KTAADN, AND THE MAINE WOODS.

BY HENRY D. THOREAU.

THE WILDS OF THE PENOBSCOT.

On the 31st of August, 1846, I left Concord in Massachusetts for Bangor and the backwoods of Maine, by way of the railroad and steamboat, intending to accompany a relative of mine engaged in the lumber trade in Bangor, as far as a dam on the west branch of the Penobscot, in which property he was interested. From this place, which is about one hundred miles by the river above Bangor, thirty miles from the Honiton military road, and five miles beyond the last log hut, I proposed to make excursions to mount Ktaadn, the second highest mountain in New England, with my companion in a buggy from Bangor for about thirty miles distant, and some of the lakes of the Penobscot, either alone or with such company as I might pick up there. It is unusual to find a camp so far in the woods at that season, when lumbering operations have ceased, and I was glad to avail myself of the circumstance of a gang of men being employed there at that time in repairing the injuries caused by the great freshet in the spring. The mountain may be approached more easily and directly on horseback and on foot from the north-east side, by the Aroostook road, and the Wassataquoik river; but in that case you see much less of the wilderness, none of the glorious river and lake scenery, and have no experience of the bakeen and the boatman's life. I was fortunate also in the season of the year, for in the summer myriads of black flies, or, as the Indians call them, "no-see-ums," make traveling in the woods almost impossible; but now their reign was nearly over.

Ktaadn, whose name is an Indian word signifying highest land, was first ascended by white men in 1804. It was visited by Professor J. W. Bailey of West Point in 1836, by Dr. Charles T. Jackson, the State Geologist, in 1837, and by two young men from Boston in 1845. All these have given accounts of their expeditions. Since I was there, two or three other parties have made the excursion and told their stories. Besides these, very few, even among backwoodsmen and hunters, have ever climbed it, and it will be a long time before the tide of fashionable travel sets that way. The mountainous region of the State of Maine stretches from near the White Mountains, northeasterly one hundred and sixty miles, to the head of the Aroostook river, and is about sixty miles wide. The wild or unsettled portion is far more extensive. So that some hours only of travel in this direction will carry the curious to the verge of a primitive forest, more interesting, perhaps, on all accounts, than they would reach by going a thousand miles westward.

The next forenoon, Tuesday, Sept. 1st, I started with my companion in a buggy from Bangor for "up river," expecting to be overtaken the next day night, at Mattawunkong Point, some sixty miles off, by two more Bangorians, who had decided to join us in a trip to the mountain. We had each a knapsack or bag filled with such clothing and articles as were indispensable, and my companion carried his gun.

Within a dozen miles of Bangor we passed through the villages of Stillwater and Oldtown, built at the falls of the Penobscot, which furnish the principal power by which the Maine woods are converted into lumber. The mills are built directly over and across the river. Here is a close warm, a hard rub, at all seasons; and then the once green tree, long since white. I need not say so of the driven snow, but as a driven log, becomes lumber merely. Here your inch, your two and your three inch stuff begin to be, and Mr. Sawyer marks off those spaces which decide the destiny of so many prostrate forests. Through the steel ridge, more or less coarse, is the arroyo Maine forest, from Ktaadn and Chesuncook, and the head waters of the St. John, relentlessly sliced, till it comes out boards, clapboards, hats, and chingles such as the wind can take, still perchance to be split and split again, till men get a size that will suit. Think how stood the white-pine tree on the shore of Chesuncook, its branches soughing with the four winds, and every individual needle trembling in the sunlight—think how it stands with it now—sold, perchance to the New England Friction Match Company! There were in 1837, as I
read, two hundred and fifty saw mills on the Penobscot and its tributaries above Bangor, the greater part of them in this immediate neighborhood, and they sawed two hundred millions of feet of boards annually. To this is to be added, the lumber of the Kennebec, Androscoggin, Saco, Passannipody, and other streams. No wonder that we hear so often of vessels which are becalmed off our coast, being surrounded a week at a time by floating lumber from the Maine woods. The mission of men there seems to be, like so many busy demons, to drive the forest all out of the country, from every solitary beaver swamp, and mountain side, as soon as possible.

At Oldtown we walked into a batteau manufactory. The making of batteaux is quite a business here for the supply of the Penobscot river. We examined one on the stocks. They are exceedingly light and beautiful vessels, calculated for rapid and rocky streams, and to be carried over long portages on men's shoulders. They are from eighteen to twenty-five feet long, and only four or four and a half wide, sharp at both ends like a canoe, though broadest forward on the bottom, and reaching seven or eight feet over the water, in order that they may slip ever rock as gently as possible. They are made very slight, only two boards to a side, secured to a few light maple knees, but of the clearest and widest white-pine stuff, of which there is a great waste on account of their form, for the bottom is left perfectly flat, not only from side to side, but from end to end. Sometimes they become "hogging" even, after long use, and the boatmen then turn them over and straighten them by a weight at each end. They told us that one wore out in two years on the rocks, and sold for from fourteen to sixteen dollars. There was something refreshing and wildly musical to my ears in the very name of the white man's canoe, reminding me of Charlevoix and Canadian Voyagers. The batteau is a sort of mongrel between the canoe and the boat, a fur-trader's boat.

The ferry here took us past the Indian island. As we left the shore, I observed a short shabby washerwoman-looking Indian; they commonly have the woe-begone look of the girl that cried for her spilt milk—just from "up river,"—land on the Oldtown side near a gristry, and drawing up his canoe, take out a bundle of skins in one hand, and an empty keg or half-barrel in the other, and scramble up the bank with them. The picture will do to put before the Indian's history, that is, the history of his extinction. In 1837, there were three hundred and sixty-two souls left of this tribe. The island seemed deserted to-day, yet I observed some new houses among the weather-stained ones, as if the tribe had still a design upon life; but generally they have a very shabby and forlorn, cheerless look, being all back side and wooded, not homesteads, even Indian homesteads, but instead of homes or abodes indeed, there life is done out militia, at home or at war, or now rather venatus, that is, a hunting, and most of the latter. The church is the only trim-looking building, but that is not Abenaki's, that was Rome's doings. Good Canadian it may be, but it is poor Indian.

These were the ancient Turantultes. Politics are all the rage with them now. I even thought that a row of wigwams, with a dance of pow-wows, and a prisoner tortured at the stake, would be more respectable than this.

We landed in Milford, and rode along on the east side of the Penobscot, having a more or less constant view of the river, and the Indian islands in it, for they retain all the islands as far up as Nickatow, at the mouth of the East Branch. They are generally well-timbered, and are said to be better soil than the neighboring shores. The river seemed very shallow and rocky, and interrupted by rapids, rippling and glistening in the sun. We paused a moment to see a fish-hawk dive for a fish down straight as an arrow, from a great height, but he missed his prey this time. It was the Huniton Military Road on which we were now travelling, over which some troops were marched once towards Mars' Hill, though not to Mars' field, as it proved. It is the main, almost the only road in these parts, as straight and well made, and kept in as good repair, as almost any you will find anywhere. Everywhere we saw signs of the great freshet—this house standing awry, and there where it was not found, but where it was found, at any rate, the next day; and that other with a water-logged look, as if it were still ailing and drying its basement, and logs with everybody's marks upon them, and sometimes the marks of their having served as bridges, strung along the road. We crossed the Suckhaze, a summery Indian name, the Olenhun, Passadunkwag, and other streams, which make a greater show on the map than they now did on the road. At Passadunkwag, we found anything but what the name implies, earnest politicians, to wit—white ones. I mean—as the doubt, to know how the election is likely to go; men who talk rapidly, with subdued voices, and a sort of fakirish earnestness, you cannot help believing, hardly waiting for an introduction, one on each side of your buggy, endeavoring to say much in little, for they see you hold the whip helplessly, but always saying little in much. Caucuses they have had, it seems, and caucuses they are to have again—victory and defeat; somebody may be elected, somebody may not. One man, a total stranger, who stood by our carriage, in the dark, actually frightened the horse with his observations, growing more solemnly positive as there was less in him to be positive about. So Passadunkwag did not look so
map. At sundown, leaving the river-road awhile for shortness, we went by way of Enfield, where we stopped for the night. This, like most of the localities bearing names on this road, was a place to name, which, in the midst of the man-made and unincorporated wilderness, was to make a distinction without a difference, it seemed to me. Here, however, I noticed quite an orchard of healthy and well-grown apple trees, in a bearing state, it being the oldest settler's house in this region, but all natural fruit, and comparatively worthless for want of a grafted. And so it is generally lower down the river. It would be a good speculation, as well as a favor conferred on the settlers, for a Massachusetts boy to go down there with a trunk full of choice scions, and his grafting apparatus, in the Spring.

The next morning we drove along through a high and hilly country, in view of Cold-Stream Pond, a very beautiful lake, four or five miles long, and came into the Houlton road again, at Lincoln, forty-five miles from Bangor, where there is quite a village, for this country—the principal one above Oldtown. Learning that there were several wigwams here, on one of the Indian islands, we left our horse and wagon, and walked through the forest half a mile, to the river, to procure a guide to the mountain. It was not till after considerable search that we discovered their habitations—regular shanties, in a retired place, where the scenery was unusually soft and beautiful, and the shore skirted with pleasant meadows and graceful elms. We paddled ourselves across to the island, in a canoe, which we found on the shore. Near where we landed, sat an Indian girl, ten or twelve years old, on a rock in the water, in the sun, washing, and humming a song meanwhile. It was an aboriginal strain. A salmon-spear, made wholly of wood, lay on the shore, such as they might have used before white men came. It had an elastic piece of wood fastened to one side of the point, which slipped over and closed upon the fish, somewhat like the contrivance for hobbling a brack, at the end of a wadpole. As we walked up to the nearest house, we were met by a sally of a dozen wolfish-looking dogs, which may have been lineal descendants from the ancient Indian dogs, which the first voyagers describe as their wolves. I suppose they were. The occupant soon appeared, with a long pole in his hand, with which he beat off the dogs, while he parleyed with us. A stalwart, but dull and greasy-looking fellow, who told us, in his sluggish way, in answer to our questions, as if it were the first serious business he had to do that day, that there were Indians going "up river,"—he and one other to-day, before noon. And who was the other? Louis Neptune, who lives in the next house. Well, let us go over and see Louis to-gether. The same dogish reception, and Louis Neptune makes his appearance—a small, wiry man, with precured and wrinkled face, yet he seemed the chiefman of the two; the same, as I remembered, who had accompanied Jackson to the mountain in '37. The same questions were put to Louis, and the same information obtained, while the other Indian stood by. It appeared, that they were going to start by noon, with two canoes, to go up to Chestuicook, to hunt moose—to be gone a month. "Well, Louis, suppose you get to the Point, (to the Five Islands, just below Mattawankeag;) to camp, we walk on up the west branch to-morrow—four of us—and wait for you at the dam, on this side. You overtake us to-morrow or next day, and take us into your canoes.

We step for you, you step for us. We pay you for your trouble." "Ye!" replied Louis, "may be you carry some provision for all—some pork—some bread—and no pay." He said, "Me sure get some moose;" and when I asked, if he thought Pownal would let us go up, he answered that we must plant one bottle of rum on the top, he had planted good many; and when he looked again, the rum was all gone. He had been up two or three times; he had planted letter—English, German, French, &c. These men were slightly clad in shirt and pantaloons, like laborers with us in warm weather. They did not invite us into their houses, but met us outside. So we left the Indians, thinking ourselves lucky to have secured such guides and companions.

There were very few houses along the road, yet they did not altogether fail, as the law by which men are dispersed over the globe were a very stringcut ones, and not to be resisted with impunity or for slight reasons. There were even the germ of some or two villages just beginning to expand. The beauty of the road itself was remarkable. The various evergreens, many of which are rare with—delicate and botanical speciousness of the larch, cedar, arbor-vite, hill spruce, and fir-baum, from a few inches to many feet in height, lined its sides, in some places like a long front yard, springing up from the smooth grass-plots which uninterrupted border it, and are made fertile by its wash; while it was not a step on either hand to the grim untrodden wilderness, whose tangled labyrinth of living, fallen, and decaying trees, only the deer and moose, the bear and wolf, can penetrate. More perfect speciousness than any front yard plot can show, grew there to grace the passage of the Houlton teams.

About noon we reached the Mattawankeag, fifty-six miles from Bangor by the way we had come, and put up at a frequented house, still on the Houlton road, where the Houlton stage stops. Here was a substantial covered bridge over the Mattawankeag, built, I think they said, some
After dinner—where, by the way, and even at breakfast, as well as supper—at the public-houses on this road, the front rank is composed of various kinds of "sweet cake," in a continuous line from one end of the table to the other. I think I may safely say that there was a row of ten or a dozen plates of this kind set before us two here. To account for which, they say, that when the lumbermen come out of the woods, they have a craving for cakes and pies, and such sweet things, which there are almost unknown, and this is the supply to satisfy that demand. The supply is always equal to the demand, and these hungry men think a good deal of getting their money's worth. No doubt, the balance of sweat things, which there are almost unknown, they have a craving for cakes and pies, and such sweet things, which there are almost unknown, and this is the supply to satisfy that demand. The supply is always equal to the demand, and these hungry men think a good deal of getting their money's worth. No doubt, the balance of sweat things, which there are almost unknown, they have a craving for cakes and pies, and such sweet things, which there are almost unknown, and this is the supply to satisfy that demand.

The Mattawamkeag takes off the raw edge. Well, over this front rank, I say, you coming from the victuals is restored by the time, they reach Bangor: the money's worth. No doubt, the balance of sweat things, which there are almost unknown, they have a craving for cakes and pies, and such sweet things, which there are almost unknown, and this is the supply to satisfy that demand.

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and soon it is ready for grain, and to be laid down.
Let those of poverty and hard times who will,
in the towns and cities; cannot the immigrant, who
can pay his fare to New-York or Boston, pay five
dollars more to get here,—I paid three, all told,
for my passage from Boston to Bangor, 250 miles,
—and be as rich as he pleases, where land virtu-
ously costs nothing, and houses only the labor of
building, and he may begin life as Adam did?
If he will still remember the distinction of poor
and rich, let him bespeak him a narrower house
forthwith.

[END OF PART I]

MORNING SONG OF FLOWERS.

BY ANNA MAY FREEMAN.

As an angel came last night, and bent
Over us, and wept,
Because no prayer to Heaven was sent,
Before you slept.

See! on the lily's leaf there lies
A drop like dew—
It is a tear those angel-eyes
Let fall, for you!

Oh, let us on our sweet breath bear,
Beyond the sky,
From thy full heart a grateful prayer,
A heavenward sigh;
So shall that loving angel weep
For joy at sight,
And watch thee in thy peaceful sleep
Till morning light.

LINES TO ONE UNKNOWN.

(WRITTEN IN SOLITUDE)

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Above once more!
Alone with thee! best loved, though all unknown,
I never listened to thy voice's tone;
I cannot soar
To the celestial region, where thou art,
Although I hold thee near my lowest heart.

Thus recurst to me
As beautiful as morning, when the sky
And gradated twilight softly melts away;
In flower and tree,
And every graceful thing of earth and air,
I trace some likeness of thy form most fair!

I cannot say,
With what a sanctity and majesty mine
Thy angel image glideth in between

Me and the sky;
Or how at night thy tender aspect beams,
And lights the landscape of my world of dreams.

Were mine the lyre,
From which of old the sacred minstrelsy drew
The sweetest notes that art or nature knew,
I might aspire
To hymn thy beauty, wondrous and divine
As heavenly radiance on an earthly shrine.

It is thy soul,
Only thy soul, thus gloriously revealed;
From other sight my vision thou hast sealed—
Thy mild control
Subdues my hopes and teaches patient love,
Till I grow meek and gentle as the dove!
KTAADN, AND THE MAINE WOODS.

BY HENRY D. THOREAU.

LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS.

No. II.

When we returned to the Mattawamkeag, the Houlton stage had already put up there; and a Province man was betraying his greenness to the Yankees by his questions—Why, Province money won't pass here at par, when States' money is good at Frederickton—though this, perhaps, was sensible enough. From what I saw then, it appeared that the Province man was now the only real Jonathan, or raw country bumpkin, left so far behind by his enterprising neighbors, that he didn't know enough to put a question to them. No people can long continue provincial in character, who have the propensity for politics and whistling, and rapid travelling, which the Yankees have, and who are leaving the mother country behind in the variety of their notions and inventions. The possession and exercise of practical talent merely, are a sure and rapid means of intellectual culture and independence.

The last edition of Greenleaf's Map of Maine hung on the wall here, and, as we had no pocket map, we resolved to trace a map of the lake country; so dipping a wad of tow into the lamp, we oiled a sheet of paper on the oiled table-cloth, and, in good faith, traced what we afterwards ascertained to be a labyrinth of errors, carefully following the outlines of the imaginary lakes which that map contains. The Map of the Public Lands of Maine and Massachusetts is the only one I have seen that at all deserves the name. It was while we were engaged in this operation that our companions arrived. They had seen the Indians' fire on the Five Islands and so concluded that all was right. At the end of three miles we came to the Mattawamkeag stream and mill, where there was then a rude wooden railroad running down to the Penobscot, the last railroad we were to see. We crossed the last track, on the bank of the river, of more than a hundred acres of heavy timber, which had just been felled and burnt over, and was still smoking. Our trail lay through the midst of it, and was well marked out. The trees lay at full length, four or five feet deep, and crossing each other in all directions, all black as charcoal, but perfectly sound within, still good for fuel or for timber; soon they would be cut into lengths and
burnt again. Here were thousands of cards, enough to keep the poor of Boston and New-York amply warm for a winter, which only cumbered the ground, and were in the settler’s way. And the whole of that solid and interminable forest is deemed to be gradually devoured thus by fire, like shavings, and no man be warned by it. At Crocker’s log hut, at the mouth of Salmon River, seven miles from the Point, one of the party commenced distributing a store of small cent picture-books among the children, to learn them to read; and also newspapers, more or less recent, among the parents, than which nothing can be more acceptable to a backwoods people. It was really an important item in our outfit, and, at times, the only currency that would circulate. I walked low water, but not without wetting my feet. A few miles further we came to "Marn Howard’s," at the end of an extensive clearing, where there were two or three log huts in sight at once, on the opposite side of the river, and a few graves, even surrounded by a wooden paling, where already the rude forefathers of a hamlet lie; and a thousand years hence, perchance, some poet will write his "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." The "Village Hampdens," the "mute, inglorious Miltons," and Cromwells, "guiltless of" their country’s blood, were yet unborn.

"Perchance in this wild spot there will be laid Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire; Bands that the rod of empire might have swung, Or waded to enthrall the living tree!"

The next house was Fisk’s, ten miles from the Point, at the mouth of the East Branch, opposite to the island Nickatow, or the Forks, the last of the Indian islands. I am particular to give the name of the settlers and the distances, since every log hut in these woods is a public house, and such information is of no little consequence to those who may have occasion to travel this way. Our course here crossed the Penobscot, and followed the southern bank. One of the party, who entered the house in search of some one to set to their task, reported a very neat dwelling with plenty of books, and a new wife, just imported from Boston; wholly new to the woods. We found the Seboons, or East Branch, a quite rapid stream at its mouth, and much deeper than it appeared. Having with some difficulty discovered the trail again, we kept up the south side of the West Branch, or main river, passing by some rapids called Rock-Ebeeine, the roar of which we heard through the woods, and, shortly after, in the thickest of the wood, some empty loggers’ camps, still new, which were occupied the previous winter. Though we saw a few more afterwards, I will make one account serve for all. These were such houses as the lumberers of Maine spend the winter in, in the wilderness. There were the camps and the hovel for the cattle, hardly distinguishable, except that the latter had no chimney. These camps were about twenty feet long by fifteen wide, built of logs—hemlock, cedar, spruce, or yellow birch—one kind alone, or all together, with the bark on; two or three large ones first, one directly above another, and notched together at the ends, to the height of three or four feet, then of smaller logs resting upon transverse ones at the ends, each of the last successively shorter than the other, to form the roof. The chimney was an oblong square hole in the middle, three or four feet in diameter, with a fence of logs as high as the ridge. The interstices were filled with moss, and the roof was shingled with long handsome splints of cedar, or spruce, or pine, rife with a stodge and cleaver. The fire-place, the most important piece of all, was in shape and size like the chimney, and directly under it, defined by a log fence or leafer on the ground, and a heap of ashes a foot or two deep within, with solid benches of split logs running round it. Here the fire usually melts the snow, and dries the rain before it can descend to quench it. The fueled beds of arbor-vitae leaves extended under the eaves on either hand. There was the place for the water-pail, pork-barrel, and wash-basin, and generally a dingy pack of cards left on a log. Usually a good deal of whistling was expended on the latch, which was made of wood, in the form of an iron one. These houses are made comfortable by the huge fires that can be afforded night and day. Usually the scenery about them is drear and savage enough; and the loggers’ camp is as completely in the woods as a fungus at the foot of a pine in a swamp; no outlook but to the sky overcast; no more clearing than is made by cutting down the trees of which it is built, and those which are necessary for fuel. If only it be well sheltered and convenient to his work, and near a spring, he wastes no thought on the prospect. They are very proper forest houses, the stems of the trees collected together and piled up around a man to keep out wind and rain: made of living green logs, hanging with moss, and with the curls and fringes of the yellow-birch bark, and dripping with resin, fresh and moist, and redolent of swampy odors, with that sort of vigor and permanence even about them that toad-stools suggest. The logger’s fare consists of tea, molasses, flour, pork,—sometimes beef,—and beans. A great proportion of the beaus raised in Massachusetts find their market here. On expeditions it is only hard bread and raw pork, slice upon slice, with tea or water, as the case may be.

The primitive wood is always and everywhere damp and muzzy, so that I travelled constantly
judging from the quality of the timber on it, would woods hereabouts abounded in beech and yellow-dry season, what must it be in the Spring? was so wet and spongy at this, the driest part of a part travel with wet feet. the few I had seen, at once. the sun were let in it would make a dry field, lilo: make a profitable clearing, was I reminded, that if only when it was remarked that this or that tract, with the impression that I was in a swarm; and look an immense country of uninterrupted forest, mountains here, but to-day it was so smoky that formerly had a good view of Ktaadn and the other gleaming far beneath us. we got a fine view of the river, rippling and all extensive and elevated clearing, from which had tempted any but the hunter to precede us on was the pine alone, chiefly the white pine, that Massachusetts, all comas from below Bangor here. littlespruce and hemlock beside had been logged but I saw only the stumps of the white pine specimens; also spruce, cedar, fir, and hemlock; 'and would accept no recompense for it. birch, of which last there were some very large you were to cut only a few feet square in the in due time took us across in his batteau. dogs forthwith, and thereafter theirmaster, who point of the shore, that we might be seen, and ibread, for 'Maine, it will be remembered, is a bank of the Penobscot. Little Schoodic River, on the opposite or north extensive clearing of intervale, at the mouth of the he was well known, where we intended to break was familiarly called by my companions, to whom we saw it. dry scent we perceived a third of a mile off before quite a field of corn for this region, whose peculiar what wild life was stirring in its midst. Aroostook valley on the northeast: and imagine on the north and northwest, and toward the stretching away up the Sebocis toward Canada, place so cony°rieut above. wait for the Indians, as there was no stopping day. journeying over his clearing only, the live-long ard horizon to himself, and the sun seemed to be down a thimble therein. the hot cakes not sweetened, the one white, the The eastern wood, which is sold for fuel in The best shod ford descent, who had been a waterman twenty-two The Waite's faun, thirteen miles from the Point, is. So we collected or I been brought up the river in batteaux—no Indian. Eighteen miles from the Point brought us in He had a whole heaven IIe had seen no In- ibootswith. Everything here was in profusion, and the best of The best shod ford descent, who had been a waterman twenty-two. Here we concluded to spend the night, and Ji. The pioneer has been a traveller, and, to some extent, a man of the world; and, as the distances, with which he is familiar are greater, so is his in- A man of the world; and, as the distances, with which he is familiar are greater, so is his in- intelligence which I had not looked for in the back- formation more general and far-reaching than the formation more general and far-reaching than the In fact, the deeper you penetrate into the In fact, the deeper you penetrate into the Inhabitants of all old-settled country, oil farms all emanate from cities, it would be among the rusty Inhabitants of all old-settled country, oil farms all emanate from cities, it would be among the rusty intelligence and refinement which are thought to Inhabitants of all old-settled country, oil farms all emanate from cities, it would be among the rusty intelligence and refinement which are thought to Inhabitants of all old-settled country, oil farms all emanate from cities, it would be among the rusty intelligence and refinement which are thought to Inhabitants of all old-settled country, oil farms all emanate from cities, it would be among the rusty intelligence and refinement which are thought to
In the night we were entertained by the sound of rain drops on the cedar splints which covered the roof, and awoke the next morning with a drop or two in our eyes. It had set in for a storm, and we made up our minds not to forsake such comfortable quarters with this prospect, but wait for Indians and fair weather. It rained and drizzled, and glistened by turns, the live-long day. What we did there, how we killed the time, would perhaps, be harder to tell; how many times we battered our boots, and how often a dewy one was seen to sidle off to the bedroom. When it held up, I strolled up and down the bank and gathered the barberry and cedar berries, which grew there; or else we tried by turns the long-handled axe on the logs before the door. The axe-helves here were made to chop standing on the log—a primitive log of course—and were, therefore, nearly a foot longer than with us. One while we walked over the farm, and visited his well-filled barns with McCauslin. There were one other man and two women at there. He kept horses, cows, oxen, and sheep. I think he said that he was the first to bring a plough and a cow so far; and, he might have added, if to last, the log—a primitive log of course—and were, turned to a delicate salmon color by the smoke. The roof and sides were covered with the same, instead of shingles and clapboards, and a much thicker and larger size was used for the floor. These were all so straight and smooth, that they answered the purpose admirably; and a careless observer would not have suspected that they were not sawed and planed. The chimney and hearth were of vast size, and made of stone. The beam was a few twigs of arbor-vite tied to a stick; and a pole was suspended over the hearth, close to the ceilings, to dry stockings and clothes on. I noticed that the floor was full of small, dingy holes, as if made with a gimlet, but which were, in fact, made by the spikes, nearly an inch long, which the hucksters wear in their hoots to prevent their slipping on wet logs. As McCauslin said, "The old ones sit up first, and she taught the pup, and now they had got it into their heads that it would not ripen. Melons, squashes, sweet-corn, pumpkins, pigeons, or a "yellow hammer," as they called the pigeon-woodpecker, on a dead limb of stump was instantly expelled. It was the main business of their day, and kept them constantly coming and going. One would rush out of the house on the least alarm given by the other." When it rained hardest, we returned to the house, and took down a tract from the shelf. There was the Wandering Jew, cheap edition, and fine print, the Criminal Calendar, and Parish's Geography, and flash novels two or three. Under the pressure of circumstances, we read a little in these. With such aid, the press is not so feeble an engine after all. This house, which was a fair specimen of those on this river, was built of huge logs, which peeped out every-where, and were chinked with clay and moss. It contained four or five rooms. There were no sawed boards, or shingles, or clapboards, about it; and scarcely any tool but the axe had been used in its construction. The partitions were made of long clapboard-like splints, of spruce or cedar, turned to a delicate salmon color by the smoke. The roof and sides were covered with the same, instead of shingles and clapboards, and a much thicker and larger size was used for the floor. These were all so straight and smooth, that they answered the purpose admirably; and a careless observer would not have suspected that they were not sawed and planed. The chimney and hearth were of vast size, and made of stone. 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One would rush out of the house on the least alarm given by the other."
men for a week, with what we might pick up. A tea-kettle, a frying-pan and an axe, to be obtained at the last house, would complete our outfit.

We were soon out of McCormick's clearing, and in the evergreen woods again. The obscure trail made by the two settlers above, which even the woodman is sometimes puzzled to discern, crept across a narrow open strip in the woods overgrown with weeds, called the Burnt Pond, where a fire had raged formerly, stretching northward nine or ten miles to Millinocket Lake. At the end of three miles we reached Shad Pond, or Noiseannock, an expansion of the river. Hodge, the Assistant State Geologist, who passed through on the twenty-fifth of June, 1837, says, "We pushed our boat through an acre or more of buck-brass, which had taken root at the bottom, and bloomed above the surface in the greatest profusion and beauty." Thomas Fowler's house is four miles from McCormick's, on the shore of the Pond, at the mouth of the Millinocket River, and eight miles from the lake of the same name, on the latter stream. This lake affords a more direct course to Ktaadn, but we preferred to follow the Penobscot and the Pamadnock Lake. Fowler was just completing a new log hut, and was sawing ten streams.

This meadow was overrun with weeds, called the Burnt Land, where the grass and meadow-clover, as lie called it, bloomed above the surface in the greatest profusion. We noticed flattened places in the grass on either side, where, he said, a moose had laid down the night before, adding, that there were thousands in these meadows.

Old Fowler's, on the Millinocket, six miles from McCormick's, and twenty-four from the Point, is the last house. Gibson's, on the Sewadrack, is the only clearing above, but that had proved a failure, and was long since deserted. Fowler is the oldest inhabitant of these woods. He formerly lived a few miles from here, on the south side of the West Branch, where he built his house sixteen years ago, the first house built above the Five Islands. Here our new batteau was to be carried over the first portage of two miles, round the Grand Falls of the Penobscot, on a horse-sled made of saplings, to jump the numerous rocks in the way, but we had to wait a couple of hours for them to catch the horses, which were pastured at a distance, amid the stumps, and had wandered still further off. The loot of the salmon for this season had just been caught, and were still fresh in the pickle, from which enough was extracted to fill our empty kettle, and so graduate our introduction to simpler forest fare. The week before, they had lost nine sheep here out of their first flock, by the wolves. The surviving sheep came round the house, and seemed frightened, which induced them to go and look for the rest, when they found seven dead and devoured, and two still alive. These last they carried to the house, and, as Mrs. Fowler said, they were merely scratched in the throat, and had an even more voracious ward them than would be produced by the pinch of a pin. She shaved off the wool from their throats, and washed them and put on some salt, and turned them out, but in a few moments they were missing, and had not been found since. In fact,
may be relied on for a tight roof. At length, after two hours' delay at the place, a streak of fair weather appeared in the northwest, whither our course now lay, promising a serene evening for our voyage; and the driver returned with his horses, while we made haste to launch our boat, and commence our voyage in good earnest.

There were six of us, including the two boatmen. With our packs heaped up near the bows, and ourselves disposed as baggage to trim the boat, with instructions not to move in case we should strike a rock, more than so many barrels of pork, we pushed out into the first rapid, a slight spectacle of the stream we had to navigate. With Uncle George in the stern, and Tom in the bows, each using a square pole about twelve feet long, pointed with iron, and poling on the same side, we shot up the rapids like a salmon, the water rushing and roaring around, so that only a practised eye could distinguish a safe course, or tell what was deep water and what rocks; frequently gazing at the latter on either side alike, with a hundred as many escapes as over the Argo had in passing through the Symplegades. I, who had had some experience in boating, had never experienced any half so exhilarating before.

We were lucky to have exchanged our Indians for these men, who, together with Tom's brother, were reputed the best boatmen on the river, and were at once indispensable pilots and pleasant companions. The canoe is smaller, more easily upset, and sooner worn out; and the Indian is said not to be so skilful in the management of the bateau. He is, at any rate, less to be relied on, and more disposed to sulks and whines. The utmost familiarity with dead streams, or with the ocean, would not prepare a man for this peculiar navigation; and the most skilful between two where she would have been obliged to take out his boat and carry round a hundred times, still with great skill, as well as delay, where the practised bateau man polés up with competitive ease and safety. The famous "voyageur" polés with incredible perseverance and success up to the foot of the falls, and then only carries round some perpendicular ledge, and联合会 again in "the terrible smoothnesses, etc.

The Indians say, that the river once ran both ways, one half up and the other down, but that since the white man came, its flow has been reversed to make laboriously pole their canoes against the stream and carry them over numerous portages. In the Summer, all serves, the gravelstone and the shingle of the pioneer, four, pork, and stands for the explorer, must be conveyed up the river in bateaux; and many a man and many a boatman is lost in these waters. In the Winter, however, which is very equable and long, the ice is the great hig-
way, and the loggers' train penetrates to Chese- 
cock Lake, and still higher up, even two hundred 
miles above Bangor. Imagine the solitary sled- 
track running far up into the snowy and ever-
green wilderness, hemmed in closely for a hundred 
miles by the forest, and again stretching straight 
across the broad surfaces of concealed lakes!

We were soon in the smooth water of the Qua-
kish Lake, and took our turns at rowing and pul-
ding across it. It is a small, irregular, but hands-
some lake, shut in on all sides by the forest, and 
showing us traces of man but few low booms in a 
distant cove, reserved for Spring use. The spruce 
and cedar on its shores, hung with gray moss, 
looked at a distance like the ghosts of trees. Docks 
were sailing here and there on its surface, 
and a solitary loon, like a more living wave—a 
spiritual spot on the lake's surface—laughed and 
frisked, and showed its straight leg, for our 
entertainment. Joe Merry Mountain appeared 
in the manner, as if it were looking down at us, 
and we had our first, but a partial view of Kiadu, 
its summit veiled in clouds, like a darkslug in 
that quarter, connecting the heavens with the earth. 
After two miles of smooth rowing across this lake, 
we found ourselves in the river again, which was a continuous rapid 
for one mile, to the dam, requiring all the strength 
and skill of our boatmen to pole up it.

This dam is a quite important and expensive 
work for this country, whether cattle and horses 
cannot penetrate in the Summer, raising the 
whole river ten feet, and flooding, as they said, 
some sixty square miles by means of the innum-
erable lakes with which the river connects. It 
is a lofty and solid structure, with sloping piers 
and a mud-puddle, was soon blazing again, and we 
and skilful in wood and water 
and was necessarily composed of men not bred to 
the business of dam-building, but who were Jacks-
at-all-trades, handy with the axe, and othersim-
ple implements, and well skilful in wood and wa-
ter craft. We had hot cakes for our supper, even 
here as snow-balls, but without butter, and the 
ever-failing sweet cakes, with which we filled 
our pockets, foreseeing that we should not soon 
meet with the like again. Such delicate poff-
balls seemed a singular diet for backwoodsmen. 
There was also tea without milk, sweetened with 
molasses. And so, exchanging a word with John 
Morrison and his gang when we had returned to 
the shore, and also exchanging our batteau for a 
better still, we made haste to improve the little 
daylight that remained. This camp, exactly 
twenty-nine miles from Mattawamkeag Point, by 
the way we had come, and about one hundred 
leaves to the river, was the last human 
habitation of any kind in this direction. Beyond, 
there was no trail; and the river and lakes, by 
batteau and canoe, was considered the only prac-
ticable route. We were about thirty miles by the 
river from the summit of Kiadu, which was in 
sight, though not more than twenty, perhaps, in a 
straight line.

[END OF PART II.]

NOBILITY.

BY GEO. R. BURLEIGH.

Shall cause not frown from their eternal throne, 
To pierce the clouds that spread their beauty back; 
And when the life that rules the fallen black, 
Their radiant eyes link glance thro' space through space, 
As if no evening star had marked their way. 
Wheeled forever in its golden track, 
The great sun was not on the transport's bark, 
But guides miles, rough storm and quiet dew, 
Such sage greatness bees from good seats, 
Early starry laces shine down on sky-bred hearts; 
Bound in hark color to their infant goals 
On all below their face gang splendor Dude, 
And as cloud flows, or claim of huge dome 
Staff near or grasp one beam of their immemorial sky,
In being about the full of the moon, and a warm and pleasant evening, we decided to row five miles by moonlight to the head of the North Twin Lake, lest the wind should rise on the morrow. After one mile of river, or what the boatmen call "thoroughfare,"—for the river becomes at length only the connecting link between the lakes,—and some slight rapid which had been mostly made smooth by the dam, we entered the North Twin Lake just after sundown, and steered across for the head of the North Twin Lake just after sundown, and steered across for the head of the North Twin Lake, here and there from the plateau. The country is an archipelago of lakes,—the lake-country of New England. Their levels vary but a few feet, and the boatmen, by short portages, or by none at all, pass easily from one to another. They say that at very high water the Penobscot and the Kennebec flow into each other, or at any rate, that you may lie with your face in the one and your toes in the other. Even the Penobscot and St. John have been connected by a canal, so that the lumber of the Allagash, instead of going down the St. John, comes down the Penobscot; and the Indian tradition that the Penobscot once ran both ways for his convenience, is, in one sense, partially realized to-day.

None of our party but McCauslin had been above this lake, so we trusted to him to pilot us, and we could not but confess the importance of a pilot on these waters. While it is river, you will not easily forget which way is up stream; but when you enter a lake, the river is completely lost, and you scan the distant shores in vain to find where it comes in. A stranger is, for the time at least, lost, and must set about a voyage of discovery first of all to find the river. To follow the windings of the shore when the lake is ten miles or even more in length, and of an irregularity which will not soon be mapped, is a wearisome voyage, and will spend his time and his provisions. They tell a story of a gang of experienced woodmen sent to a location on the stream, who were thus lost in the wilderness of lakes. They cut their way through thickets, and carried their baggage and their boats over from lake to lake, sometimes several miles. They carried into Millinocket lake, which is on another stream, and is ten miles square, and contains a hundred islands. They explored its shores thoroughly, and then carried into another and another, and it was a week of toil and anxiety before they found the

bold mountainous shore, as we might have expected, but only isolated hills and mountains rising here and there from the plateau. The country is an archipelago of lakes,—the lake-country of New England. Their levels vary but a few feet, and the boatmen, by short portages, or by none at all, pass easily from one to another. They say that at very high water the Penobscot and the Kennebec flow into each other, or at any rate, that you may lie with your face in the one and your toes in the other. Even the Penobscot and St. John have been connected by a canal, so that the lumber of the Allagash, instead of going down the St. John, comes down the Penobscot; and the Indian tradition that the Penobscot once ran both ways for his convenience, is, in one sense, partially realized to-day.

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Penobscot river again, and then their provisions were exhausted, and they were obliged to return.

While Uncle George steered for a small island near the head of the lake, now just visible like a speck on the water, we rowed by turns swiftly over its surface, singing such boat-songs as we could remember. The shores seemed at an indefinite distance in the moonlight. Occasionally we paused in our singing and rested on our oars, while we listened to hear if the wolves howled, for this is a common serenade, and my companions affirmed that it was the most dismal and unearthly of sounds; but we heard none this time.

If we did not hear, however, we did listen, not without a reasonable expectation; that at least I have to tell,—only some utterly uncivilized, big-throated owl hooted loud and dismally in the boughy wilderness, plainly not nervous over its surface, singing such boat-songs as we could remember.

Occasionally not a breath the blue wave to curl; but when the wind blows off the shore, oh, sweetly we'll rest our laboring oar.

At last we glided past the "green isle" which had been our landmark, all joining in the chorus; as if by the watery links of rivers and of lakes we were about to float over unmeasured zones of earth, bound on unimaginable adventures.

Sunt of this green isle, hear our prayer, grant us cool days and favoring airs.

About nine o'clock we reached the river, and ran our boat into a natural haven between some rocks, and drew her out on the sand. This was calculated to burn all night. We next proceeded to pitch our tent; which operation was performed by sticking our two spike poles into the ground in a slanting direction, about ten feet apart, for rafters, and then drawing our cotton cloth over them, and tying it down at the ends, leaving it open in front, shed-fashion. But this evening the wind carried the sparks on to the tent and burned it. So we hastily drew up the batteau just within the edge of the woods before the fire, and propping up one side three or four feet high, spread the tent on the ground to lie on; and with the corner of a blanket, or what more or less we could get to put over us, lay down with our heads and bodies under the boat, and our feet and legs on the sand toward the fire. At first we lay awake, talking of our course, and finding ourselves in so convenient a posture for study in the heavens, with the moon and stars shining in our faces, our conversation naturally turned upon astronomy, and we recounted by turns the most interesting discoveries in that science. But at length we composed ourselves seriously to sleep.

It was interesting, when awakened at midnight, to watch the grotesque and headlike forms and motions of some one of the party, who, not being able to sleep, had got up silently to arouse the fire, and add fresh fuel, for a change; now stealthily lugging a dead tree from out the dark, and heaving it on, now stirring up the embers with his fork, or tiptoeing about to observe the stars, watched, perchance, by half the prostrate party, as much the more intense because they were awake, while each supposed his neighbor sound asleep. Thus aroused, I too brought fresh fuel to the fire, and then rambled along the sandy shore in the moonlight, hoping to meet a moose come down to drink, or else a wolf. The little rill tinkled the louder, and pleased all the wilderness for me; and the glassy smoothness of the sleeping lake, lying the shores of a new world, with the dark, fantastic rocks rising here and there from its surface, made a scene not easily described. It has left such an impression of stern yet grateful wildness on my memory as will not soon be effaced. Not far from midnight, we were one after another awakened by rain falling on our extremities; and as
each was made aware of the fact by cold or wet, he drew a long sigh and then drew up his legs, until gradually we had all sailed round from lying at right angles with the boat, till our bodies formed an acute angle with it, and were wholly protected. When next we awoke, the moon and stars were shining again, and there were signs of dawn in the east. I have been thus particular in order to convey some idea of a night in the woods.

We had soon harnessed and loaded our boat, and, leaving our fire blazing, were off again before breakfast. The lumberers rarely trouble themselves to put out their fires, such as the dampness of the primitive forest; and this is one cause, no doubt, of the frequent fires in Maine, of which we hear so much on smoky days in Massachusetts. The forests are held cheap after the white pine has been cut; and the explorers and hunters pray for rain only to clear the atmosphere of smoke. The woods were so wet to-day, however, that there was no danger of our fire spreading.

After poling up half a mile of river, or thoroughfare, we rowed a mile across the foot of Pamaducook Lake, which is the name given on the map to this whole chain of lakes, as if there was but one, though they are, in each instance, distinctly separated by a reach of the river, with its narrow and rocky channel and its rapids. This lake, which is one of the largest, stretched north-west ten miles, to hills and mountains in the distance. McCauslin pointed to some distant and, as yet, inaccessible forests of white pine, on the sides of a mountain in that direction. The Joe Merry Lakes, which lay between us and Moosehead, on the west, were recently, if they are not still, "surrounded by some of the best timbered land in the state." By another thoroughfare we passed into Deep Cove, a part of the same lake, which makes up two miles, toward the north-east, and rowing two miles across this, by another short thoroughfare, entered Ambejjis Lake.

At the entrance to a lake we sometimes observed what is technically called "fencing stuff," or the unhewn timbers of which booms are formed, either secured together in the water, or laid up on the rocks and lashed to trees, for spring use. But it was always startling to discover so plain a trail of civilized man there. I remember that I was strangely affected when we were returning, by the sight of a ring-bolt well drilled into a rock, and fastened with lead, at the head of this solitary Ambejjis Lake.

It was easy to see, that driving logs must be an exciting as well as arduous and dangerous business. All winter long the logger goes on piling up the trees which he has trimmed and hauled in some dry ravine at the head of a stream, and then in the spring he stands on the bank, and whistles for Rain and Thaw, ready to wire the perspiration out of his shirt to swell that tide, till suddenly, with a whoop and halloo from him, shutting his eyes, as if to bid farewell to the existing state of things, a fair proportion of his winter's work goes scrambling down the country, followed by his faithful dogs, Thaw, and Rain, and Freshet, and Wind, the whole pack in full cry, toward the Orono Mills. Every log is marked with the owner's name, cut in the sapwood with an axe, or bored with an auger, so deep as not to be worn off in the driving, and yet not so as to injure the timber; and it requires considerable ingenuity to invent new and simple marks where there are so many owners. They have quite an alphabet of their own, which only the practised can read. One of my companions read off from his memorandum book some marks of his own logs, among which there were crosses, belts, crown's feet, girdles, &c., as: Y—girdle—cross-foot, and various other devices.

When the logs have run the gauntlet of insnumerable rapids and falls, each on its own account, with more or less jamming and bruising, these bearing various owners' marks being mixed up together, since all must take advantage of the same freshet, they are collected together at the heads of the lakes, and surrounded by a boom fence of floating logs, to prevent their being dispersed by the wind, and are thus towed all together, like a flock of sheep, across the lake, where there is no current, by a windlass, or boom-head, such as we sometimes saw standing on an island or head-land, and, if circumstances permit, with the aid of sails and oars. Sometimes, notwithstanding, the logs are dispersed over many miles of lake surface in a few hours by winds and freshets, and thrown up on distant shores, where the driver can pick up only one or two at a time, and return with them to the thoroughfare; and, before he gets his flock well through Ambejjis or Pamaducook, he makes many a wet and uncomfortable camp on the shore. He must be able to navigate a log as if it were a canoe, and be as indifferent to cold and wet as a munkat. Sometimes the logs are thrown up on rocks in such positions as to be irrecoverable but by another freshet as high, or they jam together at rapids and falls, and accumulate in vast piles, which the driver must start at the risk of his life. Such is the lumber business, which depends on many accidents, as the early freezing of the rivers, that the teams may get up in season, a sufficient freshet in the spring, to fetch the logs down, and many others.

Ambejjis, this quiet Sunday morning, struck me as the most beautiful lake we had seen. It is said to be one of the deepest. We had the fairest view of Joe Merry, Double Top, and Katahdn, from its surface. The summit of the latter had a singularity that table-land appearance, like a short highway, where a damaged might be let down to
take a turn or two in an afternoon, to settle his
dinner. We rowed a mile and a half to near the
head of the lake, and, pushing through a field of
lily pads, landed, to cook our breakfast by the side
of a large rock, known to McCauslin. Our break-
fast consisted of tea, with hard bread and pork,
and fried salmon, which we ate with forks neatly
whittled from birch-twig's, which grew there, off
strips of birch-bark for plates. The tea was black
tea, without milk to color or sugar to sweeten it,
and two tin dippers were our tea cups. This bev-
erage is as indispensable to the loggers as to any
gossiping old women in the land, and they, no
doubt, derive great comfort from it. Here was
the site of an old logger's camp, remembered by
McCauslin, now overgrown with weeds and bushes.
In the midst of a dense underwood, we noticed a
whole brick, on a rock, in a small run, clean, and
red, and square, as in a brick-yard, which had
been brought thus far formerly for camping.
McCauslin said, that large wooden crosses made
to be left there for our mark.
Some of us afterward regretted that we had not
carried this on with us to the top of the mountain,
and through a field of lilypads, landed, to cook our breakfast by the side
of a larger rock, known to McCauslin.

In the next nine miles, which were the extent
of our voyage, and which it took us the whole day
to get over, we rowed across several small lakes,
picked up numerous rapids and thoroughfares,
and carried over four portages. I will give the names
and distances, for the benefit of future tourists.
First, after leaving Ambejijis Lake, we had a
quarter of a mile of rapid to the portage, or carry
of ninety rods around Ambejijis Falls; then a mile
and a half through Passamaguet Lake, which is
narrow and river-like, to the falls of the same
name—Ambejijis stream coming in on the right;
thens two miles through Katapsekonogau Lake to
the portage of ninety rods around Katapsekonogau
Falls, which name signifies "carrying place"—
Passamaguet stream coming in on the left; then
three miles through Pechockeconus Lake, a slight
expansion of the river, to the portage of forty rods
around the falls of the same name—Katapekone-
gau stream coming in on the left; then three
quarters of a mile through Abojachamegus Lake,
similar to the last, to the portage of forty rods
around the falls of the same name; then half a
mile of rapid water to the Sowadnehunk dead-
water, and the Abojachamegus stream.
This is generally the order of names as you as-
ceend the river—First, the lake, or, if there is no
expansion, the dead-water; then the falls; then
the stream emptying into the lake, or river above,
of all the same name. First we came to

Passamaguet Lake, then to Passamaguet Falls,
then to Passamaguet stream, emptying in. This
order and identity of names, it will be perceived, is
quite philosophical, since the dead-water or lake is
always at least partially produced by the stream
emptying in above; and the first fall below, which
is the outlet of that lake, and where that tributary
water makes its first plunge, also naturally bears
the same name.

At the portage around Ambejijis Falls, I ob-
served a pork-barrel on the shore, with a hole
eight or nine inches square cut in one side, which
was set against an upright rock; but the bears,
without turning or upsetting the barrel, had guar-
ded a hole in the opposite side, which looked exactly
like an enormous rat hole, big enough to put
their heads in; and at the bottom of the barrel
were still left a few mangled and slabbred slices
of pork. It is usual for the lumberers to leave
such supplies as they cannot conveniently carry
along with them at carries or camps, to which the
next comers do not scruple to help themselves, they
being the property commonly not of an individual,
but a company, who can afford to deal liberally.

I will describe particularly how we got over
some of these portages and rapids, in order that the
reader may get an idea of the boatman's life. At
Ambejijis Falls, for instance, there was the rough-
est path imaginable cut through the woods; at
first up hill at an angle of nearly forty-five de-
grees, over rocks and logs without end. This
was the manner of the portage—We first carried over
our baggage, and deposited it on the shore at the
other end; then returning to the batteau, we drag-
ged it up the hill by the painter, and onward, with
frequent pauses, over half the portage. But this
was a bungling way, and would soon have worn
out the boat. Commonly, three men walk over
with a batteau weighing from five to eight hun-
dred pounds on their heads and shoulders, the tall-
est standing under the middle of the boat, which
is turned over, and one at each end. More can-
not well take hold at once. But this requires
some practice, as well as strength, and is in any case
extremely laborious, and wearing to the constitu
tion, to follow. We were, on the whole, rather
an invalid party, and could render our boatmen
but little assistance. Our two men at length took
the batteau upon their shoulders, and, while two
of us steadied it, to prevent it from rocking and
wearing into their shoulders, on which they placed
their hats folded, walked bravely over the remain-
ning distance, with two or three pauses. In the
same manner they accomplished the other porta-
ges. With this crushing weight they must climb
and stumble along over fallen trees and slippery
rocks of all sizes, where those who walked by the
sides were continually brushed off, such was the
narrowness of the path. But we were fortunate
not to have to cut our path in the first place. Before we launched our boat, we scraped the bottom smooth again with our knives, where it had rubbed on the rocks, to save friction.

To avoid the difficulties of the portage, our men determining to "set it up," the Passamaquoddy Falls; so while the rest walked over the portage with the baggages, I remained in the batteau, to assist in warping up. We were soon in the midst of the rapids, which were more swift and tumultuous than any we had peled up, and had turned to the side of the stream for the purpose of warping, when the boatmen, who felt some pride in their skill, and were ambitious to do something more than usual, for my benefit, as I surmised, their skill, and were ambitious to do something else, were seized with a desire to leave them at the mercy of the rapids—the rocks are liable at any time to be caught between the rocks, and wrench out of their hands, leaving them at the mercy of the rapids—the rocks, as it were, lying in wait, like so many alligators, to catch them in their teeth, and jerk them from your hands, before you have stolen an effectual stroke against their palates. The pole is set close to the boat, and the prow is made to over-shoot, and just turn the corners of the rocks, in the very teeth of the rapids. Nothing but the length and lightness, and the slight draught of the batteau, enables them to make any headway.

Half a mile above this, two of us tried our hands at poling up a slight rapid; and we were just surmounting the last difficulty, when an unlucky rock confounded our calculations; and while the batteau was sweeping round irrecoverably amid the whirlpool, we were obliged to resign the poles to more skilful hands.

Katepokonegan is one of the shallowest and weediest of the lakes, and looked as if it might abound in pickerel. The falls of the same name, where we stopped to dine, are considerable and quite picturesque. Here Uncle George had seen trout caught by the barrel-full; but they would not rise to our bait at this hour. Half way over some it was the same. Half way over some of this carry, thus far in the Maine wilderness on its way to the Provinces, we noticed a large flaming Oak Hall hand-bill, about two feet long, wrapped round the trunk of a pine, from which the bark had been stript, and to which it was fast glued by the pitch. This should be recorded among the advantages of this mode of advertising, that so, possibly, even the bears and wolves, mouse, deer, otter, and beaver, not to mention the Indian, may learn where they can fit themselves according to the latest fashion, or, at least, recover some of their own lost garments. We christened this the Oak Hall carry.

The forenoon was as serene and placid on this wild stream in the woods as we are apt to imagine that Sunday in summer usually is in Massachusetts. We were occasionally startled by the scream of a bold-eagle, sculling over the stream in front of our batteau; or of the fish-hawks, on whom he levies his contributions. There were, at intervals, small meadows of a few acres on the sides of the stream, waving with sweet grass, which attracted the attention of our boatmen, who regretted that they were not nearer to their clearings, and calculated how many stumps they might cut. Two or three men sometimes spend the summer by themselves, cutting the grass in these meadows, to sell to the loggers in the winter, since it will fetch a higher price on the spot than in any market in the state. On a small isle, covered with this kind of rush, or cut grass, on which we landed, to consult about our further course, we
noticed the recent track of a moose, a large, roundish hole, in the soft wet ground, evincing the great size and weight of the animal that made it. The track was found in the water, and visit all these island-meadows, swimming as easily from island to island as they make their way through the thickets on land. Now and then we passed what McCauslin called a polealogon, an Indian term for what the drivers might have reason to call a pole-log-in, an inlet that leads nowhere; if you get in you have got to get out again the same way. These, and the frequent “run-rounds,” which come into the river again, would embarrass an inexperienced voyager not a little.

The carry around Pockwockomus Falls was exceedingly rough and rocky, the batteau having to be lifted directly from the water up four or five feet on to a rock, and launched again down a similar bank. The rocks on this portage were covered with the dents made by the spikes in the lumberers’ boots while staggering over under the weight of their batteau; and you could see where the surface of some large rocks on which they had rested their batteaux was worn quite smooth with use. As it was, we had carried over but half the usual portage at this place for this stage of the water, and launched our boat in the smooth wave just curving to the fall, prepared to struggle with the most violent rapid we had to encounter. The rest of the party walked over the remainder of the portage, while I remained with the boatmen to assist in warping up. One had to hold the boat while the others got in to prevent it from going over the falls. When we had pushed up the rapids as far as possible, keeping close to the shore, Tom seized the painter and leaped out upon a rock just visible in the water, but he lost his footing notwithstanding his spiked boots, and was instantly amid the rapids; but recovering himself by good luck, and reaching another rock, he passed the painter to me, who had followed him, and took his place again in the bow. Leaping from rock to rock in the shoal water close to the shore, and now and then getting a ride with the rope round an upright one, I held the boat while one reset his pole, and then all three forced it upward against any rapid. This was “warping up.”

When a part of us walked round at such a place, we generally took the precaution to take out the most valuable part of the baggage, for fear of being swamped.

As we poled up a swift rapid for half a mile above Aboljacknagesic Falls, some of the party read their own marks on the huge logs which lay piled up high and dry on the rocks on either hand, the relics probably of a jam which had taken place here in the Great Fret in the spring. Many of these would have to wait for another great freset, perchance, if they lasted so long, before they could be got off. It was singular enough to meet with property of theirs which they had never seen, and where they had never been before, thus detained by freshets and rocks when on its way to them. Methinks that must be where all my property lies, cast up on the rocks on some distant and unexplored stream, and waiting for an unheard-of freshet to fetch it down. O make haste, ye gods, with your winds and rains, and start the jam before it rots!

The last half mile carried us to the Sawadas-chunk dead-water, so called from the stream of the same name, signifying “running between mountains,” an important tributary which comes in a mile above. Here we decided to camp, about twenty miles from the Dam, at the mouth of Murch Brook and the Aboljacknagesic, mountain streams, broad off from Ktaadn, and about a dozen miles from its summit; having made fifteen miles this day.

[END OF PART III]

A H Y M N.

BY AMI.

Oceans roll, and planets shine,
Father, o'er this earth of Thine.
We by Thy boundless hand are fed;
Thy blessings rich are o'er us shed.
And we would bow Thy theme before—
Would humble bow, and Thee adore.
Our hearts to Thine, great God, incline;
For well we know, all power is Thine.
Teach us to live from sin apart;
And worship Thee in deed and heart.
We're wander'd from our spheres, great God,
And well deserve Thy chastening rod.
Sin has estrang'd us far from Thee,
Yet suppliant now we bend the knee;
Hide not from us Thy gracious face;
But in the richness of Thy grace,
Be pleased to bend a listening ear;
Be pleased our humble prayer to hear.
In years to come, great God, we pray,
That we may walk in Wisdom's way;
Her narrow path may never leave,
Nor Thy good spirit ever grieve.
In tempted hour break us not;
Nor let Thy mercies be forgot;
And, for the sake of Thy dear Son,
Teach us to say, "Thy will be done!"
KTAADN, AND THE MAINE WOODS.

BY HENRY D. THOREAU.

No. IV.

THE ASCENT OF KTAADN.

We had been told by McCauslin that we should here find trout enough: so while some prepared the camp, the rest fell to fishing. Seizing the birch poles which some party of Indians or white hunters had left on the shore, and baiting our hooks with pork, and with trout, as soon as they were caught, we cast our lines into the mouth of the Aboljachtugecan, a clear, swift, shallow stream, which came in from Ktaadn. Instantly a shoal of white chivin, (leuciscus pulchelli,) silvery roaches, cousin-trout, or what not, large and small, prowling thereabouts, fell upon our bait, and one after another were landed amidst the bushes. Among their cousins, the true trout, took their turn, and alternately the speckled trout, and the silvery roaches, swallowed the bait as fast as we could throw in; and the finest specimens of both that I have ever seen, the largest one weighing three pounds, were heaved upon the shore, though at first in vain, to wriggle down into the water again, for we stood in the boat; but soon we learned to remedy this evil: for one, who had lost his hook, stood on shore to catch them as they fell in a perfect shower around him—sometimes, wet and slippery, fell in his face and bosom, as his arms were outstretched to receive them. While yet alive, before their tints had faded, they glistened like the fairest flowers, the product of primitive rivers; and he could hardly trust his senses, as he stood over them, that these jewels should have swam away in that Aboljachtugecan water for so long, so many dark ages;—those bright fluvial flowers, seen of Indians only, made beautiful, the Lord only knows why, to swim there! I could understand better, for this, the truth of mythology, the fables of Protes, and all these beautiful sea-monsters;—how all history, indeed, put to a terrestrial use, is mere history; but put to a celestial, is mythology always.

But there is the rough voice of Uncle George, who commands at the frying-pan, to send over what you've got, and then you may stay till...
morning. The pork sizzles, and cries for fish. Luckily for the foolish race, and this particularly foolish generation of trout, the night shot down at last, not a little deepened by the dark side of Ktaadn, which, like a permanent shadow, reared itself from the eastern bank. So we accompanied Ton to the woods, to cut cedar-twigs for our bed. While he went ahead with the axe, and left off the smallest twigs of the flat-leaved cedar, the arbor-vite of the gardens, we gathered them up, and returned with them to the boat, until it was loaded. Our bed was made with as much care and skill as a roof is shingled; beginning at the foot, and laying the twig end of the cedar upward, we advanced to the head, a course at a time, thus successively covering the stub-ends, and producing a soft and level bed.

When we lay under our tent, having pitched it more about ten feet long by six in breadth, it was loaded. We soon began to meet traces of bears and moose, and those of rabbits were everywhere visible. The tracks of moose, more or less recent, to speak literally, covered every square rod on the side of the mountain; and these animals are probably more numerous there now than ever before, being driven into this wilderness from all sides by the settlements. The track of a full-grown moose is like that of a cow, or larger, and of the young, like that of a calf. Sometimes we found ourselves travelling in faint paths, which they had made, like cow-paths in the woods, only far more indistinct, being rather openings, allowing imperfect vistas through the dense underwood, than trodden paths; and everywhere the twigs had been broken by them, cleft as smoothly as if by a knife. The bark of trees was stripped up to them to the height of eight or nine feet, in long narrow strips, an inch wide, still showing the distinct marks of their teeth. We expected nothing less than to meet a herd of them every moment, and our Namad held his shooting-iron in readiness; but we did not go out of our way to look for them.

But I had no wish to repeat the experiment. It had too medicinal a taste for my palate. There was the skeleton of a moose here, whose bones some Indian hunters had picked on this very spot.

In the night I dreamed of trout-fishing; and, when at length I awoke, it seemed a fable, that this painted fish swam there so near my couch, and rose to our hooks the last evening—and I doubted if I had not dreamed it all. In the moonlight; and I ble. I doubted if I had not dreamed it all. In the moonlight; and I ble.

"A quint of arbor-vita,
To make him strong and mighty,"

stood Ktaadn with distinct and cloudless outline in the moonlight; and the rippling of the ripples was the only sound to break the stillness. Standing on the shore, I once more cast my line into the stream, and found the dream to be real, and the fable true. The speckled trout and silvery reach, like flying fish, sped swiftly through the moonlight air, describing bright arcs overhead, at a distance of the greatest proportion of naked rock, rising abruptly from the forest; and we looked up at this blue barrier as if it were some fragment of a wall which anciently bounded the earth in that direction. Setting the compass for a north-east course, which was the bearing of the southern base of the highest peak, we were soon bored in the woods.

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for them, and, though numerous, they are so wary, that the unskilful hunter might range the forest a long time before he could get sight of one. They are sometimes dangerous to encounter, and will not turn out for the hunter, but fiercely rush upon him, and trample him to death, unless he is lucky enough to avoid them by dodging round a tree. The largest are nearly as large as a horse, and weigh twelve hundred pounds; and it is said that they can step over a five-feet gate in their ordinary walk. They are described as exceedingly awkward-looking animals, with their long legs and short bodies, making a ludicrous figure when in full run, but making great headway nevertheless. It seemed a mystery to us how they could thread these woods, which it required all our suppenses to accomplish, climbing, stooping, and winding, alternately. They are said to drop their long and branching horns, which usually spread five or six feet, on their backs, and make their way easily by the weight of their bodies. Our boatmen said, but I know not with how much truth, that their horns are apt to be gnawed away by vermin while they sleep. Their flesh, which is more like beef than venison, is common in Bangor market.

We had proceeded on thus seven or eight miles, till about noon, with frequent pauses to refresh the weary ones, crossing a considerable mountain stream, which we conjectured to be March Brook, at whose mouth we had camped, all the time in woods, without having once seen the summit, and rasing very gradually, when the boatmen, beginning to despair a little, and fearing that we were leaving the mountain on one side of us, for they had not entire faith in the compass, McCauldin climbed a tree, from the top of which he could see the peak, when it appeared that we had not swerved from a right line, the compass below still ranging with his arm, which pointed to the summit. By the side of a cool mountain rill, amid the woods, where the water began to partake of the purity and transparency of the air, we stopped to cook some of our fishes, which we had brought thus far in order to save our hard bread and pork, in the use of which we had put ourselves on short allowance. We soon had a fire blazing, and stood around it, under the damp and sombre forest of firs and birches, each with a sharpened stick, three or four feet in length, upon which he had spitted his trout, or reach, previously well gashed and salted, our sticks radiating like the spokes of a wheel from one centre, and each crowding his particular fish into the most desirable exposure, not with the strictest regard always to his neighbor's rights. Thus we regaled ourselves, dozing meanwhile at the spring, till one man's pack, at least, was considerably lightened, when we again took up our line of march.

At length we reached an elevation sufficiently bare to afford a view of the summit, still distant and blue, almost as if retreating from us. A torrent, which proved to be the same we had crossed, was seen tumbling down in front, literally from out of the clouds. But this glimpse at our whereabouts was soon lost, and we were buried in the woods again. The wood was chiefly yellow birch, spruce, fir, mountain-ash, or round-wood, as the Maine people call it, and moose-wood. It was the worst kind of travelling; sometimes like the densest scrub-oak patches with us. The cornet, or bunch-berries, were very abundant, as well as Solomon's seal and moose-berries. Blue-berries were distributed along all our whole route; and in one place the bushes were drooping with the weight of the fruit, still as fresh as ever. It was the seventeenth of September. Such patches afforded a grateful repast, and served to bait the tired party forward.

When any lagged behind, the cry of "blue-berries" was most effectual to bring them up. Even at this elevation we passed through a moose-yard, formed by a large flat rock, four or five rods square, where they tread down the snow in winter. At length, fearing that if we held the direct course to the summit, we should not find any water near our camping-ground, we gradually swerved to the west, till at four o'clock, we struck again the torrent which I have mentioned, and here, in view of the summit, the weary party decided to camp that night.

While my companions were seeking a suitable spot for this purpose, I improved the little daylight that was left in climbing the mountain alone. We were in a deep and narrow ravine, sloping up to the clouds, at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees, and hemmed in by walls of rock, which were at first covered with low trees, then with impenetrable thickets of scrubby birches and spruce-trees, and with moss, but at last bare of all vegetation but lichens, and almost continually draped in clouds. Following up the course of the torrent which occupied this—and I mean to lay some emphasis on this word ap—pulling myself up by the side of precipitously falls of twenty or thirty feet, by the roots of firs and birches, and then, perhaps, walking a level road or two in the thin stream, or it took up the whole road, ascending by huge steps, as it were, a giant's stairway, down which a river flowed, I had soon cleared the trees, and passed on the successive shelves, to look back over the country. The torrent was from fifteen to thirty feet wide, without a tributary, and seemingly not diminishing in breadth as I advanced; but still it came rushing and racing down, with a copious tide, over and under masses of bare rock, from the very clouds, as though a water-road had just burst over the mountain. Leaving this at last, I began to work my way, scarcely less enfeebled than Satan's, amongst through Clouds, up the nearest,
though not the highest peak. At first scrambling on all fours over the tops of ancient black spruce-trees, (picea nigra,) old as the flood, from two to ten or twelve feet in height, their tops flat and spreading, and their foliage blue and nipt with cold, as if for centuries they had ceased growing upward against the black sky, the solid cold. I walked some good rods erect upon the tops of these trees, which were overgrown with moss and mountain-cranberries. It seemed that in the course of time they had filled up the intervals between the huge rocks, and the cold wind had uniformly levelled all over. Here the principle of vegetation was hard put to it. There was apparently a belt of this kind running quite round the mountain, though, perhaps, nowhere so remarkable as here. Once, slumping through, I looked down ten feet into a dark and cavernous region, and saw the stem of a spruce, on whose top I stood, as far as I could see, a mile, or more, stilledging toward home. This was the sort of garden I made my self in on a mass of coarse basket-work, full of water, in which I saw the stem of a spruce, on whose top I stood, as far as I could see, a mile, or more, stilledging toward home. This was the sort of garden I made my way out of, for an eighth of a mile, at the risk, it is true, of treading on some of the plants, not seeing any path through it—certainly the most treach-erous and pernicious country I ever travelled through it—certainly the most treach-erous and pernicious country I ever travelled.

But nothing could exceed the toughness of the twigs,—not one snapped under my weight, for they had slowly grown. Having slumped, scrambled, rolled, bounced, and walked, by turns, over this scraggy country, I arrived upon a side-hill, or rather side-mountain, where rocks, gray, silent rocks, were the flocks and herds that pas-tured, chewing a rocky cud at sunset. They looked at me with hard gray eyes, without a bleat or a low. This brought me to the skirt of a cloud, and bounded my walk that night. But I had already seen that Maine country when I turned about, waving, flowing, rippling, down below.

When I returned to my companions, they had selected a camping-ground on the torrent's edge, and were resting on the ground; one was on the sick list, rolled in a blanket, on a damp shelf of rock. It was a savage and dreary scenery enough; so wildly rough, that they looked long to find a level and open space for the tent. We could not well camp higher, for want of fuel; and the trees here seemed so evergreen and sappy, that we almost doubted if they would acknowledge the influence of fire; but fire prevailed at last, and blazed here, too, like a good citizen of the world. Even at this height we met with frequent traces of moose, as well as of bears. As here was no cedar, we made our bed of coarse feathered spruce; but at any rate the feathers we pluck-
ed from the live tree. It was, perhaps, even a more grand and desolate place for a night's lodging than the summit would have been, being in the neighborhood of these wild trees, and of the torrent. Some more arctic and fiery-spirited winds rushed and roared through the ravine all night, from time to time crossing our fire, and dispersing the embers about. It was as if we lay in the very nest of a young whirlwind. At midnight, one of my bedfellows, being startled in his dreams by the sudden blazing up to its top of a fire-tree, whose green boughs were dried by the heat, sprung up, with a cry, from his bed, thinking the world on fire, and drew the whole camp after him.

In the morning, after whetting our appetite on some raw pork, a wafer of hard bread, and a dipper of condensed cloud or water-soup, we altogether began to make our way up the falls, which I have described; this time choiceing the right hand, or highest peak, which was not the one I had approached before. But soon my companions were lost to my sight behind the mountain ridge in my rear, which still seemed over-retracting before me, and I climbed alone over huge rocks, loosely poised, a mile or more, still edging toward the clouds—for though the day was clear elsewhere, the summit was concealed by mist, the mountain seemed a vast aggregation of loose rocks, as if sometime it had rained rocks, and they lay as they fell on the mountain sides, nowhere fairly at rest, but heaving on each other, all rock-stones, with cavities between, but scarcely any soil or smoother shelf. They were the raw materials of a planet dropped from an unseen quarry, which the vast chemistry of nature would anon work up, or work down, into the smiling and verdant plains and valleys of earth. This was an undulating extremity of the globe; as in igncite we see coal in the process of formation.

At length I entered within the skirts of the cloud which seemed forever drifting over the summit, and yet would never be gone, but was generated out of that pure air as fast as it flowed away; and when a quarter of a mile further, I reached the summit of the ridge, which those who have seen in clearer weather say is about five miles long, and contains a thousand acres of table-land, I was deep within the hostile ranks of clouds, and all objects were obscured by them. Now the wind would blow me out a yard of clear sunlight, wherein I stood; then a gray, glowing light was all it could accomplish, the cloud-line ever rising and falling with the winds' intensity. Sometimes it seemed as if the summit would be cleared in a few moments and smile in sunshine; but what was gained on one side was lost on another. It was like sitting in a chimney and waiting for the smoke to blow away. It was,
in fact, a cloud-factory,—these were the cloud-
works, and the wind turned them off done from
the cool, bare rocks. Occasionally, when the
windy columns broke in to me, I caught sight of
a dark, damp edge to the right or left; the mist
driving ceaselessly between it and me. It remi-
inded me of the creations of the old epic and dramatic
poets, of Atlas, Vulcan, the Cyclops, and Prom-
etheus. Such was Caucasus and the rock where
Prometheus was bound. Eosyllus had no doubt
visited such scenery as this. It was vast, Titanic,
and such as man never inhabits. Some part of
the beholder, even some vital part, seems to es-
cape through the loose grating of his ribs as he
ascends. He is more lone than you can imagine.
There is less of substantial thought and fair un-
derstanding in him, than in the plains where men
inhabit. His reason is dispersed and shadowy,
more thin and subtle like the air. Vast, Titanic,
inhuman Nature has got him at disadvantage,
cought him alone, and pilfers him of some of his
divine faculty. She does not smile on him as in
the plains. She seems to say sternly, why came
ye here before your time? This ground is not
prepared for you. Is it not enough that I smile in
the valleys? I have never made this soil for thy
feet, this air for thy breathing, these rocks for thy
neighbors. I cannot pity nor fuddle thee here,
but forever relentlessly drive thee hence to where
I am kind. Why seek me where I have not called
there, and then complain because you find me but
a stepmother? Shouldst thou freeze or starve,
or shudder thy life away, here is no shrine, nor
altar, nor any access to my ear.

"Chaos and ancient Night, I come no spy
With purpose to explore or to disturb
The secrets of your realm, but as my way
Looe through your spacious empire up to light."

The tops of mountains are among the unfinish-
ed parts of the globe, whether it is a slight insult to
the gods to climb and pry into their secrets, and
try their effect on our humanity. Only during and
insolent men, perchance, go there. Simple races,
as savages, do not climb mountains—their tops are
sacred and mysterious tracts never visited by them.
Pomona is always angry with those who climb to
the summit of Ktaadn.

According to Jackson, who in his capacity of
geological surveyor of the state, has accurately
measured it—the altitude of Ktaadn is 5,300 feet,
or a little more than one mile above the level of
the sea—and he adds: "It is then evidently the
highest point in the State of Maine, and is the
most abrupt granite mountain in New England."
The peculiarities of that spacious table-land on
which I was standing, as well as the remarkable
semicircular precipice or basin on the eastern
side, were all concealed by the mist. I had
brought my whole pack to the top, not knowing
but I should have to make my descent to the
river, and possibly to the settled portion of the
state alone and by some other route, and wishing
to have a complete outfit with me. But at length,
fearing that my companions would be anxious to
reach the river before night, and knowing that the
clouds might rest in the mountain for days, I was
compelled to descend. Occasionally, as I came
down, the wind would blow me a vista open
through which I could see the country eastward,
homless forests, and lakes, and streams, gleam-
ing in the sun, some of them emptying into the
Scoes or East Branch. There were also new
mountains in sight in that direction. Now and
then some small bird of the sparrow family would
flutter away before me, unable to command its course,
like a fragment of the gray rock blown off by the
wind.

I found my companions where I had left them,
on the side of the peak, gathering the mountain
cranberries, which filled every crevice between the
rocks, together with blue berries, which had a
spicier flavor the higher up they grew, but were
not the less agreeable to our palates. When the
country is settled and roads are made, these cran-
berries will perhaps become an article of com-
merce. From this elevation, just on the skirts of
the clouds, we could overlook the country west
and south for a hundred miles. There it was, the
State of Maine, which we had seen on the map,
but not much like that immeasurable forest for
the sun to shine on, that eastern stuff we hear of
in Massachusetts. No clearing, no house. It did
not look as if a solitary traveller had cut so much
as a walking-stick there. Countless lakes,—
Moosehead in the southwest, forty miles long by
ten wide, like a gleaming silver platter at the end
of the table; Chestnesook, eighteen long by three
wide, without an island; Millinocket, on the
north, with its hundred islands; and a hundred
others without a name; and mountain lakes, whose
names, for the most part, are known only to the
Indians. The forest looked like a firm grass
award, and the effect of these lakes in its midst
has been well compared by one who has since
visited this same spot, to that of a " mirror broken
into a thousand fragments, and wildly scattered
over the grass, reflecting the full blaze of the
sun." It was a large farm for somebody, when
clarified. According to the Gazetteer, which was
printed before the boundary question was settled,
this single Penobscot county in which we were,
was larger than the whole State of Vermont, with
its fourteen counties; and this was only a part of
the wild lands of Maine. We are concerned now,
however, about natural, not political limits. We
were about eighty miles as the bird flies from

K T A A D N , A N D T H E M A I N E W O O D S.
Bangor, or one hundred and fifteen as we had rode, and walked, and paddled. We had to conso-

side ourselves with the reflection that this view was probably as good as that from the peak, as far

as it went, and what were mountains without its attendant clouds and mists? Like ourselves, nei-

ther Bailey nor Jackson had obtained a clear view from the summit.

Setting out on our return to the river, still at an early hour in the day, we decided to follow the

course of the torrent, which we supposed to be March Brook, as long as it would not lead us too

far out of our way. We thus travelled about four miles in the very torrent itself, continually cross-

ing and recrossing it, leaping from rock to rock, and jumping with the stream down falls of seven

or eight feet, or sometimes sliding down on our backs in a thin sheet of water.

This ravine had been the scene of an extraordinary freshet in the spring, apparently accompanied by a slide from the mountain. It must have been filled with a stream of stones and water, at least twenty feet above the present level of the torrent. For a rod or two on either side of its channel, the trees were barked and splintered up to their tops; the birches bent over, twisted, and sometimes finely split like a stable-broom; some a foot in diameter snapped off, and whole clumps of trees bent over with the weight of rocks piled on them. In one place we noticed a rock two or three feet in diameter, lodged nearly twenty feet high in the crotch of a tree. For the whole four miles, we saw but one rill emptying in, and the volume of water did not seem to be increased from the first. We travelled thus very rapidly with a downward impetus, and grew remarkably expert at leaping from rock to rock, for leap we must, and leap we did, whether there was any rock at the right distance or not.

It was a pleasant picture when the foremost turned about and looked up the winding ravine, walled in with rocks and the green forest, to see at intervals of a rod or two, a red-shirted or green-jacketed mountaineer against the white torrent, leaping down the channel with his pack on his back, or passing upon a convenient rock in the midst of the torrent to mend a rent in his clothes, or unstrap the dipper at his belt to take a draught of the water. At one place we were startled by seeing, on a little sandy shelf by the side of the stream, the fresh print of a man's foot, and for a moment realized how Robinson Crusoe felt in a similar case; but at last we remembered that we had struck this stream on our way up, though we could not have told where, and one had descended into the ravine for a drink. The cool air above, and the continual bathing of our bodies in mountain water, alternate foot, sit, douche, and plunge baths, made this walk exceedingly refreshing, and we had travelled only a mile or two after leaving the torrent, before every thread of our clothes was as dry as usual, owing perhaps to a peculiar quality in the atmosphere.

After leaving the torrent, being in doubt about our course, Tom threw down his pack at the foot of the loftiest spruce tree at hand, and climbed the bare trunk some twenty feet, and then climbed through the green tower, lost to our sight, until he held the topmost spray in his hand. McCauslin, in his younger days, had marched through the wilderness with a body of troops, under General Somebody, and with one other man did all the scouting and spying service. The General's word was: "Throw down the top of that tree," and there was no tree in the Maine woods so high that it did not lose its top in such a case. I have heard a story of two men being lost once in these woods, nearer to the settlements than this, who climbed the loftiest pine they could find, some six feet in diameter at the ground, from whose top they discovered a solitary clearing and its smoke. When at this height, some two hundred feet from the ground, one of them became dizzy, and fainted in his companion's arms, and the latter had to accomplish the descent with him, alternately fainting and reviving, as best he could. To Tom we cried, where away does the smoke bear? where the burnt lands? he descried, however, a little meadow and pond, lying probably in our course, which we concluded to steer for. On reaching this secluded meadow, we found fresh tracks of moose on the slope of the pond, and the water was still unsettled as if they had fled before us. A little further, in a dense thicket, we seemed to be still on their trail. It was a small meadow, of a few acres, on the mountain side, concealed by the forest, and perhaps never seen by a white man before, where one would think that the moose might browse and bathe, and rest in peace. Pursuing this course, we soon reached the open land, which went slop-

[END OF PART IV.]
KTAADN, AND THE MAINE WOODS.

BY HENRY D. THORNE.

No. 37.

THE RETURN JOURNEY.

Perhaps I most fully realized that this was primeval, untamed, and forever untameable Nature, or whatever else men call it, while coming down this part of the mountain. We were passing over "Burnt Lands," burnt by lightning, perchance, though they showed no recent marks of fire, hardly so much as a charred stump, but looked rather like a natural pasture for the moose and deer, exceedingly wild and desolate, with occasional strips of timber crossing them, and low poplars springing up, and patches of blueberries here and there. I found myself traversing them familiarly, like some pasture now to waste, or partially reclaimed by man; but when I reflected what man, what brother or sister or kinsman of ours made it and claimed it, I expected the proprietor to rise up and dispute my passage. It is difficult to conceive of a region uninhabited by man. We habitually presume his presence and influence everywhere. And yet we have not seen pure Nature, unless we have seen her thus vast, and drear, and inhuman, though in the midst of cities. Nature was here something savage and awful, though beautiful. I looked with awe at the ground I trod on, to see what the Powers had made there, the form and fashion and material of their work. This was that Earth of which we have heard, made out of Chaos and Old Night. Here was no man's garden, but the unhammed globe. It was not lawn, nor pasture, nor wood,
KTAADN, AND THE MAINE WOODS.

It was a place for heathenism and superstitions, — to be inhabited by men nearer of kin to the rocks and to wild animals than we. We walked over it with a certain awe, stopping from time to time to pick the blueberries which grew there, and had a smart and spicy taste. Perchance where our wild pines stand, and leaves lie on their forest floor in Concord, there were once reapers, and husbandmen planted grain; but here not even the surface had been scarred by man, but it was a specimen of what God saw fit to make this world. What is it to be admitted to a museum, to see a myriad of particular things, compared with being shown a urak of necessity and fate. The whole length of the Penobscot is nearly one hundred and seventy-five miles, and we are still nearly one hundred miles from its source. Hodge, the assistant State Geologist, passed up this river in 1837, and by a portage of only one mile and three-quarters, crossed over into the Allegash, and so went down that into the St. John, and up the Madawaska to the Grand Portage across to the St. Lawrence. He is the only one that I know of an expedition through to Canada in this direction. He thus describes his first sight of the latter river, which, to compare small things with great, is like Balboa’s first sight of the Pacific from the mountains of the Isthmus of Darien.

“When we first came in sight of the St. Lawrence,” he says, “from the top of a high hill, the view was most striking, and much more interesting to me from having been shut up in the woods for the two previous months. Directly before us lay the broad river, extending across nine or ten miles, its surface broken by a few islands and reefs; and two ships riding at anchor near the shore. Beyond, extended ranges of uncultivated hills, parallel with the river. The sun was just going down behind them, and gliding the whole scene with its parting rays.”

About four o’clock the same afternoon, we commenced our return voyage, which would require but little if any poling. In shooting rapids, the boatsmen use large and broad paddles, instead of poles, to guide the boat with. Though we glided so swiftly and often smoothly down, where it had cost us so slight effort to get up, our present voyage was attended with far more danger: for if we once fairly struck one of the thousand rocks by which we were surrounded, the boat would be swamped in an instant. When a boat is swamped under these circumstances, the boatsmen commonly find no difficulty in keeping aloft at first, for the current keeps both them and their cargo up for a long way down the stream; and if they can swim, they have only to work their way gradually to the shore. The
greatest danger is of being caught in an eddy behind some larger rock, where the water rushes up stream faster than elsewhere it goes down, and being carried round and round under the surface till they are drowned. McCauslin pointed out some rocks which had been the scene of a fatal accident of this kind. Sometimes the body is not thrown out for several hours. He himself had performed such a circuit once, only his legs being visible to his companions; but he was fortunately thrown out in season to recover his breath. In shooting the rapids, the boatmen twas this problem to solve: to choose a circumspect and safe course amid a thousand sunken rocks, scattered over a quarter or half a mile, at the same time that he is moving steadily on at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. Stop he cannot; the only question is, where will he go? The bowman chooses the course with all his eyes about him, striking broad off with his paddle, and drawing the boat by main force into her course. The sternman faithfully follows the bow.

We were soon at the Abolguamaconegu Falls. Anxious to avoid the delay as well as the labor of the portage here, our boatmen went forward first to reconnoitre, and concluded to let the boatman carry the baggage only over the portage. Jumping from rock to rock until nearly in the middle of the stream, we were ready to receive the boat and let her down over the first fall, some six or seven feet perpendicular. The boatmen stand upon the edge of a shelf of rock where the fall is perhaps nine or ten feet perpendicular, in from one to two feet of rapid water, one on each side of the boat, and let it slide gently over, till the bow is run out ten or twelve feet in the air; then letting it drop squarely, while one holds the painter, the other leaps in, and his companion following, they are whirled down the rapids to a new fall, or to smooth water.

In a very few minutes they had accomplished a passage in safety, which would be as fool-hardy for the unskilful to attempt as the descent of Niagara itself. It seemed as if it needed only a little familiarity, and a little more skill, to navigate down such falls as Niagara itself with safety. At any rate, I should not despair of such men in the rapids above table-rock, until I saw them actually go over the falls, so cool, so collected, so little in treasures are they. One might have thought that there were falls, and that falls were not to be ended with impunity like a mud-paddle. There was really danger of their losing their sobriety in losing their power to harm us. Familiarity breeds contempt. The boatmen pass on, perchance, on some shelf beneath a table-rock under the fall, standing in some cove of back-water two feet deep, and you hear his rough voice come up through the spray, coolly giving directions how to launch the boat this time.

Having carried round Pockwockomus Falls, our ears soon brought us to the Katepekonagon, or Old Hall cataract, where we decided to camp half way over, leaving our batteau to be carried over in the morning on fresh shoulders. One shoulder of each of the boatmen showed a red spot as large as one's hand, worn by the batteau on this expedition; and that shoulder, as it did all the work, was perceptibly lower than its fellow, from long service. Such lad soon wears out the strongest constitution. The drivers are accustomed to work in the cold water in the spring, rarely ever dry; and if one falls in all over, he rarely changes his clothes till night, if then, even. One who takes this precaution is called by a particular nickname, or is turned off. None can lead this life who are not amphibious. McCauslin said soberly, what is at any rate a good story to tell, that he had seen where six men were wholly under water at once, at a jam, with their shoulders to handspikes. If the log did not start, then they had to put out their heads to breathe. The driver works as long as he can see, from dark to dark, and at night has not time to eat his supper and dry his clothes in the baggage, before he is asleep on his cedar bed. We lay that night on the very bed made by such a party, stretching our tent over the poles which were still standing, but re-shingling the damp and faded bed with fresh leaves.

In the morning, we carried our boat over and launched it, making haste lest the wind should rise. The boatmen run down Passamaquoddy, and, soon after, Anibgejis Falls, while we walked round with the baggage. We made a hasty breakfast at the head of Anibgejis lake, on the remainder of our pork, and were soon rowing across its smooth surface again, under a pleasant sky, the mountain being now clear of clouds in the northeast. Taking turns at the oars, we shot rapidly across Deep Cove, the Foot of Pausadumeook, and the North Twin, at the rate of six miles an hour, the wind not being high enough to disturb us, and reached the Dam at noon.

The boatmen went through one of the log shares in the batteau, where the fall was ten feet at the bottom, and took us in below. Here was the longest rapid in our voyage, and perhaps the running this was as dangerous and arduous a task as any. Shooting down sometimes at the rate, as we judged, of thirteen miles an hour, if we struck a rock, we were split from end to end in an instant. Now like a half bobbing for some river monster amid the eddies, now darting to this side of the stream, now to that, gliding swift and smooth near to our destruction, or striking broad off with the paddle and drawing the boat to...
right or left with all our might, in order to avoid a rock. I suppose that it was like running the rapids of the Sault de St. Marie, at the outlet of Lake Superior, and our boatmen probably displayed no less dexterity than the Indians there do. We soon ran through this mile, and floated in Quahish lake.

After such a voyage, the troubled and angry waters, which once had seemed terrible and not to be trifled with, appeared tamed and subdued; they had been beard and worried in their channels, pricked and whipped into submission with the spike-pole and paddle, gone through and through with impunity, and all their spirit and their danger taken out of them, and the most swollen and impetuous rivers seemed but playthings henceforth. I began, at length, to understand the boatman's familiarity with and contempt for the rapids. "Those Fowler boys," said Mrs. McCauslin, "are perfect ducks for the water."

They had run down to Lincoln, according to her, thirty or forty miles, in a batteau, in the night, for a doctor, when it was so dark that they could not see a rod before them, and the river was swollen so as to be almost a continuous rapid, so that the doctor cried when they brought him up by daylight. "Why, Tom, how did you see to steer?" "We didn't steer much,—only kept her straight." And yet they met with no accident. It is true, the more difficult rapids are higher up than this.

When we reached the Millinocket opposite to Tom's house, and were waiting for his folks to set us over, for we had left our batteau above the Grand Falls, we discovered two canoes with two men in each, turning up this stream from Shad Pond, one keeping the opposite side of a small island before us, while the other approached the side where we were standing, examining the banks carefully for muskrats as they came along. The last proved to be Louis Neptune and his companion, now at last on their way up to Chestnut, after having passed the night and buttered our skins, for muskrats are their principal food on these expeditions. So they went on up the Millinocket, and we kept down the bank of the Pemscot, after recruiting ourselves with a draught of Tom's beer, leaving Tom at his home.

Thus a man shall lead his life away here on the edge of the wilderness, on Indian Millinocket stream, in a new world, in the dark of a continent, and have a flute to play at evening here, while his strains echo to the stars, amid the howling of wolves; shall live, as it were, in the primitive age of the world, a primitive man. Yet he shall spend a sunny day, and in this century be my contemporary; perchance shall read some scattered leaves of literature, and sometimes talk with me. Why read history then if the ages and the generations are now? He lives three thousand years deep into time, an age not yet described by poets. Can you well go farther back in history than this? Ay! — for there turns up but now into the mouth of Millinocket stream a still more ancient and primitive man, whose history is not brought down even to the former. In a bark vessel sewn with the roots of the spruce, with horn-beam paddles he dips his way along. He is but dim and misty to me, obscured by the scores that lie between the bark canoe and the batteau. He builds no house of logs, but a wigwam of skins. He eats no hot-bread and sweet-cake, but muskrat and moose-meat and the fat of bears. He glides up the Millinocket and is lost to my sight, as a more distant and misty cloud is seen floating behind a nearer, and is lost in space, so he goes about his destiny, the red race of man.

After having passed the night and hawered our boots for the last time at Uncle George's, whose dogs almost devoured him for joy at his return, we kept on down the river the next day about eight miles on foot, and then took a batteau with a man to pole it to Mattawamkeag, ten miles. At the middle of that very night, to make a swift conclusion to a long story, we dropped our buggy over the half-finished bridge at Oldtown, where we heard the confused din and click of a hundred saws which never rest, and at six o'clock the next morning one of the party was steering his way to Massachusetts.

What is most striking in the Maine wilderness
is, the continuousness of the forest, with fewer open intervals or glades than you had imagined. Except the few burn holes, the narrow intervals on the rivers, the bare tops of the high mountains, and the lakes and streams, the forest is uninterrupted. It is even more grim and wild than you had anticipated, a deep and intricate wilderness, in the spring everywhere wet and muddy. The aspect of the country indeed is universally stern and savage, excepting the distant views of the forest from hills, and the lake prospects, which are wild and enticing in a degree. The lakes are something which you are unprepared for: they lie up so high exposed to the light, and the forest is diminished to a fine fringe on their edges, with here and there a blue mountain, like amethyst jewels set around some jewel of the first water—so uniform, so superior to all the changes that are to take place on their shores, even now civil and refined, and fair, as they can ever be. There are not the artificial forests of an English king—a royal preserve merely. Here prevails no forest laws, but those of nature. The aborigines have never been dispossessed, nor nature disinterested.

It is a country full of evergreen trees, of many silver birches and watery maples, the ground dotted red and brown with moss and heather, and strewn with damp and moss-grown rocks—a country diversified with innumerable lakes and rapid streams, peopled with trout and various species of leucisci, with salmon, shad and pickerel, and other fishes; the forests resounding at rare intervals with the note of the chickadee, the blue-jay, and the woodpecker, the scream of the fish-hawk and the eagle, the laugh of the loon, and the whistle of ducks. Maine, the Indian still looks out from her interior pecker, the scream of the fish-hawk and the eagle, like a serene infant, with its vessel to Spain, to England, and to the West Indies for its groceries,—and yet only a few men have gone "up river" into the howling wilderness which feeds it. The bear and deer are still found within its limits; and the moose, as he swims the Penobscot, is entangled amid its shipping and taken by foreign sailors in its harbor. Twelve miles in the day, twelve miles of railroad, are Orono and the Indian Island, the home of the Penobscot tribe, and then commence the barrens and the canoes, and the military road; and, sixty miles above, the country is virtually unmapped and unexplored, and there still waves the virgin forest of the New World.

Have we even as much as discovered and settled the shores? Let a man travel on foot along the coast, from the Piscataquag to the Thames, or to the Rio Bravo, or to wherever the end is now, if he is swift enough to overtake it, faithfully following the windings of every inlet and of every cape, and stopping to the music of the surf—with a desolate fishing-town once a week, and a city's port once a month to cheer him, and putting up at the light-houses, when there are any, and telling me if it looks like a discovered and settled country, and not rather, for the most part, like a desolate island, and No-man's Land.

We have advanced by leaps to the Pacific, and left many a lesser Oregon and California unexplored behind us. Though the railroad and the telegraph have been established on the shores of Maine, the Indian still looks out from her interior mountains over all these to the sea. There stands the city of Bangor, fifty miles up the Penobscot, at the head of navigation for vessels of the largest class, the principal lumber depot on this continent, with a population of twelve thousand, like a star on the edge of night, still hewing at the forests of which it is built, already overflowing with the luxuries and refinements of Europe, and sending its vessels to Spain, to England, and to the West Indies for its groceries,—and yet only a few men have gone "up river" into the howling wilderness, which feeds it. The bear and deer are still found within its limits; and the moose, as he swims the Penobscot, is entangled amid its shipping and taken by foreign sailors in its harbor.