

places for the deer to go to the river and swim across. These openings were called "passes." A number of men now go within the fence, and from the wider enclosure they drove them to the narrow part, or to passes of the river where others were stationed, and thus killed the deer at their leisure. These deer fences are actually seen to extend thirty miles on the River Exploits, and how far into the interior no white man can tell. They are formed by felling trees, and must have cost immense labor. The tribe which constructed them originally must have been numerous and powerful, though now without a single living representative.

The Indians, especially the Mic-Macs, have another method of capturing the deer, which if it were not well attested, would seem almost incredible. Some of these Indian hunters will actually run down a stag. Only when fat is the stag worth such an arduous pursuit, and then only is he liable to such fatigued exhaustion. The hunter will commence the chase early in the day, and follow it up without intermission, and before night will make the stag his prey without firing a shot. The stag at first easily outstrips his pursuer, but after a run of four or five miles he stops, and is by and by overtaken. He lies down fatigued but is again surprised; and thus the chase is kept up until the poor stag in despair of eluding his pursuer, plunges into a pool or morass to escape, where he soon meets his doom, man at length winning the day.

It is remarkable that the horns of the cariboo vary more than those of any other species of deer, in fact no two adult stags have horns precisely alike. Some very remarkable horns are to be seen in St. Johns, N. F. One pair is so lofty that when reversed on the shoulders of a man five feet ten inches in height, the horns touch the ground. Another pair has thirty-two points, including those on one brow, another which is palmated, while the other is a mere snag. These horns with just sufficient skull left to hold them together, weigh thirty-two pounds. Others are perfectly straight and have the brow-antlers of similar form. The cariboo is noted for its tenacity of life.

Some years ago, a barbarous practice was in vogue among the half-French settlers who then occupied the Bay of Islands on the western coast. The cariboo in their southern migration, were in the habit of swimming across a narrow part of a large lake called Deer Pond, on the banks of which, at that season, were hidden both men and canoes. When a herd had entered the water and swam sufficiently far to admit a pursuit, the canoes were hastily launched and the chase began. On coming up with the deer, knives were drawn and deep gashes made on the rump of each deer to ascertain which was fastest, and these were instantly killed with the tomahawks, while scores of wounded and bleeding animals were allowed to escape. The slain, perhaps sixty or seventy in number, were then collected and towed to the River Humber which flows from Deer Lake to the settlement, some fifteen miles, and then into the sea. As the Humber on this part has some rapids and cascades, it does not admit of canoe navigation, and the deer were consequently allowed to float to the settlements, where half never arrived; and many of these that did were carried by the current out to sea. The savage cruelty of these hunters met with a just retribution. The deer forsook the route entirely, and now migrate by a path far in the interior, where the cruel hand of man cannot reach them.

On the western coast a smaller species of deer is said to be occasionally seen by the settlers and is distinguished by the name of "little black-legged deer." They are supposed to be the "Barren Ground Cariboo," or *R. Greenlandicus* of the naturalist. A fat stag of this species does not exceed in weight an ordinary doe of the woodland cariboo.

The intelligent traveller, Cormack, who crossed the island in 1822, remarks in his "narrative" that these natural herds are the best adapted for this climate and pasture; and he was of opinion, on witnessing their immense numbers, that all that is required to render the interior, now a waste, at once a well stocked grazing country, could be done through the means of employing qualified herdsmen, who would make themselves familiar with, and accompany these herds from pasture to pasture, as is done in Norway and Lapland with the reindeer there, and in Spain with sheep. When taken young these deer become very domestic and tractable. Were the intelligent resident inhabitants of the coast, who have an interest in advancing the country internally, to adopt a plan for effecting this object, under their own vigilance, benefits and comforts, now unthought of, could be realised. How useful the tamed reindeer might become to the Newfoundlanders may be imagined from what we read of the Lapland reindeer. It can draw a sledge over the frozen snow at the rate of twenty miles an hour. To the Laplander the reindeer is everything; and in his cold and barren country, covered with snow and ice nine months of the year, and producing few vegetables, he would perish were it not for the milk and flesh of the reindeer. These useful creatures are mostly in a domesticated condition, about four feet high and the same in length. A pair of them will travel in a sledge one hundred miles in twenty-four hours. To their acuteness of sight and smell their master trusts his life in the most dangerous paths during the darkest nights of his stormy winter, and it is seldom that he has to regret his confidence. Their flesh is eaten either fresh or salted, their skins form tents, clothing and bed covering, their sinews thread for sewing, and their tongues are a well-known article of commerce. What has been done in Lapland in taming these creatures could be done equally well in Newfoundland and on a far more extensive scale.

M. HARVEY.

For Forest and Stream.

BLUE MOUNTAIN LAKE, ADIRONDACKS.

Cape Hathorne, June 15, 1874.

ALREADY has the winter of our discontent yielded to glorious summer in these parts, and the faithful tide of tourists and sportsmen is setting in toward the woods. Doubtless from now till November snows will your desk, drawers and basket be filled with letters concerning the delights and joys here experienced. We do not know of any easier or more accessible entrance to the North Woods, especially to the New Yorker, than the route we have taken and always take, no matter at which point we may eventually aim. Leaving Albany at seven o'clock in the morning on the Rensselaer and Saratoga Railroad we connect at Saratoga with the Adirondack Railroad, reaching North Creek, its northern terminus, at about noon. Thence by stage to Dick Jackson's, a distance of nineteen miles, where we spend the night. This is the last place on the

route where one can experience the comforts of a good hotel, although there is soon to be one opened at Wakely's on the Cedar River. Bright and early the next morning a buck-board wagon will take us to Blue Mountain Lake, a distance of twelve miles, over a road which has never been submitted to the process of Macadamization. You remember it was one of Macadam's theories that a bog was preferable to a hard bottom in constructing his roads. There is plenty of substratum of that nature here.

At Chauncey Hathorne's shanty will we find a smoking hot fish-chowder in thirty minutes after we tear ourselves off the buck-board, and, in fact, it were no bad idea to consume a goodly portion of this time in gradually performing this operation. About twenty minutes is the average time allotted for accomplishing this in safety. A couple of rods from Chauncey's own camp, lies the one reserved for guests. It is dry and comfortable, with the beds aired plentifully during the day and nicely made with fresh hemlock boughs at night. He expects to have quite a log house built by the first of July, in which ladies can be accommodated, and to this end has engaged the services of one of the first architects of this township with a competent corps of assistants. He says it will cost from sixty to seventy dollars and may hug one hundred before it be finished. Now that we are speaking of Chauncey, we might as well say something more of him as landlord, guide and good fellow. He has been located here for the last thirteen years, and of late has wintered as well as summered here. In that time he has caught several trout, and tradition says, seen a fawn or two. His greatness as a landlord has been thrust upon him. Living in the woods first for his health, he grew fond of it and remained for fun. Now his fame as an entertainer of the sportsman has become so widespread that he continues his wood-life for business. He is still young, strong and gentlemanly in language and decorum.

His shanty is situated on the eastern shore of the lake, with a most beautiful sand beach before his mansion. Back in the woods a piece is his ice house, in which is always to be found a supply of fish and game—in season, of course, for Chauncey, although neither a fish commissioner nor game constable, is still very hostile to any interference with fish or deer out of season. He may be a little clouded in his "resuscitative faculty" as regards the exact limits of the seasons, but that's all, and the poor fellow keeps no almanac. He has been so long in the habit of doing his own cooking that he excels in the art. His knowledge of this region is complete. He knows just where every trout has his abiding place in all times, and more than one tree in the neighboring forests has an auger hole in it bored by him. He is likewise considerable of a "schollard." When one finds in a hunter's cabin such books as "Pascal's Thoughts" next to "The last of the Mohicans," "Junius' Letters" sandwiched between "Young's Night Thoughts" and the FOREST AND STREAM, one regards the possessor as a man of profound and varied reading, and such certainly would we have regarded Chauncey, but for a copy of "Paradise Regained" which lay in one corner of his cupboard. That was too much! "Pascal?" Yes. "Young?" Yes. But "Paradise Regained"—never. The dying man, who asked his chief legatee if he had ever read "Paradise Regained," and, receiving an affirmative reply, immediately disinherited him, understood human nature. He knew no man had ever read it. However, Chauncey does read, and occasionally also bestows upon the public some wood-knowledge in the shape of letters.

We perceive we have rather shuffled together our remarks on the landlord and the man, but, after all, we have known several landlords that were men. Nor do we regret speaking so fully of Chauncey and his beautiful home, for we believe that in all these woods there is no better guide than the one, nor more satisfactory camping ground than the other.

This lake, we think, is destined to be the great point of interest in the Adirondacks. From it one can go by water to almost any desirable point. It opens into Eagle Lake, where Austin, another entertainer of sportsmen, lives in the house built by Ned Buntline. Here is buried the latter's wife, although one looks in vain for marble slat or wooden stick. A tiny island in the western corner of Blue Mountain Lake is pointed out as the spot where Ned was wont to hatch his blood and thunder stories.

Eagle Lake, which is a mile long, opens into Utawana Lake, a very pretty sheet of water some three miles long, and a favorite haunt of the deer. Within a week we have seen a number on its southern shore. Below this lake we have Merion River and then Racquette Lake. From Blue Mountain Lake to Long Lake there is a more direct route with four miles of "carry," but even the guides when traveling light, will take the longer and all-water route. The trout in these lakes are very abundant and large. We caught one on the 6th of this month that weighed 11½ lbs., and a day or two before a gentleman secured one which only fell half a pound short of our weight. The flavor of the trout in this lake is superior. A little north of Blue Mountain Lake is a little pond literally filled with brook trout, and they respond most quickly to the fly. We took one that weighed three and a half pounds. A plain, brown hackle was the executioner. In the lakes trolling alone is in order. The season here has been very backward. The ice only went out of the lake on the 15th of May, and a considerable pile of snow remained to see the month out. For the next two months the fishing hereabouts will be very fine. In the fall there is no spot in the Adirondacks where deer and partridges are more plenty. Chauncey can point out to you the place over yonder, on Panther Mountain, where the deer "yarded" last winter.

If we have been too early for good brook fishing, we are just in time for black flies. They are as busy as the little bee, but tar and glycerine make their trade somewhat dull. Their day will now be soon over and their close season will be devoutly wished for by all handlers of the rod. The interchange of ideas on different fishing and hunting grounds is a worthy one. We all hold some one spot as superior. Yours may be on the Nepigon; mine here. If you persuade us to test your ground, and we induce you to try our favorite place, we shall both be wiser, if not better. Of course you yourself know this Blue Mountain region as well as we, but some of your readers do not, and to them we confidently recommend it. BOYD.

George Dimock of Barneget, Vt., has a biddy which is somewhat inclined to be aquatic. She has chosen ducks and geese for her associates, and has been seen to plunge them into water, swim across the pond, come out and shake herself like any old water fowl. In swimming she naturally falls behind in consequence of her feet not being well adapted for paddling purposes.

The Horse and the Course.

—On Thursday, June 26th, the racing season at Fleetwood Park Course opened, with a fair attendance. The first race was a dash of three-quarters of a mile for horses of all ages, Minnie Mac, Erastus Corning, Scratch, Frank and Nellie Devoe starting; won by Minnie Mac by half a length. Time—1:17, which was very remarkable time. The second race was a failure. The stipulation being that three horses should run, and only two horses offering, the race was off. The third was a hurdle race, eight jumps in two miles, welter weights. There were six entries, but only two horses, Victor and Cordelia, starting. A beautiful race, both horses coming in together, and making a dead heat. Time—4:03½. In accordance with the very just rule of the American Jockey Club, it being a dead heat, the purse was divided.

—On Friday took place the second race meeting at Fleetwood Park. Weather was unpropitious, though the attendance was fair. The first race was for the Stuyvesant House Sweepstakes. Two mile dash. Four entries, three horses starting, Ransom, Lizzie Lucas and Utica; won by Ransom, beating Lizzie Lucas after a gallant struggle. Time—3:40. The second race was one mile and a quarter for three year olds; four entries, three horses starting, Mollie Darling, Scratch, and Erastus Corning. Mollie ran a waiting race and won. Time—2:14. The third race was a mile dash, four entries, and all the horses starting, Scratch, Mollie Darling, Aerolite and Victor. Scratch came in ahead, winning in 1:45½.

At the Beacon Park Races for horses that had never beaten 2:36; on Wednesday 24th, a spirited race took place. There were four entries; won by Barney Kelly. Time—2:30½, 2:30, 2:28½, 2:27½. On the same occasion, a race for horses that had never beaten 2:39. Best three in five, in harness. The purse was won by Dolly Varden. Time—2:36½, 2:38, 2:33½, 2:35.

—At the Beacon Park Races, Boston, on Thursday last, for horses that had never beaten 2:34, mile heats, best three in five; in harness, there were seven horses starting; won by Lady Mac. Time—2:36, 2:35, 2:37, 2:35½, 2:35, 2:39, 2:41. Same day for horses who had never beaten 2:29, five horses started; won by Annie Collins. Time—2:33, 2:33, 2:35, 2:34½.

—At Beacon Park, on Friday last, there was a large assemblage. First race was for horses that had never beaten 2:40, best three in five; won by American Girl. Time—2:25, 2:23, 2:25, 2:26, 2:25.

—On Wednesday last the opening meet of the Waverly Trotting Park took place, with two good races. The first was for three minute horses, mile heats, best three in five, in harness. Seven horses started; won by Adeline R. Time—2:45, 2:45, 2:42, 2:43½. The second race was for 2:38 horses. Mile heat, best three in five, with six horses starting; won by Eddie. Time—2:39½, 2:41½, 2:40.

—On Friday, at Waverly Park, for horses that had not beaten 2:45, mile heat, best three in five. The race was won by W. H. Farce. Time—2:40½, 2:42½, 2:42½, 2:43½. The second race was two mile hurdles, eight jumps, won by Idaho, eight horses contesting. Time—4:18½. The Consolation Race ended the day; mile heats, best three in five; won by Lady Penny.

—At Utica, on Thursday, the Ladies' Stakes for two year olds was run, Ino, Mattie A, and Nannie McDowell starting; won by Ino in 1:48½. In the one and a half mile race, five horses starting, Katie Pease won in 2:43. For the Hotel Purse, mile heats; won by Springbock. Time—1:45 and 1:42½. On the same day the second trotting matches of the Waverly Park Course took place. The first race of the day was for horses that had never beaten 2:30. Six horses started; won by F. C. O'Reilly. Time—2:33½, 2:36, 2:40. Second race, for horses that had never beaten 2:50; there were seven entries; won by Adeline R. Time—2:40, 2:42½, 2:42½, 2:42½. The finishing race was for running horses, mile and repeat; won by Gould. Time—1:52, 1:51.

—At Utica, Saturday, the second annual running meeting took place. From a personal visit we can speak in the highest praise of the excellent character of the grounds and the many notable improvements made there. All the approaches to the course have been put in capital order.

APROPOS OF CREMATION.—An old writer, Bertram, mentioning the customs of the Florida Indians at that time, says: "The dead are placed on an elevated stage till dried up, when a set of elderly gentlemen, with very long nails on the thumb, fore and middle fingers, who travel through the nation, take the skeleton down, scrape the bones, burn the scrapings, and, after painting the head vermilion, deposit the bones in a chest, weep over the remains and then lay them on the shelf for a year. At the end of that period the friends and relatives gather around, take the chest down, weep over it, refresh the color of the head, paint the box red, and then deposit him to lasting oblivion. An enemy and a suicide are considered unworthy such ceremonies."

Now, here is something sensible. Must we look to the despised aborigine for an improvement upon our method? Why cannot we compromise the matter with these cremators, and instead of reducing the whole body to ashes, merely scrape the dry bones and "burn the scrapings"? And only think how much more respectable to be scraped by a decent old gentleman who lets his nails grow long for the special purpose. And how cheering to a dying author to know that his frontal will be red. That, one might call dying for effect. What a consolation to know that your bones, after being wet with the tears of these elderly gentlemen, will be nicely packed in a little red box, and laid on the shelf, neatly labelled, "Bones of Tom Collins—or whoever it may be—departed January 4th; dried and scraped February 6th, painted 7th; to be kept over A. D. January 4th, 1875. Peace to his ashes."

—In our last, when giving the points of certain dogs, the omission was made of crediting the article to the *Fanciers' Gazette* from which it was taken.