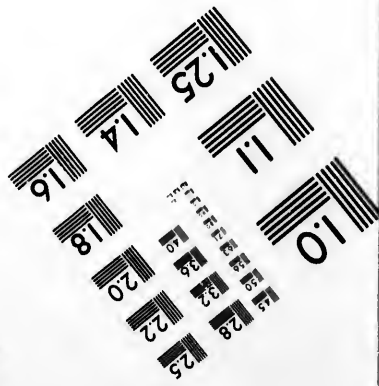
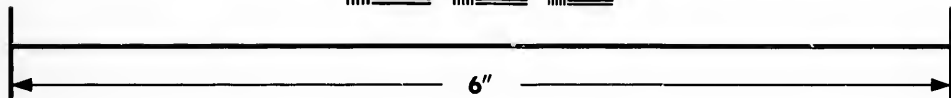
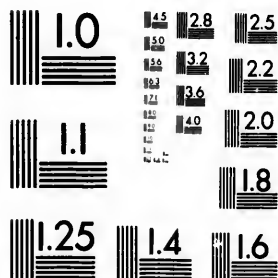


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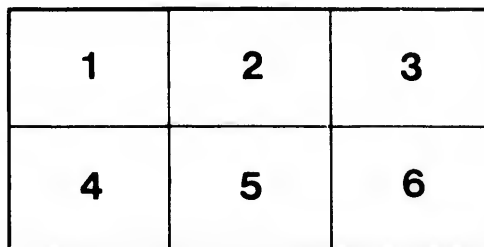
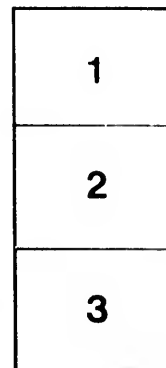
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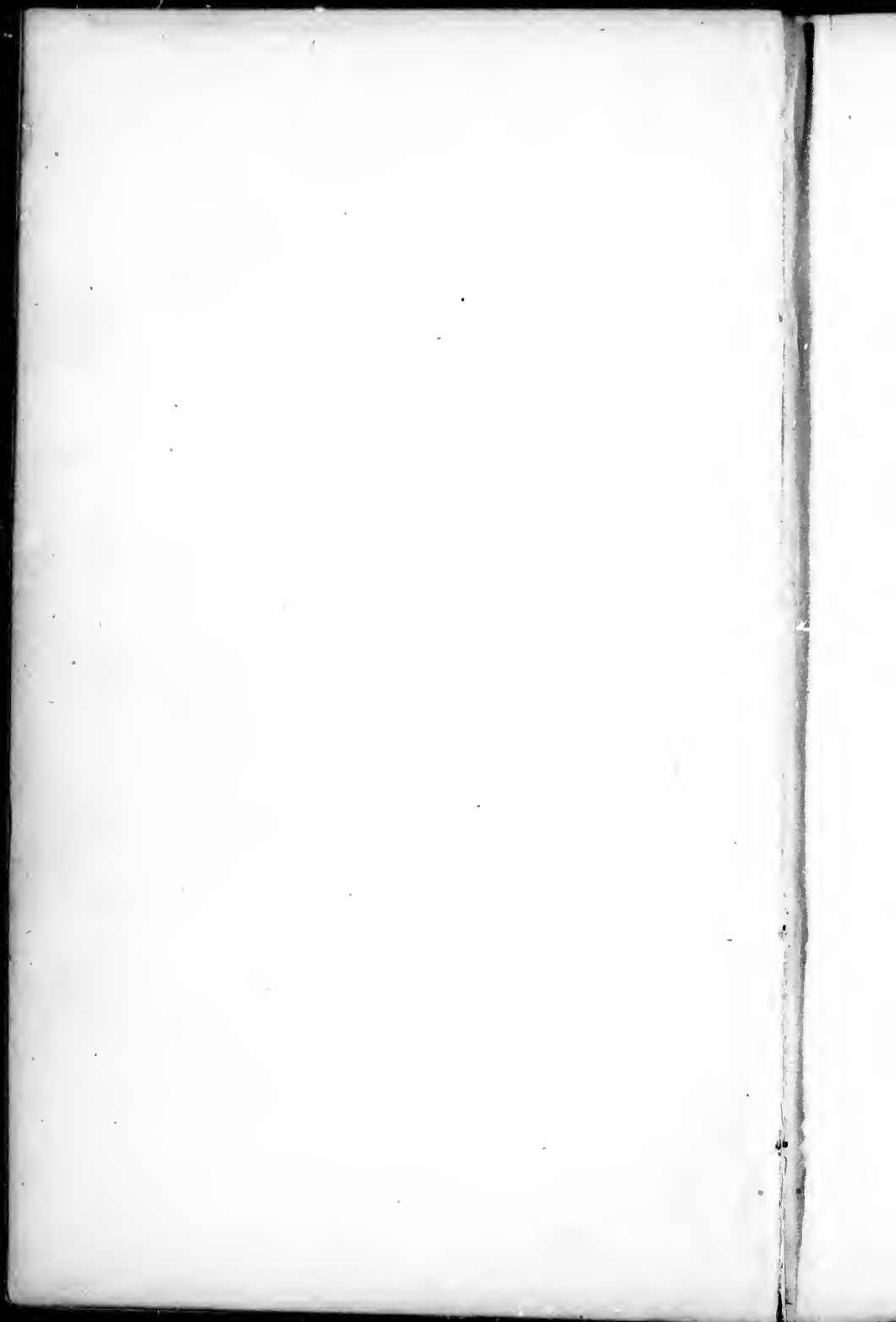
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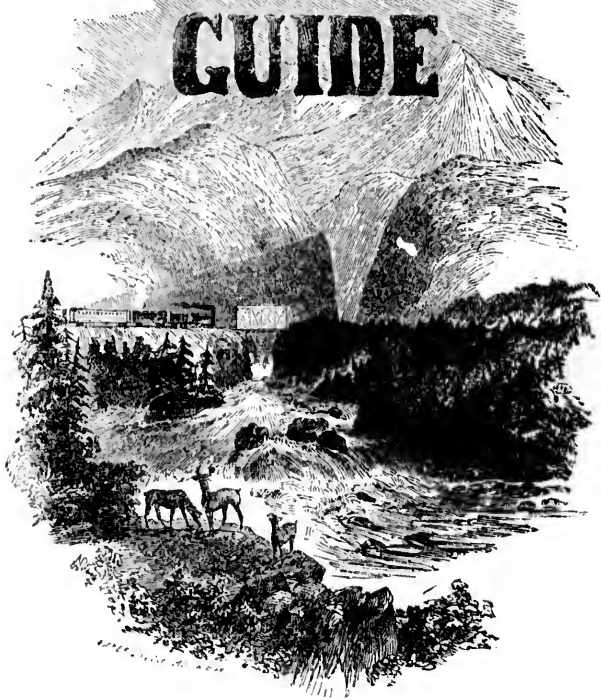
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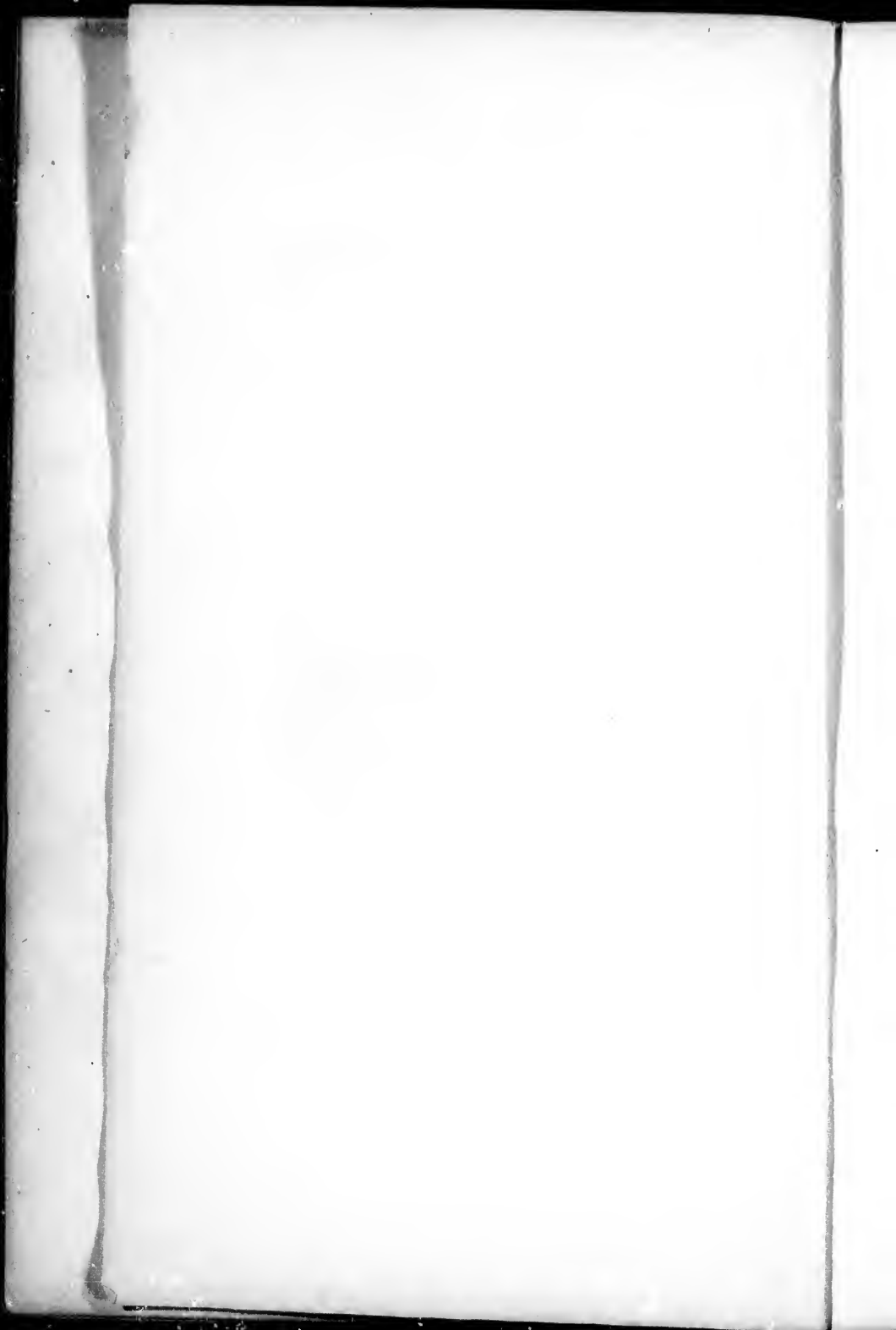


PORTLAND
WHITE-MOUNTAINS & MONTREAL
RAIL-ROAD
GUIDE



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1853.



GUIDE BOOK
OF THE
ATLANTIC AND ST. LAWRENCE,
AND
ST. LAWRENCE AND ATLANTIC
RAIL ROADS,
INCLUDING A
FULL DESCRIPTION OF ALL THE INTERESTING FEATURES
OF THE
WHITE MOUNTAINS,

BY S. B. BECKETT;

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ORIGINAL SKETCHES
BY C. E. BECKETT,

ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY
BAKER, SMITH & ANDREW.

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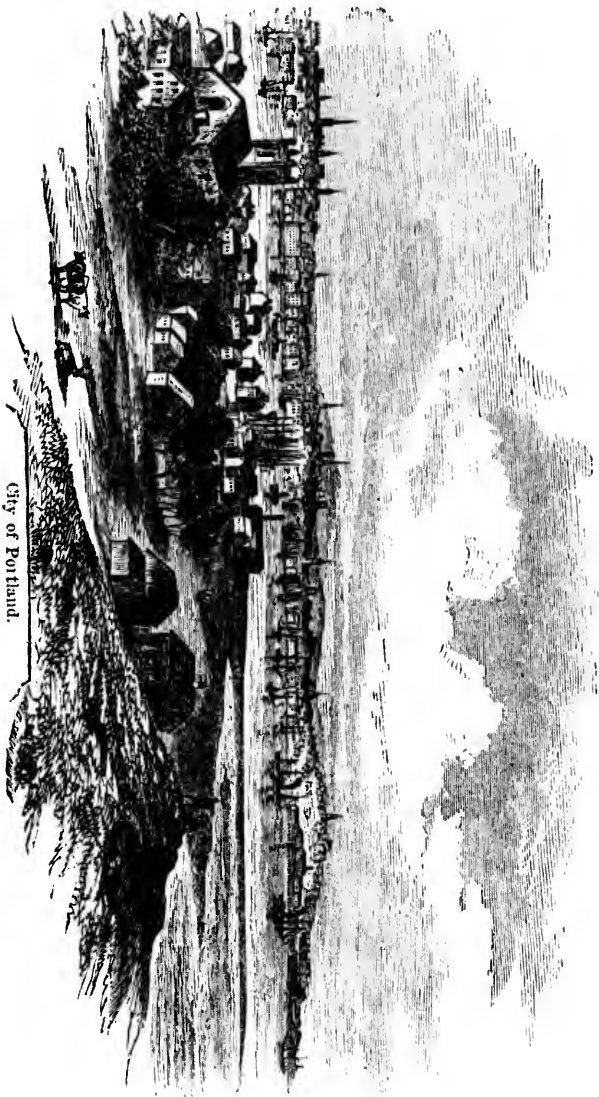
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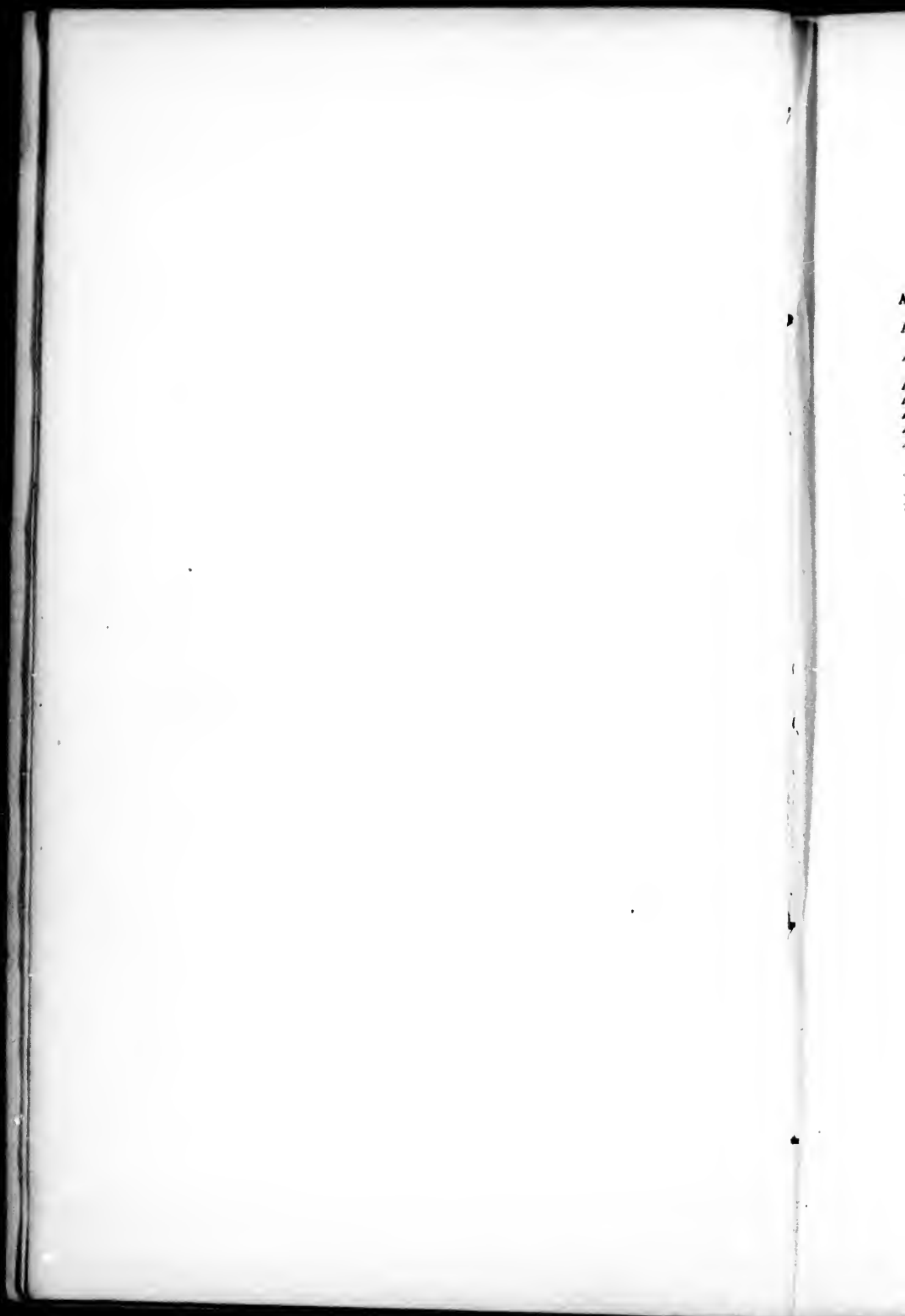


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City of Portland.

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PREFACE.

The object of this work is to furnish the traveler with reliable information of every kind relative to the important, but heretofore little known, region traversed by the great international rail way between Portland and Montreal.

The chief portion of this region is rich in capabilities for sustaining a large population, and much of it is well settled and teeming with the evidences of industry and thrift, but owing to its difficulty of access, its inhabitants have heretofore lived, in a great measure, within themselves.

The road passes through the very midst of the White Mountains, following the remarkable depression sought out by the wild and winding Androscoggin River, and in no other section of the mountains, in no part of our country, is the scenery on such a scale of sublimity, wildness and beauty, as here, while being remote from the old routes of travel, to tourists it possesses the additional attractions of novelty.

The illustrations were all engraved from sketches taken expressly for this work, and have never before appeared in print; and the descriptions are the result of the writer's own personal observation of the scenes and objects depicted.

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ILLUSTRATED GUIDE BOOK

OF THE

ATLANTIC AND ST. LAWRENCE

RAIL ROAD.



In pleasure travel, as in many other phases of the economy of society, our rail roads have produced a complete revolution. Instead of being jammed as formerly into a contracted vehicle capable of accommodating but a half of the people forced into it, and slowly toiling up hill, and down dale, over rough roads, with jaled and panting horses — sweltering with heat or almost smothered with dust, the traveler on any of the great routes, can now jump into a spacious and well ventilated rail road car, elegant in its appointments as a parlor, and presto he is at the end of his journey — almost with the rapidity of thought he changes the atmosphere of the counting-room for the bracing breezes and refreshing scenes of the country, the din of the city's thoroughfares for the tranquil beauty of the inland lake, or the secluded retreat of the mountains.

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We have somewhere read an oriental tale (perhaps in the Arabian Nights) of a prince who, unwilling to decide on which of three suitors to confer a lovely daughter's hand, sent them abroad with the promise that he who should return before the expiration of a year with the most valuable present, should receive the prize. As the story ran, one of them on his return, threw at the feet of the prince an ordinary looking leather cushion, which he had purchased in some far away region. He had paid a mine of wealth for it; it was not to be judged by its plain exterior. Sit upon that cushion, and only *wish* to be transferred to any place, however remote, and instantaneously the occupant was there. What is the rail car seat but the magical cushion which those cunning old Arabs, who, it sometimes seems could really foretell future events, fancied or predicted. Place yourself upon it, and by the time you have fairly got adjusted to its bearing, you are at the end of your journey.

We have spoken of these facilities as applicable to all the great routes of pleasure travel. Until quite recently, all that was wanting to make them so, was a road from the border of the ocean to those objects of universal attraction, the WHITE MOUNTAINS of New Hampshire. Thousands upon thousands of people flock thither every year, from all parts of our country, to enjoy the invigorating atmosphere and sublime scenery of that primeval section.

The Atlantic and St. Lawrence Rail Road, one of the noblest works of our country, has provided a means to meet the wants of these crowds. This road commences at Portland, Me., and passing through some of the finest scenery of the North, on its way

to Montreal, sets down the mountain excursionist at Gorham, N. H., in the midst of the loftiest crags and wildest steepes of those heaven piercing summits, in from three to four hours, the distance being about ninety miles.

This road is built on the broad or five and a half feet gauge and is as substantial a work as the whole country can boast and although penetrating one of the most rugged districts in America, such are the facilities afforded by the streams which have furrowed their way through the mountain passes, that it has no grades of greater rise to the mile than any other rail road of the same length on the continent.

The broad gauge, while it is contended that it is less liable to accident than the narrow, gives an easier motion to the cars, and the cars being broad in proportion, are much more comfortable than those on the more contracted gauges.

Its Atlantic terminus, Portland, is connected with Boston by two lines of rail road, and by two or three lines of steam packets, the principal of the latter being that of the Portland and Boston Steam Navigation Company, which runs a line of new, staunch, and elegant boats, daily each way.

These facilities for travel and business create a competition which keeps the fare between the two places very low, the regular price for tickets by steamer being only one dollar, and that by rail road two dollars, the distance by either route being not far from one hundred and five miles. Again, Boston being attainable from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and the great Atlantic cities South, and from Albany, Buffalo, etc., on the West, by splendid lines

of rail way and other means of rapid conveyance, and those great marts in their turn being the centres of lines of travel radiating to every quarter of the Union, it may be said that means the most expeditious and commodious, of reaching the highest mountains of our country this side of the Rocky Mountains are thus available for travelers from all parts.

By this route, tourists can leave Boston in the morning train of cars for Portland, and have an hour and a half to take dinner and look round in that city, and taking the afternoon train, reach the White Mountain Station or Alpine House, in season to ascend to the top of Mt. Washington the same evening; there they will find good accommodations at the "Tip Top House," and after spending a night in that exalted eyry, separated as it were from the world, with the stars and clouds for companions, can witness the dawn of day, so resplendent and soul-stirring when the sun rises from the distant ocean unclouded, and then descend, and be in Boston the same day betimes to take supper—all this without very extraordinary exertion, and with not much more fatigue than generally attends half a day's coach riding. With such facts before the world, who will say but that in the rail car seat exists substantially the magical cushion of the Arabian Nights Entertainments! But suppose the tourist arrived at

PORTLAND,

His first object is to find a home suited to his wants and tastes. This he may do in the United States Hotel, at the Elm House, and other similar establishments; or if he have a mind to remain a while in the

city and enjoy its fine scenery, invigorating sea air, and its facilities for yacht sailing, sea bathing, fishing, or its pleasure drives, and does not wish to go to one of the hotels, he can find quarters at some one of the elegant private boarding houses, — or at the romantic watering places on Cape Elizabeth, known as the Ocean House and Cape Cottage, the first eight, the latter three miles from the city.

Portland, there can be no doubt, is destined to figure as one of the *large* cities of the Union. Within a few years, it has taken a new start, as the homely phrase is; its business having increased three fold, and its population run up from fifteen or sixteen thousand, to about twenty-five thousand, with a constantly accelerating increase.

The streets are broad and have a neat and cleanly appearance; most of them are lined with noble elm, maple and other shade trees, commingling the rural with the business like, hence the significant title which has so widely obtained, as applied to the place, of *Forest City*.

Among the buildings worthy of notice, are the Exchange, (now Custom House) situated at the junction of Middle and Exchange Streets, built of granite in the Doric order of architecture, the old Custom House, at the corner of Fore Street and Custom House Wharf, also of granite, with massive Ionic columns, the immense pile of brick and granite, known as Brown's Sugar House, on York Street at the foot of Maple Street, the first Unitarian Church on Congress opposite head of Temple Street, the Congregational Churches on High and State Streets — the Congress Street, Park Street and Chesnut Street School

Houses, Lancaster Hall, on Market Square, &c. Many of the stores and dwelling houses are likewise noticeable for the richness and taste developed in their construction.

The healthiness of the city may be inferred from the fact that the average number of deaths annually for the last twenty years, has been but 1 in 65, while in most of the Atlantic cities, it is 1 in 40, and in some as low as 1 in 30. This remarkable state of health is owing as well to the general cleanliness of the streets and elevation of the land on which it is built, as to its being washed on every side by tide water.

Portland has its historic fame. In the early occupancy of this section it was often the scene of desperate strife between the settlers and the Indians and French, during which the place was twice destroyed, and on October 18th, 1775, it was bombarded by an English fleet, under the command of Capt. Mowatt, and almost entirely laid in ashes.

On the 5th of September, 1813, the sanguinary battle between the British man-of-war brig Boxer and the American brig Enterprise, was fought off the harbor, which resulted in the capture of the former, not however without fearful carnage, Capt. Blythe of the Boxer, and the American Captain Burroughs, being both killed during the action. Their remains lie side by side in the cemetery at the eastern section of the city, surmounted by substantial monuments, that of Blythe erected by his surviving officers, and the other by "a passing stranger."

In the same burial place rest the remains of Commodore Edward Preble, who commanded the Ameri-

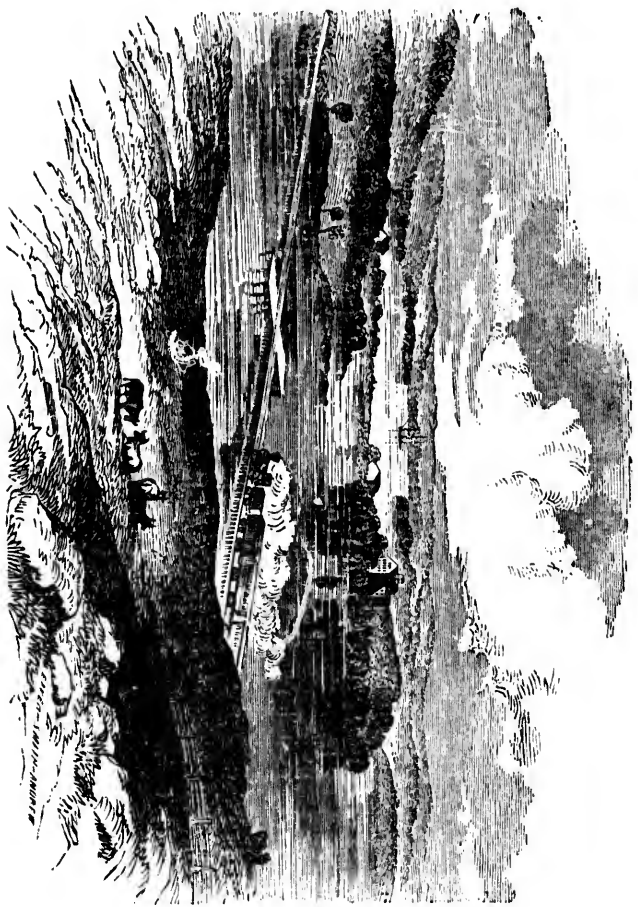
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can squadron during the gallant operations which resulted in the reduction of Tripoli in 1804, and whose acts on other occasions, contributed largely in elevating the character of the American Navy. A costly monument of white marble marks the spot of his interment.

The scenery of Portland and vicinity is remarkable for its diversified picturesque attractions. The celebrated English traveller Latrobe, seems to have been particularly struck with it; in his published work on America, he says, "Imagine my surprise, when I found in the unsung and neglected Portland, scenery that for beauty and variety, far surpassed any that I had previously met with in the States;" and this statement is in keeping with the testimony of scores of other well known writers, who have expressed themselves on the subject.

The land on which the city is built rises gradually from the water side, so that the roofs show one above another, the large dome of the new Custom House towering over all; and the view on entering the harbour by the ship channel is imposing and beautiful in the extreme, suggesting the idea of a city of thrice its actual extent. From Cape Elizabeth and from the Westbrook shore of Back Cove, the city also shows to fine effect.

The extensive views from the summit of the hill, on North Street, deserve the attention of the traveler, as may readily be inferred from the truthful sketch on the foregoing page, of the RAIL ROAD BRIDGE, and the adjacent shore and inlets of the Bay, taken from that point. But the most commanding view of the whole region round about, may be obtained from the

tall tower known as the Observatory, situated on a high hill in the Eastern quarter of the city. Here no object intervenes to obstruct the view, and the eye may wander till wearied, over prospects that none can see but to admire. North Easterly, far and free, lengthen the blue waters of Casco Bay, winding around scores of emerald green islands, many of which are still clad with primeval forests, as wild, luxuriant, and solitary as of old when

"Only the Indian's birch canoe
Along the clear, bright waters flew,"

while others show the neat cottages and green clearings of the fisherman, and perchance the staunch little craft in which he braves the dangers of the ocean in all weathers, lying in some secluded cove near by.

A Southeasterly view, takes in the lower harbor, the breakwater, forts Preble and Scammel, (which command the ship channel) the Ferry Village, the three lighthouses and the farms and forest scenery of Cape Elizabeth, with a broad reach of the ocean, whose restless billows may be always seen breaking in foam along the sunken reefs or bounding snowlike from the iron ramparts of the Cape. South Westerly, the eye sweeps over the roofs, cupolas, spires and green shade trees of the city proper, and takes in the inner harbor and shipping, the plains of Scarborough, a portion of the pretty village of Stroudwater and its shining inlet, the noble buildings of the new Farm School, lifting their turrets against the sky, like some castellated relic of the feudal ages — "Deering's Bridge" and its white tide mills, and the grove of

oaks beyond, and far away the spires and white dwelling houses of Gorham; with the mountains in Baldwin and Hiram still more distant, and following the horizon thence a little farther to the South, may be seen Mount Agamenticus in "old York," blue and lone, a well known land mark for vessels bound towards the coast.

The North Westerly view includes the waters of Back Cove with Tukey's Bridge, the fine old woods, grassy lawns and neat residences of some of the retired citizens of Portland, on the farther side of the Cove, the shores of Falmouth and Cumberland, with "Fore Side Village" and a vast extent of hills, forests and waters, terminated by the cloud like summits of the White Mountains, seventy miles distant on an air line. The detour thus takes in every variety of scenery, and if the spectator wishes to extend his vision, and redeem scenes and objects from the purple veil of the remote atmosphere, he has the facility for so doing in an excellent telescope which is mounted in the glass dome of the building.

At either extremity of the city is a promenade one hundred and fifty feet in width, lined with young and thrifty shade trees. These promenades are graded into three sections, two for walking, and the other for riding, and the succession of views developed in passing around them is scarcely less beautiful than those from the Observatory. They are favorite resorts of the Portlanders; and the tourist can hardly appreciate the local scenery, unless he takes a drive around them, or ascends to the dome of the Observatory.

The position of Portland is peculiarly favorable for

commerce and manufactures. Its harbor may be entered at all times without risk, is safe and commodious for vessels of the largest class, and is rarely frozen over—never wholly so—even during the most severe winters; and while it is sufficiently capacious to accommodate an immense commerce, is so shaped that the broad ocean is scarcely two and a half miles from any of its docks.

In 1850, the quantity of shipping owned in the district was 86,502 tons, and at present it is not far from 100,000 tons. The value of imports, which in 1847 was \$420,000, had increased in 1851, to \$952,347.

Portland has probably a larger commerce with the West Indies than any other port in the Union. In 1851, of the article of molasses, there was imported thence over six and a half millions of gallons, and of sugar over two millions of pounds.

In regard to manufacturing, the excellent water privileges in the neighborhood of the city on the Presumpscot River, afford almost unequalled facilities, which will, without doubt, at no distant day be improved to a much greater extent than at present.

Portland constituted a part of Falmouth until 1776, and went by the name of Falmouth Neck. In that year it was incorporated as a separate town, and received its present name. In 1832, it was incorporated as a city. The city proper is divided into seven wards, and the government consists of a mayor, chosen at large—and one alderman and three common councilmen, chosen in each of the wards.

There are twenty-four organized churches in the city: twenty-three schools supported by the public, at

an annual expense of about \$20,000, exclusive of the cost of erecting school houses.

The first Rail Road which had its terminus in Portland, was the Portsmouth, Saco and Portland Rail Road, completed in 1842. It is little over fifty miles in length, and in connection with the Eastern Rail Road, forms one of the lines to Boston. The population of the city, is at present, (spring of 1853,) about twenty-five thousand.

CASCO BAY.

Few sheets of water compare for romantic and beautiful scenery with Casco Bay, an arm of which makes the harbor of Portland. Its surface is broken up with more than three hundred islands, scattered irregularly, so as to present to the tourist who may be drifting over its summer wave, an ever varying series of enchanting views. Now his boat glides safely along under some rocky shore, so near that he may seize the down stooping forest branches, and swing himself upon the jutting points — anon some tranquil inlet opens, revealing the fisherman's snug cottage, with its grassy slope, fruit trees and sheltering wood in the rear, and his trimly painted skiff curtsying to the waves in some protecting nook. Again the scene assumes more wild and primitive features, craggy ledges, grown gray in opposing the gale and billow, bold promontories surmounted by trees of gigantic proportions, above which high in the blue empyrean, perchance sails the bald eagle; long reaches of glimmering sand beach, upon which the weary waves journeying in from the broad sea throw themselves as if glad to find a resting place; and then there

are forest embowered coves, and grassy openings, that have known no changes save such as Nature has wrought, for ages, inviting him to their cool retreats. In short, the adventurer may thus sail on for days, amidst ever varying, but always interesting scenes.

If he wishes to fish, let him "round to," in any of the passages where the water is of sufficient depth, and throw his lines over, and he will soon have on board a mess of noble haddock — and then, if he be so minded, he can steer for some one of these beautiful retreats, and any boat skipper belonging to Portland, can make him a chowder, worthy of the sage of Marshfield. Or, if he wishes a fish fry, let him run in near the shore at any point where it is bold and rocky, and a half hour will suffice to procure a mess of sea perch, (here called cunners) by many considered the finest pan fish taken from the water.

One of the inlets most resorted to, is

DIAMOND COVE,

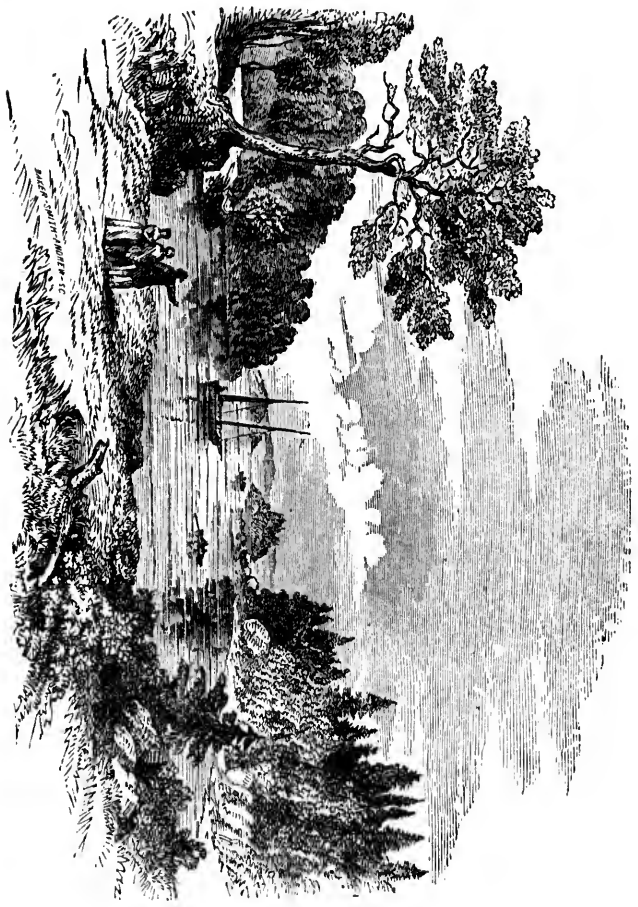
A pretty good idea of which may be had from the truthful sketch which occupies the following page — so called, from the quantity of quartz crystals, which were formerly found about its shores. It makes in at the North Eastern extremity of Diamond Island, some five or six miles from the city.

Its shores are bold and rocky, and rise on either side to the height of forty or fifty feet, crowned with immense beeches, maples, oaks and pines, many of which throw their branches far over the water, affording shelter alike from the sun and sudden shower. The inlet is further secluded from the ocean, by a gem of an islet sea-ward, whose steep slopes are

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covered with a thrifty growth of silver firs and other evergreens. At its inner extremity is a pebbly beach furnishing an excellent landing place, and above the bank beyond, spreads a grassy level of half an acre in extent, overshadowed by two or three great oaks and lindens, affording ample accommodations for picnic parties. Some of the maples and pines contiguous to the cove are of immense size and height — measuring not unfrequently from twelve to fifteen feet in circumference. Above the thickets of these immense forest giants, during the summer months, sailing slowly in graceful circles, or at rest on some of the uppermost boughs, the ospray, may be always seen, intimating with his shrill cry, his disapproval of the intrusion of the stranger upon his primeval domain.

THE forests far extending round,
Ne'er to the spoiler's axe resound ;
Nor is man's toil or traces there ;
But resteth all as lone and fair,
The sunny slopes, the rocks and trees,
As desert isles in Indian seas,
That sometimes rise upon the view
Of some far-wandering, wind-bound crew,
Sleeping alone mid ocean's blue,
And through the long, bright, summer day,
When ocean, calm as mountain lake,
Bears not a breath its hush to break,
The snowy sea-gull tilts away
Upon the long, smooth swell, that sweeps,
In curving, wide, unbroken reach,
Around the cliff from outer deeps,
Unwinding up the pebbly beach.
And lovely there is sunset-hour !
When twilight falls with soothing power
Along the forest-windings dim,
And from the thicket, sweet and low,

The wood-thrush pours a farewell hymn
 To daylight's latest, lingering glow —
 When slope, and rock, and wood around,
 In all their dreamy, hushed repose,
 Are glassed adown the bright profound —
 O, passing fair is evening's close,
 When from the bright, cerulean dome,
 The sea-fowl, that have all the day
 Wheeled o'er the far, lone billows' spray,
 Came thronging to their cyries home ;
 When over rock and wave remote,
 From yon dim fort, the bugle's note
 Along the listening air doth creep,
 Seeming to steal down from the sky,
 Or with out-bursting, martial sweep,
 Rings through the forest, clanging high,
 While echo, waked, bears on the strain,
 Till faint, beyond the trackless main,
 In realms of space it seems to die.
 But lovelier still is night's calm noon !
 When like a sea-nymph's fairy bark,
 The mirrored crescent of the moon
 Swings on the waters weltering dark ;
 And in her solitary beam, .
 Upon each bald, storm-beaten height,
 The quartz and mica wildly gleam,
 Spangling the rocks with magic light.

A pleasant day in summer, will always see gay parties of ladies and gentlemen scattered around the shores, some engaged in cooking the savory chowder, some wandering among the trees, some dancing on the green sward, some fishing for perch, — giving a lively aspect to the frowning rocks, and shadowy aisles of the wood.

PLEASANT COVE, is another delightful resort at Diamond Island ; and as much might be said, with truth, of Elm Cove, Barge Cove, and many other secluded inlets of the Islands.

Persons who wish to take excursions on the Bay, can always procure pleasure boats kept specially for the purpose; but those who are not accustomed to manage sail boats should obtain the services of experienced hands, which they can readily do for a trifling sum.

CAPE ELIZABETH,

On the Southeasterly side of Portland harbor, and stretching away ocean-ward some three leagues, possesses a diversity of scenery, and many objects of attraction to the tourist. Its bold cliffs, wild and ragged, and in many places shattered by the onslaughts of tempests, or upheaved by the levers of the winter frosts, are incessantly lashed by breakers.

The watering places on the Cape are worthy of all celebrity, and are gradually becoming places of fashionable resort. Of these the nearest to Portland, being only three miles distant, is CAPE COTTAGE, a fine, large commodious structure, built of stone in the Gothic style of architecture. It would be difficult to imagine anything more picturesque than its location. In front, outposts of the grassy knolls and hollows which surround the house, is an array of ragged cliffs and sunken ledges, about which the breakers are forever toiling; and beyond is the ocean stretching without a break to the horizon. On the left is the main entrance to Portland harbor, so that every vessel which enters or leaves the port passes in full sight, and in the distance are the outer islands of Casco Bay. On the right are the receding shores of the Cape, the light house with its encircling cliffs and downs; and in the rear are fine views of campaign and farming country.

Sea perch or cunners, abound about the rocks, and scarcely a stone's throw from the house a secluded cove makes in, at the head of which is a hard sand beach, peculiarly eligible for bathing.

A drive along the coast five miles further, brings the excursionist to the OCEAN HOUSE, a very large and commodious establishment, situated near the pitch of the Cape, where the benefit of sea air and sea sports may be enjoyed in perfection, while its cupola commands a diversity of interesting prospects, from the ragged reefs, bold headlands, far reaching sand beaches, and surging waters of the ocean to the calmer pictures of cultivated fields and woodlands. The direct road hence to Portland, is perhaps the finest in the vicinity of the city.

RICHMOND ISLAND, half a mile off the shore, in the early settlement of the country, was much resorted to for fishing, and not a few varieties of the finny tribe still continue abundant about its ledges, as those who are fond of fishing can readily satisfy themselves, by experiment.

The two light houses at the pitch of the Cape, and the fog bell tower, situated in a most romantic locality, about three quarters of a mile's walk from the Ocean House, should not be overlooked by the tourist.

From the Ocean House a pleasant drive along the coast Southerly of eight miles, brings you to PROUT'S NECK, a lone promontory jutting far into the ocean, much resorted to in summer from Portland, and all the surrounding country, by pic nic parties. There is no hotel here, but the excellent family who own and occupy the Neck, provide house room for visitors, take care of their horses, furnish fishing lines and bait,

(to catch the cunners which abound about the shores, for the fry which is considered an indispensable feature in the dinners there) furnish table ware, and cheerfully do every thing in their power to render the visit of strangers agreeable. Not unfrequently a hundred vehicles, embracing all descriptions in use, may be seen at this place at once; and the cliffs, the fields, and far sweeping, white sand beaches, scattered over with groups of gay loiterers, present a most enlivening appearance.

Another place of interest on the Cape, is FORT PREBLE, which, with Fort Scammel, commands the entrance of Portland harbor. The parade ground, batteries, and every thing about the fort, are kept remarkably neat, and the gentlemanly officers in command of the post are always ready to extend to visitors every courtesy in their power.

The new FARM SCHOOL and grounds, at the extreme Western part of Cape Elizabeth, are also well worthy the notice of tourists.

WESTBROOK.

This town, connected with Portland on the West by a narrow neck of land, is a place of considerable importance. Its territory is large, and comprises eight distinct villages, viz: Stroudwater, Westbrook Point, Woodford's Corner, Stevens's Plains, Shaw's Corner, Congin, Saccarappa, and Tukey's Bridge Village. The inhabitants chiefly devote their attention to manufacturing and farming.

The new burial place of Portland, at Stevens's Plains, called EVERGREEN CEMETERY, purchased in 1851, is a secluded and beautiful area of undulating

woodland, about fifty-five acres in extent, which must become attractive to those who love the quietude of woodland walks and the gentle admonitions of the grave. The York and Cumberland Rail Road passes within a quarter of a mile of the place, so that it may be easily reached from the city.

Portions of the scenery of Westbrook are highly attractive, particularly those bordering on the Bay. The views from Rocky Hill are likewise very fine, and the road from the city around Back Cove, from one bridge to the other, furnishes a delightful drive.

Portland is a commodious centre for pleasure travel.

LAKE SEBAGO,

So celebrated for its noble trout and pickerel, and for its enchanting scenery, is only seventeen miles distant, and is easily accessible by the York and Cumberland Rail Road. The lake is spread over a space of nearly one hundred and fifty square miles, and is beautifully diversified with wooded islands, rocky bluffs, and jutting promontories, while its perspective views have the charm of distant lofty mountains.

Songo River, a wild and winding stream, connects it with Long Lake, another romantic sheet of water; and a pretty steamer called the Fawn plies daily between the landing at the foot of Sebago, and the pleasant villages of North Bridgton and Harrison, at the head of Long Lake.

The SUMMIT HOTEL on Pleasant Mountain, a favorite resort of excursionists who delight in sublime and beautiful scenery, which may there be enjoyed to the fullest extent, is only seven miles from the landing place on the lake at Centre Bridgton, and teams run

daily meeting the boat, between the two points, carrying the traveler, if he be so disposed, to the very top of the mountain. The house is under the proprietorship of Mr. J. S. Sargent, for many years favorably known as the landlord of the New England House, in Portland, and not only is he an adept in providing for the wants of the inner man, but he can point out every object of interest in the vast range of country which the mountain overlooks.

BEAR MOUNTAIN, another eminence, exceedingly grand and romantic in its features, is but five miles from Harrison; and the delightful village of Waterford Centre, which boasts of one of the most excellent hotels of the whole region, the Lake House, occupies a level plain near its base. From this house, passing under a precipice of the mountain six or seven hundred feet in height, and so near to the picturesque sheet of water called Bear Lake, as scarcely to leave room for the carriage road, the Eastern slope of the mountain is easily attained; thence a road has been cut to the summit of such easy grades as to admit of the passage of carriages up and down with perfect safety. An observatory eighty feet in height, is about being constructed near the edge of the precipice, which, by elevating the tourist above the forest tops, will give him a more full view of the array of lakes, rivers, forests and mountains in the vicinity, than has heretofore been obtained from any eminence.

Turning on the other hand from Portland Easterly, for localities abounding in fine scenery or sporting facilities, we find MOUNT DESERT ISLAND, distant about seventy miles down the coast, easily accessible by the steamers running to Eastport and St. John.

The magnificent scenery of this locality is destined, at no distant day, to become famous over the whole country, and is now frequently resorted to.

Then again to reach MOOSEHEAD LAKE, the head waters of the Kennebec River, so famous for its wild game and noble trout fishing, the easiest route is from Portland by way of the Atlantic and Androscoggin and Kennebec Rail Roads to Waterville, thence by the regular stages through Norridgewock, &c.

But it is time that we should be on our way over the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Rail Road, towards the WHITE MOUNTAINS — a description of that route of Pleasure Travel being our chief object in these pages.

Jumping on board one of the Company's splendid cars at the station house foot of India Street, we rattle over the bridge, and immediately find ourselves passing through the deep rock cutting at Fish Point. Then Casco Bay opens in full view, and for a mile or so while passing around the Neck and over the pile bridge that crosses to Westbrook, the broad bay is seen with its islands, receding to the dim shores of Brunswick and Harpswell, a distance of twenty miles.

The train sweeps rapidly through the Easterly portion of Westbrook, about two miles, revealing some pleasant features of rural and water scenery, when it reaches the bank of the

PRESUMPSCOT.

From Portland, distant 3 miles; from the White Mountains 88 miles; from Montreal 289 miles.

This stream takes its rise at Sebago Lake, distant about twenty miles, and being but slightly affected by drought or freshets, and having many "water privi-

leges" in its descent to the Bay, some of which are improved to considerable extent for manufacturing purposes, it has an important bearing on the prosperity of Portland and the surrounding country.

The track crosses the Presumpscot by a bridge three hundred feet in length and fifty feet high, and a mile and a half further on, reaches the station house at

FALMOUTH,

From Portland 5 miles, from the White Mountains 86 miles, from Montreal 287 miles.

The inhabitants of this town mostly devote their attention to farming, although some ship building is carried on in its Eastern section. A considerable portion of its soil is of superior quality for tillage.

On we go through an undulating country, with cultivated fields and pasture lands on either hand, and here and there a wooded hill presenting a pleasing contrast, and reach

CUMBERLAND,

From Portland 9 miles, from the White Mountains 82 miles, from Montreal 283 miles.

This place in its main characteristics is much the same as Falmouth, and like Falmouth, it furnishes not a few of its hardy sons to man our mercantile marine.

The cars sweep rapidly on, with occasional glimpses of the land locked bay coming into sight; and suddenly bursts upon the view the flourishing sea port of

YARMOUTH,

From Portland 11 miles, from the White Mountains 80 miles, from Montreal 281 miles.

This town till within three or four years, constituted

a part of North Yarmouth. It is one of the oldest settlements in the State, and its early history abounds with interesting incidents, some of which have become "renowned in song and story." The early settlers occupied the territory which is now known as the Fore Side, but in time the superior advantages of the present centers of business and population became more appreciated, and this locality was in a measure deserted. One of the most interesting relics of its early history was a massive church erected more than a century ago, which often attracted the attention of the lovers of the picturesque. It stood on a grassy level at the foot of a high ridge of granite, and its tower looked out upon extensive views of

"Forest and meadow and slope of hill
Around it lonely, lovely, and still."

For many successive summers the dandelion displayed its golden crowns in the paths leading to its portals, and the grasshopper chirped to the quietude on the broad stone step before its principal entrance, undisturbed by the foot of the worshipper. But its oaken timbers might subserve some purpose of practical utility—its destruction was decided upon, and all that now remains to indicate that it ever existed is the iron spire and weather vane, which are firmly fixed on the granite ledge near which it stood.

It would well repay the tourist to spend half a day in a ride through this locality, and along the pleasant road that skirts the Bay, through the rows of stately elms that in some places are planted beside it—crossing about three miles from the town and returning by the old post road.

Quite a large amount of wealth is concentrated in Yarmouth, not a few of its citizens being ship owners on an extensive scale, and ship building is a source of prosperity to the place.

Royal's River, which flows from Sabbath-day Pond, in New Gloucester, some twenty miles distant, having tributaries in Pownal and Gray, here furnishes valuable water power which is improved by the erection of a large brick cotton mill, and is the incentive to several other kinds of manufactures.

Besides its manufacturing and shipping interests, Yarmouth can boast its two excellent and well patronized academies. The population at the present time numbers about 2500.

YARMOUTH JUNCTION,

One mile above the village, is the point where the Kennebec and Portland Rail Road intersects the Montreal Road, and passengers bound for the towns on the lower Kennebec, can here take the cars.

This road extends from Portland to Augusta, through some of the most flourishing districts of the State. From Brunswick a branch diverges to Bath, a distance of nine miles. The places through which the trunk line passes from the intersection of the two roads at Yarmouth, are Freeport, from Portland 19 miles, Brunswick 27 miles, Topsham 28 miles, Bowdoinham 35 miles, Richmond 43 miles, South Gardiner 48 miles, Gardiner 53 miles, Hallowell 58 miles, Augusta 60 miles.

Returning to the Montreal Road, the country onward, through North Yarmouth is level, fair arable soil, varied here and there with tracts of pasture and

second growth woodland — presenting nothing in its features very attractive. The inhabitants, numbering some fifteen hundred, devote their attention, however, almost exclusively to agriculture, and there are some superior farms off the road. The town has no village, properly so speaking; and standing by itself alone, is the station house of

NORTH YARMOUTH,

From Portland 15 miles, from the White Mountains 76 miles, from Montreal 277 miles.

Passengers for the lower part of Pownal and Durham, as well as those for North Yarmouth, here leave the cars.

The country onward becomes more undulating, and is possessed of not a few features of rural thrift and beauty.

POWNAL,

The next stopping place, is 19 miles from Portland, 72 from the White Mountains; and from Montreal 273 miles.

Tarrying here but a moment, the fire horse starts off, as if with more eager impulse, on a descending grade and soon halts for the accommodation of passengers at

NEW GLOUCESTER,

From Portland 22 miles, from the White Mountains 69 miles, from Montreal 270 miles.

This is one of the best farming towns in the State, and its territory comprises as small an extent of what is termed waste land as any other. From the station house, the picturesque village may be seen to the Westward, about a mile distant, rambling along the summit of a gently swelling hill; and the extensive orchards on adjacent portions of elevated land, and

the mowing fields which sweep down the slopes and spread out over the intervening level, give indications of the fine fruit and grass for which the town is noted.

A pleasant region some six miles above New Gloucester Lower Corner, has long been occupied by a community of Shakers. They are divided into two "families," one located on the borders of the limpid sheet of water called Sabbath-day Pond, the other just over the line, in Poland. Their neat and substantial buildings, and well enclosed and highly cultivated lands, and superior stock, can but be remarked by strangers visiting them.

The Shaker Village may also be reached from the "Empire Road" Station, the distance being about the same as from New Gloucester.

One other stopping place, in New Gloucester and the next on the Rail Road, is called

COBB'S BRIDGE,

From Portland 24 miles, from the White Mountains 67 miles, from Montreal 268 miles.

There is little here to attract attention, so we will hurry on to

DANVILLE JUNCTION,

From Portland 28 miles, from the White Mountains 63 miles, from Montreal 264 miles.

At this point branches off the ANDROSCOGGIN AND KENNEBEC RAIL ROAD, and penetrates the interior of Maine to the important town of Waterville, on the Kennebec River, a distance of fifty five miles. It is a noble work, built on the five and a half feet gauge, the same as the Atlantic Road, and passes through some of the finest portions of the State, the route

throughout almost its entire extent discovering the evidences of energy, enterprise and thrift, and also abounding with the finest pastoral, lake, river and woodland scenery.

The regular stations, and their distance from Portland, are — Auburn, 32 miles; Lewiston, 33 miles; Greene, 41 miles; Leeds, 44 miles; Monmouth, 47 miles; Winthrop, 53 miles; Readfield, 59 miles; Belgrade, 67 miles; West Waterville, 76 miles; Waterville, 82 miles.

The first mentioned of these places, Auburn, is a rapidly increasing and busy place, on the West side of the Androscoggin River, just below Lewiston Falls. These falls afford motive power for manufacturing unsurpassed by any in the State, but as yet they are not improved to any very considerable extent, excepting on the opposite side of the river at Lewiston. Here enterprise has essayed to erect a second Lowell, and the busy clatter of loom and spindle, the din of the trip hammer, and keen whiz of the circular saw drowning the roar of the plunging and seething waters, in connection with the immense factories now in progress of erection, show that the movers in the enterprize are in earnest in their schemes.

Winthrop, twenty miles further up the road, is a large and thrifty place, pleasantly situated between two fine lakes, each of which is several miles in extent — and the stream which connects them is improved for various kinds of manufactures. Owing to its healthy position, its delightful scenery, and the boating and fishing of its picturesque lakes, Winthrop has become a place of considerable resort in summer for invalids

and pleasure hunters; and is destined, it is thought, to become still more distinguished.

Readfield is also an exceedingly pleasant village, the center of a flourishing business, and is somewhat distinguished for its classical academy, the Maine Wesleyan Seminary.

At Waterville, stages connect daily for Bangor, Belfast and Moose Head Lake. There are other stage connections along the line of the road, viz: at Auburn thrice weekly, for North Auburn, Turner, Livermore, Jay, Wilton, Canton, Peru and Dixfield. At Readfield for East Wilton and Chesterville thrice weekly, and daily for Mt. Vernon, Vienna and Farmington. At Winthrop, daily for Augusta, the capital of the State. At Belgrade for New Sharon, daily, and alternate days for Mercer, Starks and Industry.

The ANDROSCOGGIN RAIL ROAD joins the Waterville Road at Leeds, eighteen miles above the junction of the latter with the Atlantic Road, and extends on the East side of the Androscoggin River to Livermore Falls, distant twenty miles. The intervening stations are Curtis's Corner, from Portland 48 miles; Leeds Center, 51 miles; North Leeds, 54 miles; Stricklard's Ferry, 56 miles; and East Livermore, 61 miles. The charter of this road contemplates its extension through Jay, and by the rich valley of the Sandy River, through the important towns of Wilton and Farmington to Phillips, the whole distance from its junction with the Waterville Road being not far from fifty miles.

But, patient fellow-traveler, it is time we should return from this flying excursion, back to the White Mountain train, which we left ready to start onward, at Danville Junction.

We are off again, and flying through scenery which gives evidence of having been won but recently from a state of nature, until we arrive at

HOTEL ROAD,

From Portland, 29 miles; from the White Mountains, 62 miles; from Montreal 263 miles.

This is but a small station, in the town of Danville; and the adjacent prospects give no indication of the natural advantages, farming or manufacturing, of the town. In fact, here as in many other instances where rail roads are concerned, the engineers have avoided the more cultivated districts, in order, perhaps, to reduce the amount of land damages.

EMPIRE ROAD,

From Portland, 32 miles; from the White Mountains, 59 miles; from Montreal 260 miles;

In the town of Poland comes next; its name is probably in some way or other connected with the fact that a portion of the town was formerly, and for ought we know to the contrary, is at the present time, known as the *Empire*. It had its Emperor, too, in the person of one of its landholders, at least in designation. But its glory, (and it had a glory in the noble forests of pine timber that once covered its hills and plains) has departed, like that of its illustrious namesake. Its huge forest collossii, which at the present day would be worth a mine of wealth, fell before the reckless incursions of the woodman, and were wasted or sold away for a song, and only here and there remains a representative of the race, towering on some far hill side, or protecting the ruminating kine from the summer heats in some broad meadow — lonely and som-

bre, yet still magnificent in its solitude, and worthy of the dominion of its younger days.—However

“ Westward the star of Empire takes its way,”

and as there is nothing particularly inviting in the appearance of things at this point, we may as well be following its example.

The country onward is quite level, (with sloping hills in the distance) here and there covered with a thicket growth of spruce, whose deep recesses reverberate the clatter of the locomotive as though half a dozen brazen monsters of the same family had broken loose among them; and in a few minutes the shriek of the whistle tells our approach to

MECHANIC FALLS,

From Portland, 36 miles; from the White Mountains, 55 miles; from Montreal, 256 miles.

This is a flourishing village, situated on the Little Androscoggin River, partly in Poland and partly in Minot, having been built up in a great measure within a few years. It owes its prosperity to its water power, on which are situated several saw, grist and fulling mills.

The BUCKFIELD BRANCH RAIL ROAD extends from this place to the busy town of Buckfield, a distance of 13 miles. Pursuing our way up the Atlantic Road, a mile from Mechanic Falls, we get a view off to the left of Pigeon Hill, in Poland, with its orchards and grass fields.—famous in the early history of the town for the immense clouds of wild pigeons which resorted in autumn to the woods that then clothed it.

Again the breakman is at his post, and the cars haul up at

OXFORD,

From Portland, 40 miles; from the White Mountains, 51 miles; from Montreal, 252 miles.

This region is somewhat noted for its lumbering operations, its chief lumber depot being at a locality called Welchville, about a mile from the rail road station.

The road now (and likewise from Mechanic Falls up) follows the valley of the Little Androscoggin River — which river it crosses several times — revealing not a few picturesque objects and scenes that would attract a painter's notice -- tranquil bends in the river overhung with elms and maples, and occasionally, it may be, a trout fisher standing on some rock or fallen tree — green nooks in the woods, from which the cattle look out as with wonder at the monster that is rushing by with such turmoil and clatter, &c., until you arrive at

SOUTH PARIS,

From Portland 48 miles, from the White Mountains 43 miles, from Montreal 244 miles.

The hurry and bustle which attend the arrival of the cars at this point, indicate its immediate connection with the welfare of the road. It is the outlet of the wealthiest agricultural and manufacturing portion of Oxford county, and furnishes more freight and passengers to the road than any other station this side of the mountains. The large and flourishing village of South Paris lies to the Northward of the station.

PARIS HILL, one of the oldest settlements in the county, is about two miles beyond. Here is located the Court House, Paris being the shire town of Ox-

ford county; and the inhabitants are distinguished for their intelligence. Paris Hill is considered a very healthy location, and withal being surrounded with attractive scenery, it is often resorted to in summer, by people from the sea side who wish to avail themselves of the renovating effects of country air.

NORWAY, two miles South Westerly of the Paris Station, and connected therewith by an excellent road, is a neat and well built village, the center of a large business — deriving a share of its prosperity from its manufactures.

Pike's Hill, on the South of the village, rises to the height of six or seven hundred feet. It is a wonder that this eminence has received so little attention from tourists, for certainly the prospects thence are scarcely inferior to those of Mt. Pleasant or Bear Mountain. It stands alone, the center as it were of an extensive amphitheater of summits — having no outlet but towards the ocean. On the West tower the White Mountains, their tops often curtained with clouds, stern and gloomy. Northwardly, and nearer, Singe Poll and Streaked Mountain, and many heights of lesser note, stand shoulder to shoulder, as if crowding each other towards their great parent group; and, sweeping from the sides of Mt. Washington on the other hand, wave after wave of sombre ridges line the horizon, among which the majestic cone of Kiasarge and the nearer outline of Mt. Pleasant stand conspicuous, the public house on each of these summits being distinctly visible with the aid of a common spy-glass, and when the atmosphere is free from haze with the naked eye.

At the base of the hill North Westerly, and stretch-

ing up a valley diversified with farming and forest scenery is nestled a lovely sheet of water nine miles long, which rejoices in the pretty Indian name of Pinnisiwassie, while the village and the meandering stream that connects the lake with the little Androscoggin, give variety to the valley immediately to the North Eastward.

A tri-weekly line of stages connects with the rail road at the South Paris station for Harrison, Bridgton, Waterford, Lovell and Fryeburg, affording facilities, for those who wish to take Pleasant Mountain and Sebago Lake in their way, in journeying to or from the mountains.

Again we are underway, and may begin to claim companionship with elevations which in England and Scotland would be denominated mountains.

Off to the right may be seen the houses and churches of Paris Hill, with the orchards and farms that map its southern slope with their rectangular lines of lively green. These scenes subside, and we approach

SNOW'S FALLS,

From Portland, 43 miles; from the White Mountains, 38 miles; from Montreal, 239 miles.

The train does not always stop here, but if the traveler could spend an hour in the vicinity, he might see weather stained mills, a pretty waterfall, rugged rocks, and trees grouped as if by art to complete a simple picture, such as Morland or Gainsborough would have selected as a subject for their pencils.

NORTH PARIS,

Is the next station—from Portland, distant 55 miles; from the White Mountains, 36 miles; from Montreal, 237 miles.

There is nothing peculiarly inviting at this point,

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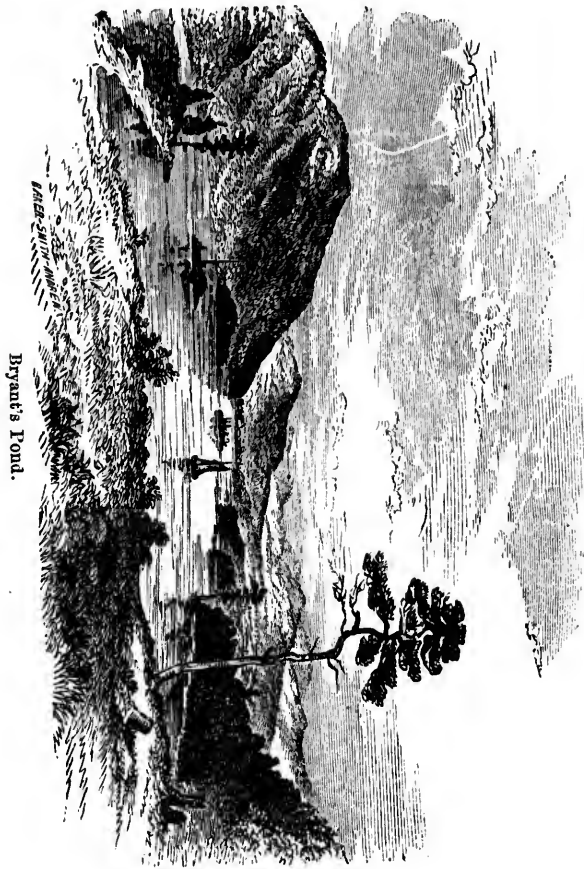
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Bryant's Pond.

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but the scenery on either hand begins to assume a grandeur and diversity which cannot fail of being observed.

About four miles from this station begins the heaviest grade on the whole road, being a rise of 60 feet to the mile. This grade continues till you arrive at

BRYANT'S POND,

From Portland 62 miles, from the White Mountains 29 miles, from Montreal 230 miles.

Here the track has attained to an elevation of 700 feet, while at the boundary line of New Hampshire twenty miles above, it is but 690 feet, the highest intervening rise being 717 feet, the greatest depression 645 feet.

At this point a pretty little village has suddenly sprung up. The lakelet (for a view of which see foregoing page,) is the source of the Little Androscoggin River — it is three miles in length by from one half to three quarters of a mile in width. On its opposite side rises from the edge of the water a steep acivity at least a thousand feet in height, called Mount Christopher, so named because an early settler of the region bore the name of Christopher Bryant — the lakelet retaining his surname.

This mountain may be easily ascended on its Western side, and the prospect which its top commands will repay the tourist for any delay and expense he may incur in order to make the ascent.

Goose Eye Mountain in Newry, and White Cap, near the lines of Rumford in all their sterile and rugged grandeur, may be seen Northeasterly as you approach the Bryant's Pond station house, and just

above it you catch a sight of Mounts Jefferson and Adams, two of the highest peaks of the White Mountain group.

The pond affords good trout fishing, samples not unfrequently being taken in it which weigh from two to three pounds.

Stages here connect with Rumford daily, and with Dixfield and Andover thrice weekly. From the latter place, the Umbagog Lakes, which are the source of the Androscoggin River, are easily accessible. These lakes present more attractions to the lovers of the sublime and picturesque than any similar scenery in New England, while they have long been known as the Utopia of hunters and fishermen.

The Southernmost of the chain is 1257 feet above tide water, and the most northerly nearly an equal elevation above that point.

This whole region was surveyed by the Rail Road Company, in hopes of finding a feasible route farther North than the present one, but without success. A tolerable route to the Lake Basin, by following the Ellis River from Andover through Dunn's Notch, was reconnoitered, departing from the present line at Bryant's Pond, but insurmountable obstacles interposed between the Lakes and the Connecticut River, the only depression between these points, showing any chance of a route, that of the famous Dixville Notch, being 1968 feet above tide water, and the topography of the region thence being of such a character as to require a grade of eighty feet per mile for over ten miles; while by the present route of the Rail Road, the greatest elevation east of the Connecticut is but 1062 feet, the passage of the General Summit, at

Island Pond, 1176 feet, and the heaviest grade but fifty feet to the mile.

The axis of the elevation of the whole peninsula East of Lake Champlain is in fact North of the Umbagog Basin — in which general summit the Connecticut, the Androscoggin, the Kennebec, the Penobscot, the Chaudiere, and the St. Francis Rivers take their rise. The general level of this region is between 2000 and 3000 feet above the ocean, and its dominant peaks of the Camel's Rump and Escobos Mountains, vie in their winter dress with the white summit of their more Southern neighbor, Mount Washington.

Leaving Bryant's Pond, we soon strike the Alder Stream, which we follow down to the main Androscoggin River, a distance of eight miles, unwinding, as it were, a panorama of mountain scenery, which demands constant attention; and our first stopping place thence is

LOCKE'S MILLS,

From Portland, 65 miles; from the White Mountains, 26 miles; from Montreal, 227 miles.

Here is a growing village, but of more interest to the lumberman than the tourist.

Precipitous ridges lift their brawny forms on every side, and at times it seems impossible that the locomotive should find her way through such a labyrinth; but presently we open on a lovely interval of the Androscoggin at

BETHEL,

From Portland, 70 miles; from the White Mountain Station House, 21 miles; from Montreal, 222 miles.

The village, situated on rising ground a little to the left of the station house, "resting in the lap of the

hills," with its green common, its neat dwelling houses, churches and stores, its highly intellectual inhabitants, and its fine scenery, has been called the pleasantest in Maine, not without good reason; and it would richly repay the inquiring tourist to spend a day or two in the vicinity.

Here the hills which have been rolling away on either hand as if ploughed asunder by the glancing fragment of another world, draw themselves up into more compact forms, and with their bare foreheads and brawny shoulders, occasionally intercept the wandering clouds, or tear away their dependent folds as they float by.

A semicircle of these colossal steps bounds the horizon at the Northward, conspicuous among which looms the sterile crags of the Speckled Mountain, whence flow, through sparsely settled wilds, the Cambridge, the Bear, and Sunday Rivers, the first into Lake Umbagog, the two latter into the Androscoggin, not far below Bethel. There, too, is White Cap, in his sombre robe of haze, his bald forehead lifted high into the empyrean, seemingly the patriarch of the group.

Nearer at hand are rich intervals, teeming with corn, wheat, or rank growing grass, and marked here and there with lines of tall elms and luxuriant undergrowth, which designate the windings of the Androscoggin, or the noble stream itself, its clear waters rattling over their rocky bed, or spread out in lake-like majesty, meets the view through openings in the rocks and woods—all contrasting delightfully with the sterner features of the mountains.

Bethel is likewise a good point of departure for

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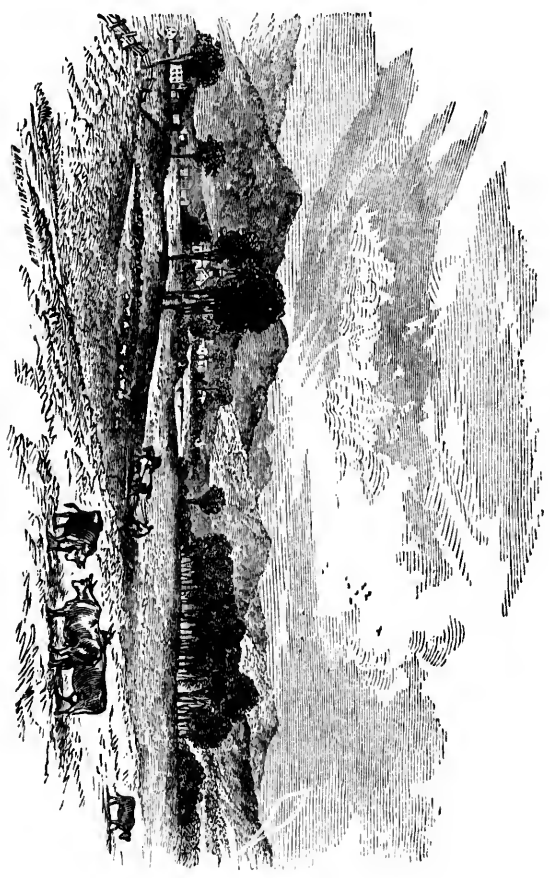
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those wide and wild gems of the wilderness, Umbagog and its sister lakes, and the road thither, by the way of Newry, up the valley of the Bear River, and thence across the highlands and down the Swift Cambridge, abounds in alpine scenery, whose remarkable diversity, grandeur and beauty, can only be understood by those who travel it.

Both the Bear River and the Swift Cambridge are famed for the abundance of their delicious trout, and sportsmen say that spending a day or two to fish in the former stream, the excursionist will find comfortable quarters at a cosy tavern-house kept by a Mr. Smith, some five or six miles up from its mouth.

From Bethel, too, those interesting natural curiosities the ALBANY BASINS, can be reached with the greatest facility. These Basins deserve more than a mere passing notice. They are immense cavities worn by the action of the water in the granite bed of a small stream, in the town of Albany, ten miles from Bethel.

The road between the two points, winding off among the hills, but keeping always to the bed of the vallies, is smooth and level. First it traverses a cultivated district and along by the shore of a fine sheet of water three miles in length, called Songo Pond, the source of Crooked River, with blue distant mountains all around,—the latter portion among scenes of a more primitive character, made up generally of thick forests, rugged slopes and precipitous bluffs in constantly varying succession.

About three miles from the Basins, the road turns square off among the hills, and is bordered on either hand with forest trees, whose tall, straight trunks sus-

tain a thick roof of foliage, through which the sun beams only here and there find a chance to enliven the obscurity of the forest aisles, the haunts of the feathery ferns, snowy anemones and blue asters. Following this by-road about a mile, you catch views to the left, of a small, secluded pond overgrown with lilly pads and rank grasses, and darkened on all sides by gigantic forest trees, where it is said the moose-deer in former times, and indeed till quite recently, resorted to feed, and where, if tales be true, many an antlered monarch of the woods, has fallen before the rifle of the hunter; hence it is called Moose Pond.

A few minutes ride thence you emerge into a cultivated opening, called the Kneeland Clearing, where, shut out from the great world by circumjacent hills, two farmers with their families reside; here both road and traveler come to a halt.

This locality is one of unsurpassed seclusion; on the hill sides around, the forests still hold possession, but the warm, rich clearing, is all the more sheltered by them, and peace and plenty seem to abide with its lonely occupants.

The Basins are distant half a mile from the innermost of the two houses; the foot path, by which you approach them, winding through the woods, brings you to the head of the series.

The rocky ravine for the space of some two hundred yards down, is gouged into immense hollows or cisterns, which are choked up with chaotic masses of granite rock, quarried long years since from the precipitous bluffs on either hand, by the unwearying waters. Into these cisterns, and over and under these rocks, the stream plunges and twists, shelves and

foams, with a resonant song that may be heard long before you reach the place. From the impending bluffs the tall trees reach out over the ravine and interlace their boughs, so that through the thick foliage but few particles of sunlight fall upon the broken rocks and dancing water.

Some of the cavities are of enormous dimensions, the largest being nearly forty feet in depth by thirty in diameter! Two or three others are nearly as large, but all are more or less irregular in shape, and much broken up.

The bed rock of the ravine is a very hard and compact granite, and the volume of water which at present makes the stream, could not have produced such effects in thousands upon thousands of years, if indeed capable of producing them at all. The most probable conclusion to be arrived at is, that a large and tumultuous stream, perhaps Pleasant River, in some remote age, went plunging down through the ravine, creating whirlpools of sufficient power to keep the granite blocks, tumbled from the steeps on either hand, in a constant rotary motion, and so in a long series of years, produced the phenomena.

A slight subsidence in the surface of the country above would have been sufficient to divert the stream to another channel, and there are some indications which lead one to suppose such a subsidence has taken place.

The present stream possesses a charm to the sportsman as well as to the naturalist, in the fine trout with which its nooks and pools abound.

By an early start from Bethel, with good horses, which may be readily obtained at the village, the ex-

ursionist may reach the basins so as to have five or six hours there for exploring or fishing, and return in time for supper.

Once more let us consider ourselves in the cars, speeding up the Androscoggin valley.

Scenes of grandeur and beauty meet the eye on every hand, and the traveler, if he have but a moderate share of enthusiasm, will find enough to command his constant attention.

The next station is

WEST BETHEL,

From Portland 74 miles, from the Mountain Station House 17 miles, from Montreal, 218 miles.

Soon after leaving the station, the train passes over Pleasant River Bridge, and a mile or so farther on,



Mounts Moriah, Adams, and Jefferson, from Gilead.

where the cars describe a gentle curve on a high embankment immediately contiguous to the Androscoggin, you have a fine view, far up the valley, of Mts.

Jefferson and Adams, lifting their conical summits over the shadowy ridges of Mount Moriah — of which our artist gives the foregoing truthful sketch.

About five miles from West Bethel, you cross Wild River, by a bridge 250 feet in length.

This River is a child of the mountains — at times fierce, impetuous, and shadowy as the storms that howl around the bald heads of its parents, and bearing down everything that comes in its path: then again, when subdued by long summer calms, murmuring gently in consonance with the breezy rustle of the trees whose branches depend over it. An hour's time may swell it into a headlong torrent, an hour may reduce it to a brook that a child might ford without fear.

This vicinage is rife with mementos of the Indian wars. One of the last acts of the aborigines, ere their strength was forever broken, was an onset on the defenceless village of Bethel, made by a party of the St. Francis tribe, who had followed down the State line from Canada. They carried away captives, a man named Pettengill, another Sager, and two by the name of Clark.

Pettengill and one of the Clarks, after proceeding a few miles, were unable, through lameness, to go on, and the savages finally consented to their return, advising them to keep to the same trail they had followed up, pretending that there were hostile scouts on all others. Clarke, who was well acquainted with the Indian character, suspected treachery in this apparent solicitude for their safety, and as soon as he was out of sight, struck into the woods, and swimming the Androscoggin, passed 'down the opposite side with

safety. During his lonely tramp he heard the report of the gun which proved the death note of his friend, who taking the path designated, was followed back by the savages and shot dead.

The mutilated body of poor Pettengill was subsequently found, and buried on the bank of the Wild River, just by the bridge, which is admirably represented in the sketch on the following page.

Shaggy and rude in the extreme are the bluffs which succeed on the view, bolstering summits hazy from their height, and walling in the river with which the rail road still claims companionship, so as to leave but a strip of arable land on its confines, which strip, however, does not want for hardy men to cultivate it.

We next find ourselves approaching

GILEAD STATION,

From Portland 80 miles, from the Mountain Station House 11 miles, from Montreal 212 miles.

Hayward says that "the chief part of this township is only fit for grazing, and a look at the alpine steeps adjacent, will readily induce the traveler to conform to this opinion.

A mile or so above this station the track crosses the boundary between Maine and New Hampshire. A monument designates the line, and it is further marked by a board fence running nearly at a right angle with the road, near an orchard.

Here bidding adieu to the Pine Tree State, in a few minutes we find ourselves at

SHELBURNE,

From Portland 86 miles, from Mountain House 5 miles, from Montreal 20 miles.

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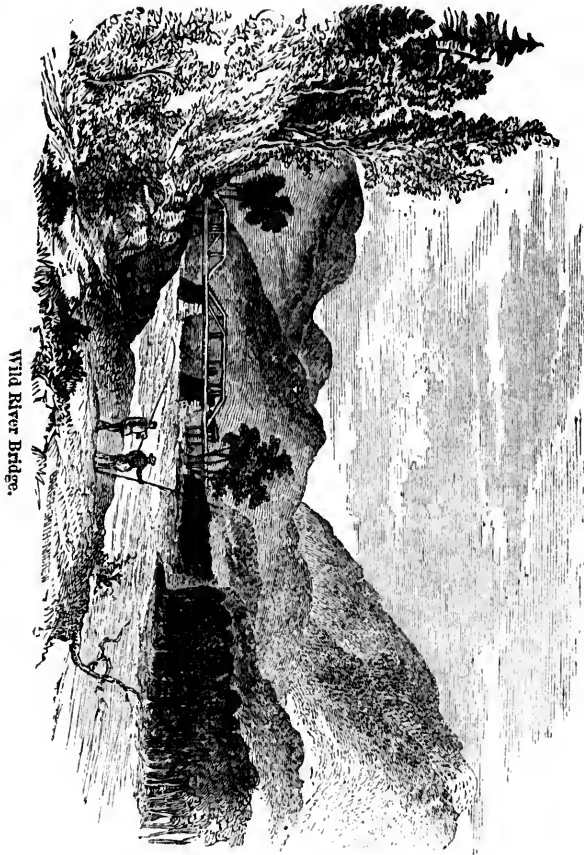
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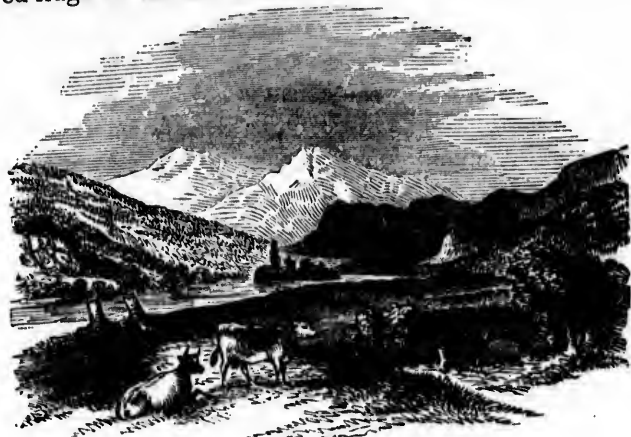
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WILD RIVER BRIDGE.



as the jubilant locomotive rushes onward, until the stern, bare heights of Mounts Washington, Jefferson, and Adams, burst upon the view from behind a wooded ridge of Mount Moriah.



Mounts Washington, Jefferson, and Adams, from Gilead.

For the next four or five miles, till you arrive within a hundred rods of the station house at Gorham, these lofty summits remain constantly in view. There they tower, in storm and sunshine, bathed in thunder clouds, or soaring sharp and clean in the cloudless summer noon, always sombre, stern and exclusive.

Just after leaving the station house, the cars pass near a high and precipitous slide or bluff, called GRANNY STARBIRD'S LEDGE. An immense granite boulder, many thousand tons in weight, a great portion of which has been blown to pieces and used in the construction of the rail road, formerly rested on a shelf of the ledge.

Under this rock, it is said, an aged matron named Starbird, who supplied the place of physician to the

section, long time ago found refuge during one of the wildest storms that ever smote the mountains.

She was on her way on horseback alone, to visit a patient, where her presence was thought to be indispensable, so the story goes, when night and storm overtook her; and, bewildered by the pelting rain, she was glad to avail herself of such shelter as the rock could afford. House there was none for miles, and here she remained cowering all the long night with a fearful chorus confusing her ear—the rushing of the great rain through the darkness, the voice of the countless streams that flooded every cliff and ravine, the wail of the great trees on the ridges as they writhed and struggled and swayed in the merciless grasp of the gale, and the oft repeated howl of the shivering wolf driven from his lair by the incursions of the storm, commingled with the hoarse boom of the swollen river that made the very earth tremble.

The laggard morning broke at last above the hills, but it brought no cheer to that “weary auld matron.” Many a noble forest giant lay shattered on the acclivities about her; the torrents still poured their turbid floods, and filling the whole valley like a sea, the river slid onward, grinding and crashing, booming and terrific, with its debris of trees and timber, rocks and gravel: nor was it till noon, when the clouds retired to the higher peaks, the sun shone out, and the waters began to assuage from off the face of the earth, that she was able to resume her journey.

Our limited information in regard to the matter, does not allow us to state whether the patient was old or young, grave or gay, homely or lovely, or whether the skill of the doctress was successful in alleviating the

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malady. She believed in her own superior ability in the healing art, and nothing but her kindness of heart tempted her abroad on the mission of mercy with such a threatening aspect in the sky. However this may be, the place has ever since been designated as Granny Starbird's Ledge!

Continuing to skirt the base of Mount Moriah, with the glassy river on your right, a curve in the road suddenly brings you in sight of the point where all travelers intent on exploring the wonders of the mountains debark, the Station House, Gorham, otherwise called

THE ALPINE HOUSE,

From Portland 91 miles, from Montreal 201 miles.

Here, perchance, you are greeted with the scenes which usually attend an arrival at a fashionable resort — ladies in their sun bonnets gliding to and fro, anxious to see the new comers, gentlemen under curiously shaped hats and wreaths of cigar smoke, lounging prominently against pillar and post as anxious to show their indifference; hurrying waiters bumping trunks and boxes against the elbows of the promiscuous crowd in the hall, &c.

But barring contingencies, you are immediately shown to a neat and airy room, and having adjusted the outer man, the next thing is to look about the house. You find it a noble edifice, three stories in height, and one hundred feet front by fifty in width, with an ell of about the same dimensions. A handsome piazza along the front and two ends, gives a finish to the building, while it affords a pleasant walk, where visitors may enjoy the mountain air and scenery.

Within, you find broad and lofty halls, and ample

parlors, sitting and withdrawing rooms, fitted and furnished with corresponding elegance—a noble dining room, eighty feet by thirty, and sleeping rooms sufficient to accommodate two hundred and fifty persons.

By this time you probably begin to think of dinner, the sudden transition from the atmosphere of the ocean to the bracing air of the mountains being a keen whetter of the appetite. On this score, you could not submit your case to more considerate persons than the landlord and landlady, Mr. Hitchcock and Mrs. Hayes.

We are not sure but that the mass of travelers would respond to the exclamation of a fellow tourist, that about the pleasantest feature in a day's travel, is the dinner hour. And certainly to escape from the fervor of a July or August sun to tables nicely spread with every variety of viand that your nicest metropolitan hotel can boast, and some things that such cannot boast, the delicately flavored trout of the mountain rivulet for instance, is very apt to produce that complacent state of mind which disposes one to the enjoyment of the intellectual.

Dinner over, unless you prefer for company the fancies that hover around a cigar, in the smoking room, let's stroll under the portico. You find yourself in the centre of a broad level or table land, closed up by mountains on all sides, a wonderful depression through which the Androscoggin makes the passage of the hills, the foundations of the hotel being but 802 feet above tide water at Portland.

That titanic elevation, whose summit severs the sky on the left, is Mount Moriah, the ascent of which is the grand aim of all new comers. It was so named by one of the early settlers of the region, because its

The Imp and Carter Mountain, from the Station House.



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shape or position coincided with some conception he had formed of its scripture namesake.

The nonchalant elevation looking over its shoulder, next Westerly, from its singular outlines, is called the Inp, and the more distant cone, whose ridges sustain such a glorious burden of forest, commemorating the name of a veteran hunter who captured many a bear, wolf and moose, among its glens and gorges, is called Carter Mountain.

The summits of the long ridge near at hand, confining the valley Westerly, will probably acknowledge to any appropriate name you may be disposed to give them, as they have none of their own.

In the rear of the house, is the Androscoggin coursing along the base of the mural acclivities which bound the view to the North Eastward. One of these massive piles of granite is called Mt. Hayes, in honor of the landlady of the hotel.

There are many places in the neighborhood inviting to a ramble. One of these is an elevated plateau of land, about half a mile down the road, called Prospect Hill, from which we have a full view of Mt. Washington. Here, too, a broad reach of the Androscoggin valley, rich in green fields, woods and waters, charms the eye with its beauty.

Another is the picturesque ruins of an old saw mill near the Peabody River, scarcely gunshot distant from the house. It stands alone, "high and dry," the river two or three years ago during a freshet, having taken a fancy to explore a new channel. The compact bed of small granite chips and boulders which surround it is a sample of macadamising such as is often worked by the torrents in their autumnal freaks, or when loosed from the thrawl of winter.

The pot holes or circular cisterns worn by the action of the water in the rock bed of a small stream called Pea Brook, about a mile and a half from the house, are deserving likewise of attention.

A stroll by the banks of the river may pass off an hour very pleasantly. The utilitarian spirit of the age has not thus far infringed upon the aspect of seclusion with which Nature has invested the portion of it contiguous to the hotel grounds, but it comes sweeping down free and wide, swinging around each point, and exploring every nook and inlet, its outeirling wavelets as they pass along the shore turning up their lips as if to steal kisses from the little blue and white star flowers that cluster to its brink.

“ And pure are its waters, its shallows bright
With shining pebbles and sparkles of light,
And clear are the depths where the ripples play
And dimples deepen, and whirl away.”

And how perfectly, under the bold bluffs of the opposite mountain ridge are the trees, the slopes, and the clouds floating in the depths of the sky, mirrored on the shining element.

A hundred rods or so further down, is an elevated section of table land, terminating in an abrupt descent of fifty feet towards the river, where opens a romantic prospect of the noble stream, including the rips or rapids, where the impetuous Peabody makes in.

An excursion to

RANDOLPH HILL,

Some three miles distant, on the road to Lancaster, discovers to the tourist most delightful scenery, and one gets views thence of Mts. Adams, Madison and

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Mounts Madison, Adams and Jefferson, from Randolph Hill.



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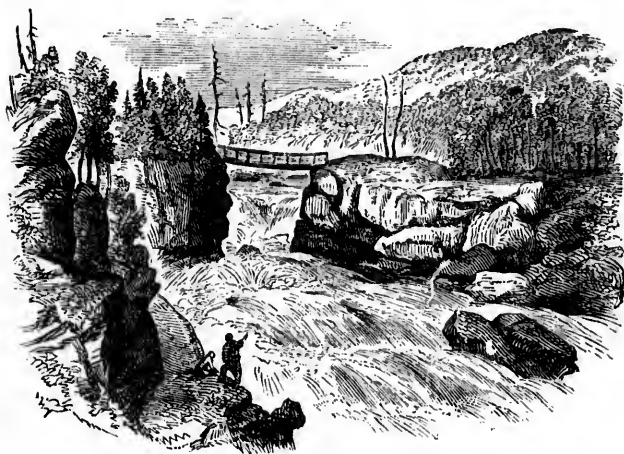


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Jefferson, from base to summit, which leaves on the mind an abiding impression of their hugeness and sublimity. Especially when the quietude of evening is settling down upon their woods and glens, and the rifted ridges are brought out into bold relief by the slant rays of the sun, must their grand appearance strike the beholder, and some individuals give this point of view of the loftier summits a preference over every other.

BERLIN FALLS.

A drive to this interesting locality, some six miles above the Station House, should by no means be



Berlin Falls.

omitted. Here the whole volume of the Androscoggin's waters is poured through a rocky defile scarcely more than fifty feet in width—descending in the space of a hundred yards nearly twice as many feet. The Androscoggin, it will be recollected, is the only outlet to the Umbagog chain of lakes. In its pas-

sage thence it receives the waters of the Magalloway, Diamond and Clear rivers, besides several streams of minor importance, so that at this point it is scarcely inferior in volume to the Connecticut at Northumberland. Seething and plunging, and torturing into billows of snowy foam, it rushes down the narrow race —

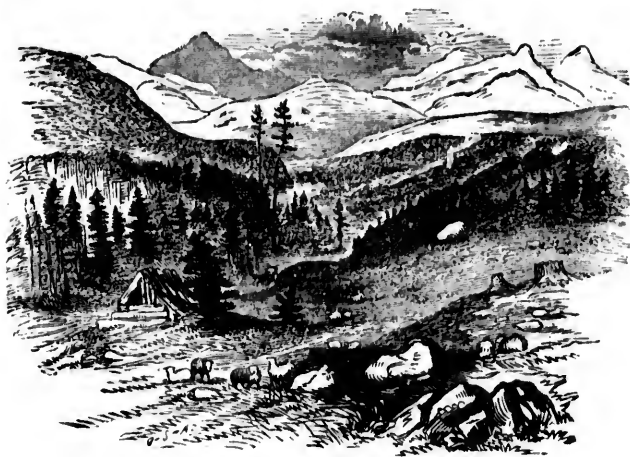
“Rapid as the light,
The flashing mass foams, shaking the abyss,

presenting a picture which our artist has delineated with much truth in the foregoing sketch.

From the wooden foot bridge thrown across the chasm one may obtain a fine view not only of the falls, but up and down the river. This bridge consists merely of two logs thrown from the shore to the rocky island that forms the neither side of the defile, with a board platform laid upon them. When about to be put up, it was a wonder to some how the logs could be extended across the chasm, but the mystery was soon solved. The person who had the matter in hand threw a couple of bitch poles across the dizzy gulf, and by his direction his two sons, mere lads, ran over on them, trusting to the momentum gained in a start from a point some distance back, to steady them in the seemingly perilous adventure, and by their assistance, with the superior power exerted from the shore, the structure was got into place. Looking down from the bridge upon the rushing vortex thirty feet below, it makes one shudder to think of such a feat.

In the vicinity of these falls also, may be had a grand view of the Northerly slopes of the mountains. Towering peak above peak and ridge above ridge in

alpine array, the mighty piles frown upon the world about them with an embattled gloom which the meridian sun can scarcely dissipate.



The White Mountains from Berlin Falls.

But let us return to the Alpine House.

Evening settles over the mountains. Every hour of the day they present a new aspect, a varying hue and shade puzzling to the beholder, but they never show to better effect than when, with the vallies and ravines below obscured by twilight,

‘ Their lone summits cast
The sunken day light far through the aerial waste.’

Night comes on slowly and envelopes the steeps in her sable mantle ; and you turn away, perhaps to join the dancers in the hall, or the musical crowd around the piano ; or if it suits you better, seek your pillow, and are lulled to slumber by the spirit-voice of the mountain wind.

With the morrow morning the ponies are brought out, and ho! for the ascent of Mount Moriah! By all means make the ascent, and you will be fully compensated for your trouble in the far, free, glorious prospects which the summit overlooks. To our mind, there is not a mountain of the group that is so elaborate an expositor of the scenery of the region. But you can judge for yourself.

Getting away from the house, probably with a few jokes at the expense of your rough looking cavalcade, you make a detour to the right, and soon find yourself pressing up the rugged bridle path in the twilight of the thick forest. We will not aver that the mountain air inspires to courage and quickens the animal spirits, but we never knew of a cavalcade making the ascent who were not full of good humor and disposed to relieve the difficulties of the way with joke, shout and banter — and even the ladies plunge into the ravines, urge up the steepes, and cross the spiteful cascades that sometimes come leaping down the glens, with the nonchalance that would mark them in a morning stroll amidst the crowds of the city.

There are several points in the progress up, from which fine views may be obtained — views of the far valley of the Androscoggin, and the silvery river winding hither and yon as if at a loss where to find a passage out — views of the mountains to the Eastward crowding down the horizon, with here and there some rugged titan towering above his fellows as if conscious of his supremacy, views of the scathed, shattered and storm-bleached crags of the neighboring hills with the mighty forests which cling around them.

And, reaching the summit, if you are not gratified

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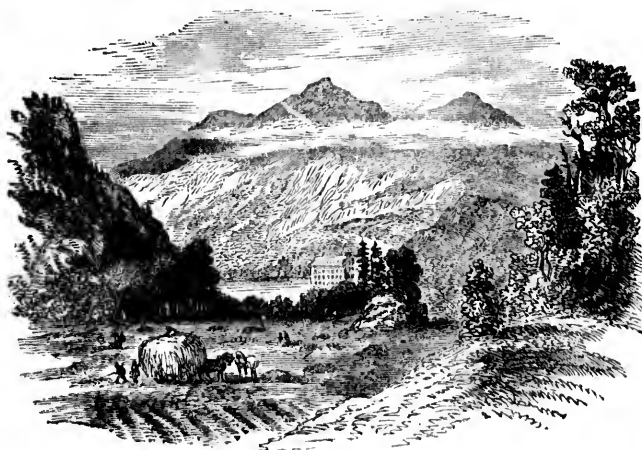
with the wide prospects that thence present themselves, you may well have reason to suspect that there is an important feature lacking in your composition.

Northerly, often with the clouds trailing over their tops are the steeps that embosom the lone waters of the Umbagog lakes — including Saddleback and farther to the Eastward Bald Mountain in Carthage, and the Blue Mountains in Temple and Avon; while more distant, deploy a series of cloud like eminences, among which are Mount Abraham near Kingfield in Franklin County, and still farther Mount Bigelow, (supposed) in the third range of townships, under which flows Dead River. Easterly stretches the valley of the Androscoggin, lined for many a mile by the track of the rail road, with the mountains that draw themselves up on either side as if to give it passage, and dark ridges beyond reaching out towards the distant ocean. South Easterly, is an extended track of more level country, interspersed with shining lakes and streams, fading upon the sight, till it commingles with the ocean beyond Portland; and when the atmosphere is clear, with a good glass, the city of Portland may be distinctly seen. More to the Southward are Pleasant Mountain and the mountains of Waterford amidst the shadowy vallies of which, here and there you catch views of lakes, rivers and ponds, shining like polished steel; and farther to the right are the summits which environ Lake Winnipisseogee, and a portion of the lake itself; while on the West, and comparatively close at hand, with all their shaggy steeps and dark ravines, in full view, rise Mount Washington and the higher peaks of the group, silent

and sombre, and intrenched as it were in the dignity of their "mountain majesty" — all beyond, so far as eye sight is concerned, being *terra incognita*.

But the novelty of these scenes cannot be impressed on the mind of the reader by tropes and similes.

Persons judge of objects through different media, and the impress of oceanic prospects, witnessed from a point on a level with the clouds, is singularly diverse in different people! All we have to say, patient fellow traveler is, that we do not hold you responsible for ours — an idea of which you may get in these pages. In the descent, you have also many fine views up and down the river.



Mount Moriah from Lary's.

One of the best places for contemplating Mount Moriah, in all its huge bulk is on the Lary farm, near the ANDROSCOGGIN HOUSE, a mile or so up from the Station House — and it was at this point that our artist took the above spirited sketch.

Having seen the various objects and points of interest, in the neighborhood of the Station House, the tourist will probably begin to think of becoming better acquainted with the loftier summits of the mountain range. For this purpose his best course is to pass up the valley of the Peabody River to the GLEN HOUSE, which is immediately under Mount Washington, and in the midst of the loftiest summits of the whole mountain district.

We will suppose that he has been fortunate in obtaining one of those balmy summer mornings such as often dawn upon these vallies,

"A dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,
Laughing the clouds away in playful scorn,
And glowing into day."

The four horse wagon dashes up to the door; and while the ladies, in their bloomers and palm leaf hats, are bestowing themselves on the seats, and the beaux, who covet the privilege of making a figure in the "fuss generally" which attends departure, are handing them in, some perhaps would like to start on *a pied*.

Taking a turn to the left we soon plunge into the woods and strike the banks of the foaming Peabody, along which the road winds till it reaches the GLEN HOUSE. The air is exhilarating—the shrubs and wild wood flowers are sparkling with dew, the sweetly-sad notes of the white throated finch come from the recesses of the woods up the steep acclivities—and the rush of the jubilant river makes the heart bound in consonance with its music. Did eye ever survey

finer trees than the gigantic patriarchs which flank our devious way—was ever clearer water than that which shelves and slides, curvets and sparkles over the clean granite rocks which form the bed of the Peabody? Here is freedom, here is truth, here is energy!

We are wending towards the base of Carter Mountain; the rich luxuriance of the vast forests that press up its sides delights every eye. But a turn in the defile has hidden it from sight; and here we come in view of the loftier and more rugged cone of Mount Jefferson, the most symmetrical of the mountain convocation.

We well remember the first time we traveled through this pass. It was a still, dewy summer morning, and so calm that the scattered particles of sunlight which streamed through the foliage rested just where they fell, moveless as so many shining pebbles. The song of the river came upon the ear with vivid distinctness, and away in the woods, you could hear the patter of the bits of bark which a company of chicodees were picking from the trunks, as they fell on the underbrush, sounding like the first stealthy drops of a shower. Not a cloud shadowed the mountain now before us, and whilst contemplating its serene dignity, signs of a commotion up among the cliffs caught our eye. A huge rock (loosened from its bed, perhaps by the levers of the winter frosts) had fallen, and came plunging downwards. We could trace its progress by a line of whitish smoke or dust that floated over its track, and could occasionally see it in some tremendous bound above the trees, whirling with the velocity of a cannon ball. No sound reached us till the commotion had ceased, when we

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Mounts Jefferson and Adams, from Thompson's Hill.



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distinctly heard, for a minute or more, a low, crushing reverberation, telling the fate of many a noble forest giant torn asunder or shattered to pieces.

Proceeding slowly up the pass, we come to an opening in the trees. Here again is the Peabody, washing the foot of the mountain, and far up you may see the quarry whence the rock was dislodged, and which those vigorous miners, the winter colds and storms, have worked for ages. The head of the ravine is full of such. Well may the view call forth your exultant shouts of admiration!

Resuming our line of travel, onward we go

“Over the mountains, Westward ho!”

And here we have a more full view of Mount Adams, its shoulder braced against Jefferson — and Washington looking out from beyond, a head taller than all the others, the mountain monarch of the North, about whose summit, veiled in clouds and darkness, the thunder god occasionally holds his turbulent court. The old mill and the glassy river basin in the fore ground, were objects which the quick eye of our artist was ready to seize upon to complete a sketch at this point, for which sketch see preceding page.

But we are approaching the

GLEN HOUSE,

Seven miles from the Station House, and the gentlemanly landlord stands ready to help you to alight — whoa!

This likewise, is a new, large and commodious house, having all the appliances of a fashionable hotel; and at its table one can obtain the luxuries of the

best city hotels. It stands on a green slope, facing Mount Washington, with the five highest peaks of the range, from base to summit, in full sight.

Near by, the waters of the Peabody go rollicking down the pass, as if rejoiced to escape from the gloom of the mountains (affording fine sport for the trout fisher) and on every side you may see

“Castled rocks stupendous piled,”

“Or feel the freshness of the growing green
That waves in forest tops, and smooths the air.”

The main building is 130 feet in length, 42 feet in width, and four stories high. A grand portico gives beauty and finish to the principal entrance, and a neat piazza extends on either hand along the entire front, and across the ends of the building, surmounted by a balcony, upon which the second story windows all open, and from which may be had an uninterrupted view of acclivities reaching to the clouds, whose up-rolling forests have never echoed to the axe of the woodman.

The interior of the building is on a scale of equal spaciousness. A broad hall, or passage way, runs entirely through it on the lower floor, with a door at each end, so as to ensure a cool draught of air in sultry weather, and similar passage ways divide the tiers of rooms on each of the other floors. The dining room is a noble hall, calculated to seat two hundred persons — and the withdrawing rooms, which front towards the mountains and the rushing Peabody river, are spacious and airy, and exceedingly pleasant.

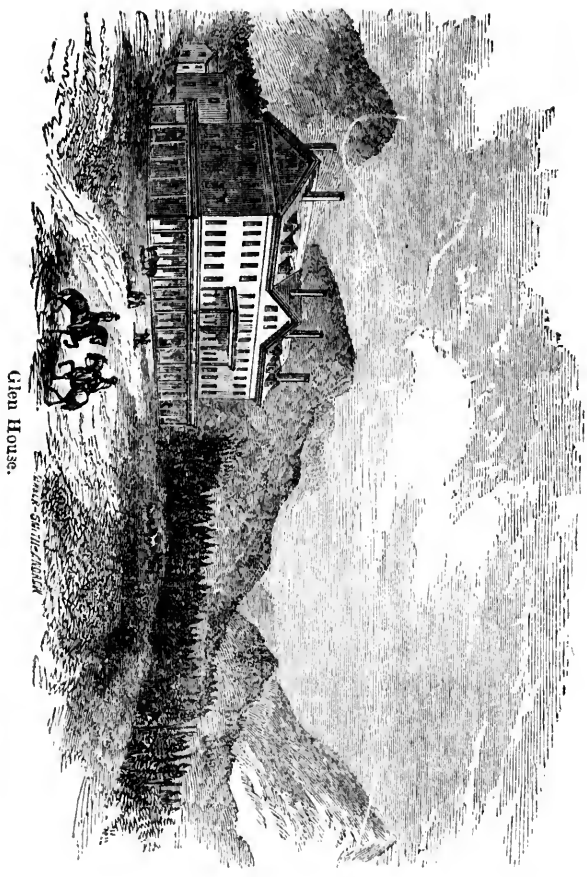
It would be difficult to conceive more complete arrangements for the accommodation of those who seek

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the mountain air or scenery, which may here be enjoyed in their fullest extent.

The smooth knoll on which the house is built is 830 feet above the sills of the Alpine House, or 1632 feet above tide water at Portland.

The romantic attractions of this locality — glens and gorges, streams, torrents, slides, lakelets and waterfalls — are unequalled by those of any other in the mountain region; while many of the steeps and ravines remain yet unexplored, tempting the courage and activity of the adventurer.

Our first business of course will be to ascend Mount Washington, which can be done by a shorter if not an easier path, from this point than from any other. An early start is desirable, since clouds are more likely to gather on the summits and obstruct the views in the after part of the day.

Taking a turn through the meadow, and crossing the Peabody, you enter the forest, and do not emerge thence until you get at least half way up. The growth consists of birch, beech, hemlock and maple, interspersed with spruce, fir, and the mountain ash, with an undergrowth of moosewood, bear berry, whortleberry, brakes, &c.

As in the ascent of Mount Moriah, the path appears exceedingly rough, and at times the obstacles in the way seem insurmountable; but the horses are well trained, and thousands make the ascent yearly, and the first accident therefrom has not yet occurred.

Here you mount steep ridges, anon file around precipitous crags, then again cross deep ravines and rushing torrents, the scenery ever changing, while the long train of horses, winding through the twi-

light gloom of the trees, present a picture such as the writers of old romance in their tales of robbers and banditti delighted to describe.

Emerging from the wood, you mount a stupendous spur of rock whose bare projections, unclothed by even a lichen, have been bleached with the storms of ages, and coming to a halt, you are more than compensated for the troubles you have encountered, by the view which presents itself, comprising the remote valley of the Androscoggin with its ribbon-like rail track, and its lateral agglomerations of billowy mountains, fading on the eye in the distance, and immediately below you the deep valley of the Peabody, with the Glen House in full view. Facing upwards on the right is the sharp cone of Jefferson, and on the left the shattered crags of Washington, and between is the gloomy depths of the GREAT GULF, whose fearful precipices have rarely if ever been descended.

The cavalcade at this point, can be seen from below, and presents a singular appearance. The horses with their riders, do not seem to walk, but move off noiseless and mysterious, things of strange shape, and it requires no great draft on the imagination of the beholder to fancy them the genii of the hills on their spirit rounds.

But our guide is becoming impatient — no time to linger when the mountain top, yet two miles distant, may be covered with clouds ere you reach it, unless you hasten your pace. The ladies look up; we are cut off from the lower world as it were — the fierce prospect is almost appalling. Yet difficulties are boldly faced here which elsewhere would be consid-

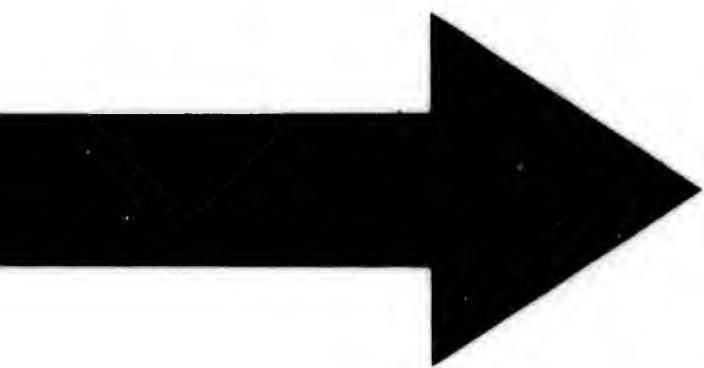
ered insurmountable. Or rather in many cases, like the moral obstacles we encounter in life, they are difficulties more in aspect than reality, and need but be boldly met to vanish.

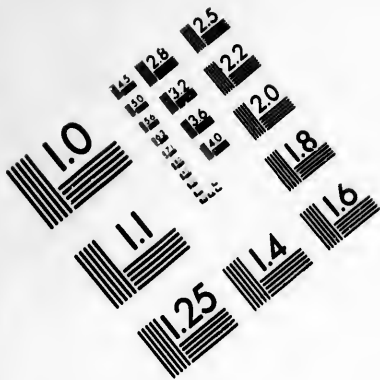
There are many other points in your progress up which command vast, varied and beautiful scenes — one particularly which looks out Northerly far along a teeming vista, just after you have scrambled up a tortuous path, and attained a level spot which invites to a moment's rest for your panting horses. Immortality of reputation would be the due of the painter who could transfer the vastitude and wild beauties of that scene to the canvass — the rude acclivity on which your party is grouped, as parties somewhat fatigued will naturally group themselves, for a foreground; for the medium distance the mountain on the right with its storm-blasted trees, its ragged escarpments and floating mists, leaning away as if to reveal the far, quiet "happy valley" for perspective, which with its smooth fields, its woods and waters, its hazy mountain confines, fades and commingles in the distance with a sky whose serene summer aspect, perchance, makes the heart glad.

But the word is still "onward;" resuming your march and toiling slowly over the broken and jagged masses of rock which cover the mountain for the last three quarters of a mile, you at last stand on the summit of Mount Washington.

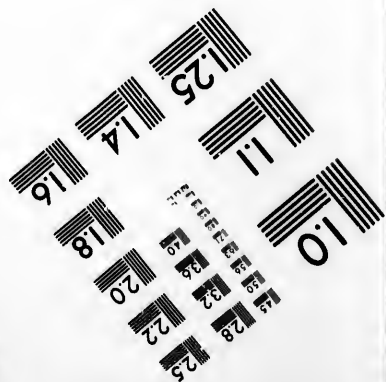
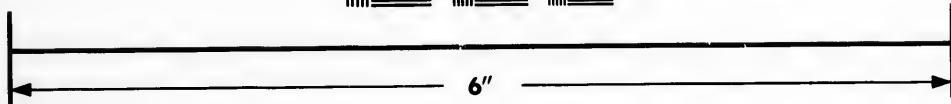
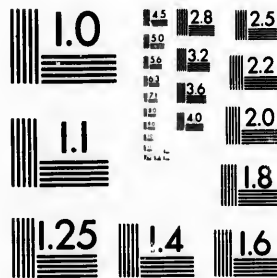
No one ever described the ocean so as to give a true impression of it, or the sea-like extent of one of our western prairies, or the falls of Niagara — and all attempts to impress the view, in a clear atmosphere, from Mt. Washington on others, must be nearly futile.







**IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



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You stand the center of a circle of country two hundred and fifty miles in diameter—high above all!

An ocean of earth billows, misty and sombre, reels away to the far horizon, on every side, an ocean which has, as it were by "stroke of the enchanter's wand," become suddenly and forever congealed, and that at a moment when whirlwind and tempest were heaving it into gigantic surges. We can conceive of no better comparison than the waste, the melancholy, tempest ridden main, frozen in the midst of its strength. Sunshine and shadow chase each other over the silent waste, light and darkness fleck its surface; but the prevailing feature is one of shadow and gloom.

Far in the North is Moose Head Lake, looking like a strip of burnished silver amidst a region over which the shadows of night have fallen. There too, is Mt. Kinco, and the elephantine summit of Katahdin crouching beyond. Westerly are the Green Mountains of Vermont rolling along the outer edge of the circle like the humps of a great sea serpent, and more than a hundred miles distant to the South West is Mount Monadnock, peeping over the intervening ridges, as if playing at hide-and-go-seek with some other titan a hundred or two miles off.

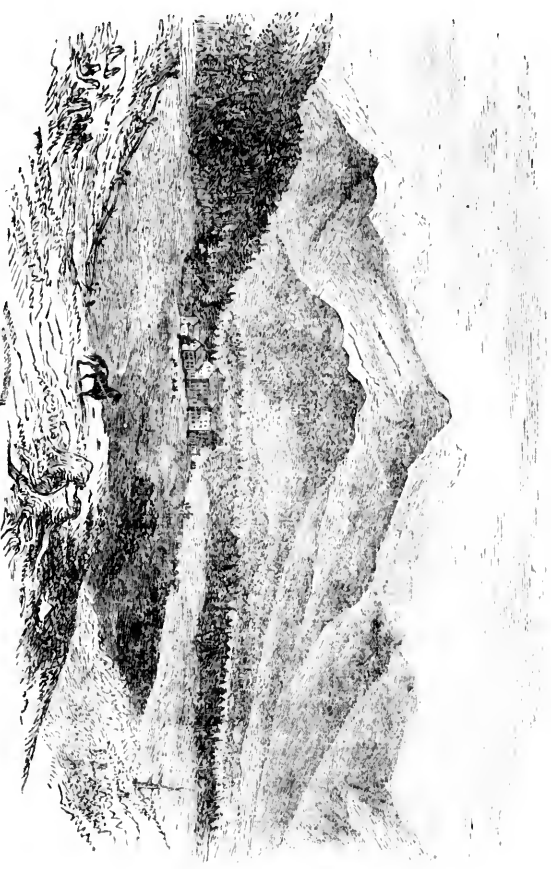
Sebago Lake at the South East, and Winnipisseogee more to the South, are also visible, with many other lakes and ponds, reduced to mere specks, glinting afar like diamonds, in the sombre waste; and the Androscoggin and Saco seem mere silver threads intricably tangled in a chaos of blue ridges and earth billows. Still beyond, at the termination of the vast perspective, when the atmosphere is free from haze, may be seen the ocean off Portland.

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Mount Washington from the Peabody Valley.



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However, it is not always that you have a clear sky over the mountains—as often as otherwise you are environed by clouds. The sun may shine about you, it is true, but all below may be a driving gulf of cloud and shadow, bounding your view, very likely, to a few acres of jagged and disintegrated rock, with the long, low building, which for other reasons than its altitude, has attained the name of “tip top house,” nestled down among them, as if cowering from the bleak atmosphere.

This latter feature puts us in mind that the journey up the mountain sharpens the appetite — but enter, and you will find an aspect of comfort even here among the clouds, and your wants will be nicely and amply provided for.

Here you may obtain accommodations for spending the night, and if on so doing, you should be so fortunate as to have clear weather at day break on the following morning, a rich reward will be yours.

In this case leave your couch early — go out on the rocks, (taking the precaution to don all the clothing you can come at,) just as the first grey streaks of morning begin to appear, and while yet the stars, which sparkle with a brilliancy unknown to the valleys below, continue their silent watches — when all below is involved in impenetrable obscurity. Amidst the strange solitude of the sky cavern above and about you, contemplate the re-creation of the world.

As the sky reddens in the east, the nearer crags slowly lift themselves from the gloom; then the forests far below are emulous to shake off the robe of night. The outlines of the more distant peaks in front, meanwhile become defined, and the spectral light

steals out gradually over the boundless prospect Eastward, and faintly streaks the lines and ridges which mark the boundaries of innumerable plains, vallies and lakes. The sky grows red as the sun approaches the horizon, and the wide earth partakes of the mellow hue. Objects insensibly become more distinct, until as the sun begins to show his disc, the line of the far off ocean gleams like fire, and every elevation in front and to the right and left, crowding to the remote horizon, rejoices in his welcome smiles.

Still the twilight gloom lingers in the fathomless vallies about you — and the mountains at the West are cold and grey; but with the rising sun, peak after peak is illumined as with fires kindled to herald the new creation's birth, and night has relinquished his dominion to his co-ruler, day.

The chief summits of the mountain group and all above the skirt of woods that clings round their waists, are but enormous heaps of torn, shattered, jagged and disintegrated rocks of every form and size. These rocks are a sort of half mixed granite; or to speak more scientifically, a micaceous shist passing into gneiss; and hoary with untold ages of storm, or blackened with the crisp lichens that defy the most intense cold, they present an appearance of indescribable desolation. Although not properly volcanic in their origin, there is but one theory by which you can account for the manner in which these debris were uppled; this is that the granite undercrust of this section of the globe was rent to atoms and hurled high into the empyrean by the explosion of pent up gasses — perhaps in the early ages of creation when the fires which still rage in the interior of the earth

had not retired so far from its surface. Lying edge-wise, end wise, and at every angle, it is evident that they *fell* as you now see them. What other theory will account for this condition of things; unless, indeed, you adopt the train of thought of a queer looking old gentleman whom we met absorbed in a brown study on the pinnacle of Washington, and with him exclaim, "What a monstrous waste of labor it must have been to bring all these big lumps of rock up here!"

By the early explorers of this region these mountains were called the *Crystal Hills*; and extravagant stories were told of the diamonds, carbuncles and other glittering stones with which they abounded; but the region is anything but rich in mineral wealth. The nearest approach to the "diamonds" are the agglomerated masses of quartz crystals which are found in some localities. Garnets, emerald, tourmaline, jasper, and iron pyrites are also found in less abundance; and it may be that as the mountains become more fully explored, a few other varieties may be added to the catalogue of their minerals.

Some of the early explorers told wonderful tales of the savage beasts that infested the ravines and valleys — of "grate Lyons whose roaring in the nyte" deprived them of sleep—and of terrific dangers which they encountered in scaling precipices, and fording rivers.

The Indians, gave still more extravagant accounts of the wonders of the mountains. From certain of the precipices, according to their descriptions, depended immense carbuncles, which, in the darkness of the night gleamed afar with supernatural brilliancy.

Some of their more fearless warriors had discharged arrows and muskets at these glittering stalactites, but misfortune immediately followed the perpetrators of such sacrilege, as it was deemed—and two or three of their number who had essayed to climb up and obtain the shining treasures were never heard of afterwards!

Indeed the savages fancied the mountain summits to be the abodes of invisible spirits who controlled the winds and tempests; and at times they offered sacrifices to them, and worshipped these mysterious beings. Similar superstitions also obtained among the more ignorant whites; and there are those at the present day, who cling to a belief in these supernatural agencies, and tell of the wonderful experience of their ancestors in regard to them.

Belknap says, that an ancient tradition prevailed among the savages that a deluge once overspread the land, and destroyed every human being except a single sachem and his squaw, who, perhaps assisted by the spirits of the winds, climbed to the top of the highest peak, and thus preserved the race from extermination.

The Indian name for the mountains was *Waum-beket Methna*, signifying mountains of the Snowy Foreheads. A more appropriate name could not have been selected, for their "foreheads" are white with snow nine months in the year. This in part may account for the preference which has been given to their present name over the more poetical one of Crystal Hills.

Mount Washington having been disposed of, the tourist will naturally inquire for other remarkable features of the vicinage; and none more deserve his attention than the two wild torrents, which have been

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Crystal Cascade.



named the **CRYSTAL CASCADE** and **GLEN ELLIS FALL**.

Owing to the Eastern declivities of the mountains being remote and difficult of access from the lines of travel, previous to the opening of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Rail Road, these beautiful objects, in common with many other of their wildest features, were almost unknown and they possess all the charms of novelty.

THE CRYSTAL CASCADE

Is a gift of Mount Washington, flung down upon the vallies to enliven the verdure, and rejoice with its music the echoes of the woods, rocks and glens. Its location is a secluded ravine about a hundred rods to the right of the road which now connects the great routes of travel East and West of the mountains, and about three miles from the Glen House.

The way from the Glen House down, developes scenery as romantic as any among the mountain passes; primitive forests into whose dank recesses human footsteps have seldom found their way; deep, rocky gullies, that send out the sound of rushing waters, frowning cliffs that have shaken from their shoulders into the vallies below masses of rock of every size and shape; scenes whose wildness is diversified with green nooks and hollows, where the fire weed, the wild aster, and epilobium display their petals to the welcome sun, or plume themselves in the mountain winds.

The stream which feeds the cascade takes its rise up among the heights of Mount Washington, and after winding its way through unexplored glens and forests, here finds its way down into regions where day can look upon it, through a rent in the ragged bluff;

which appears as though it were made there on purpose for the water to escape.

The whole height of the fall is perhaps eighty feet; the water, however, does not come in an unbroken sheet down, but steps from shelf to shelf, flinging showers of diamond dust on the impending foliage, until finally it takes a long jump into a deep basin with a ringing noise, as if expressive of satisfaction that it has got down into a district where it can pursue its rejoicing course with greater ease.

Such is the central portion of the cascade. Over other projections of the cliff, which are clothed with richly shaded green mosses, the impulsive stream occasionally shoots in glassy threads, tortuous in their descent as the roots of some giant tree, a liquid banyan. Hemlock and fir, and the ever tremulous birch, contend for a footing in every seam and fissure of the contiguous crags, grouped and scattered among their projections in such a manner as delights an artist, and over all, frowns Mt. Washington, strongly contrasting the brilliant play of the cascade, and the varied lively green of the adjacent forests.

GLEN ELLIS FALL.

This is another wild cataract on the East side of the mountains, in point of romantic beauty disputing for the palm of superiority with the Crystal Cascade; and some people even give it the preference over its more impetuous rival.

Its locality is about a mile further down the road, a few rods off to the left, in a deep ravine on Ellis River. You approach it through hoary, moss-bearded woods, whose solitudes ever reverberate the song of

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its waters, and in threading your way down occasionally catch glimpses of the embattled cliffs of Carter Mountain, not unfrequently overshadowed by heavy masses of clouds. Turning an abrupt bluff suddenly the fall bursts upon the view, sweeping down between two immense sections of precipice.

The water falls in an unbroken mass a distance of seventy feet, but owing to a bulge in the rock, twists to the left so as to make almost a complete turn before it reaches the deep basin in which it is lost below. Trees and shrubs climb the mural cliffs contiguous wherever they can get a footing, and from its summit, clinging with its long bird toes to the fissures of the rock, shoots a tall hemlock far over the rushing waters, nearly a hundred feet in height. How it has thus sustained itself on the dizzy verge through the fierce onslaughts of the mountain tempests, "from its youth up," seems a mystery, and looking upwards one almost expects to see it topple down, of its own weight; and yet on a recent occasion, when a party of visitors were present, a lad climbed to its very top, and looked down into the seething basin, a vacuum of nearly two hundred feet beneath him, with the utmost indifference—for which feat he considered a York shilling a handsome compensation!

This fall was christened with the name it now bears in the summer of 1852, by a party of ladies and gentlemen from Portland, who in hunting up the romantic scenery of the region, casually learnt of its existence. Although some of the inhabitants of the nearest towns had known of it, by report or otherwise, as the "Pitcher Fall," it is not mentioned in any of the guide books, and there is little doubt that it was wholly unknown to tourists.

The rivulet which supplies the water to the Crystal Cascade and this fall, has been named

THE CRYSTAL STREAM.

This stream was explored by a gentleman from Charleston, S. C., and the writer of these pages, in 1852, and unless traversed by the bear and deer hunters of the mountains, it had probably never been fully known before.

It was a question with visitors, where so large a body of water came from, and ascertaining that a spring, which had its rise three or four hundred yards Southerly from the top of Mount Washington, flowed in this direction, we ascended the mountain by the bridle path, and essayed to follow it down, rightly, as it proved, conjecturing that this was the source of the Stream.

Mr. Hall, to whose energy in part is to be attributed the construction of the house which is perched like an eagle's eyry, down among the summit crags, joined us. Keeping the brook in sight, we descended, leaping from crag to crag, where a false step might have broken a leg, if nothing worse, until we were arrested in our progress by a yawning chasm six or seven hundred feet in depth!

Our brook, or more properly torrent, augmented by several tributaries which it had pressed into its service on its way down, here spread out over a shelving rock, and falling in a hundred dripping streams, was lost to our view below. Again far down through the shattered rocks and blasted shrubbery, at the bottom of the immense gulf, it appeared in sight, winding its way in snowy foam, or gleaming like silver, where it

slid over some smooth shelf, but the sound of the falling and rushing water ceased to vibrate the atmosphere ere it reached the lofty spur on which we stood. All to us was silence, wild and mysterious.

Against the edges of the surrounding cliffs the clouds occasionally drove, in their retreat throwing a deeper gloom over the savage scenes below. As Jefferson said of the passage of the Shenandoah and Potomac, through the Blue Ridge, the scene was worth a trip across the Atlantic to behold.

By making a detour of half a mile, appearances indicated that we might descend into the ravine without much trouble, but we were pressed for time, and would gain an hour, perhaps, if we could descend from the point where we were standing; so we resolved to make the attempt.

The precipice was jagged with projections, seamed with fissures, and had many a rugged shelf that afforded good foot hold, and lowering ourselves down by the cavities in one place, making a jump in another, anon following a descending seam, and where we could do no better, making a short slide, we at length reached a broad projection of ledge, partly covered with earth, dank mosses and trailing grasses, among which grew a perfect swamp of wild flowers, deep blue, brilliant yellow, white and pink, some of them of fine fragrance, and all new to me.

The position we occupied was continually wet with the mists and spray from the descending water. Looking up, the wildness and sublimity of the scene were almost terrifying. Imagine a rugged bluff some four hundred feet above us, darkened by hovering clouds, its surface for the width of fifty yards striated all over

with innumerable ribbons and strings of liquid crystal, which ribbons and strings were changed into diamond dust by the action of the atmosphere before they reached the rock below, and you may have a faint conception of it. From the many ramifications into which the water was divided where it fell over the precipice, we gave it the name of the **FALL OF A THOUSAND STREAMS.**

We had still a descent of two or three hundred feet to make; but beneath us, and stretching up a hollow along the base of the precipice, for the distance of a hundred yards or more, was a bed of ice and snow, and far down the dark, misty glen, rolled the voiceless stream, tempting us onward: so turning our faces to the rock, we resumed our scramble down, and after various difficulties, some of which taxed our ingenuity and nerves not a little, we stood on a level with the snow bank, and gave three cheers which were returned with three times three by the mural cliffs around!

Next to the face of the bluff, the snow had melted away so as to leave a gap between, too wide to jump: we therefore descended, and passed under the snow bank through a passage made by the torrent, where an arch, at least ten feet in thickness, was above our heads. This was late in the season, the 20th of August, and from the depth of the bank, its granulated appearance, and from a small dark vegetable mould or lichen, with which it was covered, we knew that it had remained from the previous winter, and had some reason to suppose that it was perpetual.

Here Mr. Hall left us; and weary with the exertions made in the descent, we flung ourselves on a shrubby knoll, and more leisurely looked about us.—

We were walled in on all sides but to the Southward, by precipices and steep acclivities, from five hundred to a thousand feet in height, the diameter of the circular array of cliffs being scarcely quarter of a mile. What better name could attach to such a spot, than the

MOUNTAIN COLISEUM.

On the South West the shaggy steeps of Mount Munroe were marked with the track of many an avalanche, which bearing in its course the stunted trees, rocks and gravel, had encumbered the ravine with their debris, presenting a picture of perfect desolation. Northerly, over the frowning cliffs by which we had found our way down, trailed the Fall of a Thousand Streams, in many places shattered into spray by projecting crags, but immediately condensing to stream down over other projections, until concentrating its force in a shelving hollow, it broke away, a fierce torrent down through the boulders and blasted shrubbery of the ravine.

Farther to the Northward towered Mount Washington above the mural cliffs, and at their base stretched along the belt of snow and ice, in strong relief against their dark back ground. A little farther to the right, the ravine was strown with enormous shattered fragments of rock, which had tumbled from the upper cliffs, and farther East frowning over the mouth of the ravine, a lofty spur of Mt. Washington took peculiar shapes; and relieved against the blue sky, it required no great stretch of imagination to fancy them the genii of the mountains frowning on us for intruding into their secret domains.

Far down through the passage which opened out of

this stupendous amphitheatre of rock, swept a waste of forest tops, concealing with their exuberant verdure the rough steeps that sustained them, and beyond rolled away the lesser hills of the range, billow after billow, till the eye wearied in tracing them through the violet haze of the horizon.

A week's study of the oceanic pictures to be seen from the top of Mt. Washington, would not give so vivid an impression of the elevation and hugeness of the mountains, as a glance at the craggy walls of that singular glen!

It must not be inferred that the ruggedness of this picture was entirely without enlivening features.— There were flowers of various hues growing luxuriantly among the rocks and along the bed of the torrent—the erigeron and blue aster, epilobium, and others for which though familiar, I have no name; and on a dry knoll, near the snow bank, a cluster of strawberry plants were just struggling into blossom, while close about us grew a patch of stunted whortleberry bushes, blue with fruit. The berries, however, were sour, and had the appearance of being a species between what is called the black whortleberry and the blue variety.

With a lingering look at the sublime scene, we resumed our scramble downwards, keeping to the rough bed of the stream, in preference to trusting to the scraggy shrubs which had penetrated through the pass, the *tete d' arme* of the vast forest columns that were pressing up the steeps from all sides below.

The water plunged and curvetted, and leaped from rock to rock, and so did we! Here it spread out into a deep basin, there it rushed forward impetuously, and

with one long leap was lost in some dark chasm, sending forth a hollow roar that resembled distant thunder. Now passing through a narrow passage, it spread fan-like over a smooth shelf; again it was lost under a gigantic boulder, to gush up below as if forced out by some tremendous engine. Many of these boulders, hundreds of tons in weight, encumber the ravine; in composition they seem entirely diverse from the rock strata of the locality.

Following the bed of the stream thus down the wild gorge a mile or so, it brought us suddenly upon the borders of a small lake, that lay in the embrace of an arm of Mt. Washington, as it were in trance, reflecting on its shining surface the wandering clouds, the frowning cliffs, and the grizzly, moss-bearded spruces that in close array, leaned out from its shores. This we named the HERMIT LAKE.

No bird winged his flight over its glassy waves, no sound disturbed the repose of its scraggy woods, but it lay in the lap of the hills, where it had remained for ages unvisited by any living thing except the sullen bear or prowling wolf, or possibly the fearless hunters of the region—a picture of utter loneliness.

There is a lakelet on the elevated plain between Mounts Franklin and Washington, "a gem in the setting of granite," called the "Lake of the Clouds," which has won the admiration of tourists, but our Hermit Lake embosomed in this deep mountain gorge, glassing the rude cliffs and thicket woods around, is infinitely more lone and enticing.

The entire fall of the stream, from its first appearance near the top of Mount Washington, down to the Crystal Cascade, is over four thousand feet, or more

than three quarters of a mile — the whole distance of its course about five miles. From the Hermit Lake to the Cascade, a distance of not far from three miles, its career is through a deep gorge darkened by precipitous ledges and encumbered with vast boulders, shattered stumps, and the chaotic remains of slides from the steep ridges on either hand, under which and over which the hurrying waters fret and foam, bound and plunge, in every conceivable form and manner, producing many falls that will compare in wildness and beauty, if not in height, with either the Crystal, or Glen Ellis Fall. Then there are sparkling basins deeply worn in the rock, and level curvatures dammed up by boulders, dead trees and gravel, and overshadowed by the pendant branches of the mountain ash, aspen poplar and tremulous birch, fit for the gambols of Naiads—exquisitely beautiful.

In some places the forest trees crowd close to the rushing water, clinging with their brawny roots to the bare rocks and dank hollows; in others they retreat back over steep escarpments, which produce almost unceasing twilight in the ravine.

BIRCH PITCH,

Is the name which has attached to a fall about half a mile above the Crystal Cascade, where two colossal dead birches lift their spectre arms from the very midst of the stream.

The locality is choked with the debris of winter floods, through which the water foams and frets, and on which the brilliant tinged summer flowers bloom as if in rockery of the desolation around. The name was suggested by a gentleman who was one of the

most active advocates and forwarders of the rail road, and first President of the Corporation, who, in company with the landlord of the Glen House and the writer of these pages, ascended the stream to this point, before its further exploration.

Some twenty rods below, a columnar fall has excavated a deep cistern, about six feet in diameter, in a level flat of compact granite, and as nicely as if wrought by machinery. Out of this the limpid water pours into a smooth bowl, ten or twelve feet in circumference, also hollowed in the rock, an excellent arrangement for a cold bath.

In short the romantic features of the stream are almost endless; and they may be reached with hardly so much fatigue as is experienced in the ascent of Mt. Washington on foot. But probably a bridle path will, in time, be made along the border of the ravine, even to the top of Mt. Washington, bringing the tourist in contact with all its romantic features.

The Crystal Stream is not the same with the Peabody River, as some suppose; but pours its waters into the Ellis River, over Glen Ellis Fall, having crossed the Pinkham Road in three several divisions, which are spanned by gridiron bridges. It is, however, asserted by dwellers among the mountains, that it formerly ran into the Peabody, and that during the memorable storm of August, 1826, when the Willey family were destroyed, the stream excavated a new channel.

It should be borne in mind that the objects we have here attempted to describe, are all connected with one of the mountain gorges; the exploration of others may reveal many features quite as sublime and beautiful.

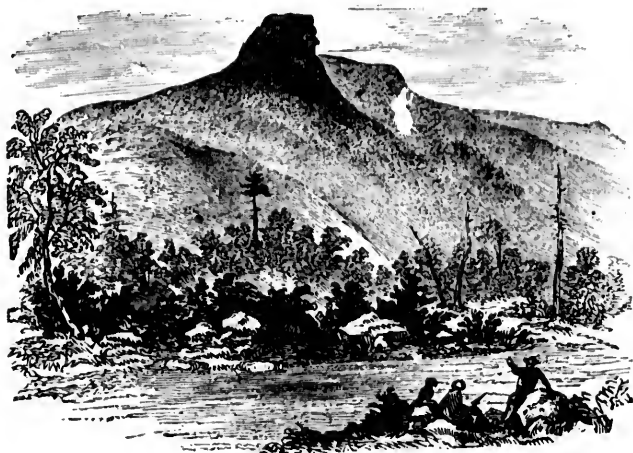
NINETEEN MILE BROOK.

The Glen House is in the midst of streams and brooks which abound with trout, not to mention in this connection the teeming Peabody. The principal one of these is Nineteen Mile Brook, so designated because the point where it crosses the Pinkham Road about half a mile below the house, is just nineteen miles from the boundary line of Conway. It is a most romantic stream, working its way through rocky glens and forests, whose lonely seclusions have never been explored, excepting by the adventurous hunters—having its source in the gorge between Hight and Carter mountains, some three or four miles up. The fisher who possesses an ordinary degree of skill can hardly fail of procuring an abundance of trout in its dark pools and shady ripples in all weathers.

Near the source of this stream, among wooded steeps and shattered crags, that burst up into the sky in the wildest forms, is a deep lakelet, whose waters approach in clearness the atmosphere itself—a perfect gem of the wilderness. Its Western borders are overshadowed by a ragged precipice from three to four hundred feet in perpendicular height, crowned with forests; and with this for a base line, its shore describes a semi-circle, and is fringed with a sandy beach which is seldom trod except by the wild deer who come here to drink.

The precipice, on the discharge of a gun, it is said, gives back a strange echo, at times clear and oft repeated, again confused as the uproar on a battle field. Hunters represent that an enormous slide on the South East slope of Mount Hight, has filled the ravine

through which flows the head waters of the Ellis River, with shattered trees, and boulders of huge dimensions; and is continually tumbling down masses of rock, which tearing their way through all obstructions, have created a picture of terrible devastation. The section offers a fine field for the explorations of the adventurous tourist.



THE IMP

An object of interest to the curious between the Alpine and Glen Houses, is a grotesque figure or sphinx, colossal in its proportions, formed by the crags of the Imp Mountain. It is seen to the best advantage on the Westerly side of the Peabody River, in the afternoon; and in order to get to the point of observation, the excursionist must cross the bridge about a mile and half below the Glen House, where the old post road turns off towards Randolph, and proceed thence a quarter of a mile or so down the left bank of the river, to the first farm house.

The image looks up the valley, as if on duty as a sentry, but like a sentry who has become dozy through long watchfulness. Many think it a more wonderful icon than the celebrated "Old Man of the Mountain" at Franconia. However this may be, all must concur that the ride down from the Glen House, is one whose picturesque attractions will well repay the time and cost of the excursion.

HEIGHTS OF THE PRINCIPAL SUMMITS.

The heights of the principal mountain peaks, as ascertained by William A. Goodwin, Esq., one of the engineers of the rail road, is —

Washington,	6285 feet.
Adams,	5790 "
Jefferson,	5710 "
Madison,	5361 "

The elevation of the other summits, according to old measurements, is —

Clay,	5011 feet.
Munroe,	5349 "
Franklin,	4850 "
Pleasant,	4715 "
Clinton,	4200 "

Several other peaks attain to an altitude of more than 3000 feet, among which are Mounts Moriah, Webster, Crawford, Kiasarge, Hight and Carter.

To the great body of pleasure travelers, SUMMER is the season when the mountains present their greatest attractions. Then there are crowds at the hotels, and

none lack company in their excursions to the various interesting localities. Then acquaintances are formed which not unfrequently ripen into tenderer ties; then the high sun looks into every secluded glen and valley, clothes the trees in the glossiest green, and lures out the cheery wild flowers into every green nook and forest opening.

And they who seek the hills for their more novel but transient attractions, will delay their pilgrimage till after the first frosts of *AUTUMN* have been abroad, dispensing regal garments to the vegetable world, as it were preparatory to the advent of the Winter King. When every precipice is hung with tapestry more brilliant in its hues than ever emanated from oriental loom, and the forests are inlaced, as it were, with iridescent decorations, whose splendor and profusion, art, backed up by all the wealth in the world, cannot approach. Autumn in its Indian summer aspect, when the mountains put off their cloud shawls, and stand up in the violet hued atmosphere in the repose of conscious power, every ridge and outline clearly defined — when the streams in the deep dells respond to the glances of the sun with a hazy and uncertain glimmer, and the grass in the meadow droops, and the blue aster in the shadow of the wood vainly strives to put on its summer smile.

In a letter to the Boston Transcript, in the fall of 1852, from Rev. T. Starr King, written after a trip over the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Rail Road, we find the following passage:

“The only way to appreciate the magnificence of the Autumnal forest scenery in New England, is to observe it on the hills. I have never before had a

conception of its gorgeousness. The appearance of the mountain sides as we wound between them and swept by, was as if some omnipotent magic has been busy with the landscape. It was hard to assure oneself that the cars had not been switched off into fairy land, or that our eyes had not been dyed with the hues of the rainbow. No dream could have had more brilliant or fantastic drapery.

"Now we would see acres of the most gaudy yellow heaped upon a hill side: soon a robe of scarlet and yellow would grace the proportions of a stalwart sentinel of the valleys, here and there a rocky and naked giant had thrown a brilliant scarf of saffron and gold around his loins and across his shoulders; and frequently a more sober mountain with aristocratic and unimpeachable taste, would stand out, arrayed from chin to feet, in the richest garb of brown, purple, vermilion, and straw color, tempered by large spots of heavy and dark evergreen. It did not seem possible that all these square miles of gorgeous carpeting and brilliant upholstery had been the work of one week, and had all been evoked by the wand of frost, out of the monotonous green which June had flung over nature. The trees seemed to have bloomed into roses, or rather to be each a nosegay, done up into proper shape, and waiting to be plucked for the hand of some Brobdignag belle."

But he who wishes to see the mountains in their most sublime aspects, must traverse their passes in WINTER. Let him, for instance, follow up the Peabody in January. Then the sun scarcely rises above the uplifted horizon of mountain ridges, and the snowy crowns of Mount Washington and his compeers, in

contrast with the bleak forests that cling about their hips, glitter with a dazzling whiteness that makes the eye quiver. Or if contemplated in the moonlight, their dimly defined peaks, against the field of cold blue that characterizes the sky, seem imbued with a phosphorescent glow that lights up the sky cavern, and will make the traveler almost fancy himself in spectre-land.

Then the mountain torrents pile up sparry palaces and grottos of crystal, against the precipices, and hang the impending woods with glittering stalactites, creating an array of splendor that might vie with the fabled beauties of fairy land.

Then the voice of the ice bound river is hushed, and silence watches over every object, silence and boding solitude, — save when the fitful wind rushes out from the top of Mount Washington and shakes the powdered snow from his hoary locks in blinding wreaths on the deep sunken passes. But it is time we were prosecuting our journey round the mountains.

THE MOUNTAIN CIRCUIT.

The tourist who wishes to obtain a knowledge of all the most prominent features of the mountains, should make their circuit, by the stage line that runs daily through the Pinkham valley.

This route passes in the vicinity of the Crystal and Glen Falls, and thence through the town of Jackson to Bartlett. At the latter place it intersects the old road up the valley of the Saco, leading through the Notch, passing which it strikes off to the right some six miles beyond, and makes a detour over Cherry Mountain, and through Jefferson, Kilkenny and Randolph, back to the Station House.

Leaving the Glen House by this route, you proceed some half a dozen miles over a rough road, then strike upon a turnpike, in a more smooth and open country, whence for miles you have a full view of the loftiest summits, Mount Washington included, in their Southern aspects — a view unsurpassed for sublimity and beauty, and which the eye leaves with regret.

At Jackson village, on the Ellis stream, is a picturesque waterfall some seventy or eighty feet in height, which, although curbed up to do the labor of a small mill, claims a full share of attention. Eight miles this side of the Notch, on the banks of the Saco, is the

MOUNT CRAWFORD HOUSE.

This place for many years, and up to the time of his death, was the residence of "old Abel Crawford" the pioneer settler of the mountain district, whose venerable countenance, and whose fund of anecdotes in reference to his early life and experience among the mountains, will be well remembered by all who have ever tarried with him.

At the back of the house winds the Saco, through a channel which it has worn in the solid granite — probably the patient work of centuries, and the scenery around possesses many attractions.

The house still retains its original name, but few traces of the old mansion of the Crawfords can be discovered in the large, handsome and commodious hotel into which it has grown by successive additions.

Six miles off among the woods and hills, is the secluded lakelet known as Bemis Pond, famed in the elder Crawford's time for its noble trout, and as it is not much visited, it is still in high repute by those

who consider a basket full of fine fish, as sufficient compensation for the difficulties and fatigue to be experienced in reaching it. The brooks and streams in the vicinity, which are much more easily accessible, are also favorite resorts of the trout fisher.

Mount Washington may be ascended from this point by a road which passes over Mount Crawford, and overlooks the Saco valley, with its winding river and mountain barriers, Southward.

Proceeding towards the Notch from the Mount Crawford House, the scenery constantly enchains the attention of the tourist. Mountains of the most rugged aspect tower away on either hand, whose sides are broken into crags, and scarified by the tracks of many an avalanche, or strown with blasted trees which have been torn up and hurled down the precipices by tempests, while up their steep gullies still press the undaunted forests, varying the roughness of the scene with their luxuriant and lively green, with here and there some richly tinted maple or birch, that has been touched by unseasonable frosts, towering in their midst as if the standard bearers of the gallant array.

Nearer at hand sings the wayward river, amidst its fringe of trees, or deploys some grain field, weltering in the mountain wind, whose breath even in the most serene summer day is never wholly hushed; or the forests approach the road and inlock their arms so as to form a green arch above you more elaborate in its tracery and ornaments than the noblest gothic minster can boast.

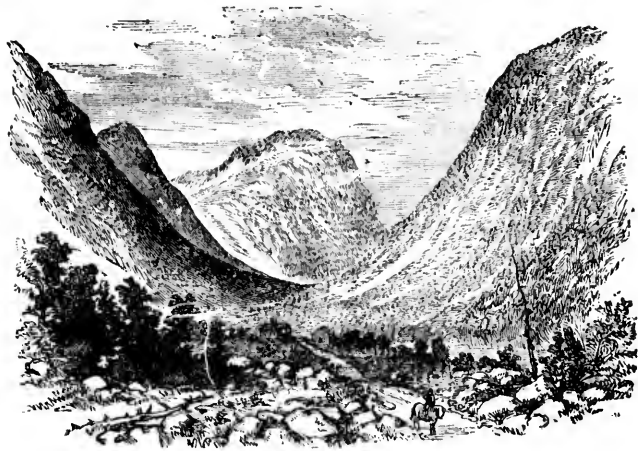
Meanwhile, owing to the sinuosities of the road, the traveler soon becomes surrounded by mountains. Before him, behind him, on the right and on the left,

they tower like immense unscalable ramparts, apparently leaving no chance for egress.

Such is the character of the scenery until you arrive at the

WILLEY HOUSE,

Six miles from the Mount Crawford House, and two miles Southerly of the Notch. The scenery here is unsurpassed in grandeur and beauty; but there is a melancholy interest connected with the place calculated to swerve the mind from its natural attractions. It was here that the Willey family (from



The Willey House.

whom the house derives its name) consisting of nine persons, including two boarders, were destroyed by an avalanche on the night of the 28th of August, 1826, during a terrific tempest. Probably feeling the earth shake beneath them with the concussion of the elements, (*probably*, for none of them escaped to tell the tale;) or it may be, still more alarmed by the premon-

itory tremblings of the down eaving mountain, they forsook their house and fled towards a recess in the rocks, which had been fitted up as a shelter in case of any such calamity, but the sliding mountain — torrent, rocks, trees, earth and gravel, grinding and thundering in its descent with a commotion that made even the dwellers at the distant Crawford farm, tremble with apprehension, swept over and buried them, while the house from which they had fled, owing to the avalanche being divided by a spur of the bed rock in its rear, remained unharmed! Seven of the bodies were subsequently dug out, and buried together down by the river a little to the right of the house. A mound of stones, marks the spot, which yearly increases in size, it having become a practice for visitors each to add a stone.

That wild night is still remembered with terror by those who experienced its effects in other parts of the mountain gleus — the fitful moanings of the gale, the rushing of the great rain through the darkness, the crash of the thunderbolt, the momentary fall of rocks loosened from the heights, crushing the mighty pines and birches in their headlong career down the mountain steeps, and the boom of the flooded torrents and streams! The old man Crawford used to relate that the Saeco rose as it were at a bound, to the level of his house, twenty or thirty feet from its ordinary bed, and even flooded his lower floors to the depth of a foot or more; but retired almost as suddenly.

Professor Espy, in some of his writing states that there may be a condition of the atmosphere which will precipitate the clouds into a dense column of water instantaneously; and several years after the

catastrophe in question, while on the spot and witnessing the remains of the slide in the heaps of stumps, roots and boulders that still obstructed the channel of the river, he unhesitatingly gave it as his opinion that something near this sudden condensation of the clouds, must have taken place and caused it.

The house remained as it was left, for years, a sort of hospice for travelers whose business led them through that dreary wild in winter, though untenanted in summer; but it has more recently expanded into a large and commodious hotel, which the great increase of summer travel seemed to require at that point, and is now kept in a manner that cannot fail of being satisfactory to those who may tarry here to examine the interesting features of the neighborhood.

The scenery for the remaining two miles to the Notch is of the same sublime character with that we have endeavored to describe on the route up from the Mount Crawford House, the majestic, the wild and beautiful, varied by new lights and shades, giving it the charm of novelty, each successive hour in the day.

THE NOTCH.

Approaching this stupendous rocky gate way, Mt. Webster lifts its shattered walls on the right, and on the left soars Mt. Willard, with a deep dark ravine at its base, far down which the Saco, here a mere rivulet, runs its rejoicing course, hidden among the thick array of pines and spruces. The road is built at the side of this ravine, and as you pass along you may catch occasional glimpses through the tree tops below you, of the water twisting and sparkling among the rocks and bushes at its bottom.

The whole vast chasm between Mounts Webster

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The White Mountain Notch.



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and Willard, extending at least for two miles, is the wonderful feature of the locality, and there are few wonders with which the civilized world are conversant, that will compare with it, but the narrow gateway, hewn by the hand of Nature through the solid rock, some twenty-five feet in width, and twenty in depth, is usually recognized as the "Notch."

On the left as you go up, about half a mile this side of the gap or gateway, a beautiful fall comes leaping and sliding down the rocks and fissures, called the *Silver Cascade*. This has been much admired in by gone times, but contrasted with the Crystal Cascade and Glen Ellis Fall, it does not appear to advantage, unless just after a shower, when it comes rollicking down, and scattering its spray to the rocks and shrubs on either hand, with a coquettish display of its charms, as if sensible of its increased importance!

Looking up on the other side in the beetling wall of Mt. Willard, and near its summit, the mouth of a dark cavern, called the Devil's Den, catches the eye. Some years ago a gentleman was lowered by a strong rope, from the crag above, down to this cavern. There were bones and skulls about it, as if it had been the resort of wild animals,—who might have approached by seams and fissures in the rocks known only to themselves—but dangling over a gulf a thousand feet in depth, with a prospect of encountering a wild cat or wolf, if he entered the cavern, was a little too much for his nerves, and he was glad enough to get a foot hold on the cliff again.

Minute descriptions of such romantic localities as the Notch, generally fail to give any correct idea of them, and we will only add that the eye wearies in

contemplating the varied objects of grandeur and beauty which characterize the section.

Just beyond the Notch is the large and commodious hotel known as the Crawford or

NOTCH HOUSE,

built within two or three years. It is under the proprietorship of Mr. J. L. Gibb, who won a merited popularity as keeper of the Lafayette House, at the Franconia Notch, and now in a more enlarged sphere, is a deserved favorite with travelers.

From this point, looking Northerly, the country is more level, the mountains retiring on either hand and leaving a valley, through which winds the river Ammonoosuc. This stream takes its rise in Mt. Washington, receiving tributaries from Mts. Munroe, Franklin, Pleasant, Clinton, Willard and Tom.

From this house a carriage path has been constructed to the top of Mt. Willard, where those who cannot endure the fatigues of ascending the more eminent summits, may obtain views of the majesty of the mountain scenery, which in many respects equal, and in some surpass, those from more elevated points.

A good bridle path also departs hence, leading over Clinton, Pleasant, Franklin and Munroe, to the top of Mount Washington, diversified in its far and immediate views so as to give the excursion a never flagging interest.

Continuing on our tour around the mountains, four miles further, you come to the location where stood the Mount Washington House, which building was burnt to the ground in the spring of 1853. This, on account of its romantic attractions, was one of the

earliest fashionable resorts of the region, and another hotel will doubtless be put up on the site of the old one. Here you have a full view of the Westerly declivities of the mountains, embracing all the highest peaks, whose beauty has often called forth encomiums in print.

The soft, purple hue, at times thrown over their lone ridges by the summer sunsets, enhances their attractions from this point.

The old bridle path hence for ascending Mount Washington is carefully constructed, and as the return route is different from that of the ascent, the whole tour possesses a never flagging interest.

The Lower Ammonoosuc Falls, distant half a mile from this place, should not be passed by without the notice of the excursionist, and the locality of the two "Upper Falls" of the Ammonoosuc, four miles distant, and reached by a romantic bridle path winding off among the hills and vallies, is still more attractive, not only on account of the peculiar wildness and beauty of the plunging and boiling waters, but for the wide and deep wells worn by their whirling motion in the solid rock, similar to those in Albany, and more perfect, but not so immense.

A long and narrow heap of earth fifty feet in height, called the Giant's Grave, near the site of the house, is supposed by some to be the work of people who lived in that lost age when the mounds and enclosures of the Great Western valley were reared. Perhaps they journeyed far from the pleasant clime of the Ohio, and erected this mound as an altar to the Deities of the mountains; many of the mounds of the far West being known to inclose altars. A cannon dis-

charged at this point, or the blast of a bugle, will set the distant forest escarpment in front echoing and reverberating with an industry and clangor truly remarkable.

THE WHITE MOUNTAIN HOUSE

Is but half a mile beyond this locality, and of course possesses the same charms of scenery. It is a modern built, neat and commodious establishment, and its landlord, Col. John H. White, is a gentleman who appreciates, and attends accordingly to the wants of the traveler.

It is not our province to decide as to the superiority of either of these mountain hotels. Each has its warm advocates, and it is sufficient in a guide book, like this, to state the simple fact that they are all good.

Brook or mottled trout may be caught more or less plentiful, in all the mountain rivulets and streams; and there is no loss to attain this kind of sport from any of the houses. Find a brook, a pond, or a stream any where in the region, said a facetious friend, and you have only to drop a line to the cunning little rogues, and they will be all ready!

THE NORTHERN SLOPES.

Thus far the tourist has been brought into contact with the finest and most noted objects of the mountain scenery on the East, South and West. With the exception of the views from Randolph Hill and Berlin Falls, we have had little to say in regard to the Northern slopes, and it is but justice to state that they possess features of grandeur and beauty, although of a different character, not surpassed by any of those already witnessed.

A line of stages runs daily from Gibb's, round to the Alpine or Station House, arriving at the latter point in season for an early dinner, and to take the noon train of cars so that the traveler, who has followed with me, leaving Gibb's, or White's in the morning, if so disposed, may arrive at Portland at 4 o'clock, and in Boston by 9 P. M., of the same day, besides being enabled to complete the circuit of the central and loftiest summits of the White Mountain group!

From Gibb's down to White's, we have already alluded to the scenery; from the latter point the road passes for the first two miles through a primitive forest, in whose deep, shady recesses, the squirrel chatters undisturbed, and the cawing of the jay rings wild and wide. Presently you find yourself ascending, by easy gradations, the slopes of Cherry Mountain, over which you pass, and crossing Israel's River, come upon the more open country of the township of Jefferson.

You are still among the bits, but the road is excellent, and patches of wheat, rye, barley and oats, are spread over the undulations, while the broomy pasture lands higher up, afford sustenance to numerous sheep and cattle, and here and there on some green fiat, or under some sheltering knoll, you discover a snug farm house, with its hay stack near by, or its spacious barn wide open, as if in expectation of the incoming harvest — scenes pleasantly varying from the untamed luxuriance and stern aspects of the mountains, with which you have been of late conversant.

Meanwhile you again come in view of the monarch of the mountain region lifting his hoary forehead into communion with the clouds, or throwing back the glances of the morning sun — with his lofty support-

ers crowding near, and the unfathomed ravines that drop away in darkness and shadow from their craggy ridges; and distance gives them that appearance of calm dignity, which seems to be the attribute of exaltation and power, no less among mountains, than men!

For seven or eight miles while passing through Jefferson, Kilkenny and Randolph, you thus retain some of the principal peaks in sight, and only lose them on approaching the Alpine House.

FRANCONIA.

If the tourist before completing the circuit we have just traced out, wishes to visit Franconia Notch, he may do so by taking the stage at White's, the distance being about twenty miles.

THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAINS, a gigantic profile of the human face cut by the hand of Nature on a tall cliff far up a wooded hill, is one of the most remarkable objects of this section. The "Old Man's Lake," a small clear sheet of water, which flows under the mountain ridge, might appropriately be called the Old Man's Mirror.

THE BASIN, another object of attraction to the curious at this point, is a deep excavation in the bed rock of the Pemigewasset Stream, some twenty-five feet in diameter, and thirty feet in depth from the original surface of the rock, and contains some fifteen feet of water. The stream still rushes through it, continuing the slow process of enlargement.

ECHO LAKE, is a small but deep sheet of water, a short distance from the Lafayette House, surrounded by cliffs and mountains. A gun discharged from the surface of this lake creates reverberations almost deafen-

ing — seeming more like the opening roar of a park of artillery on a battle field than mere echoes. The writer of these pages, so far as he is aware, was the first to discover this remarkable phenomenon. Passing through this Notch some eighteen years ago, just as the then landlord and his newly married wife were taking possession, he sauntered down to the lake. An old skiff lay upon the shore, and a loaded gun stood against a neighboring tree, where the landlord who had been watching for wild ducks, had left it. Wishing to get a view of the hills from the midst of the lake, and at the same time thinking possibly to get a shot at the host's expected game, he took the gun on board and shoved out into the midst of the water, and on discharging it, the echoing crash was such, that for a moment, he really thought the concussion, slight as it was, had shaken down some of the cliffs of the mountain which towers near !

THE FLUME is a deep narrow chasm dividing an immense bluff, some two hundred feet long, and seventy feet high, through which a branch of the Pemigewasset comes rushing down. At the upper end a large granite boulder, probably fallen from above, has got firmly wedged in, some twelve feet above the water !

THE POOL, a small, deep pond almost entirely walled in by rocky cliffs, and FERRIN'S POND, secluded among the trees, are also attractive objects of the vicinage ; and the section further abounds in scenery of a character calculated to gratify the taste of the lover of nature.

THE FRANCONIA NOTCH, as the pass is called, is formed by Mounts Lafayette and Jackson — the for-

mer rising to the height of 5700 feet above the level of the sea.

The hotels are, the Lafayette House, kept by Mr. L. W. Cobleigh, Jr., close under Mount Lafayette, and the Flume House, six miles further down the Pemigewasset, under the proprietorship of Mr. R. Taft, both of which vie with the other hotels of the mountain region in their efforts to please the traveling public.

But we will suppose ourselves once more arrived at the Alpine House. This spacious hotel from its excellent accommodations, attracts the pleasantest class of company, and hence as well as on account of its central position in the broad, open valley of the Androscoggin, it is a superior place to settle down, recruit, and enjoy the mountain air.

Among the many other conveniences which the proprietors of the house have bestowed upon it with an unsparing hand, is the establishment here of a **TELEGRAPHIC STATION**, communicating with all the principal cities and towns of the States and Canada, and thus enabling the tourist, while enjoying the diversions of the mountains, to inform himself, at any moment, of the condition of affairs at home. This is certainly a most important desideratum to those who have left relatives or friends in ill health behind, or whose business calls require their personal supervision.

Ere resuming our seat in the rail car, it would be well to state to the excursionist, that if, having "done up" the objects and points of attraction which we

have heretofore pointed out in this section, he wishes for further appropriation of his time, he will find a drive by the high road to Shelburne, six miles down the river, a delightful jaunt, passing as it does, through some of the most picturesque scenery of the matchless Androscoggin valley, and revealing many views which cannot be seen from the cars.

An excursion across the river to the top of Mount Hayes, will also repay him richly, as the views thence in a Northerly and Easterly direction are only equalled by those from Mount Moriah. In their season, the ridges of this mountain are literally blue with the quantity of whortleberries which grow upon them, and persons from all parts of the surrounding country, at such times, resort here to gather them.

But to return to the route to Montreal:—

Leaving the Station House, the road crosses Moose River, about a mile above, and soon after commences the long grade overcoming the summit between the Androscoggin and Connecticut Rivers. In the region of Berlin Falls, the river descends 230 feet, in a distance of two miles. To overcome this summit by an easy gradient of fifty feet to the mile, required engineering skill of no ordinary character; this was accomplished by starting the embankment in the plain below the falls, and swinging from the rugged side of the mountain which the Androscoggin here severs, so as to distribute the rise over a space of four and a half miles.

At this point the Androscoggin River could be easily turned into the Connecticut, the Upper Ammo-

nonsuck, an important tributary of that river, taking its rise within a short distance of the Androscoggin, and descending thence over 190 feet into the Connecticut valley at Northumberland.

BERLIN FALLS VILLAGE,

Westerly of the Mountains 6 miles, from Portland 97 miles, from Montreal 195 miles,

Is a station of considerable importance, on account of its business in the lumber line.

The scenery again relapses into the rude and primitive, the country being but sparsely peopled. The road soon skirts Dead River Pond, and thence striking the valley of the Upper Ammonoosuc, follows it down, (frequently crossing that cratic stream,) to the Connecticut meeting the next station,

MILAN,

Westerly of the White Mountains 13 miles, from Portland 104 miles, from Montreal 188 miles.

The locality here is unimportant, but is destined, one would suppose, to become populous. The whole number of inhabitants, according to the last census of the township, was but 493.

In coming down from the Station House to this point, the traveler may get several fine views of Mt. Washington et cet, but henceforward he loses sight of the White Mountains, if we mistake not, altogether. At this station the cars stop to wood and water. In order to have the water placed at a sufficient elevation, the stream has been dammed, and a mill-race constructed which carries pumps by which the water is forced up into a large cistern, whose base is on a level with the locomotive tenders. The machine-

ry is covered by a wooden building, in which a fire is kept in winter to prevent the water freezing. This excellent arrangement was planned by Mr. S. T. Corser, Superintendent of the American portion of the road.

Still traversing a rough country, and winding frequently to the right and left, to avoid the hills, the cars next haul up at

WEST MILAN,

North West of the Mountains 18 miles, from Portland 109 miles, from Montreal 183 miles.

There is nothing to attract the special attention of the traveler here, so we will rattle on to

STARK,

West of the Mountains 24 miles, from Portland 115 miles, from Montreal 177 miles.

A mile or so beyond this point, you pass under a tremendous circular precipice, called the *Devil's Slide*, whose perpendicular walls, shattered and wracked apparently with some mighty convulsion, rise to the height of five or six hundred feet.

The Indians, as is well known, in their mythology, peopled all these mountain regions with invisible spirits, who controlled the winds and storms, and in their quarrels hurled the gleaming thunder bolts at each other, the effects of which were seen in the splintered trees and shivered rocks; and they have a tradition that in a remote age, a huge mountain barred the valley where now the rail road passes, and that on a time when the heavens were convulsed, the earth reeling, and the atmosphere blazing with the terrible warfare of these invisible powers, one half of the mountain sunk down, into the bowels of the earth,

leaving the precipitous sides of the other bare and shattered as they have remained to the present day. Hence the name which they now bear.

Just beyond this locality you open on a fine view off to the right, of those remarkable twin mountains, called the *Stratford Peaks* — generally considered to be the most symmetrical elevations of the whole mountain region. Standing aloof from the dark mountain ridges which swing away Northerly, their white cones clearly defined in almost all weathers, the tourist cannot mistake them, from whatever point viewed; and none can behold them but to admire.

Having these "nursing mothers of the clouds" almost constantly in view for six miles, you next find yourself at

NORTUMBERLAND,

North West of the White Mountains 81 miles, from Portland 122 miles, from Montreal 170 miles.

This is an old town, its settlement having been commenced as early as 1762.

From the rail road station, the excursionist sees, to the Westward, the steeps of the Land Pilot mountain, burdened with forest, and the loftier and more rugged ridge of Cape Horn, to the right; while to the Northward, are the Stratford Peaks. He will however, discover in this untamed scenery, but slight indications of the agricultural thrift and productiveness which characterize the town.

The principal settlement is at the falls on the Connecticut, about three miles below, called Northumberland Bridge, the pretty village of Guildhall, being opposite on the Vermont shore.

Six miles further down the Connecticut is the town

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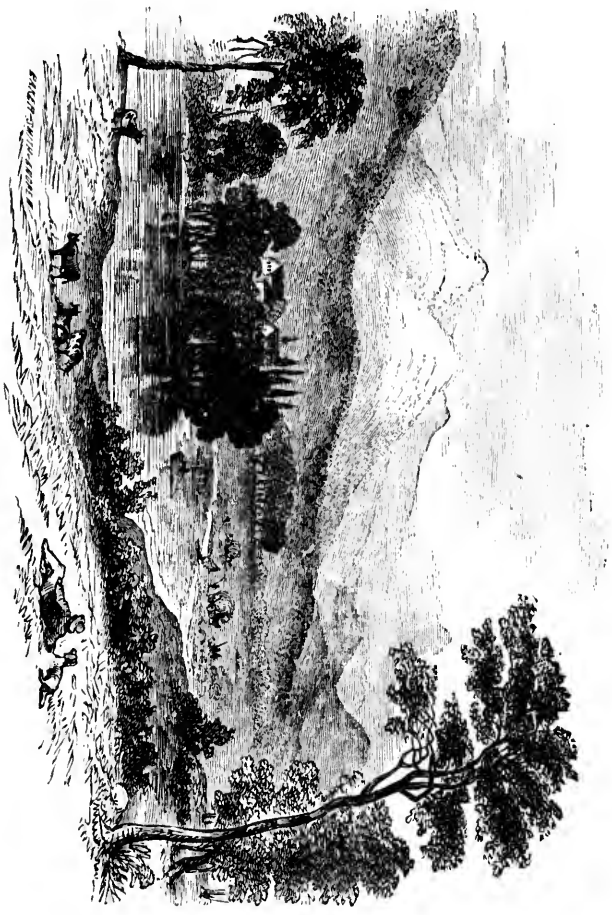
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of Lancaster, the most populous and thriving place in Coos County. Here there are many well built stores and dwelling houses; and several kinds of manufactures are carried on quite extensively, through aid of the water power furnished by Israel's river, which here joins the Connecticut. This river, has its source in a pond under Mount Adams. It takes its name from a noted hunter named Israel, a veritable *Leather Stockings*, who for many years pursued the game that harbored up and down its forest darkened shores, and whose exploits are still the theme of many a winter evening's story among the dwellers of the region.

The mountains in the region of Northumberland and Guildhall, retire from the Connecticut, irregularly, a mile or more, leaving to the river a rich alluvial valley, along which are many excellent farms, and a ride down the New Hampshire side, to Lancaster, returning on the Vermont side, or vice versa, reveals a variety of river and rural scenery, which will delight the excursionist of refined taste.

The view of the Stratford Peaks, given by our artist in the foregoing page, was taken from the Guildhall side of the river, but as to the mountains themselves, gives a truthful conception of them, from whatever point viewed.

It would be well worth the delay occasioned thereby, to ascend these peaks, as they command views of great extent and beauty.

Maidstone Lake, some six miles from Northumberland, is often resorted to by sportsmen for the splendid lunge which are taken in its waters, and deserves equal favoritism for its attractive scenery.

But to return to the Rail road. Pursuing the course

upwards, the route soon strikes the banks of the Connecticut, upon a pleasant intervale, which gives its name to the next Station,

STRATFORD HOLLOW,

West of the White Mountains 36 miles, from Portland 127 miles, from Montreal 165 miles.

This is a mere landing place for the passengers and freight of the farming region which surrounds it. There is a considerable village off to the right, possessing, however, no particular attractions to the tourist; so contenting ourselves with a view of the beautiful scenery of the locality — cliffs, slopes, fields, forests and groves, with mountains trooping around the outer edge of the circle, and the winding river doubling each object in its glassy depths, we will continue on.

Still following up the Eastern bank of the Connecticut River, with the townships of Maidstone and Brunswick on the Vermont side, and here and there opening on a pleasantly located farm house, with orchard and mowing or grain fields spreading out over the valley, or up the slopes, we arrive at

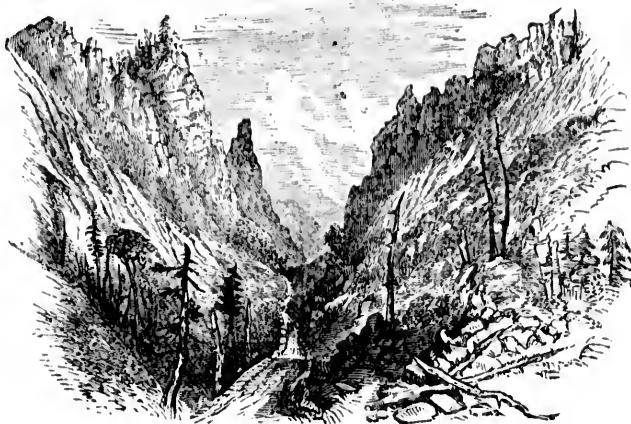
NORTH STRATFORD,

North Westerly of the White Mountains 43 miles, from Portland 134 miles, from Montreal 158 miles.

Here is a small village, which has received a quickening impulse in its business by the rail road; and there are some excellent farms along the banks of the river in the neighborhood.

A line of stages runs through this place to Colebrook, distant about twelve miles, from which point conveyance may be had to that wonderful mountain-pass known as the Dixville Notch, some ten miles beyond.

This is an immense chasm, dis severing the mountain range down to its foundation, whose precipitous ridges rival in wildness and sublimity the White Mountain Notch.



Dixville Notch.

The serrated cliffs of mica slate on either hand shoot into the blue empyrean in clean and sharply defined pinnacles and lances, to the height of seven or eight hundred feet, reminding one of the turrets and minarets of Saracenic palaces. Here and there, along its walls, on some knotty spur, or in some deep fissure, cluster a few spruces and white birches, forlorn hopes of vegetation, as it were, struggling against the sliding avalanche and almost invulnerable sterility; and the bottom of the defile is encumbered with shattered rocks and the debris from the bristling crags above.

The locality is indeed a second Arabia Petrea, where solitude has an abiding place. A never ceasing gale howls its mournful anthems among its sharp ledges,

and tortured fountains winding through secret glens, send out a gurgle that seems ominous of evil. Other sound there is none, unless it be the bark of an occasional wolf, or the shout of the wayfarer, to whom the echo of his own voice in such a solitude is companionable.

The region is a favorite resort of the hunter, and our companion and guide, while passing up the Notch, pointed out a crag near what is called the Central Pinnaele, from which a deer, hotly pursued, leaped down, a distance of five hundred feet, and was dashed to pieces.

A passable road winds through the Notch, and continues on some twenty miles through primitive scenery of the most romantic character, to the Umbagog lakes, but to see the Notch in all its wildness and sublimity, it should be approached from the Southern side.

Returning to North Stratford, the rail road crosses to the Vermont side of the Connecticut river, by a substantial bridge thirty feet in height, and three hundred and twenty in length; thence pursuing a Westerly course it soon strikes the valley of the Nulhegan, which it follows up, occasionally crossing the river till within about a mile of Island Pond.

The Nulhegan region is little else than a vast forest of pine, hemlock and cedar, intermingled with birch, maple, and other deciduous trees. Sweeping up mountain sides, spreading out over swamps, crowding to the banks of the rushing river and its tributaries, and investing the lonely lakelets and ponds with its shadowy array, it everywhere presents the same aspect; and to those who never before looked upon a primitive wilderness, offers a welcome contrast to the rural scenery just left behind.

These wooded regions are still the haunts of the moose and the red deer, and though the shriek of the locomotive whistle may drive them from the immediate vicinity of the rail road, the dark glens and thickets to which they have resorted so long, will not soon be forsaken by them.

To the left of the Nulhegan valley as you proceed up, lofty, forest-clad hills wave along in regular succession, bearing away Southerly as you approach Island Pond, so as partly to encircle that beautiful sheet of water, and throw their evening shadows over its surface.

Just this side of Island Pond, is reached by easy grades the grand summit of the Green Mountain Ridge the continuation of the great Alleghany chain, which divides the waters of the St. Lawrence basin from those flowing into the Atlantic ocean.

It is a most remarkable depression through which the whole line of the Railroad is laid, its extreme summit being only 1176 feet above tide water; and looking back it strikes the mind of the intelligent traveler with astonishment to find that in threading the mazes of this, the most mountainous and intricate route from the Atlantic coast to the St. Lawrence basin East of the Hudson, he can cross the dividing ridge with a less elevation than by any other route, North or South, but such is the fact; and the thoughtful mind can scarcely avoid the impression that the Great First Cause of all things, shattered down the precipices, moulded the deep glens and vallies, and set the toiling streams at work to rear embankments, with the ultimate purpose of the erection, through this otherwise impassible region, of a great highway of Nations!

Just half way between Portland and Montreal, a slight gravelly ridge, not appreciable to every eye, is the point which the engineer's level has demonstrated to be the dividing summit of the great waters. Spectacle Pond—so called from its supposed conformation to a pair of spectacles—on the one side, finds an outlet for its waters through the river Clyde, the Magog Lake and St. Francis River, into the St. Lawrence; on the other, the Nulhegan stream journeys on to the Connecticut, which in turn pays tribute to the Atlantic ocean.

The short portage between the pond and the boatable waters of the Nulhegan, pointed out this as the route of the Indians in their annual pilgrimage between the great river and the sea, from time immemorial. Marks of the Indian encampments and of their trails through the woods still remain; and a point which makes out into the pond, now called the Old Man's Nose, bears evidence of its use as the seat of their council fires. The rounded point, clear of underbrush, and smooth as a shaven lawn, is overshadowed by a growth of ancient pines, forming a complete shelter from the sun, while on either side and in front, the sheltered waters of this miniature lake are the picture of calmness and repose.

This spot is now as well fitted for a large picnic party, or for a camp meeting, as if the ground had been prepared and the trees planted a century ago.

Bidding adieu to this pretty gem of the wilderness, the ancient forest still bears you company for half a mile or so, when you strike upon a singular embankment, which, although the work of Nature, appears as though thrown up on purpose for the accommoda-

tion of the rails, and you soon haul up at the termination of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad, on the Northerly border of

ISLAND POND,

From Portland 149 miles, Westerly of the White Mountains 58 miles, from Montreal 143 miles.

The first object that strikes the eye on reaching this spot, is the beautiful island in the midst of the lake, which gives the name to this locality.

The Pond is about two miles long by half a mile average width, and lies partly in the township of Brighton and partly in Wenlock. Its shores generally present a white beach of disintegrated quartz sand, hard and smooth, capable of furnishing an unbroken drive of over five miles in extent.

Many of the views in the vicinity are highly picturesque; and from the summit of "Bonnybeag," on the South shore of the lake, overlooking the valley to the South, the eye takes in one of the finest landscapes that can be found among the wilds of New England. These attractions have already excited the skill of the painter, and several beautiful views of the local scenery have been taken, among which one by our artist, from which the following engraving was copied, gives a very accurate conception of the Pond, the Island, and adjacent shores and mountains.

The importance of the locality, in a business point of view, has recently been immeasurably enhanced by the amalgamation of all the great Canadian Railway enterprises into one "Grand Trunk line," which trunk here connects with the Portland Road, and thus finds a channel to the Atlantic Ocean shorter than could possibly be obtained by any other route. This

magnificent consummation, it may here be well to state, will secure an unbroken line of Railroad on the broad gauge, from Halifax, through New Brunswick and Maine, to Montreal, Toronto and Detroit, a distance of 1350 miles!

It is in contemplation to extend the Passumpsic Rail Road to this point, and this road being on the narrow guage will here require the transshipment of goods.— The Missisquoi Railroad to extend from Rouse's Point to Island Pond, and here connect with the Portland Road, will save at least eighty miles in distance from Ogdensburg to an Atlantic port, over either of the Boston routes. The length of this latter road will be but sixty miles, and such steps have already been taken, as makes its completion very probable. Thus will Island Pond become the great inland centre of a most magnificent net work of Railroads, and in time will probably be the principal port of entry on the Canadian frontier.

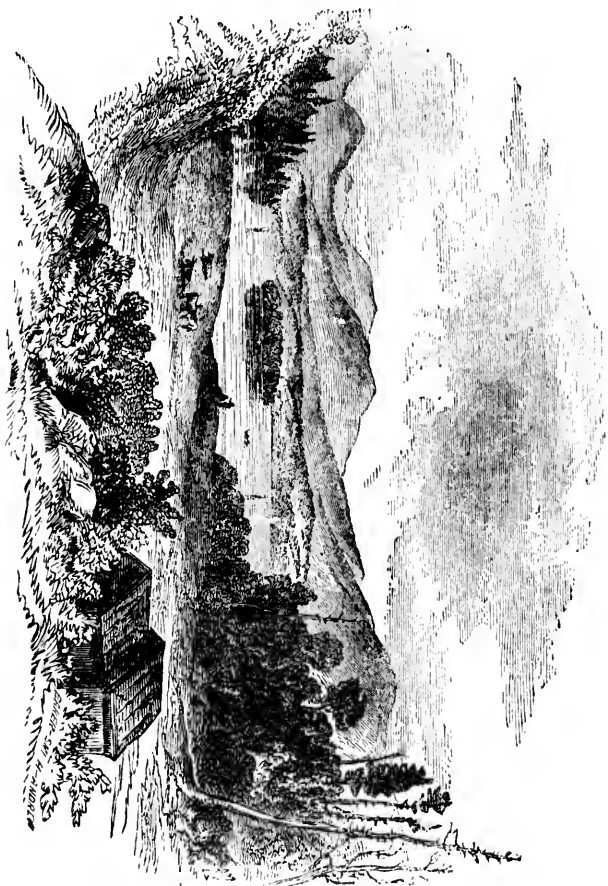
The depot grounds of the two companies, in view of this state of things, are laid out on the most extensive scale, comprising an area of twenty acres, and a spacious station house, two large engine houses, repair shops, &c., are building, while private enterprise has laid out the adjoining section with broad streets and avenues, which are to be graded as fast as the requirements of the place demand.

A spacious hotel in progress of construction, will be opened during the summer to accommodate travelers, as the through trains will here stop for dinner, and way trains for the night.

The locality must become a favorite resort for sportsmen. The pond abounds with lunge and other fine

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fish, and as it is connected with Memphremagog Lake, and thence by a series of lakes and streams even with the St. Lawrence itself, it will probably long continue to afford ample amusement to the lovers of piscatorial sports.

Lake Willoughby in Westmore, some twelve miles distant, a perfect Como in its woods, cliffs, slopes and hills, has a good hotel for the accommodation of pleasure and fishing parties, and the drive between the two points is characterized by the finest scenery.

There are several other lakes and ponds in the region, deserving the especial attention of the tourist, for their fine fishing and scenery, among which are Seymour Lake in Morgan, Echo Lake in Charleston, and the chain of lakes and ponds in Averill and Canaan. All these lakes abound in fine fish, and the brooks and streams in the neighborhood everywhere teem with trout. As to hunting, the facilities are equally promising, the woods affording all the varieties of game common to the unsettled districts of New England of similar latitude.

The undulating country Northward of Island Pond, more especially between Coaticooke River and Magog Lake, and extending into Canada to the great forest beyond Richmond, a distance of between sixty and seventy miles, abounds with all the concomitants of a rich and populous rural district—busy market towns, thrifty hamlets, excellent farms, good stage roads traversing every section, and the best of horses, neat kine and other stock. And with their thrift, the inhabitants seem to have acquired a taste for the appropriate and picturesque, seen in the location and construction of their dwellings, in the disposition of their

outbuildings, and in their shade trees, gardens and fences, too often wanting in agricultural regions far inland. This feature can but be noticeable to all who travel through Stanstead, Hatley, Compton, Ascot, and other of the somewhat famous EASTERN TOWNSHIPS, not leaving out Derby, and some adjoining towns on this side of the line; and it often comes in as a fill up or finish to pictures of rural beauty, such as must enrapture the fancy of the painter.

The scenery, indeed, of the whole region is peculiarly attractive. Its surface is broken up into rolling hills, and the farms are generally under a superior state of cultivation. Each has its maple grove, (highly prized for the production of sugar) its wood lot of beech, birch, elm and other hard woods, and often its growth of evergreen timber, stretching up the hill sides, along the vallies and bordering the rich alluvial bottom lands, giving the charm of diversity, while the lakes and rivers with which the country abounds add the feature of water prospect, without which no landscape, however attractive in its details, is complete.

Of the lakes the most extensive and beautiful are Memphemagog, (oftener called Magog) Massawippi, and Seaswaninapes. The first mentioned, extending in a direction nearly North and South from Coventry in Vermont, to Waterville, Canada, a distance of thirty miles, with an average width of about two miles, has few equals in regard to beauty and variety of scenery in America. The Green Mountains, which traverse the whole length of Vermont, advance their outposts to its very shores, while on the opposite side

“Mountains that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land,”

are arrayed, as it were, a corps of observation, watching their stern opponents of the hither shore.

Owl's Head, one of the principal summits on the Western border of the lake, rises to the altitude of 2500 feet, and its top commands views of mountains, vallies, plains and waters, marshalled afar in the dim day, which will richly repay for the fatigue of the ascent. One of the views thence, that to the North Eastward, takes in the Megantic Mountams, on the borders of the State of Maine, probably sixty miles distant.

There is a hotel at the base of the mountain, where strangers can be comfortably accommodated, and where if deemed necessary, guides can be procured.

This lake is getting to be much frequented in summer; and to accommodate the pleasure and sporting travel, a small steamboat called the MOUNTAIN MAID, has been placed upon it, which runs up and down the Lake, daily. Georgeville, a pretty village, in the township of Stanstead, on the Eastern shore of the lake, is the fashionable summer resort. From this place a steam ferry communicates with Bolton, on the opposite shore, whence a line of stages crosses the country to St. John, at the foot of Lake Champlain, distant about sixty miles, thus enabling the tourist if he chooses, to avail himself of the various facilities of travel, North or South, at that point.

Lake Massawippi, lies to the Eastward of Memphremagog, and finds an outlet for its waters, through the windings of the Massawippi stream into the St. Francis River, at Lennoxville, in Ascot township. It is nearly ten miles in length by a mile in width, and in some places its waters are said to be almost un-

fatigable. Winding among romantic highlands and wavy slopes, from which open out green and luxuriant valleys, it possesses a great variety of charming scenery.

Some of the more intelligent of the Canadians, especially those of English and Scotch origin, justly take pride in the beauty of these lakes, and often compare them with Windermere, Derwentwater, Locks Lomond and Katrin, and other sheets of water, which the genius of poetry and painting has made famous, in the mother land.

It is hardly necessary to add that these waters, connected as most of them are with the distant St. Lawrence, abound with a variety of delicious fish, bass, black and mottled trout, maskanonge and pickerel, et cetera; but as each species of these fish has his favorite haunts, it would be well for the sportsman to obtain the company of some amateur Isaak Walton, (and he will find no difficulty in so doing, at Sherbrook, Stanstead, or any of the towns or villages of the region) to accompany him in his excursions.

To reach Memphremagog, the tourist can leave the cars at Island Pond, from which it is distant 22 miles, or from Norton Pond, Coaticooke, Compton, Lennoxville or Sherbrooke, from either of which places he will readily obtain conveyance by stage, or private carriage. Or, leaving Island Pond, he can proceed to Sherbrooke, taking them all in his route, and there again take the cars, having traveled by stage some sixty miles.

But our purpose, more particularly, is to follow the line of the Rail Road. Resuming our seat therefore in the cars at Island Pond, we pass up the valley of

a small but picturesque stream, which has been dignified with the name of Phering River, to Norton Pond, ten miles, and circling the Eastern shore of that wood embosomed lakelet, proceed on through the heart of Norton township, and strike at the South West corner of Barford in Canada,

THE PROVINCE LINE,

From the White Mountains 74 miles, from Portland 165 miles, from Montreal 127 miles.

The original forest still holds possession of a large portion of the region through which we have just passed; although off to the Westward, in Charleston, Morgan and Holland townships, are many good farms, and settlement is steadily progressing.

Still continuing down the valley of the Coaticooke River, through a pleasing alternation of farming, forest and river scenery, we next arrive at

COATICOOKE,

From the White Mountains 83 miles, from Portland 174 miles, from Montreal 118 miles.

This village is in the North Easterly section of the township of Barnston. It is a center of some importance, having superior mill privileges, which are improved for sawing lumber, &c., and the impulse given to it by the rail road, is likely to increase it considerably.

Barnston (in which this village lies) is looked upon as one of the most important of the Eastern Townships. Its soil is of fair quality, in many places excellent, it is watered by several small streams, in addition to the Coaticooke River, and its farmers are generally in easy, independent circumstances.

The township of Barford, which adjoins it on the

East, has also many good farms, although they are generally away from the rail road. Still there are some fair farms along the valley of the Coaticooke, and in passing through it, scenes of rustic beauty and thrift often meet the view.

The Coaticooke, increased in volume by several tributaries, flows on through the central portion of the township of Compton, having a valley irregular in width, of fertile alluvium, a large portion of which is used for the cultivation of hay, producing heavy crops; and the broad, lone mowing fields, waving and changing in the summer wind, the blue winding river, with its straggling groves and detached trees, and neat farm houses on the slopes, often embowered in shrubbery, are well calculated to produce that impression of serene contentment and happiness, with which, perhaps not altogether without reason, we are prone to invest the life of the agriculturalist.

The township of Compton is also watered by the Salmon River, which runs a course nearly paralld with the Coaticooke, some three miles to the North Eastward. The country between the two rivers is generally under an excellent state of cultivation, and indeed the larger part of the entire township has been parcelled off into farms, which handsomely recompense their proprietors for the labor and expense of cultivation.

From these remarks may be inferred the fact that the region is well settled; and we have only to add that its numerous fine drives develope a variety of delightful scenery.

Through the midst of this important township, sweeps the Railroad, still clinging to the Coaticooke

Valley, and we next find ourself approaching its most important village,

COMPTON CENTER,

From the White Mountains 90 miles, from Portland 181 miles, from Montreal 111 miles.

The settlement which lies off to the right of the rail track, dates its commencement many years back. It covers quite a large extent of ground, has several good shops and stores, not a few prettily constructed houses, and withal a comfortable hotel.

WATERVILLE,

From the White Mountains 94 miles, from Portland 185 miles, from Montreal 107 miles,

Near which the rail road passes, not far this side of the Northerly limit of the township, is a busier place, though of more recent origin.

One feature which cannot fail of attracting the notice of the tourist through "the townships" is the clean, thrifty groves (or orchards as they are here called) of sugar maples, which everywhere meet the view. It is the aim of every farmer to have one on his premises; he considers it fully as much a source of income and convenience as his apple orchard, and the whole region is supplied with sugar manufactured from their sap.

The season of sugar making, which commences about the middle of March and lasts a month or more, is generally hailed with joy. In order to obtain the sap, each tree is bored into with an augur, or tapped with an axe or chissel, and the saccarine liquid which trickles slowly out, is caught into troughs or other vessels, prepared for the purpose. This liquid, which has rather an insipid taste, is boiled down in spacious

iron kettles; and many of the farmers have small, rustic looking buildings on the edge of their groves for the purpose of boiling, which buildings in connection with the symmetrical and thrifty trees, a green slope, and, perchance, a glance at the shining surface of some neighboring lakelet or stream, and a blue curtain of distant mountains, often combines to make gems of picturesque scenery, which your true artist must admire.

Some of the farmers realize on the average from a season's boiling two thousand pounds of sugar or more. It is valued at from five to seven or eight cents per pound.

The tourist in these parts must also be struck with the many excellent horses, and the superior neat stock that almost every where meet his gaze.

Heretofore, horse dealers have driven a good business by purchasing here, and selling in the States, but the farmers finding their stock begin to degenerate from this cause, have gradually come to set such prices on their favorite animals, as no longer leaves a remunerating profit to the drover.

The next station we come to is

LENNONVILLE,

From the White Mountains 100 miles, from Portland 191 miles from Montreal,
101 miles.

Some two or three miles before reaching this village, the rail road leaves the valley of the Coaticooke, which it has traversed for more than thirty miles, and swings away more Easterly into that of the romantic Massawippi.

Lennoxville is delightfully situated, at the junction of the latter stream with the St. Francis river. It is

a thriving and handsome town, deriving not a little of its importance from the well endowed and popular institution called Bishop's College, which is located within its limits.

From this place a line of stages run to the settlements in the townships of Eaton, Bury and Lingwick, to the North Eastward — beyond which is a vast track of wilderness country extending Eastward across the lines of Maine, even to Moosehead Lake, where the moose, the caribou and bear still inhabit, probably in greater numbers than in any other region of the North.

From Lennoxville, following down the St. Francis river three miles, we next arrive at

SHERBROOKE,

From the White Mountains 103 miles, from Portland 194 miles, from Montreal 98 miles.

This important town, situated at the confluence of the Magog and St. Francis Rivers, is the capital of the EASTERN TOWNSHIPS. It contains a population of over 3000, and in connection with Lennoxville, (both places being within the limits of the township of Ascot) is entitled to send a representative to the Provincial Legislature.

The rapid Magog River runs through the center of the town, affording a water power of almost unbounded capacity.

This is already improved to considerable extent; and now that the rail road is opened, will, it is thought, increase the place into a great and populous business center.

The British American Land Company have here their principal office. They possess nearly six hundred thousand acres of lands scattered through the

Eastern Townships, which is offered for sale on liberal terms to settlers; and in nearly every township have agents to give all necessary information relative to the quality and condition of the lands, water privileges, &c.

The scenery about Sherbrooke is highly interesting. The Magog river, now gliding in calmness under overshadowing rocks and trees, now plunging down steep declivities, in sheets of crystal, striped with bands of snow, or elbowed from side to side by obstinate spurs of ledge, till the whole volume is maddened into heaps of fierce, hissing foam, is especially worthy the notice of the tourist; then again the broad St. Francis, flowing on with the calmer dignity that characterizes power — here reflecting some cultivated slope on its bosom, there a clump of trees or embowered cottage, or more distant, forest-crowned hill, never ceases to please the eye of the gazer.

The Congregationalists, Methodists, Episcopalians and Roman Catholics, have each a church in Sherbrooke; the educational requirements of its population are provided for by two excellent academies, and a number of less pretending schools; and its citizens have the news dispensed to them, through two weekly journals. There is no lack of enterprising men in the place, to attend to the demands of business traffic in every line which the region is ready to sustain, and withal its young men need not exile themselves in the wilds of Australia or California, in search of gold, since their own soil, as has recently been discovered, is impregnated with the yellow treasure, to an extent that will remunerate the labor of digging — and it is hoped that further explorations in the valley of the St. Francis, will discover it in greater abundance.

The Rail Road Station House at this place, is a handsome structure 200 feet in length by 60 in width, and near at hand is a circular brick engine house, 150 feet in diameter, affording accommodations for 20 locomotives. A large machine shop and car factory has also been erected to meet the requirements of the rail road.

From Sherbrooke the rail road follows down the valley of the St. Francis, to the splendid bridge which spans the river, two miles beyond Richmond — in all a distance of twenty seven miles, often in close proximity to the broad stream, and the ever changing and romantic scenery is worthy of the constant attention of the traveler.

Four miles after leaving the Magog, the road comes upon a series of foaming rapids, known as the "Big Brompton Falls," which extend along the channel of the river for more than a mile, walled in by rocky shores and separated by islets covered with trees and verdure, about which the water curvets, and foams, and dashes, with a romantic beauty that will linger with the traveler long after he has left the locality.

Along through this section the hills advance their rifted roots to the very edge of the river, and deep rock cuttings, or galleries, follow heavy embankments in rapid succession. One of the most extensive of these galleries, penetrates transversely, through an immense bed of slate of perpendicular stratification, which must have opposed an obstinate resistance to the progress of the work. A half a mile beyond this point the St. Francis makes a complete elbow to the West, and the rail road crosses to the Eastern side by a noble bridge of a single span, 184 feet 4

inches in length — the river below being nearly sixty feet in depth.

Continuing on, down the Eastern shore of the river, the scenery presenting a pleasing alternation of the wild and rugged, calm and gentle, we next arrive at the station in the township of

WINDSOR,

From Portland 208 miles, from the White Mountains 117 miles, from Montreal 84 miles.

Near this station the rail road crosses the Windsor stream, on which, within a stone's throw, is a romantic waterfall some thirty feet in height, which has been (as the utilitarian would say) improved by a gentleman named Wurtele, through the erection of a number of saw and grist mills, which bid fair to become the center of a thriving village. Otherwise the station at Windsor has little to interest the traveler.

Still following the valley of the St. Francis, often on the edge of the beautiful stream, whose mirror-like surface has a simile for every object that approaches its shores — after the lapse of half an hour, we find ourselves approaching the pleasant villages of Melbourne and Richmond, the former on the West, the latter on the East side of the river. Here the scenery has many points of interest, and the perspective views above and below the villages, are of a very pleasing character. The rail road station is in

RICHMOND,

From Portland 218 miles, from the White Mountains 127 miles, from Montreal 74 miles.

Melbourne is a well built, large and pleasant place, and has a good business, supported by the fertile farming district back from the river. Richmond is

inferior in extent to Melbourne, but as it is to be the terminus of the great rail way from Quebec, it will probably soon outstrip in importance its neighbor. The two villages are connected by a covered bridge, five hundred feet long.

A line of stages communicates from this point with Port St. Francis at the foot of Lake St. Peter

QUEBEC AND RICHMOND RAIL ROAD.

This great enterprize is in rapid progress towards completion. The longer bridges are to be of iron; the passenger stations are all to be of one and the same model, substantial and elegant; the engine houses are to possess all the improvements which have been made in their construction in England or on this continent, and the whole road when finished, will be second to no other in America.

The stations now projected are ten, viz:—

Danville, from Richmond 12 miles, Harvey's 25 miles, Nicolet 31 miles, Stanfold 42 miles, Somerset 48 miles, Becancour Bridge 61 miles, St. Flavien 69 miles, Black River Settlement 77 miles, Kelley's 82 miles, Chaudiere Bridge 89 miles, Hadlow Cove 96 miles.

From this latter point passengers will be conveyed across the river to Quebec, by steamboat.

To return to the Montreal Road:—

Two miles below Richmond, the road crosses the St. Francis by a fine bridge 320 feet in length, and here bidding adieu to the valley of the majestic river, takes a course almost due West, through a dense for-

est, which continues with scarcely a break, excepting such as the impulses of the rail road have produced, for more than thirty miles. Through this dark wilderness wind the Yamaska and Black Rivers, their sunless solitudes affording shelter to numerous wild animals, as likewise to vast flocks of wild fowl, which breed in their impenetrable swamps and bayous, seldom disturbed by the presence of man. The first station approached after striking into these woods is

DURHAM,

From Portland 233 miles, from the White Mountains 142 miles, from Montreal 59 miles.

There is nothing here to attract the attention of the traveler, unless like ourself, he can find interest in the beauty of the plummy ferns and attenuated wild flowers which tremble to every zephyr that hunts its way among the winding labyrinths of the forest — or in contemplating the noble trunks that sustain the vaulted arches of “living green” about him.

The growth is various — pine, hemlock, fir, occasionally interspersed with birch, maple, beech and other hard woods, but there is little or no cessation to the wide, dark forest.

It seems singular to find this vast tract of wilderness intervening between the populous Eastern Townships, and the older and more important districts bordering on the St. Lawrence, and one is somewhat at a loss to know how business was transacted between the two sections, before the rail road was constructed.

The Townships must, to a great degree, have existed within themselves, in former times. Indeed, it is a matter of history that as late as 1820, the site of the town of Sherbrooke, was inaccessible from Mon-

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treal, excepting by canoes on the St. Francis or by a trail designated by blazing the trees through the woods. Nearly the whole region, however, to appearance is susceptible of a good degree of cultivation, while its numerous streams can furnish hydraulic power to any extent for manufacturing, and it will doubtless at no distant day sustain a large population.

ACTON,

The next Depot—241 miles from Portland, 150 from the White Mountains,
51 miles from Montreal,

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Is located near the banks of one of the tributaries of the Black River, called the White Branch. This place although in the woods, is a center of considerable importance, and has one or two houses recently constructed to entertain travelers and excursionists.

The thriving village of Metcalfe, in the township of Roxton, about five miles distant, Southerly, is reached by a plank road. A road is opened, or is about to be opened, also, to Drummondville, on the St. Francis River, Northward about twenty miles.

Still speeding onward in the shadow of the woods, we next come to the Station at

UPTON,

From Portland 247 miles, from the White Mountains 156 miles, from Montreal 45 miles.

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Here a small village is springing up, induced by the exigencies of the rail road, or by the facilities for lumbering which the road affords, and some two miles down the Black River, (on which this depot is located) at the Great Falls, so called, there are numerous saw mills, creating quite a busy locality.

Eight or nine miles from Upton, you emerge from

the forest that has walled you in so long, and come upon the broad table land of the St. Lawrence, which extends to the river, a distance at least of thirty-five miles.

This immense plain has a basis of limestone, and hence it is inferred that it was once the bed of a vast lake — and the mountains that here and there abruptly break through this limestone crust, are but masses of basalt, which were elevated by the action of the interior fires of the earth, at a period long after the sedimentary rock formation, as is evident by the broken masses of the latter being upheaved all around their edges. In many cases the fragments of the limestone crust have been turned completely over, as is plain by the reversed order of stratification. Geologists conversant with the region, also say, that seams of the igneous (basaltic) rock forced up through the limestone, may be traced from each of these mountains to the others. Have we not here an autopsy of the marvellous changes that have taken place in the surface of our globe, as well as of the vigor of the great panting heart of fire within!

This immense prairie is for the most part divested of woods, and is under a greater or less degree of cultivation. The population is generally of French origin, and their scattered villages and hamlets, and the long lines of rails that mark the divisions of their farms, may be traced on either hand till they fade in the horizon. Their low, stone built cottages and out-buildings with the never absent feature of cattle, sheep and fowl grouped about them, strikingly remind one of the pictures of Paul Potter.

With scenes such as these to interest us, so entirely

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diverse from those of the region through which we have been passing, and so novel to an American tourist withal, the next four miles seem concentrated into one, and we find ourselves approaching the Yamaska River. This fine stream is crossed by a bridge four hundred feet in length, and we enter the town of

ST. HYACINTHE,

From Portland 260 miles, from the White Mountains 169 miles, from Montreal 32 miles.

This neat and pleasant town reminds one of some of the large interior villages of France or Belgium. The houses are generally well built, often surrounded with shrubbery, and there are many fine orchards and gardens in its neighborhood. On the right of the rail road as you proceed Westward, is the extensive pile of buildings of the Catholic College — an institution which is in high repute among the French Canadians.

There are some enchanting drives in the neighborhood, and the tourist can here find a comfortable hotel, and could hardly fail of being gratified from spending a day or two in the vicinity.

The population of the place is not far from 3000.

Proceeding on by rail, the tedium of the long road being relieved by pretty views of the French villages of St. Rosalie and St. Charles, on the one hand, glimmering in the summer atmosphere afar over the green level, and by Yamaska and Belœil mountains, and Monts Rouges, on the other, rising like lofty volcanic islands from the ocean wide prairie, we next come to

LES SOIXANTE,

From Portland 267 miles, from the White Mountains 176 miles, from Montreal 25 miles.

The road from St. Hyacinthe and indeed four

miles beyond, to this place, is on a perfectly straight line, and so continues, till you approach St. Hilaire — in all a distance of nearly fifteen miles. And there are other very long reaches of straight track on this road, making the most rapid transit feasible, and perfectly safe.

The level prairie still continues to stretch, sea-like, on every hand, studded with houses and hamlets, and fields of various green shades, sinking gradually in the empurpled distance, and the lofty proportions of Beloeil mountain grow more distinct, until under its cloud curtained summit, the cars haul up at

ST. HILAIRE,

From Portland 273 miles, from the White Mountains 182 miles, from Montreal 19 miles.

Here we have a charming country, and a place of much resort in summer, by the citizens of Montreal. The Beloeil mountain on the left rises to the height of nearly fifteen hundred feet, its shadowy crags in many places, relieved of their gloom by the presence of luxuriant and patulous woods. At its foot is the pretty French village of St. Hilaire, rambling towards the banks of the Richelieu, whose majestic tide flows near at hand, and on the right is the princely residence and broad, fertile acres of Major Campbell, proprietor of the seigneurie of Rouville.

The isolated position of Beloeil mountain gives an exceedingly wide range to the views from its summit. In one direction the eye takes in the undulating swales of Montarville, the distant St. Lawrence and Ottawa, Montreal city nestled beneath its sheltering hill, and the wide, level country beyond. On the other, the burnished waters of the Yamaska, and nearer the

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Richelieu, wind amidst level fields, whose crops of variously tinted green, give the plain the appearance of an immense plaided carpet, while empurpled by the distance, and darkening the land with their presence, loom the titan forms of the Yamaska, and Rouge mountains, sustaining apparently on their summits the cerulean dome of the summer sky. Indeed the view in any direction would well reward the tourist for the not very difficult task of ascending the height.

On the summit is an antiquated stone chapel, which may be seen as you pass along the rail road, often canopied with clouds. A small inn or restaurant has been established at the foot of the mountain for the convenience of excursionists, and in many of the neighboring cottages nice lodgings may be obtained—a mode of living which cannot fail of being agreeable to those who like variety.

The cars cross the Richelieu to the Beloeil station by a bridge which has been built at great expense, twelve hundred feet long, and fifty feet in height.

This noble stream is as rich in names as a Spanish princess. At Lake Champlain, where it takes its rise, it is called the Sorel, farther down it obtains the name of St. John, here the Richelieu, &c.

We are now approaching Montreal, the character of the scenery being the same as heretofore; the next station is

BOUCHERVILLE MOUNTAIN,

From Portland 280 miles, from the White Mountains 189 miles, from Montreal 12 miles.

This station is at the Southern base of a long ridge called Montarville; the tourist will find here no lack of scenery of an interesting character.

Five miles beyond is the station called *Charons*, passing which the sea-like St. Lawrence comes into sight, and we are soon greeted with the usual appearances of a large city, steamboats and shipping, and smaller water craft coursing up and down, carts and drays passing in and out, and then the city of Montreal piled up about its magnificent cathedral, with all its tinned roofs and spires glittering over the wide waters like burnished silver, remind one of descriptions of oriental splendor.

The terminus of the road is at

LONGUEIL,

From Portland 290 miles, from the White Mountains 199 miles, from Montreal 2 miles.

Here the company's steamer is ready to ferry the traveler over the St. Lawrence, and in a few minutes he may tread the busy streets of

MONTREAL,

From Portland 292 miles, from the White Mountains 201 miles.

This is the most important city of all the British possessions in America, and its favorable position at the head of the navigable waters of the St. Lawrence, in connection with the magnificent system of internal improvements, of which it is the center, warrant the expectation that it is to become an immense metropolis.

It is situated on an island having the same name, both deriving their appellation from the mountain near its Eastern shore, called Mount Real, or Royal Mountain. Its latitude is $45^{\circ} 31' N.$, longitude $73^{\circ} 34' W.$

The island is about thirty miles long by ten in breadth,

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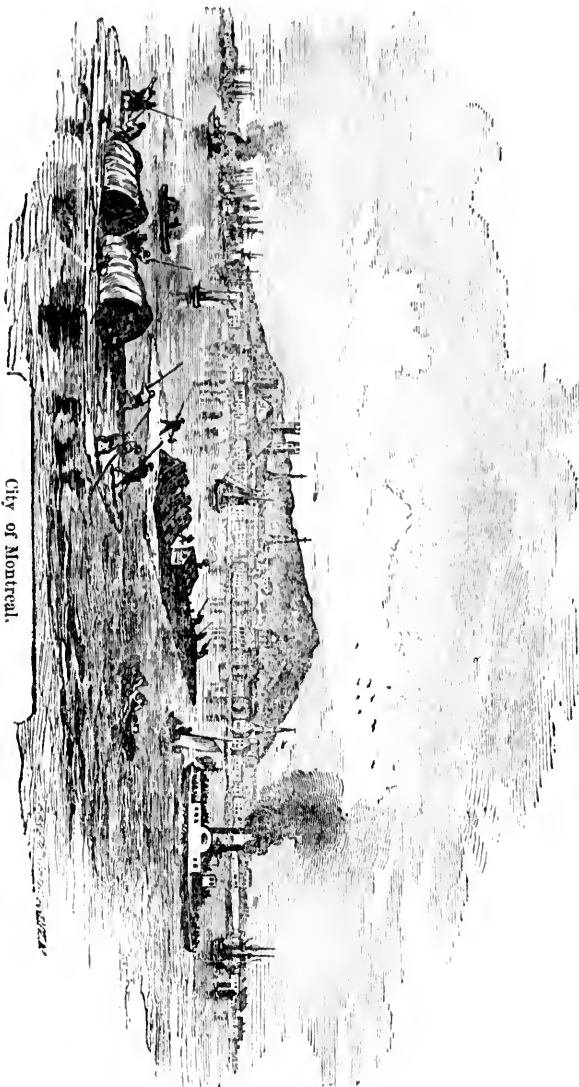
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and is remarkable for its fertility. It is divided into ten parishes, the chief of which is that of Montreal, which comprehends, besides the city proper, the Cotes de la Visitation, St. Joseph, Notre Dame des Neiges, and St. Pierre, together with portions of St. Paul and St. Catherines, the isle of St. Paul, at the mouth of the River St. Pierre, and the Isle aux Herons.

The city rambles along the Eastern shore of the island, for about two miles, having the mountain immediately in its rear. The streets, about two hundred in number, are laid out at right angles. Notre Dame street is the fashionable retail business avenue, and the Western division of St. Paul street and its intersecting thoroughfares is the chief locality for heavy mercantile transactions.

The municipality is divided into nine wards, and its government is vested in a Mayor, Board of Aldermen, and Board of Council, who are elected by free holders having an annual rentage of at least \$22 50, and by householders who pay a rent of \$15, or upwards.

The city was founded by M. de Maisonneuve in 1642, by whom it was named Ville Marie; and it retained this name for many years. The present population is between sixty and seventy thousand, more than one half of whom are of French extraction.

Montreal has many fine buildings. The Cathedral, or Church of Notre Dame, probably surpasses in size and magnificence, every other building of the kind in America. It is 225 feet 6 inches in length, and 134 feet 6 inches in breadth. The two principal towers are 220 feet in height, the others 115 feet. From the summit of the main towers the view is grand beyond conception. The great window behind the high altar is 64 feet in height by 32 in breadth.

In one of its main towers is a bell weighing 29,400 pounds, without doubt the largest in the New World, in the other is a superior chime of bells, whose music often beguiles the labors of the boatmen of their weariness, on the far winding river.

The interior view of this mammoth church is highly imposing, although the pews into which the main floor is broken up, are calculated to detract from its grandeur.

The architecture of the building is the massive perpendicular Gothic style of the middle ages. Its erection was commenced in the summer of 1824, and it was completed so far as to be dedicated in 1829, although its two chief towers were not finished till several years afterwards. No less than ten thousand persons were gathered within its walls on the occasion of its dedication.

The St. Andrews Church on Beaver Hall Square, is an elegant edifice built of stone in the Gothic style, to which the more simple but graceful Grecian Doric of the Unitarian Church near by, offers a pleasing contrast.

St. Patrick's Church is a large and costly building, in the same neighborhood. Great St. James Street Church, (Methodist) is also a fine large building, whose more florid Gothic architecture can but attract the notice of the stranger.

Christ's Church, on Notre Dame Street, is a handsome stone building, with a doric front; and within is a noble organ, the gift, if we mistake not, of a member of the royal family now deceased.

There are nineteen other churches in the city, most of which are noticeable for their architectural proportions.

The new Court House on Notre Dame Street, now progressing towards completion, is patterned from the celebrated Temple of Illysus, one of the finest specimens of the Grecian Ionic style. It is 300 feet long, 140 wide, and 70 high.

The Bonsecours Market, fronting on the river, is a massive and imposing pile of wrought stone, in the Grecian Doric style, erected at a cost of \$300,000.

The Bank of Montreal is a noble building of cut stone in the Corinthian style, fronting on the Place d'Armes. The Bank of British North America, the City, and the Commercial Banks, and the Banque du Peuple are also fine edifices, built of stone.

There are numerous other buildings about the city of a public or private character, deserving the especial notice of the tourist—and indeed it is not extravagant to say that few cities in America show such a proportion of fine buildings as the City of the Royal Mountain.

The hotels are numerous, and some of them deservedly popular. The most fashionable are Donegana's on Notre Dame Street, the Hay's House on Dalhousie Square, the St. Lawrence Hall, and the Ottawa House, Great St. James Street, the Canada Hotel, St. Gabriel Street, and the Montreal House, Custom House Square.

The Exchange Coffee House, the Adelphi, the Eagle House, (Temperance) and Grants, are commodious and comfortable hotels, and there are several others that stand well with the traveling public.

A prominent feature of the city is in the Nunneries, of which there are three. These are—

The Hotel Dieu, on St. Paul Street, founded in

1644, for the reception of sick and diseased persons, an institution whose name, at least, is familiar to many from the denunciations made against it by the notorious Maria Monk.

The 2d is the Black or Congregational Nunnery, on Notre Dame Street, founded in 1659 for the education of young females.

The 3d is the Grey Nunnery, on Foundling Street, founded in 1692, for the care of lunatics and foundlings.

These institutions are instrumental of doing a great amount of good.

The wharves and abutments on the river, built of heavy blocks of stone, and in the most thorough manner, cannot fail to attract the admiration of the American tourist for their symmetry and regularity, as well as for their permanence.

The Locks and Basins of the Lachine Canal, at the Southern limit of the city, may well be the boast of the citizens, on account of their extent and solidity, rivalling every thing of the kind in America.

The Champ de Mars, the parade ground of the government troops, is also a favorite resort, especially in summer, when the military bands of the regiments in garrison, go thither to play.

The scenery of Montreal has often been noticed by travelers for its surpassing beauty and extent.

The magnificent St. Lawrence rolling along in front of the city, its far wave sprinkled with snowy sails, and nearer at hand sustaining the mercantile squadrons that have come up from the ends of the earth, has more the appearance of a sea than a river. And, indeed, what is the broad stream and its connecting

chain of mighty lakes sweeping across and nearly severing the continent, but one great fresh water ocean, with an area rivalling that of its saline cousin the Atlantic, to which it pays tribute!

Opposite the city, and on every hand, sweeps the great plain of Canada, luxuriant with verdure, and variegated with shining waters, and towns, and villages; and here and there embracing some isolated mountain, whose dark crags seem favorite resorts of the thunder clouds—the violet walls of the horizon being the only apparent bounds to the view.

But the reader must look upon these scenes himself, to get a correct idea of their vastitude and beauty; and in order to do this to the best advantage, he should take a drive around the mountain (or rather mountains, for what is called Mont Real, consists of two distinct hills,) which besides bringing him in juxtaposition with the picturesque villas and summer residences of some of the wealthy Montrealese, will open to him a clear horizon on every hand.

This is one of the favorite drives of the citizens. Another charming drive, although of greater length, is to Longue Point, and may be continued through a pleasant district to Point aux Trembles. Still another is to Sault au Recollet. On the other hand—nine miles distant by Railroad—the rapids of Lachine (so named because some of the early explorers of the country conjectured that by surmounting them, a facile route to *China* would be discovered up river,) attract many visitors. Beyond this point, and at the extreme Westerly part of the Island is St. Ann, at the mouth of the Ottawa, a place immortalized in Moore's beautiful Canadian Boat Song,

“Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. ANN our parting hymn.”

Thus we have pointed out what have appeared to us to be the features of Montreal and vicinity, most interesting to strangers.

Most persons who visit Montreal, make it a point also to take Quebec in their tour. There are two lines of steamers running daily between these places; the fare is moderate, that of the Royal Mail Boats being 12s. 6d. or \$2,50 cents — by the other line 10s. or \$2, sometimes less.

Sorel, at the mouth of the Richelieu, a place of 3000 inhabitants, 45 miles down the river, is the first landing place.

Below Sorel the river expands into a lake called St. Peters, nine miles wide, at the Eastern extremity of which is the next stopping place, Port St Francis, 82 miles below Montreal.

The next is Three Rivers, one of the oldest towns in Canada, dating its first occupancy as far back as 1613. This place is just half way between Montreal and Quebec, the distance hence to either place being 90 miles. The Falls of Shawanagenne, on the St. Maurice River, about 25 miles back of this place, are unsurpassed for romantic beauty. The water descends over a perpendicular precipice at least 200 feet.

Batiscan, 117 miles below Montreal, is the last landing place of the steamers before they arrive at Quebec.

QUEBEC,

The second city of the English possessions in America, contains a population of about 45,000 souls. This city was founded by a Frenchman named Charlevoix

in 1608. Its latitude is $46^{\circ} 49' N.$, longitude $71^{\circ} 15' W.$

The portion of the place situated on the heights is called the Upper Town, that along the river bank, the Lower. The city is divided into six wards, and its municipal government is vested in a Mayor and nineteen Counsellors.

Quebec has been on several occasions the scene of desperate battle; and in that which resulted in its capture by the British army in 1759, the gallant Gen. Wolfe, and the French General Montcalm, were both slain. An elegant monument sixty feet high, erected to their memory in 1827, occupies a conspicuous place in the promenade of the city called the public garden. Here the bands of the regiments in garrison, are wont to play on summer evenings.

The ramparts, another much frequented promenade, command extensive views of the surrounding scenery.

Durham Terrace, a platform erected on the site of the old castle of St. Louis, is also much resorted to for its fine views of the harbor, river, and lower town, and every stranger should by all means here take a promenade.

The citadel of Cape Diamond, is said to be one of the strongest fortresses in the world. The area embraced within its fortifications is over forty acres in extent. Strangers can readily obtain admittance here by applying to the Town Major.

The principal hotels are the Albion, on Palace St., and Swords Hotel, corner Haldemund and St. Louis Streets, Upper Town. The City Hotel, Upper Town, and the Ottawa, St. Lawrence and Scott's Hotels, Lower Town, are also excellent houses.

There are many places and objects of interest to the tourist in and about the city.

The Plains of Abraham where the last great battle was fought between the French and English, is in the city on the West—a monument indicates the spot where Wolfe fell.

A painted board, on the road from Champlain Street to Diamond harbor, points out the spot where the American General Montgomery was slain, during the investment of the city by the Americans in the winter of 1775-6.

The Falls of Montmorenci, eight miles below Quebec, have a world wide reputation, for their romantic beauty. The stream here 60 feet wide, descends in one leap from a bluff 250 feet in height, into the St. Lawrence.

The Chaudiere Falls nine miles above the city, are also much visited on account of their romantic attractions. They are on the river of the same name, at a point where it is about 400 feet wide, and are 130 feet in height. The Quebec and Richmond Railway passes but a few rods above them.

Lake Beauport, fourteen miles North Easterly of the city, abounds with excellent trout, and is a favorite resort of piscatory sportsmen, as well as of the lovers of beautiful scenery.

Lake St. Charles, twelve miles North of the city, the source of the river St. Charles, which entering the St. Lawrence at Quebec, forms a part of its harbor, is also a favorite resort of tourists and anglers.

At Lake St. Joseph, twenty-eight miles North Westerly of Quebec, the finest of trout and black bass are taken in large quantities.

The river Saguenay, whose wild and sublime scenery has scarcely a parallel in the world, falls into the St.

Lawrence 140 miles below Quebec. The fare for a steamboat excursion thither and back is about \$12, the time occupied in making it from three to four days.

UPPER CANADA-NIAGARA.

The great round of summer travel, hereafter, doubtless will be from New York and the Atlantic cities South, to Portland, thence by the Railroad to the White Mountains and Montreal, and thence by steamer up the St. Lawrence, or by land carriage, to Niagara.

The majestic scenery of the St. Lawrence has been the admiration of travelers from the time of its discovery to the present, and every tourist who seeks to be conversant with the more wonderful features of America, will of course make it an object to pass up or down this noble stream.

The trip to Quebec we have already performed; we now propose to take an excursion to Kingston, at the head of the river, and thence over Lake Ontario to Niagara. The whole distance from Montreal to Niagara is 410 miles; the steamboat fare during the last year was \$8 50 cents.

Taking the cars on the Lachine Railroad, we proceed to the village of Lachine nine miles, where we embark on board a steamer which is fired up and waiting. The steamer crosses the reach of the river called Lake St. Louis, and enters the Beauharnois canal, which, in the distance of eleven miles, overcomes a rise of eighty two feet. This is a noble work, and while passing through its nine locks, the excursionist will have enough to occupy his attention.

Leaving the canal the steamer touches at Coteau Landing, 45 miles from Montreal, thence the river

again spreads out into a wide basin called Lake St. Francis, which is thirty seven miles in length.

Proceeding up this broad sheet of water, we next arrive at Cornwall, where the foaming and fierce rapids in the river make another canal trip necessary, and here we enter the Cornwall Canal, which is eleven and a half miles long, and overcomes an ascent of forty eight feet with seven locks.

At the head of the Cornwall Canal is Dickinson's Landing, 94 miles above Montreal.

Again we encounter rapids in the river, which can be descended without difficulty, by the steamer, but not ascended, and proceeding up we must take in our route the short canals called Ferin's Point, Rapid Plat, Point Iroquois, and Galops, in succession, the four helping you along on your journey a distance of ten miles, and overcoming a rise of 30 feet. The locks on these, as well as on the Beauharnois and Cornwall Canals, are all 200 feet long, 45 wide, and 9 feet deep.

We have now smoother work of it, and proceed on to Prescott, distant from Montreal 135 miles, the important town of Ogdensburg, the termination of the great lines of Railroad to Boston and New York, being on the opposite shore, within the territory of the Empire State.

A rail road to connect Prescott with Bytown, the principal place on the river Ottawa, is progressing towards completion, its length is 53 miles.

Brockville, the next point at which the steamer touches, is 12 miles above Prescott. It is a place of about 4000 inhabitants.

Some eight or ten miles above this point, the steamer enters among the THOUSAND ISLANDS, whose wild,

diversified and picturesque beauties, rendered the more interesting by the Indian traditions connected with them, have often called forth the finest numbers of the versifier, and the most glowing descriptions of the tourist.

Kingston, at the head of the river, 198 miles from Montreal, is a busy place, formerly the seat of Government, containing a population of about 15,000, and ranking as the sixth commercial city in Canada. Its chief hotels are the St. Lawrence, British American, City, and Princess.

Travelers from Montreal to this place, who wish to visit the splendid scenery of the Ottawa River in their way, can do so, by taking the steamer at Lachine, thence proceeding to Carillon, a distance of 50 miles. Here they take the stage to Granville, distant 12 miles, where they again embark on the river, and proceed by steam to Bytown, a distance of 60 miles—making the whole distance from Montreal 123 miles.

Bytown communicates, by that magnificent structure, the Rideau canal, with Kingston, the distance being 126 miles, and a steamer runs over the canal three times a week for the accommodation of passengers. The cost of this work was but little short of five millions of dollars!

The first landing place on Lake Ontario, after leaving Kingston, is Coburg, distant 293 miles from Montreal.

Port Hope, the next place at which the steamer calls, is 300 miles above Montreal.

Toronto, 363 miles from Montreal, next receives the steamer, into its fine harbor. This is a city of about 35,000 inhabitants—the third in point of population

in the Canadas, and standing next to Montreal in the amount of its imports. Its principal hotels are Bread's, Wellington, Western, North American, Masonic Arms, and City Arms.

The steamer at length arrives at Queenston—Lewiston being opposite, on the American shore. From these places the falls are seven miles distant, and the tourist will have his choice of several modes of going up.

We will not essay to describe Niagara—it is enough to say that it is the outlet of all the Great Lakes, Ontario excepted, and their inflowing streams, draining a region larger than all Europe! and the mighty fall of such a flood over a precipice 150 feet in height, must be seen to be appreciated. The following quotation may, however, serve to give some impress of the scene:

“How profound
The gulf! and how the giant element,
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,
Crushing the cliffs, which downwards worn and rent
With its fierce footsteps, yields in chasms a vent

To the broad column which rolls on and shows
More like the fountain of an infant sea,
Torn from the womb of mountains by the throes
Of a new world * * * look back!
Lo, where it comes like an eternity,
As if to sweep down all things in its track!

Terribly beautiful! And on the verge,
From side to side beneath the glittering morn,
An iris sits amidst the infernal surge;
Like Lope upon a death bead—and unworn
Its steady eyes, while all around is torn
By the distracted waters, bears serene
Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn;
Resembling 'midst the torture of the scene,
Love watching Madness with unalterable mein.”

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