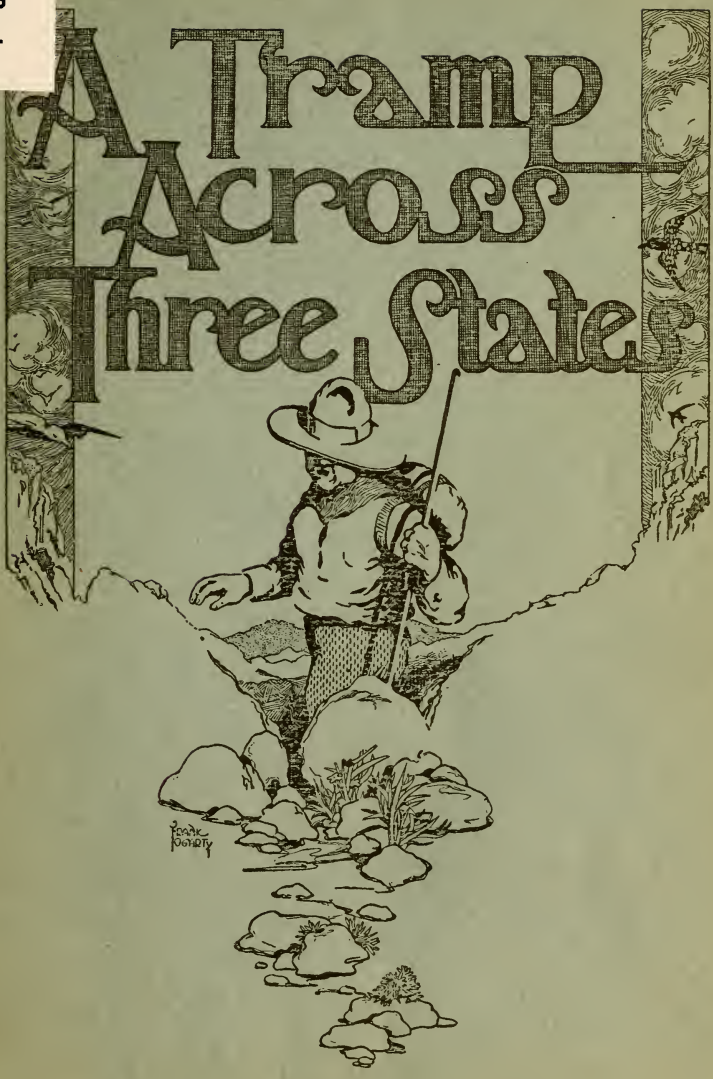


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THE STORY OF A YOUNG MAN'S

TRAMP ACROSS  
THREE STATES

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COOKING HIS MEALS & CAMPING ALONG  
THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY MILES  
OF ROAD IN NEW HAMPSHIRE,  
VERMONT AND NEW YORK.

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WILLIAM MOORE

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## CHAPTER I.

*Introductory. Before the start, camping in New Hampshire.*

Probably a great many people believe, in a certain unconsidered way, that a world of new impressions and fascinations always remains to be discovered and enjoyed. But it needs some unusual experience or great change to prove this true. Such an experience or rather, succession of experiences, I had last Summer. Indeed, thinking now of my trip through New Hampshire, Vermont and New York, a distance altogether of three hundred and sixty miles, every footstep, every scene is as vivid as if I were there now—the lonely mountain roads with the black snakes shooting across the path, and the partridges running out for a second's reconnoitre; the miles of pleasant farmland, with nothing wilder than a woodchuck tumbling over a wall; the crowds of villagers; the blazing heat of the midday sun burning my face deeper and deeper; the calm light of the late moon waking me out of my dreams as I slept in the fields—all appear to me now, more actual as seen in the calm distance than they were to me then; for, looking at such things from the depths of a comfortable arm chair, one gets a truer perspective than in the excitement of the moment. I feel as if the sixteen

days spent on the trip were a separate part of my life, and having no connection with, and unlike, any other time.

I had long desired to make a long trip afoot. Why I wished to do so can be more easily felt than explained. I always had a certain craving for experience; further, I realized that it would be wonderfully healthful. That is as far as I can analyze the desire. But beyond all, there was a certain fascination in the idea of covering over three hundred miles on foot through a country unknown to me that took hold of my mind and grew more definite and positive every day until I had fully decided to make the trip, with some friends, if possible, but alone, if necessary.

During the summer I had been camping at Lake Sunapee, New Hampshire. All mountain lakes are beautiful, each in its way, but about Sunapee there was a primeval atmosphere, with its clear waters and dense evergreen forests, and the air heavily laden with the rich odor of balsam, which made you think of it in the winter months while away in the city, and long for the "forest primeval." There is such an atmosphere there that, if you suddenly saw an Indian shoot out from behind an island in his canoe and war paint, you would not be at all surprised. The forests are so dense and the roads so few and poor that the water is the common highway, and people there seldom think of traveling about in any other manner but in boats, especially canoes. Naturally, the chief industry at the Lake is lumber cutting, and sometimes stray logs will be found floating out in the lake, which does not make night boating very safe, combined with the rocky shores, and dense black nights. The lake abounds in bass, pickerel,

and even fresh water salmon. And the authorities are very strict about the fish and game laws. I remember one Sunday afternoon when I was tied to a buoy in my canoe fishing, a launch came puffing along near me, and I noticed one of the occupants looked at me rather circumspectly, which I afterward remembered when I learned that he was the fish inspector. I had in the boat at the time three or four fair-sized bass but an inch or so undersized, which would have netted about forty dollars fine, if discovered. I ascribe his passing by to the fact that I was dressed in old clothes, which probably gave him the impression that I was a native, who do not usually keep fish under the limit set by law—the city people there on vacations do not have much opportunity to fish at home, and keep every thing that comes up on their lines. That afternoon he caught two men with something like five fish each under the limit, which I think is twelve inches.

Often in the night time wildcats were heard back in the mountains, although I never heard one myself; and at night porcupines would skulk around the camps looking for refuse; and, as for partridges, you would only have to step outside your tent when all was quiet of an afternoon, to run across a whole brood of them. And once or twice a bear was seen on the island where I was camping part of the time.

In the evenings around the camp fires, eight or ten young fellows would talk enthusiastically about walking to Mt. Washington and back, seventy-five miles each way, and when the Mt. Washington fever abated, three or four of us were for walking home to New York at the end of the summer. Now, like a great many contagious diseases, the walking fever grows steadily

worse for about a week or two, until, in its most virulent stage, the victims swear they are going to walk around the world three or four times, *immediately*, without taking time to eat a square meal. But you finally convince them that it would be better to start in the morning. And then—most wonderful thing—the delirium has passed over night, and when you are ready to start in the morning, for any of a hundred reasons they cannot go.

At Sunapee I enjoyed myself—indeed, the pleasures of the Lake were only exceeded by the trip home. But the summer hurried along, and those who had the walking contagion either were cured by time, or else they were unable to go for some other reason; so that in early August I found myself alone free to depart.

In preparing for the tramp I decided to sacrifice everything possible which would add to the weight of my bundle and clothes. For instance, I wore simply an old soft hat, a gray outing shirt, a light pair of trousers, and as I had been wearing sneakers all summer, I decided it was best to start the tramp with them, and take a pair of shoes along to substitute for the sneakers, when the latter wore out. I wore no coat, as the only advantage in a coat is its extra pockets, which were unnecessary in this case, as everything could be put in the pack. I also carried a bathing suit, the purpose of which will be seen later on.

In bandanna handkerchiefs were wrapped such foods as rice, Indian meal, oatmeal, etc., which are very light, and a very little will swell up to a great deal when cooked; and in little leather tobacco bags, I carried coffee, sugar, salt and pepper. My cooking utensils were a frying pan and a sauce pan, both very



small and light. The culinary department was completed by the handiest little article I have ever owned, a combination knife, fork and spoon, in the form of a jackknife, which I had purchased at Sunapee Harbor on the lake.

My tent was a square conical tent, about five feet by six at the bottom, with a rope attached to the point at the top, which rope could be thrown over the limb of a tree, thus serving as a pole; and the little loops at the bottom could be staked in with any odd sticks procurable. My blanket was a heavy one, sewed into a bag, so that it could not come off at night. Most important of all was the poncho, or rubber army blanket, made by Bannerman, 501 Broadway, New York, six feet by three and a half. When I awoke in the mornings, the outside of the poncho would be dripping wet, but the inside dry. In the day time it could be used to wrap my pack in, or in rainy weather I could put my head through a slit in the center and use it as a cape. I foolishly carried a revolver, which I expressed home when I reached Rutland, Vermont. With an extra pair of socks, and a small book which I expected to read in the shade of a tree during the hot part of the day, my pack was complete.

In laying out my "line of march" I did not plan to go direct to New York, which route would follow the valley of the Connecticut River, but I planned to make a longer trip, crossing the Connecticut and going north by west to Lake George where some friends were spending the summer, and then down the Hudson River Valley home. I had with me ordinary pocket maps, Rand MacNally, of the three states I was to pass through, and first finding on the map the next town

on the route, I would inquire the way, and when I arrived there, would inquire the way to the next town on the map, and so on. I was not taking much chance, because every insignificant village was shown on the map.

## CHAPTER II.

*First Day. Monday, August 6.*

On the morning of Monday, the sixth of August, I packed my duds at camp on Birch's Point, and after saying farewell to my camp mate, at 11:00 o'clock I had left Burkehaven behind me, and was following the road west of the Lake southward toward Mt. Sunapee.

I was off. For about a mile I felt dazed, scared. What I was about to do all arose before me. And then I was overcome by an indescribable feeling of self-confidence. Realizing that I was undertaking something the like of which I had never done before, and which most boys would not have dared attempt, that for many days to come I should be traveling alone, under many inconveniences and depending on myself in many ways which would tax my limited knowledge of living, I gained a sort of added respect for myself. It was one of those truly psychological moments which must always occur when a person meets with any new, unusual and broad experience. Further, I felt inexpressibly free. Camp life, vacation life in general, is more or less free, but the absolute freedom of my position impressed itself upon me in a way such as helped to make the trip such as it ought to be. That first day was a

really happy day, with a happiness that was not to be destroyed at any time during the sixteen days (with the possible exceptions of the second and third days), although I was to meet with many hard times, hot days, and other unpleasant things.

I struck the Boston & Maine Railroads tracks at Mt. Sunapee station. Although I had been walking only about two hours, I was very hungry; so, opening my pack a short distance from the station, I started a fire, and drawing water from the station prepared a meal of rice, a few biscuits and coffee. Of course, under the circumstances, I could not very well steam-cook the rice, but prepared it in the simpler way, which tasted just as good. A small boy from a nearby house took considerable interest in my fire and kept piling it high with wood, so that I had no trouble cooking the rice in about a half hour. At the time there was a freight train switching near the station, and just as I was about to ring the dinner bell, the caboose stopped directly in front of my kitchen, and the brakemen enjoyed themselves at my expense. One of them wanted to know if I were keeping open house. I told him no, but that I should be pleased to serve table d'hote dinner for seventy-five cents.

Any tiredness which I had felt disappeared with the meal, and, anxious to get well forward on my first day, I was soon off again, starting westward along the tracks. The railroad was a one track affair, with about two trains each way daily, so there was no danger of being run down. And, as the wagon road was so indirect and hilly, I decided to keep to the tracks, for a short time at least.

It was not until I had been walking along the

tracks for some time that I noticed the weight of my pack. I had, while planning the trip, thought that the weight of my belongings would be a hindrance to me, so had discarded many things I should have liked to take along. But, taking only what was necessary (so I thought), including provisions for a few days, my pack was still too heavy. At the start I had not felt the weight, but now it was heavy indeed, and was to remain so for two days. For, toward the end of the second day I acquired, with some assistance, a certain knack of balancing it which made a great difference.

That afternoon was so hot that the perspiration ran off my face in a steady stream, and I drank water at every spring, pump, house or station I met. Such a statement seems exaggerated, but when one considers that railroad tracks are not shaded, as wagon roads are, that it was the hottest month of a hot summer, and that I was walking at about three and a half miles per hour with considerable weight on my back, it can easily be understood. Twice I sat down under shady trees, and once I almost fell asleep.

As I followed the sharp curves of the railroad, I noticed the gradual slope toward the valley of the Connecticut, which flows about twenty miles in a bee line from where I first met the tracks. The stations, Little Spectacle, Sunapee, etc., were little more than mere vantage spots, not large enough to be called villages. It is hardly necessary to say that the country I passed through on that first day is beautiful, for all New England is beautiful. High, rolling country, with very little farmland, it had a wild appearance which made it very real nature. Until I entered the town of Newport, I met very few people. But those few seem-

ed to feel great curiosity in my appearance and welfare, and were not satisfied with staring, but questioned me like prosecuting attorneys. Some couldn't see the point, some thought I was walking on a wager. The old fellows would stick their thumbs in their suspenders, spread their feet apart, and after spitting out several pints of tobacco juice, would get off something like this:

"Wall, mu boy, when I was your age, by gosh, their warn't nobody in these parts who could follow me. No sir, not one. Why, I remember the time—" etc.

Or this:

"Say, look 'e here, do you see old 'Scutney over thar," pointing a skinny finger westward toward Mt. Ascutney in Vermont, "wall, I wish I had a dollar for every rattle snake I killed on top of that old haystack." And so they lied on and on, I drinking it all in humbly, gasping at the wonderful deeds done in the olden days.

I stopped for a drink outside an old shanty at a dangerous turn in the mountains, where the railroad crosses the Sugar River, a rushing stream which menaces the bridge in all stormy weather. The flagman in the shanty, who keeps constant watch over the bridge, told me of the country in Winter, of how the temperature falls to forty degrees below zero, and the snow falls in depths over a man's head, of how, in the Spring, the river rises into a wild torrent, sometimes carrying away the tracks and bridges, and how in one of the great Spring freshets his own son had been killed trying to save a bridge. Old enough already to be a patriarch, he will probably die in the service of the railroad. I did not like to leave him, but I had a craze to get ahead on that first day, so set out again to make as many miles as possible, greatly satisfied to have met

with such an interesting old character.

I entered Newport, the largest town on my route in New Hampshire, about five o'clock in the afternoon. Of course, I must have been hungry long before I reached the town, but I didn't realize it until I spied a bakery on the main street. But when I did realize it I couldn't wait till I got outside the town and built a fire and cooked my supper, but went in and bought some cakes. As I passed down the street eating the cakes, there was considerable curiosity among the passersby. In fact, covered with dust and dressed more or less like a tramp, with a bundle strapped to my back, I reminded myself of Benjamin Franklin, with that bag of cakes under my arm.

Leaving Newport, I took the road running west, parallel to the railroad. Just out of town the road takes a rise, running up for about a half-mile, and as I saw no suitable place in the lowland for camping, I started up the hill. Tired, and with my pack weighing heavily on me, that hill was a long slow drag. But I was in store for a surprise later in the evening which made me forget my tiredness. My idea was to pitch camp on some private property, if possible, so that I could easily draw water and feel secure over night. And with this in mind, I descried a large orchard to the left, when I reached the top of the hill. Now, apple trees have very low limbs, so I thought it would be a good location for my tent. After some time, I found the owner of the property in one of the only two houses near, and explained to him what I was doing and asked permission to camp over night in the orchard. He asked me if I had a team. (People in that part of the country travel mostly with horses). After a little

hesitation he showed me over the ground and I finally picked a spot. Meanwhile, his wife had suggested to him that I might camp under a great oak near the house, which was across the road; and this being a much better site, I carried my duffle over to the oak. It did not take very long to pitch the tent, supported by the rope over the lowest limb. I noticed here, as elsewhere, that people are suspicious of strangers, but when they once decide that you are not a vagabond, they are very hospitable.

I soon discovered there were four persons in the family who all seemed very curious about the "stranger." The name of the owner, as near as I remember, was Weycroft. Later on in the evening he proudly informed me that his father, now dead, had been an admiral in the United States Navy. He brought me out some milk, cake and some raspberries which he had picked that day. He was very proud of his raspberry patch, and well he might be, for the berries were luscious. These delicacies, with some Indian meal cooked, and some coffee served as my supper.

After supper I was invited to sit on the porch where I had to tell my story. Each one had a different idea of my purpose. An elderly lady, a school teacher, told me she was a high school teacher in Boston, and was very much disappointed when she discovered that I was not of Boston, and was not preparing for Harvard. But I was treated finely by everyone. In fact, that first night was my best night, so much so, that certain misgivings which had assailed me throughout the day melted away before I retired to the tent.

The oak under which I had pitched camp had three great trunks growing out of one, for which reason



it was called Trinity Oak, and from it one could see into four counties, Sullivan, Grafton, Merrimac and Cheshire, as well as see Mt. Ascutney in far off Vermont, looming stately in the west, the highest mountain on the horizon, with the possible exception of Keasarge, some twenty mile to the east. That night it rained lightly, one of the only two showers during my journey. But after noting on the margin of my map that I had covered eleven miles that day, I soon forgot the rain in a dreamless sleep.

## CHAPTER III.

*Second Day. Tuesday, August 7.*

The next morning my friends were as generous as ever with their good things to eat, and I breakfasted like a prince, even if a prince of tramps. Then I struck camp, and was given a cordial farewell, after receiving a standing invitation to call at any time I happened to be in that part of the country. I was sorry to leave them, but I was still impatient to get ahead. One of the few unnecessary things I had with me I left behind here, the little book, which I regretted afterwards more than once. But I decided to get rid of it, so left it on a bench in Mr. Weycroft's yard, under Trinity Oak. If he found it, I hope he enjoyed reading it. And so I left Newport with medals on, although I had entered it with only an appetite on.

Although I had eaten a good breakfast, consisting mostly of what my friends had given me, when I came to a great patch of luscious raspberries at the side of of the road, I obeyed that old instinct of not refusing any of the good things of life. In fact, I spent half an hour picking berries.

Not far from Weycroft's is Kellyville. Kellyville, like most of the stations along my route, is a mere name, a milk depot, with nothing visible but a few milk cans

on a platform, and green fields all around. The road crosses the tracks here, and while passing, a boy in a milk wagon offered me a ride. Of course, I accepted. The novelty of riding was pleasant indeed, for I had not yet become accustomed to walking the whole day without rest. Like everybody else I met the boy was curious to know what I was about. He was a typical country boy, and thought he could never do enough to oblige a stranger, and whipped the poor horse until it could go no faster. It was a hot day, too, so that by the time the wagon turned out of my way the horse had earned a good day's rest, which he was not to get, for, as the boy explained, he had to make three trips daily to Kellyville, only the first of which was then being completed.

All along I had been watching out for apples. It was rather early for fruit, but I had heard that red aspens were ripe. Soon after my ride in the wagon I spied some fine apples over a fence. After making a cursory inspection of the nearby landscape, looking for parties who might dispute my right, as a man of the road to other people's property, I climbed over and filled my pockets. They were especially good, as I took a certain risk in trespassing. A hundred yards off, a coon dog barked fiercely, but luckily, he was chained and attracted no attention. With my pockets full, I had enough to eat and some with which to make applesauce for my next meal. The success of this exploit so emboldened me that I was careless on another occasion of the same character and came near getting into trouble.

By the time I had forgotten about the apples, I was nearing Clermont. About a mile out of Clermont

a splendid view is obtained of Mt. Ascutney, frowning down on the valley, seemingly only half a mile away, but actually five or six. I soon caught up with some folk going in the same direction. After a time some farm hands, dressed in their Sunday best, told me that "I had better hurry up." I soon found there was a circus in town. I reached the main street just in time to see the parade. Judging from the length of the show, and the noise of the music, it seemed as big as the famous circuses seen in New York and other big cities. And although the performance was not to begin until 2:00 o'clock (it was then 11:00), the place was thronged with people from the whole country 'round. If I had stopped longer in Clermont, I might have seen many interesting things, but it was only my second day, and the craze to get ahead was still on me.

So I started again westward along the tracks. Though the heat of the blazing sun was burning my face deeper and deeper, I did not mind it, for even in two days I had lost all superfluous weight, resulting in less perspiration. Furthermore, the pack, though still heavy, seemed to have become a part of my body, so accustomed was I to it already.

A few miles out of Clermont I cooked dinner. Putting the apples on to stew, I fried a small round steak I had bought in Clermont. Having only a sauce pan and frying pan, I made coffee after I had eaten the apple sauce. Of course, I had salt and sugar in small leather bags, making my meals seem quite home-like.

About one o'clock that afternoon I reached Clermont Junction. Here the Boston & Maine meets the railroad from New York to Quebec, and, although there

are but one or two houses about, it is important as a junction. In the station I weighed my pack. It was exactly twenty-eight pounds, including my rubber blanket, which I usually carried over my arm, as the strap of the bundle cut it. As can easily be imagined, such a weight is not at all light to one unaccustomed to traveling in that way. But I was in luck here, for I met an old soldier who showed me just how to set the pack on the back so as to balance properly, in knapsack form. Now, I had tried to carry it as a knapsack before, but the straps had cut into my armpits too sharply. This man showed me the only way, setting the bundle so that the strap which passed underneath the bundle passed up over the shoulders, and pulling very lightly on the armpits. I suppose others have had their troubles when traveling afoot at first, and it would be well for anyone before starting on a long tramp to first learn the knack of carrying "baggage."

I was now nearing Vermont. The Connecticut River, dividing it from New Hampshire, is but a mile from Clermont Junction. When I reached the river, which is only about one hundred yards wide here, I saw what is called a chain ferry. It was like a small steel scow, with a chain at either end, the chains connected by wheels with a cable strung across stream. The chain on the rear end is loosened, the ferry turning to face the opposite shore on a bias. The force of the current then moves the boat along very slowly, just as the wind does a sailboat when tacking. When I reached the shore, I saw a sign saying that the ferryman could be hailed by ringing a bell back on the road about a quarter of a mile. So, back I went along the same road I had traversed. The ferryman did not seem to be in

a hurry, for a half hour passed before he came in sight. I passed the interval gazing at Mt. Ascutney, now within gunshot. It had no snow on it, but it looked almost high enough. Being surrounded by no immediate mountains, round at the top, and almost bilaterally symmetrical, it reminds one of a huge hay stack, like the buttes of the Rocky Mountains. While waiting here, I also managed to drop my Ingersoll in two or three inches of water, but, tough old clock that it was, it did not seem to mind the bath, but kept on with as much noise as ever. (In the dead silence of night you could hear the tick all over the mountains).

The ferryman did come at last, and we were off, after a little manoeuvring. Of course such ferries have no docks. They simply grate up on the sand, and you jump out, taking a certain risk of wetting your feet, paying five cents for the privilege of doing so, and receiving a dark frown when you refuse to buy some soda water the ferryman carries in a little box on board.

A person feels many new impressions at such a time. Jumping off a ferryboat into a State one has never visited before is a novelty, indeed. The landing was nothing but the beginning of a lonely road. Indeed, the next twenty miles were to be the loneliest part of the trip, for, from the Connecticut to Cavendish I was to pass through country very scarcely inhabited, a country with no railroads. I may truthfully say that in the next twenty miles, passing through three villages (so called), I did not meet ten people.

A mile from the river is Weathersfield Bow. There were two houses and a barn visible as the whole village. At one of the houses I got a drink and inquired my way.

From Weathersfield Bow to Weathersfield Center

is four miles, four miles on a hilly wood road winding up over the mountains. So little was the road used, that although the sun was at its height, in parts not a ray of sunlight pierced the overhanging growth. Just outside the Bow is a mournful little cemetery, which, in that lonely country, impressed me in about the same way a ghost would. My only wonder at seeing it was, where they found the people to bury.

When I had covered about a mile of this rugged road, and was well up the mountain, I heard, faintly coming from the woods on my right, the sound of someone singing. Passing further on, it became more distinct. It was a pure soprano voice, and, as I reasoned afterwards, it must have come from some hut in the woods nearby, but at the moment this singularly beautiful music breathed, as it were, from the depths of the forest, cast a mystical spell over me in my loneliness, and made me feel sort of homesick for the rest of that day.

After taking a short rest at a crossroads near the top of the mountain, I started again for Weathersfield Center, and soon came to a house. Stopping for a drink, I asked the way to the Center. "Why, *this* is Weathersfield Center," she said. A few hundred yards further on was a small church, and then a little ways another house—that was the whole village.

After quitting the outskirts of this large and interesting metropolis, I found myself in a flat country with beautiful farm lands. Here runs the Black River. And black it was, although I daresay the water was pure, and the bottom composed of black rocks. At least I later drank out of it and survived. The sun was beginning to sink now, and I thought it time to look

out for a suitable camping place. And I had a *beautiful* time. My first day's luck was to be reversed. Everybody seemed afraid of me when I asked permission to camp on their property. I began with the farmers, but before long I found myself in the village of Perkinville. Here too, I was refused, with the result that I began to have a very bad idea of my appearance. One old lady said she should have to see her son, who was not at home. Never afterwards did I bother any private people. When I was tired, I simply dropped on the spot, regardless of where I was, sometimes on a river bank, sometimes in the fields, and sometimes in the woods. Well, by the time I was disgusted with the people of Vermont and rather cynical about the world in general, I spied a little green slope near the foot of a roaring falls, and there I camped.

Being a lovely evening, I decided to cook supper before setting up the tent, for I was ravishingly hungry. Supper was soon over with, and that little feeling of loneliness was coming back again, which I had forgotten for a while. But just then I remembered that down in the bottom of my pack was a pipe and tobacco, which in my hustle I had forgotten during that day. A pipe! a real pipe! Well, for an hour afterwards I was somewhere on the second or third cycle of paradise. No incense was ever more holy, no dreamer more content. I sat and watched the clouds till they faded and the stars came out on a peaceful night, with nothing astir but the falls with their constant roar, and the turbulent rush and gurgle of the waters at my feet. Then I started to put up the tent. But now why should I put up the tent? I asked myself. The night was clear and there was no need of it. Instead, I put on my bathing



suit and washed some things and hung them up to dry on a nearby tree. Oh, but wasn't the water cold, when I tried to take a bath! I had to run up and down the grass for five minutes to warm up. And then, crawling into my blanket and wrapping the tent and poncho around me I was soon in the land of nod. I was soon to find out my mistake in not putting up the tent, for I received a scare that night which could have been avoided.

Two or three times in the night I awoke and thought I heard the sound of cow bells, but soon fell asleep again. I don't know how long after that it seemed as if something was hitting me in the back with considerable force. I turned over, still half asleep, and looked into the face of some sweet person with great innocent eyes. But its nose seemed to be all over its face. Then it began licking my ear. Then I jumped up like a jack-in-the-box and stumbled against a cow. The poor thing was more frightened than I, and went splashing off into the river, and I saw it no more. What it was doing there at that hour I cannot say, but I do know that my back was sore.

Distance for day 23 miles, total 34.

## CHAPTER IV.

*Third Day. Wednesday, August 8.*

The world was asleep next morning when I left on a long detour to Cavendish. This town is about three miles from Perkinsville in a bee line, but the only road is nine miles, following the Black River around the mountains. Here the river runs through a small, but lonely gorge, with the mountains shutting out the sunlight during the early part of the day, and the black rocks and water seeming to increase the gloom. But when I had walked about five miles, at the junction of two roads, I met a young fellow in a wagon, and got a hitch into Cavendish. The driver was working on his father's farm, it seemed. On the farm was a mill pond, he told me, on which there was to be that very evening some swimming races, to which he invited me to be a spectator. He himself had won the championship in the tub races the previous year, while his brother won a prize for distance under water. This would have been very interesting, if I could have only realized it then, but I refused, as I wished to reach Healdville that night.

In Cavendish I actually saw ten people at once. I felt like a savage coming out of the wilderness on a settlement. At Cavendish I met the Rutland Railroad,

following which I struck out towards Proctorsville, which I reached about noon. Soon after leaving this place, I cooked dinner. It was a sultry, drowsy day, and as I lay in the shade of an apple tree, smoking and watching the cows standing in the river, I began to feel the pleasure of the trip, and so contented did I feel that I fell asleep. But as before, the fates disturbed me in the shape of cows, the jangling of their bells waking me in the midst of a dream wherein I was climbing over a mountain about seventy miles high.

There was a steady, perceptible rise in the railroad along here. In fact, from Bellows Falls to Summit, a distance of about forty miles, the road rises over the Green Mountains, reaching a height above sea level of nearly four thousand feet. The rise in even twenty miles is appreciable in the temperature.

Along here I strolled all afternoon, reaching Ludlow about four. Stopping in the station for a drink, I met a fellow who said he thought I was from New York. When I told him I was he was delighted, and we congratulated each other. He said that he was glad to talk to some "sane, civilized, tame" individual. It seemed that he was disgusted with the simplicity of the little New England village. I pointed out to him that he was in the midst of picturesque mountains, the very same mountains where Ethan Allen and his "boys" had held their escapades. At that he stared at me in a sort of delirious sort of way, as if I too were infected with the same contagion as the New Englanders.

"Why," he expostulated, "they haven't even got a liquor license. Further, I have been waiting here for a train all day, and from the looks of things will have to wait another." The latter part of his speech I found

to be wrong, for as many as two trains ran over the road daily.

The Green Mountains along here are full of grandeur. Leaving Ludlow the valley lies below on one side, while the mountains tower above on the other. Far off to the northward, range piles upon range in the hazy light, while over all was the full glory of the afternoon sun, calling to mind the limitless domain of nature before the onward march of the cities.

On the way from Ludlow to Healdville, I noticed many large wild birds, probably hawks, circling over the valley, while partridges seemed as plentiful in that wild country as chickens on a farm. In fact, I should judge the country to be fine in the hunting season, for at my approach the nearby foliage was in almost continual disturbance from the game of various sorts, fleeing at my approach.

Healdville consists of about one house. As it was about five o'clock, and the place near a spring, I decided to stop for the night. But, when I had about finished supper, a man came out of the house nearby, and guessing my business, told me that at Summit, the next station, about a mile further on, there was a night agent who kept the place open all night for freight purposes, and that as he was a good sort of a fellow, he would probably let me keep him company. Now, although I was accustomed by this time to sleeping out of doors, at the same time, I was glad of the opportunity of human intercourse. So I wrapped up again, and pushed on through a long, black tunnel, with water dripping from the roof, and some kind of animals, probably rats, scurrying around hither and thither as I advanced.

The agent at Summit certainly was a fine fellow.

Of course, he had some scruples about letting me sleep in the station, for it was against the rules of the company, but at last he consented. Thinking at first that I was in a hurry to reach Rutland, he offered to put me aboard a freight which would pass through there about ten o'clock that night, but I soon put him at rest on that point. Then we fell to talking and kept it up for nearly two hours, when I decided to go to sleep, for as the agent told me, the station would be closed at two in the morning. Of course, I had to sleep on the floor. Now, although the softest spot I could find was still rather hard, I was glad to sleep indoors because of the warmth, for at an altitude of four thousand feet the nights are rather chilly in the open.

Distance for day 20 miles, total 54.

## CHAPTER V.

*Fourth Day. Thursday, August 9.*

It was dark next morning when I arose and cooked my breakfast outside the station, after having some difficulty in finding dry sticks for the fire, as there had been a frost over night. Taking a warm leave of my new friend, I left with the purpose of making Rutland, nineteen miles away, soon after noon. By the agent's advice, I left the tracks just before reaching Mt. Holly, following a more direct route toward Rutland, and touching the railroad again near Cuttingsville, and gaining thereby about three miles over the railroad, and also having a fine opportunity to try my prowess with a fierce coon dog which attacked me along here. By as dexterously as possible swinging my pack between us, I managed to keep him off for a while. But I thought it would never end. At last, just as I was swinging the bundle around my head, ready to let it fly at the dog, in an attempt to annihilate it, and feeling like the champion hammer thrower of the world at bay, the owner magically appeared from somewhere and called him off. Then I discovered that had I thrown the bundle there would probably have been an eclipse of the sun caused by several thousand articles flying over the landscape. The bundle was a wreck.

It was just after this that I met the first tramp of my travels. New England is singularly free of tramps, because of the natural industry of the people, and also owing to the aversion of the farmers and townspeople toward them. A Vermont farmer would as soon "sic" a dog on a tramp as he would call one off a respectable person. This particular tramp was a patriarchal looking personage, brown as an Indian with the sun of many summers. He was scrupulously dressed, but not so very scrupulously clean. Giving me the fraternal nod he inquired whither I was bound, and whether I had any money. I told him about the dog. Apparently not satisfied with his cross examination, and paying no attention to my remarks about the dog down the road, he passed. I can still picture him as he trudged onward and dropped out of sight over the hill.

I met the railroad tracks again just before passing through Cuttingsville. Here I stopped and had a second breakfast, for I had been traveling over two hours and was nearly famished. It was there that the inspiration occurred to me of lightening my pack. A frying pan which I used but seldom, and which could easily be substituted by the sauce pan, and the pair of rubber sneakers which I had worn out, I decided to throw away. So, out on the breeze they sailed and down into the Mill River, being last seen floating in the direction of Otter Creek. If; perchance, any needy wanderer espy them, the right of possession is his (or hers).

After passing through South Clarendon, I saw to my left a garden of Eden in the guise of an apple orchard, with one tree of special beauties. By the divine

right of men of the road, I climbed over, and was having my full when the lady of the house came out and wanted to know my business there. Luckily, I was in need of matches, and the inspiration struck me at the right moment, so I asked if she could spare me a few. A sort of lie that served a double purpose. Of course the apples were not explained, but she asked no further questions, but smiled and got the matches.

Between South Clarendon and North Clarendon there is a stretch of sandy waste. This, together with the intense heat of the sun, reminded one of a desert. But it did not last long, for about noon I passed through North Clarendon and was within sight of Rutland. I now hurried a little, for I decided to have a good substantial meal, to say nothing of a few delicacies, in the city of Rutland. The fare I had been living on was good, but too plain.

As a usual thing, money does not come to me unexpectedly, but just before entering Rutland, I saw, lying on a tie, all covered with green mould, a whole penny. It is my only souvenir of Vermont, and I have it yet.

The railroad passes at the outskirts of Rutland a race track, on which, at the moment, there was a lively trotting match. But it was soon over and I was in the town in a few minutes. Rutland has a population of only eleven thousand, but it is the second largest city in Vermont, and moreover, it is as busy a place in the business section as lower Broadway in New York. I first went to the post office, for I had given directions at Lake Sunapee whence I had started, that all mail addressed there be forwarded to Rutland up to a certain date. At the post office I was overjoyed to receive



a letter, to hear from somebody I knew. As I loitered down the street, feeling lost in the whirl and rush of the busy little city, having practically come out of a wilderness, some newsboys were standing on the corner, thrusting their papers in the faces of passersby. Now, I was ignorant of the fact that New York papers circulated further than Albany, so that when I heard the old familiar cry of "Woild or Joinal," I started, not believing at first what I hoped. I had not seen a newspaper since leaving New York for New Hampshire, nearly two months before. But soon I had a copy of several New York papers tucked under my arm, and highly elated, was shortly after buried in newspapers and spattering gravy over myself in a restaurant. How long I ate, and what I didn't eat I do not now remember, but when one has walked nineteen miles in the forenoon and has been in the open air so many days, one acquires quite an appetite.

Leaving the restaurant at last, I wandered toward the depot, and sitting down on a chain stretched between two posts tried to finish reading my papers. But I soon noticed that I was a cynosure, especially of the newsboys. I started to look myself over to see if there was anything particular the matter with me. Of course, I was rather dusty, and rather brown, also pretty much in need of a shave. And there was that huge bundle! And then something struck me. I had not used it since the first night out, and why should I carry it any further. I could trust to luck in the matter of weather, and even hotel it. Besides, I had my rubber blanket or poncho along with me, and in a pinch could creep into a barn. Finding an express office, I shipped the tent, together with the revolver which I had fool-

lishly carried with me, home to New York. I set out of Rutland about two o'clock along the Delaware and Hudson tracks. I had become so accustomed to carrying a heavy pack that when I started from this city with a mere twelve pounds, I seemed to be walking on air—I fairly flew along.

In a little over an hour I had left Rutland behind, and was passing through West Rutland, soon after which I met the Castleton River, a branch of the Poultney, which in turn flows into Champlain. The Castleton River runs parallel with the Delaware and Hudson and the trolley tracks which connect Rutland with Fairhaven near the New York state line, and touching at intermediate points. Traveling along here I noticed car loads of marble at the different towns. Upon inquiry I found there were numerous quarries back in the mountains to the northward, and in fact, that quarrying was the principle industry of that part of Vermont.

Twilight was approaching as I entered Castleton, which is, I believe, the nearest station for Lake Bomoseen, much-visited in the summer, and famous for its fishing. Some of the natives were under the impression that I was bound for Bomoseen to camp. As I passed through the station, a driver shouted at me, "Hack, sir! hack to the hotel!" Now, the word "hotel" suggested to me that I sleep there just for a change. When I reached the hostlery a boy wanted to know where my horse was. I couldn't exactly satisfy him on that point.

Instead of having the pleasure of swimming in the rivers, I now had a real bath, and a real bed, with a real mattress, which seemed to sink down, down, down, for I hadn't slept in a bed since I left New York two

months before. And the entire charge was only fifty cents.

Parenthetically, I should say here that I intended visiting some friends at Lake George, which I should reach next day toward evening as I calculated. This made it necessary for me to send a postal from Castleton to these friends apprising them of my intention; which postal did not reach them until after my arrival.

Distance for day 27 miles, total 81.

## CHAPTER VI.

*Fifth Day. Friday, August 10.*

In order to reach Lake George by sundown next day, I had to rise early in the morning. (In fact, on the whole trip I rose early, sleeping in the open seeming to refresh me more quickly than indoors). Managing to find an open barber at six A. M., I was out of town soon after that hour. As I passed along I could hear the sound of the twittering birds in their early morning song, and see the smoke curling up from the chimneys of the neat, white-painted farm houses. These same quiet little homesteads were soon to be contrasted with the comparatively unkempt appearance of the houses on the farms and in the towns of New York State.

Of all the pretty towns on my way, Fairhaven, the last place in Vermont that I passed through, is the pleasantest. Although very small it has a beautiful little park in the center and an imposing hotel facing the park and but a short distance from the railroad station. It was here that I caused consternation by refusing to accept a Canadian five-cent piece. Being so near the frontier, almost as much of this money is in circulation as United States coin. But as I should soon be in New York City, I did not wish to have any with me. So, after dissipating in soda, I handed a quarter

to the lady, and upon being offered Canadian change, and refusing to accept it, the lady was quite indignant. But I came out alive, and am able to tell the tale.

Between Fairhaven and the state line, which is only about a mile and a half distant, I met two young tramps who were so hard-looking that for an instant I felt that I should have liked to have a revolver handy. But they were pleasant enough, and giving the fraternal nod, passed on. The state line is marked with a broad sign with the name of each state printed on the proper side. Also, with my initials on the New York State sides, for I couldn't resist shouting my name to the winds in that good old-fashioned way.

After crossing the state line, I realized that to reach Huelitts Landing, Lake George, before dark, I should have to hustle, and quickened my pace. But the road bed along here was so sandy that I had to take to the wagon road. I hadn't gone far before I met a miserly looking old farmer who thought I was looking for work. He offered me a job haying. His face was so mean that I felt a sort of spite towards him. I pretended to want work, and inquired concerning details. I should get six dollars monthly and board, and my hours would be from five in the morning to seven in the evening, for an easy day's work. I refused the job on the ground of small pay. He offered to raise it to seven. Then I told him I had heard of his bad reputation as far east as Rutland, and that I wouldn't work for him under any circumstances. Our parting was sad. I received various imprecations and wishes concerning my life here and hereafter, and, in fact, he was minded to get down from his wagon and chastise me, but I told him I had a gun on me, and he desisted.

Soon after I came within sight of Whitehall with its smoke, and a view of Champlain off to the right. What a difference between the towns of New England and those of New York. New England with its clean, white, neat houses and children, and New York with its old, unpainted and patched houses and its dirty-faced, ragged boys and girls. Incidentally, it might be remarked that Vermont and New Hampshire at least, of the New England states, have no liquor license, while in New York towns you will find saloons making a profitable living where there are no other stores doing so. Possibly this has something to do with the conditions which I observed. Whitehall is full of factories lined along on either side of the Champlain Canal, connecting the lake with Albany, seventy-eight miles south. A beautiful feature of Whitehall is that the railroad runs down the main street where many of the better residences are. Imagine a freight train coming down the street at the dead of night, especially when the houses of that street are on elevated plots, thereby enclosing the noise more.

At Clemons, seven miles north, I should have to strike westward over the mountains to Huelitts Landing. At the station in Whitehall I inquired about this road. I had heard that it was about as steep as a precipice, running almost straight up for three miles and then straight down for three more. The baggage man said that actually it was only six miles over, but that by the time you reached the lake, you would think it a hundred, if not more, and that after you had reached the top and expected to rest on the downward go, you found that you could not prevent yourself from running, so steep was it. He also suggested that you might

roll, which would have dire results, or even possibly jump, for if you jumped out far enough, you would reach the bottom without touching the sides of the mountain. This, of course, is slightly exaggerated, as can be found upon actual observation, but when you come to think it over afterwards when comfortably smoking a pipe and dreaming about past experiences, it seems to be true. So I prepared for it.

I followed the tracks along the Champlain. The lake is very narrow at this southern part, and rather shallow too, I should judge. There was very little life on it at the time, a few row boats and canoes, with here and there a launch. Not far from Whitehall I had to pass over a long trestle, but before I had completed it a train came rushing up, and I had to hang on the outside of a girder till it passed. It was not a narrow escape, but it was a caution for future reference.

After walking so many days my legs seemed tireless, which showed to advantage from Clemons to Lake George. The road was unusually steep, with few level stretches, as generally are found on mountain roads, but it seemed to be always going up. About halfway to the top there is a monument, with some guns, in memory of somebody or other, whose name I have forgotten, but it was interesting, although it seemed out of place up there where few people could ever see it.

After losing my way once in this region, and making inquiries at the only farm house near the top of the mountain, I at last found Huelitts Landing, and sought out the house of my friends. They were sitting on the porch and were almost shocked at my sudden appearance, for my postal had not arrived, and they thought me hundreds of miles away. But they were glad to

see me, and I was indeed glad to see them, for I hadn't seen a familiar face for five days.

After telling my adventures, I ate the first respectable meal since leaving Rutland, at the hotel. Then, between rowing on the lake, which is most beautiful just here, and smoking on the veranda of the hotel till nearly midnight, I passed the time very pleasantly, finally retiring to an open field to camp. Here I leaned some boards against each other to shelter me from the wind, which, with a light rain, was blowing in off the lake, and then putting some boards on the ground and wrapping myself in the rubber blanket, I was soon fast asleep.

Distance for day 27 miles, total 108.



## CHAPTER VII.

*Sixth Day. At Lake George. Saturday, August 11.*

By a sort of habit I awoke next morning at four, and could not sleep any longer, although I was still tired, for the day before I had traveled twenty-seven miles. I strolled about the point admiring the scenery. The mountains are high and grand opposite this point, the lake is dotted with islands and the inlets are so numerous and intricate as to give it almost the appearance of stage scenery. The water is very pure and clear, and looks yellow on account of the sandy bottom. I had heard stories of bears and so forth in the woods on the other side of the lake, and from the appearance I could well believe it, although bears are rather scarce in that part of the state, being more plentiful further north. In about an hour the owner of the hotel, landing, store and everything about the place came out and opened the store, where I bought some provisions and cooked my breakfast before anyone else was stirring.

Soon after my friends came out, and as they were preparing for a plunge in the lake, and as one of them kindly lent me a bathing suit, I was soon among them. The water refreshed me and drove away the sleepiness.

The rest of the day I spent at the lake resting, and in fact, sleeping in an armchair. I noticed one thing,

that in a hotel with a capacity of about one hundred, there were about two hundred persons accomodated, mostly young people, being an evidence of the great popularity of Huelitts Landing as a Summer resort.

All in all, it was a drowsy day, and when towards evening, one of my friends suggested that I sleep on one of the islands a little off shore, I readily took up with the notion. I first made an agreement to meet two or three of my friends early the next morning, and they would climb partly over the mountain with me. I then rowed over to the island, and drawing the boat up I turned it over, leaning it so as to protect me from the windward side, and crawling under was soon asleep.

## CHAPTER VIII.

*Seventh Day. Sunday, August 12th.*

Next morning, after waiting what seemed an interminable time for my friends, and thinking they preferred staying in bed on a Sunday morning, I started alone, intending to make it a record day in point of distance. Hitherto, I had made no attempt to speed up, but on this day I decided to test my legs. I afterwards found out that my friends were up, but from that day to this there has been a dispute as to who was right about the matter. They are positive they were ready for me at the stated hour, but I was unable to find them long after the time of the appointment.

It was Sunday, and the early morning hush in the mountains gave it a sabbath air. Retracing my steps up the mountain, I soon reached the top, and met the sun in a blaze of glory atop the mountains far off in Vermont, and lighting up Champlain at my feet. The Adirondacks in all their majesty and the splendour of a perfect day filled me with wonder, and it was a full quarter of an hour before I proceeded on my way again.

It was just on the descent that I came across six large partridges on the verge of the woods. At this time of the year, before the hunting season begins, they are as tame as chickens, and I came within twenty feet of them before they took wing.

The fine air of the mountains giving me a tobacco appetite, I discovered that I had left my pipe behind me at Lake George, so had to put the matter off till I reached Whitehall.

Lower Champlain was decked with fishing boats as I passed down the Delaware & Hudson tracks towards Whitehall, which I soon reached. All along the main street I could find only one tobacco store open, which was a little place having nothing but clay pipes. As I could get no better, I bought a clay pipe. That pipe I smoked all the way to New York. I also bought some cake here in town, for I was already hungry; having traveled twelve miles since the start. Leading out of Whitehall southward toward Fort Edward, I followed along the tow path of the Champlain Canal, the wagon road, or the D. & H. tracks, all three of which run parallel. At Fort Edward, which I reached early the next day, the railroad diverges to the west; meeting the canal again at Mechanicville, from which point they run on together to Albany. At Fort Edward also, the road meets the Hudson River, a muddy, stagnant, unnavigable stream, no wider than a stone's throw.

I started my pipe going, and set out through this flat country, sometimes following the railroad, sometimes the road, and sometimes the tow path, which latter is the most level, but also the most circuitous. This country, as all canal country must be, is dreary, with the same monotonous landscape of plain. Now and then comes a launch puffing up the canal, and again a scow, with a lazy horse slowly tugging along the tow path, and the men swearing away at their horses. And if ever men could swear, it was those canal boat men,

plain, fancy and mixed, with every variation possible to a life long training in profanity.

But the chief thing by which I remember this country is the scarcity of water, due to the flat country in which there is always a lack of drainage. The farmers procure their water from back in the hills, carrying it in barrels in their wagons. And then, people along here seem to be very poor, for the most part, and not hospitable like the farmers generally are. These two circumstances combined made it hard for me to get enough to drink, and I certainly wanted to drink, for the sun was high, and I found very little shade on the way, especially during Monday, the second day from Lake George.

All day long that Sunday I hurried through little towns, with the people on their way to church, and hearing the cadence of ringing church bells in the villages far away, and all afternoon meeting people out walking, stopping to stare after me, and dogs following suit by barking at me from almost every fence. And thus I traveled all day, passing through Comstock, Fort Ann, and late in the afternoon, Smith's Basin. I pitched camp about half way between Smith's Basin and Fort Edward, having covered over thirty-two miles, the best day's journey, in point of distance, without the aid of wagons, of my whole trip.

The spot which I choose to sleep on, was near the canal, something which I rued later, for with the setting sun came swarms of mosquitoes, feeding on me like carrion. But it was too dark to look for another site. so wrapping my blanket over my face, I fell asleep.

Distance for day 32 miles, total 140.

## CHAPTER IX.

*Eighth Day. Monday, August 13.*

In the morning the poncho was dripping with dew on the outside, which I ascribed to the fact that I was getting down into the lower county of the Hudson River, where the atmosphere is heavy and humid.

After cooking breakfast of oatmeal, coffee, and the remainder of some cakes bought in Whitehall, I was off, reaching Fort Edward a little after sunrise. Fort Edward is but little more lively than the places I had passed through the day before, except that here there is a railroad junction, and it is also the terminal for the trolley line between Fort Edward and Troy which runs down the Hudson Valley. Here in Fort Edward I had almost to pay for a drink of water.

Below Fort Edward I met the "noble" Hudson, with its nobleness disguised in mud, looking more like a monster sewer. It might be mistaken for the Tiber, just below the Maxima Gloaca.

All I remember now of this day is that it was hot, and that the country was all of the same dreariness. There was the canal, the sluggish river, the road, the almost level plain, and then the same all over again. Now and then one of the long distance trolleys would fly by with the speed of an express train and my view

would be obscured with a cloud of dust, and in a little while I should see the trolley disappearing around a curve, and then the same monotony. Once during the day I got a few apples, including some crab apples, discovering thereby that the country had a few trees after all. Toward afternoon, after I had passed Moses Kill, I was invited into a wagon drawn by a fast team of horses. The driver was a vivacious sort of a fellow, and between laughing and talking I found myself in Fort Miller where we parted before we knew it. Here in Fort Miller there was some excavating being done in the construction of the new barge canal. It was not long after that I passed through Northumberland, and Schuylerville, which is quite large and pleasant, and contains a few factories. Here also is erected a monument to the inhabitants of the town, who, in the early days before the revolution had been entirely wiped out in an Indian massacre.

I travelled the remainder of that day without meeting any towns or many people. Toward evening, two young fellows passed up the canal in a canoe, probably on their way to Champlain. About the only other sign of life was a few boys swimming in the canal, and an occasional scow passing through a lock, about the slowest operation I have ever seen, considering the small amount of work necessary. The men who mind these locks, remind one of a cat who spends most of its life basking in the sun. The only difference is that the cat doesn't smoke an old clay pipe.

One other thing I noticed here in New York State which is not true of New England. However small a community may be, it has its saloon, or rather, excuse for one, where there are always a few loungers around

basking in the sun, just like the canal men, and who remind me of a man I once knew, who, while his wife was in the basement doing washing for a living, sat smoking on the veranda, a picture of comfort and imperturbability, and apparently of a free conscience.

That night I slept in a barn, French leave. It happened this way: As I trudged along the tow path, rather tired, looking for a suitable place to sleep in, I spied a field with a large spreading tree in one part. I started for this, and in turning the corner of the old barn, noticed one of the boards ripped out of the back, near the ground. It came to me that I might find shelter within; so looking around and seeing no one, I peeped in. In the dim light I could see that the building was empty, which assured me that certainly no one would disturb me over night, if I slept there. I stepped in, and climbing some rafters, was soon in the loft fumbling around to the music of creaking boards and scurrying rats down below—there must have been millions of them, but they could not reach me, and their company at a distance was preferable to swarms of mosquitoes in the open.

Distance for day 25 miles, total 165 miles.



## CHAPTER X.

*Ninth Day. Tuesday, August 14.*

All the next day I walked without passing through a town. My route along here was straight down the Hudson River Valley, in a dreary, scarcely inhabited country, while the line of towns were on the railroad, which diverges to the west at Fort Edward and returns to the Hudson Valley again at Mechanicville. The river along here is sluggish and almost stagnant, although there is a slight current, the country being above the tide reach, while the country itself was at places on such a dead level that the river flooded through the woods and fields, making a sort of swamp with the road winding through it by following the high spots. There were very few farms and those exceedingly poor, and pure water was almost as scarce as gold. Many times during the day I felt like a dog with its tongue hanging out. Here and there I saw one of those chain ferries. Once in a while a trolley would fly by, but few other signs of life did I see except when a puffing automobile flew by, a strange sight in that country. It struck me that it was probably lost, and I wished it luck.

Towards night, I was somewhere near Bemis Heights, and here I decided to try my luck with a lean-to, something I had heard a great deal about, and had been thinking over all day.

Now, a lean-to is one of the most wonderful things possible to the out-of-doors. To the inexperienced eye it seems to be the last thing in the world to afford shelter, yet, on a cold or rainy night, or in a forest where the air is always damp at night, a lean-to is warmer and drier than any other kind of a tent, excepting possibly a tepee or "wigwam," which is, of course, out of the question for itinerant camping, on account of the number of poles (fourteen or fifteen) necessary in its erection. A lean-to is built with the back to windward, and a blazing fire in front, the near edge of the fire about eighteen inches from the edge of the lean-to, and the fire is backed up by some logs or a large flat stone, so that practically all the heat is thrown into the shelter, and the lean-to, on account of its shape and small size, retains the heat, with the result that on the wettest and coldest nights, the air and ground within it are warm and dry. Such a fire can be kept burning all night long without replenishing more than once before morning, if good stout logs are used. In the case of a wall tent, it will keep out rain, but its very construction precludes the possibility of a fire, and I remember many nights at Lake Sunapee when the cold penetrated through several blankets, making it impossible to keep warm. Of course, there is always the possibility of the wind changing, but then the lean-to can be shifted, if properly made, and if there is no rain and the night warm, it is hardly necessary to shift it.

Lean-tos can be made in different ways, depending upon the possibilities of the surrounding woods, but my idea is somewhat as follows: Drive into the ground about six or seven feet apart, two stout sticks having

forks at the top (saplings if procurable, because they are always straight); across these, from fork to fork, lay another sapling or straight branch of a tree; then lay against this cross piece, several pieces six inches apart, with the other ends of them on the ground, and running down at an angle of about thirty-five degrees; then, after laying a layer of brushwood as net work, lay some sod, or moss, if any at hand, or leaves, being careful to have the higher layers overlap the lower ones, on the same principle as laying shingles, so that rain will drain off from layer to layer without soaking through. It needs a very skillful hand to make a lean-to watertight in a heavy rain. If leaves or such light material is used, it is necessary to lay some heavy sticks or light timbers on top of them to prevent the wind from blowing off the material. In the case of rain, the wind usually blows at a sufficient angle over the front of the lean-to to strike beyond the fire, or in case of a steady downpour sufficient to quench the fire, it can be saved by stretching something over it, something not combustible. Heavy rains are not generally of long duration, so that even a large frying pan cover tied to a stick, and held over the centre of the fire will save it until the deluge eases up. The average rain storm will not put out a good fire, or even affect it. On account of this fire problem, and to give it a proper tilt for shedding rain, the front of the lean-to should be six feet high, and the fire not more than a foot and a half away. The rubber poncho is spread on the ground making it doubly dry.

A lean-to takes considerable time to build, and moreover, it is draughty at the sides. Both these objections can be obviated by carrying a lean-to tent, which

has sides, and which can be put up by tying a sapling to two trees horizontally, and attaching the front of the tent to it, and then staking in the sides and back all around. A still greater improvement is what is called a shanty tent, which is the same as a lean-to, except that it has a little wall in the back, one or two feet high, thus saving a lot of waste space, for you cannot very well take advantage of the extreme back space of a lean-to, it being too low. In the case of the shanty tent it is necessary to have guy ropes leading to stakes from the top of the back wall, just as in the side walls of a wall tent. The shanty tent is the type I shall always use in future trips. The conical tent I had started with was very light, but had no capacity, being all waste space. One person could lie in it, but no more could do so with comfort. A lean-to or shanty tent six feet high, with a roof seven feet deep and eight feet wide, and a wall in the back of two feet, would have a capacity for three or even four, and would not weigh, even after being waterproofed, more than twelve pounds, whereas a wall tent of equal capacity would weigh fifteen to twenty pounds, and in erecting a wall tent, three poles would have to be cut, and of a definite length, as against one of almost any length for the shanty, and in the case of the wall tent there would be more staking and pulling of guy ropes. A shanty tent for two persons could be made at a weight of eight or nine pounds. A flap is not necessary, as in rainy weather, the only time you would think of using it, is just the time you want the fire to throw its heat in. However, this applies only to tramping and camping in out-of-the-way places. In a populated summer resort you would have to have the tent closed during certain hours.

The lean-to I made in this particular case was of leaves, and rather carelessly put up, as the night was clear. However, I welcomed the warm little fire because the air was damp, and it furthermore drove away the mosquitoes. I did not build another lean-to on my trip because of the amount of time it takes one man to do it, and the mosquito question was settled by purchasing some netting in Albany, and altogether, as the nights were clear, there was no need of it.

Distance for day 20 miles, total 185 miles.

## CHAPTER XI.

*Tenth Day. Wednesday, August 15th.*

Early in the morning I was passing through Bemis Heights, just as people were beginning to stir. A man driving a buckboard came along just then, and I caught a ride through the town, which is very pleasant at the part I saw, with its broad main street, shaded by tall, spreading trees.

It was an intensely hot day, and the white dust filling the air in the wake of the wagons was choking. Through this dust I plodded on through Stillwater to Mechanicville. My lasting impression of Mechanicville is of smoke and noise and railroads and factories. It is quite a large place, and the busiest since Whitehall. But I was soon out of it, taking the tracks of the Delaware & Hudson south. Just along here were some men putting bond wires in the tracks for the electric automatic signal system being installed. The foreman was looking for men, and offered me a job at two dollars a day, a job that would have lasted for nine weeks, he said. He was so robust and big a fellow, that I didn't have any inclination to talk to him as I had to the farmer a few days before, so passed on without adventure. I crossed the canal here to the public road, in order to see the passing show of automobiles, for the

racing season was on at Saratoga, and automobiles from New York, Albany and other cities passed along, some at terrific speed, for the run between New York and Saratoga could be made in a day by hustling, which is pretty near two hundred miles. They seemed regardless of police or constables. Some automobilists think that when they are in the country there is nobody around, and no people to run over, and no wagons to hit, so they just naturally "hit it up," with the result that people have to be ever on the lookout for them, especially on the main roads, like that on which I was traveling. Every once in a while, on some morning after a very dark night, at a point just around a curve, a man is found in a ditch, with no clue to the machine which struck him. And along this road constables were conspicuous by their absence, and no one seemed interested in stopping any of the "pesky" machines, everybody being too busy watching out on their own account. It was actually dangerous the way some of those machines would start late from Saratoga and try to make New York by night.

Somehow or other I didn't feel like walking that day, and yet it seemed decreed by fate that I should travel further than on any day of the trip. For, as I was enjoying myself jumping out of the path of swaying automobiles, along came an empty express wagon, plying between Mechanicville and Lansingburg, and I promptly caught a ride. The wagon was drawn by a fast team of horses, and the road was pretty near dead level for miles. And how we did go. The only things that passed us were the automobiles and trains. In about an hour we had traveled ten miles, and were at Lansingburg, where I left the driver, with whom by

this time I had become fast friends, for he at once became interested in my travels, thinking at first that I was doing it on a wager, and telling me many stories of friends making long trips of the same nature. Then he passed over the bridge into Lansingburg. I was stiff and sore after walking and then sitting down for so long a time, but I continued on towards West Troy, which I reached in an hour or so, and before noon was across the river in Troy. Troy was so familiar to me by old acquaintance that I saw nothing of interest in it. In fact, the same is true to some extent to the whole Hudson Valley. However, in Troy I did no mean justice to my stomach.

From Troy almost to Rensselaer I caught another "hitch." The road is rather roundabout, but pleasant, and beautifully constructed. Along the road here, I noticed what struck me as rather peculiar, but was not so strange when I reasoned it out, a blacksmith's shop standing alongside the road about three miles from either Troy or Rensselaer. I should just as much expect to see a confectionery store.

Reaching Rensselaer, I immediately crossed over to Albany, and marched up the hill to see the capitol. I might say that in both Troy and Albany I was the cynosure of all eyes, probably suggesting to the crowd a new type of hobo. But the capitol was just the same as when I had last seen it, so I did not bother much about it, except to walk around it to see if it was all there. Then I made a varied and lengthy test of Albany soda, after which proceeding I found it necessary to loosen my belt several holes.

I spent little time after that in Albany, except to buy some mosquito netting to spread over my head at



night, supported by some little sticks. At five o'clock I was across the river and again passing through Rensselaer southward toward New York. Tired and hungry, I stopped off for the night about half way between Rensselaer and Castleton.

Distance for day 40 miles, total 225.

## CHAPTER XII.

*Eleventh Day. Thursday, August 16.*

The days spent in traveling down the Hudson were not filled with the same interest I had experienced on the earlier part of the trip. There were probably many reasons for this. In the first place, I was already so familiar with the Hudson that its beauty was somewhat old to me. Again, being nearly on sea level, the humidity was greater, so I felt the heat considerably.

The Hudson along here is more like the descriptions of the Mississippi—full of swamps and morasses and thickly wooded islands, with two or three channels at the same section, with possibly only one deep enough to be navigable for the big boats.

During the day I passed through Castleton, Scho-dack Landing, Stuyvesant, Newton Hook, Stockport, Hudson and Greendale, and came within a couple of miles of Linlithgo. Most of these towns are very much alike from the railroad tracks, small and quiet, with all the fences along the track dark gray from the smoke and soot of the passing trains. Hudson, however, is quite a large and busy town, rather smoky, especially near the railroad, for here the railroad has a lot of sidings and there is considerable noise of engines puffing and switching about.

All the tramps I did not meet in New England seemed to be "hiking" along here, all ages and degrees of poverty depicted in their clothes and faces. And a few of them looked rather desperate. They all seemed to take me as a new and inscrutable specimen of hobo, traveling like themselves, but evidently not so far from a square meal. Judging from their attitude toward me, there seems nothing so strange to a tramp as seeing someone walking who can afford to ride. They cannot see anything in it.

The day was rather uneventful, but towards night, as I was nearing Greendale, I came upon the most murderous looking bunch of niggers I have ever beheld. It seems that they were working along the river on some big laboring job, and were temporarily housed in a long, wooden shack. Their supper was just about over, and just outside the shack about sixty of them, with nothing much more on than a pair of trousers, and looking like a lot of guerillas, were engaged in a game of crap. When sixty big, husky niggers all get in one crap game, there's going to be some uproar. And there sure was, with them all talking and shouting at the same time.

"Hey, you niga, put down dat neekle now, put down dat neekle."

"————— —————it, why don't you shoot?"

"A'm broke, you all has busted me."

"Uh, come seven, come eleven."

"Ah say, Sylvester, len' me two bitts."

"Ah's only got six cents maself."

(General volcanic eruptions and verbal pyrotechnics.)

However, I hurried on, as it was getting dark and I did not like their ominous looks.

I stopped that night a mile or so north of Linlithgo, near a spring where I made a bed of some soft brushwood. Wrapping myself in the poncho I lay dreaming under the stars, for it was a beautiful night, clear and still, the only sound audible being the little spring a few yards off.

Distance for day 29 miles, total 254.

## CHAPTER XIII.

*Twelfth Day. Friday, August 17.*

It was rather late when I arose next morning, and cooked my simple victuals near the spring. But soon after I was passing through Linlithgo and on toward Germantown.

During that day I met and talked to a number of tramps. Somehow or other, they all seemed to be a sort of series, like one big family. Each of them carried a collection of old and curious things, especially in the line of clothes. One fellow had, besides the pair of shoes on his feet, one very good shoe in his pack. He said that he might find another good one to match it fairly well and he would then discard the old ones. I made a companion of one with a greasy frock coat and old rawhide boots. He wanted me to give him ten cents to help him get an "executive" job, which he said was awaiting him somewhere in New York. I pondered on the significance of his remark for some time, but gave it up as beyond my intelligence.

By this time I was getting used to seeing the Albany Day Line and the Troy night boats pass up and down the river, and looked for them each day as a part of my program. The day boats were always crowded, and as the river is not very wide along there, I usually re-

ceived a response from those aboard when I waved my handkerchief. And I tried to figure out the speed of the boats by judging the difference of time I met them at a place so many miles below where I met them the day before. For instance, if I were thirty miles one day below where I had been at a certain time the day previous, and I met the up boat two hours earlier, it would indicate that the boat traveled 15 miles per hour. But somehow, my calculations didn't work out right, and I gave up this mathematical problem and put it in the same class as that remark of the tramp about the "executive" job.

As I traveled towards New York, the heat became oppressive, and I often took a little siesta about noon, spending two hours, instead of the usual one, eating my midday meal.

That day, between Barrytown and Rhinecliff, I saw a spectacular little fire. An old wooden shanty between the railroad tracks and the river went up like tinder. Although it was in an out-of-the-way place, yet men came running from up and down the river, and we had quite a large collection of men who talked a great deal, but didn't do anything. However, there wasn't much to be done. Water could only be carried in pails, of which there were very few about, and in five minutes what had been the shanty was glowing embers. It was empty at the time, so didn't occasion much loss.

This day I enjoyed a swim and bath in the Hudson, although the water of the Hudson is questionable when it comes to taking a bath. I had also to wash some clothes, on account of my limited wardrobe, for I could not carry fifteen or sixteen trunks as some people

do when traveling, even in that fashion. Steward Edward White, in his book, "The Forest," tells of a man who made a long trip through the forests of Canada with a retinue of something like a dozen men carrying his outfit, toting along about everything short of a house. But in my case, I was rather short.

At that part of the river there are few buildings along the water front, excepting ice houses of the American Ice Company. But for miles and miles there are dozens and dozens of these great, square, plain structures, all painted yellow, with barges alongside loading up with ice for New York, probably.

During the day I passed through Linlithgo, Germantown, Tivoli, Barrytown, Rhinceliff and Staatsburg, stopping for the night between the latter place and Hyde Park. These places are well abreast of the Catskills, which were grand in the sunset glow. The Catskills are just far enough from the river to seem to recede to a greater height than is really true, and give that majestic appearance which many higher mountains do not have. From the river too, one could see a few hotels on the mountains, and an Otis elevator leading up to one of them from near the river. The glory of the "everlasting hills" makes a great deal of the difference between city and country, something which a person realizes when looking at the Catskills from the river, especially in the evening.

Distance for day 28 miles, total 282.

## CHAPTER XIV.

*Thirteenth Day. Saturday, August 18.*

Before people were up next morning, I was stirring and on my way to Poughkeepsie.

Near the towns I usually saw boys in swimming, and once or twice took a dip myself, washing some clothes at the same time, and waiting for the hot sun and breeze to dry them. Once or twice I came on some boys engaged in that good old game of,

“Char-os beef, the beef is tough,  
Char-os beef, and you’ll never get enough,”

tying one another’s clothes until the knots would take about forever to undo.

Now and then I saw a patient old chap sitting with a bamboo rod and dobber, with a few “sunnies” or “cats” on a string alongside of him. Judging from their small catches, there did not seem to be many fish in the Hudson River, at least at that time of the year. I remember spending a half day on a dock on the Hudson in the Highlands without getting even a bite. In fact, the Spring of the year is the only time to catch fish in the Hudson. However, there are many lakes in the Highlands, to say nothing of the Catskills, where fish are plentiful. I believe the trouble with that river is that it is putrid with sewerage. And yet, I believe



that some of the towns along the Hudson draw their drinking water from the river, among them Poughkeepsie, if I am not mistaken.

As I was walking along the railroad tracks here I found it necessary to keep a sharp lookout for trains, for there is a great deal of traffic along the Hudson River Division of the New York Central, and being so straight and level, as railroads go, the trains fly by with terrific speed. It was near Poughkeepsie on this day that I saw a great, shaggy dog run over. It looked like a very old dog, without very much energy, and possibly with poor sight and hearing, jogging along the tracks. When the train struck it, it gave one great yelp and landed alongside the tracks about thirty or forty feet away. There it lay quivering for a few minutes, and then died. An old man, the owner of the dog, came out of a little house nearby and stood swearing at the train for several minutes, and then wanted to know what in thunder I was looking at, and if it was any of my business if his dog was killed. Oh, but he was mad, and tried to vent it on anything in sight, but I went on my way.

As I neared Poughkeepsie, I was accosted several times by strike pickets who thought I might be coming in to break a strike on in that town at some big manufactory. It seemed that they expected men from out of town to be brought in and put to work and were waiting on the tracks and roads to argue the matter with any possible strike breakers, and try to dissuade them from their evil ways. In some cases it took a certain amount of sarcasm to make them see that I could not very well be a strike breaker, in view of my

outfit and general appearance. Possibly they thought I was sneaking in, in disguise.

However, I went into the town and walked around a bit, visiting the Vassar Museum, and got a distant view of the college, which is quite a ways outside the town, and which I had never seen before, although I had been in Poughkeepsie several times. I was then pretty hungry and went into a wagon lunch and refreshed the inner man.

Poughkeepsie at the time of the annual regatta of the colleges is a very lively place, from above the bridge to far below the town, but at that time it was very quiet indeed, and hardly seemed like a regatta town from its sleepy appearance.

It was about 11:00 o'clock when I left Poughkeepsie, hurrying a little, with the purpose of reaching Cold Spring, twenty-five miles below, before dark, for some relatives live there, and I wished to make their house by night and sleep in a bed for the second time on the trip, the first being in a hotel at Fairhaven, Vermont.

The afternoon of that day, August 18, was about as hot as I remember on the trip, and the perspiration streamed from my face almost steadily. Yet, strange to say, I had so lost all superfluous flesh and was in such fine fettle that I did not feel any discomfort from the heat. I did not even seek the shady side of the track when there was one. In fact, it was more or less incidental that I noticed the heat. And this, I think, explains somewhat why a person living in the tropics after being brought up in a temperate climate, can become inured to the heat, and almost be a native in that respect. Such will be found to be the case among the Britishers in India, who, in the terrific heat of sum-

mer, endure the high temperature almost as well as the natives.

While the afternoon was still young, I passed through Camelot and New Hamburg, and before four was in Fishkill Landing, opposite Newburgh, where I again had something to eat. Fishkill Landing was full of fond recollections to me, and I roamed about the town a while after eating.

Off Duchess Junction, a little below Fishkill, is a little island about a quarter mile off shore, and on this island is the factory of Bannerman, from whom I had purchased my poncho. It is a most unusual place for a factory, and with its high walls looks a good deal like a fort.

Just below Breakneck, at the foot of Bull Hill (Mt. Taurus), there is a long watering trough, about a half mile in length, between the tracks, so that locomotives, by means of a chute underneath, can scoop up the water without stopping, and thus obviate the delay of the old watering tanks. However, although I had seen these before and had heard how they operated, I did not realize the general drenching given the nearby landscape. I was standing near the end of this watering trough when a train came along, and suddenly I saw water flying out from under the train to both sides for about ten or fifteen feet. But, luckily for me, the train was coming from the far direction, and I had time to run beyond the near end in time to avoid a drenching.

From there I followed the wagon road into Cold Spring, and about dusk was in my aunt's house, unexpectedly, for I had not been in a position to know just when I should arrive, so had not notified them of my

coming beforehand. However, after talking a while, I had supper and spent the rest of the evening resting before going to bed, a very weary young man, for it had been a long day's tramp.

Distance for day 30 miles, total 311.

## CHAPTER XV.

*Fourteenth Day. Sunday, August 19.*

All Sunday I stayed in Cold Spring. Cold Spring is the site of the old West Point Foundry which made guns for the government, which work is now removed to the arsenal at Watervliet. At the railroad station in Cold Spring there is a spring where Washington is supposed to have drunk while passing through that town in the days of the revolution. As a matter of fact, the cold spring is over a fence below the railroad, while the spring at the station is very warm, but the railroad company uses it as an attraction along their route. As Cold Spring was not settled until about 1802, like as not the whole story is a myth.

Just outside Cold Spring, to the northwest is Bull Hill, among the highest of the Highlands. Sunday afternoon I climbed it, following a winding road. Going up this road I disturbed a partridge which made my hair stand straight. The tremendous rush of wings made by a partridge when taking flight seems altogether out of proportion to its size. In New Hampshire I was once threading my way through some underbrush on a very dark night when I disturbed a partridge, and I think my life must have been shortened about a year. The suddenness and strength of the flight of a partridge

is more like what I imagine to be that of an eagle.

It takes about an hour and a half to reach the top of Bull Hill, but from the top is obtained one of the finest views in New York State. From one side one can look down on Cold Spring, the parade ground over on West Point, on the northern part of Rockland County, and on down the river to Peekskill Bay in Westchester County, and, of course, Putnam County, and even back over the Connecticut line. From the other side of the mountain, one can look down on Mt. Beacon, advertised to be the highest in the Highlands, and off on the other side of the river can be seen Cornwall and Newburg, and directly behind Newburg, about seven miles, Orange Lake, and a great part of Putnam, Dutchess, Orange, Ulster and a little of Sullivan counties. And from a certain vantage spot one can look down on Lake Surprise, in a divide directly below to the north. I followed a trail down the front of the mountain, and about half way came out on what is known as Table Rock, which looks straight out over the Hudson half a mile off. It is a flat rock somewhat resembling a table, and over the edge is a sheer drop of several hundred feet, and many times in the history of Cold Spring people have slipped over, or been carried over by the strong winds, but not always killed, as below is a group of trees which has broken the fall and saved the lives of several persons.

From Cold Spring to West Point there was a little launch ferry, the Juliette, or some such name, with a fare of twenty-five cents round trip. That afternoon I went over to the Point, and walked around among the old guns, and at five o'clock witnessed the dress parade and inspection of the cadets. Their smart

appearance made me think of my own, with an old soft gray shirt and weather beaten cap and no coat at all and all browned up like an Italian. On the way back in the launch, the wind was rather high and the water rough, and the old fellow who ran the launch was fearful lest the boat should come to harm, although he was an old boatman and some women aboard did not at all seem frightened, which is a pretty good test.

As I wished to get pretty well down toward New York the next day, and anticipating hot weather, I went to bed early that night.

About ten miles spent in walking around the mountains and at West Point, not included in the total distance.

## CHAPTER XVI.

*Fifteenth Day. Monday, August 20,*

From Cold Spring I followed the road. Along here through the Highlands is the most beautiful part of the Hudson Valley, winding, shady roads, with here and there a dashing brook running under a bridge, beautiful country estates, and now and then a glimpse of the river and the mountains beyond. As the trains rush on along both shores their whistles echo through the hills, a sound so unfamiliar in the city. One of the loveliest spots along the New York road is Indian Brook and Falls. It is about half way between Cold Spring and Garrison. After a sharp turn, you come to a little bridge over a deep gulch, and just above is the falls of chrystal pure water falling into a deep pool, and then on down the gulch the stream rushes under the bridge, shaded by evergreens with their deep sombre shade and rich odor, with only here and there a spot of sunlight dancing as the branches stir in the breeze. Here it is always cool. But here it is also dangerous for automobiles, for it is the meeting of two sharp turns in the road, one of them being at the bottom of a steep descent. On or near this bridge, there have been several collisions between automobiles, and one dark night some years ago, a man on a bicycle was killed.

But if the Highlands are beautiful, they are also



hilly, and I am sure that ten miles walking there is more fatiguing than fifteen or twenty along more level roads. There are some surprisingly winding ascents, and there seems to be no descents. And the dust in places is deep, and the roads rough, and not at all in harmony with the scenery.

It was down near Garrison (ferry for West Point) that I met an automobilist with a puncture and trying to change his tire, the sweat running off his face and swearing at his luck, for it seemed to be the second tire in a week. He was having a jolly time, and as I could not help him much, I went on my way rejoicing that I had no tires to puncture.

I reached Peekskill before noon, after climbing hills about as high as Pike's Peak, and was ravenously hungry, so regaled myself in a restaurant. Peekskill is quite a large town, with a population of about ten thousand. Along the tracks and facing the river is the Fleischman Yeast Company, prominent among its manufactories.

From Peekskill the road passes through Oscawanna, Croton, Ossining and on through Tarrytown. Along here are several interesting land marks, besides the interest of the towns themselves. For instance, between Croton and Ossining the Croton River enters the Hudson, and the road here runs through a long, low marsh, and bridges over the Croton. And, of course, at Ossining is Sing Sing state's prison, which cannot be seen from the main road (Broadway), but only from the river. As I had been through the prison before, I did not bother about inspecting it again. (Of course, my visit to the prison had been voluntary). And then, just before entering Tarrytown is the bridge where Irving's

headless horseman rode over, and in Tarrytown itself is a monument on the site of the capture of Major-General Andre, the British spy. And about every church along here had tablets claiming Washington Irving as a former member, or trustee, or vestryman.

At Tarrytown I ate supper, about five o'clock. Just at that time the Albany Day Line boat was lying off Tarrytown, evidently disabled, and the ferry which plies between Tarrytown and Nyack was alongside rendering assistance.

Talking about boats, I had often noticed that the Hudson River was very little used for pleasure boating. One of the most beautiful and most picturesque rivers in the world, with one hundred and fifty miles of navigable water, yet one can scarcely find a pleasure boat, except now and then on a Sunday, a few launches. Why this is so is difficult to understand, when we consider that such waters as Long Island Sound and the Shrewsbury River, which is very shallow, and in fact most all waters along the coast are very extensively appreciated. There are several large towns along the Hudson where it is difficult to hire a rowboat for a day's fishing, and as for hiring a sailboat, it would be impossible.

Another thing which struck me as I traveled down the river was the large number of wrecked or abandoned schooners on shore. Probably there is not a stretch of five miles along the river where you cannot find the rotting hull of some old brick or lumber schooner on some shoal or beach. In the old days, when the railroads and steamboats were young, there was quite a fleet of sailing schooners, and some of their owners and skippers are still living along the Hudson River towns. Possibly the wrecks are these old boats.

I stopped for the night below Tarrytown, near Ardsley. In fact, I slept almost on the golf links of the Ardsley Club.

Distance for day, 32 miles, total 343.

## CHAPTER XVII.

*Sixteenth Day. Tuesday, August 21.*

*Home at Last. Summary.*

When I started again next day I fully intended to walk right on home to New York. But after covering three miles and reaching Hastings I saw a trolley car, and being tempted, fell, so near the end of my journey. As far as that goes, walking on paved side walks is rather tiring anyhow, so I had that much excuse for riding.

The trolley runs down Warburton Avenue, Yonkers, into Getty Square, and then by transferring to the Mt. Vernon car and on down Jerome Avenue and through 161st Street and Third Avenue, I reached home about nine o'clock, to the great surprise of my folks, whom I did not notify of my coming, and who thought I was up in New Hampshire.

Distance: 3 miles walking, 14 miles trolley, 17 miles; total for trip 360 miles.

\* \* \* \*

As I had started at 11:00 o'clock on the 6th day of August, and reached home at 9:00 o'clock on the 21st, I had been out less than fifteen days. In that time I had walked less than thirteen days, rested two days, had walked 326 miles, rode 20 in wagons, and 14 in

trolleys and the total of distance including the two days' rest had been made at an average of 24 miles a day. During that time I had passed through three states, twelve counties and ninety-three cities and villages. When I first went to New Hampshire from New York, I weighed 140 pounds; at Lake Sunapee I gained 20 pounds and when I reached home I weighed 130, making a loss on the trip of 30 pounds, but I was in finer fettle than when the summer began. I believe that if I had continued on for a longer distance and struck a cool spell of weather, I should have begun to gain in weight. At least I should not have lost any more. The entire expenses of the trip had been \$11.60, but if I had not spent unnecessary money in the cities I passed through, the bare expenses could have been cut down to \$3.50.

In the foregoing chapters I have said something about my general outfit, but it might be well to say something about possible foods to be carried on such a trip. Of course, in passing through a well populated country, almost anything can be bought in town and carried outside to the camp fire. But there are certain foods which are better than others for carrying in a district where there are but few towns, on account of their non-spoiling qualities, or lightness, or the fact that a little will amount to much when cooked. Aside from sugar, salt and pepper carried in small bags, they are as follows: Coffee, tea, bacon, ham, oatmeal, rice, Indian meal, potato chips, dried codfish, bouillon cubes, and flour and baking powder for making frying-pan bread. With the foregoing list and a waterproof match box, you could go through the wilderness for weeks without starving, to say nothing of hunting and fishing.

Although the trip had been attended by some discomforts and unpleasant things, yet I thoroughly enjoyed it, and it was an experience which I can never forget. It was my first long trip, but not my last. Possibly the freedom and all around pleasure of walking would appeal to most people, if they could realize the possibilities of walking, but most people do not and never will come to this realization. People generally become tired quickly when exercising in that way, and forget that exercise gradually strengthens the muscles, until they are able to walk all day without becoming more tired than when engaged in some other pastime. I can attest this condition with my own experience, which I trust will encourage at least a few.

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