

trunks, accompanied by the fashionable owners thereof.

Inspired by such thoughts, and through love of the beauties of nature, two young men left Portland, for North Conway by rail, for the purpose of walking the White Mountains. Our baggage was in the shape of packs weighing about five pounds apiece, and strapped on our backs. We left North Conway in the morning, under rather unfavorable circumstances, heavy clouds obscuring the mountains, with which the place is surrounded, to within a few hundred feet of their bases, and rendering it impossible to ascend Mount Kearsage, the loftiest of the surrounding mountains, being 3,000 ft. above the level of the surrounding plain, and on whose summit is a U. S. observatory station. Taking an almost Northerly direction, we followed the turnpike road, which leads along the bank of the river Saco, and by one o'clock had left fourteen miles behind us, and had arrived at Upper Bartlett, where we took dinner at the Hotel (?) which is kept here by a gentleman named "George,"—whether that was his Christian or surname we could not ascertain. Here we rested ourselves and calculated very nicely on the number of miles we should make before night, I believe about twenty.

We here fell in with a gentleman who was inclined to be communicative, not to say friendly, who, was most polite at table, seemed to have a chronic affection of the left eye, which kept it constantly opening and shutting, could place his feet so marvellously high on the post of the gallery and tip his chair back so very far, that it seemed a miracle that his centre of gravity kept within the line of support and preserved him from falling backwards. Above all, his travels and experience were wide and varied and his fund of anecdote and adventure with Indian, White man, Nigger and "Heathen Chinee," was exceedingly rich and diversified. However, we finally tore ourselves away from this enchanting individual, and started to fulfill our afternoon's tramp. But, alas for the frailty of human affairs! hardly had we gone two miles before the clouds which had been hanging above us all day, began to shed themselves, at first gently, then savagely, upon us. We passed on for half

a mile further, when we came to the shelter of a small house, and were met at the gate by a very large dog with an unpleasantly deep voice; having, however, made our peace with him and his master, we were invited to the kitchen, where we were entertained by the master and mistress of the large dog, who was very wet and persisted in being very friendly, and in our turn amused the children, ever and anon looking out of the window at the pouring rain, which showed no signs of cessation, and which, as it was growing late, we decided to brave, and mournfully turned our faces again towards "George's" hospitable house, getting very wet and ruefully thinking of the twenty miles which we had not walked. We dried ourselves that evening by a roaring wood fire, in an old fashioned fire place, with its andirons and crane, and rose the next morning to find the weather glorious, the clouds dispersing, and every prospect promising a fine day.

Having had our breakfast, we found that a construction train was about to leave for Willey Brook, about ten miles beyond, with a company of workmen to complete some work on the new Portland and Ogdensburg Rail road recently opened through here, and as our landlord spoke a good word for us, the superintending engineer, a gentleman named Barrett, offered us a ride which we accepted, as the track runs about 500 ft. above the Saco river, on the side of magnificent mountains, and commands a better view of the valley, and the entrance to the Crawford notch, than the road does.

Mr. Barrett is a well educated and thorough engineer, who evidently had his men under thorough control, and he and his assistant Mr. Lowle, treated us in the most gentlemanly manner.

Leaving the train about 7 a.m. we resumed our pedestrianism and after walking four miles on the track, almost, as it were on the edge of a precipice, and over some trellis work fifty feet in height, we arrived at the gate of the Notch.

As you ascend the Saco, the valley narrows, the mountains seeming to shut in upon it till, just at its head water, Mounts Willey and Webster, almost close on it.

*(To be continued.)*