

useful a companion, I would recommend to his particular attention in succession, the interesting scenery in the vicinity of Boucherville mountain, 10 miles from Montreal; and 9 miles further, beyond the river Richelieu, the pretty little village of St. Hilaire, and the fine estate and attractive residence of Major Campbell, the Seigneur of Rouville, to the left, with the wood-clad isolated mountain of Belœil to the right; and, 13 miles further, the cheerful looking thriving town of St. Hyacinthe, situated on the river Yamaska, and noted for its Catholic College. About five miles beyond this, you exchange the cultivated prairie land of the St. Lawrence valley, for a gradually ascending forest tract of country which continues more or less until about 42 miles further you cross the fine river St. Francis, where the line of Railway to Quebec turns off to the left, while that to Portland makes a curve to the South, with the village of Richmond on one bank of the river, and that of Melbourne on the other.

From thence you follow the interesting valley of the St. Francis,—not unfrequently close along the banks, for about 24 miles, when you cross it before arriving at the finely “located” and important rising town of Sherbrooke, the highly promising capital of the Eastern Townships, most eligibly situated, at the confluence of the river Magog with the St. Francis,—and at which it would be well worth while to halt a day, to inspect its various manufactures, and take a ramble among the attractive scenery along the noisy but useful Magog, until it plunges down a succession of rocky declivities, to meet the more placid and broader St. Francis.

Renewing your rapid journey, about 3 miles on you pass the pretty village of Lennoxville, chiefly noted for its Episcopal College, and immediately afterwards cross the little river Coaticook, at its junction with the St. Francis, and follow up the course of the latter, past Compton, to near its source, in a pretty lakelet called Norton Pond,—crossing in the meantime the boundary line between Canada and Vermont, about 127 miles from Montreal; and about 16 farther, you reach the picturesque and prospectively important station and village of Island Pond, so called from the small island on the pretty little lake on which it is situated, 143 miles from Montreal. Soon after passing Island Pond you cross the ridge of the Green Mountains, here 1176 feet above the sea, and forming the boundary between the States of Vermont and New Hampshire.

From this interesting point, you proceed through a highly picturesque Highland tract of country, bounded on either hand by the towering peaks of the White Mountains, (two of which, on the left, are particularly remarkable for their bare, hoary fronts,) *via* Stratford, 15 miles, Northumberland, 12 miles, Milan, 18 miles, and Berlin Falls, 7 miles, to what is indiscriminately called the Alpine and Gorham House, when you have attained an elevation of 802 feet above the level of the sea, and are 201 miles from Montreal, and 91 from Portland.

This being a very commodious and agreeably situated hotel it might be well to remain a day or two here, if you can afford it, to enjoy a ramble among the surrounding Alpine scenery; but that not being at present our intention, let us hasten on to Portland, merely noting by the way that among the most attractive points on this still romantic route are Gilead station, 11 miles—a mile or two before arriving at which the railroad crosses the boundary between New Hampshire and Maine, and from whence, it is worthy of remark, the grade is said to have a descent of 60 feet in the mile;—Mechanics’ Falls, 19 miles, Danville Junction, 16 miles, the pretty seaports of Yarmouth, 11 miles, and Fal-mouth, 6,—and, last of all, Portland, 5 miles, crossing half-way a bridge over a creek or inlet of the sea of about 300 feet—making altogether a journey of 291 miles, accomplished in the short space of 12 hours!

Having enjoyed a day or two in rambling about, and admiring the prosperous interior, as well as the interesting and picturesque environs of “the Forest City,” a distinctive appellation deservedly acquired by Portland from the numerous shady trees which embellish its fine, broad streets, let us prepare to return homewards, with the intention of devoting at least one day to a detour from Gorham, to scale the lofty summit of Mount Washington.

No sooner did the cars reach Gorham, than we learnt that a covered four-horse waggon was about to start immediately with a load of tourists for the Glen House, about seven miles distant, near the foot of Mount Washington; and therefore no time was to be lost; so, transferring our cloak and carpet bag from the train to this vehicle, we, (consisting of myself and a worthy friend bent on the same expedition,) joined a merry party of some ten or twelve more, and were soon jolting on our sluggish way, “through woods and wilds,” up the rather romantic vale of the stony-bedded little river Peabody, to Glen House,—to find in this sequestered spot a very commodious and comfortable hotel situated on a cheerful, open, rising ground, considered 830 feet above the level of Gorham, and hemmed in on every side by an imposing circle of towering mountains, among the most prominent of which rise Mounts Adams and Jefferson, overlooked by their loftier superior, Mount Washington.

Those only who have visited this singularly situated mansion, can well imagine the imposing grandeur of the surrounding Alpine prospect;—and I will therefore not attempt to delineate it. Suffice it to note, that after a comfortable night’s rest and a hearty breakfast next morning, we set out with a party of six or seven others, to encounter the toil of a five mile scramble to the top of Mount Washington, on foot; while a few others, and among these several ladies, preferred doing so on horseback—which, steep and rugged as the path was described to be, we could not help thinking would prove the most toilsome and dangerous mode of travel.

Shortly after leaving the Glen House, you descend into the stony bed of the Peabody, and after crossing it dry-shod, by means of stepping stones and a friendly plank, the path enters dense forest, composed of every variety of trees, such as beech, birch, maple, oak, hemlock, mountain ash, spruce and other kinds of firs, with a tangled undergrowth of various shrubs and plants, so as to shut out the view on every side. We had not advanced above a mile or two up our steep and rugged path, amid rocks and roots, and mud and mire, and begun congratulating ourselves on having wisely preferred journeying on foot; when lo! we were startled by the sound of voices in our rear; and soon after approached and passed us the expected party on horseback, threading their way up the craggy defile at a wonderful rate, at the discretion of their singularly sure-footed little nags. “*Chacun a son gout*,” notwithstanding, thought I, as I perceived the riders hurried forward, as it were involuntarily, with their eyes anxiously fixed between the ears of their steeds, while we were left at liberty to halt and take breath, or turn to snatch an occasional glimpse at the imposing scenery above and below us. Even this, however, could not be enjoyed until nearly half-way up, after having exchanged the dense forest for a higher zone or belt of stunted vegetation, consisting chiefly of dwarf spruce and cedars, to be succeeded, about two-thirds from the top, by a dreary tract of utterly shrubless, lichen-clad fragments of rock, scattered in wild confusion, all the rest of the way to the summit.

On at last nearing the anxious object of our pilgrimage, the delighted eye meets in the distance a long, low, rough-built shed, snugly nestled among the shapeless masses of rock, and dignified with the imposing name of the “*Summit House*,” or “*Hotel*,”—