstances, I would endow myself with neither riches nor station. I would ask to be that same barefooted country farm boy again, with all my inborn love for

the woods and waters, for, led by that inexplainable passion, I struck the trail that has led me along a business life of pleasure, although at times it has been slow and hard climbing. But the work was of the kind that causes one to sleep well nights, awaken with a good taste in his mouth, and with a feeling that he could not be killed with a broadaxe. How many a pleasant Indian summer day I have enjoyed poling a canoe up some rapid stream, or paddling over those quiet woodsy lakes, or walking through the forest where the changing autumn foliage and playful brooks were pictures not to be forgotten! No more so are those views that we have often taken, when with my friend Danforth I have climbed some tall tree on the highest peak of some of the national boundary mountains on a bright March day, when snow-shoeing was at its best. What views we would get as far as the eye could cover, into Canada in the north, or to the south into the States, where it is a panorama of mountains, lakes, and ponds, with the clearings of the Canadian border and State settlements in the distance! How I enjoy going over those old scenes again, although the passion

that I then possessed for the gun, trap, fishpole, and boat has to a large degree faded, and note with almost sadness that, with all the strides of the gun artists in the last twenty-five years, I cannot find an engraving which stands out like the pigeon that was engraved on the lock of the old single-barrelled muzzle-loader, as I saw it through the eyes of boyhood. They are pleasant to look back upon, and the remembrance of them is with me like the songs that my lumbermen friends used to sing, some of which I shall give you. Often in the pilot-house of my steamer on the late trip, when all alone with darkness, these songs have come back to me with all the freshness of the hour when I heard them, more than thirty years ago, around the lumbermen's camp-fire, reclining on the rolled-up spreads, my hands behind my head, and a chew of gum in, and have turned my mind from the channel of the affairs of the day, which had, perhaps, been going on the order of sixes and sevens, and smoothed out any ruffles that might have accumulated. With these old songs I will say good-by for the present, hoping that it may be my fortune to be spared for many more seasons to welcome my friends to the delights of LAKE AND FOREST.

MISS FLORENCE AND JOHN

SOME OLD-TIME LUMBERMEN'S
SONGS

THE LUMBERMAN'S LIFE

OH, the lumberman's life is a wearisome one,
Though some call it free from care.
'Tis wielding the axe from the morning till night,
In the middle of the forest so drear ;
It is lying in the camp so bleak and cold,
While the wintry winds do blow,
And as soon as the morning star doth appear,
To the wild woods we must go.

Transported we are from the haunts of all men,
From the banks of the "bonnishere" stream,
Where the wolves and the owls, with their terrify-
ing growls,
Disturb us of our nightly dreams.
Transported from the glass and the little laughing
lass,
All pleasures are left behind ;
There is no one here to brush away the tear,
When sorrow fills the troubled mind.

When springtime comes in, double trouble then
begins,

When the water is piercing cold,
Dripping wet are our clothes, and our limbs are
almost froze,

And a pickpole we scarcely can hold.

* * * * *

Every rapid that we run, we call it not but fun,
For we are void of all foolish fear.

Had we ale, wine, or beer, our spirits to cheer

While in the woods so wild,

Or a glass of any "shone" while in these woods
alone,

It would pass away a long exile.

But lumbering I'll give o'er, and I'll anchor safe
on shore,

I will lead a sober, quiet life,

Nevermore will I roam, but contented stay at
home,

With an ever true and faithful, loving wife.

THE DYING SOLDIER

THE sun was sinking in the west, and shed its
 lingering ray,
Through the branches of a forest, where a
 wounded soldier lay,
'Neath the shade of a palmetto, 'neath a southern,
 sultry sky,
Far away from loved New England, they had laid
 him down to die.

A group had gathered 'round him, his comrades
 in the fight,
And a tear coursed down each manly cheek, as he
 said his last good-night.
One dear friend and companion was kneeling by
 his side,
Trying to stay the life-blood, but, alas, in vain he
 tried.

“Stand up nearer, comrades, nearer, listen to the
 words I say,

There's a story I would tell you, ere my life-blood
ebbs away.

Far away in loved New England, in that old Pine
Tree State,

There is one who for my coming with a radiant
heart will wait;

"A fair young girl, my sister, my joy, my darling,
and my pride,

My loving care from childhood, for there's no one
else beside.

For my mother, she is sleeping, 'neath the old
churchyard sod;

Many, many years ago her spirit went to God.

"And my father, he is sleeping 'neath the deep,
dark blue sea.

I've no brothers, I've no kindred, there is only
Nell and me.

When our country was in danger and called for
volunteers,

She threw her arms around my neck and, bursting
into tears,

"Saying: 'Go, my darling brother, drive those
traitors from our shore,

Although I need thy presence, yet our country
needs thee more.

Oh, go, my darling brother, I will not bid you stay,
But here in this old homestead I will wait you day
by day.'

"Now my comrades, I am dying, and I'll never see
her more,

Who will be to her a brother, shield her with a
father's care?"

His comrades spoke together, like one voice it
seemed to fall,

"She shall be to us a sister, we'll protect her, one
and all."

A radiant smile of splendor his countenance over-
spread,

And one quick convulsive shudder, and the soldier
boy was dead.

By the waves of the Potomac, there they laid him
down to rest,

With his knapsack for his pillow, and his rifle
'crossed his breast.

LITTLE STRONG BOW

To Dartmouth's scientific hall,
In olden times there came,
A sprightly red boy from the west,
And Strong Bow was his name,
Much had he heard of the bookman's skill,
The white man's pride and boast,
And ardently he wished to get
His honest mind engrossed.

'Twas there he learned the white man's
tongue,
To read and write and speak,
And soon by diligence was skilled
In Latin lore and Greek.
In modern arts and sciences
With the white boys he kept pace,
And few there were who ridiculed
The color of his race.

Except one proud New England youth,
Who, overbearing, rude,
Ofttimes on poor Strong Bow's peace,
Would wantonly intrude.
Yet when assailed in treatment base,
The red boy simply said,
"The time may yet arrive, when you
Will need and ask my aid."

The study years rolled swiftly 'round,
On the rapid wheels of time,
And Strong Bow to his nation went,
In a distant western clime.
The white boy with his parents lived,
Hard by the Atlantic shore,
And little he dreamed he e'er should meet
His tawny classmate more.

But when to sturdy manhood grown
A captain he became,
When the loud trump of war was blown,
And Kendall was inflamed.
The Britons proud arrayed the fight,
Against the freemen's right,
Engaged the red men on their side,
And armed them for the fight.

A battle fierce and long was fought
Between the whites and red,
And many a hero was laid low
Upon a gory bed.

The captain quickly to a tree,
With thong and cord was bound,
And pitchy fagots 'neath him placed,
While firebrands flamed around.

In death's announcing war dance joined
The fiends who death songs sing ;
When boldly stepped the chieftain forth
To the centre of the ring.

"And do you know me, sir ?" said he ;
"View carefully this face."
"I know you not," was the reply,
"But humbly beg for grace."

"You knew me once," the chieftain said,
"And you shall know again,
I am Strong Bow, on whom cruelly,
You oft inflicted pain."

"Strong Bow, brave chieftain, I confess,
With shame, you tell the truth,
But then you know it was the fault
Of unreflecting youth."

“Captain, you know the Indians well;
They never can forget
A favor or an injury,
When friends or foes are met.”
“Strong Bow, I to my fate submit,
But for my loving wife,
My parents, and my children dear,
I humbly beg for life.”

“Captain, although they can’t forget,
They freely can forgive.”
At liberty the captive set,
Saying, “Comrades, let him live. —
And now, brave captain, you’re released,
A warning take from me,
And never abuse an Indian boy,
Wherever he may be.”

“JOHNNY BULL”

It was once in Merry England,
The home of Johnny Bull,
When each Briton filled his glass,
And he filled it brimming full;
And the toast that they drank,
It was the health of Britons brave,
Oh, the champion he was,
Of the land and the wave.

Then rose up Uncle Sam,
And he looked across the main,
Saying, “Is this your English bully,
A-bellowing again?
O Johnny, don't you remember Yorktown,
We caused you for to sigh?
And when next you talk of fighting,
Johnny Bull, mind your eye.”

It was once in merry England,
All in the bloom of spring,

The bold English champion,
 Stood stripped, all in the ring,
For to face our noble Heenan,
 The gallant son of Troy,
And to try his English muscles
 On our brave Benicia Boy.

Oh, there were two flags a-floating
 Proudly o'er the ring,
The Britain was a lion
 All ready for to spring ;
And the other was an eagle,
 And a mighty bird she was,
For she held a bunch of thunderbolts,
 She held them in her claws.

Oh, the coppers they were "tos-ted " up,
 The melody begun,
It was two to one on Sayres
 That the bets came rushing on.
They fought like gallant heroes,
 Till Sayres got in a blow,
And the red stream enticed
 From the Yankee's nose to flow.

“First blood,” cries Johnny Bull,
And old England shouts with joy,
And they cheer their English bully,
While the brave Benicia Boy
Seeing, the tiger rolls within him,
And with lightning in his eye,
Says, “Smile away, old England,
But, Tommy, mind your eye.”

Then came the grandest round, boys,
This world can never beat,
The son of Uncle Sam, he rose
The champion off his feet,
And his followers they did smile,
While he held him in the air.
When from his grasp he threw him,
Caused the Englishmen to stare.

Now, Johnny, don't you remember,
The battle of Bunker Hill,
Likewise upon Lake Erie,
We made you drink your fill?
But it's now you have got something,
That'll cause you for to sigh,
And when next you talk of fighting,
Johnny Bull, mind your eye.

JUL 2 1903

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

00019572109