

Houghton, June 5. '92

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My dearest Mamma:

Last night we returned safely from our drive on the Point, and all of us enjoyed it exceedingly. The weather was beautiful, and the views we had constantly of Lake Superior, the "unsalted sea," as it has been called, were magnificent. I picked out several spots for my summer house — my castle in the air — not, however, without a feeling that I was becoming a traitor to dear old Maine. I know, now, that I shall return to my fealty at the first glimpse of home and <sup>shall</sup> wonder that I could ever have been untrue, even for a single moment.

We drove, the first day, Wednesday, from here through Calumet, Eagle River



and Copper Falls, to Eagle Harbor - thirty two miles. The road runs for some miles along the eastern base of the trap range that forms a prominent feature of Kenawau Point, and passes the ruins of several mines, where houses and churches have long been deserted, and are now a picture of desolation and decay. The road then turns to the west, and runs along Eagle River, which cuts its way through the range, to a village of the same name at its mouth. Crossing the stream here, we ascended the ridge, and drove along its western slope near the crest. The lake opened below us in all its <sup>blue</sup> vastness, showing now and then a fretwork of shore still covered with pine-topped forest. The air was fresh and invigorating, the sun was bright, the trees had on a mantle of tender



leaflets and catkins, and it was hard to realize that we were not in  
fairyland. We made our headquarters at Eagle Harbor, returning  
to our quack inn each night. This place has suffered much from the  
decay of mining in the vicinity, but we had good beds and good food. To  
be sure, the cows, each of which wore a bell, kept up a promenade concert,  
apparently for our benefit, until late into the night. One morning I heard  
Lane in the next room remonstrating mildly with a calf under his window,  
that had disturbed his slumbers by an incessant howling for its mamma.  
He afterwards told us he had even fired several fine mineral specimens at  
the beast, which pretended not to notice them, and continued his noise  
just the same. From Eagle Harbor we visited Agate and Copper Har-  
bors, and near the former place I had the good fortune to find an

old Indian hammer, supposed to have been used for pounding out copper.

This afternoon I drove Mr. Denton out to the Atlantic Mine, where we took tea with a party of students from Columbia College, who are camping there with their professors, taking their regular summer work in practical mine surveying.

Called at the Judkins's this evening, and am invited to dine there Tuesday.

There is a strike out at the Osceola Mine, and Capt. Danell had a narrow escape from being hurt by a strike. The fellow was shot while about to attack the Capt. They expect more trouble to-morrow.

Survey matters are just the same. In my next I shall be able to tell you when to expect me.

With love to you all, including "Grandpa", ever yours

L. M.