

**THE HOME OF COOPER
AND THE HAUNTS OF
LEATHERSTOCKING**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649277384

The Home of Cooper and the Haunts of Leatherstocking by Barry Gray

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

BARRY GRAY

**THE HOME OF COOPER
AND THE HAUNTS OF
LEATHERSTOCKING**

THE
HOME OF COOPER

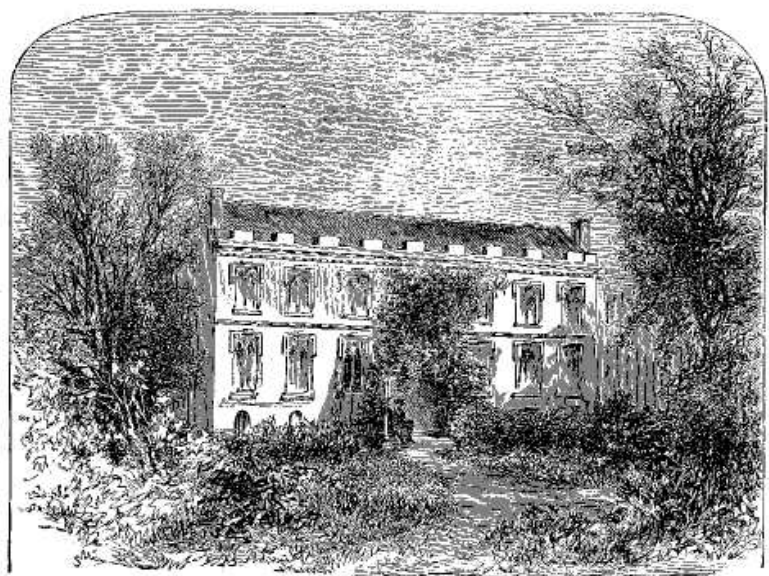


AND THE
Haunts of Leatherstocking.

By BARRY GRAY.

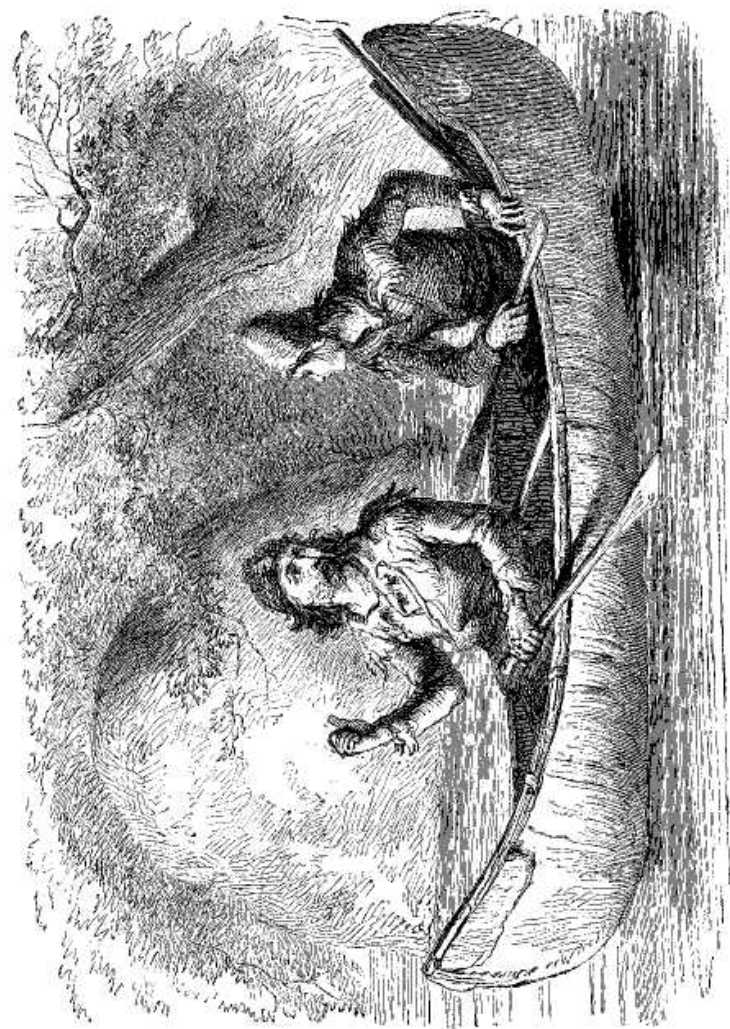
NEW YORK:
RUSSELL BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.
1872.

PRICE, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.



THE HALL.

The Home of FENIMORE COOPER, at Cooperstown.



"Hurry remarked, as they floated slowly past, that this rock was well known to all the Indians in that part of the country."

From the Illustrated Atlas of Oregon, "The Oregon," published by D. Applegate & Co.

THE
Home of Cooper

AND THE
Haunts of Leatherstocking.


BY BARRY GRAY.

NEW YORK:
RUSSELL BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.
1872.

TO
HENRY FREDERICK PHINNEY,
OF
COOPERSTOWN,
THIS SKETCH OF
“THE HOME OF COOPER”
IS
INSCRIBED
BY THE WRITER.

COOPERSTOWN.

"TIS TWENTY YEARS SINCE.

N a bright autumnal afternoon in the middle of September, close on to twenty-one years ago, the writer of this sketch was descending the winding road of a lofty hill, which overlooked a lovely lake and a peaceful village. Drawing rein, he gazed admiringly for a few moments on the scene before him. Below, like "a dimple on the face of earth," environed by hills, the sides of which were golden with ripening grain or shaded with leafy trees, lay a broad and placid sheet of water, which, spreading in a northerly direction, was finally lost to the eye amid the dark evergreens that lined its shores. In width it varied from three quarters of a mile to one mile and a half. Numerous indentures in the land, forming graceful bays and inlets, broke the regularity of its outlines, and over the tops of the forest trees he had glimpses of the western bank, with its high, broken hills that appeared to creep gradually down to the water's edge. At the southern extremity of the lake nestled a small village, its white dwelling houses gleaming picturesquely through the green foliage, and with here and there a church spire pointing heavenward.

The hill was Mount Vision, the lake Otsego, and the village Cooperstown. The trees bordering the road along which his carriage rolled wore their darkest and richest

robes of green; the lake, smooth as glass, and glimmering under the slanting rays of a glowing sun, fully realizes the poetic name of "Glimmerglass," given to it more than a hundred years before, according to the author of "*The Deer Slayer*," by the hunters and trappers of the vicinity, "seeing," as Hurry Harry declared, "that its whole basin is so often fringed with pines, cast upward from its face, as if it would throw back the hills that hung over it."

Passing rapidly down the roadway, and clattering over a rude bridge spanning the outlet to the lake—the Susquehanna river—the tourist entered the village. A more than Sabbath stillness seemed to pervade it, and he was impressed with the unusual quietude of look and manner with which the few persons whom he encountered regarded him. From the "Haunted Lake," as Otsego is sometimes called, seemed to come the wails of a vanished host. The air was filled with unseen spirits, who, on the breath of the early autumn winds, poured forth their plaints. Natty Bumppo, and Judith Hutter, Hurry Harry, and Wah-tah-Wah, the gentle Indian maiden, with a score of other less prominent personages, filled the air with their moanings. The very winds were whist, and the riplings of the water breaking on the beach were stilled. The carriage drew up before the door of the humble tavern, the landlord stepped forward to receive its occupant, and, in reply to the question asked by the traveller—who had been for a week away from newspapers, and buried, as it were, in the woodland depths of Schoharie county—as to what was the news, simply answered: "COOPER is dead."

Thus it was that, on the day following the death of America's greatest novelist, and which, had he lived, would have marked his sixty-second birthday, the present writer