

way for Gorham, the station for visitors to the White Mountains, 90 miles north-erly from Portland. At the Dépôt I made the strange discovery that I had lost money by buying a through ticket from Halifax to Montreal, inasmuch as a discount of 10 per cent. is allowed on tickets bought at the Portland station. I mention this fact—which ought not to be as it is—for the benefit of others intending travelling who may read these jottings.

The first ninety miles of the Grand Trunk Railway that I went over runs through a pleasant undulating country for the first part of the way, and latterly climbs along the course of the Androscoggin. The soil nowhere seemed any better than what we usually have in Nova Scotia, but the fences, fields, and farm-houses looked cleaner and tidier, and often where patches of wood had been preserved, the underbrush had been cleaned out, and air and light let in. At Gorham I found that the tourists' hotels were not opened as yet; that their summer had not commenced; that I was the first swallow: still, as I was determined to see the White Mountains, I drove eight miles that same evening up along the banks of a turbulent buttermilk mountain stream, to the Glen House, at the foot of Mount Washington. This same stream, though in summer it can be crossed dry-shod, is terrible when "in spate." Last October it carried away everything on it, drowning Mr. Thompson, of the Glen House, and his servant, who were in a saw-mill, broke out over the road, tore it up, and hurled destruction right and left.

May 20th.—Rose early to take my fill of gazing on the grand mountain range before me. Mount Washington has the highest elevation on this side of the Rocky Mountains, and attains to nearly 7,000 feet, or more than 2,000 feet higher than Ben Nevis. It was the sacred mountain of the Indians,—the one, according to their traditions, to the top of which the single pow-wow and his wife, who were spared at the Deluge, climbed, and whose summit it was unlawful for the foot of man to tread. Now there is a good carriage road, eight miles long, from the Glen House to the top, and from the other side a railroad with three rails,—the centre one cogged,—up which thousands of tourists are drawn every summer; while the summit is ornamented with half-a-dozen strongly built wooden shanties stored with refreshments. No people like the Yankees for converting toil into a pleasure or a luxury, and at all hazards making provision for the inner man! After breakfast I started on my eight miles' climb to "the tip-top house," and a hard  $3\frac{1}{2}$  hours' pull it was. The first half of the distance the road runs almost east and west through a dense forest, and thus the morning sun beats down on the back while scarcely a breath of air is stirring. Shirt sleeves then are too much; but when the wood is cleared, a coat is acceptable, and, two miles further up, a top coat. At the height of 5,000 feet, the view begins to be worth pausing to look at. Right in front of you, ranging semicircularly and sweeping to the North-West, are Mounts Jefferson, Adam, and Madison, with dark corries far down beneath them, and their huge sides seamed with white snow-wreaths and red land-slips. From the summit the view is magnificent, extending on one side to the Atlantic down to Portland, and on the other side, all over "the granite State," and the valleys watered by the "Saco," the "Merrimac," and the "Connecticut." Why is it that we haven't always preserved the Indian names of places, if we have not poetry enough in us to give more characteristic ones? What connection but the most arbitrary is there between the White Mountain peaks, and the names of Franklin, Washington, &c.? How infinitely more beautiful the Indian name of the lake on the other side of the range, "Winnipiseogee," or "The smile of the Great Spirit," than "Bryant's Pond," "Morton's Pond," and such like of American naming. Great as New England is in inventing "notions," it is singularly barren in its nomenclature, and, as a rule, falls back on Scripture, ancient Greece and Rome, or modern Britain. Its only invention seems to be to teach the odious appendage of "ville" to every conceivable word. Our people have