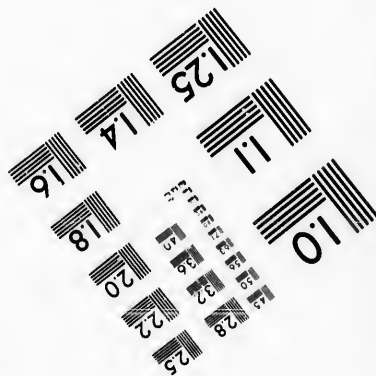
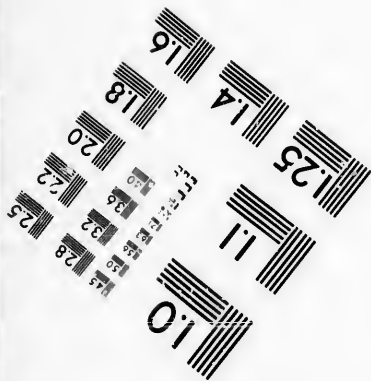
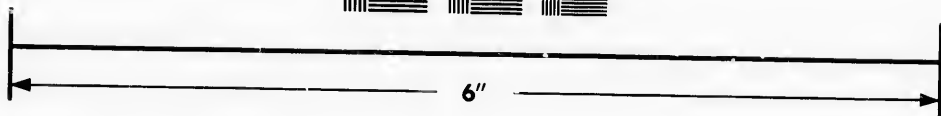
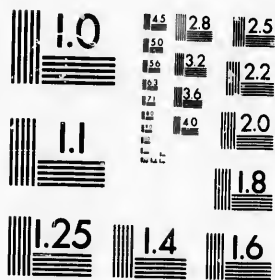
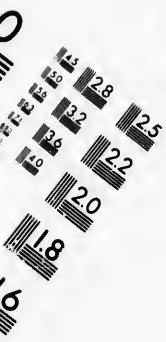


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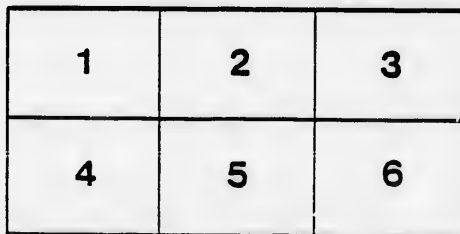
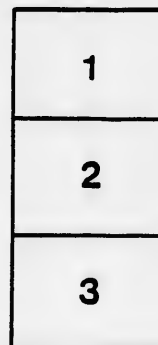
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*John Dargall Esq with compliments of  
J. C. Baker  
3 Jan 1870.*

SKETCHES OF AN EXCURSION

THROUGH

VERMONT

AND AMONG THE

WHITE MOUNTAINS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE,

ETC., ETC.,

IN 1864 AND 1865.

BY

JOHN C. BAKER.



Montreal:

PRINTED BY JOHN LOVELL, ST. NICHOLAS STREET.  
1869.



These Sketches of Local Travel, made during a trip undertaken for health and recreation, were originally printed in the Montreal *Daily Witness*, under the title of "A Buggy Ride among the Hills and Dales of New England," and, at the request of some of the writer's friends, are now reprinted in a more permanent form for their acceptance.

Stanbridge, P.Q., Canada,  
Dec., 1869.

# VERMONT

AND THE

## WHITE MOUNTAINS.

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OF late the mode of travel by railway and steamboat is so universal and common, that the title of these sketches presents some novelty, if the hasty jottings of the writer do not furnish anything very entertaining or attractive.

On a hot, hazy afternoon in June, we crossed the Province line, in the Township of Richford, Vt.; in our rear we had a very fine view of the "Pinnacle" in St. Armand East, and as we descended a long hill, the village of Richford, Missisquoi River, its fine intervalles, and the back-ground formed by the Green Mountains, presented a landscape not easily forgotten. Following up the river, we recross the line into Canada, and stop for the night. Getting an early start, we pass the village of North Troy, Vt., but, as the village has a rather rusty look, did not form a very favourable opinion of the modern Trojans; we now took a south-easterly course through a newly-settled tract, and uninteresting, until, just before arriving at Newport, we came in sight of the south end of "our" charming Memphremagog. Newport has the appearance of a thriving place, being the terminus of the Passumpsic Railway, which in summer forms a connection with the little steamer "Mountain Maid." Stopped over night at the Memphremagog House, a fine hotel, well kept. Getting an early start we, on looking back, find that Newport, in



connection with the Lake, forms a very pleasing view. The road from Newport to Willoughby Lake passes through several very neat and thriving villages and a fine farming country, devoted to stock raising and dairy purposes. The scenery is superb; beautiful little lakes, (ponds they call them here), surrounded by fine meadows, give exquisite pleasure to the eye; the roads are good, and altogether furnishing us a most entertaining day's ride.

Willoughby Lake, in the township of Westmore, Vt., is of a crescent shape, about 6 miles long and from  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 miles in width, situated in a deep chasm of the Green Mountains; near the south end rise, on either side, exactly opposite, mountains nearly perpendicularly from the water. Mount Ananance, the one on the eastern shore, is nearly 2000 feet in height; the opposite one is not quite so high. The water is of crystal clearness, cold, and well stocked with delicious fish. There is no inlet; the supply of water is furnished by the small streams from the mountain sides. The outlet is at the north end, and eventually reaches the St. Lawrence.

The view of the lake and mountains, from the hotel at the south end, is said not to be surpassed in this mountain region. The hotel is superbly kept by Mr. Bemis; and the lake trout, as served up by the wife and daughters of the host, cannot fail to satisfy the most fastidious epicure.

As a retreat from the noise and dust of the city it seems just the place. The Passumpsic Railway passes in Burke within 5 or 6 miles of the hotel, and on each evening a carriage leaves the station for the Lake. It makes a beautiful trip from Montreal, thus: cars to Waterloo, stage to outlet, steamer to Newport, cars again to Burke.

Leaving, with regret, our excellent host of the Willoughby Lake House, Monday morning, June 27, our route took us through a very hilly region, but for the first 6 or 8 miles well cultivated; soon, as we mount higher and higher, to pass the last range that lay between us and the charming

valley of the Connecticut, the region grows wild and picturesque in the extreme. Now crossing the verge of a mountain, giving us extensive and beautiful views, and then buried in the deepest gloom of the forest. Now our buggy bounding over rocks and stones of the hill-top, and then over the logs and ruts of the deep, dark ravines; but "our noble steed bears us safely on," and our buggy miraculously sustains the war between wheels, rocks and logs. Some idea of the desolation of the region may be inferred from the fact that for 30 miles no house for the "accommodation of man and beast" is to be found; but we dined at a mountain rill on lunch furnished us by the hostess of the Willoughby Lake House, and our horse nibbled a scanty "baiting" among the bushes.

As we emerged from the forest on the easterly side of the mountains, forming the western barrier of the Connecticut valley, a glorious view burst upon us. The night before had been rainy and the day misty, but now the clouds left the mountains, and the descending sun formed a golden light on the Connecticut valley, and lit up the hills on the opposite side of the river and the distant White Mountains of New Hampshire with such delicate tints and fine lights and shadows that it formed the most delightful landscape it had ever been our lot to witness.

We stopped over night at Lancaster, N. H., a beautiful village. It has several nice churches, a monster hotel, and is one of the stopping places of White Mountain tourists: the approach to them by Lancaster and Jefferson is equal, if not superior, to that of any other of the numerous routes, but much less frequented in consequence of its requiring more staging. The distance from Lancaster to Gorham is 24 miles. Portions of the Franconia range are in full view a part of the way, and the Mount Washington range nearly the entire trip. From the Waumbee House, Jefferson Hill, kept by Mr. Plaistead, (*vide* Anthony Trollope,) is obtained

the grandest view of the Green Mountains of Vermont, but as it happened to be very smoky, the view to us was much obscured, and Mr. Plaistead's large telescope, by which fine views of parties climbing the cone of Mount Washington can be had, was of no use to us. In the afternoon we rode from Jefferson to Gorham, and the smoke disappearing somewhat, we had very good views of the northerly side of the Mount Washington range.

Gorham, N. H., a fair specimen of a New England village, situated on the Androscoggin River, contains two churches, two hotels, one very large, and the other of more moderate pretensions: the business of both is principally to accommodate the travel caused by the attraction to the mountains. The railway from Portland to Montreal, in following the valley of the Androscoggin, passes through the village, and forms the nearest railway approach to the White Mountains.

Berlin Falls are 6 miles from Gorham, and the drive along the banks of the Androscoggin discloses some fine mountain and river scenery. On the east bank of the river they almost seem to overhang the stream, and are covered from base to summit with a dense growth of forest trees of a very deep rich green; the wide majestic flow of the river at some points, and the rapid, tumultuous movement of it at others, add much to the beauty of the scene. At the falls the large river is confined to a narrow granite pass, through which the water rushes down a series of short falls boiling and foaming with intensest fury. From a foot-bridge, thrown across immediately over the fall, a fine view of them is to be had, as well as from a projecting mossy bank below. The return down the river to Gorham is grand; Mounts Madison and Adams on the right, and Mount Hayes on the left, with the river apparently running to and under their very base, form a view really sublime.

Our next drive was down the river to "Lead Mine Bridge," four miles from Gorham, where there are several islands of

great beauty, the meadows of rich green, and the view of Mount Madison from the bridge is superior to any single mountain view in the region, as its whole form is to be seen from base to crown, towering up 5,400 feet, the focal distance also being right to give its size and height the full effect.

The ascent of Mount Washington (the highest of the White Mountain group, 6,285 feet) is now principally made from the "Glen" by the carriage road. Starting from Gorham after breakfast, in a light waggon with two sturdy ponies, we reach the Glen (8 miles) by a good road. As a sort of "side show" we visit the Garnet Pool, a beautiful reservoir among the rocks of the Peabody River. There are many of these pools on all the streams that flow from the mountains, which are very attractive from the crystal clearness of the water and the curiously worn appearance of the rocks.

The Glen House is a very large, fine-looking hotel, situated at the very base of Mount Washington, but, being in haste to make the ascent, while the weather is favourable, we do not stop. The road is a feat of engineering skill, and it cost a "heap" of money, and entails heavy expense to keep it in repair, the means for so doing being furnished by tolls, amounting on three persons, buggy and two horses, to \$3.36. The grade is very uniform, being from 12 to 18 feet in the 100, and the road is eight miles in length. A short distance from the Glen House we leave the road to Jackson and cross the Peabody River, in its present low stage and high altitude, a mere mountain brook, and strike into the forest and commence the ascent at the same time,—it goes quite pleasantly for a time, but now it seems as though we ought to have a little "down hill," or at least a short level; but no! up, up we go, stopping occasionally to give our puffing ponies a short respite; the heat is intense, the unclouded sun shining directly on our heads, and any movement of the air about the mountain is kept from us by the dense forest with which we are surrounded for the first three or four miles. Now

and then we stop to drink of the delicious ice-cold water that comes musically down the mountain side. At length, after a two hours' pull, we emerge from the forest at the "Ledge," where there are a house and barn; the old bridle path here crosses the carriage road, and the telegraph wire leaves the road and takes a more direct route over the rocks towards the summit. The glories of the ascent now begin as we round the ledge; on our right is a deep, deep ravine, or as it is sometimes called "The Gulph," down which one almost fears to look; then across it rise the burly, enormous, but still beautiful forms of Mounts Clay, Jefferson, Adams, and Madison—their sides dotted with patches of snow, furrowed with deep, dark ravines, and huge scars and scratches, caused by descending rocks and slides; but all harmonized by the sunlight and shadow, east by a few fleeting clouds, and forming an intensely beautiful and sublime view. On the left, towering up still far above us, rises the rocky cone of Mount Washington, the road winding above us, on which occasionally a team could be seen slowly creeping, like ourselves, towards the summit.

Just before reaching the top, and quite near the old bridle path, we are shown a pile of stones, indicating the spot where Miss Bourne died near midnight in September, 1855. Her uncle, cousin, and herself had started in the afternoon without a guide, to walk to the summit; darkness and fog overtook them, and the young lady, utterly exhausted and benumbed with cold, died among the rocks, within a few rods of the house of which they were vainly in search.

The prospect from the summit of Mount Washington, on a clear day, is said to be one to be remembered for a life-time; but for us, on account of the smoky state of the atmosphere, it did not equal or compare with the ascending views. The air is chilly, and overcoats are quite necessary, although the heat was oppressive in the glen below.

The descent is made in about half the time of the ascent,

and the views at times are superb; the White Glen House, and the valley of the Peabody River, form a very pleasing sight.

JULY 1ST.—Early we gathered our “traps,” packed our buggy and left Gorham. Our route, for 8 miles, was the same we travelled in going to the base of Mount Washington, on what is called the Glen Road. The morning was pleasant and the road good. We make our first halt about 11 miles from Gorham, where the guide-board informs us that the Crystal Cascade is to be found. Fastening our horse by the road-side, we strike into the forest by a well-beaten but steep and rugged path, and after about 20 minutes of brisk walking we reach the fall. The volume of water is small, (smaller still at this time, in consequence of the drouth). The descent of the water is about 80 feet, and is very justly regarded as one of the most exquisite and lovely of water-falls; the impression made by a view of it is altogether one of grace and beauty. After lingering as long as possible, often halting to take a last look, and listening to the falling waters, we retraced our steps,—their music gradually decreasing as we reluctantly left the fairy water-fall.

About a mile further on, we again leave our team, and by a five minutes' walk in the woods, catch the deep, bass sound of the Glen Ellis Falls, and in about ten minutes more reach them. The first view, if taken from a bank that overhangs the stream, (100 feet below), is startling and grand; the volume of water is much larger than that at the Crystal Cascade; the height of the fall is about the same, but 60 feet of it is nearly perpendicular. The scene around is one of remarkable wildness and grandeur, leaving upon the beholder more an impression of awe and wonder than of the pleasure and delight experienced by a visit to the Crystal Cascade.

After four or five miles of travel through dense forests,

with occasional views of the mountains on either side, we hail with pleasure the cleared lands and intervalles of the Ellis' River. The first farm-house is much visited by artists and others who delight in the wildness of the scenery and the mountain fare. To this location Joseph Pinkham removed from the lower part of the State in 1790; the family came up over the snow, five feet deep, with all their household goods on a hand-sled, and their log-cabin, (built the previous autumn,) was fit and almost covered with snow. One of the sons of this family constructed the notch road, and gave it his name, "Pinkham Notch." A few miles more brings us plain evidence of returning civilization, in the view of the white spire of a neat little village church at Jackson Falls; it belongs to the Baptists, and the society was founded in this wild region as early as 1803. This is one of the most celebrated trout districts of the mountains, as the Ellis and Wild Cat Rivers furnish abundant stores for the crowd of devotees of the piscatorial art, who fish here every season.

The falls of the Wild Cat River are well worth a visit; the water for a long distance comes tumbling over rock after rock, until it finally turns a romantic-looking old mill, and after a few more leaps, leads a more quiet life among the intervalles.

Soon after leaving Jackson we have a view of the mountains, which, for massiveness and grandeur, is said not to be surpassed by views from any other point, and is one much studied by artists.

The road now takes us in a westerly direction up the valley of the Saco; and we pass some very fine farms and beautiful intervalles, but closely hedged in by the huge hills. By looking back we get a good view of the lofty and graceful Kearsarge, \* —not the victorious war-steamer, but the mountain,—and on the very summit (3,400 feet) we can plainly

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\* A short time previous to the above being written, the *Alabama* was vanquished by the U. S. ship of war *Kearsarge*.

see the ruins of a large hotel, erected some years since but not long occupied; it has been twice struck by lightning.

This being one of the finest days since our arrival among the mountains, added very much to the pleasure of our afternoon ride. The distant mountains were robed in their richest purple and deepest blue; the hills near by with their dark, rich foliage of green; the sparkling waters of the Saco and its crystal tributaries; and the ever-changing views brought out by the windings of the road;—all combined to render our drive very pleasant.

Toward evening we arrive at Stilling's Hotel—a house of modest pretensions, but justly celebrated for its good fare and reasonable charges—where the nicely-cooked trout were quite acceptable to our mountain appetites.

JULY 2ND.—On arising this morning, we perceived plain indications that what had long been looked and wished for in this region was about to come, namely, a good rain; the grass in many places having been literally dried to a crisp, and vegetation of every kind suffering from the drouth.

A new phase of mountain beauty now presented itself. Heavy masses of misty clouds, not quite ready to part with their precious stores so ardently craved for by the thirsty earth, went sweeping along the mountain tops—anon, rolling far down their sides, sometimes slowly, then swiftly, with an ever changing and endless variety of form and shape. Soon they begin to part with their valuable burthen, gently at first, now ceasing altogether, then a little more, as if playing with the parched and thirsty ground. But at length it settles down to steady pouring rain, to the great delight of our landlord in the prospective fall in the price of hay and oats, an important item in this locality, where such a large number of horses are required for the accommodation of the great crowd of tourists that visit the White Mountains during the months of July, August and September. As yet the



first ripple only is seen of the great wave that will follow after the "4th of July," the periodical date at which Saratoga, Niagara, Newport, &c., receive their annual supply of pleasure-seekers, sharpers and invalids, with a small sprinkling of clergymen, artists, editors, and real lovers of fine scenery and country air.

As out-of-door movements were out of the question to-day, we occupied the time in writing and reading. In a Boston paper, we learned for the first time, of the awful railroad disaster at Belœil, and the account confined to a few lines. How we wished for a few numbers of the *Witness*, not having seen a Canada paper since leaving home! Our host always having lived in this region, and being a descendant of the early settlers, gave us much interesting information concerning the early history of this portion of the White Mountains. Several of the neighbouring farmers dropped in to hear and discuss the latest war news, and learning that I was from Canada, (with their native curiosity,) made endless inquiries about the Government, laws and prospects of the Province. Here, as at other places, many expressed a desire, and some their actual intention, to remove to Canada, the principal reason being, I think, to avoid the excessive taxes imposed to meet the expenses of the war. There was little or no tippling, and during our trip thus far I have not seen an intoxicated person; it is said there is much liquor used; if so, it is out of sight, and the Maine Law, if nothing more, prevents that disgusting sight so often seen in and about country taverns, a reeling drunkard. Perhaps as much liquor as ever is sold to, and used by the (comparatively) sober class, but the Maine Liquor Law keeps it, in a great measure, from the noisy, quarrelsome, family-abusing class of drinkers, as when sold to them, the seller is quite often made to suffer the penalty of the law.

JULY 4TH.—A fine morning after the rain of Saturday, which has given the foliage a fresh tinge of deep green, and vegetation generally a greatly improved appearance. After an early breakfast, we bid our pleasant landlord good-bye and take our way towards, and through, the oldest and most celebrated of the three mountain passes, called the Crawford (or sometimes the Willey) "Notch," not particularly on account of the scenery being more interesting than that of the other passes, but in consequence of the tragic fate of the Willey family, and being the scene of the many privations and hardships of the early settlers of this wild and inhospitable region; giving the pass a romantic and melancholy interest, not felt in visiting the Pinkham Notch, or the pass through the Franconia Range.

After going about five miles, the most of the distance through a dense forest, in many places the trees covering the road and meeting overhead, we pass the place where lived Abel Crawford, the "veteran pilot" of the hills. He, in 1819, assisted by his son, cut the first rough path through the forest to the rocky ridge of Mount Washington; he must have been a very hale and hearty old man, as when 75 years old, in 1840, he rode the first horse that climbed to the top of Mount Washington. Ethan Crawford, son of the preceding, lived at the north end of the Notch road, about twelve miles from his father's place; he was a very remarkable man, of iron nerve and constitution. He never wore hat, shoes or mittens until after he was 13 years old, but used to harness and unharness horses in winter without either, not complaining of the cold as he said "he was used to it." He grew to be seven feet in height, and had the strength of two or three ordinary men, exemplified in muzzling and bringing home from the woods a full-grown live bear; climbing Mount Washington laden like a horse, and quite often carrying some exhausted member of a party on his back; carrying the mails both in winter and summer, when all other

means of getting them along failed, in consequence of deep snows or great freshets. The most savage animals of the mountains were the wild-cats, which destroyed the sheep and other animals of the settlers to a large extent; they denned mostly on the hills that border the Ammonoosuc River; and Ethan, by his prowess and skill as a hunter, nearly annihilated the whole tribe. Once having driven one into a tree, he kept him there until he twisted a birch-withe, made a lasso of it, threw it around the animal's neck, jerked him to the ground, and after a desperate encounter, killed him. Ethan's company did not always consist of bears and wild-cats, as it would sometimes happen that on returning from an encounter with a bear he would meet some judge or member of Congress desiring his services as guide. He once escorted Daniel Webster to the summit of Mount Washington. Ethan reported that on arriving at the summit, he made something like the following address:—"Mount Washington, I have come a long distance to see you, have toiled hard to reach your summit, and now you give me a cold reception." Probably the stand was the highest and grandest ever occupied by the great orator, and the audience the smallest he ever addressed. At this time Ethan kept a small public-house; but as the visitors to the mountains increased, other and finer houses were built, that took his custom away. The failure of a bargain for the sale of his lands, and the burning of his house, pressed heavily upon him, and he removed to Vermont; but his bad fortune followed him there, and he returned to his native hills. During all his troubles his cheerful, pious, and uncomplaining wife, Lucy, cheered the toilsome, dreary afternoon of his life. He died at the early age of 56.

" Many hamlets sought I then,  
 Many forms of mountain men;  
 Found I not a minstrel seed,  
 But men of bone, and good at need

Rallying round a parish steeple  
Nestle warm the Highland people,  
Coarse and boisterous, yet mild,  
Strong as giant, slow as child."

As we get a little farther on, Mount Crawford and the Giant's Stairs on the right, rear their lofty heads over 3,000 feet. The road, after crossing the Saco twice, turns a little to the West. As originally made, it crossed the river 32 times in less than 20 miles. The present road was made by an incorporated company, and cost \$40,000.

After passing through a dense growth of white birches, the Notch bursts upon our view in all its grandeur and majesty. To the right, towering up 2,000 feet of almost perpendicular rock, is the frowning Mount Webster; on the left, the lofty Mount Willey, with plain evidence of the awful slides that have rushed down its steep and rocky sides; while a-head, appears the crest of Mount Willard in the middle of the back-ground,—forming together a most startling and sublime view.

As we proceed, the road passes directly over the *débris* of one of the slides, and brings vividly to our mind the awful fate of the Willey family. We now come in sight of the "Willey House." It was erected by a Mr. Hill in 1820, as an inn, which he occupied for two or three years. In 1825 the Willey family moved into it. The next June there was a slide from the mountain, near the house, but did no material damage; after this there was a long drouth; but on Sunday, the 27th of August, 1826, the rain began to fall; the next day the storm grew more severe; towards night the clouds were said to have had a black and most awful appearance, and as the night wore on poured down their enormous flood of water. In six or seven hours the Saco rose 24 feet, and swept the intervalles for about 20

miles; all the bridges and saw mills were carried away; many houses, barns, and stables were surrounded with water,—some entirely destroyed; horses, cattle, sheep, and pigs were drowned or killed by the trees and rocks borne along by the raging flood.

A short distance above Abel Crawford's, near the south end of the Notch road, the water carried away a saw mill, which, with the large accumulation of trees, fences, &c., dashed down the stream, threatening destruction to everything that opposed its course. Mr. Crawford was from home, but his wife (the mother of Ethan) aroused in the darkness of night by the roaring flood, soon found that her house was being surrounded by water; it sapped a part of the foundation, and in a short time rose two feet on the floor. The heroic woman placed herself at a window facing the coming flood, and with a pole pushed aside the floating timbers, and thus saved herself and house from almost certain destruction. Imagination can hardly conceive the terrible situation of that lone woman during the long hours of that dreadful night. The vivid and almost continued flashes of lightning, the thunder peals echoed from hill to hill, the crash of falling rocks and trees from the mountain sides, the bellowing of drowning cattle, the bleating of the dying sheep as they were swept down the maddened stream,—added horrors to the scene that no pen can adequately describe.

Tuesday morning the sun rose bright and clear. Slides and furrows down the mountain sides could be counted by hundreds. Wherever a brook had trickled down the mountain, it now showed a wide space down which huge rocks, great trees and the earth had been carried, as by an avalanche, to the valleys below.

In the afternoon of Tuesday, a traveller from the North, after innumerable perils, reached the "Willey House" just before dark, and what desolation met his view! The moun-

tain in the rear of the house, which had been covered by a dense growth of trees, now presented, for nearly two miles, an altogether altered appearance; deep furrows torn from top to bottom, the descending mass filling the valley and covering the road to a great depth, but the little house was unharmed. An immense slide came down directly in the rear of it, but an enormous rock, just above, had resisted and divided it; but it passed so near the house that it united again below on a narrow meadow in a mass 20 or 30 feet deep. The doors of the house were open, but no human being was there to answer his call; everything had the appearance of the inmates having left suddenly: the Bible lay open on the table. The traveller concluded that the family had fled to some place of safety below, and he remained overnight in the house. The barn had been partially destroyed, two horses killed, and an ox caught by a falling beam, which, on being removed, relieved him. Noble Ethan Crawford was one of the first to leave his own ravaged place, with a few others, to search for the missing family. The first day of the search, the bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Willey, and a hired man, were found not far from the house, more or less disfigured; and the next day, the bodies of two of the children were discovered; three were never found.

The house is still standing, and used as a show; but the sight is hardly worth even the small sum asked for admission.

JULY 4TH.—A short distance from the Willey House, on rising a hill, we are surprised and charmed by the sudden view of a slender stream of water descending the steep side of Mount Webster, from a height of over 400 feet; its white, gleaming appearance the more striking from the contrast afforded by the dark rocks. It is very properly named the "Silver Cascade," and the view is very fine from the road, but we could not resist the temptation to clamber up the rocks some distance, to cultivate a more intimate acquaint-

ance with this fine water-fall. Our time being limited, we soon descend, and in a short time pass the gate of the Notch, where the road is narrowed to a very small pass, and the rough, rocky appearance is as wild and savage as the most romantic can desire. We now emerge into a more open space, and stop a short time at the Crawford House. In a short time we cross the Ammonoosuc River, and reach the White Mountain House.

After getting dinner and resting a while, we get into our buggy, retrace our road about two miles, turn to the left into the forest, and after about two miles more over a rough road, we fasten our horse, and with twenty minutes walking reach the falls of Ammonoosuc. As this stream drains the north-westerly slope of the Mount Washington range, it is, even here, so near the mountains, a river of considerable size, and is said to be the "wildest" and "maddest" stream in New England, falling over 5,000 feet in thirty miles. There are many leaps of thirty to forty feet, which it takes on the mountain sides before reaching this point; at this place the fall is not of great height, but the water rushes through narrow passes between the rocky banks, which are worn and rounded into almost every conceivable form. The scenery around is wild, and from some points, good views of the mountains are to be had; and to any one loving to ramble amidst fine mountain and river scenery, half hidden by dense forests, it affords an afternoon's entertainment of the richest kind.

Had time permitted, a day or two could have been very pleasantly spent in the vicinity of the White Mountain House, as there are several high hills of easy ascent near by, from which we were told excellent views of the mountains could be had.

JULY 5TH.—This morning we take a nearly due west course down the Ammonoosuc, through a dense forest, some six or

eight miles; turn to the left; cross the river, which we now leave; and, as usual, whenever we leave the streams, commence climbing a hill. We arrive once more among cultivated fields. As our ascent continues towards Bethlehem, so does the prospect widen. The day is very fine; and, as we get on the high ground, the panorama of the mountain region is gradually unfurled to an extent that, at first, is almost bewildering. To the west, the Green Mountains of Vermont rise at some distance; between which and us is the fine valley of the Connecticut, with its rich intervales stretching north and south. North of us the prospect is hardly less beautiful,—in the foreground, finely cultivated tracts, bounded in the distance by jagged and lofty mountains. East, a large portion of the White Mountain range is to be seen, the cone of Mount Washington capped with light fleecy clouds. Turning again to the left, in the village of Bethlehem, we rise still another long hill; from the top of which, to the south, we got, for the first time, an extensive view of the great Franconia range, the highest mountain of which (Mount Lafayette, 5,200 feet) is on our left, with its rugged and rocky crest. Between us and the range lies a valley along a branch of the Ammonoosuc, the beauty of which can hardly be surpassed. As we view it from the Bethlehem hill, it seems almost at our feet; the rich intervales, the nice tidy-looking houses and farm-buildings, the winding stream, bordered with trees arrayed in their richest summer dress,—conspicuous among which the tall and graceful American elm—added much to the beauty of the view.

Descending the hill rapidly, we follow the stream about two miles, and then commence the toilsome ascent to the Franconia "Notch." As we walk up, we are amply rewarded. Before us, rise the "great hills," densely wooded at the base and far up their ridges, while towering still higher, their rough, rocky crests mingle with the clouds; but before we drive into the very jaws of the "hills," let us take



one last look. What can be more lovely? What more sublime? Before us, the wildest, boldest, ruggedest of mountain views; behind us, the most beautiful of valley scenes!

JULY 5TH.—After entering the woods the ascent still continues; on our right, a deep ravine; on the left, a high hill, at the back of, and behind which, we catch occasional glimpses of the towering and frowning Mount Lafayette. Soon, also, at our left, we come to the beautiful little body of water, Echo Lake, celebrated (as its name indicates) for the wonderful repetitions from the rocks, hills and mountains, of sounds made upon the surface of its waters, said to be sevenfold; but much more lovely and interesting to a refined taste for its wild surroundings, and perfect reflection of the colours and lights and shadows of the great mountain at whose base it has nestled.

“For now the eastern mountains head  
On the dark lake throws lustre red;  
Bright gleams of gold and purple streak  
Ravine, and precipice, and peak.”

Descending rapidly into the Franconia Notch, we soon arrived at the Profile House, one of the largest and best hotels, and most finely situated of any in the mountain region. It is built on a little plateau of one or two acres, bounded on one side by Eagle-cliff, a precipitous spur of Mount Lafayette, 1500 feet high—and on the other by Profile Mountain.

The most popular object of attraction in this vicinity is the “old man of the mountain,” and before dinner let us pay him our *devoirs*; a few minutes walk down the road brings us to the spot. We had often heard and read of the “great stone face,” but supposed that the fancied resemblance of the rocky protuberance of a mountain to the human visage, had its existence more in the imagination of the visiter than upon the mountain side. But no! there it is; the most prosaic must admit the fact; the “great stone face” is a face indeed. 1500 feet above us is the profile plainly and distinctly carved

against the blue sky, gigantic in size, almost perfect in outline, wearing a grim, stern expression, with frowning but thoughtful brow, that would become the weird and aged sentinel of the mountain. At the foot is a most lovely little body of water of crystal clearness, surrounded by overhanging bushes and trees of richest green, called Profile Lake, which forms a most appropriate addition to the wild and romantic scene.

The "great stone face" is about 70 feet from chin to top of the forehead, and is formed of three masses of rock, not in perpendicular line with each other; therefore the view must be taken from a particular point, as removing a few rods in any direction dissolves the charm.

After spending a little time on the shores of this beautiful little tarn, sometimes called the "old man's wash-bowl," and taking one more last look at the "old man" himself, we retrace our steps towards the hotel. We do so, gazing at the rock-bound battlemented crags of Eagle-cliff, towering up over our heads—the perpendicular rocks rising, as it were, out of a base of deep green, formed by the dense growth of bushes and trees along the foot, and some distance up the sides of the mountain.

Had plenty of time been at our command, we should have extended our visit south through the entire Franconia range and to Lake Winnipisséogee, the surroundings and scenery of which are, no doubt, very fine; but, after partaking of an excellent dinner, for which the mountain air and active exercise of the forenoon had given us a sharp appetite, we mount our buggy and retrace our route 4 or 5 miles, leaving the trip to the lake for some future "ride." At about that distance from the Profile House, we leave the road by which we entered the valley from Bethlehem, and after a short but very pleasant drive along the banks of one of the branches of the Ammonoosue, bordered with tall and beautiful elms, we pass through the village of Franconia, some parts of which have a

rather neat and tidy look, but, on the whole, hardly up to the standard of New England villages. Iron is manufactured here from ore taken from a hill near by; the buildings used in manufacturing it are not extensive, but present a neat and thrifty appearance.

Turning to the north, we leave the river, and, as usual, commence climbing a hill, which we continue to ascend for four or five miles towards Littleton; but our toil is well rewarded. The view of the Franconia range and the valley, although not quite so fine as from Bethlehem Hill, causes us to halt often and look back; the declining sun gilding the mountain tops with the most beautiful purple and deep azure hues, the contrast afforded by the darkening valley forms a scene of great beauty. As we rise still higher, we catch occasional glimpses of Mount Washington, and other peaks of that range far to the east, free from the clouds by which they were obscured in the forenoon; but now, as tinged by the rays of the setting sun, they present us with one of their most beautiful aspects. We now round the crest of what we shall call Littleton Hill, leaving the White Mountains out of view; but we have, to the north and west, the valley of the Connecticut and the Green Mountains of Vermont, presenting a less wild, but hardly a less beautiful appearance.

The descent to Littleton on the Ammonoosuc river is very rapid, and we soon arrive in the village, where supper and the comfortable beds of Thayer's Hotel are very acceptable after our long and exciting day's ride.

JULY 6TH.—Littleton, N.H., is a nice thriving village, with the usual complement of churches, hotels, stores, &c. It is situated on the Ammonoosuc River, which furnishes fine water-power, and is the terminus of the White Mountain Railway, which at Wells River connects with the Passumpsic Railway, and the Boston, Concord and Montreal Railway. It is thus one of the great avenues of approach to the White

Mountains; is eleven miles from the Profile House, in the Franconia Notch, and 22 miles from the Crawford House, in the Crawford Notch. It is quite a resort as a stopping-place for tourists for a few days, as beautiful views of both the White and Green Mountains are to be beheld from hills of easy access from the village. The hotel accommodations are good, but the charges higher than we have usually found them on our trip.

This morning we take a north-westerly course through a well cultivated district, and after four or five miles travel, reach the Connecticut River, which we cross, and find ourselves in the State of Vermont again, some fifteen or twenty miles below Lancaster, where we crossed the river in going to the White Mountain region. As we get on higher ground, we have a fine view of the intervalles and meadows, which seem, at all points, to line the shores of this river. We now pass through a fine undulating tract, some portions being rather stony and rough, but on the whole good grazing land, the road rather pleasantly alternating between hill and dale, occasionally following a beautiful little stream of clear water, and passing fine little lakes or ponds. About noon we arrived at St. Johnsbury, the largest and finest village in this section of the State of Vermont, which owes its prosperity principally to the enterprise and ability of the Brothers Fairbanks, manufacturers of scales of great variety of size and form, from the tiniest and most delicate to those used for weighing railway cars and canal boats. It was principally through their exertions that the Passumpsic Railway was constructed to and beyond St. Johnsbury. There are some very fine dwellings, with nice grounds beautifully adorned with fountains, flowers and shrubbery, conspicuous among which are those of the Messrs. Fairbanks. The churches and school-houses are also nice and good-looking buildings for a country village. The farms in the vicinity of the village look fine and well cultivated, the extensive manufacturing

establishment of the Fairbanks furnishing a home market, which is a great advantage to the farmers ; and no state or country can ever be truly prosperous unless a large portion of the raw products are consumed by manufacturing industry not far from the place of production.

Our afternoon ride was through a hilly region, gradually rising as we were near the water-shed that divides the State into two great slopes, to the east, towards the Connecticut River, west, to Lake Champlain. The first village we pass is Danville, which has quite an old look for a Vermont village ; it was formerly the county town, but the removal to its more prosperous rival, St. Johnsbury, of the county business may account for the rather "seedy" appearance of the place. We continue on in a westerly direction, and as we rise get some nice views of the Green Mountains. The country grows wilder, but the roads are good, and we pass in succession a chain of some four or five beautiful ponds ; soon after we meet a party of happy looking folks, young and old, with flags and banners flying, returning from a Temperance pic-nic. The road, though hilly and rough, is good, considering that we are crossing the Green Mountain range, and cultivated lands line the way, even at the highest points. At the head waters of the Lamoile River we commence the descent to the west. In the township of Walden we stop for the night at a half-hotel, half-farm house, but got a good supper, to which our appetites did ample justice.

JULY 7TH.—The morning was fine on the hills, but along the river, where our route lay, a dense fog enveloped us for the first four or five miles ; the rising sun, however, soon dispersed it, and we pass through one of the richest farming districts of Vermont. In following down the Lamoile River, we find the crops excellent, farm-houses and out-buildings good, all presenting a general thrift and comfort that gives the traveller a very favourable impression, more particularly as it appeared

to be uniform and general, and we noticed the same characteristic in our entire trip, seldom any great evidence of wealth, and, on the other hand, little or no evidence of great poverty. We pass several villages, one of which, (Morrisville) a very pleasant one too, is only six or seven miles from the base of Mansfield Mountain, and occasionally we had good views of that as well as other of the Green Mountains during the day.

We had intended passing the night at Fairfax; before arriving there we enquired of a teamster on the road what hotel accommodation we should find; after some hesitation he remarked, "I guess that you can get a little bad rum there if you want." On answering that we did not want any rum, good or bad, he said we had better go on to St. Albans, and we followed his advice, driving twelve miles further over a hilly road, reaching old and familiar quarters just at sunset, after a day's drive of sixty miles.

## A TRIP TO GLEN SUTTON.

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Having two days of repose time, and a friend from Montreal wishing to take the country air, with our horse and buggy we get an early start on a delicious July morning, and are soon among the "hills and dales" of St. Armand East.

First let us note how rich, how beautiful the country is looking, the undulating fields of grass and grain waving and nodding to the fine westerly breeze, the very poetry of motion; and see the fields of Indian corn, so massive and luxuriant, plainly indicative of the rich harvest in store for the thrifty farmer and industrious husbandman, of which Missisquoi may boast a goodly number. But, look at the hills! never did our sugar maple have on a more glorious summer dress, how heavy and luxuriant the foliage! what a dark, rich green, and what a border the hills crowned with that fine tree give to the lovely valleys and fields of grass and grain!

We are now at La Grange's: go up the hill west, and look east; the falls and factories in the foreground, a little farther the cottages of the workmen, the valley of Pike River, either side bordered by fine farms and rising hills, dotted here and there with groves of maple, while the background and more distant view is well filled by the Pinnacle Mountain, presenting a view worthy of being, and which we trust some day to see, transferred to canvas. We are soon at the village of Frelighsburg, nicely ensconced among the hills; it is a very pleasant country village, and, as seen from a hill west of it, in connection with the valley of Pike River, and the "Pinnacle" towering up nearly 2000 feet, forms another beautiful landscape, especially if seen on the afternoon of a pleasant day. We now leave the river, and soon commence climbing the "Joy" hill, and, as we

advance, get an extensive view to the west, embracing the village below, a fine range of cultivated hills to the north-west, through openings in which we catch beautiful glimpses of the distant level country along the Richelieu, including Mount Johnson, now robed by sun-light in a most delicious purple. As we pass the south side of the Pinnacle, and cross the "line" into Vermont, the Green Mountains, closely bordering either side of the Missisquoi River, come grandly into view; but Jay Peak, and several other high points, are capped with fleecy clouds, with which the clear blue sky is partially filled, adding much to the beauty of the scene by the ever-changing shadows cast by them on the beautiful valley, hills and mountain sides. In the village of Richford, we cross the Missisquoi River, and follow up its "winding-way," the road, at times, closely crowded by river and mountain; but before we do so, let us look back, as from this point we get one of the finest views of our old acquaintance, the Pinnacle.

Nine miles up the river is Glen Sutton, two miles this side of which we cross the line into Canada again, where the river bends to the north, the "Glen" being about one and a half miles from the Vermont line. It contains no buildings "with all the modern improvements," but consists of two "houses." Under one roof is comprised dwelling-house, grocery, and post-office; the other hotel and "ball alley." But as we did not come to see, or expect to find, architectural wonders, we were not disappointed.

After dinner we first climb the hill in the rear of the house on the south side of the river. The view up or down is not very extensive; but to the north (opposite) a short distance from the river, the land rises. First are hills well-cultivated, with buildings here and there, and fine groves of maples. But towering up in the extreme back-ground, its top capped by a white cloud, is Sutton Mountain, densely covered from base to crown with a lux-



uriant growth of forest trees, giving grandeur and even sublimity to the scene before us. As we wish to ascend the hills opposite this afternoon, we hasten down, and the landlord "sets" us across the river, and, after crossing the intervale, we ascend to the north. When well up, the view to the east on the south side of the river is superb, in the distance backed up by the lofty head of Bald Mountain. We rest our somewhat tired limbs by lolling on the rich clean grass, inhaling the delicious mountain air, watching the shadows cast by the passing clouds over valley, hill, and mountain, until the declining sun warns us that it is time to return, regretting that the afternoon is so short.

After a refreshing night's sleep we awake to find the morning somewhat cloudy, and the hills and mountains wreathed in mist (there having been rain during the night); but the rising sun soon dispels it, and gives promise of another fine day. After the dampness has disappeared from the grass and bushes, we go up the river a half-mile or so, and ascend a high hill on our right. Opposite is the Monarch of the Glen, (Sutton Mountain), surrounded by his subjects, looking, if possible, grander and more beautiful than yesterday; while, to the east, the valley is visible for a long distance, parted by the winding river shining in the fine light like a broad riband of silver, and bordered by cultivated lands rising like an amphitheatre, until they reach the base of the higher hills and mountains, which, as they now appear of a dark rich green, make a back-ground of matchless beauty; and, as a crown to the whole, at the east, Owl's Head shows his lofty, rugged crest above the distant hills. The reverie into which we had fallen in contemplating the grandeur and beauty of the scene, was suddenly broken by the flight (close overhead) of a flock of partridges, started by the dog, and our companion from far below signalled that it was time to return, and with great reluctance we left "Prospect Hill."

After dinner, we take our departure, promising to return at some future time and ascend the mountain, from which the prospect must be fine, as it would embrace Memphremagog Lake, valley of the Missisquoi River, and a large extent of the north part of the Green Mountain range.

## A RAMBLE AMONG THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS.

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Getting our buggy packed early on the morning of the 25th of July, we leave Glen Sutton and take an unfrequented road for the lake, being told that we should find a "hard road to travel," but get good views. We cross to the north side of the Missisquoi River, and wind along the narrow rich intervalles, where the mowers are busy clipping the heavy crop of grass; but soon we begin to climb the hills, the prospect widens, the river and glen are soon far below us, and seem to look fairer than ever; but as we rise still higher, and get further on into the township of Potton, a view to the south exceeds anything we had anticipated: an immense tract of cultivated country, beautifully dotted with farm buildings, groves and forests, the village of North Troy, just far enough distant to look charming, the white houses clustered around the village church, its spire pointing to the blue vault above; still more distant, to the south-west, the Green Mountains bound the view, with just enough haze to greatly enhance their beauty. A little east of south our extreme view is limited by two lofty mountains with almost perpendicular sides, with an open pass between, where we are told lies in their cool embrace our old and fondly remembered acquaintance, Willoughby Lake.

We soon pass Mansonville, the principal village in the township of Potton; here is a fine fall in the Missisquoi River, furnishing excellent water power. After crossing the river, we toil up a long hill, and the road brings us near the base, on the westerly side, of Owl's Head, which towers grandly before; passing between which and Bear Mountain, the road

brings us to the lake, along which it continues some nine or ten miles, and on a fine day like the present, it is one of the finest drives in the townships: as opposite, across the lake, the township of Stanstead, and a large extent of cultivated land, with the villages here and there, and the hills and mountains in the distance, are within view, and having all the elements (water, hill, and dale) of a fine landscape. We arrive at Newport somewhat fatigued, but find rest and comfort at the Memphremagog House, which has been enlarged and improved since last year, and is still kept in an unexceptionable manner.

JULY 26TH.—To-day we had appointed to “do” Owl’s Head. The morning is not propitious; heavy clouds are drifting over mountain and lake; but on looking from the piazza of the hotel we find, in close proximity, the cars about to leave for Boston, porters running, “smashing” baggage; the “iron-horse” puffing and fretting as if anxious for the “driver” to loosen the iron rein, and let him off on his race against time. At the wharf, also close by, the little steamer “Mountain Maid” (rather shorn by age of her maiden charms) is ringing her bell, and tugging to be loosed from her hempen bonds. The iron horse gives one or two unearthly screams, the cars move out of our way, and those of us bound down the lake, in search of the picturesque and the beautiful, hasten on board, where we find at his post her popular commander, Capt. Fogg, and his accommodating assistant. By the way, we are told there is to be a fine new boat to take the place of the (old) “Maid” on the lake next summer, which we hope will be the case.

The beauties of Memphremagog have been so often set forth by able pens, that we shall not attempt it, but introduce the reader at once to the Owl’s Head Mountain House (kept by Mr. Jennings), most romantically situated on a little *plateau* between the base of the mountain and the lake,

and where the visitor can fish, hunt, row, climb, quench his thirst with the finest water in the world, and, if an epicure, can feast at the "House" on all the "delicacies of the season."

Our ascent of the mountain was not made under very favourable circumstances; a gentleman from New York accompanied us; we had no guide, but plenty of rain. In a dry time it is not difficult, and, by taking time, can be accomplished by ladies of ordinary health and strength. Just before arriving at the top, the shower passed off, and as we reached its rocky crest, the sun shone out with great brilliancy, lighting up lake and mountain, hill and dale, and gave us the immense prospect in great perfection. The sun and wind soon dried our wet clothes, and after an hour's rest and enjoyment we returned with a keen appetite for dinner.

On the morning of the 26th we take our buggy again, and find a very interesting drive from Newport to Georgeville, passing through Derby and Stanstead. Just before arriving at the latter place, the views of Owl's Head, Sugar Loaf, and other mountains on the west side of the lake, are very fine, and to the north, that of Orford, not less so. In passing from Stanstead to Georgeville, after crossing a small arm of the lake, we climb a high hill, up which we walk to relieve our tired steed, but as we rise, the extensive view to the east amply rewards us, as there lies in that direction an extensive tract of the finest cultivated lands in Canada East, dotted here and there with villages, groves, and small patches of forest lands, and bounded in the distance by hills and mountains. Soon after getting over the crest of the hill, and commencing the descent, we come in sight of the lake and the village of Georgeville, and on arriving at the Camperdown House, find it well filled with guests, mostly from Montreal, who appeared to be thoroughly enjoying the boating, fishing, and beautiful scenery of the lake.

27TH.—The morning is warm, but clear, and after breakfast get ready for crossing the lake to the Western shore; about half-past nine we hear the whistle of the "Mountain Maid;" all is bustle and commotion. As her stops are to be short we hasten to the wharf; she is soon alongside, well freighted this morning with tourists making the "round" trip. We soon get on board, but do not start; the delay is rather vexatious to us, it requiring our utmost exertions to soothe and allay the fears of our frightened steed, which does not seem to like the idea of a steanboat ride, and not at all to relish the music of the whistle, the escaping steam, and general noise and din on board. The arrival of a stage waggon and horses on the dock explains the cause of delay, it had been ordered after the arrival of the boat to convey a party of Boston gentlemen from the landing on the west shore (Knowlton's) to examine a copper mine, with the intention of purchasing if the examination should prove satisfactory. After still another delay, caused by trouble with the engine, we get off, and as we leave the little bay, the fine breeze from up the lake cools us nicely and puts all in good humour, quadrupeds as well as bipeds.

In our trip we have made almost the entire circuit of the Owl's Head; but the view of that mountain from the steamer at this crossing is altogether the finest we have had. Elephantis [Sugar Loaf] also shows his burly form to great advantage. To the north also the prospect is beautiful, bounded by the highest of the lake mountains [Orford]; and no visitor to this region should fail to make the crossing from Georgeville to Knowlton a part of his tour. After six miles' travel we find ourselves in the "Bolton Pass," and stop at a pleasant country inn, from which we expect to have some fine excursions among the mountains.

## A TRIP TO THE ST. MAURICE.

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On a most lovely evening in July we find ourselves on board the steamer "Quebec," and on receiving the passengers from the Upper Canada boat, a little after 7 o'clock, we leave the wharf at Montreal; the city, the river, and the island, presenting more than their usual beauty; the air so balmy and delicious, just warm enough. Seated outside the saloon, what can be more delightful, than with a couple of friends to enjoy the setting sun, and admire the brilliant tinge imparted by it to the sky and clouds, and to see them reflected in the mirror-like surface of the noble St. Lawrence? As the evening shadows come on, the full moon gives us her silvery light, furnishing a scene not less beautiful than that of the setting sun. The summons to tea reminds us that man needs something besides moonlight, however fine that may be, in this mundane sphere. Just at dark we make the landing at the old town of Sorel, after which we go inside the saloon, and lounge on the luxurious seats and listen to music from the piano. As the evening wears away, the passengers gradually retire to their state-rooms, until the saloon is deserted by all but a few, who like ourselves, intend to land at Three Rivers, where we arrive about 1 o'clock, A.M., and find very nice and comfortable quarters at Farmers' Hotel.

Three Rivers is beautifully situated on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, a short distance below Lake St. Peter, at the mouth of the St. Maurice, and is one of the oldest settled places of Lower Canada. The town has suffered very much from two great fires, within the last eight or ten years, and it has not yet entirely recovered from the effects of them.

Many persons intimately connected with the politics and public affairs of Canada have been, and are, residents of this

place. We were introduced to, and had a most interesting conversation with, Sheriff Ogden, whose name and family are identified with the history of Canada; he is now a very aged man and quite infirm in body, but his intellect is bright and clear, and his talk on the topics of the day and the politics of Canada, as he slowly showed us through his garden and grounds, was highly entertaining, more particularly as it was interspersed by appropriate anecdotes and reminiscences. Speaking of the warm weather, he said that he was in India at a time when the thermometer marked 115 degrees in the coolest spot it could be placed, and that they could only preserve a tolerable degree of comfort, and perhaps their lives, by keeping their heads and portions of their bodies swathed in wet linen. He is a man of most benevolent heart and liberality, as he has had a good income, is a frugal liver, but has not accumulated a fortune. We parted from the kindly old man with much regret.

Three Rivers is the focus of great lumbering operations, the head waters of the St. Maurice furnishing unlimited quantities of excellent pine, which is very extensively manufactured at Ward's and Baptiste's mills here, into deals, planks, boards, and smaller shapes to suit the market for which it is intended. The mills are run day and night, Mr. Ward furnishing employment for about 120 men. The logs are drawn from the river into the upper storey of the mill, where they are sawn by gangs of upright saws into the larger shapes; the planks and boards are loaded on tram-ways and easily drawn to the yard for piling, or to the vessels lying below to be dispatched to South America, West Indies, and many portions of the United States. The slabs, imperfect and broken pieces, &c., are passed to the lower story, where they are seized upon by men and boys and immediately consigned to circular saws, where they are ripped and torn into lathes, fence pickets, door panels, &c., with a rapidity truly astonishing, the valuable portions being carted to the



yard to be stored, and the refuse taken to the fires to generate the steam that furnishes the motive power, no other fuel being required.

Our ultimate destination being the falls of Shawanegan, (pronounced, Shaw-ne-gan, accent on the last syllable) about twenty-five or thirty miles from Three Rivers up the St. Maurice, we get an early start and jog along through sandy roads, and consequently poor farming lands, for eight miles, and reach the St. Maurice Forges. This region is very celebrated for its immense deposits of bog iron ore. It is wrought at different places, but this is much the oldest, the forges having been originally put in operation by the French Government during the reign of Louis XIV. The old stone house built and occupied by the French governors is still in use by the present proprietor of the forges, John McDougall, Esq., and is supposed to be one of the oldest (if not the oldest) houses in Canada. It is not, however, exactly known how long the forges have been in operation, but a fire-plate in the house, cast here, bears the date 1752. It is here that the well-known Three River stoves are made. The quality of the iron, great strength and hardness, makes it of great value in the manufacture of railroad car wheels, large numbers of which are made here; bar iron is also made of so good a quality that it is used in the manufacture of scythes, its hardness and consequent stiffness, rendering it peculiarly well fitted for that purpose. We were shown through the works by the gentlemanly proprietor, who has introduced many improvements since the time when they were carried on by the late Mr. Bell, who used to get fifty or sixty dollars each for stoves such as are now sold for from twelve to fifteen dollars.

But we have twenty miles more sandy travel ere we reach the falls, and must not delay: the crops are inferior along the way, and we meet but few "teams;" what we do, are cart-loads of ore on their way to the forges; it is procured

without difficulty, as generally by removing a few inches or feet of sand, it is easily shoveled into the carts. The scenery is tame and indifferent, although occasionally we get glimpses of a fine range of hills on the north side of the river. We finally come in sight of a church and small village, but ere we reach it, turn to the right, cross over two high hills through dense forests, and fancy we hear the roar of the falls; as we emerge from the woods a beautiful sheet of water lies before us, and we are at the termination of the road. It is a bay in the river below the falls whose roar we can hear, but cannot see them, as they are hidden by a densely wooded hill on the opposite side of the bay. There is but one house here which is occupied by the Government agent, who very obligingly took care of our horses, furnished us a boat and three sturdy Canadians who rowed us up and across the bay between one and two miles. The day being fine, the water clear and sparkling, the dense forests dark and wild, the rock-bound shores bold and frowning, the roar of the waters loud and deep, the view of the bottom of the great falls, which now comes in sight, gives us a sensation of awe and grandeur seldom experienced, and to be seen and felt, but not to be described.

We land on a fine sand beach, near the camp of men employed in "driving" logs: toil up a hill, cross the top of the "slides," (built by the Government at much expense to pass logs by the falls) go through a little bush, emerge on a rocky promontory, to find, above, in front and below us, the raging, roaring, tumbling cataract of waters: not the immense flood of Niagara, but still a large body of waters, at one point tossed high in air by striking some huge rock, then leaping headlong in boiling masses of foam, down, down, to an abyss more than one hundred feet below. Without much difficulty we reach the bottom of the fall. Look up, see the mighty flood of waters tearing, raging, thundering towards you, in their wild and headlong course to the quiet bay below.

On the opposite side of the river and falls, and commanding a fine view of them, are the *ruins* of a large hotel commenced and nearly completed by the late Mr. Turcotte (at the time speaker of the House) at a cost of not less than \$20,000, now fast going to decay. It seems surprising that any one should be sanguine enough to suppose that a "monster" hotel in a place so difficult of access (however great the attraction) could be anything but a great expense to the owner.

We take our lunch amid the rocks, and satisfy our thirst from the foaming cataract, and returning to the quiet waters above the falls, cultivate a more intimate acquaintance with the St. Maurice by having a swim in its clear cool waters. Reluctantly we return down the hill to the boat, and have a pleasant row back to the house; settle our bill (a very moderate one) and drive back to Three Rivers, where we arrive about dark highly gratified with the trip; but to thoroughly enjoy it, two or three days ought to be spent in the vicinity of the falls. Among other attractions fine boat excursions can be taken both above and below the falls, to which fishing and hunting can be added for those who like the sport.

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