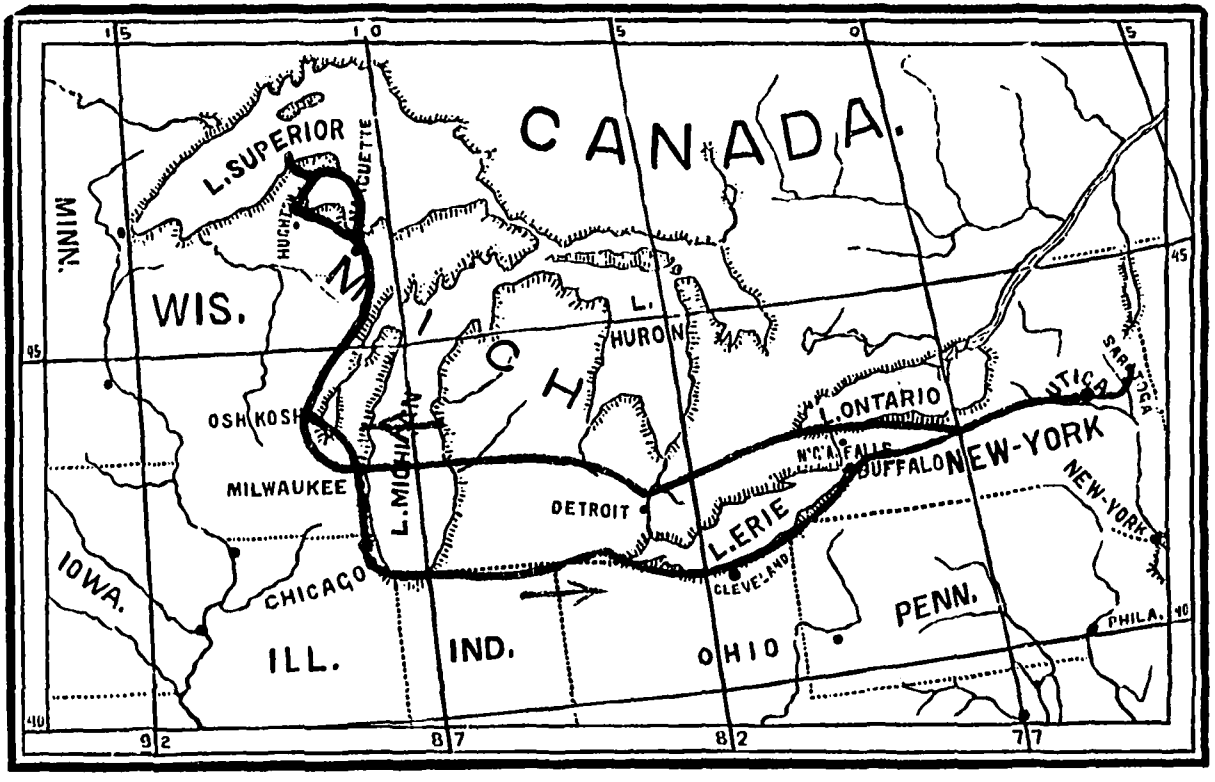
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REMINISCENCES

OF

TRAVEL;

OR

A NARATIVE OF A TRIP TO THE COPPER REGION OF LAKE SUPERIOR, A VISIT TO NIAGARA, AND A DAY AT SARATOGA.

BY

Geo. M. Coram

UTICA, N. Y.:
STEAM PRESS OF CORAM BROTHERS.
1879.

TO

GEORGE MASON,

THIS BOOK

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

BY HIS GRANDSON,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

This "Reminiscences of Travel," is a little work I have written entirely from memory, and is my first attempt. In the Summer of 187[illegible], M——, S— E—, and myself visited Niagara; and from there to Detroit, Grand Rapids, Grand Haven, and across Lake Michigan to Milwaukee, then to Oshkosh, Wisconsin. From Oshkosh I visited the iron and copper regions of Lake Superior. On our return we stopped at Chicago, Cleveland, and Buffalo.

CONTENTS.

PART I.

"A Narative of a trip to the Copper Region of Lake Superior."

PART II.

"A Visit to Niagara."

PART III.

"A Day at Saratoga."

CHAPTER I.

OSHKOSH, WISCONSIN, July 25, 1877.

AT four o'clock Wednesday morning I started alone, taking a loaf of cake for luncheon on the way, a letter of introduction to a friend of my grandfather's in Marquette, and $27.00 for fare and expenses: on what I anticipated would be a most delightful trip to the Copper Region of Lake Superior; via Chicago and North-Western Railway, thence by lake.

Leaving Oshkosh and crossing a prairie country to the Fox River, of which we caught glimpses of occasion-

ally, until we reached Ft. Howard; opposite which Green Bay is located. From Ft. Howard we went over long stretches of low country to Menomonee, this place is a great saw-mill town, the Menomonee River, as far as can be seen, is covered with logs; and going still on through forrests, then over sandy plains, giving to the traveler the appearance of a desert, dotted here and there with clumps of trees for oases, until we reach Escanaba about noon.

Escanaba is the great Iron shipping port of Lake Michigan; here, also, are located a number of both coal and charcoal blast furnaces. A ride of two hours more brings us to Negaunee where we change cars for Marquette. Here I took the wrong train, which was to my advantage as it took me off to Ishpeming (four miles), an extensive Iron mining town, waited one hour for a return train. Meantime I

visited the iron mines, engine houses, etc., then started again for Marquette —they charged me nothing for my extra ride.

I arrived in Marquette at six o'clock p.m., a city of 6,000 inhabitants, situated on a fine bay of Lake Superior, and walked through the city to the part facing the lake, in search of Mr. Parker, a fisherman, to whom my letter of introduction was addressed: while passing a large iron ore dock I noticed a row of fish markets, and glancing along the signs "J. PARKER," happened to be the second. Entering the market I inquired for Mr. Parker; they told me that I would find John just across the street, making a gill-net. Here I found the gentleman and presented my letter; he read it over, and said he was very glad to see me and questioned me as to the health of my grandfather, and all his other old acquaintances of Oshkosh, and the

"strikes" through the country. I then inquired where I could find lodging for the night, and he said: I could not stop with him very well, as they were sleeping three in a bed now at our boarding house; but directed me to a first-class temperance Hotel—the International House.

I then inquired the distance to the nearest Copper Mines that were being worked: he said the nearest were on Portage Lake, about eighty-five or ninety miles west of here, by steamboat—on hearing this I found that I had made a big mistake. In the noise and hurry at a shingle mill at Oshkosh, I understood the engineer to say the distance from Marquette to the Copper Mines was *eight miles*, which I intended to walk—instead of eighty; and began to think it was time to figure up the lowest cost of round trip, not feeling disposed to return without seeing the mines.

First, I went to the steamboat office and inquired the price of a 'deck passrge' to Hughton, Portage Lake.

"The lowest price is three dollars," the clerk said.

Will boat sail to-morrow morning?

"No, but the Keweenaw will at six o'clock on Friday morning."

Then I went to engage my nights lodging at the International House. Inquiring the cost of a cheap lodging, the clerk said that "Ten shillings is our price for supper, bed, and breakfast."

That's too much! something cheaper, without any thing to eat?

"Well, I'll give you a room to yourself for seventy-five cents!"

That will do, and scratching my name on the register, I paid the cash and leaving my package, told him I would be back in an hour or so.

Returning to my friend Mr. Parker, I spent quite a pleasant evening, talk-

ing about the riots, etc., and he took me about the town; we went into a large curiosity shop, where I had the pleasure of seeing a quantity of Indian's Goods, and many natural things gathered from the Lake Superior region. Among which, were different ores, and bright pieces of Native Copper and Silver, in different shapes—some in clusters, others in dripping cicles (illustrating as clearly as can be, the fact that they had, at some time, been fused through the crevices or veins in the rock,) manufactured into brooches, ear-rings, pins, and other jewelry. Also, a large variety of fine stones from the "north shore," with agates of different colors, from the size of a pea up to one that would weigh fifty pounds. As we left here I informed Mr. Parker I had engaged my lodging, and that the Keweenaw would not sail until Friday morning. "So good night!"

CHAPTER II.

MARQUETTE, MICHIGAN, July 26.

WAKING up about six o'clock Thursday morning, I felt rather sore all down my right side, and by examining my bed—to satisfy curiosity—found I had been lying on the slats, only hidden by a sheet. Then went down stairs, washed my face and asked for my package, (the loaf of cake), the proprietor wished me to stop to breakfast: I told him I was going to see a friend.

From the Hotel I went down to the iron ore docks, where I saw them unload three trains into a vessel, the

cars are built the same as coal jimmies, opening in the bottom, dropping the ore into a pocket, weighed, and then slid down a trough into the vessel; which occupied but a few minutes. I then went to the fish markets, where I found Mr. Parker getting ready to make another net and one of his men dressing a fine lot of lake trout. While watching him lace nets a friend of Mr. Parker's came up to get permission to use one of his row boats; he then let us both have one of his sail boats and a trowling-line to try our luck at fishing.

Taking a pair of oars and getting into a flat bottom boat, we pushed out to the sail boat, which was tied to a bouy; fixed things ready for a sail, and rowed out to the breakers, where we set the main-sail—but it would not work. As I knew nothing about sails, and my companion not much more—he having been out in the boat

with other parties but twice before. Trying again, my partner at the stern and I with the oars, we droped the centre-board, hoisted the main and jib sails, placed the ballast, and then sped over the beautiful waters of Superior with a steady lake breeze; in the meantime throwing out our trolling line—inviting any thing smaller than a sturgeon to take hold. We glided along without a bite, leaving the hills in the distance and our starting point out of sight. Now and then the wind blew in gusts and then died down, which looked as if we were to be left in a calm; being about eight miles out, we hardly felt like rowing back under the blazing hot sun.

Just then a little "squall" struck us: the tiller snapped off close to the post, the ballest shifted, and we came very near capsizing, but only dipped a little water. Cutting away the sail ropes, we drifted about until we could

whittle down the broken tiller to fit the mortice: my small pocket knife being rather dull, we both blisterd our fingers at the job. Rigged up once more, we struck a bee line for our dock.

From conversation with my friend during our cruise, I learned he was a college student from the east, being here on a summer vacation for his health. I also noticed that he was very courteous, even when on the point of capsizing, he cooly requested me to "'please' pull on the left oar quick!"

On arriving at the dock, we were met by Mr. Parker, ready to help unload our catch, but stating we had not been lucky enough to get a bite; he turned it off in a joke and said:

"Fish are very scarce and shy just now; about three weeks ago we had a heavy storm from the lake, that drove the fish into deep water."

The water of Lake Superior is very

clear; one can see bottom at the depth of thirty or forty feet.

Beginning to feel rather hungry and thinking where I would camp out to-night, I asked Mr. Parker how brook trout fishing was in that part of the country: telling him what sport we have in New York State, at hunting and fishing, in a wilderness called the "North Woods." He said he knew of a small brook where I could find a few, but it is quite a distance from here.

I guess I can find it if you show me in which direction it is?

"Well, you follow this road beside the Lake, down to the second furnace, crossing the Croig River just beyond, and follow up the left bank, passing three ravines opening to the river to the fourth one, where you will find a little brook thickly lined with willow and alder bushes. The trout lay in holes and on the riffs."

O, I can go there, find it, and easily return before night.

"All right!" he said, looking in his pocket book for a couple of small hooks to lend me, but all were too large.

I then went to the nearest toy store and bought five cents' worth of fish-hooks; with a piece of string which was around my loaf of cake for a line, a compass and a knife in my pocket, I set out on my trout fishing expedition.

Following Mr. P–'s directions, I walked about two and a half miles down the road to the second blast or charcoal furnace, which was in opperation; being just in time to see them blow off the slag. Here I noticed that the Charcoal has altogether a different effect upon the limestone (the limestone being used to sepperate the dross from the iron,) to what Anthracite and Bituminous Coals have. The

charcoal transforms the stone, sinder, and dross, into a substance resembling glass; which, as it flows from the furnace, cools in all the different colors of the rainbow; while anthracite and bituminous coals change the limestone cinder, and dross, into a porous substance like pumice-stone.

Mentioning at the furnace, that I was a visitor, and from New York State, the workmen were very anxious to hear about the 'riots.' I stated that the Tuesday before, the mob of rioters at Pittsburg, on the Pennsylvania Railway had burned and destroyed over a million dollars' worth of locomotives, rolling stock, buildings, etc. And that while Wm. H. Vanderbilt was bossing things on his road at New York, mobs of rioters were blocking up his road at Buffalo, (the other end), letting nothing pass but mail trains, and at the same time tearing up the track and running locomo-

tives into the ditch. Also, at Chicago all classes are on the strike, but have not made much trouble, only burning a few factories. The Militia has been called out to protect life and property.

Crossing the river on some logs and flood-wood, as it was quite low, then walking up along its bank, I came to a dry sand bar, on which I caught a handfull of grasshoppers for bait. Then crossing through some woods, instead of following around a bend, I found the bushes hanging full of red and black raspberries, which I put out of sight by the handfull until I had eaten enough to make most any two boys sick. I also noticed signs of an abundance of game; crossing fresh deer tracks—some of the hoof-prints were much larger than I had before seen in the "North Woods" of 'York State. After walking about two and a half miles up from the charcoal furnace, I came to the fourth

ravine; climbed up on an old stump, as the grass and weeds were above my head, to find the brook: and to my surprise, found I was but a rod or so from it. Creeping up quietly to the brink of the brook, I peeped in and saw just the bright spotted little finned fellows I was after. From a willow bush I cut a pole, put on my string, baited the hook with a 'hopper and threw in over a tuft of grass: it had hardly touched the water before I felt a sharp jerk, and landed a nice half-pound trout, which I filed as No. 1 on my stringer. Then wading down the brook a little way to some riffs I tried my luck again. Here I caught four, with as many throws of my hook, from under a log; then two more just below. At this rate I thought I was doing pretty well, and a little better than a man I met going home discouraged, with one little dried up trout about the size of his finger.

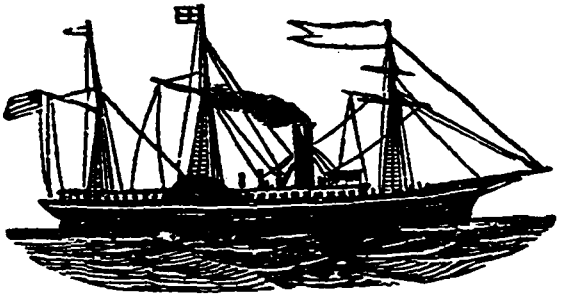
Fishing down the brook, I caught about three pounds; and then coming on to a large burnt-over space, covered with charred logs and stumps, some of which were still smoking in places. Following the brook to the river—looking for an old cabin or some place to camp, at the same time, as it was getting late,—I found a length of stove pipe and took it along to roast my supper on. Instead of wading the river, I followed up its bank to a narrow rocky place, crossed over on a fallen tree, then took a course with my compass, a few rods through the woods, and struck an old road or trail, walked down it about a mile to a stone ledge where they had been quarrying limestone. Looking around the ledge, I noticed a path leading into the bushes to one side, and following it in, found a little bark shanty, and settled my camp for the night at once. Lit a fire, to keep away the

mosquitoes and to cook with; cleaned my fish at a spring close by; flattened out my stove pipe for a frying pan; then pinned my largest trout on a piece of birch bark and set him up to cook—rare done; roasted the rest stuck on sticks and on my pan. Sitting here, at my lonely feast, half smothered with smoke to keep off the mosquitoes: eating fish alone, (without salt or bread), it tasted as nice as any thing I ever ate.

After supper (about eight o'clock) I began to feel sleepy, and the ground being too wet to sleep on, I carried a couple of planks from the ledge to my little bark shanty for a bed; built a smug fire of moss and wet leaves to keep away the mosquitoes. A stone, I thought, would make rather a hard pillow to dream the next day's scens on, and used my loaf of cake instead: I laid on the soft-side-of-a-plank and went to sleep under a bright starry

canopy.

Awakening after midnight, I felt very damp and cold. Springing up I found it was raining fast, and my clothes pretty well soaked. I replemished my fire and managed to keep under cover in one corner of my shanty; while warming and drying myself, here, I whittled a comb out of a chip, combed my hair, and felt ready to start again.



CHAPTER III.

MARQUETTE, MICHIGAN, July 27.

AT halfpast three o'clock day began to dawn, and I started down the road beside the river, towards Marquette, (which is about five miles distant), through a drizzling rain, with half my cake in one hand and a cane in the other. Passing on my way, a row of large charcoal kilns and hundreds of cords of wood ready to be made into charcoal; and arrived at the Furnace just in time to see them blow off about six tons of Iron. This is a most beautiful sight

to see at night, as the shower of sparks fly from the nozzle with a stream of white-hot metal, which changes its color from white to red and then to dark red, as it flows down a ditch, or the "sow," to a bed of moulds, called "pigs." This, you will notice, is how the rough bars of cast iron take the name of "pig iron." The Iron from Charcoal Furnaces is principally used in the manufacture of wire, car wheels, etc.

Arrived at the Soft-coal Furnace, which is about half way between the charcoal furnace and Marquette, a little too late to see them blow off. Here they use two ores, in proportion of half-and-half: one of a black color, of eighty-five per cent; the other a dark red hematite of thirty per cent; yielding about fifty-five per cent of iron to a ton of ore.

Reaching the steamboat landing at five-thirty a.m., too early for the boat,

I went to the fish markets, where I saw my friend Mr. Parker, greeting him with "Good morning!"

In returning the same, he said:

"You'r 'round pretty early this morning?"

Yes, and too early for the steamer.

He looked out on the lake, and said, pointing to the North-east horizon:

"There comes the Keweenaw from Saut de St. Marie; she will lay here about an hour, and start out at seven o'clock. What kind of luck did you have at trout fishing yesterday afternoon, did you find the brook?"

Yes, I found the brook, caught a nice lot of trout, roasted and eat them for supper last night, and slept in a bark shanty at the stone quarry, near where the fire has been through.

"A short time ago a tremendous fire swept through the woods there, and at one spell we thought our city

would go; the smoke was so dense here we could hardly see across the street. Didn't the bears or wolves howl, or wasn't you afraid to camp out in the woods alone?"

No, I slept good and was not troubled at all, except with the mosquitoes and rain.

Just then the 'Keweenaw' steamed into port, and a number of her passengers came ashore to take breakfast at the Lake-shore House.

Mr. Parker informed me that by going aboard and securing my passage, I would have breakfast and dinner included with same.

Leaving, I bade my friend Mr. Parker "good bye!" and boarded the Keweenaw. At the office I inquired the price of passage to Hughton:

The clerk said, "Five Dollars."

Is that first-class?

"Yes."

What is the cheapest deck passage?

"Three Dollars, without meals."

I will take a deck passage!

At seven o'clock the whistle blew, a signal to passengers on shore to come aboard.

The "KEWEENAW" is a large steamer of eight hundred tons, belonging to the Ward's Central and Pacific Lake Co. Her passengers were mostly tourists *en route* to the Apostle Islands, Ashland, and Deluth; with a party of fifty-seven emigrants for Hughton; and a party for the 'Black Hills.' The emigrant party consisted of French, Russians, Sweeds, and Norweigens; the two latter nationalities were a fine, stout, rosy-cheeked people.

Steaming along at the rate of about twelve miles an hour, and followed by a small flock of Gulls; over the clear calm waters of Superior, on a beautiful summer's day and a delightful invigorating lake air; which almost

seemed a watery paradise to the tourists: who amused themselves by throwing crusts of bread, apple cores, etc., overboard to the gulls, and then watching them dart down after it. Sometimes, two or three would see the same piece; in this case they would chuckle a little and then fly off leaving it, which looked as if they did not wish to fight over it.

While sitting on deck with a party, watching the foaming, white, curved track of our steamer, stretching out over the water, calm and dazzling as a mirror in the noon-day's sun, until lost on the horizon. And the Islands as we passed them, some just a rock pointing up above the water; and the high red sandstone clifts along the shore: which formed a very pleasing scene—a little breeze lifted my hat overboard; then the hurrah was, "Hat overboard!" Left bareheaded, I went to the clerk's office in search of an-

other hat, but without success, he having give his only extra hat to a gentleman who had lost his own early the same morning; then to the steward's office, he (the steward,) was very sorry he had not an extra hat, but congratulated me on my good looks bareheaded, before a party of young ladies standing by. After walking around an hour or so, the porter came to me with a hat he had got from one of the cabin passengers, which he would sell for seventy-five cents—all it was worth. I bought it, being glad of the chance, and trying it on—it came down over my ears and eyes—but I soon remedied that by placing a roll of paper under the lining.

By one o'clock p. m., we entered the canal connecting Keweenaw Bay with Portage and Torch Lakes. This canal is cut aross a low, marshy neck of land, and is kept open by steam dredging scows; one of which was

being worked as we passed, digging out the channel. Just as we were alongside, they plunged down their scoop fifteen or twenty feet and brought up about half a ton of mud and gravel, which they dumped in a boat with a splash: at this the foreigners gazed with much interest, then looked at one another, as if it was a new thing to some of them. Winding through the marshy ponds, following lines of buoys that mark out the channel, we enter Portage Lake and arrive at Hughton, by halfpast three o'clock. The latter town being located in Latitude 47° 52′ North; Longitude 11° 40′ West from Washington.

On landing at Hughton, I first inquired when the next steamer would sail for L'Anse or Marquette; and was informed that the "Ivanhoe," a mail steamer, would sail at six o'clock the next morning for L'Anse, and none to Marquette for two or three days.

At Hughton, the lake narrows and the shores become more abrupt. Hancock, on the opposite shore is connected by a swing bridge, and both towns are built on the hill side.

The "Pewabic Copper Mine" in the Hancock hills being the nearest and in opperation, I visited it. Crossing the swing-bridge connecting the two towns, (for which a five cent toll is charged), and before me decended from the top of the hill a double track incline railway; to my right is the smeltering works: and to my left, the separating mill. Then I assended the incline railway, which is about a hundred rods in length and some three hundred feet high: here at the top is a large stamp mill, and looking straight ahead, over a level plateau, was able to trace a line of engine houses and other buildings extending about half a mile along the line of shafts from which the mines are

worked. This row of buildings I will describe in rotation: beginning at the Stamp Mill as No. 1. This mill is at the terminus of a second double track incline railway, over which a hundred tons of copper ore and rock is brought from the different shafts along the mine every twenty-four hours, and then worked through different size machines, until reduced to small pieces, then loaded on cars and run down to the separating mill. After the copper has been separated from the rock, it is taken to the smeltering furnace.

The 2d building contains a large steam Air pump, used for feeding the mine with fresh air; also, in one end of this building is a machine shop, where I saw a most compact, direct acting, little steam drill, worked by three cylinders (or tripple cylinder motion) was being fiinished; and was to be used in place of hand drilling in

the mine.

In the 3rd building, the large pump that keeps the mine dry was at work; sucking the red colored water up through a pipe a foot in diameter.

At the 4th building was another air pump, and adjoining this a fire department's house.

No. 5, is an old shaft; and a few steps to the left is the blacksmith shop.

Around building No. 6, the visitor is led to think that he is in a saw mill yard, from the logs piled up about, but soon finds that they are used for props in the mine: one of which I saw them lowering as I passed.

No. 7 is another shaft house, at which was stationed a stout, raw-boned 'red man' whose features plainly shown the Indian type, working the skip up and down the shaft, and loading the trucks.

No. 8 is a boiler and engine house, and is connected with a shaft house,

No. 9, (the main shaft), by a wire cable over two thousand feet long, which is worked by a hundred horse power, double cylinder, reversable engine. This cable is wound on a drum forty-five feet in circumference, and is attached to the skip which is worked to any depth they wish; the skip at this shaft brings up nearly a hundred loads in the twenty-four hours, of about a ton each.

Here I introduced myself to the Engineer, as being a visitor to the Copper Mines, from 'York State; and entered into a varied conversation about the 'strikes,' copper, silver, and iron mines, and a dozen other things in succession. Showed him some specimens of iron ore I had collected at Escanaba, Ishpeming, and Marquette; and some pieces of colored dross from the Marquette charcoal furnace. The latter he seemed to take the most notice of, and I gave

him a bright streaked piece. I then helped him fill up his furnaces for the evening, using for firewood what New York State farmers would call choice cedar posts. In return for my piece of charcoal cinder, he gave me two pieces of copper bearing rock—just what I was after—and displayed a third piece (this was the finest bright piece of ninety-five per cent native copper I ever saw), saying:

"This was give to me by one of the miners, and was taken out of the "hundred-and-ninetith level," about two thousand feet below where we are now standing. What will you give me for it?"

Well, I am short of money, having hardly enough to carry me back to Oshkosh, but will give you a 'quarter' for it!

"This piece is worth, as a specimen, five dollars of anybodie's money; but as I run the risk of having it taken

from me at any time, and would rather have the money, you can have it, if you want it, for fifty cents."

I was glad to get it for that, and promised I would not show it to any one around there, as it was against the rules for visitors to carry off any copper whatever.

Now a little after five o'clock, as I stood in the engine house door, the day gang of miners were coming up from their work; and another gang collecting ready to take their place: with their dinner pails, extra candles, and a canteen of tea; dressed in a thick brown waterproof suit, stained red by the red sandstone, and an iron framed felt hat surmounted with a short thick candle. The miners are divided into three gangs, who work eight hours each, and receive from eight to ten dollars per week.

The Engineer, also said that this is the most prolific Copper and Iron

region in the world. The Calumet and Hecla Copper Mines, on Torch Lake, alone, produces annually ten thousand tons of pure copper.

Retracing my steps, I went back to the Separating Mill by the side of the lake, where I saw the process of separation; which is done by being washed with water on revolving tables and other machines; also, barrels of washed copper of different sizes, some the shape of cobble stones and other resembling red gravel and sand.

Next, I visited the smelting works. Here are eight large puddling furnaces, each holding five tons of copper. The copper ore is put into the furnaces at noon, and melted to a white-heat for twenty-four hours; in the meantime it is puddled and the dross is run off, then cast into ingots. The dross, after the first melt, is melted twice more to extract all of the metal. In the yard was a pile of mass-copper,

and trying to break off a small piece, I was told by one of the men that it was against the rules for visitors to take specimens, and that they had to account for evey pound.

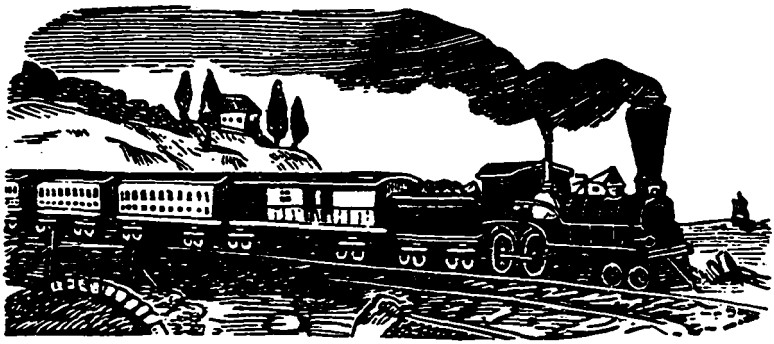
He also said: "Sometimes they take out masses weighing ten tons each; but working heavy mass-copper does not pay as well as small; its heavier to handle, and is so tough that it has to be chiseled apart by hand."

After dusk, I ate the last of my cake and took up my night's lodging on a lumber pile on the dock by the separating mill.

About midnight it began to rain, and I fixed the boards over myself to keep dry. At twelve o'clock p. m., the mill stoped for lunch hour; and a party of boys, who had their boat tied to the lumber pile, found me and thought they would have some fun by pulling the boards down on me; then they rowed across the lake. As I was

crawling out from under the boards, the watchman turned his little bull's-eye lantern on me, and asked "what I was doing there, and why I was not at an hotel ?"

I told him I had had the misfortune to loose my hat on the lake the day before, and that I paid six shillings for the one I had on, which left me too short of money to pay for both lodging and railroad fare. He then took me into the engine room to dry myself, where I staid 'till morning.



CHAPTER IV.

HANCOCK, MICHIGAN, July 28.

SIX o'clock Saturday morning I went aboard the IVANHOE, a mail steamer, which carried me back over Portage Lake, through the canal and over Keweenaw Bay to L'Anse; a distance of thirty miles in three hours.

At L'Anse we take the cars for Negaunee. Starting again on our journey, we enter a rough and rugged forrest, then assending a heavy grade beside a dashing, winding rivulet; the

echos of our iron horse's groaning grunts resound in the depths of the wood like thunder! as we run along, first on one side of the ravine, then on the other, through deep, narrow cuttings and level pineries past lake Michigami. Reaching Negaunee by noon—a distance of fifty-four miles.

At Negaunee station, I was fortunate in having the chance to buy a second-part ticket for Ft. Howard, worth seven dollars and five cents, for six dollars; then boarded the train for Oshkosh, a distance of two hnndred and twenty-eight miles, where I would reach, by skedyel time, at eleven o'clock p. m.

Late in the evening I went to sleep on the train, and rode past my station. At a little after eleven o'clock I felt someone tapping me on the shoulder, and looking up, the conductor asked me where I wanted to get off at?

'At Oshkosh!'

"We're about a mile past Oshkosh!" he said.

'Pull the bell-cord and stop the train!'

He reached up to the cord, and sent his signal to the engineer. In a second afterwards the whistle blew 'down brakes,' the train stopped in about its length, I got off and walked four miles back to Oshkosh, uuder a clear moon-light sky by twelve o'clock, where I found a good hearty supper waiting for me.

ITINERARY

OF ROUND TRIP.

From Oshkosh to Negaunee, distance 228 miles, fare $9.00; from Negaunee to Marquette, 17 miles, fare 48cts.; for lodging, etc., at Marquette

80 cents; from Marquette to Houghton, 80 miles by steamer, fare $3.00; 75 cents for a hat; 50 cents for a specimen of copper; from Hancock to L'Anse, 30 miles, fare $1.50; from L'Anse to Negaunee, 54 miles, fare $2.55; from Negaunee to Ft. Howard, 179 miles, fare $6.00; from Ft. Howard to Oshkosh, 49 miles, fare $1.95. Making a total of 637 miles, with $26.53, (and 47 cents left in my pocket), in 93 hours: or an average of $4\frac{1}{6}$ cents a mile, or about $28\frac{1}{2}$ cents an hour for an excursion to the great Copper regeon of Lake Superior (?)

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

A VISIT TO

NIAGARA.

THE city of Niagara is a very gay summer resort. During the summer months visitors and tourists come here from all parts of the world, to see the great falls.

On arriving here the traveler is surrounded by porters or runners, to direct him to a hotel, or hackmen to drive him to the several places of interest; but, leaving them all to their glory, and walking through the busy streets, he soon hears a roaring noise —from a distance: nor does it leave his ears until he leaves the vicinity.

One of the most attractive places, and the one our party visited was the "Goat Island Group." At the enterance bridge is a toll gate, at which we paid fifty cents each; then started on our wandering trip. We first crossed an iron bridge to a small island, on which is located the Niagara Paper Mills and an Indian's Curiosity-shop; then crosssd another bridge, and we were on Goat Island. Taking the first right-hand path we strolled along to the stairway and bridge connecting with Luna Island. Here we obtained a most magnificant view of the "American Falls," where the water dashes down over a hundred feet from the perpendicular rock, and when the sun is shining, two beautiful rainbows are to be seen at once. We hastened along from this point lest the spray should wet us through in a few minutes.

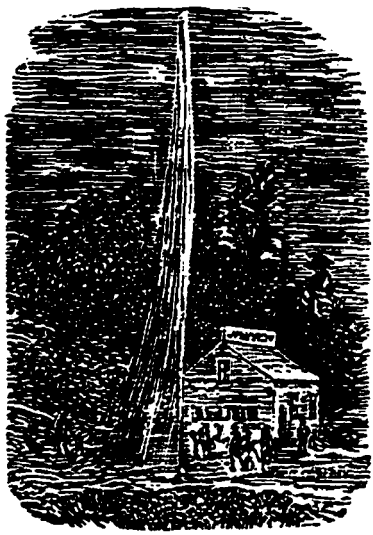
Leaving Luna Island, we walked

along the lower edge of the main island towards the "Canadian" or "Horse-shoe Falls," passing a number of Indians with their fine displays of bead work, fans, birch bark canoes, bows and arrows, canes, etc., which they try to sell to the visitors. It is rather difficult to pass without buying as their things are very attractive and quite cheap, considering the time it must take to make them. Descending a flight of stairs and crossing a foot bridge, we came on the verge of the horse-shoe cliffs. From here, only, one can realize the immense space —right and left—below the falls, and the many thousands of years it must have taken for the action of the water to have worn it out. From here, also, is a fine view of the new suspension bridge, one-fourth mile below; and the international suspension bridge, one mile down the river, can partly be seen.

Leaving the "Horse-shoe," we followed the right bank of Goat Island up to the "Three Sisters" or Moss Islands, which are three picturesque little islands, connected by three iron bridges to the main island. Passing over to the third sister, we obtained a fine view of the rapids above the falls, where the rolling, dashing water comes down from the horison—as it almost seems—to the edge of the 'Horse-shoe,' which is but a few yards from our feet.

These Islands are thickly covered with forest trees and shrubbery, among which I noticed four varieties of cedar.

From the 'sisters group,' we walked around the head of Goat Island back to our starting point; well pleased with our fifty-cent panorama.



Champion Spouting Spring of
Saratoga, N. Y.

A DAY AT

SARATOGA.

ON a beautiful August day of 1878, M——, S— E—, and myself enjoyed a most delightful excursion to Saratoga Springs, N. Y., about one hundred miles distant.

Leaving UTICA at 6:30 a.m., we started down the grand old Mohawk Valley; passing Ilion, Herkimer, Little Falls, St. Johnsville, Fonda, Amsterdam, and Schenectady. At Schenectady we change cars for Saratoga, where we arrived at 11 o'clock.

Now in the "Summer City" (for in the winter months it is almost as dull

as Long Branch, N. J.,) our attention is first turned to "Congress Park," to which the entrance fee is ten cents. Congress Spring water was the first for us to taste. M—, took one sip, which lasted all day; E—, tasted it, and said: "I don't want that stuff! that isn't water!" Then I drank half a glass—but after stoping could hardly drink the rest.

Congress Park is comparatively, its size considered, more diversified than is New York Central Park, or Fairmont Park in Phladelphia. At the main enterance is the spring pavilion, just opposite stands the 'Thorwaldsen Vase,' (representing night and morning), to the right and left extend covered promenades: the right leading to the Columbian spring, and the left to the Congress spring and Café. In the centre is a reservoir containing several hundred large speckled trout, which attract considerable attention.

The children bring pieces of bread, apple, etc., to feed the pretty fish, and watch them with delight as they swim around and rise up after the bits they throw in. Also, men standing around the railing seem snxious to test their agility, which they do by holding their canes or umbrellas over the water, and watch them jump up. A few steps on is a deer's pen, in which are three deer, one buck, and an elaborately built rustic cottage barn for them. The grounds are adorned with flower beds here and there; and a lake, in the centre of which stands a pretty music pavilion, where the orchestra warbles their sweet melodious selections on fine evenings, when the adjoining lawns are illuminated with electric lights for promenade concerts.

We next visited an Indian Encampment; then the High Rock, Seltzer, Star, and other springs—there are thirty all told, and no two alike—and

tasted water from each of course. We then walked down Broadway (the main street), passing the Grand Union, United States, Congress, and a score of other hotels, on to Washington spring; then visited another Indian Encampment. Here were a variety of attractions, such as: punch-and-judy shows; plenty of hand-organ music; target shooting; circular wooden horse swings; squaws making fancy baskets; bowling allies for children; and a circular railway about a quarter of a mile in circumference, with double track and two hand cars. A party of two or four would sit on the cars, propel themselves by turning a crank, and race around the circle—the one coming in last would have to treat the party.

From the Indian Encampment I walked, alone, down to the "Geyser" (about two miles), passing on my way the glass works, where the millions of

mineral water bottles are made. Visiting first the Champion Spouting Spring*—a fine display of natural force. This Spring has been tubed, and the pressure of Carbonic Acid Gas being 42 pounds to the square inch; the water spouts continuously through a quarter-inch opening to the height of 35 feet, making a constant flow of six gallons a minute. By removing the small tube, a column of foaming and sparkling water is thrown into the air to the height of one hundred feet.

Just across the railroad track is the Spouting Geyser, this and the Champion are the only two spouting springs in the lot. and are supposed to be at the fountain head of all the spring waters; also, in this group are the Little Sulphur, Vichy, Kissengen, and several locked up springs.

Walking back and rejoining my party at the Indian Camp, we thought

* See illustration.

we would go to the Grand Union to see the great picture. This, as I suppose most everybody knows (?) Mr. A. T. Stewart had painted to order in Italy, at a cost of over *sixty thousand dollars.* The picture is sort of an allegory, and so large, the frame had to be taken apart and the canvas rolled up to get it inside the building; it was finally placed upon the wall of the spacious ball room. Entering the Hotel, we asked permission of the clerk to see the large picture. He politely refused us on account of the ball room being fitted up for a "Hop" on the same evening. He added: "It is usual to allow visitors to see it."

Crossing Broadway we next visited the Harthorn Spring; then walked around the Grand Union, which covers a whole block, with the exception of a little Stone Church, (the hotel billiard parlors are next to the latter) and is the largest, most complete, and

finest hotel in the country. A few steps from the Grand Union is John Morresy's Club House.

Now on Broadway at about five p. m., there is no lack of style in the way of turn-outs—from a buggy to a buss. Fat, lazy horses with short bushy tails and heavy silver-plated harness, drawing clumsy red-wheeled barouches; others with driver and footman dressed in livery, drive up and down before the hotels ready for a customer. Some take an evening drive to the "Geyser," while others go down past Jerome Park to Moon's at Lake Saratoga—four miles distant.

Taking the 8 p. m., we started on our way home, reaching Schenectady after waiting for two or three late trains at midnight, and arriving home rather sleepy at 1:30 a. m.

HISTORY OF THE SPRINGS.*

THE first white man who (so far as is known) visited Saratoga Springs was Sir William Johnson, Bart. Sir William, under a commission of major-general from George II., defeated the French army under Baron Dieskau at the battle of Lake George, on the 8th of September, 1755. In this action he received a wound from which he never recovered, and was frequently subject to serious illness. It was during one of these attacks that the Mohawks revealed to their "beloved brother," War-ra-ghi-ya-ghy (Johnson), the medicinal properties of the "High Rock Spring." Nor, perhaps, could there have been a stronger proof of the affection in which he was held by the Indians than this act of giving to him the benefits of that which they had always

* From Harper's Monthly.

sacredly guarded as a precious gift to themselves from the Great Spirit. Accompanied by his Indian guides, the baronet, on the 22d of August, 1767, being too feeble to walk, was placed on a litter and borne on the shoulders of his faithful Mohawks through the woods to the spring. Here he remained in a rude bark lodge for four days, by which time he was so much benefited as to be able to return to Johnstown, part of the way on foot.

In 1770 a Dr. Constable, who resided at Schenectady, examined the water at Saratoga and pronounced it highly medicinal.

In October, 1777, Major-General Mooers, of Plattsburg, who was stationed after Burgoyne's surrender in the vicinity, visited the spring.

In 1783, Dr. Samuel Tenney, a regimental surgeon in camp at Fish Creek also paid a visit to the spring, and

made some judicious remarks on its uses as a medicine. In the summer of the same year General Schuyler cut a road through the forest from Schuylerville to the High Rock, and erected a tent, under which his family spent several weeks, using the water. Also:

In 1783, General Washington, accompanied by his aids, Alexander Hamilton, Geo. Clinton, and Colonels Humphreys and Fish, visited the High Rock on their return from an inspection of the northern forts, their attention having been directed to it by General Schuyler while guests at the latter's house at Schuylerville. On their return route through the woods, when near the present village of Ballston, they lost their way. Near the bridal-path lived one "Tom" Conner, who was chopping wood at his cabin door. They inquired the way, and Tom gave the requisite directions

The party accordingly retraced their steps a short distance, but, becoming bewildered, rode back for more explicit directions. Tom had by this time lost his temper, and peevishly cried out to the spokesman of the party, who happened to be Washington, "I tell you, turn back and take the first right-hand path, and then stick to it: any darned fool would know the way." When poor Tom learned whom he had thus addressed, he was greatly chagrined. His neighbors for a long time tormented him on his "reception of General Washington."

The next year, 1784, another distinguished person visited the High Rock, brought there by the advice of Washington, viz.: Colonel Otho H. Williams; and in 1790 the mother of the late Hon. Theodore Dwight also visited the spring, coming from Hartford on horseback. On reaching the

spring, Mrs. Dwight found but three habitations, and those but poor log-houses on the high bank of a meadow. The log-cabins were full of visitors, and she found it almost impossible to obtain accommodations even for two nights.

"These waters," writes Elkanah Watson, in visiting the High Rock in 1790, "are situated in a marsh. There is no convenience for bathing except an open log-hut, with a large trough, similar to those in use for feeding swine, which receives the water from the spring. Into this you roll from off a bench."

Among the visitors to the High Rock in the year 1791 were a Congressman (John Taylor Gilman) and an aged gentleman, his friend and fellow-traveler. One day, as the former, accompanied by a young son of the woodsman with whom they were stopping, was returning from a hunt

along a foot-path leading to the cabin, the aged gentleman meanwhile sitting on the door-step awaiting their coming, the boy, highly elated, ran forward, exclaiming, "Oh, mother, we've found a new spring!" To the question, "Who found it?" the son replied, "The Congress." The aged gentleman then said, laughingly, to Mr. Gilman, who had now come up, "The spring shall always be called the 'Congress.'" Thereupon the entire household "turned out" and went down to see the wonderful discovery. At this period it was necessary to climb over logs waist high to gain access to the new spring, the water issuing from a fissure in the rock, and being conducted to the glass through a wooden spout fastened into the crevice. The village now rapidly increased; and new springs were discovered.

In 1802, a large frame house was built by Gideon Putnam on the

site of the present Grand Union, having for its sign a quaint representation of the adventure of "Putnam and the Wolf," (still in existance), and thenceforth the "Springs" became the resort of those who were in persuit of health and pleasure.