

stinted in growth and quite unlike those in the valley. Reaching the eastern face of the Nose, you halt here for a few minutes to take a view of the valley in the east. Turning westward to your right, you look down into Smuggler's Notch, which seems near enough to reach at a single bound over the tree tops. It is a deep gorge, winding between the mountains, and received its name from the fact that in former years a contraband trade was carried on by early settlers with Canada, the participants in it going and coming by this unfrequented route. The scene is wild and beautiful in the extreme, and you are inclined to linger here in contemplating its sublimity. As you leave the spot you proceed towards the Summit House, which is only a short distance off. On your left rises the Nose some two or three hundred feet, like a massive wall. Looking upward and toward the summit, farther west, you catch the first view of the "Old Man of the Mountain." His features are quite well formed, and decidedly Websterian in appearance. Proceeding forward, you at last reach the Summit House, a large and commodious Hotel, capable of holding a hundred guests. Resting a few minutes, and then leaving your ponies at the stable, you walk to the western face of the Nose, a few rods distant, which you ascend. Reaching the summit you involuntarily exclaim—Eureka! what a view! Neither the pencil of the artist, nor words of the poet, have adequately described it. Its grandeur and sublimity surpass description. Here you are nearly 4,000 feet above the valley, which lies at your feet. The Winsoski is hardly seen, except here and there, resembling the smallest possible rivulet. On either hand, as far as you can see, the eye rests upon hundreds of mountain peaks, stretching away into the thick, dark haze that surrounds them.

West lies the great valley of the Champlain, and still beyond, 16 miles distant, is the lake itself, the whole length of which