



## **Picturesque America; or, the land we live in**

a delineation by pen and pencil of the mountains, rivers, lakes, forests, water-falls, shores, cañons, valleys, cities, and other picturesque features of our country ; with illustrations on steel and wood, by eminent American artists

**Bryant, William Cullen**

**New York, 1874**

The Adirondack Region.

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## THE ADIRONDACK REGION.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY FENN.



Ascent of Whiteface.

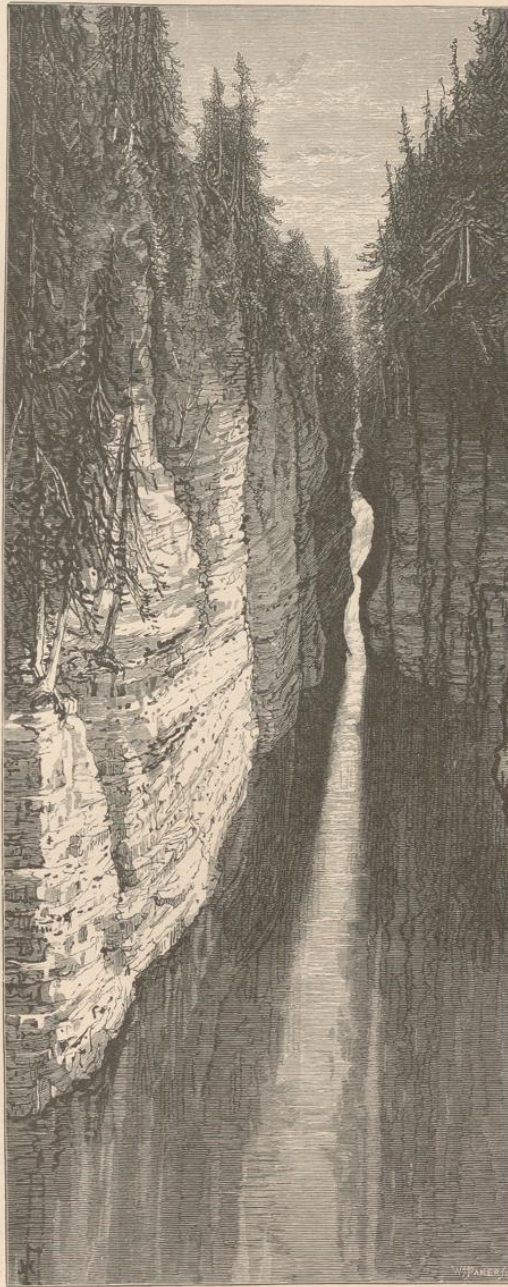
IT is a common notion among Europeans—even those who have travelled extensively in this country—that there is very little grand scenery in the United States east of the Mississippi River. The cause of this delusion is obvious enough. The great routes of travel run through the fertile plains, where the mass of the population is naturally found, and where the great cities have consequently arisen. The grand and picturesque scenery of the country lies far aloof from the great lines of railroad; and



the traveller whirls on for hundreds of miles through the level region, and decides that the aspect of America is very tame and monotonous, and that it has no scenery to show except the Highlands of the Hudson, Lake George, and the Falls of Niagara.

In the State of New York alone, however—to say nothing of the mountains and the sea-coast of New England, or the mountains of Pennsylvania, Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee—there are vast regions of the most beautiful and picturesque scenery, to which the foreign traveller seldom penetrates, and of which scarcely a glimpse can be obtained from the great lines of railroad, which have been established for purposes of trade, and not for sight-seeing. West of the Hudson lies a mountainous region, half as large as Wales, abounding in grand scenery, known only to the wandering artist or the adventurous hunter; and beyond that, in the centre of the State, a lower and still larger region, studded with the loveliest lakes in the world, and adorned with beautiful villages, romantically situated amid rocky glens, like that of Watkins, exhibiting some of the strangest freaks of Nature anywhere to be seen, and water-falls of prodigious height and of the wildest beauty.

But the grandeur of the Cats-



The Ausable Chasm.





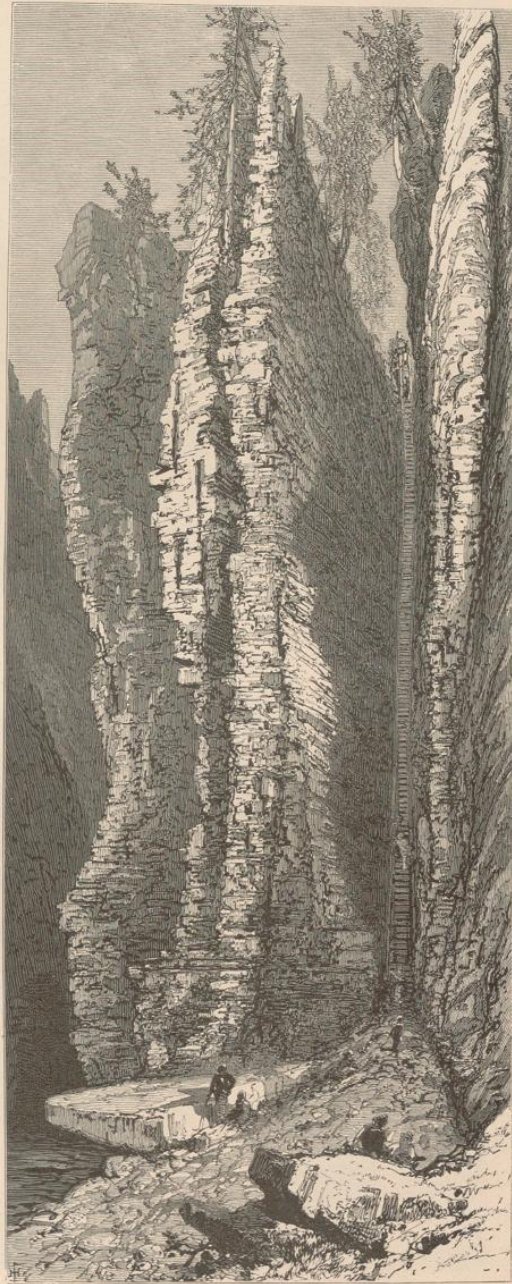
Birmingham Falls, Ausable Chasm.

kills, and the loveliness of the lake-region of Central New York, are both surpassed in the great Wilderness of Northern New York, the Adirondack, where the mountains tower far above the loftiest of the Catskills, and where the lakes are to be counted by the hundreds, and are not surpassed in beauty even by Lakes George, Otsego, or Seneca. This remarkable tract, which thirty years ago was known, even by name, only to a few hunters, trappers, and lumbermen, lies between Lakes George and Champlain on the east, and the St. Lawrence on the northwest. It extends, on the north, to Canada, and,



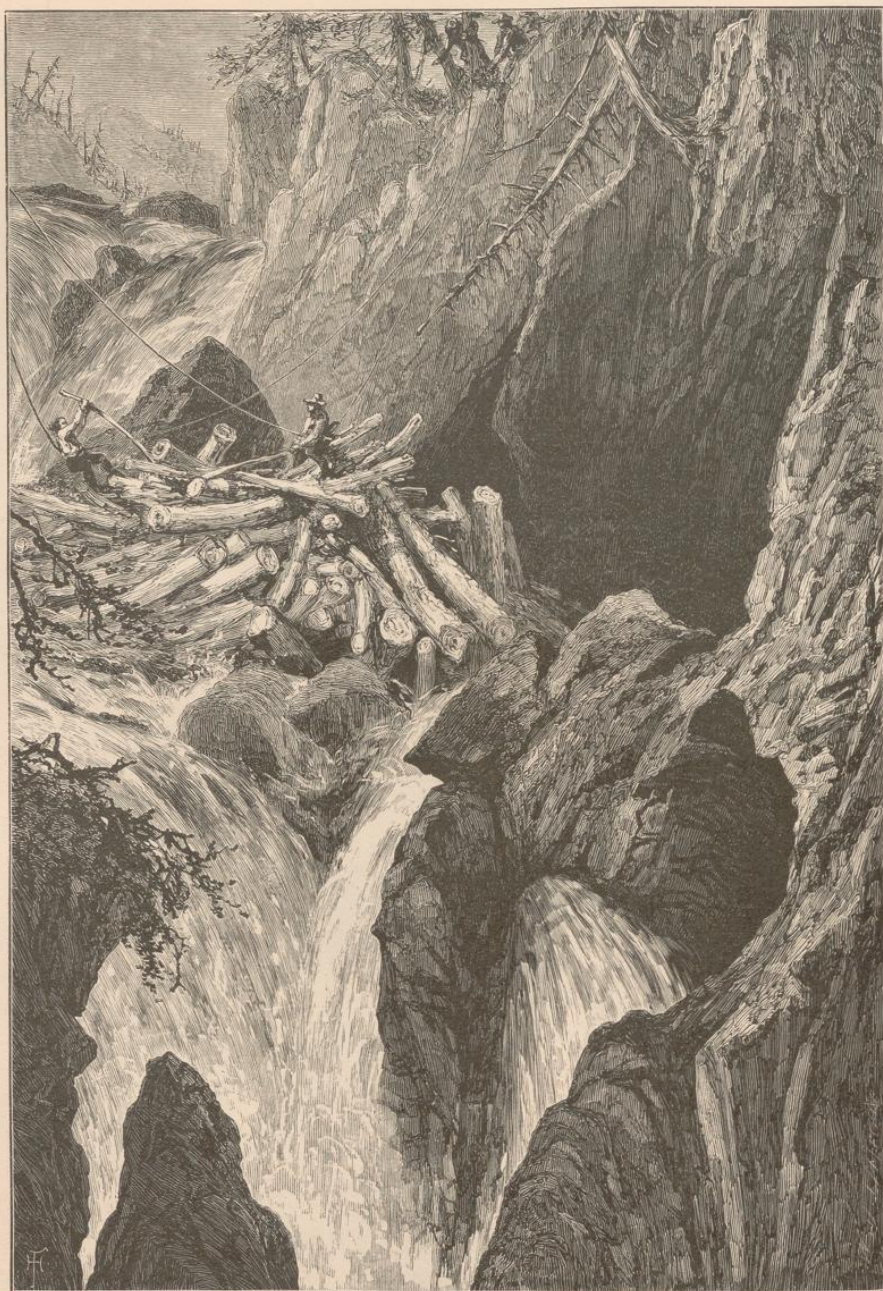
on the south, nearly to the Mohawk. In area it is considerably larger than Connecticut, and, in fact, nearly approaches Wales in size, and resembles that country also in its mountainous character, though many of the mountains are a thousand or two thousand feet higher than the highest of the Welsh.

Five ranges of mountains, running nearly parallel, traverse the Adirondack from southwest to northeast, where they terminate on the shores of Lake Champlain. The fifth and most westerly range begins at Little Falls, and terminates at Trembleau Point, on Lake Champlain. It bears the name Clinton Range, though it is also sometimes called the Adirondack Range. It contains the highest peaks of the whole region, the loftiest being Mount Marcy, or Tahawus, five thousand three hundred and thirty-three feet high. Though none of these peaks attain to the height of the loftiest summits of the White Mountains of New Hampshire, or the Black Mountains of North Carolina, their general elevation surpasses that of any range east of the Rocky Mountains. The entire number of mountains in this region is supposed to exceed five hundred, of which only a few have received separate names. The highest peaks, besides Tahawus, are Whiteface, Dix Peak,



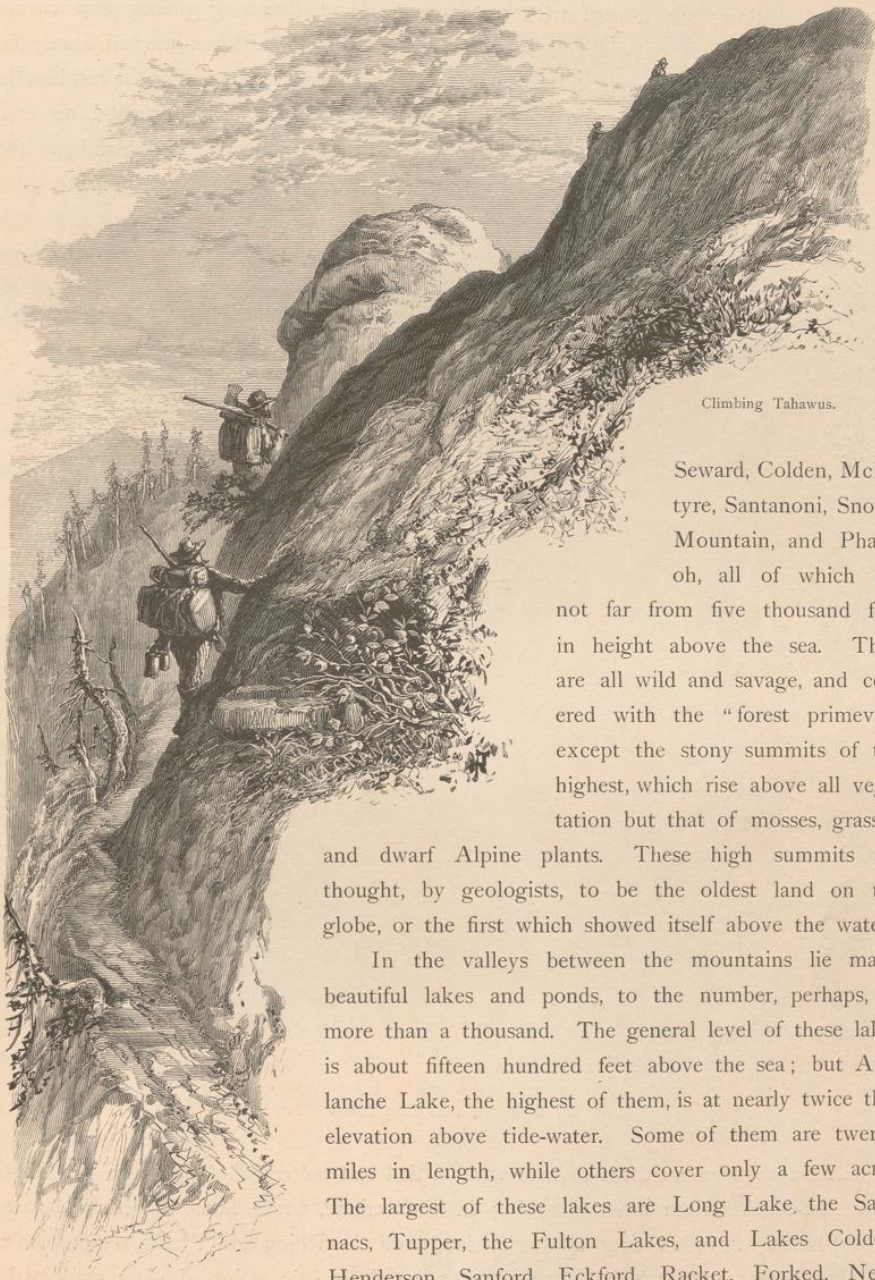
The Stairway, Ausable Chasm.





CLEARING A JAM, GREAT FALLS OF THE AUSABLE.





Climbing Tahawus.

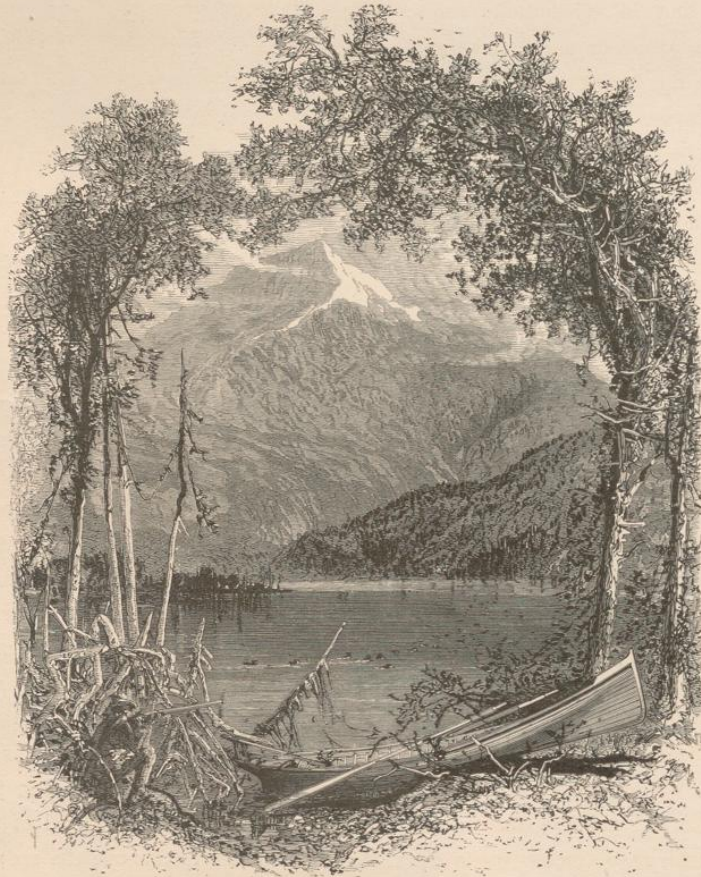
Seward, Colden, McIntyre, Santanoni, Snowy Mountain, and Pharaoh, all of which are not far from five thousand feet in height above the sea. They are all wild and savage, and covered with the "forest primeval," except the stony summits of the highest, which rise above all vegetation but that of mosses, grasses,

and dwarf Alpine plants. These high summits are thought, by geologists, to be the oldest land on the globe, or the first which showed itself above the waters.

In the valleys between the mountains lie many beautiful lakes and ponds, to the number, perhaps, of more than a thousand. The general level of these lakes is about fifteen hundred feet above the sea; but Avalanche Lake, the highest of them, is at nearly twice that elevation above tide-water. Some of them are twenty miles in length, while others cover only a few acres. The largest of these lakes are Long Lake, the Saranacs, Tupper, the Fulton Lakes, and Lakes Colden, Henderson, Sanford, Eckford, Racket, Forked, Newcomb, and Pleasant. Steep, densely-wooded mountains rise from their margins; beautiful bays indent their borders, and leafy points jut out; spring-brooks tinkle in;



while the shallows are fringed with water-grasses and flowering plants, and covered sometimes with acres of white and yellow water-lilies. The lakes are all lovely and romantic in every thing except their names, and the scenery they offer, in combination with the towering mountains and the old and savage forest, is not surpassed on earth. In natural features it greatly resembles Switzerland and the Scottish Highlands, as they



Whiteface, from Lake Placid.

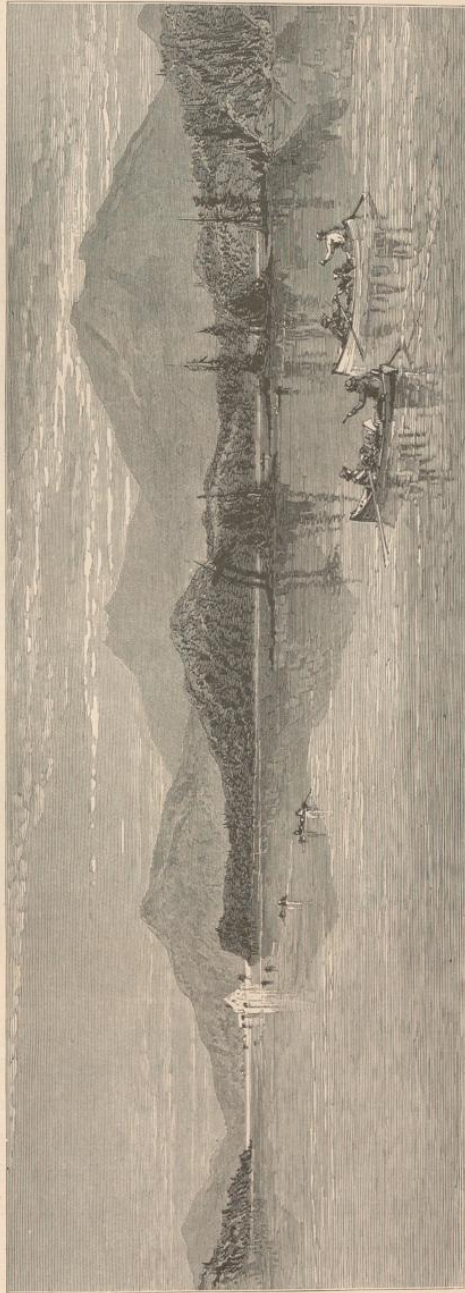
must have been before those regions were settled and cultivated. The Rev. Mr. Murray says that an American artist, travelling in Switzerland, wrote home, a year or two ago, that, "having travelled over all Switzerland and the Rhine and Rhone regions, he had not met with scenery which, judged from a purely artistic point of view, combined so many beauties in connection with such grandeur as the lakes, mountains, and forests of the Adirondack region presented to the gazer's eye."



This labyrinth of lakes is intertwined and connected by a very intricate system of rivers, brooks, and rills. The Saranac, the Ausable, the Boquet, and the Racket, rise in and flow through this wilderness; and in its loftiest and most dismal recesses are found the springs of the Hudson and its earliest branches.

The chief river of Adirondack, however—its great highway and artery—is the Racket, which rises in Racket Lake, in the western part of Hamilton County, and, after a devious course of about one hundred and twenty miles, flows into the St. Lawrence. It is the most beautiful river of the Wilderness. Its shores are generally low, and extend back some distance in fertile meadows, upon which grow the soft maple, the aspen, alder, linden, and other deciduous trees, interspersed with the hemlock and pine. These fringe its borders, and, standing in clumps upon the meadows in the midst of rank grass, give them the appearance of beautiful deer-parks; and it is there, indeed, that the deer chiefly pasture.

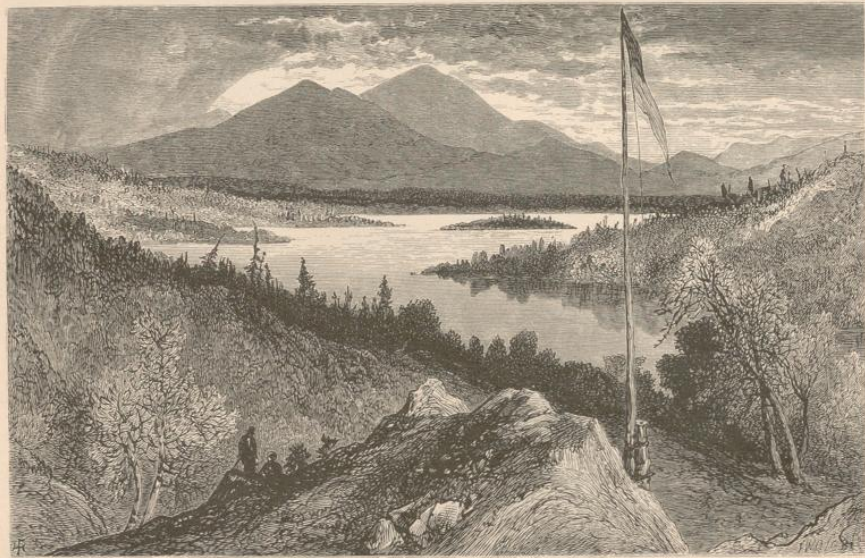
Except these meadows of the Racket, and the broad expanses of lakes and ponds, the whole surface of the Wilderness is covered with a tangled forest, through which man can scarcely penetrate. The trees are the pine, hemlock, spruce, white-cedar, and fir, on the lowest



Lower Saranac Lake.



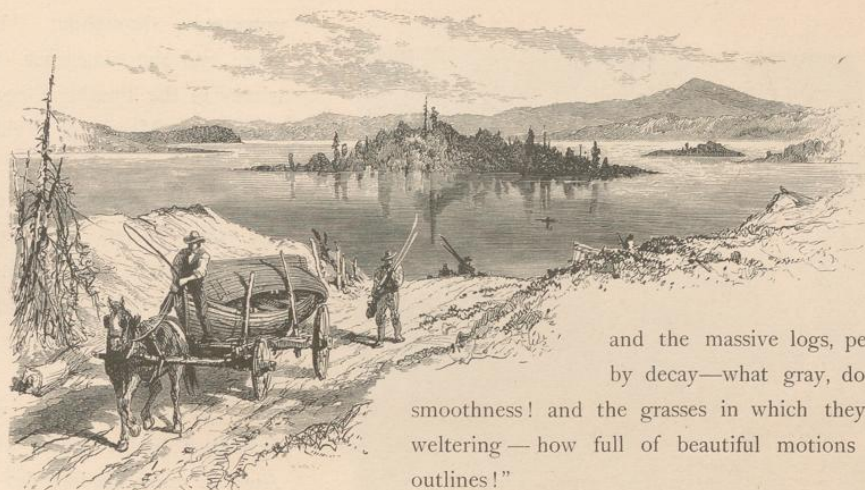
grounds and higher slopes and summits of the hills; and the maple, beech, white and black ash, birch, and elm, on the intermediate surface. Everywhere lie great prone trunks mantled in moss, while overhead, in summer, the waving plumes of foliage shut out the light, and scarcely admit the air. Under the lofty trees are others, white-birch and aspen, with the saplings of the former trees, and bushes of hopple and sumach, that scarcely see the light or feel the wind. But occasionally the tornado tears through, and leaves tracks which time turns into green alleys and dingles, where the bird builds and the rabbit gambols. Loosened trees lean on their fellows, and others grow on rocks, grasping them with immense claws which plunge into the mould below. All looks monotonous, and seems dreary. "But select a spot," says Mr. Street, the poet of these



Round Lake, from Bartlett's.

woods; "let the eye become a little accustomed to the scene, and how the picturesque beauties, the delicate, minute charms, the small, overlooked things, steal out, like lurking tints in an old picture! See that wreath of fern, graceful as the garland of a Greek victor at the games; how it hides the dark, crooked root writhing, snake-like, from yon beech! Look at the beech's instep steeped in moss, green as emerald, with other moss twining round the silver-spotted trunk in garlands, or in broad, thick, velvety spots! Behold yonder stump, charred with the hunter's camp-fire, and glistening, black, and satin-like, in its cracked ebony! Mark yon mass of creeping pine, mantling the black mould with fuzzy softness! View those polished cohosh-berries, white as drops of pearl! See the purple barberries and crimson clusters of the hopple contrasting their vivid hues!





Indian Carry, Upper Saranac.

and the massive logs, peeled by decay—what gray, downy smoothness! and the grasses in which they are weltering—how full of beautiful motions and outlines!"

In these woods and in these mountain solitudes are found the panther, the great black bear, the wolf, the wild-cat, the lynx, and the wolverine. Even the moose is sometimes met with. Deer are abundant; and so, also, are the fisher, sable, otter, mink, muskrat, fox, badger, woodchuck, rabbit, and several varieties of the squirrel. There are scarcely any snakes, and none large or venomous.

Among the birds are the grand black war-eagle, several kinds of hawk, owl, loon, and duck; the crane, heron, raven, crow, stake-driver, mud-hen, brown thrush, partridge, blue-jay, blackbird, king-fisher, and mountain-finch. The salmon-trout and the speckled trout swarm in the lakes, and the latter also in the brooks and rivers. The lake-trout are caught sometimes of twenty pounds and more in weight; the speckled trout, however, are not large, except in rare cases, or in seldom-visited ponds or brooks.

Natural curiosities abound in Adirondack. That others are buried in the terrific forests still darkening two-thirds of the surface, cannot be doubted.

Among the curiosities known are Lake Paradox, whose outlet in high water flows back on the lake; the pond on the summit of Mount Joseph, whose rim is close upon the edge; the mingling of the fountains of the Hudson and Ausable, in freshets, in the Indian Pass; the torrent-dashes or lace-work from the greater or lesser rain down the grooved side of Mount Colden toward Lake Avalanche; the three lakes on the top of Wallace, sending streams into the St. Lawrence by Cold River and the Racket, into Lake Champlain by the Ausable, and the Atlantic by the Hudson; the enormous rocks of the Indian Pass standing upon sharp edges on steep slopes, and looking as if the deer, breaking off against them his yearly antlers, would topple them headlong, yet defying unmoved the mighty agencies of frost, and plumed with towering trees; with all the cavern intricacy between and underneath the fallen masses, where the ice gleams





St. Regis Lake.

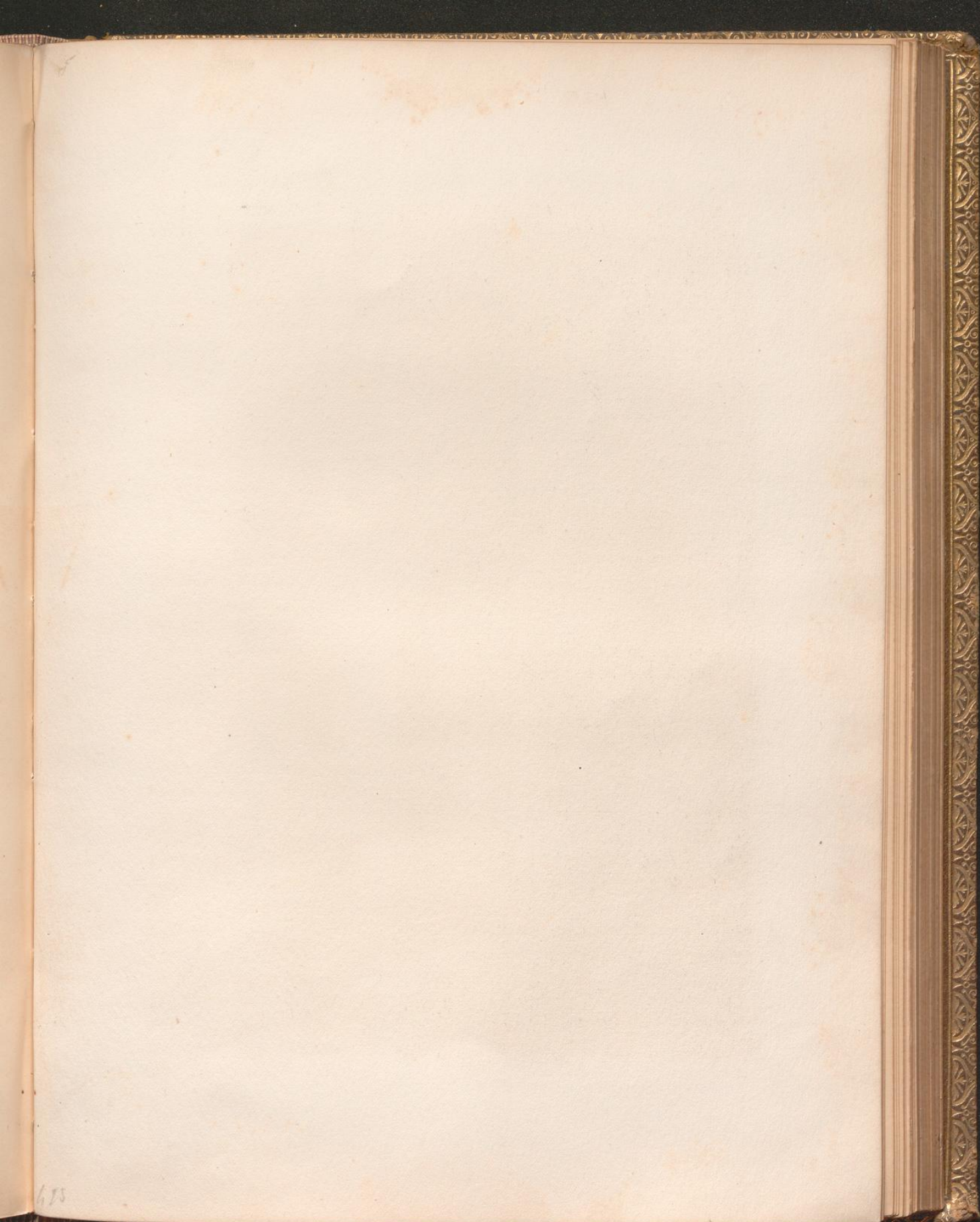
unmelted throughout the year; and the same rock intricacy in the Panther Gorge of Mount Marcy, or Taha-wus.

The Wilmington Notch and the Indian Pass are great curiosities. The former is thus described by Mr. Street, in his "Woods and Waters:":

"At North Elba, we crossed a bridge where the Ausable came winding down, and then followed its bank toward the northeast, over a good hard wheel-track, generally descending, with the thick woods almost continually around us, and the little river shooting darts of light at us through the leaves.

"At length a broad summit, rising to a taller one, broke above the foliage at our right, and at the same time a gigantic mass of rock and forest saluted us upon our left—the giant portals of the notch. We entered. The pass suddenly shrank, pressing the rocky river and rough road close together. It was a chasm cloven boldly through the flank of White-face. On each side towered the mountains, but at our left the range rose in still sublimer altitude, with grand





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*The Ashwood Wood*

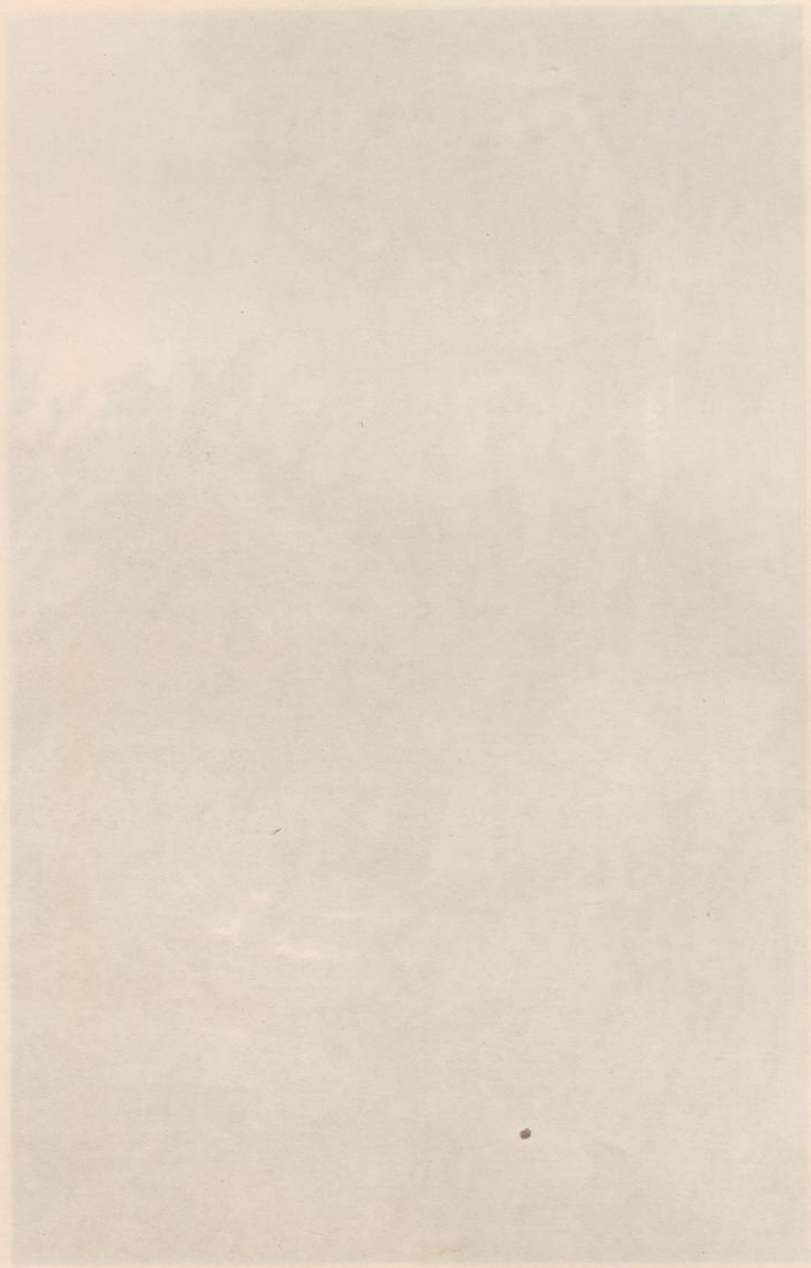
FROM A DRAWING BY J. M. BARCLAY

New York: D. Appleton & Co.











precipices like a majestic wall, or a line of palisades climbing sheer from the half-way forests upward. The crowded row of pines along the broken and wavy crest was diminished to a fringe. The whole prospect, except the rocks, was dark with thickest, wildest woods. As we rode slowly through the still-narrowing gorge, the mountains soared higher and higher, as if to scale the clouds, presenting truly a terrific majesty. I shrank within myself; I seemed to dwindle beneath it. Something alike to dread pervaded the scene. The mountains appeared knitting their stern brows into one threatening frown at our daring intrusion into their stately solitudes. Nothing seemed native to the awful landscape but the plunge of the torrent and the scream of the eagle. Even the shy, wild deer, drinking at the stream, would have been out of keeping. Below, at our left, the dark Ausable dashed onward with hoarse, foreboding murmurs, in harmony with the loneliness and wildness of the spot.

"We passed two miles through this sublime avenue, which at mid-day was only partially lighted from the narrow roof of sky.

"At length the peak of Whiteface itself appeared above the acclivity at our left, and, once emerging, kept in view in misty azure. There it stood, its crest—whence I had gazed a few days before—rising like some pedestal built up by Jove or Pan to overlook his realm. The pinnacles piled about it seemed but vast steps reared for its ascent. One dark, wooded summit, a mere bulwark of the mighty mass above, showed athwart its heart a broad, pale streak, either the channel of a vanished torrent, or another but far less formidable slide. The notch now broadened, and, in a rapid descent of the road, the Ausable



Tupper Lake by Moonlight.



came again in view, plunging and twisting down a gorge of rocks, with the foam flung at intervals through the skirting trees. At last the pass opened into cultivated fields; the acclivities at our right wheeled away sharply east, but Whiteface yet waved along the western horizon."

Tahawus has often been ascended, though the task is by no means an easy one.



On Tupper Lake.

Its summit commands a magnificent prospect, which is thus described by Mr. Street in his "Indian Pass:"

"What a multitude of peaks! The whole horizon is full to repletion. As a guide said, 'Where there wasn't a big peak, a little one was stuck up.' Really true, and how savage! how wild! Close on my right rises Haystack, a truncated cone, the top shaved apparently to a smooth level. To the west soars the sublime slope of Mount Colden, with McIntyre looking over its shoulder; a little above, point the purple peaks of Mount Seward—a grand mountain-cathedral—with the tops of Mount Henderson and Santanoni in misty sapphire. At the southwest shimmers a dreamy summit—Blue



Bog-River Falls, Tupper Lake.

Mountain; while to the south stands the near and lesser top of Skylight. Beyond, at the southeast, wave the stern crests of the Boreas Mountain. Thence ascends the Dial, with its leaning cone, like the Tower of Pisa; and close to it swells the majesty of Dix's Peak, shaped like a slumbering lion. Thence stagger the wild, savage, splintered tops of the Gothic Mountains at the Lower Ausable Pond—a ragged thunder-cloud—



linking themselves, on the east, with the Noon-Mark and Rogers's Mountain, that watch over the valley of Keene. To the northeast, rise the Edmunds's Pond summits—the mountain-picture closed by the sharp crest of old Whiteface on the north — stately outpost of the Adirondacks. Scattered through this picture are manifold expanses of water—those almost indispensable eyes of a landscape. That glitter at the north by old Whiteface is Lake Placid; and the spangle, Bennett's Pond. Yon streak running south from Mount Seward, as if a silver vein had been opened in the stern mountain, is Long Lake; and, between it and our vision, shine Lakes Henderson and Sanford, with the sparkles of Lake Harkness, and the twin-lakes Jamie and Sallie. At the southwest, glances beautiful Blue-Mountain Lake—name most suggestive and poetic. South, lies Boreas Pond, with its green beaver-meadow and a mass of rock at the edge. To the southeast, glisten the Upper and Lower Ausable Ponds; and, farther off, in the same direction, Mud and Clear Ponds, by the Dial and Dix's Peak. But what is that long, long gleam at the east? Lake Champlain! And that glittering line north? The St. Lawrence, above the dark sea of the Canadian woods!"

The Indian Pass is a stupendous gorge in the wildest part of the Adirondack Mountains, in that lonely and savage region which the aborigines rightly named Conyacruga, or the Dismal Wilderness, the larger portion of which has never yet been visited by white men,



Sand Point, Little Tupper Lake.





A Carry near Little Tupper Lake.

and which still remains the secure haunt of the wolf, the panther, the great black bear, and the rarer lynx, wolverine, and moose. The springs which form the source are found at an elevation of more than four thousand feet above the sea, in rocky recesses, in whose cold depths the ice of winter never melts entirely away, but remains in some measure even in the hottest months of the year. Here, in the centre of the pass, rise also the springs of the Ausable, which flows into Lake Cham-

plain, and whose waters reach the Atlantic through the mouth of the St. Lawrence several hundred miles from the mouth of the Hudson; and yet, so close are the springs of the two rivers, that the wild-cat, lapping the water of the one, may bathe his hind-feet in the other, and a rock rolling from the precipices above could scatter spray from both in the same concussion. In freshets, the waters of the two streams actually mingle. The main stream of the Ausable, however, flows from the northeast portal of the pass; and the main stream of the Hudson from the southwest. It is locally known as the Adirondack River,



and, after leaving the pass, flows into Lakes Henderson and Sanford. On issuing from them it receives the name of Hudson, and passes into Warren County, receiving the Boreas and the Schroon, which, with their branches, bring to it the waters of a score or more of mountain lakes and of tarns innumerable.

Thirty years ago, Adirondack was almost as unknown as the interior of Africa. There were few huts or houses there, and very few visitors. But of late the number of sportsmen and tourists has greatly increased, and taverns have been established in some of the wildest spots. In summer, the lakes swarm with the boats of travellers in search of game, or health, or mere contemplation of beautiful scenery, and the strange sights and sounds of primitive Nature. All travelling there is done by means of boats of small size and slight build, rowed by a single guide, and made so light that the craft can be lifted from the water, and carried on the guide's shoulders from pond to pond,



Long Lake, from the Lower Island.

or from stream to stream. Competent guides, steady, intelligent, and experienced men, can be hired at all the taverns for two or three dollars a day, who will provide boats, tents, and every thing requisite for a trip. Each traveller should have a guide and a boat to himself, and the cost of their maintenance in the woods is not more than a dollar a week for each man of the party. The fare is chiefly trout and venison, of which there is generally an abundance to be procured by gun and rod. A good-sized valise or carpet-bag will hold all the clothes that one person needs for a two months' trip in the woods, besides those he wears in. Nothing is wanted but woollen and flannel.

The following list comprises the essentials of an outfit: a complete undersuit of woolen or flannel, with a "change;" stout pantaloons, vest, and coat; a felt hat; two pairs of stockings; a pair of common winter-boots and camp-shoes; a rubber blanket or coat; a hunting-knife, belt, and pint tin cup; a pair of warm blankets, towel, soap, etc.



There are several routes by which Adirondack can be reached; but the best and easiest from New York is that by Lake Champlain. The steamer from Whitehall will land the traveller at Port Kent, on the west side of the lake, nearly opposite Burlington, Vermont, where coaches are always waiting to take passengers, six miles, to Keeseville. Here conveyances for the Wilderness can always be had, which will carry the traveller to Martin's Tavern, on the Lower Saranac, a distance of about fifty miles, which is a long day's drive, but a very pleasant and interesting one. From Martin's, the tourist



Mount Seward, from Long Lake.

moves about altogether in boats, and can, as he pleases, camp out in his tent, or so time his day's voyage as to pass each night in some one of the rude but comfortable taverns, which are now to be found in almost all of the easily-accessible parts of the Wilderness.

It was from this quarter that our artist entered Adirondack. At Keeseville he paused for a day or two to sketch the falls and walled rocks of the Ausable chasm, which afford some of the wildest and most impressive scenes to be found on this side of the Rocky Mountains. At the distance of a mile or so from Keeseville is Birming-



Round Island, Long Lake.

ham Falls, where the Ausable descends about thirty feet into a semicircular basin of great beauty; a mile farther down are the Great Falls, one hundred and fifty feet high, surrounded by the wildest scenery. Below this the stream grows narrower and deeper, and rushes rapidly through the chasm, where, at the narrowest point, a wedged boulder cramps the channel to the width of five or six feet. From the main stream branches run at right angles through fissures, down one of which, between almost perpendicular rocks a hundred feet high, hangs an equally steep stairway of over two hundred steps, at



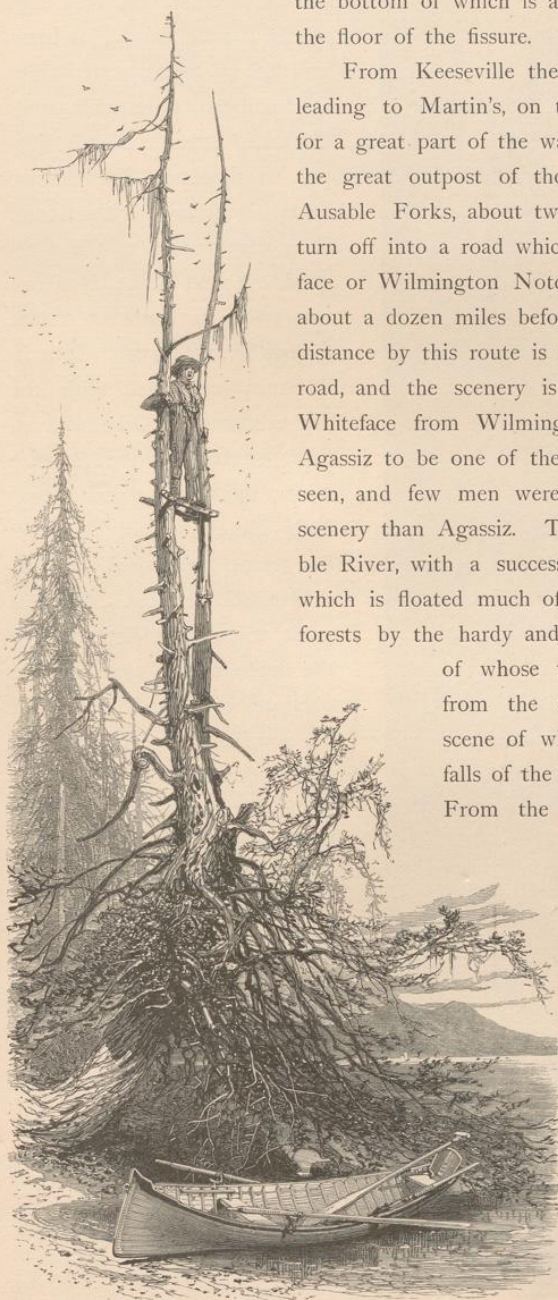
the bottom of which is a narrow platform of rock forming the floor of the fissure.

From Keeseville the traveller rides westward on a road leading to Martin's, on the Lower Saranac. He will pass for a great part of the way in sight of Whiteface Mountain; the great outpost of the Adirondacks. At the village of Ausable Forks, about twelve miles from Keeseville, he can turn off into a road which leads through the famous Whiteface or Wilmington Notch, and can regain the main road about a dozen miles before it reaches Saranac Lake. The distance by this route is not much longer than by the main road, and the scenery is incomparably finer. The view of Whiteface from Wilmington was pronounced by Professor Agassiz to be one of the finest mountain-views he had ever seen, and few men were better acquainted with mountain-scenery than Agassiz. Through the notch flows the Ausable River, with a succession of rapids and cataracts, down which is floated much of the timber cut in the Adirondack forests by the hardy and adventurous lumberers, some idea

of whose toils and dangers may be formed from the sketch of "Clearing a Jam," the scene of which is at the head of one of the falls of the Ausable, in the Wilmington Notch. From the village of Wilmington our artist

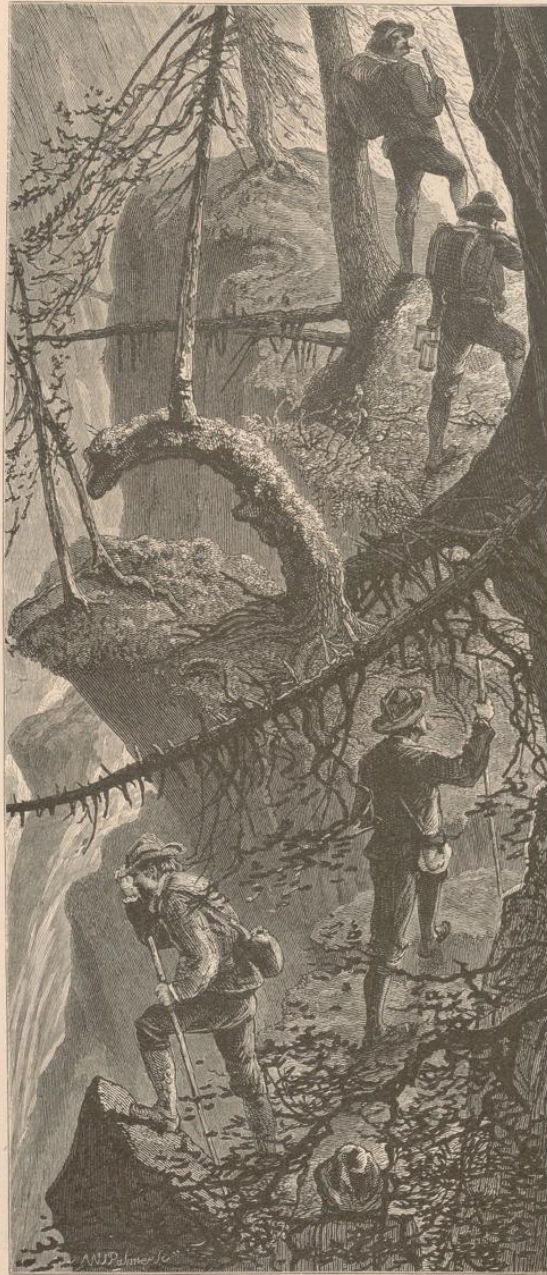
ascended Whiteface, which is second only to Tahawus among the mountains, its height being nearly five thousand feet. At its foot, on the southwest side, lies Lake Placid, one of the loveliest lakes of the Wilderness. From this lake, which is a favorite summer resort, one of the best views of Whiteface can be obtained.

From Lake Placid to Martin's is a few hours' drive over a rough but picturesque road. Martin's is a large and com-



Watching for Deer, on Long Lake.





The Indian Pass.

fortable hotel on the very edge of the Lower Saranac, a beautiful lake, six or seven miles long and two miles wide, studded with romantic islands, fifty-two in number. The Saranac River connects it with Round Lake, three miles to the westward. Round Lake is about two miles in diameter, and is famous for its storms. It is in its turn connected with the Upper Saranac Lake by another stretch of the Saranac River, on which stands Bartlett's Hotel, one of the best and most frequented of the Adirondack taverns. From a point at no great distance from the house, a fine view can be obtained of Round Lake and the surrounding mountains. A short "carry," of a mile or so in length, conducts from Bartlett's to the Upper Saranac, whence it is easy to pass in boats to St. Regis Lake, our view of which gives a singularly good and accurate idea of the general characteristics of Adirondack scenery. A short voyage in the opposite direction across the Upper Saranac will take the traveller's boat to the Indian carry, or Carey's carry, as it is sometimes called, to distinguish it from another carry, Sweeny's, established a few years ago.

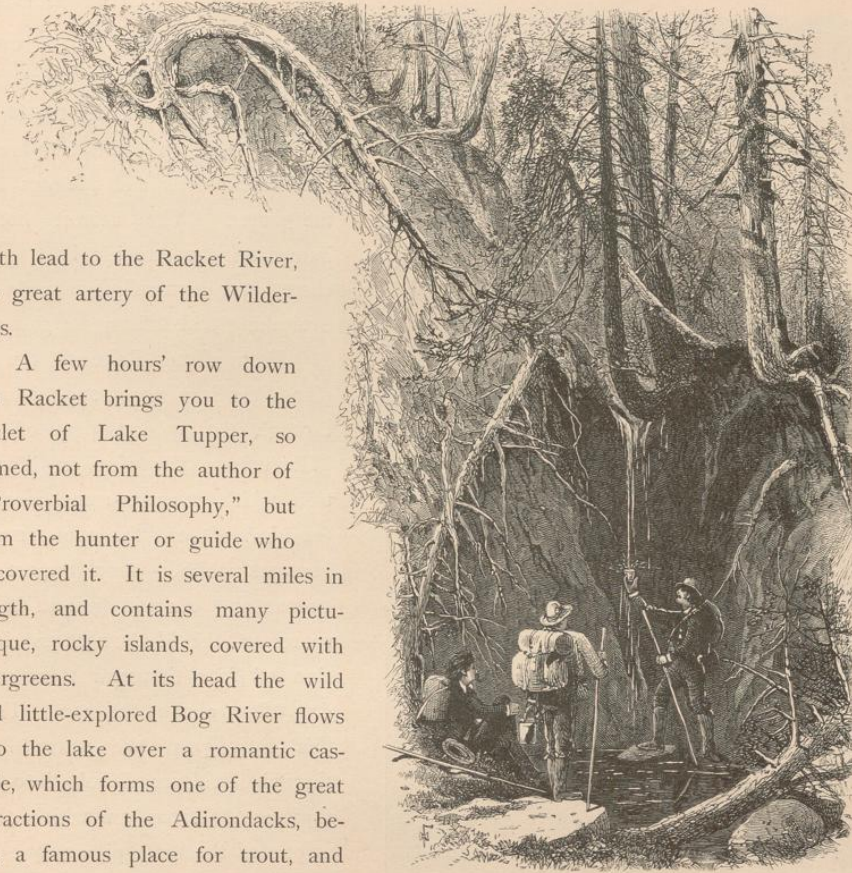


Both lead to the Racket River, the great artery of the Wilderness.

A few hours' row down the Racket brings you to the outlet of Lake Tupper, so named, not from the author of "Proverbial Philosophy," but from the hunter or guide who discovered it. It is several miles in length, and contains many picturesque, rocky islands, covered with evergreens. At its head the wild and little-explored Bog River flows into the lake over a romantic cascade, which forms one of the great attractions of the Adirondacks, being a famous place for trout, and having near by one of the most popular taverns of the Wilderness,

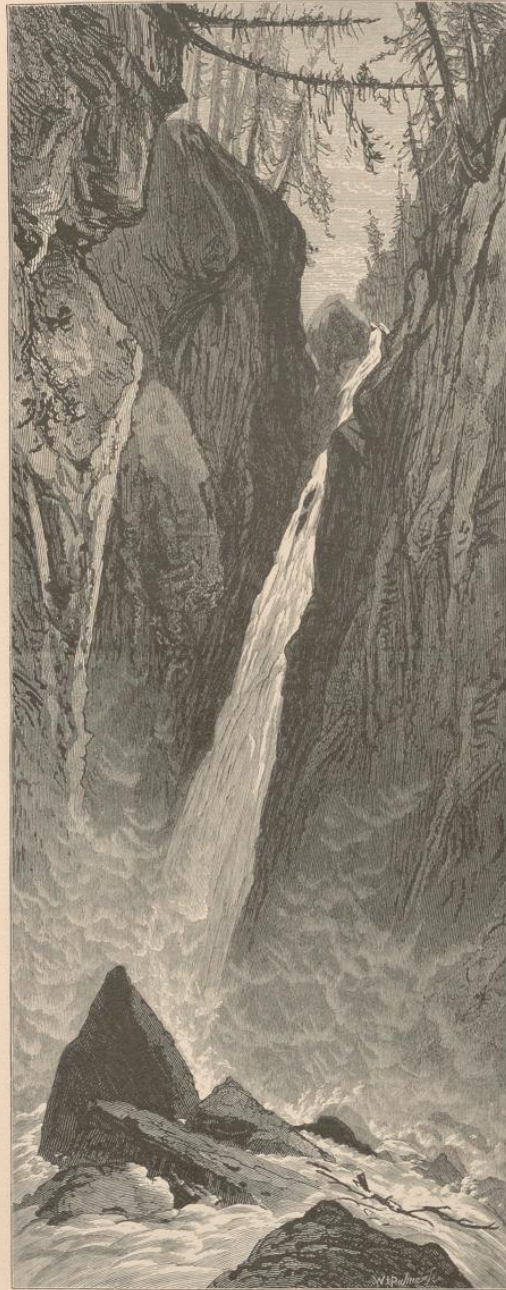
established a few years ago, and kept by Mr. Graves, who, in 1872, while hunting, was accidentally killed by his son, being shot by him while aiming at a deer, with which his father was struggling in the water.

From Tupper Lake the route of the traveller is up Bog River, through a series of ponds and an occasional "carry"—where the guides take the boats on their backs, as represented in our engraving—to Little Tupper Lake. Thence a series of ponds and carries leads to Long Lake, which, for more than twenty miles, resembles a great river. It is the longest of the Adirondack lakes, though there are many broader ones. From this lake a fine view can be had of Mount Seward, four thousand three hundred and forty-eight feet high. We give also an illustration of the way in which the guides of this region station themselves in trees to watch for deer. The deer are hunted by powerful hounds, which are put on their trail in the woods, and pursue them with



Source of the Hudson.





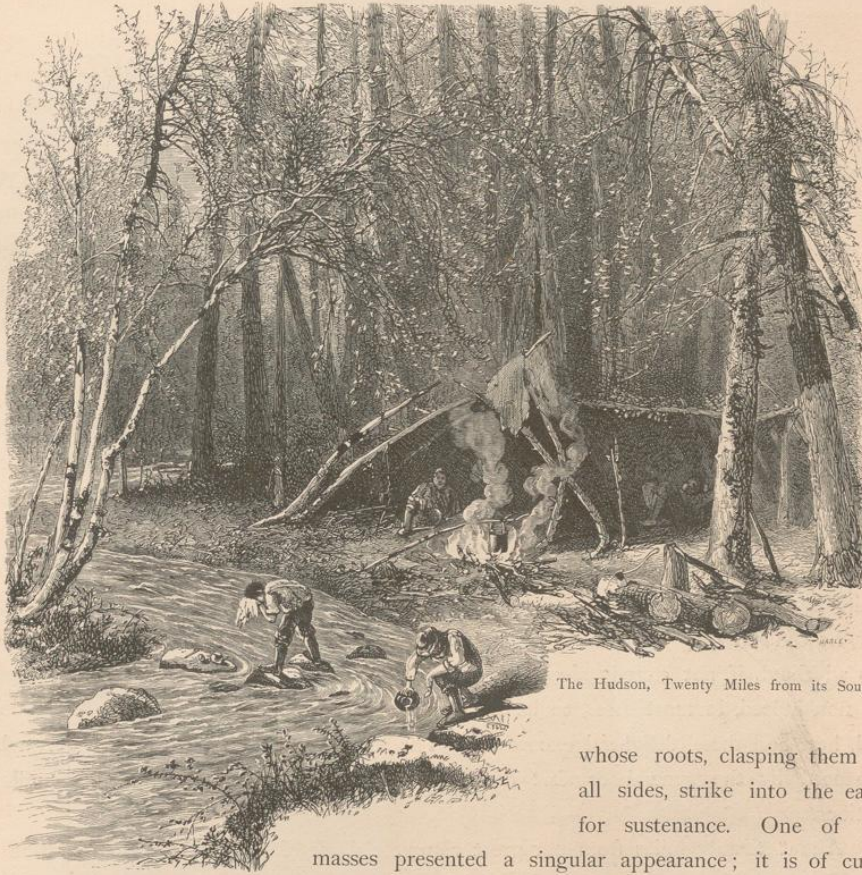
Opalescent Falls.

such tenacity that the frightened animal at last takes to the water. The hunters, with their boats stationed at intervals along the shore, watch patiently till the deer breaks from the woods and plunges into the water. The nearest hunter immediately enters his boat, gives chase, and generally succeeds in overtaking and killing the game.

From Long Lake to the Indian Pass is a very rough journey through the wildest part of the Wilderness. We give an illustration which conveys some idea of the kind of road the explorer who ventures thither may expect to encounter. He will find in it the source of the Hudson at an elevation of four thousand three hundred feet above the sea. From this lofty pool the water flows through Feldspar Brook into the Opalescent River, on which there is one of the most picturesque cascades of the Adirondacks.

Of the scenery of the source of the Hudson, Mr. Lossing, in his "The Hudson from the Wilderness to the Sea," writes as follows: "We entered the rocky gorge between the steep slopes of Mount McIntyre and the cliffs of Wallface Mountain. There we encountered enormous masses of rocks, some worn by the abrasion of the elements, some angular, some bare, and some covered with moss, and many of them bearing large trees,





The Hudson, Twenty Miles from its Source.

whose roots, clasping them on all sides, strike into the earth for sustenance. One of the masses presented a singular appearance; it is of cubic form, its summit full thirty feet from its base, and upon it was quite a grove of hemlock and cedar trees. Around and partly under this and others lying loosely, apparently kept from rolling by roots and vines, we were compelled to clamber a long distance, when we reached a point more than one hundred feet above the bottom of the gorge, where we could see the famous Indian Pass in all its wild grandeur. Before us arose a perpendicular cliff, nearly twelve hundred feet from base to summit, as raw in appearance as if cleft only yesterday. Above us sloped McIntyre, still more lofty than the cliff of Wallace, and in the gorge lay huge piles of rock, chaotic in position, grand in dimensions, and awful in general aspect. They appear to have been cast in there by some terrible convulsion not very remote. Through these the waters of this branch of the Hudson, bubbling from a spring not far distant (close by a fountain of the Ausable), find their way. Here the head-waters of these rivers commingle in the spring season, and, when they separate, they find their way to the Atlantic Ocean at points a thousand miles apart."