

WHAT HAS BECOME OF NED BUNT- LINE?

A correspondent of the *New York Commercial Advertiser*, writing from John Brown's Tract, thus reveals the retreat of a city character: We dined on the trout and then visited Ned Buntline, on the shore of Eagle Lake. Col. E. C. Z. Judson has left the city, purchased many acres of wilderness, including a clearing and a log house; has built for himself a good dwelling, partly of hewn logs, partly of shingle clapboards, lashed and plastered, and two stories high; has surrounded it with grass and flowers and vegetables and young evergreens; has opened a Post Office under Uncle Sam's patronage, and thus comfortably settled writes for the *New York Mercury*, oversees a good tenant farm, runs a weekly express through the woods to Fort Edward, on the Whitehall and Saratoga Railroad, eighty miles distant; keeps his dogs, his span of beautiful Canadian ponies, his brace of domesticated gulls, his pool of tame trout; fishes and hunts when he pleases; wears long hair, a noble beard, and ornamented red shirt; looks out complacently upon beautiful Eagle Lake, and across to the serene dome of Bianco Mountain, and lives a forest life prosperous as a prince. He spent months in searching through the wilderness, and has chosen the best location on the lakes.

He has fifty varieties of seeds from Grant Thorburn's growing in his garden, seven varieties of corn, and thirty-three varieties of flowers. He has built a commodious ice house which he fills from the lake with crystal cakes, and keeps his trout and venison from spoiling. He makes maple syrup from the trees, has "Cowen's Treatise," Barbour's Criminal Law, a case of medicine, a bottle of leeches, and a pair of forceps; practices law, medicine and dentistry on the hunters, records the thermometer, takes the *New York* dailies and Sunday papers, keeps the stars and stripes flying above his home, and is contented and hospitable. He entertained our party with the kindest attentions, supplied us with a spy-glass, an additional tent, and full directions, posted our letters, and offered to carry any of us to Fort Edward for the regular fare of five dollars, in a day and a half, or even in twenty-four hours if we wished. And so we bade Ned Buntline and His Own good bye, with hearty thanks and best wishes.