

A Trip to the Sea.

LEAVING Hamilton by the afternoon boat we, after a very enjoyable three hours' sail, disembarked at Toronto, and by nine in the evening were comfortably settled on the Montreal-bound sleeper. Having been informed that we must change cars at the Junction about seven next morning, we retired early. I was aroused during the night by my companion exclaiming ecstatically, "Look! look! the Thousand Islands!" I do not know if it were really they or not, but the moonlight scene that met my view was ample compensation for the rude awakening. One can almost fancy that they are viewing the land of the fairies, so still is all around, with shadows lurking among the foliage, and reflecting their images in the silvery water.

The train from Montreal being late, we strode impatiently up and down the platform in the dull, misty morning, anathematizing railway officials, and driving the station agent frantic by our questions regarding the delay. At last it is here, and we joyfully get on board, for do we not expect to get our breakfast presently. Alas! what ill-luck pursues us, there is no dining-car on this train, so we despondently resign ourselves to the inevitable, declaring that we will never reach Newport—the place where we are to dine—alive.

We were next roused to interest when nearing the boundary line. The celebrated 45 runs through the centre of a house, the exact spot being marked by a red post. But this remarkable object is by no means an obtrusive feature in the landscape. Indeed, so silently does it appear to recede from view that *some* were led to express the hope that all other dividing lines would speedily follow its desirable example. The country beyond is one long stretch of uninteresting semi-cultivated settlements, until we come to the hills. An unmistakable effort on the part of the engine warns us of their approach. With the mountain air came Custom officials, Yankee dollars and discussions of annexation, until at last with one great bound we are among them. On

they come, one after another, till with a final gallop we break through their ranks, burst in among them, and halt for dinner at Newport.

This is a pretty little town on the shores of Lake Memphramagog, with an air of quiet Yankee thrive about it. We dined at the Memphramagog hotel—a large, bright, verandah-surrounded house, commanding a magnificent view of the lake. The *Lady of the Lake* lay steaming at the wharf, and it was with great regret we returned to our train.

Then it was that we experienced the pleasures of travelling. On all sides stretched mountains, their tops shrouded in the blue mist which seems habitual to them. This continued for several hours, and then we came to the summer resorts. One of the most beautiful is Fabyan, a pretty little town, nestling at the base of Mt. Washington. Words are inadequate to express our admiration of the White Mountains. On this side yawned beneath us a deep abyss, on that towered a rocky precipice. On we sped past the Old Man of the Mountain, Rattlesnakes' Pond and the many other points of interest.

We arrived at Portland about eight, and its handsome depot excited our admiration. After a delay of half-an-hour, we were again rushing through the country, and about 9.30 found ourselves at our journey's end. Next morning I was up betimes and after a hasty toilet went out on the piazza, from whence for the first time I gazed with delight upon

"The sea, the sea, the open sea,
The blue, the fresh, the ever free."

We remained at Old Orchard for about ten days, making excursions to Biddeford, Sacc and other places of interest. At the former we went through the famous cotton factory, and very interesting it was to watch the various processes by which the fluffy down is changed into the white fabric. We also enjoyed the privilege of hearing Mr. Blaine, Gen. Fiske and other notables speak.

Wishing to spend a few days in Boston, we decided to go by boat from Portland.