

NEW YORK

KEYES' HAND-BOOK

— OF —

NORTHERN

Pleasure Travel,

— TO THE —

WHITE AND FRANCONIA

MOUNTAINS,

MOUNTAINS,

NORTHERN LAKES,

and Quebec.

917.1044
K268

MONTREAL

MT. WASHINGTON SUMMIT

NORWICH
CONN.

HARTFORD

NEWPORT

FALL RIVER
MASS.

WORCESTER
MASS.

LAWRENCE

MANCHESTER

CONCORD

LAKE MEMPHREMACK

GORHAM
N.H.

LITTLETON
N.H.

ORTHFORD LAKE
N.H.

WHITE MOUNTAIN
NOTCH

NEWPORT

QUEBEC

NEW HAVEN
PROVIDENCE
STONINGTON
SPRINGFIELD
LOWELL
NASHUA
BOSTON
WINDSOR
CONWAY

LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE.

SENER HOUSE,

CENTRE HARBOR.

SWITZERLAND OF AMERICA,

Lake and Mountain Region of New Hampshire.

This large and well-known Summer House stands on a slight eminence at the head of the Winnepesaukee, and from its broad piazzas (alone of all the hotels in this region) commands a clear and unobstructed view of the entire length of this wonderful lake. Its situation for picturesque beauty is unequalled in New England, while the charming walks and drives in all directions, winding among the hills and skirting the shores of the lake, introduce the tourist to the marvelous scenery of the surrounding country, sung by the poet Whittier, "The Heart of the Highlands."

First-class Orchestra in constant attendance during the summer months. New Billiard Rooms and Bowling Alleys have lately been added, while accommodations for boating, fishing, and bathing, are excellent.

Large Livery Stable, thoroughly equipped in all its details, connected with the Hotel.

Wishing to induce travelers to visit this region during the pleasant months of the year, liberal discount will be made during June and September.

J. I. SENTRESS.

Routes from New York and South.

Passengers taking Sound steamers at 5.00 P.M. arrive at Centre Harbor at 1.00 P.M. the next day—Pullman Drawing Room Cars, without change, from Sound steamers to Winnepesaukee.

Routes from Boston.

Trains twice daily over three distinct routes, without change of cars, from

Boston & Maine R.R. Station,	- - -	Haymarket square.
Boston & Lowell R.R. Station,	- - -	Causeway street.
Eastern R.R. Station,	- - -	" "

KEYES' HAND-BOOK

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KEYES' HANDBOOK
OF
Northern Pleasure Travel:

History

THE

WHITE AND FRANCONIA MOUNTAINS,

THE GREEN MOUNTAINS, THE NORTHERN LAKES,

MONTREAL AND QUEBEC.

HOW TO REACH THEM BY PLEASURE ROUTES, VIA THE
MERRIMACK AND CONNECTICUT VALLEYS, AND
DIVERGING LINES OF TRAVEL.

“The mountain valley is a vase,
Which God has brimmed with rarest grace;
And, kneeling in the taintless air,
I drink celestial blessings there.”

—Alger.

BOSTON:
GEO. L. KEYES, PRINTER, 4 WILLIAMS COURT.
1873.

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	PAGE		PAGE
Mount Adams.....	101	Rutland, Vt.....	150
“ Belknap House.....	36	Saco River.....	86
“ Clay.....	101	Saco Valley.....	92
“ Hayes.....	101	Saguenay River.....	128
“ Jefferson.....	101	Sawyer's Rock.....	92
“ Madison.....	101	Sebago Lake.....	103
“ Mansfield.....	144	Senter House.....	37
“ Mansfield House.....	143	Sliver Cascade.....	89
“ Moriah.....	101	Smuggler's Notch.....	146
“ Peabody.....	77	Soud Steamers.....	13
“ Pemigewasset.....	74	South Eastern Railway.....	141
“ Surprise.....	100	South Vernon.....	156
Mount Washington.....	61	Springfield, Mass.....	24
“ carriage road.....	98	Squam Lake.....	47
“ “ House.....	82	Starr King Mountain.....	59
“ “ in winter.....	84	St. Albans, Vt.....	150
“ “ Railway.....	78	Steamer “Lady of the Lake”.....	42
“ “ Steamer.....	40	St. Johnsbury, Vt.....	131
“ “ Summit view.....	82	St. Lawrence River.....	114
“ “ the descent.....	85	Stowe, Vt.....	143
Mt. Willard, drive to summit of.....	88	Sugar River Railroad.....	158
New Haven, Conn.....	26	Summit House.....	82
New London, Conn.....	16	Sunnyside House.....	57
Newport, R. I.....	32	Thompson's Falls.....	96
Newport, Vt.....	133	Tip-Top House.....	82
New York City.....	13	Trotter House, Bradford, Vt.....	160
New York, routes from.....	15, 17, 19, 24	Tuckerman's Ravine.....	96
Northumberland Junction.....	59	Twin Mountain House.....	75
Northampton, Mass.....	154	Vermont Central Railroad.....	142
North Conway, N. H.....	103	Victoria Bridge.....	111
“ “ routes to and from 103		Views from Mooshillock Summit 48	
Northern N. H. R.R.....	153	“ Mount Belknap.....	36
Norwich, Conn.....	16	“ Mount Washington.....	82
Notch, Dixville.....	59	“ Mount Pequaket.....	105
Notch, gates of.....	86	“ Prospect Hill.....	45
Notch, passage of.....	86	“ Red Hill.....	37
Oake's Gulf.....	90	View of the Profile.....	69
Owls Head Mountain.....	137	Walker's Falls.....	71
Passumpsic River Railroad.....	130	Warren, N. H.....	48
Peabody River.....	95	Waterbury, Vt.....	14g
Pemigewasset House.....	45	Waterbury House.....	143
Pemigewasset River and Valley.....	47	Waumbek House.....	57
Pequaket Mountain.....	104	Weirs (Lake Station).....	37
Phenix House.....	32	Welden House, St. Albans.....	151
Pilot Hills.....	100	Wells River, Vt.....	160
Pinkham Notch.....	93	Whitefield, N. H.....	53
Plains of Abraham.....	127	White Mountains, general view.....	61
Plattsburg, N. Y.....	149	White Mountain House.....	76
Plymouth, N. H.....	44	White Mountain Ledges.....	105
Pool, Franconia Notch.....	73	White Mountain Notch.....	86
Portland & Ogdensburg R.R.....	131	White River Junction.....	159
Potter Place.....	159	Willey House.....	88
Preface.....	5	Willoughby Lake.....	132
Profile House and vicinity.....	66	Windsor, Vt.....	159
Profile Mountain and Lake.....	70	Wing Railway.....	52
Profile (stone face).....	63, 69	Winnepesaukee Lake.....	41
Providence, R. I.....	21	Winooski, Vt.....	147
Quebec.....	118	Winter above the Clouds.....	84
Randolph Hill.....	99	Wolfborough.....	38
Red Hill.....	37	Wolfborough Hotels.....	39
Richmond, P. Q.....	117	Wolfe, General.....	127
Rocky Point, R. I.....	22	Worcester.....	25
Routes, all rail.....	21, 24, 26, 28	Your Outfit.....	6
Routes, boat and rail.....	15, 17		

P R E F A C E .

The object of this Hand-Book is to give the traveler or tourist, who wisely spends his summer vacation among the grand old hills and gleaming lakes of northern New England, such description of attractive routes to the mountains, the lakes and the Canadian cities, and information regarding important points and localities, either of trade, of picturesque scenery, or of historic interest, as will insure the preservation of this volume, for its plain merits as a guide, and invite perusal for its brief and truthful pictures of the romantic region, where thousands seek and find a blessing in the calm repose of great hills and the song and laughter of mountain streams.

Not seeking or expecting to supplant the peculiar excellence and rare merit of the elaborate works of predecessors, we admit, with special pleasure, the value of Eastman's "White Mountain Guide Book," the rare literary merit and truthful and poetic description in Starr King's "White Hills," Willey's "Sketches of White Mountain History," and Burt's "Connecticut Valley Guide." The valuable aid of these and other works is gratefully acknowledged.

Boston, June 1873.

YOUR OUTFIT.

If you are a genuine pedestrian, and intent on near personal contact with nature in the nooks and by-ways, or on crags and ledges, through forests, along the channels of streams or on wind-swept summits, or if you are inclined to sporting, be *first* substantially and firmly *shod*, and *make ample provision against the cold of high altitudes and dashing mountain showers*, by appropriate clothing in reserve, the quality and quantity of which your own good sense will regulate. Reduce the bulk of your baggage as near as may be to the necessities of the tour, avoid patent-leather and broad-brims, and "take money in thy purse," for there is rare recompense for its expenditure among the hills.

ELEVATIONS.

Pinkham Notch, (highest point),	-	-	-	-	-	2,018 feet.
Franconia Notch, (highest point),	-	-	-	-	-	2,014 "
Plymouth,	-	-	-	-	-	473 "
Lancaster,	-	-	-	-	-	860 "
Littleton,	-	-	-	-	-	817 "
Conway Intervales,	-	-	-	-	-	171 "
Concord, N. H., Depot,	-	-	-	-	-	236 "

MOUNTAINS IN VERMONT.

Mount Mansfield,	-	-	-	-	-	4,348 feet.
Camel's Hump,	-	-	-	-	-	4,083 "
Jay Peak,	-	-	-	-	-	4,018 "
Mount Willoughby,	-	-	-	-	-	3,800 "
Ascutney, (near Windsor),	-	-	-	-	-	3,320 "

MOUNTAINS IN CANADA.

Owl's Head, near Lake Memphremagog,	-	-	-	-	-	2,749 feet,
Mount Orford,	-	-	-	-	-	3,300 "
Lake Champlain,	-	-	-	-	-	90 "
Lake Memphremagog,	-	-	-	-	-	634 "
Lake Willoughby,	-	-	-	-	-	1,162 "

DISTANCES

VIA BOSTON, CONCORD AND MONTREAL RAILROAD.

To	From Concord.	From Boston.
	Miles.	Miles.
Northfield, N. H., - - - - -	13	87
Tilton, N. H., - - - - -	18	92
Laconia, N. H., - - - - -	27	101
Lake Village, N. H., - - - - -	29	103
Weirs—Lake Winnepesaukee Station, - -	34	108
Centre Harbor—10 miles by boat, - - -	44	113
Wolfborough—17 miles by boat, - - -	51	119
North Conway—via Centre Harbor, by boat, stage and rail, - - - - -	75	149
Meredith Village, N. H., - - - - -	38	112
Ashland, N. H., - - - - -	46	120
Plymouth, N. H., - - - - -	51	125
Runney, N. H., - - - - -	59	133
West Runney, N. H., - - - - -	62	136
Wentworth, N. H., - - - - -	67	141
Warren, N. H., - - - - -	70	144
Haverhill, N. H., - - - - -	85	159
Woodsville, N. H., - - - - -	93	167
Wells River, Vermont (junction with Pas- sumpsic and Montpelier Railways), - -	93½	167½
Bath, N. H., - - - - -	98	172
Lisbon, N. H., - - - - -	104	178
Littleton—11 miles staging from this point to Profile House, - - - - -	113	157
Wing Road (diverges from Main line), - -	119	193
Bethlehem (on Wing Railroad), - - -	125	199
Twin Mountain House Station, (present ter- minus Wing Road), - - - - -	129	203
Whitefield, N. H., - - - - -	125	199
Dalton, N. H., - - - - -	129	203
Lancaster, N. H., - - - - -	135	209
Northumberland, N. H. (junction with Grand Trunk Railway), - - - - -	145	219
North Stratford, N. H., (on Grand Trunk line), - - - - -	158	232

DISTANCE TABLE.

To.	Miles.	Miles.
Sherbrooke, P. Q. (on Grand Trunk junction with Passumpsic), - - - - -	219	293
Richmond, P. Q. (on Grand Trunk junction with Quebec division), - - - - -	244	318
Montreal, - - - - -	320	394
Quebec, via Northumberland, - - - - -	340	414
Montpelier, Vt., (via Wells River and new line to Montpelier, nearly completed),	132	206
Waterbury, Vt., (via Wells River, stage for Stowe, Vt.), - - - - -	140	214
Stowe, Vt., (10 miles staging from Waterbury), - - - - -	150	224
Newport, Vt., (via Passumpsic Railroad from Wells River), - - - - -	158	232
Lake Memphremagog, - - - - -	158	232
Essex Junction, Vt., - - - - -	162	236
Burlington, Vt., - - - - -	168	242

HOTEL TABLET.

Place.	Name.	Prop. and Man.
Andover, Mass.,	Mansion House,	Charles L. Carter.
Athol Depot, Mass.,	Peaquoig House,	A. Bangs.
Alburgh Springs, Vt.,	Alburgh Springs House,	H. H. Howe.
Boston, Mass.,	Clarendon Hotel,	J. Pickering Draper.
Bellows Falls, Vt.,	Island House,	S. C. Fleming.
Burlington, Vt.,	American House,	Crane & Stacy.
Bradford, Vt.,	Trotter House,	H. F. Harris.
Brandon, Vt.,	Brandon House,	R. Deming.
Brattleboro, Vt.,	Brooks House,	Charles G. Lawrence.
Biddeford, Me.,	Biddeford House,	J. C. Pobbins.
Centre Harbor, N. H.	Senter House,	J. L. Huntress.
Castleton, Vt.,	Lake Bomoseen House,	L. Collins.
Concord, N. H.,	Phenix Hotel,	J. R. Crocker.
" "	Eagle Hotel,	John A. White.
Clarendon Springs, Vt.,	Clarendon House,	B. Murray.
Caldwell, N. Y.,	Ft. Wm. Henry Hotel,	J. Roessle & Son.
East Providence, R. I.,	Riverside Hotel,	Hopkins & Sears.
Fort Edward, N. Y.,	St. James Hotel,	J. N. Moore.
Fitchburg, Mass.,	American House,	W. F. Day & Co.
Fitzwilliams, N. H.,	Cheshire House,	O. K. Wheelock.
Great Falls, N. H.,	Granite State Hotel,	R. H. Hussey.
Hoosac Tunnel, Mass.,	Hoosac House,	C. E. Locke.
Hampton, N. H.,	Union House,	Smith & Whittier.
Lyndonville, Vt.,	Walker House,	G. B. Walker.
Lake Village, Vt.,	Mount Belknap House,	D. B. Story.
Lawrence, Mass.,	Franklin House,	T. W. Huse.
Laconia, N. H.,	Laconia House,	W. C. Wylie.
Lennoxville, P. Q.,	Buck's Hotel,	F. P. Buck.
Manchester, N. H.,	National Hotel,	A. C. Wallace.
Montreal, P. Q.,	Montreal House,	Decker & Co.
Meredith, N. H.,	Prospect House,	G. M. Burleigh.
Milford, Mass.,	Milford House,	Hapgood Brothers.
Middleboro, Vt.,	Addison House,	Darwin Ryder.
Montpelier, Vt.,	Pavilion Hotel,	R. T. Aldrich.
Newport, Vt.,	Memphremagog House,	W. F. Bowman.
North Adams, Mass.,	Ballou House,	M. Ballou & Sons.
Newport, N. H.,	Phenix Hotel,	J. H. Brown.
Newburyport, Mass.,	Merrimac House,	Geo. Montgomery.
New Bedford, Mass.,	Parker House,	Bullock & Brownell.
Pittsfield, N. H.,	Washington House,	T. B. Tucker.
Plattsburg, N. Y.,	Fouquet's Hotel,	L. M. Fouquet.
Providence, R. I.,	City Hotel,	L. H. Hnmphrey.
Portsmouth, N. H.,	Rockingham House,	G. W. & J. S. Pierce.
Peterboro, N. H.,	French's Hotel,	C. E. Robinson.
Pittsford, Vt.,	Otter Creek House,	S. S. Scofield.
Quebec, P. Q.,	St. Louis Hotel,	Willis Russell.
" "	Clarendon Hotel,	" "
Rochester, N. E.,	Dodge's Hotel,	J. T. Dodge.
Rutland, Vt.	Berwick House,	M. K. Hotchkiss,
Rocky Point, R. I.,	Rocky Point Hotel,	L. H. Humphrey.

Place.	Name.	Prop. and Man.
Salisbury, Vt.,	Lake Dunmore Hotel,	E. P. Hitchcock.
Sandy Hill, N. Y.,	Coffee House,	N. W. Clark.
Stowe, Vt.,	Mt. Mansfield Hotel,	N. P. Keeler.
South Vernon, Vt.,	South Vernon House,	D. L. Priest.
Sherbrooke, P. Q.,	Continental Hotel,	P. A. Camirand.
" "	Clark's Hotel,	Stephen Clark.
" "	Sherbrooke House,	W. Chamberlain.
" "	Magog House,	H. S. Heipburn.
Springfield, Mass.,	Massasoit House,	Hathorn & Southgate.
Saratoga Springs, N. Y.	Congress Hall,	Bennett & McCaffrey.
" " "	American Hotel,	Campbell & Shaw.
" " "	Arlington House,	D. O. Dodge.
" " "	Columbian Hotel,	Adams & Mason.
" " "	Continental Hotel,	Col. W. W. Leland & Co.
" " "	Grand Hotel,	Breslin, Gardner & Co.
" " "	Union Hotel,	Charles E. Leland.
" " "	Clarendon Hotel,	C. T. & C. O. Stevens.
Virgennes, Vt.,	Stevens House,	A. R. Pike,
Winooski, Vt.,	Stevens House,	E. Stanton.
Wolfboro, N. H.,	Pavilion Hotel,	J. L. Peavey.
" "	Glenden Hotel,	Daniel Horn.
" "	Belvue House,	Streeter & Swift.
Williamstown, Mass.,	Greylock Hall,	H. A. Crocker.
Winchendon, Mass.,	Monadnock House,	M. G. Slack.
Wells River, Vt.,	-----	L. W. Elliot.
Woonsocket, R. I.,	Monument House,	A. T. & O. F. Barron.
White River Junc., Vt.,	Junction House,	J. H. Hazelton.
West Rutland, Vt.,	Barnes House,	

WHITE MOUNTAIN HOTELS.

Bethlehem, N. H.,	Sinclair House,	D. W. Ranlet.
Carroll, N. H.,	Fabyan House,	Walcott, Lindsay & French
" "	White Mountain House,	Rounsvel & Co.
" "	Twin Mountain House,	A. T. & O. F. Barron.
" "	Crawford House,	" " "
Conway, N. H.,	Conway House,	L. H. Eastman.
" "	Pequaket House,	D. E. Pendexter.
Franconia Notch, N. H.,	Profile House,	Taft & Greenleaf.
Jefferson, N. H.,	Waumbek House,	Merrill & Plaisted.
" "	Jefferson Hill House,	Roby & Bedell.
Lancaster, N. H.,	Lancaster House,	B. H. Corning.
Littleton, N. H.,	Oak Hill House,	C. C. Knapp.
" "	Union House,	W. Jennison.
North Conway, N. H.,	Mason's Hotel,	F. H. Mason.
" " "	Randall House,	J. T. Randall.
" " "	Intervale House,	Mudgett & Eastman.
" " "	McMillan House,	John McMillan.
" " "	Sunset Pavilion,	M. L. Mason.
Plymouth, N. H.,	Pemigewasset House,	C. M. Morse.
West Ossipee, N. H.,	Banks House,	J. L. Plummer.
Warren, N. H.	Moosilauk, House,	D. G. Marsh.
Gorham, N. H.	Glen House,	J. M. Thompson & Co.

THE START FROM NEW YORK.

Leaving New York city by either line of the magnificent Sound steamers, from North River, glancing down the grand harbor, and rounding the southern extremity of Manhattan Island, the once fashionable and central locality of the BATTERY and CASTLE GARDEN attract attention, with the circular swell of GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, once, no doubt, a portion of Long Island, the frowning guns of Castle William, the South Battery, and the waters of Buttermilk Channel, all of noticeable importance, in the growth and life of the great metropolis, or from historical associations claiming attention as you proceed.

Passing along East River the track of the steamer crosses the line of the Brooklyn ferries and between the piers of the immense bridge, now constructing, to unite the City of Churches with New York. Upon the left, in full view, is the great city, so changed since the days when good Heinrich Hudson founded the Dutch town of "Nieuw Amsterdam,"—the embryo New York,—and the Dutch Commodore Van Cortland sailed through this same river into the perils of Hell Gate. Along the city's water front are acres of sailing craft from every quarter, with the products of the soil, of mines, and the industries of the world; to the right, the heights and elegant residences of Brooklyn, where, also, are the United States Docks and Navy Yard of this the great naval station of the country. BLACKWELL'S ISLAND, a long, narrow strip of land, lying along the centre of the river, attracts attention, as the spot where are located the reformatory, charitable, and corrective institutions of the metropolis.

Hell Gate is a narrow and tortuous passage, six miles from New York, where, during the rise and fall of tides, the waters

from the Sound are lashed into seething commotion. The rocks and whirlpools are designated by the musical names of "The Gridiron," "The Frying Pan," "Pot Rock," "Pot Cove," "Hog's Back," etc. Passing Ward's and Randall's Island, Port Morris and Flushing, at "Throgg's Neck," thirteen miles from New York, on which is Fort Schuyler, with three hundred guns, we enter the waters of

LONG ISLAND SOUND.

This inland highway for navigation between New England and the great centre of national commerce and trade, is about one hundred and ten miles in length, from twenty to thirty miles wide in its central and broadest waters, and is navigable for the largest vessels. The northern shore has an irregular coast line, giving harbor facilities which are the sure nurseries of thriving towns, and naturally leading to commercial activity.

We are now fairly launched upon our way, and, if the night is fine, a jovial, happy crowd, who have left their cares behind, and with them the restraints of metropolitan life, promenade the decks. Soft strains of music, nowhere so sweet as out upon the waters, on some of these fine boats, cheer the admiring passengers, and

"All goes merry as a marriage bell."

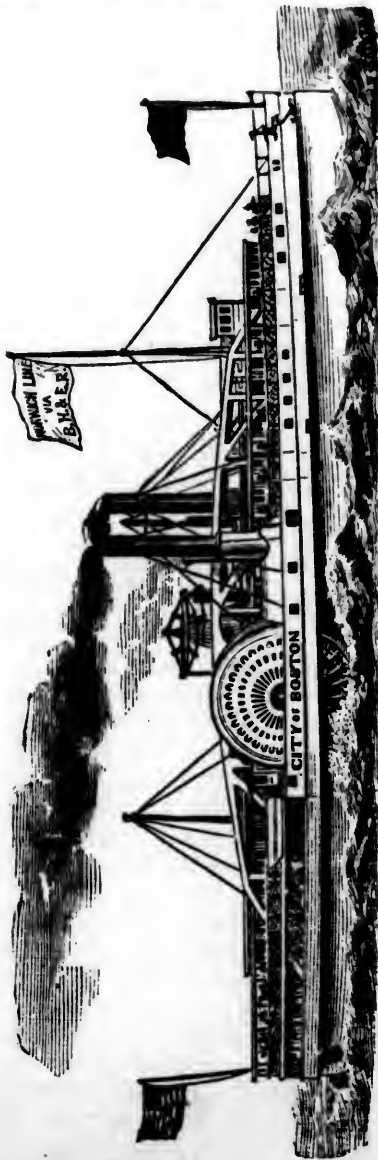
But, one by one, the crowd drop off for needed rest. At waking we will take a comprehensive view of the routes by which we are to proceed.

ROUTE.

From New York to Concord, N. H.

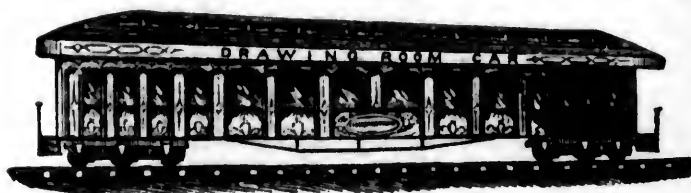
BY BOAT AND RAIL FROM NEW YORK BY THE NORWICH
LINE OF STEAMERS, VIA WORCESTER AND NASHUA.

These fine boats, "City of New York" and "City of Boston,"



STEAMER "CITY OF BOSTON."

leave Pier No. 40, North River, at 5 o'clock P. M. They have all the appointments and conveniencies to be found upon the boats of any inland waters, passing in full view of the great city, the surrounding objects of interest and the suburban towns along the Long Island shore, more fully described in the opening pages. Passengers by this route incur little risk from storms or inconvenience from rough weather, arriving at New London at 4.00 A. M., thence by the Norwich and Worcester Railway, with elegant parlor cars, which are not excelled, if equalled, on any



“CITY OF WORCESTER.”

railway line, to WORCESTER, the heart of the Commonwealth, (receiving at this point the travel centreing here from converging roads), and, after taking time for breakfast, proceed, via AYER'S JUNCTION, (connecting there with train from Fitchburg,) to Nashua and Manchester along the valley of the Merrimac River, (receiving at Manchester passengers from Portsmouth and the East); thence to Concord, N. H., from which point the route to the mountains is fully described in the following pages.

NOTE.—NEW LONDON, three miles from the mouth of the Thames River, has become of late years a fashionable summer resort. The surrounding scenery is attractive and picturesque, and the harbor the best on the Sound, and one of the best in the country, enclosed by hills and guarded at the entrance by grim Fort Trumbull. In the palmy days of whale fishing this was second only to New Bedford in that interest. The Custom House and City Buildings are substantial structures. Banking facilities and manufacturing interests are important, and the early history of the town is of rare interest.

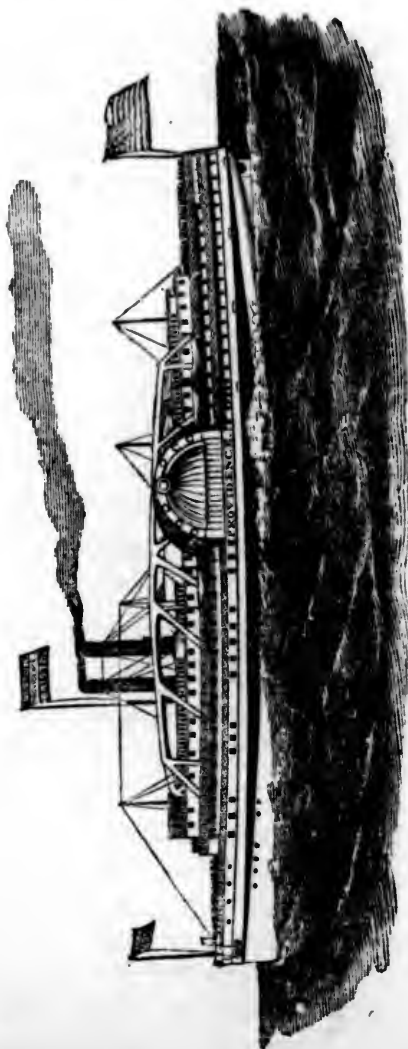
NORWICH is at the head of navigation on the Thames River, thirteen miles from New London. The location is commanding, built upon the steep hillside, lying between the rivers which unite to form the Thames. The manufacturing portion of the town is in a valley enclosed by hills. Cottons, woolens, paper and machinery are the chief products. The territory comprised in the town was purchased of Uncas and his sons for the sum of seventy pounds. A large banking and insurance business is carried on at this place. The “Falls of the Yantic” are about a mile from its outlet, and should be visited by those who tarry here.

ROUTE.

From New York to Concord, N. H.

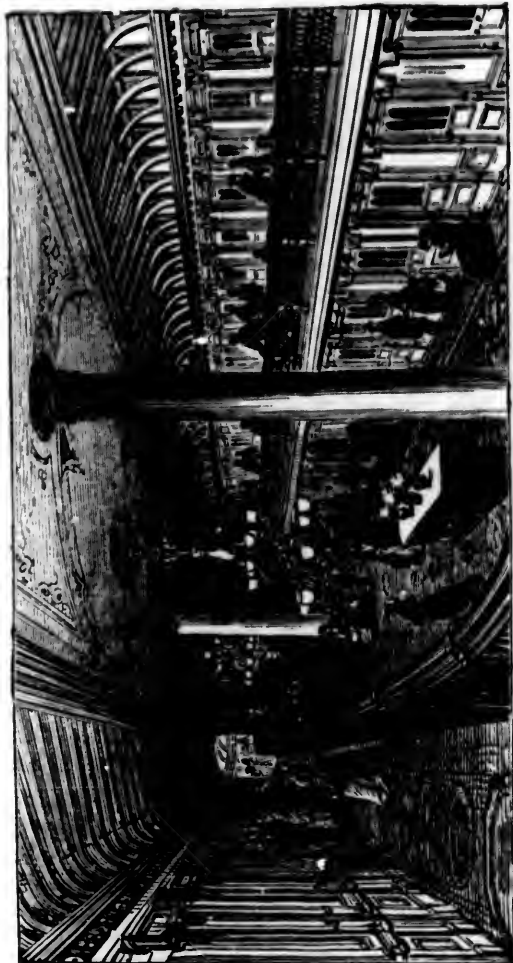
BY BOAT AND RAIL FROM NEW YORK VIA FALL RIVER
LINE OF STEAMERS.

Starting at 5 o'clock P.M. from New York, Piers No. 28 and 30,
North River, these palatial boats—the finest that float upon in-



STEAMER "PROVIDENCE."

land waters—the “BRISTOL” and “PROVIDENCE,” each furnished with an excellent band of music during the season of summer travel, with large staterooms lighted by gas, will

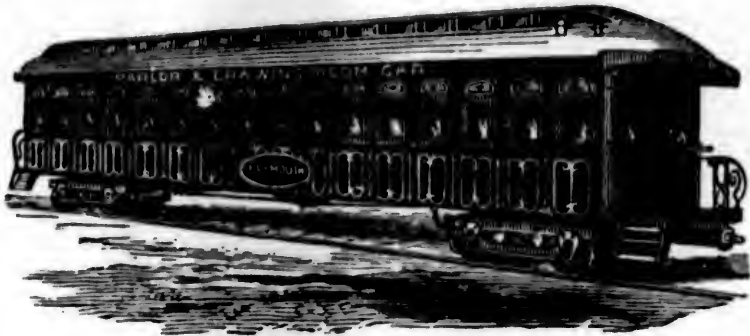


SALOON OF STEAMER “PROVIDENCE.”

proceed through the whole length of the Sound and Narragansett Bay, affording the fine views of the metropolis and surroundings described in the preceding pages, giving a longer sail and less distance by rail, with same time and fare, as other routes, and arrive at Fall River—the champion manufacturing city of New England—on Mount Hope Bay, an arm of Narragansett

Bay, at the confluence of Taunton and Fall Rivers, at about 4 o'clock A.M.

Passengers are called for breakfast at 5½ o'clock; after breakfast, take the fine parlor car



“PLYMOUTH” or “NEWPORT,”

or the elegant monitor top cars of this line, and proceed by *express train*, stopping only at important points, to Concord, Lake Winnepesaukee, Plymouth, Littleton, (from here to Profile House by stage), Bethlehem, Twin Mountain Station (nearest to Mount Washington and Crawford House at the Notch,) the new Fabyan Place, Crawford House and Mount Washington House on summit of Mount Washington, or to Lancaster (stage from here to Jefferson Hill) and Northumberland—junction with Grand Trunk Railway for Montreal or Quebec.

NOTE.—This train receives at TAUNTON passengers from New Bedford and Cape Cod Railroads; at MANSFIELD connects with train from Providence and Shore Line from New York; at FRAMINGHAM with train from New York, via Hartford and Springfield; thence over the Framingham and Lowell Railroad to Acton, and from thence to NASHUA by the New Nashua and Acton railway just opened to public travel. This new road is built in the most thorough manner; the cars are new, and built with all the modern improvements and conveniences with reference to the comfort and safety of patrons. The road passes through a series of thriving interior towns, and is an important link in the through line from New York and Providence to Northern New England, connecting at Nashua with the through express trains for the north, (no change of cars), proceeding through Manchester (receiving at Manchester passengers from Portsmouth and the east), and continuing through the valley of the Merrimack to Concord, N. H.,

from which point the route to the lake and mountains is fully described in pages following.

Passengers who stop for any length of time at FALL RIVER will not lose the fine view from the hill near the city. Looking across the Bay, Mt. Hope is seen, memorable as the home of King Phillip. This city is fast becoming, if it is not already, the leading manufacturing city of New England. Steam power has taken the place of water. Granite quarries in the vicinity are valuable, and the quarrying of building stone is an important interest. The famous Dighton Rock is not far distant, with its mysterious inscriptions yet unsolved.

ROUTE.

From New York to Concord, N. H.

ALL RAIL ROUTE FROM NEW YORK TO THE MOUNTAINS.

Leave New York via Shore Line from the Grand Central Station Forty-Second street, at 8 o'clock P. M., via New York and New Haven Railroad, proceeding by express train, in Wagner's Sleeping Cars, via Bridgeport, New Haven, New London, Stonington and Providence, along the shore of Long Island Sound and Narragansett Bay, an exceedingly pleasant route, with no vexatious delays, and superior accommodations for comfort, through a net work of thriving towns and cities (of which the space of our hand-book does not permit description). The route is noticeable for its coolness and freedom from dust.

Taking ample time for rest in the fine reception rooms, and for breakfast in the depot dining rooms at Providence, leave that point by the express train at 6.15 A. M., via Mansfield, Framingham, (connecting with train from New York via Springfield,) Lowell (uniting here with train from Boston and Salem, no change of cars,) or 6.05 A. M., via Providence and Worcester Railroad, via Worcester and Clinton; thence to Nashua, Manchester, and along the Merrimack Valley to Concord, N. H., from which point the route to the Lake and Mountains is described in the succeeding pages.

NOTE.—PROVIDENCE is the principal port of entry and one of the capital cities of Rhode Island, and is the second city in population and wealth in New England. The location is upon both sides of Providence river, which is crossed by wide and commodious bridges. Its first settlement in 1636, by Roger Williams—exiled from Mass. for religious heresies—is too familiar to need repetition. The rock on which he landed on the bank of Seconk river is still pointed out. The *City Hotel* is a first class house where every comfort is provided, L. H. Humphreys, proprietor.

Brown University is one of the noted Colleges of the country, and the Educational and Charitable Institutions of the city are numerous, and liberally endowed. An extensive network of railroads terminate here, having a central station in the heart of the city, and steamers run to Bristol,

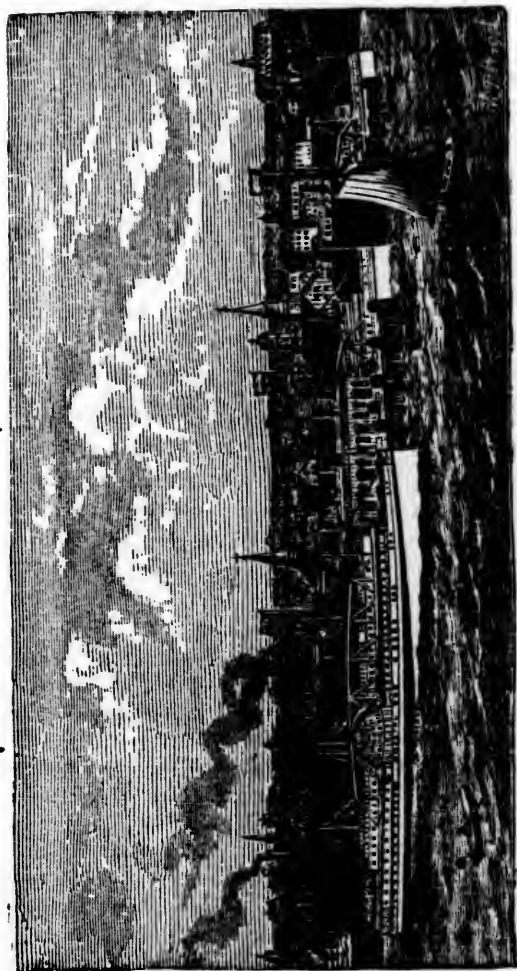
Newport, Fall River, Warwick, Rocky Point and various places on Narragansett Bay. A sail down the bay, or at least to

ROCKY POINT,

should not be omitted. This point, owned by the American Steamboat Company, has a national fame as the place of all others in this vicinity for attractiveness to pleasure seekers. It is visited by thousands each year, and the combination of unequalled natural features, of wild and massive rocks, caves and passages, with facilities for furnishing all creature comforts and desirable amusements, make it the favorite point for escape from the heat and turmoil of the city. *Rocky Point Hotel*, under the management of L. H. Humphreys, Esq., and competent assistants, it is calculated will accommodate seven hundred persons, seat at once in its dining-room fifteen hundred people, thus enabling the proprietor to provide dinners for any number of thousands. Connected with the Hotel is a farm of fifty acres under high cultivation, supplying the milk, vegetables and poultry for the table. The extensive stables, free menagerie, the educated bear, and elevated railway; the view from the tower, the natural curiosities hereabout, with the wonders all along the bay, make the trip to Rocky Point something to be remembered.

NEWPORT is the most elegant and fashionable of New England watering places. A century ago it was a rival of New York in its foreign commerce. The town was virtually destroyed by the British in 1779 and two-thirds of the population deserted the place. Of late many elegant residences have been erected upon the elevations overlooking the sea. The town is rich in historical associations and localities and objects of rare interest. There is an inner and outer harbor forming one of the finest in the country, each surrounding point and headland fraught with historic interest. The older portion of the city is crowded and ancient in appearance; the new town is built with liberal breadth of streets and display of architectural taste and elegance. The fleets of the world could ride at anchor in the deep and spacious harbor; the Forts, ancient and modern, the mysterious "Old Stone Mill," the carefully prepared printing press on which Ben. Franklin worked in 1772 are important among the many sights not to be overlooked during your stay.

NARRAGANSETT PIER is another popular resort at the southwestern shore of the bay, celebrated for the extensive ocean and inland views from Tower Hill and the good hotel accommodations and facilities for fishing, rowing or sailing, afforded at the *Tower Hill House*.



CITY OF NEWPORT.

ROUTE.

From New York to Concord, N. H.

ALL RAIL DAY ROUTE FROM NEW YORK TO THE MOUNTAINS.

Leave New York by express train via Springfield, Worcester and Nashua, from the Grand Central Depot, Forty-second street, at 8 A.M., by New York & New Haven Railroad via New Haven & Hartford, and arriving at Springfield at 1 o'clock, in time for dinner at that excellent hotel the Massasoit House, thence proceeding via Worcester (receiving travel from connecting roads), Nashua, connecting with evening express from Boston for Plymouth, Manchester and along the Merrimac Valley to Concord, and, from that point, continue by the Boston, Concord & Montreal Railroad, reaching Plymouth, N. H., the same evening, stopping at the famous Pemigewasset House for the night and continuing the journey to the Mountains in the morning. There is also an evening train leaving New York at 8 P.M., and making connections same as Shore Line Route on preceding page.

NOTE.—This route, taking the morning train, conveys the passenger through the interesting portion of Connecticut and Massachusetts, the fair capital city of New Haven, appropriately called the "Elm City," held in memory by the many graduates of famed and ancient Yale College, founded in 1700. From New Haven to the twin capital city of Hartford, calling up remembrances of the "Convention" and Charter Oak, and noted for the elaborate architecture of its elegant and permanent buildings, the wealth of its people and the colossal and substantial growth of its Life and Fire Insurance Companies; the manufactures are extensive, including Colt's immense pistol works, covering 125 acres, Sharpe's rifle factory and a wide variety of other interests. Central Park contains 46 acres and is an attractive spot. The splendid railroad station will attract your attention and you pass on to Springfield through the finest portion of the Connecticut Valley. Henceforth Hartford is to be the sole capital of the State.

SPRINGFIELD, located on the east bank of the Connecticut, is an important railroad centre, noted for the beauty of its location, and chiefly for the United States armory, the only considerable government manufactory of small arms in the country there located. The buildings of the armory

have an elevated location in the easterly portion of the city, and are well worth a visit; here also are the extensive car works of the Mason Manufacturing Co., and Smith and Wesson's pistol works, both noted manufacturers.

WORCESTER, the heart of the Commonwealth, is an important railroad and trade centre, as a glance at the map will show you, and one of the most important inland cities in New England, manufacturing iron goods, tools and machinery in wide variety. The people have a large average of wealth and are an enterprising, live and liberal community. The manufacture of wire of all kinds is extensively carried on here.

ROUTE.

From Boston to the Mountains, Montreal and Quebec,

VIA LOWELL.

Leave Boston by the Boston and Lowell Railroad, from the magnificent new passenger station, Causeway street, at 8 o'clock A.M., and, in the new improved parlor and fine monitor top cars of the line, proceed by express train directly for the mountains with no delays, excepting the necessary stoppages and for dinner. On leaving Boston, if a stranger, you look to the right upon historic ground in Charlestown, with the plain shaft on Bunker Hill rising now and then into view; the McLean Asylum for the Insane at Somerville will also be noticed, and you pass on to Lowell over one of the oldest lines of railway in the country. At Lowell the Concord river unites with the Merrimack furnishing the extensive water-power of this great manufacturing site. Fifteen millions of capital are invested and fifteen thousand people are here employed in the extensive mills. From Lowell, after receiving travel from Salem over the Salem and Lowell railroad, continue along the Merrimack to Nashua, another of the thriving cities developed on the water-powers of the Merrimack, where we find the productions of the mills and shops not confined to the specialty of cotton fabrics, but ranging over a wide list of the useful and ornamental, the massive and ~~the~~ minute.

From Nashua there is little of special interest until Manchester is reached — the largest city of the old Granite State. Though cotton manufacture may be considered the special feature of the products of Manchester, yet the locomotive works are of great importance. The Amoskeag Manufacturing Company have three millions of dollars in their business of manufacturing steam fire engines, machinery, and a wide diversity of products. Some ten miles west of Manchester are the two considerable peaks known as the "Twin Uncanoonucks," said to be the first elevations seen by mariners approaching the coast.

The substantial Dam at Amoskeag Falls will be seen upon the

left as the train passes out of the city over the smooth grade of the finely managed and important trunk line of the Concord Railroad, northward to Concord, through the pleasant valley of the Merrimack, and pass the improved water powers at Hooksett (observe the sharp, rocky "Pinnacle" to the left,) and Suncook. The route from Concord northward will be found fully described in succeeding pages.

The train leaving Boston at 12 o'clock noon, connects with the boat on Lake Winnepesaukee, at Weirs, for Centre Harbor and Wolfborough, and continues to Plymouth; also, (excepting in mid-winter,) a night accommodation train over the Boston, Concord and Montreal connects at Concord with the 6 o'clock trains from Boston, running through to Plymouth, N. H., the same night, and continuing to the mountains next morning.

ROUTE.

From Boston to the Mountains, Montreal and Quebec,

VIA LAWRENCE.

Leave the station of the Boston and Maine Railroad, in Haymarket square, at 7.30 A. M. As on the Lowell route, the view from the car windows, to the right as you leave the city, looks upon the Heights in Charlestown, and the shaft of Bunker Hill Monument rising into view attracts the gaze of every stranger.

This route for the first twelve miles passes through the net work of fine suburban towns and villages that have sprung up along the line of all important railways centreing in the New England metropolis, and extending wider and in new localities as the years roll on. Somerville, Malden, Melrose, Wakefield, and Reading are fine towns. The union of this road with the Salem and Lowell is at Wilmington Junction. Twenty-three miles from Boston the fine old town of Andover is reached. Here is the Theological Seminary founded in 1807, for the purpose of providing a "learned, orthodox, and pious ministry." It is under Congregational auspices, but not closed to others. The Abbott Female Seminary, Phillips' Academy (founded nearly a century ago), and the new Memorial Hall, which will accommodate a free library, are of noticeable importance.

Reaching the Merrimack, twenty-six miles from Boston, the fine buildings of the great cotton and woolen mills of Lawrence attract attention. Younger in years than most of the cities of New England, Lawrence holds an important place in the production of cotton, woolen, and worsted fabrics, and the manufacture of paper. Nearly thirteen thousand operatives are employed, and twelve million dollars of capital are invested. The Boston and Maine Railroad here diverges to the eastward on its way to Portland, and we continue by way of the Manchester and Lawrence Railroad to Manchester, and from thence to Concord, as described in the route via Lowell.

There is also over this route the 12 o'clock noon train from Boston for Plymouth, N. H., connecting at Weirs, on Lake Winnepesaukee, with boat for Centre Harbor and Wolfborough; and 5 o'clock night train from Boston running through to Plymouth (excepting in mid-winter), same as by Lowell route, and continuing from Plymouth to the mountains the following morning.

NORTHERN PLEASURE TRAVEL.

THE MERRIMACK RIVER.

We have come now, from various ways, to the thoroughfare to be used by all in common. Our progress thus far has been to many of us, by ways familiar as description can make them, and the limits of a pocket guide-book will not permit of an extended account of all objects of interest from the threshold of home to the journey's end. Our approach to the capital city of New Hampshire has been along the valley of the **MERRIMACK RIVER**, which, in its course, furnishes the motive power to more manufactories, frets in the harness of more exacting masters than any water-course of its extent in the world. Having its source in the pure lakes and leaping streams from the everlasting hills, its waters force into motion the vast machinery of the great mills at **Manchester, Nashua, Lowell and Lawrence**, and nearer its source, and upon its many branches, lends its power in aid of lesser but important industries; the latent power of its pure current finds abundant opportunity for application in its course to the sea, which it reaches only after being lashed into foam over many rapids, whirled in revolving wheels, and dashed from artificial obstructions. Rising in sources more than five thousand feet above sea level, the **Pemigewasset** and **Winnepesaukee** rivers unite at **Franklin**, forming the **Merrimack**. The **Winnepesaukee** is the outlet of the great lake, and the water power companies of the great cities below have wisely provided artificial means to retain in this great natural reservoir a reserve of power to supply

the lack in long continued seasons of drought. Along the banks of this fair stream we are now whirled. As its sources are more varied, so are its uses more manifold than any stream of its extent and volume in the world. Gathered from infant streams, born in the placid ponds of the Franconia Valley, and high up on the summit of Mount Willey in the Crawford Notch, and receiving waters from the outlets of Winnepesaukee, Squam and Newfound lakes, from the slopes of distant Monadnock and Kearsarge, through the Contocook, Blackwater and tributaries, and farther down, from the outlet of Massabesic, the Suncook, Souhegan, Nashua, Concord, Spicket and Shawsheen rivers, it discharges into the Atlantic after its broken and busy flow of 260 miles by its course.

The fine imagination of Whittier thus invokes the fair stream at a merry gathering upon the river bank:—

“Bring us the airs of the hills and forests,
The sweet aroma of birch and pine,
Give us a waft of the north wind laden
With sweet brier odors and breath of kine!

Bring us the purple of northern sunsets,
Shadows of clouds that rake the hills,
The green repose of the Plymouth meadows,
The gleam and ripple of Campton rills.

Lead us away in shades and sunshine,
Slaves of fancy, through all thy miles,
The winding ways of the Pemigewasset,
And Winnepesaukee's hundred isles.”

It was said, in the quaint language of the early discoverers, to be a “faire, large river, well replenished with fruitful isles; the country pleasant, full of goodly forests and faire vallies,” a description that answers well for the present, though made when its waters ran unvexed to the sea.

CONCORD, N. H.

CONCORD, the capital city of the granite commonwealth, upon the west bank of the Merrimack, seems a natural political centre, for here, before the pale faces sat in council in the valley, the home of the tawny chieftains and the seat of savage authority

was located at Pennacook, the Indian village. The Pennacooks were a powerful tribe, and Passaconaway, their great Sangamon, was a savage ruler, and counsellor of acknowledged wisdom and undisputed power, to whom the lesser tribes were tributary.

It was incorporated as a town by the government of Massachusetts in 1733 under the name of Rumford. The massacre of five citizens of the town by Indians in 1746, is a matter of history well known to all familiar with local records. A plain granite monument on the Hopkinton road marks the vicinity of the tragedy.

Granite from the hills, not far from the city proper, is sent to all parts of the adjacent country, and from it have been built the finest structures of eastern cities, being noted for its beauty. And wherever you ride in coaches, whether over the rough White Mountain roads, upon the wide reaches of the western border, on the plains of Mexico or the steppes of South America, you will doubtless find the trade mark of Concord makers upon the vehicle that conveys you.

The State Asylum for the insane, with its extensive buildings and grounds, is upon a gradual swell of land on the western limits of the city proper. The State Prison is somewhat ancient in its appearance and may be wanting in some of the "modern improvements" of model corrective establishments, but serves its purpose well.

The St. Paul School, for boys, is a flourishing institution at Millville, some two miles from the city proper on the Hopkinton road and Turkey river. There are tasty buildings in a pretty location in the quiet valley. The institution is under the patronage of the Episcopal denomination and is liberally patronized.

The State House is finely situated in the heart of the city, between Maine and State streets, and the enclosed grounds, some two acres in extent, are laid out in pleasant walks. Fronting the State House is the well known and popular

EAGLE HOTEL,

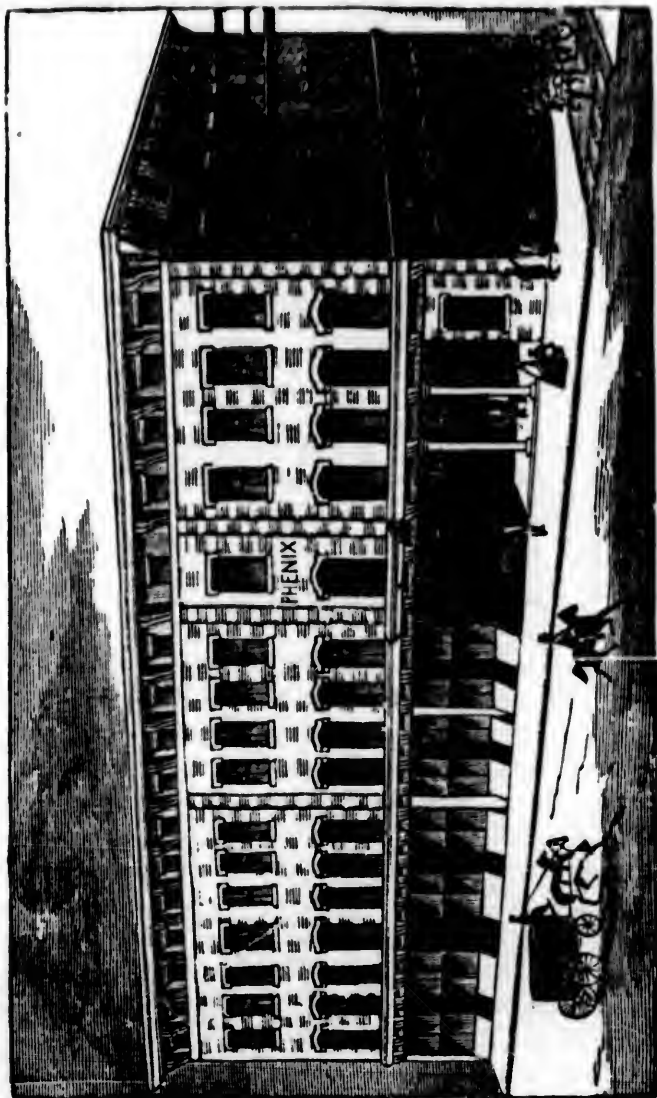
where the traveler who may, from choice or compulsion, tarry at this stage of the journey, will find excellent fare and accommodations with mine host, John A. White, whose capabilities



have been tested on many occasions, and never found wanting. All the appointments of the house will be found to be first-class and the fare and attendance such as to insure the comfort of all patrons. Carriages convey guests to and from the depot free of expense.

THE PHENIX HOTEL

is widely and favorably known to the traveling public for the first-class accommodations afforded. The ease and comfort of all who may make this house their temporary or permanent home, is not a matter of speculation, but is positively assured. The location is near the railroad station in the centre of business. Guests conveyed to and from the depot free of charge. J. R. Crocker, Esq., is the popular landlord.



PHENIX HOTEL.

FROM CONCORD NORTHWARD.

Leaving Concord, if you so will it, via the Boston, Concord and Montreal railroad, with no unnecessary delay, we are now fairly bound mountainward. It is the season of pleasure travel, and, as we are whirled along the valley of the Merrimack, it is but natural to scan the faces of our traveling companions who thread a common thoroughfare having the common object of near communion with nature—

“A mother kind alike to all.”

The merchant has left his counting house, sacrificing profit for pleasure for the time being; the retired sea captain from the south shore, leaves behind the uncertainties of his floating home for the solidity and beauty of the rolling billows of mountain land; the over worked pastor, with leave of absence and the bronchitis, will read “sermons in stones” and gather strength for a season in the pure mountain air; the quiet authoress of note is seeking rest and inspiration where the Highland rivers

“Sing us the songs of peace and home,”

while the actress has left the glare of the foot-lights and the illusions of the stage for the pure breezes and grand realities of the hills; the legislator has put off the cares of State and escaped the perils of political life to ponder by the side of mountain streams; our friend with the rifle and rods is on sporting interest and will find ample scope for his skill; the young man with luxuriant side whiskers and voluminous portfolios is an artist bound for the quiet scenes of Campton or the vales of North Conway; in him, the fair widow and marriageable daughters, all of whom have an eye for pleasing outlines, be they mountainous or masculine, takes a deep interest; while Miss Flora McFlimsey, of Madison Square, also aboard, with the “nothing she wears” in six sizable trunks, is on intimate terms with the gentleman of foreign air and accent; the pale invalid wisely seeks relief in the breath of woodlands and savage vigor of hills, and our reconstructed southern brother anticipates pleasure in viewing “the grand uprisings of the North.” A group of children—innocents

abroad—have crude but delightful visions of wonders to come in the hill country where their fathers were born and reared; for them “the cradle song of the hill side fountains” is music indeed. Our happy and expectant company enjoy the facilities for travel on the line of the

BOSTON, CONCORD AND MONTREAL RAILROAD.

This route by way of the Merrimack Valley, the Lake Shore and valley of Baker's River and the Connecticut and Ammonusuc Valleys, is one of the favorite pleasure routes of New England, noticeable for the safety and comfort with which the trains are run and for all the modern appliances for the convenience of passengers which rapid improvements have of late years provided. J. E. LYON, Esq., of Boston, is the efficient president and controlling spirit of the road, J. A. DODGE, Esq., of Plymouth, is the gentlemanly and industrious Superintendent, with a corps of conductors who know and do their business with faithfulness to their employers and regard for passengers' comfort. Parlor cars are run on all through trains in the season of pleasure travel. The General Agency of the road where tickets may be purchased, information obtained and valuable directions given is at No. 5 State street, Boston, W. W. Berg, General Passenger Agent.

LACONIA.

While we have studied the faces and characters of our traveling companions, the fast express train has borne us on, through the valley of the Merrimack, with little to excite our curiosity, unless at TILTON, the buildings of the New Hampshire Conference Seminary and Female College, on the left, should be noticed. Crossing the Winnepesaukee River, shortly after leaving Tilton, the placid waters of Sanbornton Bay and Great Bay, or Lake Winnesquam appear on the left and give warning that we are approaching the Central Lake so far famed for its beauty and variety of its scenery and purity of its waters.

The town of Laconia is a large and thriving village which has evidently caught the spirit of progress and outrun the limit which seems to have been set upon the expansion of many of the older

towns. The station is 27 miles from Concord. Here are the extensive works of the Ranlet Car Manufacturing Co., the Belknap Mills, Iron Foundry and Machine Shop, several Hosiery Mills and other important industries, a Bank of Discount and two Savings Banks, with an extensive country trade. Laconia was the name originally given to the wide region lying about the lake and mountains.

The Laconia House, kept by mine host, W. C. Wylie, a new and commodious house, will afford visitors substantial comforts and all needed requisites for a pleasant temporary home. A stage line runs from here to Alton Bay. The drive to CENTRE HARBOR is one of rare interest, and the BELKNAP and GUNSTOCK MOUNTAINS are often visited from this point; the view from the highest summit gives the eye a wide range of the whole extent of the lake from a central point. Good teams for drives can be had at the above named hotel. The pleasant residences and tasty church buildings of the village attract attention as the through passenger is hurried on to

LAKE VILLAGE.

the next railway station, important as the place where are located the construction and repair shops of the Boston, Concord and Montreal Railroad line, with manufactories of machinery and mill castings (B. J. Cole & Co., proprietors), Hosiery mills and other mills of importance for making of knitting machines, needles, &c.

THE MOUNT BELKNAP HOUSE

is a commodious brick structure, near the railway station; David B. Story, Esq., is the obliging landlord, and those who may tarry here for a time will find no lack of pleasant drives in the surrounding region, and no one should fail to make the trip to the summit of Belknap. For these trips Mr. S. will furnish good teams.

From Lake Village the railway skirts the shores of Long Bay, lying to the right, an outlying portion of the lake proper. The lake itself now comes in view as you reach the small and unpretending station standing in solitary importance, and known as the

WEIRS,

the steamboat landing on Lake Winnepesaukee, where passengers can leave by the commodious lake steamer "Lady of the Lake," Capt. Bickford, and enjoy the delightful sail, of ten miles, through the finest portion of the lake, to the quiet and picturesque village, at the head of the central northern bay, so loved by artists for its quiet beauty.

CENTRE HARBOR.

Here the tourist may tarry with comfort and take luxurious ease and rest at the fine hotel, row or sail in boats to be had for the purpose, watch the play of the shadows upon the mirror of waters and the surrounding hills, or make the "not to be omitted excursion" to RED HILL. During your stay at this place the comforts afforded by the *Senter House*, J. L. Huntress, proprietor, will be found in all respects first-class. The hotel building is one of the finest in the vicinity near the shore of the lake, has pleasant and ample grounds and broad piazzas, with the most substantial provision for the comfort and enjoyment of guests. The extensive livery stables enable the guests to take trips in any direction, or to proceed on their journey by private conveyance if they prefer it to the public routes.

Fine drives may be taken from this point, and excellent teams are furnished at the hotels. Many may choose, as they can do each day, to leave by the steamer for Wolfborough, on the eastern shore of the lake, but the larger number who continue their journey from this point, will take the stage and rail route to North Conway, but *all*, before leaving this quiet retreat, will wish to make the ascent of

RED HILL,

which is distant from Centre Harbor some five miles to the summit. From this elevation (of 2500 feet), a view is had equalled in beauty by none other in this immediate vicinity. The wide reach of that cluster of silver bays, which, with the lake proper, give unrivalled variety and beauty to Winnepesaukee, lying like a mirror in its framework of rounded swelling hills, pre-eminent in

placid beauty, is here spread beneath the eye. Starr King beautifully says of the lake view from this summit: "Here is the place to study its borders, to admire the fleet of islands that ride at anchor upon its bosom, from the little shallows to the grand three-deckers, and to enjoy the exquisite lines by which its bays are enfolded, and in which its coves retreat, and with which its low capes cut the azure and hang over it in emerald fringe." The hill takes its name from a shrub covering its sides, the leaves changing to brilliant red in the fading autumn. The splendor of a sunrise view from this elevation on a summer morning is said to be beautiful beyond description.

The route from Centre Harbor to North Conway and the Glen House is by stage line running along the base of Red Hill through Moultonborough, touching the shores of Squam Lake, and affording a grand panoramic view of the mountains at that distance, which lends enchantment to their rugged outlines. There are occasional sharp and tiresome hills on the route. Ossipee Mountain will haunt you during the drive. It is one of the summits thought worthy to give a name to one of the great United States naval vessels. The Sandwich range of mountains are to the west and north, terminating in the peaks of Chucorua, with their massive symmetrical and precipitous ledges, 3,400 feet in height, desolate with the legendary curse of the dying chief whose name it bears. You reach the railway at West Ossipee, and proceed by rail to North Conway, of which, with its secluded charms set about with circling majesty of distant mountains, we will give full account elsewhere. The distance from Centre Harbor is 33 miles, about one-half by stage line.

WOLFBOROUGH,

upon the eastern shore of the lake, is also reached by boat from Centre Harbor and Weirs. Around this romantic village are many pleasant drives, but the chief attraction is the ascent of Cople Crown Mountain (2100 feet elevation), about five miles distant from the hotels. The ascent is not difficult, carriages conveying you to within a mile of the summit. The view takes in nearly the whole extent of the lake, the ragged spurs of Chucorua and the overtopping dome of Mount Washington. Some-

times, in the far distance, the blue ocean can be seen, and the wide landscape is dotted with more than a score of ponds of various dimensions. There is also a favorite view to be had from the lesser elevation of "Tumble-Down-Dick." Smith's Pond is a place of resort for sportsmen and others, and moonlight excursions on Lake Winnepesaukee from this point are often made to the lasting pleasure of all. A poetic writer has described the waters as lying in the soft moonlight, "burnished into liquid acres of a faint and golden splendor." Wolfborough has direct railroad communication with Boston and the east, and with Conway, by the Wolfborough branch of the Great Falls and Conway line, while the daily boat trips to Weirs, on the Concord and Montreal line, and to Alton Bay, give unusual facilities for visitors to choose among rival routes.



WOLFBOROUGH PAVILION

is a fine and commodious hotel, E. Stanton, Esq., proprietor, with all the requisites of a first-class travelers' home, a fine livery for the charming drives hereabout. The house is located in the immediate vicinity of the landing, with facilities for boating.

THE GLENDEN HOUSE,

J. L. Peavey, proprietor, is attractive in its exterior and style, new, airy and pleasant, on the shore of the lake near the station

of the Eastern Railway, and every effort will be made to make it a desirable place for recreation and rest. Livery stables connected, and boats may be had for lake excursions. Billiard rooms connected, lighted throughout with gas, electric bell arrangement.



THE BELVUE HOUSE,

Daniel Horn, proprietor. The grounds are beautifully located in the most attractive spot on the shore of the lake a few rods distant from the landing and railroad station. The proprietor is well known and second to none in his endeavors to please and entertain his guests. Connected with the house are boarding and livery stable, laundry, and bathing, and a large supply of boats for rowing and sailing, at moderate charges. The added pleasure of yachting can be enjoyed by the patrons of this house the coming summer. A fine new yacht having been launched the present season.

ALTON BAY,

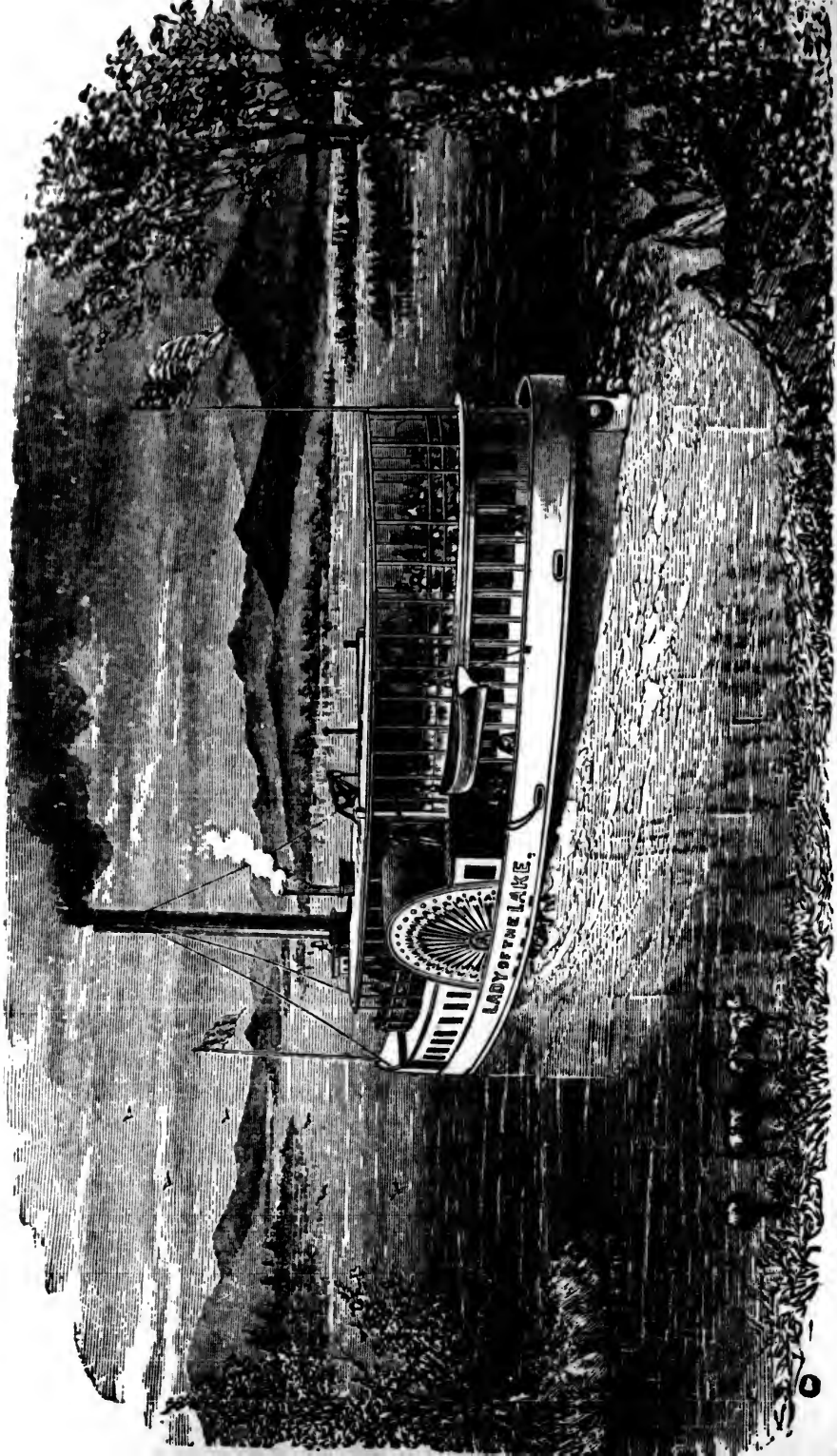
at the foot of Merrymeeting Bay, at the lower end of the lake, is the point of railroad communication with Boston and the east, via the Dover and Winnepesaukee and Boston and Maine railroads. Connecting with trains over these roads the new, staunch and commodious steamer, "Mount Washington," Capt. Wiggin,

plies to Wolfborough and Centre Harbor through the entire length of the lake proper. This place has become noted for the immense gatherings of the Adventists and Spiritualists of New England in yearly camp-meetings, which are attended by thousands, and for whose accommodation extra trains and boat trips are run. Of the hotel accommodations at this point little can be said, unless late changes have been made. The railroad and hotel buildings constitute nearly all of the village, which is shut in by hills. Drives from this point to Mount Belknap, ten miles, to Sharpe's Hill, and fishing excursions to Lougee Pond, six miles, will amply reward the taking.

LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE.

Having briefly sketched the surrounding points and ways of approach to this gem of the lakes, the reader will pardon a page or two regarding the lake itself. If it be not sacrilege to apply measurement to the molten surface, or impossible to compute in miles so irregular a form, we may say, in general terms, that the length of the lake is some twenty-five miles, varying in width from less than one to seven miles in its greatest breadth. Its elevation above sea level is 496 feet. The waters are of a deep, clear and transparent green. The islands have clearly defined, and, with some exceptions, low, rocky shores, and are covered with greenest foliage. The shores recede to the mountains in sweeping lines and slopes of green. On **DIAMOND ISLAND**, which is a sort of half-way station for the boats from the lake landings, and at which the "Lady of the Lake" makes a short stop in its trip from Wolfborough to Weirs, is a comfortable hotel, accommodating some fifty guests, and is a place of resort for pic-nic, pleasure and fishing parties, and a favorite dining station for excursionists. **BEAR ISLAND**, of considerable extent, is also resorted to by excursion parties. Long Island, Governor's Island, Rattlesnake Island, and Cow Island are the larger of the more than three hundred isles which dot the lake; some have cultivated farms, others are used solely for pasturage, others are sacred to pic-nic and pleasure parties, while the small, low isles, with their tangled growth, are the paradise of ungainly waterfowl.

The central extent of nearly unbroken water, is known as



"The Broads." The outlet is through the waters of Great Bay and the swift Winnepesaukee river, which joins the Merrimack at Franklin. Its source of supply is a matter of speculation; no large streams find their way into it and much of the surrounding water-shed is drained into other lakes and rivers having other outlets; many small brooks enter from the shores but the outlet is an important and rapid stream, and the wide surface is exposed to evaporation; yet, with such apparent lack of supply, its banks are always full, forcing the conclusion that its volume is supplied largely by invisible springs of great number and force fed by the surrounding mountains.

The Indian tribes who gave to the lake its musical name, found in its waters and on its shores inexhaustible supplies for their rude subsistence. Their frail canoes were thick upon its waters long before the artist sketched its outlines; their *ahquedankens*, or "fish-weirs," furnished supply of food without limit, and the fertile shores provided the growth of corn. Around its waters they congregated in large numbers, making it the centre from which they took their journeys for trade, or made their plundering forays. Old inhabitants tell of a tree once standing near at hand, on which was carved the legends of the Ossipee tribe in quaint Indian characters. Fishing in the waters of the lake rarely fails to be amply rewarded. The trout in deep waters, and pickerel in shallow places among the reeds and lilies are the most sought. The cusk, perch, and toothsome but inelegant and unpopular "pout," are also easily taken in abundance.

The loveliness which invests with "charms artistic and infinite" the cluster of bays which combine in the lake proper, is not easily described by words or transmitted by brush or pencil. The combination of summits, slopes and forests, green lines of shore winding in charming curves of symmetrical beauty, and sometimes, not often, the whole blending system of hills, forests, shores and islands reproduced in the still waters—a hanging shadow picture of wondrous beauty, beyond the reach of art to transcribe.

Moving over the lake in the steamer from Weirs to Centre Harbor, an ever-changing succession of pictures is presented. The Sandwich and Ossipee mountains to the right, with glimpses of old Chucorua far to the north, and slopes of forest, green hill-

sides, and fertile pastures, with the nearer view of Red Hill and the surrounding elevations fronting your course, the twin peaks of Belknap or Gunstock mountains behind you, and the wondrous beauty of island-germed surface and constantly changing outlines of the grander shores, all blending in a scene not to be forgotten. In finest weather you have for a few moments a view of the crown of Mount Washington — the Mecca of the mountain tourists — dim, distant and golden.

But while we have digressed and become oblivious of all else in the quiet loveliness of the lake, the larger part of the company have kept steadily onward by rail along the western shore of Northwest Cove, in sight of its cool, sparkling waters, through

MEREDITH VILLAGE.

This fine village has become a place of resort for those seeking a quiet and attractive summer retreat. The *Elm House*, by G. M. Burleigh, is a good hotel, and the *Prospect House*, by the same proprietor, one and a half miles from the village, and three miles from Centre Harbor, is one of the pleasantest country hotels in the vicinity. A fine forest lies in the immediate vicinity to the rear of the house. The location is elevated, commanding an extensive view of the lake and the country surrounding. There are thirty large and airy rooms, pure breezes from the lake and hills, good stables connected, and everything new and comfortable. To those who appreciate quiet, rest, and rural sports, with reasonable charges, this will become a favorite resort. Thence to ASHLAND STATION, a thriving village, becoming important for the extensive production of paper, leather board and straw board, woollen goods and hosiery, reaching in time for early dinner the romantic and pleasant village of

PLYMOUTH,

fifty-one miles from Concord and one hundred and twenty-four from Boston. This is the dining station for the morning trains from Boston, and the night station for the later trains, which continue north from this point in the morning. You step from the train directly upon the threshold of the famed

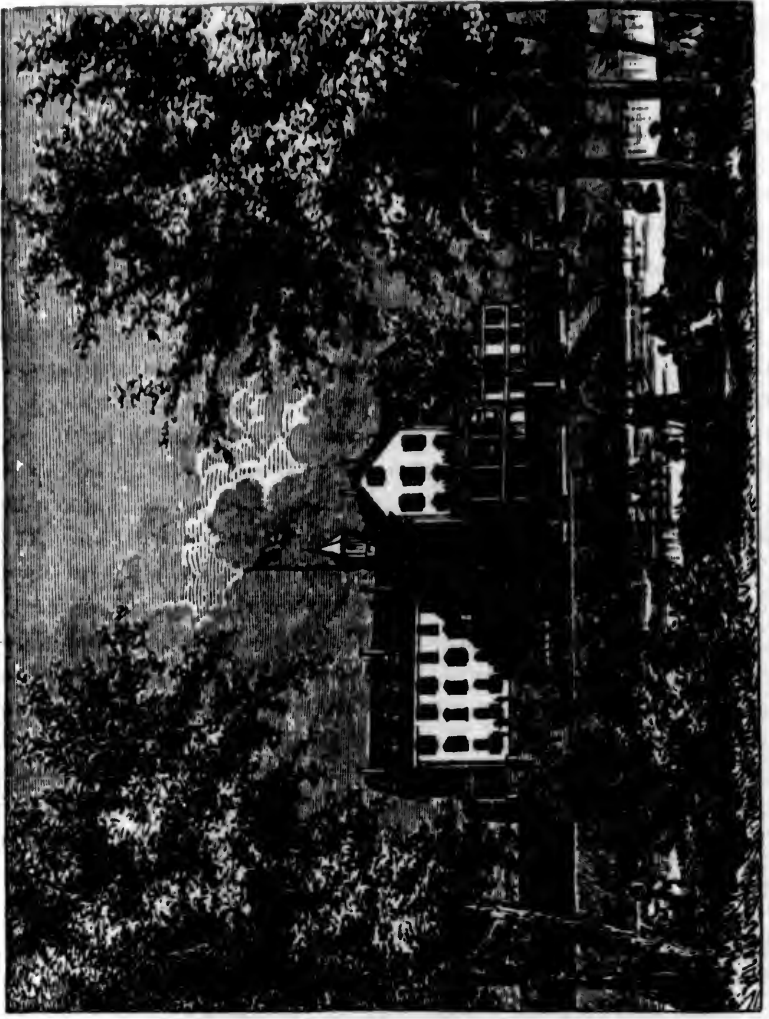
PEMIGEWASSET HOUSE,

managed by C. M. Morse, Esq. Ascending the broad staircase, if it be in the season of pleasure travel, you will be saluted with music from a fine quadrille band, and, entering one of the finest dining halls in New England, you find that plenty reigns at this hospitable board, where, if discomfort finds entrance, it must be in the mental alienation or chronic physical disability of the guest. Scrupulous neatness, excellent cookery and quiet, lady-like attendance, the purest of water and the freshest of viands are the features of this hotel, which serve to convince the most skeptical that there is at least *one* "dining station" in the country where a meal can be *enjoyed*, though such may be the exception and not the rule.

This favorite house was erected in 1863. The railroad passenger station is in the basement. The building has a frontage of 230 feet, is four stories in height, with a wide, projecting wing. There are 150 sleeping rooms, large, airy, well furnished, lighted with gas and with ample bathing facilities. Suites of rooms can be had for families. The parlor is spacious, with elegant furnishing and a fine frontage to the south. The building is crowned with an observatory from which you have a wide outlook over the surrounding country. No guest, however fastidious, can fail to appreciate the genuine comfort and substantial plenty of this one of the largest and most complete hotels of the State. Good teams may be had at the first-class livery stable near at hand, with skillful drivers familiar with surrounding scenery.

Pleasant drives in the vicinity of Plymouth are numerous to points of interest within reasonable distance, viz.: around Smith's bridge, 6 miles, to Livermore Falls, 2 miles; Plymouth Mountain, 10 miles; Loon Pond, 5 miles; Squam Lake, 6 miles; Centre Harbor, 12 miles.

Prospect Hill or Mount Prospect, in Holderness, should be visited by all who tarry at this place. The distance is about four miles from the hotel, the ascent not difficult and the view from the summit (2,968 feet elevation) takes in the wide reaches of valley, lake, stream and mountain with the villages, farms and intervalles that sleep in the fair valley of the Pemigewasset and



PEMIGEWASSET HOUSE.

Baker's River, while, far to the north the great ranges of the White and Franconia Mountains thrust their ragged peaks and swelling masses upon the horizon; the view of Mount Lafayette and Cannon Mountain are particularly grand from this summit, and Chucorua, Gunstock, Belknap Mountains, Monadnock and Kearsarge greet the vision as the eye sweeps the circuit from the east to the west, and to the northwest Moosehillock swells nobly into view, while Wukawan or (Squam) and Winnepesaukee Lakes lie in their quiet and silvery beauty in the unrivalled landscape which includes some portion of nearly every county in the State.

To make this trip you will necessarily be absent from the hotel only about four hours. The road is safe and firm, affording a continual change of view as the ascent is made.

Livermore Falls, on the Pemigewasset River, about two miles northerly from the village will not fail to prove an object of interest. The view is from the bridge some sixty feet above the fall; there are indications of volcanic disturbances in the rocky bed, and no tourist will regret the visit; while, for a limited view, if you have not the time or inclination for a more extensive one, that from Walker's Hill or from South Mountain is pleasing in the extreme.

If a day or two is spent at Plymouth at this favorite hotel, it is quite likely on your return, the coming year, your stay will be one of weeks, for, of the thousands who gather annually at its hospitable board, few depart with other than feelings of pleasure. There is wholesome stimulus in the mountain air and purity in the waters, activity and bustle at the hotel and railway station, three trains each day, to and from Boston, from which a step, almost, will take you to undisturbed quiet.

Before leaving Plymouth you will pay a visit to the small four-roofed building, now used as a wheelwright shop, in which Daniel Webster made his *debut* as a practising attorney. The old building is preserved in its ancient condition and is looked upon with great interest by strangers and admirers of the great statesman.

PEMIGEWASSET VALLEY ROUTE.

The route from PLYMOUTH to the PROFILE and FLUME HOUSES and the Franconia Hills, 25 miles to the Flume House and 30 miles

to the Profile Houses, through the Pemigewasset valley is acknowledged to be one of the finest rides in the whole mountain district.

The way leads up this fair valley through the towns of Campton, Thornton, Woodstock, and Lincoln. The Campton inter-
vales, through which the river winds and turns as if reluctantly leaving the peaceful retreat—the graceful sweeps of the great elms, the rich beauty of the views, which open with every mile of progress, have made this mountain town the favorite resort of artists seeking the picturesque in landscape, and perfection in shade and outline.

On the way the road is somewhat rugged, but the fine views, the gradual swelling and towering up of the great hills as you approach their base, and the lessening of the streams as you near their source, the entrance into the immediate presence of the solemn and majestic mountains in the evening twilight, the wonders of Franconia Notch, and the comforts provided at the journey's end will all linger in memory long after the journey has become a thing of the past.

Many will not be tempted even by this fine stage route to leave the line of rail but will continue by rail northward from Plymouth, following the valley of Baker's River to the Connecticut. Before reaching Wentworth, Rattlesnake Mountain will be seen on the right and Carr Mountain and Mount Kinneo on the right after passing that point, and the train halts at

WARREN.

Moosilauk Mountain is visited from this point, being distant from the station some five miles to the base. The ascent is by a new turnpike recently opened to the summit, some four miles. There are hotel accommodations at the summit, giving substantial comfort to those remaining.

The view from this isolated crest (4,636 feet altitude) high above all immediate surroundings is one of the grandest and most extensive in New England; the eye falls directly upon the White and Franconia ranges, the larger portion of the State of Vermont with the Green Mountain range, the wide stretch of hills and imbedded lakes to the east, including nearly all of eastern and southern New Hampshire, the mountains around North Conway

and glimpses of distant Maine, while, far away to the northwest the view extends into the Canadas. The tourist will be amply rewarded for the trouble of making this ascent in looking upon the whole lake and mountain picture spread before him, the view unbroken by intervening summits. The *Moosilauk House*, D. G. Marsh, proprietor, is a commodious and well kept hotel with first class livery stables.

From Warren the course of the railroad is northward, passing "Owl's Head" lying off to the right, and the villages of Haverhill and North Haverhill upon the left. The elevated line of the road at this place overlooks the wide valley and the great bend or "Ox-bow" in the Connecticut, with the pleasant villages on either side of the river, including the fine towns of Bradford and Newbury on the Vermont side, with Mount Pulaski in the background. The express train in the pleasure season does not cross to Wells River, but sweeps to the right by the "cut-off," leaving the thriving and populous village of Woodsville, a railroad town of recent but vigorous growth, to the left.

The mail train, following the express, stops at all stations, and, at Wells River, forms junction with the Passumpsic River Railroad for Lakes Willoughby and Memphremagog. The Wells River and Montpelier Railroad, when completed, will take passengers from this point to Montpelier, Mounts Mansfield and Camel's Hump, Burlington, Lake Champlain, Lake George, Saratoga Springs, St. Albans and Ogdensburg. Until the completion of this route, tourists from this point go southward to White River Junction, uniting with the Vermont Central line at that point.

NORTHWARD TO LITTETON.

The line of road from this point, the White Mountain Division, passes along the valley of the Wild Ammonusuc River, which, from its sources on the slopes of the great mountains, abounds in rapids and falls, and is the most variable and wild of the New England streams, descending five thousand feet from its source to its union with the Connecticut.

Passing through Bath, Lisbon (the gold mines of this town have not proved of inexhaustible richness, but the village is a

thriving and pleasant station), and North Lisbon, you reach the important town of

LITTLETON.

This point is reached by the morning express train from Boston, at 3.30 P.M. This place is 113 miles from Concord, and 187 from Boston, and is one of the most important of the mountain railway stations, nearest to the Profile House (distant 11 miles). Rough and manufactured lumber, agricultural implements, starch and woolen goods are here made, with many other productions. There is a bank of discount and savings bank, good hotel and boarding accommodations, a live, enterprising people, quiet and seclusion for those who choose it, with near railroad facilities. An easy day's ride will carry one to any of the points of interest in the mountains and return. Extensive views of the mountains can be had from the elevations in the immediate vicinity.

Stages leave for the **FRANCONIA HILLS** immediately on arrival of the trains, and, if you withstand the temptation to tarry here for a time, or for the night, you can proceed directly on your way to the Profile House. Visitors who wisely choose to stay for a time at Littleton, will find superior boarding accommodations at the



OAK HILL HOUSE,

finely located on an elevation. It is a favorite resort for tourists, commanding as it does extensive views of the White Mountains.

The grounds, five acres, are fitted up with a view of furnishing all the out-door exercise and amusements desired by patrons. The house is supplied with the purest of running water from a never failing spring. Secluded walks and retreats abound within a short distance of the house. A good billiard and bowling saloon is also connected with the premises. Five minutes walk from railroad station. The tables are supplied with all the luxuries of the season, and are not excelled. Charles C. Knapp & Co., proprietors.

At the *Union Hotel*, near the railroad station, travelers can be faithfully cared for and liberally served with little of parade or pretension. This house is one of the old hotels of the section, where you will be sure of faithful attendance and substantial plenty. Teams also furnished when desired.

During your stay at this place, a visit should be made to the photographic rooms of the *Kilburn Brothers*. These artists have the finest collection of stereoscopic views of mountain scenery and picturesque localities to be found in New England. They are not excelled as artists, or equalled in their specialty of view-taking in the open air, being themselves enthusiastic mountaineers. Few visitors leave the mountains without a collection of their fine views of notable localities and scenes, as souvenirs of their journey.

FROM LITTLETON TO FRANCONIA

the stage route is a winding way over hills and through valleys, and the journey, in fine weather, is one to be remembered with pleasure. Passing through the village of Franconia (reputed to be the coldest spot in the United States in winter,) you seem, in some stages of the journey, to have found a region of complete desolation; but, in the sombre stillness of the fading day the shadows ascend slowly to the mountain summits, whose tops are gilded by the setting sun, and you sometimes have a succession of sunsets as you move toward the journey's end. The bare and grim outlines of the range stand out against the sky as you near a hospitable welcome at the



PROFILE HOUSE,

situated in near vicinity of the many natural wonders of this mountain-range and shadowed pass, of which, and of the house itself, you will be more fully informed in succeeding pages.

NORTHWARD FROM LITTLETON.

If your destination is the Crawford House (at White Mountain Notch), Bethlehem, the Twin Mountain House, Fabyan Place, White Mountain House or Mount Washington Summit, you will continue on from Littleton by the "Wing Road," or mountain branch (diverging from the main line above Littleton) to the Twin Mountain House, the present terminus of this branch.

BETHLEHEM,

on this branch, is a favorite resort during the summer months, and from its location and high altitude must become the favorite residence of those seeking rest, quiet and renewal of health. It is the highest table-land (1,500 feet elevation) accessible or desirable as a residence in the Eastern States; and the pure air, wide prospect, picturesque scenes and surroundings make your stay a pleasant one. The "street" is a long line of scattered

houses at some distance from the railway station, and from this grand plateau and favorable distance, the outlook upon the mountains is grand and impressive. With little travel and fatigue the Franconia Hills may be seen to advantage. Many invalids are sent to this place by advice of physicians, and in its pure and dry atmosphere, find that relief which those who seek mild but enervating climates fail to find. The *Sinclair House* is a hotel of good repute, large, commodious and complete in its provision for the comfort of patrons, where all can find the best attendance and fullest facilities for enjoying their stay in this mountain town.

The Twin Mountain House, hereafter fully described, in Carroll township near the Twin Mountains, is the present terminus of the Wing Road to the mountains. From this point stages convey you without delay to the Fabyan, White Mountain or Crawford Houses, or to Ammonusuc Station at Marshfield, where cars of the Mount Washington Railway are taken for the summit. Passengers by the morning express from Boston, Fall River, Providence, New London and intermediate points may complete their journey to the highest summit in a single day, without inconvenience, by the line described. But many will end the day's journey in sumptuous ease beneath the roof of this extensive mountain home and continue their trip more at leisure. Those who do not leave for the mountains at Littleton, or by the Wing Road, pass directly on to

WHITEFIELD.

This is an important station, with its extensive steam lumber mills, established by those genuine Yankee lumbermen, the Brown Brothers and their associates. They have all the appliances for extensive manufacture, including a forest railway of several miles in length, with ample rolling stock, extending to their great lumber tracts around Pondicherry. These mills are well worth a visit, being among the most complete in the state, and should the genial "Doctor," whose brains and cash make him the all important "Co." of the firm, be present, you will be sure of a welcome in which the suavity and energy, which combine in equal proportions in this character, are both apparent; success

to him and his enterprising associates in their extensive operations. They also have important mills three miles from Wentworth Station, on the railroad below.

Whenever permanent hotel accommodations are provided here it must become a favorite point for approach to the mountains, being distant from the Twin Mountain House but 8 miles, and from the Crawford House, 17 miles. Kimball Hill, a mile and a half from the village is a favorite point for extensive views, and here the curious have found what appears to be moccasins tracks in the solid granite. This is becoming a favorite place of resort for summer boarders, and, from its heavy lumber trade, is one of the most important freight stations on the line. The Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad will intersect the Boston, Concord and Montreal Railroad at this point, bringing increase of travel from new localities, and adding to the importance of the station.

LANCASTER,

distant from Concord 135 miles, from Boston 208 miles — the most important town of Coos County, and located among the finest of scenery, is the destination of many of our number. The intervals of the Connecticut, at this point, are not surpassed by any upon its whole course, while rare views are had of the distant Franconia Mountains, the great White Mountain range, the Percy Peaks and Pilot Range, and the Lunenburg Hills in Vermont. Here the tourist in high health, who has the secret learned

“To mix his blood with sunshine, and to take
The winds into his pulses,”

can have unequalled facility for sporting and the enjoyment of savage vigor. It is also a place of resort for invalids, especially for those troubled with asthmatic and lung difficulties and “hay fever”; for *such*, relief is said to come with certainty in the genial air of the village; certainly, few lovelier spots could be chosen in which to recuperate wasted energies and correct the injurious effects of exposure to enervating influences of crowded cities or injurious climate. The winter views from this point are spoken of with admiration by those whose artistic tastes are admitted to be above contradiction.

Lancaster was chartered in 1763. "All pine trees within said township fit for masting our Royal Navy to be carefully preserved for that use, and none to be cut or felled without special license." The grant was to David Page and others, covering 23,040 acres. The original settlers were from Petersham and Rutland, Mass., and were a hardy and self-reliant race. There were no highways for several years after settlement, and the nearest mills were at Charlestown and Plymouth. Their frugal fare is thus described by a facile writer:

"Emmons Stockwell kept a huge mortar, which held about two bushels; into this they put their corn, beans and rye; then they pounded it with a great wooden pestle, as none but them could pound. With this they mixed potatoes, well baked and peeled, and the vegetables their tastes might select; the whole was baked together into magnificent *Thump*. Seasoned with good appetites, it was found a delicious dish by the early inhabitants of our glorious old town.

"The tables of these hardy pioneers had other dainties. The rivers and streams were full of fish, and the forest of moose and game; and our ancestors of both sexes could use the rifle and the rod with astonishing skill.

* * * *

"It was many years before wheelwrights or wheels were found in Lancaster. The early settlers transported their merchandise upon two long poles, fastened by a cross-piece. One end answered for shafts, to which the horse was attached, the other dragged upon the ground."

Harrassed by Indians, dispirited by failures, and cheered by no bright future, the settlement was at one time to be abandoned; but one dauntless spirit clung to the fair valley "for better or for worse," and, by force of heroic example, saved the colony, and permanently founded this noble town, set in the loveliest of valleys, and circled by distant peaks and mountains.

The tourist will travel far to find a lovelier village, surrounded with more of the varied and romantic in natural scenery, or of neatness and advantage in the accommodations for pleasant residence. The waters are pure in their fresh escape from the bosom of great hills; and the summer winds are cooled by contact with the bald summits of the mountains.

This is the shire town of the highland county of Coos, and here centres much of the professional, mechanical, and agricultural business of northern New Hampshire. Church-going people of every denomination can here select their favorite form of worship, including an Episcopal Parish recently organized. There is an Academy, established a half century since, a Grade school, and the various branches of trade are carried on in stores which would be attractive beside many in the large cities.

The visitor at this place will find in the elegant and commodious



LANCASTER HOUSE,

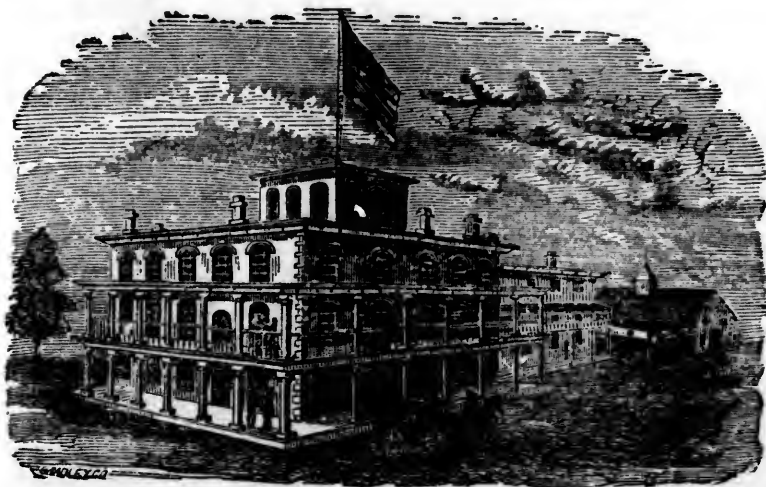
B. H. Corning, Manager, as fine a hotel as the mountain region can boast. Fish, game and fruits, fresh from the surrounding region, commodious rooms, and liberal accommodations in every department give assurance of personal comfort. Drives in the surrounding country and to noted points in the mountains from this point will reveal unsurpassed diversity and charm in landscape, while the railroad connections are such as to afford the greatest facility to travelers and business men. The sidewalks and crossings of the village streets are superior to those of many larger towns, adding greatly to the comfort and pleasure of citizens and visitors.

Trains connect with the Grand Trunk Railway daily for the

Canadas, and the eastern approaches to the mountains at Gorham and the Glen, and by the Montreal road for the White and Franconia Mountains, the Mount Washington Railway, Lake Winnepesaukee, Boston, the lower cities and New York. Stage leaves Lancaster on arrival of the train from Boston about 5 o'clock P. M. for the

WAUMBEEK HOUSE, JEFFERSON HILLS,

distant seven miles, and located at the foot of Starr King Mountain. Speaking of the view from these hills, Mr. King says: "They may, without exaggeration, be called the *ultima thule* of grandeur, in an artistic pilgrimage among the New Hampshire mountains." Here the mountains, marshalled in a vast arc of circling summits, present a wide sweep of landscape of a magnitude rarely met even in this land of bold and startling prospects. This favorite hotel, kept by Merrill & Plaisted, is supplied with the freshest of country products from the neighboring pastures and streams, and the accommodations are such as must please those who give the agreeable landlords their patronage, while the view from its piazzas is a changing picture of majestic outline, bathed in sunlight and swept by moving shadows and changing hues. In the immediate vicinity of this hotel the pleasant mountain boarding house, the



SUNNYSIDE HOUSE,



WAUMBЕК HOUSE, JEFFERSON HILLS.

by Charles L. Plaisted, is a new, neat and cheerful home for those who seek for quiet and comfort among the unequalled prospects and attractions of this beautiful mountain town. Destroyed by fire the past winter, it has risen phoenix-like from the ashes with a promptness indicating the needful energy in the proprietor. A foot-path leads to the summit of Starr King Mountain, and one of the finest summit views in the whole mountain range. A good livery stable accommodates guests. The outlook is upon the White, Franconia, Green, Cherry and Starr King mountains.

NORTHUMBERLAND JUNCTION,

uniting here with the Grand Trunk Railway. A thriving settlement has sprung up at this point since it became important as a railroad town. The trains connect at this point with all trains over Grand Trunk to and from Lancaster.

Without delay passengers may proceed in fine parlor cars, if desired, to the great Canadian cities over the line of the

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY,

fast becoming one of the safest lines of travel in the country. The great improvements in progress on this line by change of grade, renewal of rolling stock, and the substitution of steel rails, will greatly add to the comfort of patrons of this line and accommodate the increasing travel to Canadian cities and places of attraction. Many tourists leave the cars of this line at NORTH STRATFORD and take stage from thence to COLEBROOK, where at the *Parson's House*, Remick, proprietor, conveyance and all needful help will be furnished for visiting that northern mountain pass,

DIXVILLE NOTCH,

the most northern of the great natural wonders that crowd the White Mountain region. It is a dreary, forbidding and desolate pass, between vast decaying ledges and pillars of rock, threading the narrow roadway, which is maintained with some difficulty at the expense of the State. There is no hotel at the Notch, but it is fast becoming a place of resort from Colebrook,

and many pass on through the Notch to camp life, by the three lakes at the head waters of the Connecticut, and trouting by the wild waters of the Magalloway river. Within and about the Notch are many objects of interest. The Silver Cascade is a wild waterfall at the northern outlet of the Notch. Ladders descend the rocky bed leading to the best point for a full view, and seats are arranged for the convenience of visitors. The Flume is a waterway well worth inspection, the bare walls standing squarely upright as though hewn by the hand of an artisan. The Pulpit is a bold buttress of stone, more like the elaborate pulpit of "ye olden times" than the modern style. Here also is a veritable "Old Man of the Mountain," of diminutive size when compared with the grand "Profile" of the Franconia range, but perfect in its resemblance to the facial outline. These and other points are indicated by signboards liberally scattered along the way by the owner of the lands. The ascent to Table Rock (800 feet perpendicular height), the highest pinnacle, may now be easily made by rude steps cut to facilitate climbing. The view from this dizzy height is one to be sought and remembered.

If you return to Northumberland, or, before leaving there for the north, you may proceed southward some twenty-five miles by Grand Trunk Railway to

GORHAM,

in the Androscoggin Valley, at the mouth of Peabody River, distant from the eastern base of Mount Washington, only eight miles, and a favorite point from which to make the ascent by carriage or on horseback, the roads leading to the summit from this point being in excellent condition and teams are always obtainable. Before its destruction by fire the Alpine House was a favorite hotel, and travel from the east and from Portland naturally made this one of the favorite points of approach. The scenery to be viewed from the village is bold and peculiar, Mount Moriah (4,800 feet high); Mount Carter (5,000 feet), the lesser "Imp" and the Pilot range of hills, with Mount Hayes, are in the immediate vicinity, Mount Madison of the White Mountain range is visible, and by taking a stroll of no great distance, the whole range may be brought in view. Stages run from this

point to the Glen House, where the ascent of Mount Washington commences, and conveyance may be had here for all the mountain houses and points of interest in the mountains; while visitors at Gorham or the Glen House, or from any point on the line of the Grand Trunk Railway, can proceed to Northumberland, and, from that point, reach by rail any station on the Boston, Concord and Montreal Railroad and its "Wing" or mountain branch. Lancaster being a point attracting many from this direction by its varied charms. The "Wing" road diverges to reach the Crawford Notch and Mount Washington Railway, and Littleton is the point of approach to the Franconia Range. Wells River is the point of union with the Passumpsic River and Connecticut River lines.

Kind reader we have now brought you along the western view of the hills, past the bright waters of the lakes, along the northern outline of the mountains, and have swept around upon their eastern limits and up to the most northern pass with only such digressions as seemed necessary to a complete description of the route and outlying scenery with facilities for reaching interesting points. We will now take a general view of the mountain region and then proceed to more minute notice of particular localities.

THE WHITE MOUNTAIN RANGE.

A modern writer has, in poetic and expressive language, described the mountains as "outbursts of the globe's passion"—"witnesses of a pent up fury"—"upspringing wedges of rock, flinging the garment of soil away, tilting and separating the strata through which they break, and standing bare for the scrutiny of science."

Terrible must have been the throes of nature which upheaved the masses of the granite hills—known in common language as the **WHITE MOUNTAINS**—given as a general name for the whole mountain region of northern New Hampshire, but properly belonging to the eastern and more extensive range, of which Mount Washington (6,285 feet in height) is the crowning glory. They are called *White* from the fact that, during the larger part of the year the snow remains upon the towering summits, yielding only to the intense heat of mid-summer, and are the

highest peaks east of the Mississippi, excepting the high summits of the Black Mountains in North Carolina.

The "White Mountain Notch" is the frowning pass peculiar to this range, also the pass known as Pinkham Notch, and, away to the north, Dixville Notch. The range covers some forty miles square of country, and lies in the counties of Coos and Grafton.

The principal summits are Mount Webster, (4,000 feet elevation); Mount Jackson, (4,000 feet); Mount Clinton, (4,200 feet); Mount Pleasant, (4,800 feet); Mount Franklin, (4,900 feet); Mount Monroe, (5,300 feet); Mount Jefferson, (5,710 feet); Mount Adams, (5,800 feet); and MOUNT WASHINGTON, (6,285 feet.) On the top of Mount Jefferson is a pond of considerable extent, with no visible outlet, but with waters clear as crystal and cold as ice. The ascent of this summit is seldom made so rugged is the way.

Within the central cluster of the highest peaks of this range, in near proximity, are the sources of the Ammonusuc, the Saco, the Peabody, Ellis and Moose Rivers; the waters of one reaching Long Island Sound through the winding Connecticut, the others, by western slopes, reach the Atlantic on the eastern coast. Along these rivers, and on the swift mountain streams which feed them, are the *cascades* and *falls*, which relieve the ruggedness of the slopes and gorges as laughter lightens the humdrum realities of every day business. In the swales around the mountains are the great forests whence the lumbermen supply the demand of the older towns. There is a story of a pine in the old primeval forests towards Lancaster, 264 feet in height, long since put to use.

The NOTCH, only twenty-two feet wide at its entrance, next to Mount Washington, and the view from its summit is the great natural feature of the range. It is three miles in length, the towering cliffs reaching in some places 2,000 feet in height. The Crawford House is near its northern entrance, and is the point from which to visit its wonders. The headwaters of the Saco flow through the pass, which is the thoroughfare for travel from Littleton, Bethlehem, and localities on the Connecticut and Ammonusuc to Conway and the Saco Valley, or the reverse; though, since the completion of the

MOUNT WASHINGTON RAILWAY

much of the pleasure travel goes over Mount Washington, ascending by rail for three miles from the lower station to the Mount Washington House, recently erected on the summit. This road, rising in some portions 2,000 feet to the mile, and an average rise of one foot in four, offers a mode of ascent which has become the great sensation of the mountain trip, and done away with the fatigue attending the journey on horseback. Descending on the east side to the Glen House, by the carriage roadway, the excursionist has a delightful and novel experience of mountain staging, with little of fatigue or exhausting effort. This journey of a day is one not to be forgotten. Well might WHITTIER sing:

“ With smoking axle hot with speed, with steeds of fire and steam,
Wide-waked to-day, leaves yesterday behind him like a dream.”

THE FRANCONIA RANGE

is the group of hills of a lesser elevation than the White Mountains proper, and wanting, perhaps, in the sublime and overpowering grandeur that marks their rugged ascents and terrific and desolate walls, but abounding in beautiful and enchanting objects of interest. Lafayette is the crowning peak, being 5,585 feet above sea level. The ascent is made from the Flume House.

FRANCONIA NOTCH is a pass with close and precipitous walls, of about five miles in extent, between Mount Lafayette and Mount Cannon. The valley is about half a mile in width, and is a huge receptacle of the curious, the wild, and the beautiful in mountain scenery.

THE GREAT STONE PORTRAIT.

“ Full human profile, nose and chin distinct,
Mouth muttering rhythms of silence up the sky,
And fed at evening with the blood of suns.”

A wonderful copy of the human features, colossal in proportions, yet faithful and clear in its lines, is the great natural attraction sought by strangers. The length of the face has been ascertained to be not less than eighty feet. It looks from the southern

face of Cannon or Profile Mountain "awful but benignant," enchaining the interest of every beholder.

ECHO LAKE, THE BASIN, THE POOL, THE FLUME, with its suspended boulder and cascades, and the ascent of Mount Lafayette are features of the Franconia Range fully described in succeeding pages, and seen by excursions from the Profile and Flume Houses.

The Profile House, at the northern entrance to the Notch, and in near vicinity of Eagle Cliff, Echo Lake and the Profile, is the great resort of travelers and tourists, while the smaller but excellently kept and located Flume House, at the southern entrance and near the Flume, the Pool and other attractions, is a place of much resort. The facility with which these houses may be reached from Littleton or from Plymouth by stage route up the valley, and the varied beauty and attractiveness of the range brings a yearly increasing tide of Pilgrims to enjoy the wealth of beauty here to be found.

HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE.

In sober matter of fact New England, the wild region of the mountains is peculiarly bare of that historical interest and legendary lore which has given to every crag and ravine of Scotland and Switzerland a name and fame in romance and story; the names, even, of the grandest peaks and gorges, excepting the few musical ones of Indian origin, lack the merest suggestion of romantic beauty.

One Darby Field appears to have been the first white man who looked from the highest summit upon the wild and rugged country below. His account, like that of most early discoverers, was garnished with account of shining stones and riches in prospect. Vines and Gorges, magistrates of Sir Fernando Gorges, went thither in the fall of the same year (1642), ascending the Saco in canoes; they appear to have ascended one of the highest summits and made report not remarkable for accuracy. An early chronicler has described the country to the north of the principal summit as "daunting terrible, being full of rocky hills and clothed with infinite thick woods," and as a proof of his theory that the mountains were hollow, cites the "resounding

of the rain" upon the rocky summits. The Great White Mountain Notch was discovered in 1791 by two hunters — Nash and Sawyer. In 1816, a party of scientific gentlemen made extensive botanical collections, and determined altitudes. In 1820, the whole range was explored by a party from Lancaster, altitudes of the highest summits were established and the mountains received the names by which they have since been known.

With the early settlement of this rugged and forbidding region the name of the Crawfords is inseparably connected, as opening the first ways of ascent to the mountain summits and preserving a thorough knowledge of the hills. The tragic story of the Willey family is told in succeeding pages, and is, perhaps so familiar as to need no repetition. The desolate experiences and hardships of the isolated pioneers whose names even are forgotten, who first established their rude homes in this rugged and forbidding land, die out with the grey heads of the venerable actors, but perseverance so marked and sufferings so unselfish should have been preserved by the genius of some American Scott, or live in the songs of a Whittier, through the passing years.

In climbing the highest summits, the tourist passes first through the dense woods around their bases, lessening in height and thinning to the hardier varieties as the path enters the region of dwarfed shrubs and clinging mosses, and, finally, emerges upon the bare and desolate rocks of the higher summits bearing no mark of the action of waves or of drift, clothed only with lichens, mosses, and such plants as are peculiar to Polar regions. Many of the lesser mountains are beautifully wooded over their entire summits.

The mountains in winter present to the appreciative observer the rarest beauty. Until within the last few years few travelers have had the hardihood to inspect its scenery when clothed in the snowy mantle which veils the summits for so many months. For the last three winters parties have resided through the entire season upon the summit of Mount Washington, in the interest of science, and have made valuable observations regarding the strength of the winds, the temperature and phenomena of these high altitudes, and witnessed the sublime and novel scenes presented from this elevation through the inclement months.

Traces of the Indians once inhabiting the mountain region are frequently found near the rivers and the ponds—about Conway, Fryeburg and Ossipee their implements, mounds and encampments are seen, and their musical tongue is preserved in the names of Chucorua, the Pemigewasset, Ammonusuc, Winnipesaukee, Androscoggin and other streams.

In the cold waters of the mountain streams is the home of the shy and beautiful trout, and the delicate art of coaxing these shy dwellers from their emerald pools and shaded nooks, is enthusiastically practiced by those who, each summer, make their home for a time among the hills. The mineral wealth of the mountain region is not great. The gold excitement at Lisbon was of short duration. Plumbago and iron are found in superior quality in the valley of the Pemigewasset; iron near Franconia, and iron and tin on the eastern slope of the White Mountain Range near Jackson.

THE FRANCONIA NOTCH.

In curious rocky shapes and forms, and the wild sublimity with which crags and forests, lakes and waterfalls combine in startling pictures, this mountain-shadowed pass of some five miles in length is unrivalled in the whole mountain tour. With less of towering majesty, vastness of outline and desolate grandeur than the White Mountain Notch, there is more of grace in the sweeping curves and frowning scenery of this shadowed valley, more of variety in form and combination, and of permanent attractiveness in its general characteristics and contrasts. Visitors to this mountain-walled museum of nature will find in the fine location, the excellent arrangements and spacious design of the *Profile House*, promise of that generous entertainment and faithful attendance which is fulfilled in all the details of management. Situated on a level plateau of a few acres, nearly two thousand feet above sea level, and enclosed by the great hills, it is near to "The Great Stone Face" on Cannon Mountain, "Eagle Cliff," "Profile Lake" and "Mount Lafayette," and but five miles from "The Flume," "The Pool" and the Flume House, and seven miles to "Harvard Falls."

For several years the Profile House has had a crowd of patrons.

The accommodations are for four hundred guests, and are on the most liberal and extensive scale. The ample grounds, commanding, wide and beautiful views, are crowded during the pleasure season with a happy company gathered from all parts of the land, who find here that cleanliness and attention, with that ample and substantial profusion of viands, which mountain air and exercise make more than elsewhere, a necessity.

The parlor and dining hall are spacious and elegant (about 100 by 50 feet area), and are lighted with gas. The telegraph runs to this point, and the man of business may receive his mails with regularity, and send his commands along the wires, while he gathers strength in the mountain air, and marvels among the mysteries of the hills.

Stages, twice each day, leave for Plymouth, via the Pemigewasset valley, and for Littleton, connecting with express trains on the Boston, Concord and Montreal Railroad; also stages each day for the Fabyan Place, Twin Mountain House, Crawford House and Mount Washington Railway.

Perhaps the first prominent object to attract the stranger's eye will be the precipitous crag fronting the hotel, and seen to advantage from its grounds, towering some fifteen hundred feet above the road, known as

EAGLE CLIFF,

A pair of mountain eagles once had their eyry high up in the rocky caverns near the summit, hence the name. The cliff is seen to best advantage from Profile Lake, especially through the fogs and mists that hang about it at times, to rise and melt in the burning sunlight, or when gilded by the lights of morning or fading tints of evening. A short ascent up the side of Cannon Mountain gives a point of view from which all the boldness of the cliff will be seen standing out in impressive majesty.

To the rear of the hotel, reached by footpath through the woods, a small brook plunges in a succession of falls down the rugged ledges of the hillside, giving you, if you are fortunate to see it after its volume has been swelled by rains, a most pleasing and attractive sight which will prove a fitting introduction to

greater wonders yet unseen. The pleasing picture spread before you of the quiet lake below, the mountains, valleys and forests, which you here overlook, will amply repay you for the climbing.

Beneath "Eagle Cliff," northward from the hotel a short distance from the Franconia road, locked within a circle of hills and embosomed in green forest is the wonderful and widely famed little sheet of water known as

ECHO LAKE.

Floating upon its silvery surface in the boat provided for visitors, you may wake resounding and multiplying echoes from the circling mountains. Your halloo comes back from many hills as though a mocking circle of sentinels caught up the sound in succession, lessening in volume and force until it takes its flight far away in the fastnesses of the ravines. The blast of a bugle or horn comes back in softened repetition of musical echoes and re-echoes dying out in waves of sound among distant summits. Do not omit to visit this weird spot at the quiet morning or still evening hour, when all nature conspires to enhance its loveliness and heighten its charms, and the changes of color are no less wonderful than the reverberations of sound. Horns, bugles, a cannon and other instruments for waking echoes, pleasing and terrific, are here to be had for the use of visitors.

CANNON MOUNTAIN,

is so called from a rock or combination of rocks near the summit resembling a huge cannon seeming to command the passage of the Notch from its high position. It is also called Profile Mountain from the renowned "Profile" on its southern wall. The summit is about 2,000 feet above the road and 3,500 feet above sea level, and its steep sides covered with a thick growth of deciduous trees, stand facing the slopes of Mount Lafayette and form the western side of the Notch.

The ascent of this mountain by footpath is one of the pleasures of a visit to Franconia, though, possibly there may be more pleasure in the outlook than the climbing.

The top is a surface of bald rock, not reached without vigorous

exercise, requiring some two hours of climbing. But, the height gained, you look upon that towering cluster of peaks — the White Mountains proper — down the broad valley of the Pemigewasset, and upon all the varied contrasts of mountain and meadow, lake and village, river and brooklet that combine in the wide landscape seen from the high outlook of this summit.

The ascent of "Bald Mountain" in another less tiresome trip, made by carriages if you wish, nearly to the summit, but easily made by pedestrians. The view is wide in extent, looking down into the Notch and its wonders, northward upon the distant broken line of hills, and "Lafayette" swells high above you to the eastward, while the sweeping shadows or trailing vapors roll along the rugged slopes, and through the broad valleys, in a moving scene of beauty which will fade only with the failure of memory.

THE PROFILE.

This bold combination of rocky masses, forming that wonderful imitation of the outlines of the human face, perhaps, more than any other natural feature of the mountains, excites the curiosity of visitors. It is a bold combination of rocks forming the granite portrait only when viewed from the proper location, change the point of view for any considerable distance and the features become a shapeless mass of rocks and crags. The rocks which form this wonderful outline are not in perpendicular line, but, appearing so, are combined perfectly in a sharp, angular and unmistakable imitation of the human face.

The proper point of view is only about a quarter of a mile from the Profile House on the road leading down the Notch. The granite face stands out from the southern crest of Cannon Mountain, in majestic repose, fifteen hundred feet above the surface of Profile Lake, unmoved by the mad fury of tempests and storms or the golden touch of morning sunlight, looking out from its rocky throne insensible to passion, pleasure or pain, with the sharp and stony lines of the immobile face set in unchangable grandeur, solemn and awe-inspiring with its ages of exposure to the storms and tempests, the admiration of

thousands who look upon it with bated breath. Other shapes have been conjured out of the rocky outlines of the cliff, but they draw so strongly on the imagination beside the reality of the profile that the attempt excites but little of interest.

PROFILE LAKE.

At the base of Cannon Mountain, directly beneath the overhanging portrait of the "Old Man," is a beautiful sheet of water a quarter of a mile long by one-eighth of a mile wide, sleeping in the green forests which enclose it and hang in shadow in its pure depths. The quiet beauty of the scene will excite the admiration of the coldest nature. Fanciful names have been bestowed upon it such as the "Old Man's Mirror" and "Old Man's Washbowl," but however named, or if nameless, it is one of the gems in the gallery of mountain pictures seen in Franconia. It is the home of that lover of cool mountain streams and lakes, the beautiful trout, for which you must angle with skill for no careless hand secures this wary beauty.

THE ASCENT OF MOUNT LAFAYETTE.

The climbing of this, the highest peak of the Franconia range, (height 5,100 feet), is considered second only in interest to the ascent of Mount Washington. A half day's absence from the hotel is necessary for the trip, and horses with the necessary conveniences for the ascent are kept at the base, with competent guides for the accommodation of tourists.

The path leaves the highway about two and a half miles south of the Profile House. Passing through the thick woods, around the base and the lesser growth of the middle region, you emerge upon the bare rock near the summit, affording an unobstructed outlook to the northward where all the varied phases of the landscape combine in a magnificent picture.

A shelter has been provided upon the summit for the protection of visitors, and the prospect is one of the widest which invites the eye in the whole mountain region; looking away over the great intervening reach of hills and valleys to distant Katahdin on the very eastern outpost of the army of hills; upon

the great cluster of mountain monarchs of which Washington is the peerless centre; upon the northern peaks away beyond Lancaster; across the Connecticut Valley upon the hills of Vermont and the swelling crests of the Green Mountains, the valley of the Connecticut and the villages on either side, the wild "Ammonusuc" and the villages of Littleton and Bethlehem. The southern view is down the fair valley of the Pemigewasset, while great Moosilauk swells nobly into view and Monadnock and Kearsarge bound the vision.

WALKER'S FALLS.

These falls are a half mile from the roadway down the Notch. The path diverges from the main way, some three miles below the Profile House, following a small brook, which here crosses the road from the west, a succession of picturesque waterfalls are reached, leaping over the rocky shelves or sliding over the mountain slopes which form the bed of the little torrent broken into foam by impeding masses of rock. A half day's climbing along the course of this brook will afford you a succession of pleasant surprises as you follow its worn channel in the rock, its gliding course over the water-worn granite, its successive leaps over the ledges, mingling its waters with those of the fair Pemigewasset, which soon pours its limpid flood over the granite rim of the

BASIN,

some five miles south of the Profile House. This granite reservoir is a worn and curious cavity in the solid rocks, close by the roadway; evidently made by the whirling of rocks in the eddy currents; the waters sweep the circle several times in swift rotation before making their exit at the opposite side. The circular walls are very smooth and regular, the water falling within it in a pretty cascade over the brim and making its exit by a channel worn into a fancied resemblance to the human leg and foot, hence the outlet is sometimes known as the "Old Man's Leg."

The diameter of the Basin is about forty feet, the depth to

the bottom twenty-eight feet, with a usual depth of twelve feet of water.

A small stream, among the hills to the left of the Basin, flows over the granite ledges on the mountain slope in picturesque and musical descent forming a succession of the most lovely cascades which may be followed up with pleasure to the upper fall where the stream plunges in a leap of some twenty-five feet.

THE FLUME HOUSE.

This house is a small and well kept hotel very pleasantly located, facing Mount Liberty in the vicinity of the Flume, the Basin, the Pool, and other natural objects of interest, affording from its very doors a view of the three great peaks of this range, Lafayette, Liberty and Pleasant, their harsh outlines somewhat softened by the distance, and of the wide valley of the Pemigewasset, in all its picturesque and quiet beauty.

This house is kept by the proprietors of the Profile House, and visitors will find it a pleasant spot in which to spend their season of leisure, be it short or protracted.

THE CASCADES

are below the Flume and drop in gradual descent of several hundred feet in musical silver lines and gliding sheets of pure emerald waters over the wide, smooth, granite inclining plane, fretted more and more, as you ascend to the Flume by the help of rustic bridges, with many charming basins and pools of transparent water. You reach these wonders from the road by a pleasant path among the great rocks.

THE FLUME.

This central wonder of this part of the valley is a narrow, rocky ravine or worn channel, with perpendicular walls on either side of 50 to 60 feet in height and some 20 feet apart. Within these regular and moss-covered rocks, evidently rent asunder by some throe of nature, a small stream threads its way, in lovely confusion and perplexing disturbance along the

broken bed. The visitor can ascend through this shadowed and wonderful glen which extends some 800 feet between walls apparently the work of Titans in the olden time; a rude pathway of planks and needful artificial helps protecting him from all disagreeable contact with the murmuring stream.

At one point the grand fissure contracts to a span of some twelve feet and holds suspended, apparently with slightest security, "The Great Stone Wedge"—an enormous egg-shaped boulder of many tons weight, an object of active speculation and lively curiosity, causing an involuntary tremor as you pass beneath. You reach these wonders from the road by a fern-scented path among the great rocks.

THE POOL.

After viewing the wonders of the Flume you take the path leading through the forest; leaving the road near the hotel and following it for half a mile you reach the Pool, a vast natural well, regular in form and outline, excavated or worn in the solid granite bed. A small stream flows over the brim from the north, and through a narrow fissure opposite, the amber waters find exit.

The span of the rim of this gloomy natural reservoir is about 150 feet, the depth is about 190 feet, with 40 feet of water in its sullen depths. The beauty of the cascades, the Basin and the Flume does not pertain to the Pool, but as a curiosity not to be omitted in the tour of mountain wonders, it will amply repay your visit. A clumsy boat sails upon the gloomy and circumscribed circuit of its waters. There is a foot path from this point to the Flume but it is somewhat rough and hardly desirable for those not schooled in mountain travel.

HARVARD FALLS.

Taking directions at the farm house some two miles below the Flume Hotel, you shortly reach a brook leaping down the hillside, west of the roadway, in cascades which are among the very finest of the valley.

The little stream at one point takes a great leap of eighty feet over the ledge to bound off in another of nearly equal fall, flashing a line of silver sheen through the arching fringe of shrubbery that serves to heighten its beauty. Down a rugged, broken descent of three fourths of a mile the waters leap to meet the quiet river below. Looking upwards along the bed of the stream as you ascend, the sight is one of rare beauty; each stage of elevation develops new attractions in the fall itself and the views of the valley below, caught in broken vistas between the forest trees; while from the summit of the ridge you have an outlook not to be forgotten in memories of your journey among the hills. Miniature basins of the purest water, here and there along its course, excite the admiration of the observing.

These latter wonders are in the romantic town of Lincoln, the first named, around the Profile House, are in Franconia. The stage route from the Profile passes down the Pemigewasset Valley, previously described in the approach by this route from Plymouth.

MOUNT PEMIGEWASSET,

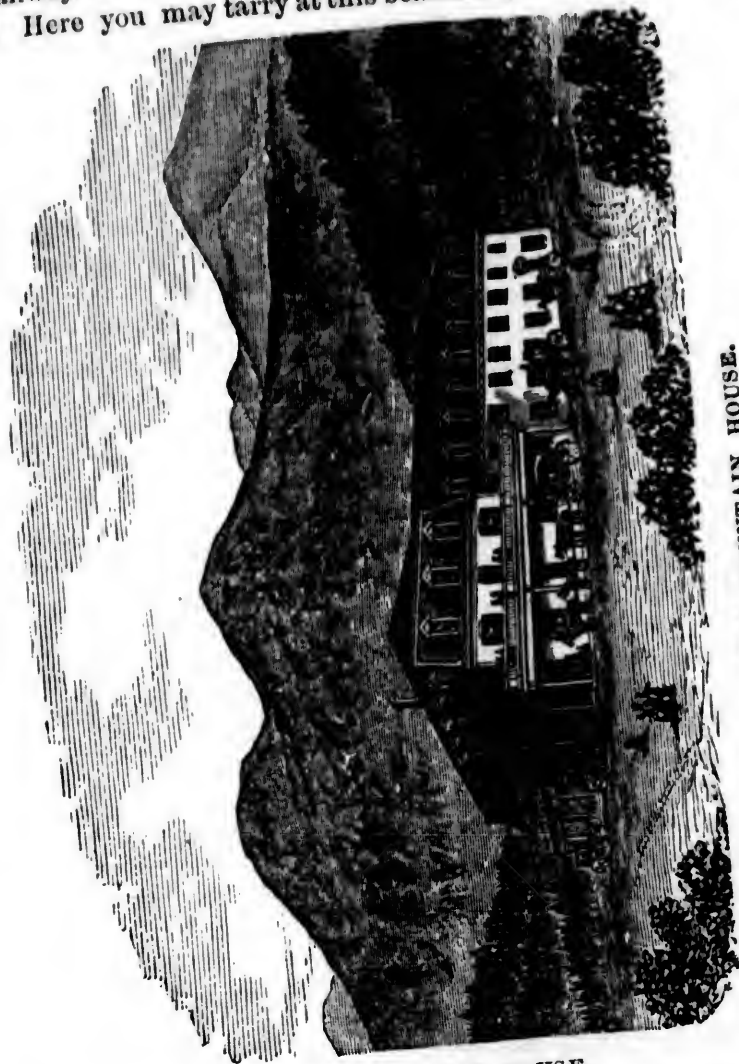
in the rear of the Flume House, may be ascended with no great difficulty by visitors of either sex, and the view, especially at sunset, is one of the rare delights of the journey, the setting sun bathing the grand outlines of the wide landscape in a blaze of glory and splendor and gilding the gorges and peaks with subdued and waving lights.

Only those whose limited time and means prevent further progress will leave the Franconia region without pushing on to the still more grand and impressive, though not more beautiful or varied scenery around Mount Washington and the White Mountain Notch.

This journey may be made by the stage line leaving the Profile House each day at 8 o'clock, A. M.

Distance to the Twin Mountain House, 17 miles, to the Fabyan Place and White Mountain House, 21 miles, and to the Crawford House, near the Gates of the Notch, 27 miles, or, retracing your route to Littleton, you can join the travel going

directly by the railroad to Twin Mountain House Station in Carroll, the terminus of the "Wing" or mountain branch of the railway. The express train reaches this station at 4 o'clock P. M. Here you may tarry at this beautifully located hotel the



TWIN MOUNTAIN HOUSE.

TWIN MOUNTAIN HOUSE,

A. T. & O. F. Barron, proprietors. One of the largest, finest and most complete of the mountain hotels, situated on the

Ammonusuc River, commanding a full view of the Franconia and White Mountains and extensively patronized as a convenient point of rest from the fatigue of railway travel before attempting the rugged ascents, and, also, as a delightful place of rest after returning from the somewhat exhausting tour of the summits.

From this house there is but 11 miles of staging to the Crawford House, 10 miles to the depot of the Mount Washington Railway, where cars are taken for a trip over the famed rail line to the crowning summit, 11 miles to the Waumbek House in Jefferson, 30 miles to the Glen House, and 28 miles to Gorham by the Cherry Mountain road.

Starting from this station, either for the mountain railway or the Crawford House at the Notch, a ride of about 4 miles will bring you to

THE WHITE MOUNTAIN HOUSE.

Near this hotel are moderate elevations, ascended with no great effort, from which grand views may be obtained. The tourist here finds all needful attention and provision for enjoying the rare sights of this wild region. A good livery enables patrons to enjoy the fine drives at will. It is on the regular line of staging for the mountain railway, Notch and all important points. Rounsvel & Co. are the proprietors.

The short excursions taken from this point will prove to be full of interest, and among the attractions for patrons of this house and of the new Fabyan Place an attractive one will be the wild stream of the

AMMONUSUC RIVER,

one of the principal branches of the "willow-fringed Connecticut." Receiving its supply from the dome of Mount Washington and the ponds near the summit of Mount Monroe, it rushes its wild course from the "Lakes of the Clouds" to its outlet, descending more than five thousand feet in its lawless race of thirty miles through shadowing forests, in leaps over

shelving ledges, through intricate labyrinths of rocky obstructions and curious winding channels to the quiet calm of the greater stream below. Near these mountain houses are some of the wildest falls of this mountain stream, the course of which no tourist should fail to explore in this vicinity.

MOUNT PEABODY,

formerly Mount Prospect, easily ascended from these points by carriage road, affords from the summit a beautiful view of the western slope of the mountains.

The "Giant's Grave," formerly a noted mound on which Abel Crawford once lived a solitary life, and on which was erected, in 1803, the first rude public house for mountain visitors, and which has figured in all the Guide Books as a grand point from which to view the mountain heights, has been destroyed by the unrelenting hand of progress and levelled in the grounds of the new "Fabyan House."

THE FABYAN HOUSE

is about one-half mile from the White Mountain House and near the junction of the Mount Washington Turnpike and the road to the Crawford House. This new, commodious and elegant hotel has been lately erected and will be opened to guests the present season, near the site of the old building destroyed by fire in 1858, the proprietors not being deterred from rebuilding by the tradition of the red man's curse in the olden time, or the fiery ordeal of the past.

All that has been said of the views from the elevations in this vicinity, and the delightful excursions in the near neighborhood, will be endorsed by the patrons of these hotels, and the nearness to the central summit, and to the Notch, with the pleasant surroundings, make it a desirable point for all wishing to fully enjoy the journey.

Elaborate provision has been made for the comfort and pleasure of patrons by a liberal outlay. It is four miles from Twin Mountain House, four from the Notch, seven from Willey House, thirty from North Conway, seventeen from Glen House, and twenty-two miles to the Profile.

A large farm is connected, supplying milk and other luxuries. Mr. Walcott, late of the Crawford House, Mr. Lindsay, formerly of the Eagle Hotel, Concord, and Mr. J. M. French, formerly of the Pemigewasset House, Plymouth, N. H., will do honor to their position as proprietors, and their past experience is a guarantee of future success. The Fabyan has been built by a company, who saw the need of a better house in this section to accommodate the greatly increasing travel. Two hundred thousand dollars have been invested in buildings and farm, and it is the design of the proprietors to keep it in the best possible manner. The accommodations are for 500 guests. Spacious and high studded rooms, telegraph office, first-class livery, billiard room, bath room, band of music, etc. Coaches to each train up the Mount Washington Railroad. The elevation is 2,000 feet above sea level. No hay fever or asthmatic difficulties. Horace Fabyan, the original builder of the first hotel on this site, is one of the lions of this place, and his memories of the olden times are of great interest.

THE MOUNT WASHINGTON RAILWAY.

As previously stated, the Mount Washington turnpike diverges from the road, through the Notch, near the Fabyan Place, and the tourist can choose his route either to pass directly on to the Crawford House and ascend by the bridle-path, or go by turnpike and connect with the Mountain Railway. As the ascent by rail is the most expeditious way of reaching the grand object to many — the climbing of the highest summit — you will, if the hospitalities of the noted inns which we have described do not tempt you to tarry for awhile in luxurious comfort, press immediately on to the railway station by the turnpike. Advancing by this road into the immediate neighborhood of the great hills, you pass in your trip the upper falls on the Ammonusuc. Here the river flows in a narrow, winding channel in the rocks, lashed into foam by its wild rush between walls of granite and among impeding boulders. These falls extend for the distance of some three hundred feet, and have a descent of about fifty feet. The tourist finds in the rugged beauty of the massive walls, the curious hol-

lowing and shaping of the rocks by the continual action of the musical waters, in the surrounding scenery and peculiar charm of the rapids, a feature not to be omitted in the chain of mountain pictures, which are to live in memory when this land of the wild and picturesque is left again to the calm of winter.

Winding along the base of Mount Washington and up to the station of the railway, you are made sensible of your approach to the great central attraction of the mountains. The burly forms of the surrounding peaks swell up on every hand, seeming at times to stand as an impenetrable barrier to your further progress, but, continuing on, Ammonusuc Station, at Marshfield, the lower terminus of the Mountain Railway, 2,688 feet above sea level, is reached. Here are commodious railroad buildings, and a hotel affording comfortable entertainment for fifty guests.

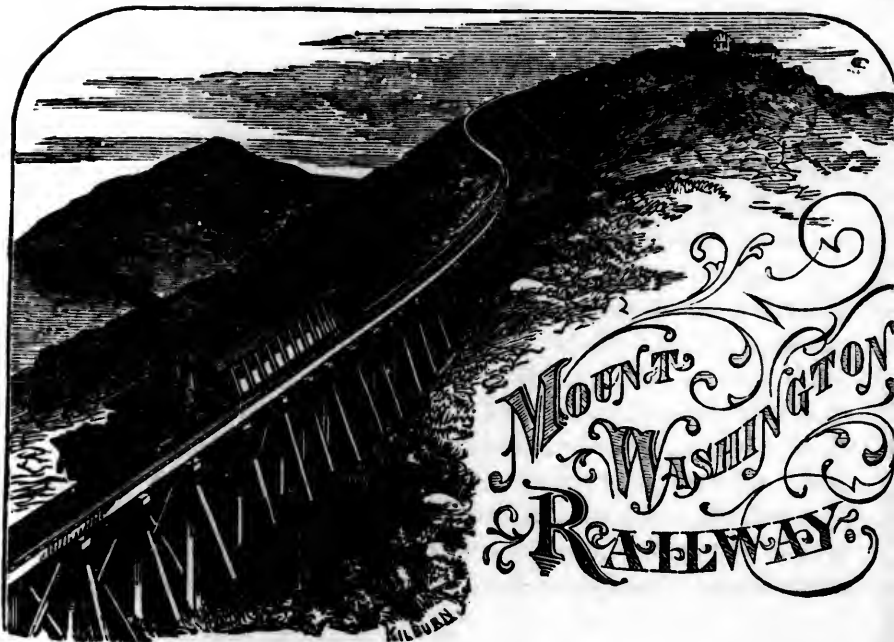
This renowned mountain railway was chartered by the State Legislature (as one of the members remarked,) on the same principle that one might have been chartered to the moon; the one being, to the ordinary mind, as practical as the other; but the energy and practical ingenuity, and persistence under discouragement and ridicule of Sylvester Marsh, Esq., the projector and inventor, with the efficient aid of J. E. Lyon, Esq., President of the Boston, Concord & Montreal Railroad, and Walter Aiken, Esq., of Franklin, who built the engines and cars, and the financial aid of railways and individuals, accomplished the feat and established the practical working of the enterprise, which abolishes in great measure the hardships of mountain climbing.

The length of the railway is about three miles. The total rise from the lower station to Mount Washington House, on the summit, is 3,625 feet; the steepest grade is 1,980 feet to the mile, about one foot in three, but averaging through the entire course one foot in four.

The road bed is constructed with special reference to safety and durability, of heavy timber, clamped to the rocks of the mountain slope, and braced and secured in the strongest manner. The track is of the usual gauge, with side rails of the usual railway pattern, and a central safety rail, constructed of two parallel bars of angle iron, with cross bolts of $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch round iron, at intervals of about four inches; between these bolts play the cogs

of a central wheel of the locomotive. In addition to ordinary brakes the atmospheric brakes, instantaneous in their action, are in use, and, following and dropping into the notch-rim of the driving-wheel, is a firm iron support which would effectually prevent the descent of the train in case of injury to the machinery. Rollers running under the angle iron prevent jumping or slipping from the track. With these arrangements for safety, the passenger need feel no alarm or apprehension of danger, the trip being as safe as ordinary rail transit, no accident having occurred in the four years the road has been in operation, nor damage of a penny to life, limb or material during the time of construction or since its operation as a line of travel.

The locomotive is of novel construction, being made with especial reference to the steep inclination of the road, and, when standing upon the level track, appears sadly out of balance. Safety and power are attained in the construction at the expense of speed, which is not sought. The locomotive is always below the train, pushing the coaches upward as you ascend and preceding them in the return down the slope. The cars have seats hung at an angle, facing toward the base.



The superintendent is Capt. J. W. Dodge, whose interest in this novel line of travel is equalled only by his willingness to satisfy the many inquiries of the thousands who for the first time ascend the mountain side by the "Sensation Route."

Single fares either way are \$3, or for both ways \$5. Trunks and heavy baggage involve an extra charge according to space occupied; but ordinary hand baggage is carried free of expense. The baggage of parties returning from this point will be checked through to their destination, if upon the routes previously described.

The ascent is made in an hour and a quarter, including the stoppages for water, and somewhat less in the downward trip which is made by force of gravity alone, regulated by the brakes. The telegraph wires extend to the summit.

No three miles of railway in the world afford such a succession of wild and startling views as the passenger has on his mountain ride on this iron line up the steep inclination of Mount Washington. Glimpses of the valley below, through which winds the turnpike, the wide broken view of valley and mountain, the Great Gulf to the left, into the depths of which you look with shrinking and trepidation, and, nearing the summit, an eastward view down into the Glen, with the white buildings of the Glen House, a speck in the valley below.

The monument of stones near the summit marks the spot where, in 1855, Lizzie Bourne, of Maine, died from exposure, further described in the ascent from the Glen House by carriage road. The water stations on the way are called by appropriate names, such as Gulf Station, Waumbek Station, etc.

The passenger who in the morning left the crowded streets and hot pavements of Boston for "the wealth of the vales, the pomp of mountains," and who all day long has been whirled along the valleys of New England's fairest rivers, through a panorama of green fields and by sparkling lakes, with glimpses of distant hills and mountains, may end the day in the delightful stage ride and sensational climbing by rail, leaving behind the vegetation of the plains and the luxuriant forests around the mountain's base, pass the belt where thrive only the hardier shrubs, and the fir tree is dwarfed to the span of a lady's hand, into the region of Alpine

plants and the lichens and mosses peculiar to the icy regions around the pole, till on the bare rocks of the nearly level plateau, on this highest northern outlook east of the Rocky Mountains,

THE MOUNT WASHINGTON HOUSE,

the new hotel at the summit just opened for visitors, and serving the double purpose of depot building and hotel, receives the tired traveler within its hospitable doors for a *night among the clouds*. This new house at the summit, erected in 1872, and furnished and opened for visitors the present season, has accommodations for one hundred and fifty guests. It is conveniently furnished, and telegraphic and other facilities are afforded the guests who spend the night beneath its hospitable roof. All the substantial and luxuries furnished at the mountain houses are provided for the tables, and the furnishing and management is such as to please all who may be so fortunate as to enjoy them. Captain Dodge, the manager of the Mount Washington Railway, is the manager of this new hotel, a sure guarantee of attention to the travelers' wants. All the necessary provisions for comfort and ease are provided, and, in case the house should be overcrowded, the older and well known *Tip-Top* and *Summit* houses will receive you within their more primitive doors. From this high altitude of a mile and a quarter above sea level, we can now look down along the grand incline, up which in vast billows of land the hills have advanced from the level sea beach to this peerless height, and around upon mountains "named, nameless and numberless," over the vast extent of view which the mountain, personified by EMERSON, thus tersely describes:

"Every morn I lift my head,
Gaze o'er New England underspread,
South from St. Lawrence to the sound,
From Catskill east to the sea bound."

VIEW FROM MOUNT WASHINGTON SUMMIT.

The magnitude of the wide stretch of country seen from this high altitude, when first swept by the eye, is overpowering and confusing from its extent and combinations. You imagine that

the crust of earth has been tossed on a boiling caldron, and, at the touch of some mighty power, been congealed at the moment of wildest ebullition—a sea of sweeping ranges and isolated peaks, broad valleys and forests, sparkling lakes and sinuous streams. The wild and rocky, but somewhat regular plateau of the summit, appears as an island surrounded by a petrified sea of hills. The jagged and bare peaks of the adjacent mountains, separated by ravines and gulfs of vast depth and outline, are the most impressive feature of the wide panorama.

If you are fortunate to gain an unobstructed view through the wide circle, you will look northward over the billowy land to the plains of Canada; to the northeast on the far distant forests of Maine, with the dim outline of Katahdin just visible in the distance, while near at hand the great attendant mountains of this group—Jefferson, Adams and Madison—tower in the foreground, a grand cluster of dark and rugged summits. Mount Jackson is on the southeast, close at hand, with the symmetrical, lone summit of Pequaket (Kiarsarge at North Couway) in the distance, and Sebago Lake and the surrounding country in Maine, and, sometimes, the faint blue line of the ocean, scarcely to be separated from the sky in the far distance. Southward is the valley of the Saco with its villages, the sharp pyramids of Chucorua and the gleam of fair Winnepesaukee. Southwesterly the remaining mountains of this range, Mount Monroe with its rocky peak and the Twin ponds, Mount Pleasant with its regular outline, Mount Franklin with a more level surface, Mount Willey and the further range of wooded hills. Westward, the valley of the Ammonusuc, the village of Bethlehem, the naked summit of Mount Lafayette in Franconia, the broken silver line of rivers, and in the dim distance the Green Mountains, with Mount Mansfield and Camel's Hump. Northwest, the picturesque town of Jefferson, Pondicherry in the embrace of forests, and, further distant, the village of Lancaster.

Viewed in the light of the setting sun, or when morning lights burn off the vapors from the face of the wide landscape, the scene is one which pen cannot describe or pencil portray, but which memory will not fail to cherish as the choicest revelation of nature to be seen in a lifetime. Fortune does not always favor the

tourist, and he may sometimes stand upon this lofty height, veiled in impenetrable mist, and the gloom of clouds, hiding the grand outlines which he knows lie beneath and around him.

If the rare privilege is given you to look through the clear and unobstructed light of early summer, or later autumn, on this blending scene of complex and overpowering grandeur and beauty, over which the contrasts of light and shade play upon a scale wider than human eye is often privileged to view; the grand sweep of masses of clouds and the attendant trailing shadows beneath; the scrolls of mist that ride upon the winds and the shadows of great summits throwing their sombre veil over whole townships as the sun declines, all inspire you with the feeling that you have been admitted in near and familiar contact with scenes in nature heretofore unknown to you, and perhaps, to crown all, while you are dreaming, a rearing storm gathers on the unsheltered cone and you shrink to nothingness in the midst of its resistless fury. The storm, the lightning, and the clouds are not from above, but you are in the midst of or above them.

WINTER ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

Since the completion of the new ways of access to the summit, observers from the Meteorological corps of the regular army have passed several winters in comparative comfort at this high altitude, swept sometimes by the terrific force of winter winds, unobstructed in their wild course by higher or equal elevations. Valuable statistics have been gained regarding the force of the winds, the temperature and peculiar phenomena of this highest northern elevation. The novel experiences of these hardy mountaineers in their alpine retreat and perfect solitude has been published in book form and is of the greatest interest. Frequent communication is maintained with the world below, and the peculiar beauty and novelty of the scenes witnessed in mid-winter are such as men are seldom privileged to see; oceans of clouds pierced by snow-capped peaks, all below being hidden in impenetrable frost-clouds; the swift growth of clouds and storms and almost irresistible force of the winds, with the lonely lack of all animate life, make it a peculiar experience for those who so courageously brave the exposure.

THE DESCENT.

Nothing but want of time will prevent the traveler who has hurried through his journey to this high summit from returning either by railway and stage, or by the bridle-path to the Crawford House, at the Notch, and an inspection of the wonders of that far-famed mountain pass. You can also descend on the east side by carriage road to the Glen House. This was the favorite way of ascending previous to opening the railway, and is still and must remain the choice of many. (See description hereafter.)



THE CRAWFORD HOUSE

is situated at the gate of the White Mountain or Crawford Notch. It is one of the finest in its plan of the mountain houses, the piazzas, of ample width, extending the entire length of the building. It stands upon a small plain 2,000 feet above sea level. A small lake near by is the source of the Saco, and the Ammonusuc is also supplied from springs on the same plain. Near by, towards the entrance to the Notch, are the ruins of the old Notch House, built by the Crawfords, and patronized by the pioneers in mountain travel. A. T. & O. F. Barron are the proprietors.

In the near vicinity of the Crawford House are

GIBBS' FALLS,

so named for a former landlord of the hotel. They are reached by a walk of a half hour from the hotel. Here the brook makes a leap of nearly forty feet, in two sheets of white foam, separated by a small islet, on which a lone pine tree stands guard. A succession of lesser falls on the same stream will tempt you to further exploration.

BEECHER'S FALLS CASCADE,

only about a half mile from the hotel, is upon the little mountain brook which flows down the slope to the right of the road, reached by a shaded pathway. In one of the pools of this stream the eminent divine whose name they bear was "immersed," not intentionally, but, like other men, he "fell." He describes the brook as, at one point, "whirling itself into a plexus of cords," or a "pulsating braid of water." For more than a fourth of a mile the stream sweeps down over rocks hung with moss, and through channels worn in beautiful contour, arched with green leaves and luxuriant trees.

THE WHITE MOUNTAIN OR "CRAWFORD" NOTCH.

Next to the ascent of Mount Washington, and previous to that if you do not return, you will wish to explore the attractions of this widely-famed pass in the mountains. The peculiar grandeur of this vast and awful gorge cannot be described in words, and the artist transmits the grand outlines but imperfectly. On either hand the forbidding line of precipices tower above you in imposing grandeur, and you halt and turn to admire its savage ruggedness. It extends for a distance of about three miles, running from northwest to southeast.

The "Gate of the Notch" is in the near vicinity of the Crawford House, and is a chasm between perpendicular rocks, distant from each other but 22 feet; the diminutive stream flowing at one side is the commencement of the Saco River, which flows with rapid course and increasing volume through the fairest of valleys to the sea.

Riding down the Notch from the Crawford House through the "gates," you pass within the wild gorge, and, if you have a guide or companion versed in the localities of the great ravine, your eye and mind will be intent upon a series of views and objects, of which it were foolish to attempt minute description other than by name and general outline.

"Pulpit Rock" is a great overhanging column of stone, the form of which is best indicated by its name, a bold buttress or column more after the fashion of "ye ancient" than the modern pulpit.



WHITE MOUNTAIN NOTCH.

The "Infant" and the "Young Man" will be pointed out and the "Old Maid"—a most venerable specimen of the anxious and aimless class, with features ravaged by time, long since become indifferent to either the admiration or the contempt of men. The "Elephant's Head" is elephantine at least in its proportions, and, high up on the rocks of Mount Willard is the dark and inaccessible entrance to the "Devils Den," which is some two miles from the hotel, and is simply a dark cave in the rocks of limited extent and void of peculiar interest or charm, though once reputed to be a sort of aerial charnel house and haunt of wild beasts; it was shorn of its terrors by investigation.

At a bend in the road, nearly a mile from the gateway, is one of the most impressive scenes in the Notch, where the great outlines of Mounts Webster, Willey and Willard crowd in concentrated sweeping lines upon the narrow way. Further on at the Willey House the pass is more open and the long range of walls

on either hand have more of regularity, and the gorge is more open. The widely famed Willey House was built in 1793, and is distant from the Crawford House about three miles. In 1825 Samuel Willey, jr., a kind hearted and hospitable man tenanted the house with his family. The house is located under the steep acclivity of Mount Willey, which rises some 2,000 feet behind the house, and opposite is the forbidding front of Mount Webster, the little Saco river flowing near by.

On the night of Monday, the 28th of August, 1826, occurred that terrible storm which fed the mountain branches of the Saco and the Ammonusuc, and changed the limpid current from a gentle running stream to a mad rush of whirling waters, breaking old bounds and roaring in lawless torrents, freighted with the loosened soil and trees swept from the steep sides of the overhanging hills; during this terrible night the tragic disaster of the Willey House occurred; the house itself received no injury, but the frightened inmates who sought safety by flight from the mad fury of the crashing slides, were found buried in the debris below. The faithful house dog escaping unhurt, appeared at Conway, and, by all the resources of brute intellect, sought to give tidings of the calamity, failing in which he disappeared at the top of his speed, and afterwards, though occasionally seen, was missing. The father, mother, five children, and two hired men perished; the bodies of two sons and a daughter were never found.

The burial service of these victims of tragic death, as performed on the spot, are described as singularly impressive. The words of the solemn prayer of the good elder, offered with distinct and measured utterance, came back in slow and solemn echoes from the seamed walls of the circling mountains.

The slopes of Mount Willey are quite bare, having only enough of soil to furnish root-hold for the scanty crop of dwarfed birches that somewhat relieve the desolation of the scarred walls.

DRIVE TO THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT WILLARD.

This safe and easy shaded ascent of about two miles may be made in carriages from the hotel, or without difficulty by pedestrians. Looking from the level, flower-carpeted shelf under the sharp summit of the mountain, you take in with one sweeping

glance the grand outlines of the gorge, the winding road through the whole extent, the traces of slides upon the bold sides of the mountains, and the sparkling line of the mountain brooks leaping in gleaming and sinuous falls down the rugged slopes; perhaps, over all, a floating roof of clouds changing and unfolding in the soft sunlight. The stillness of the great height and the grand sublimity of the landscape can but impress the beholder with admiration and awe.

THE FLUME,

a brook pouring through the worn chasm or rent in the solid rock, on the side of Mount Webster, is noted as one of the beauties of the Notch, leaping through the curious channel of stone in noisy and picturesque disturbance on its way to join the waters of the fair Saco.

THE SILVER CASCADE,

above the Flume, and a sort of continuation of the same, slides down the mountain side for a mile, in windings, leapings and turnings innumerable; now in a broad sheet of whitened foam, again divided in several streams, narrowing to a swift current through the worn and narrow channel. The view from the rude bridge, or from a point at the base of the fall, is of unrivalled interest and beauty, and from all points this mountain cascade is one of the attractions by no means to be passed by. You will linger by its whitened torrent with increasing admiration. Parties from the Crawford House can visit these falls at a very trivial expense.

FALLS ON AVALANCHE BROOK.

These falls are about six miles from the Crawford House, on Mount Willey, upon a stream which flows down the slope of the mountain, near the track of the memorable land slide, and joins the Saco below the Willey House. Following this brook, now known as Ripley's or Avalanche brook, nearly two miles up the mountain, a grand cascade bursts upon the view falling between granite walls of picturesque forms and wonderful shaping, hung

with lichens and mosses, through a wild ravine overhung and enclosed by the spruce forests.

The commencement of these falls is a succession of rocky steps some fifty feet wide, continuing in a widening incline, broken into sweeping curves, through the solid rock into the reservoir at the foot. These falls are now christened the "Sylvan Glade Cataract." A mile further up the brook is a lesser series of falls called the "Sparkling Cascade," worthy of a visit.

UP MOUNT WASHINGTON BY BRIDLEPATH.

Notwithstanding the tempting ease of railway and carriage road ascents, some muscular tourists prefer the climbing by bridlepath, as giving great variety of view and a journey combining variety of prospect and experience. The route diverges into the forest on the slope of Mount Clinton, shortly after leaving the hotel, and in the rugged passage of eight and a half miles, passes over some portion of Mounts Clinton, Pleasant, Franklin and Munroe, giving the peculiar views obtained from a succession of bold outlooks. You ascend at times a worn channel of the mountain slope, pass through the heavy forests, dwarfed and thinned to the hardier evergreens as you advance, and passing the dead-wood region, where the shrubs and dwarfed trees stand spectral and white on the bleak slopes, you come out on bare granite ledges and wide views of deep valleys below. Mount Pleasant is so named from the pleasing outline of its mass, as viewed from a distance, but the ride along its southern slope is a rugged one, as is also the winding way along the rocky slopes of Mount Franklin, but from a point in the way nearest to the latter summit a glorious view to the southward is obtained.

You overlook the great abyss of "Oake's Gulf" as you follow along the side of Mount Monroe, and here catch a view of the towering pyramid of Mount Washington, rising a thousand feet above the high altitude from which you look. Winding down upon the great elevated plain, among the huge boulders, to the "Lake of the Woods," where the wild Ammonusuc has its source, the last stage of the ride along the brown and apparently inaccessible slopes of Mount Washington, up into the region of bare and forbidding rock, is along a path among great boulders,

(displaced to admit of passage), and quite likely the few rods of foot travel from the rendezvous to the summit may not be made on the "double quick," but rather with evidences of demoralization; but the grand point is gained by this line of bold ascents and noble outlooks, and from this elevated acre you may take the wide sweep of view previously described.

The same choice of routes for descending, before described, is now open to you, either by railway, carriage road to Glen House on the east side, or if you are equal to the effort, by retracing your steps with fresh horse over the rugged bridlepath.

THROUGH THE NOTCH TO CONWAY OR THE GLEN.

Journeying down the Notch to North Conway, or to the Glen House, you pass out by a considerable ascent upon the road, once proach for pleasure seekers. Looking back, as you emerge into the the great highway of travel, now principally an avenue of open country, you get a grand view of Mount Webster and Mount Willey, with the rounded outline of Mount Willard between and further on. The road now leads for a time through a forest of birches, and to the left, in their order, you see the mountains known as Giant's Stairs, (3,500 feet), Mount Resolution, (3,400 feet), and Mount Crawford, (3,200 feet).

The old Mount Crawford House is next reached, once an important rendezvous for tourists, hunters and anglers, now kept as a boarding house. Mount Washington is sometimes ascended from this point by a route not of late much patronized, but offering great attractions to the genuine lover of nature. This spot is of interest as being the former residence of old Abel Crawford, and is six miles distant from the Willey House. The amount of teaming past this place through the Notch in the early days, before the day of railroads, was immense; an old resident tells of counting for a single day the teams passing from above and below at this point reaching the number of three hundred, only two or three of which were single teams.

About a half mile further on is NANCY'S BROOK, from its associations a place of sad interest. It was here in 1778 that an unfortunate girl, deserted by her lover, perished from exposure, in the vain attempt to overtake the recreant deserter by a foot

journey through this, then, almost impassable route. A stone, known as "Nancy's Rock" is pointed out as a mark of the tragedy. Further on is a great bend in the road and river around Hart's Ledge, and you shortly reach

SAWYER'S ROCK.

Here is the present terminus of the Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad, opened to this point for travel the present season, and to be extended on through the Notch in the future. One Nash was the discoverer of the pass known as the Notch, associated with Sawyer in the first transportation of a horse through the rough gorge, then a work of difficulty. When the last obstruction was overcome, their emptied rum bottle was dashed against this high rock, and Sawyer's Rock has been the name it has since borne. Sawyer's River is the small stream here crossed. The building of the road through to the Notch was an undertaking of great importance in the days when it was attempted, with the limited means for carrying out the project.

BARTLETT

is a scattered settlement, lying along the valley of the Saco, and the Bartlett House is the half way or halting station on the route from the Crawford to the Glen House, distant 15 miles from the former, and 20 miles from the latter.

TO THE GLEN HOUSE,

from Bartlett, the passenger from the Crawford House, by stage, or by rail over the Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad from the east, passes northward along the valley of the Ellis River through Pinkham Notch. A short drive from Bartlett, crossing the bridge over the Ellis River, brings you to

GOODRICH FALLS,

worthy of your notice for their picturesque appearance.

THE TOWN OF JACKSON

is now becoming popular as a place of summer resort. It is rich in mineral resources and romantic scenery. Iron Mountain is

nearly 3,000 feet high, and with Thom Mountain is rich in veins of iron ore. Tin (the first found in the United States,) and copper ores are also found with other valuable minerals. The town was formerly called Adams, afterwards changed to Jackson, to better suit the political proclivities of the inhabitants. The town is noted for its fine pastures, the green hillsides affording grazing for great numbers of cattle from the surrounding country. The way from Goodrich Falls to Jackson is through a broad valley, the great hills clothed in thick forests lying in curving lines at some distance on either hand. At one point in this portion of the way a grand view of the great mountains of the White Mountain range is had, noted for the grandeur and beauty of the picture.

The Jackson Falls Hotel is close by the falls, which give the house its name. It is a favorite retreat for anglers. "Wild Cat Brook" here joins the Ellis river—the rapids on the same are near at hand and are worthy of attention. There is another small but comfortable hotel at this place.

Jackson City is the pretentious name of a little village resorted to by those wishing the quiet which is here obtained. There are two comfortable hotels here located and boarding accommodations to be had in families.

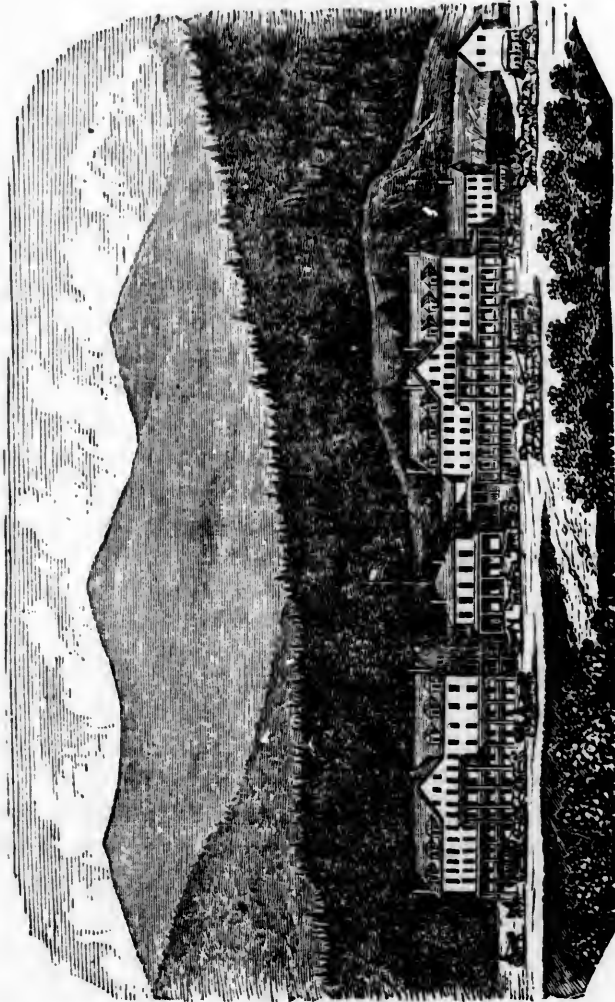
PINKHAM NOTCH,

or Pinkham Pass, takes its name from the family of early settlers of that name who, in April 1790, tenanted a log house, previously erected, which they found buried in the deep snows of that inclement season. The ingenuity of one of the boys in harnessing the pig (their only live stock), to the hand-sled, containing the entire outfit of the family, is narrated by Willey in his "Incidents of White Mountain History;" he also relates the incidents of the fearful tornado of 1821, which swept the town.

Passing the ways leading from the road to Glen Ellis Falls and the Crystal Cascade, which we shall visit from the Glen House, by the contiguous sources of the Ellis and Peabody Rivers, and along the increasing and musical line of the latter stream, Mount Carter being occasionally seen to the right, you ride through forests, charmingly festooned with mosses, cross the bridge on

the Peabody River, pass the carriage road to Mount Washington to the left, and ascend to the hospitable shelter and the enjoyment of the startling views so peculiar to the

GLEN HOUSE,



conducted by W. & C. R. Milliken, with S. H. Cummings, under the firm name of J. M. Thompson & Co. This house is situated within the vast hollow, bounded by a rim of mountain peaks, and

is located more than 1,600 feet above the sea level. Mount Washington is in view from its grounds. Adams, Jefferson, Clay and Madison circle away to the northeast in impressive grandeur, seamed with the scars of many a terrific slide and desolating torrent. Mount Adams appears from this point the highest, but less burly and majestic than Washington.

Mount Carter is in the rear of the Glen House, and from its side the tourist who takes the trouble to climb through the forests to a favorite point of view, will gain an unobstructed outlook upon the five great peaks of the mountain range from Washington northward—Clay, Jefferson, Adams and Madison. The traveler who makes his stay at this house for a time will be at no loss for lack of the wonderful and the beautiful to excite and charm away the hours. The house itself is one of the largest and most commodious in the mountains, in appearance like two buildings, connected by a central one, giving a long front of piazza, and overlooking the Peabody River and the great mountain range. Stage lines connect with Eastern Railway trains at North Conway, and with Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad at North Conway and Bartlett, also stage line through Bartlett to Crawford House. This line receives less patronage since the opening of the railway on the western slope of the mountain. Autumnal catarrh and hay fever are unknown troubles with the patrons of this house.

The house was opened June 12th, for visitors, and an excellent band of music is in attendance for promenading and dancing in its spacious halls.

Visitors to the Notch may ascend to the summit by the carriage road, and descend by the Mountain Railway to the Fabyan Place or White Mountain House, and from thence to the Crawford House at the Notch. But there are numerous objects of interest in and around the Glen which will be visited before making the ascent.

PEABODY RIVER.

This river runs in front of the hotel, and distant about a mile from the hotel on the same are those curious proofs of the effects of continued action of running water upon solid rock, known as

the "Garnet Pools," where the solid granite bed is worn for some distance into curious and peculiar forms, which can but interest you.

On the road to Conway, over which you have come from Bartlett, a more leisurely visit will enable you to see those curiosities in nature which so greatly add to the attractions at this point.

THE EMERALD POOL,

near the roadway, is a charming reservoir of water from the river, in delightful quiet, and should not be omitted in the sights of the region. About two miles from the hotel are

THOMPSON'S FALLS,

on a brook of no great rise, leading into the Peabody River, extending for nearly three-fourths of a mile in a succession of lovely, broken falls, of easy descent, without presenting any startling features, but with much of picturesque beauty, and the climb along the wild stream brings you to points from which you gain glorious mountain views. The falls are reached by a walk of about a fourth of a mile from the road.

CRYSTAL CASCADE.

These cascades are reached by a path diverging from the road about three and one-half miles south of the hotel, and leading up the side of the great mountain; following this for half a mile, you reach the top of a jutting spur overhanging a water-chiseled chasm, through which a bright stream gurgles with hoarse murmuring, while, from far up on the mountain side, the crystal cascade comes gliding down; light, feathery and white as the snow, come the pure waters of the stream, descending from the side of Mount Washington, under the walls of Tuckerman's Ravine—a long, sheer descent of successive leaps and turns. Over a rough slope of rock, in a descent of seventy-five feet, the waters are tossed in widening folds, like gossamer drapery animated by the movements of an invisible fairy form beneath, contrasting strongly with the old and seamed rocks of the cliff. Tuckerman's Ravine may be reached by climbing directly up

this stream from the Cascade by a path known as Thompson's path, which leaves the carriage road some two miles from the base of Mount Washington, but is perhaps oftener explored by descending into it from the summit. This long, deep ravine, in the southern slope of the mountain, is filled to great depth by the accumulated snows of winter; the summer heats usually dispel the immense snow bank during the month of August. In the process of melting, the gradual wear of the streams sometimes form a grand arch of snow, of magnificent proportions, and worn by melting processes into beautiful forms and outlines.

Hermit Lake is a small sheet of water, so overhung and belittled by the great southerly walls of the ravine, as to be passed by with comparatively little attention. Climbing up through the centre of this great gulf the walls of the great "Mountain Amphitheatre" rise on either hand and in advance; a vast enclosure, to the great proportions of which the eye adjusts itself to full comprehension but slowly, the outlines growing more and more in force and power as the ability to comprehend it comes with gazing.

GLEN ELLIS FALLS,

are about four miles from the Glen House—reached by taking a footpath leading from the main road through a pine thicket, which speedily brings you to the brink of a rocky precipice, above a narrow gorge overhung with dark masses of foliage. Descending this cliff by the irregular natural steps and rude artificial helps, you reach the bottom of a dark chasm and stand upon the brink of a foaming caldron of emerald water, and glancing upwards, you can see the stream leaping seventy feet at a single bound from a worn channel of the rock. The scenery around this water-fall combines all the elements of beauty, wildness and startling contrast, which the most romantic could expect or desire; a visit to its wonders is one of the features of the stay at the Glen, from which regular trips are made to this wild spot, affording grand views of Mount Washington on the way.

UP MOUNT WASHINGTON BY CARRIAGE ROAD.

This is still a favorite way of scaling the side of the central summit of the mountains. The road winds along the mountain side a distance of eight miles from the hotel to the Mount Washington House, and is both safe and easy of ascent. This road was finished in 1861, after six years of labor, and has an average grade of a little less than one foot in eight, from which it varies in no great degree. The time occupied in making the ascent is about three hours. The lower half of the journey is by a winding way through forests, emerging at the "Ledge" upon the bare wall of the mountain, and winding along the brink of the Great Gulf, across which you look upon the entire slopes of Mounts Jefferson, Adams and Madison, and continuing on it overlooks the Glen and the valley through Pinkham Pass, and up the valley of the Peabody River toward Gorham.

The views widen and increase in scope and grandeur as you approach the summit, which seems to develop itself anew as you continue to rise over successive ridges. There is neither danger or inconvenience in this way of ascent. Baggage wagons accompany the passenger carriages, enabling parties to descend on the other side by railway to the Fayban, White Mountain, Twin Mountain or Crawford House, as their inclination may lead.

The view from the summit has been previously described, as have also the accommodations for a night upon the summit, or a longer stay if you are enamored with the novel experience of life at an elevation of 6,300 feet above sea level.

Before the building of the carriage road the ascent was tiresome and attended with danger.

Near the summit, on the road, is the Lizzie Bourne monument, previously noticed. It is a pyramid of rough stones surmounted by a slab. Miss Bourne perished from exposure on this spot in 1855. In company with two male relatives they attempted the ascent of the mountain without a guide, and, bewildered and chilled, perished from exposure in the immediate vicinity of the summit houses. The following year a gentleman from the South, who attempted the journey alone in August, was overtaken by a storm and perished in the near vicinity, under the shelter of a

shelving rock; his remains were found the following season. Near by, but lower down, Dr. Hall of Boston survived exposure to a furious snow storm, late in the season, and was rescued when about to perish.

We have again brought you to the summit and again leave you to choice of ways, no longer wanting, by which to descend and retrace our steps to the Glen House, from which point many will wish to take the pleasant trip to Gorham, on the Grand Trunk Railway, in the Androscoggin valley, and distant from the Glen some eight miles. Stages from the Glen House connect with all trains over the Grand Trunk Railway at this point.

AROUND GORHAM.

The scenery around Gorham is the noblest and wildest to be seen in the immediate vicinity of any railroad town. The Androscoggin valley and the hills that enclose it, the distant view of the great mountains of the central group, and the noble outlook from neighboring hills, make a visit here a pleasure to live in memory.

The many patrons of that fine and well kept hotel, the Alpine House, learned with regret of its destruction by fire during the winter of 1872-3; but the attractions at this point will not long admit of the want of a first-class house remaining unsupplied. Meanwhile, the tourist or traveler will find comfortable entertainment at the smaller hotels of the town.

Mount Carter, Mount Moriah, and the lesser and central "Imp," are three prominent features in the landscape to the south; the first 5,000 feet in height, the second 4,700 feet, and the three forming the eastern slope of the Glen. The outline of Mount Moriah is a series of curves and flowing lines, softened by the luxuriant forests which clothe its waving slopes. Mount Carter is rugged, scarred, and seamed, in the long slope which it presents to view at this point.

RANDOLPH HILL,

five miles from the village, is an elevation from which the finest imaginable view of the surrounding mountains may be had, and

is a favorable point from which to study the rare combinations of the wild and rugged landscape.

THE PILOT HILLS,

to the northwest, are grand in outline, and in a deep cleft of the range the ice and snow, among the immense granite blocks in the cold shadows of the ravine, defy the extreme heat of the warmest summer. The Androscoggin Hills lie along to the eastward. The noble outline of Mount Hayes to the northeast being the most prominent peak.

DRIVES.

A stay of a few days at this point enables the tourist to enjoy the fine drives in this vicinity. The drive to the Lead Mine Bridge, four miles from the village, near the abandoned lead mine, and noted as a favorable site from which to view the valley of the Androscoggin, with its chain of green isles and background of noble mountains, and the great White Mountains, robbed by the distance of their forbidding aspects, but standing out in noble outline in the vast picture here presented. There is also the drive to Shelburne, six miles below, and the view from Bald Cap Mountain; to Berlin Falls, six miles above the village—a series of rapids, where, for nearly a mile, the Androscoggin sweeps in a long, rapid descent, much admired for its wild beauty and fascinating power. A bridge crosses the river at the narrowest part, from which a fine view of the sweeping current may be had. These falls will be judged by many to be among the grandest of the mountain tour, and the scenery along the way is continuous in its charm. From the falls the drive should be continued some four miles to Milan, a trip elaborately described by Starr King.

ASCENT OF MOUNTAIN SUMMITS.

The climbing of Mount Surprise (1,200 feet elevation,) by bridle-path requires no undue exertions, and the view commands an unobstructed sight of the great mountain range, and looks directly upon the wildest and most rugged scenery of the hills and the Androscoggin valley. The distance is two and one-half miles,

and the ascent occupies about one and one-half hours. No summit so easily reached commands so wide and charming a view as this. Mount Hayes (so named in honor of a former landlady of the Alpine House,) may also be ascended by bridlepath, affording a view in which Mount Washington stands out in all its majesty and grandeur, and the winding valley of the Androscoggin, with its clean banks, many islands and noble, enclosing hills, is seen for a score of miles.

Mount Moriah may be now ascended by footpath. Formerly the bridlepath was largely used and kept in safe and fine condition, but of late it has been neglected. From this summit of 4,700 feet elevation, reached by a path through thick forests and over bare ledges of the mountain side, the outlook is upon the sea of summits in a circle broken only upon the southwest by the open country of Maine.

Athletic tourists sometimes ascend Mount Madison from Gorham, riding to the foot of Randolph Hill and following a *blazed* path. A competent guide should be engaged for the excursion, which may, under competent guidance, be prolonged over Mounts Jefferson, Adams and Clay, to Mount Washington summit, but no one should undertake this trip who is not equal to a vigorous and exhausting tramp, or who will not find, in the savage gorges and great ravines into which the path enables the traveler to look, and in the succession of views had along the way of progress, from points not often trodden by foot of man, an ample recompense for the hardships of the journey.

FROM GORHAM TO THE NOTCH.

The route to the Notch from Gorham by the Cherry Mountain road, a distance of thirty-two miles, affords a series of glorious views during the entire journey, enabling the traveler to avail himself of the extensive prospect from Randolph Hill, before mentioned, and a changing succession of panoramic pictures of the great range seen from this northern line of travel; especially is the view from the road in Jefferson one to be forever remembered, sweeping, as it does, a wide line of summits standing in a vast arc of circling majesty. At the point where the Waumbek House is located, at the base of Starr King Mountain (3,800 feet

elevation), the finest view is had. At this house many halt for dinner, and for the enjoyment of the view from its piazzas. A path leads up the mountain from this house, and a prolonged stay cannot fail to be a pleasant one. In the valley fronting the hotel is the peculiar mound, sometimes called the "Sleeping Giant," from a seeming resemblance to a giant human form lying upon his back. To the southwest, in clear weather, Mount Washington and the attendant peaks appear to be in near proximity. The Franconia range is to the west, and the Pilot Mountains to the north. This house is distant 17 miles from the Notch, 13 miles from the Fabyan Place, and 28 miles from the Profile. The route from this point to the Profile House is through the growing and enterprising town of Whitefield, and over the hills of Bethlehem. The road to the Crawford House or the Fabyan Place is along the valley towards the source of Israel's River, and the valley of the Ammonusuc, passing through the town of Carroll and along the base of Cherry Mountain (3,219 feet elevation), beautifully wooded to the summit, with the peak of "Owl's Head" at its northern extremity.

CONWAY, N. H.

This quiet valley town on the banks of the Saco, though forgotten and overshadowed by the places of more general resort, has great charms for those who have learned to enjoy its quiet and the beauty of the surrounding landscape. The *Conway House*, L. H. Eastman, proprietor, is one of the largest and best of the hotels of this region, providing for guests all substantial comforts. The livery stable is one of the best connected with any of the country hotels. Patrons are taken to all points of interest in the mountain region, and the many drives are unsurpassed in their attractions. Anglers find this a favorite place at which to spend a few days or weeks, and those seeking quiet retirement in near vicinity to the attractions of the mountains can but be pleased with a few weeks or months of rest in this intervale town. The *Pequaket House* is a smaller but commodious and well kept hotel.

NORTH CONWAY.

This charming village is reached by the route by boat, stage and rail from Weirs and Centre Harbor, previously described, also directly from Boston over the Eastern and Great Falls and Conway Railroad, two trains each day, arriving soon after noon and in the early evening, the time by fast trains being about five hours from Boston. The Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad also connects with Portland (three trains each day) in the season of pleasure travel. This line is now advanced beyond this point to Sawyer's Rock, beyond Bartlett, some ten miles from the Crawford House, and the management intend to push it vigorously to completion through the Notch. Elegant cars are run through from Boston over the Boston and Maine and Portland and Ogdensburg roads, without change, and the route is pleasing and attractive, noted for the smoothness and safety with which trains are run, and ample time for dinner on the shores of the beautiful Sebago Lake.

HOTELS.

Of these there is no lack, and the visitor may suit his tastes as to locality and style of entertainment. In the immediate vicinity of the new Eastern Railroad station is the new, large and commodious first-class hotel, the *Kiarsarge House*, kept by Messrs. Thompson & Andrews. It will accommodate three hundred guests, and is built and furnished on a scale of liberality which is sustained in the details of management. The building is lighted with gas, and the nearness to the station is a convenience to business men.

The *Intervale House*, kept by Mudgett & Eastman, is located under the slope of Mount Pequaket, or Kiarsarge, and is within a beautiful enclosure of hills and surrounded by attractive points, easily reached by short walks from the Hotel. The buildings are comparatively new, and it will be found to be a centre of attractions for those who tarry at this point. The *Sunset Pavilion*, by the Masons, is extensively patronized, and the managers and employees evidently intend that there shall be no lack of attention on their part to the wants of their patrons. The *McMillan House* is to the southward, in the direction of Artists' Falls, and

the *North Conway House*, by N. R. Mason, the *Washington House* and the *Randall House* all receive extensive patronage in the summer months.

The *Mason House* is a new and elegant hotel, complete in its furnishing, kept by the senior Mason, formerly of the *Sunset Pavilion*, so long and favorably known to the traveling public. It is the most convenient house to the depot of the *Eastern Railroad*, and here travelers and tourists will find all needed comforts and attention.

The *Randall House* is a commodious and well furnished hotel, greatly enlarged the present season, kept by J. T. Randall, Esq., well known to frequenters of this fair village for several years. Carriages connect with the railroad trains from all the hotels.

This romantic village is the centre of resort in the *Saco valley*, and the key to the mountain region from the southeast. The village lies upon a plain of some four or five miles long by three wide, overlooking the intervalles of the *Saco*, which is here a stream of several rods in width, fordable in many places and flowing over a bed of the purest stones and pebbles, worn and washed to smoothness and whiteness by the pure waters. The stream is liable to rapid rising at times, to the great danger of those having property upon its banks; at the time of the *Willey* disaster it rose twenty-four feet in a single night.

The smiling intervalles or meadows are noted for their beauty, and the distant view of the giant peaks of the *White Mountains* to the northward, looking up the *Saco valley*, is considered one of the finest in the state, the distance softening all harsh and rugged outlines into beautiful curves and combinations. The sunsets at this point are of peculiar beauty, gilding and fading on the range of bold summits, before advancing shadows—a vast picture of soft and flowing outline, over which the rolling vapors sweep and clouds hover, contending with the struggling light upon the peaks of bold summits and in the wild mountain gorges.

To the northeast of the village,

PEQUAKET,

or *Kiarsarge Mountain* rises, a lone, swelling summit, symmetrical in outline, surmounted by the hotel clamped to the rocks of the

very summit. The elevation is 3,367 feet, and it stands like an immovable sentinel upon the outpost of the grim host of hills. The ascent can be made with horses, or by pedestrians, without difficulty, to the very summit. From this highest southern elevation there is a magnificent view of the whole army of hills to the north and west, including the whole White Mountain Range, and of the central dome Mount Washington, and Mount Lafayette of the Franconia group. The fair valley of the Saco can be followed from near its source in the mountain fastnesses far on its course to the sea. To the east lie the reaches of level country in Maine and the waters of fair Sebago and the lesser lakes.

There is a range of rugged hills to the east called "Rattlesnake Ridge," and "Mote Mountain" to the southwest, with the sharp pyramids of old Chucorua in the same direction, but in the far distance.

Starr King says "we have seen no other region of New England so swathed in dreamy charm,"—that at times "the spiritual heights, from which nature issues, unseal their opulence, and send the freshet of bloom—times when the finer 'light in light' will break its bounds, and the whole valley will turn into a goblet brimming with beauty too liberal to be contained by the mountain walls that are tinted with its wierd waves."

THE WHITE HORSE LEDGES,

upon the face of Mote Mountain, rise almost perpendicularly in a rocky face of several miles extent, reaching at some points a height of eight hundred feet. In the ride to these ledges from the village by the road, through the fields and plains, the sparkling waters of the Saco are twice forded; but it may require the aid of the imagination to discern the outlines of the "White Horse" upon the frowning wall; but there is no lack of real attractions, among which is the beautiful

ECHO LAKE,

a gem among the mountain lakes, unruffled by the slightest breeze, sleeping beneath the rocky walls and reflecting the bold outline of overhanging cliffs. The blast of a horn and the sound

of the voice is clearly and sharply echoed from the cliffs, sometimes, with a slight re-echo, but wanting the resounding repetition of the like named wonder at Franconia.

THE CATHEDRAL.

In the wall of the great ledges next visited, is a cave of forty feet in depth by some sixty feet in height; you stand within it, as within a wide, rough granite alcove in the face of the wall, the forest trees standing in audience before you and shading the light which falls within. Along the seamed walls the work of the silent forces of the frost are seen at the base; great flakes and blocks pried off the granite face of the walls by freezing wedges of ice lie in confusion, and others seem hanging only by the slightest hold, which the next frost wedge will loosen and hurl below.

DEVIL'S DEN.

In the debris at the foot of the ledge, not far from the Cathedral, formed by a huge scale of granite, sliding over a mass of loose blocks, is the "Devil's Den," an enclosed space in the fallen mass entered by creeping through a tortuous passage. By lighting a fire in this cave you can take a lunch, with no fear of disturbance from his Santanic majesty, and to the great delight of the juveniles.

Thompson's Falls must not be forgotten in the visit, and

DIANA'S BATHS

are another wonder which should be seen by all. Another way, through pastures and forests, and you reach a small mill, above which the stream from the forest flows over a bed of the whitest granite, flecked with crystals. Ordinarily the flow of water is not large, but the solid granite bed is worn in every conceivable form, dropping in steps at irregular intervals, and filled with wells worn in the solid surface by whirling eddies and revolving boulders, seamed by the swift and continual flow of ceaseless currents into curious and fantastic grooves. Sometimes the limpid current flows through a single worn channel in its plunge over the rocky

step, then follows an oblique seam in the rock in its well worn way until it plunges through a series of openings on the brink of the next descent, or drops into the sparkling wells in the solid bed, to overflow in bubbling purity and take its next leap in a wide sheet of transparent beauty. Unless swollen by unusual rains you need not look for startling or overwhelming features; but for curious and beautiful combinations it is worthy of a visit, and will impress itself indelibly on the memory.

ARTIST'S FALLS.

These charming falls are to the south of the village, and are widely known in prints and photographic representations. All will wish to look upon the beautiful fall among the wild combination of rocks and shading trees; but here, as in nearly all the charms around North Conway, look rather for the quietly beautiful than the overpowering and forbidding aspects presented in the immediate vicinity of the mountains.

DRIVES.

Though you may remain for weeks at North Conway, you may have a new drive or walk of absorbing interest each day of your stay, to points of interest through a country which can but interest you. Excursions to Chucorua Lake and Gould's Pond, to Conway Corner, to Fryeburg, once a very important village, built on a broad plain within a wide sweep of the Saco. At this place Daniel Webster once taught the village academy, and here and at Ossipee are many Indian relics. Near by is Lovewell's Pond, with thickly wooded shores, near which was fought that desperate battle with the Indians, so terrible in the slaughter of both the whites and savages — one of the most fierce and obstinate of the encounters with the Pequaket Indians. The commander, Capt. Lovewell, and more than a quarter of the whole white force, fell at the first onset, but the fight continued for ten hours, when the savages retired. An excursion to Jackson and the Cascades, on the branch of the Ellis River, should not be omitted.

CHUCORUA.

That "rocky mass of bare granite spires and shafts," the

sharpest pinnacle of the entire region, excepting Mount Adams, reaches an elevation of 3,360 feet. The scaling of its upright ledges is esteemed a test of courage and strength. It may be reached from Conway.

The *Banks House*, at West Ossipee, a favorite point of departure under its former management, which will be sustained and improved by the present proprietors. A fine view of the mountain and the surrounding country is had from this point, and teams are furnished for excursionists, sportsmen and others. J. H. Plummer, Esq., is the present proprietor.

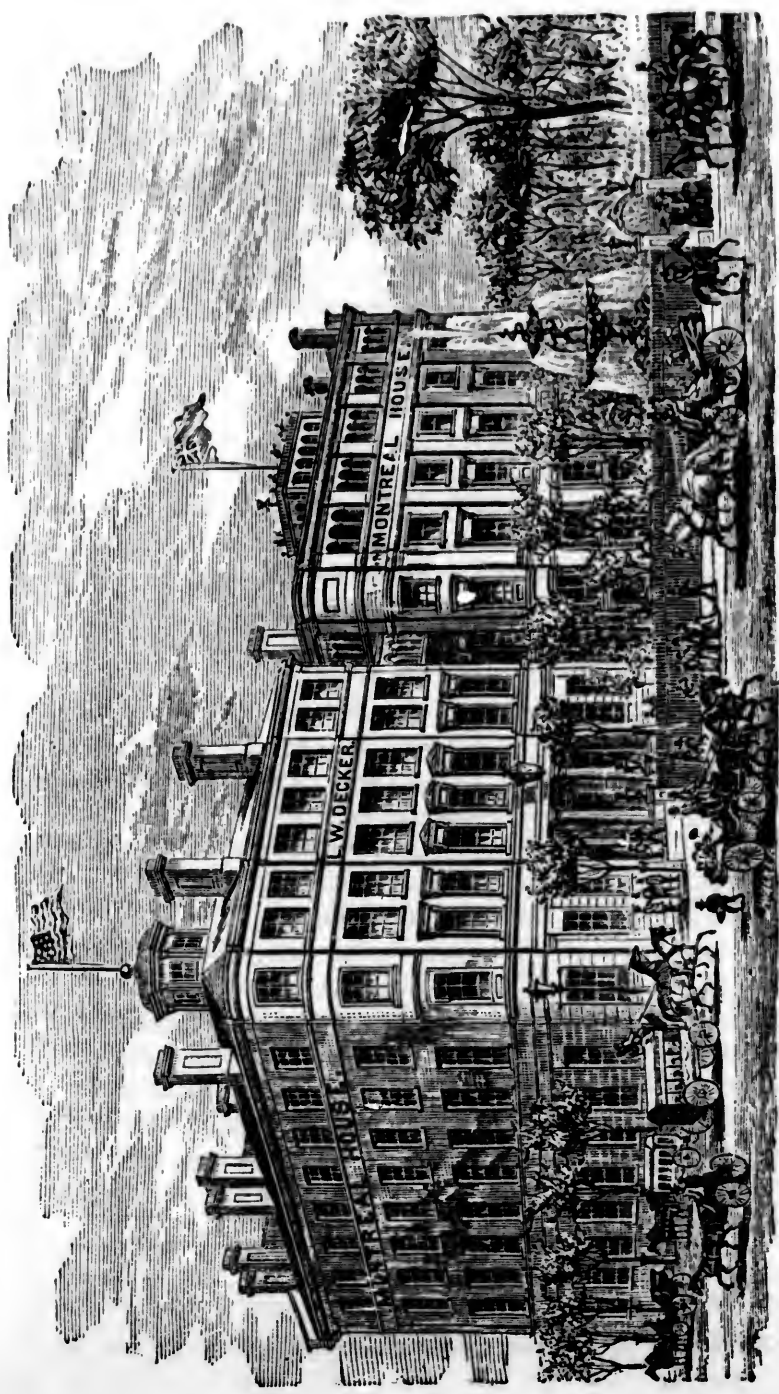
MONTREAL.

Reaching this Canadian metropolis, by either of the ways of approach described under the heads of routes, your first question will no doubt be for a place at which to tarry during your stay. At the

MONTREAL HOUSE,

Custom House Square, Montreal, Decker & Co., proprietors, recently remodeled and refitted throughout, you will find all the requisites for making your stay both comfortable and pleasant. Located in full view of the great Victoria Bridge, near the landing of the foreign steamers and river boats, and convenient to all points of interest. Decker & Co., the proprietors, have had long experience in the keeping of first-class houses, and patrons will not be disappointed. Carriages furnished at the hotel for drives to all parts of the city and the surroundings. The rooms are not surpassed by any hotel in the city, and no requisite of a first-class hotel will be found wanting. The large, airy rooms, healthful breeze from the river, supplemented by faithful attendance, and reasonable charges, will recommend the house to your renewed patronage should you once make it your home.

This commercial and financial metropolis of the Canadas is also the most populous of Canadian cities—some 140,000 souls. It is situated at the head of river navigation proper, 540 miles from the Gulf of St. Lawrence, on the Island of Montreal, which lies between the broad St. Lawrence and the rapid Otiawa—the two



MONTREAL HOUSE.

great rivers of the North. The island extends some thirty-two miles in length and ten in width, and is considered the garden of the Provinces. The surface is generally level, excepting the eminence of Mount Royal in the background, rising 550 feet above river level, and from which the city takes its name, *Montreal* being a shortening or modification of *Mount Royal*.

The settlement of the town was determined upon by the first explorer, Jaques Cartier, in 1535, the site being that of the old Indian village of "Hochelaga," but the permanent founding of the city did not take place till 1642, and in one hundred years of growth it gathered a population of only 4,000 souls; since then the growth has been rapid.

It was under French rule till 1760, when it passed into the hands of the English. In 1775 Ethan Allen made his mad attack upon the city with a handful of men, and was defeated and captured; but shortly after, in the same year, Montgomery entered the city in triumph. The water communication with the city is said to be the most extensive of any city in the world so far inland.

Here, as at Quebec, are the lower and the upper town, though not so plainly separated by unmistakable natural elevations as in the more northern capital. The lower town is somewhat cramped and gloomy in the laying out of the narrow streets and style of the buildings in the old French order, while the upper town has wide streets and squares, with large, imposing structures, built mostly of the greyish limestone of the region.

The broad quays of solid limestone are unsurpassed by any on the continent, and, to accommodate the growing commerce of this thriving inland port, the docks and basins are continually being improved and enlarged. Vessels from all parts of the world lie at its wharves; ocean steamers of three thousand tons, and sailing vessels of twelve hundred tons can reach the city and be accommodated in the harbor. A wide terrace, faced with grey limestone, crowned on the parapet by a durable iron railing, divides the city from the river.

VIEW OF THE CITY.

Approached by the river, by steamer from Lachine, the sight

presented to the stranger is one of rare interest and beauty; the glittering spires and great domes and towers combine in royal proportions; the enduring structures of cut stone stretch in a long line upon the river front. Mount Royal is in the background, and you pass beneath that great triumph of modern enterprise and engineering,

THE VICTORIA BRIDGE,

which serves the important purpose of giving uninterrupted rail communication between the Eastern States and Canadas and the Great West. It is used only for railway transit and gives to the Grand Trunk Railway full control of railway approaches from the East. This great work, sometimes classed as the eighth artificial wonder of the world, was completed in 1860, under the superintendence of Robert Stephenson and his associates, and is one and a quarter miles in length, or two miles including the extensions. It is supported on twenty-four piers, the central span being three hundred and thirty feet, the remaining ones two hundred and forty-two feet, with massive abutments; the bridge tube is of iron, twenty-two feet high by sixteen wide, slightly lessening at the ends. It was erected at a cost of \$6,300,000. The height of the centre span above ordinary river level is sixty feet. Three million cubic feet of masonry and ten thousand tons of iron enter into the construction of the gigantic work. There is an opening in the centre affording a magnificent river view. No railroad train is allowed to enter this bridge without a written permit from the proper officer, thus insuring exemption from collision or accident; the passage is somewhat cheerless, occupying some six minutes, though seeming much longer to the passenger. By obtaining a permit, at the office of the Grand Trunk Railway, tourists can inspect a portion of the interior of the bridge. The river beneath the bridge has a swift current and the piers are calculated to withstand immense pressure from descending masses of ice.

PLACES OF INTEREST.

Of massive buildings, combining show of strength and permanence with architectural beauty, there is no lack in Montreal. On

Great St. James street the Post Office is a beautiful building of cut stone; adjoining, and of more elaborate architecture, is the Bank of British North America; on the same street is the building constructed of sandstone, and perhaps the finest in the city, known as Molson's Bank, and the fine building in the Italian style, with an elaborately decorated lecture room, known as the Mechanics' Institute.

On Notre Dame street, built in the Grecian, Ionic style, is the New Court House, of elegant proportions and material. The Old Government House is on the same street.

The Nelson Monument, at the head of Jaques Cartier Square, is a column of grey limestone crowned with the figure of the hero of Trafalgar.

The Champ de Mars is the parade ground for the garrison regiments and volunteer soldiery; three thousand troops may be reviewed upon it, and it is a favorite promenade for citizens. Here the fine bands of the regiments often discourse sweet music during the summer evenings. Facing this square is the Geological Museum with its extensive collection of specimens.

Viger Square, near the Champ de Mars, is beautifully laid out as a garden, with conservatory, fountains, etc.

On St. Catherine street is the English Cathedral, the most perfect specimen of Gothic architecture in America, surrounded by a cluster of lofty spires.

Bonsecours Market is a magnificent edifice, the dome of which attracts attention as you land from the boat. The upper stories contain the city offices, a magnificent hall or concert room which will seat 4,000 persons, and the rooms of the City Council most elegantly ornamented and arranged. The location is at the corner of Water and St. Paul's streets.

The McGill College, so called from Hon. James McGill, who liberally endowed the institution, has extensive buildings and museum.

St. Patrick's Hall was a fine building on Victoria square, but was destroyed by fire in 1872. The dry goods and hardware trade centres are on St. Paul street, which presents a fine line of warehouses. But the great centre of interest for strangers is the French

CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME,

reputed to be the largest church edifice in North America, holding within its walls 10,000 people. The building is two hundred and sixty feet long by one hundred and forty feet broad, and the two massive towers, flanking the front upon the square, rise two hundred and twenty feet. There is a famous peal of bells in the left tower, one of which is the famous "Gros Bourdon," weighing fifteen tons and having a deep bass intonation. The prospect from the right tower, which can be ascended by payment of a slight fee, is wonderfully wide, looking out upon the broad waters, the islands and shipping of the St. Lawrence, the rapids of Lachine, the distant Vermont hills and the suburban villages. The seminary of St. Sulpice adjoins the Cathedral and is surrounded by spacious gardens and court yards. In near vicinity, around this fine square, are the noble buildings of the important Banking and Insurance Companies of the Dominion.

DRIVES.

The Canadian carriage is kept with scrupulous neatness, the drivers are your willing and obliging servants, knowing every inch of the routes by which they convey you, and the prices, unlike American coaching fares, do not spoil the fairest prospects by threatening total ruin to your finances. A vehicle drawn by two horses may be had at a charge of one dollar for first hour, and seventy-five cents for additional hours; for carriage with one horse for one or two persons, fifty cents first hour, and forty cents for additional hours is about the usual charge; and, for trips to the suburbs, charges vary with the number of the party and distance. Carriages will be found at the Railway station, and the tourist can proceed immediately on his ride through the city if pressed for time.

The drive of nine miles around the mountain, visiting the Mount Royal Cemetery, two miles from the city, on the northern slope of Mount Royal, approached by a broad avenue, and of itself well worth a visit, is a trip which should by no means be omitted, affording as it does commanding and attractive views of the Canadian metropolis and the great river of the North, which no

lover of the beautiful and the grand in landscape should fail to enjoy.

The views obtained from the Water Works Reservoir, a mile from the city, cut in the solid rock, are extensive and interesting. A drive down the river bank to Lougue Point is in great favor with the people of the city, and will prove of interest to visitors.

The drive which, perhaps, will prove of greatest interest, is that of nine miles to the village of LACHINE. The Lachine road leads along the banks of the St. Lawrence, and during this drive, by selecting the proper time, the descent of the steamer through the Rapids may be witnessed. The Rapids, below Lachine, have a fall of forty-four and a half feet, and the descent of these by steamer is one of the sensations of your visit. Every morning (in summer) a train leaves the railroad station on Bonaventure street, at 7 o'clock A.M., for Lachine, connecting with the small steamer at the railroad wharf, for the trip down the Rapids. Caughnawaga, the Indian village opposite, is the point from which Baptiste, the renowned Indian pilot, comes out in his bark canoe to pilot the boats of the Canadian Navigation Company through the Rapids. These Rapids offer the greatest obstacle to navigation of any on the river, and that immense work, the Lachine Canal, eight and one-half miles in length, was constructed to avoid this obstruction. Improvements about to be made will enable all descending steam craft to keep the river, leaving the canals exclusively to sailing vessels and ascending boats.

The morning trip to Lachine, with the return by steamer through the Rapids, and beneath the largest and most noted bridge in the world, giving the favorite view of the city, and landing you again at the wharf by 9 o'clock A.M., will prove a wonderful appetizer and a lasting pleasure.

DOWN THE ST. LAWRENCE.

From Montreal to Quebec passage may be made, during the season of navigation—usually from April to December—on one of the staunch and commodious steamers owned by the Richelieu Company, and called the "Montreal" and the "Quebec." Leaving Montreal in the evening, (excepting Sunday evening), passing

the fort on the island in the harbor, leaving LONGUEIL to the right, and passing the group of islands below the city and the mouth of the Ottawa river, you are fairly on the way to the old capital. Belœil Mountain attracts attention to the eastward, and you cannot fail to be interested in the general appearance of the novel landscape, a sort of "Northern Holland," appearing in many instances from the boat to be below water level; in other places, as you progress, the shores slope in terraces, or wide steps, terminating in a ridge.

SOREL or WILLIAM HENRY, forty-five miles below Montreal, is the first station where a halt is made by the steamer. This Canadian town is built around a central square at the confluence of the St. Johns (otherwise known as the Richelieu or Sorel river) and the St. Lawrence. The St. Johns or Richelieu River is peculiar in the fact that, at its outlet, it is narrower than at its source or through its course, being the northern outlet of Lake Champlain. There is immense transportation of lumber along its course.

Some fifty miles below Montreal, and five miles below Sorel, the broad river expands into a wide lake nearly twenty-five miles in length, and (at its widest) nine miles width, known as "Lake St. Peter," and interspersed with islands at its upper entrance; though the wide expansion produces a shallow depth, the channel followed by shipping admits the passage of vessels of the larger class. The River St. Francis here enters the lake from the south.

The scenery along the route may not prove of sufficient variety and interest to keep the traveler from needed rest through the long night hours, though the mighty river, draining through the lakes that immense valley, will never be without its suggestions of power; and, when the moon, breaking from rolling curtains of cloud tints the broad expanse, till it glitters like a vast surface of silver sparkling with diamond points of light, which fade and renew in the wake of the dancing silver waves which mark your progress, the wakeful traveler will find no lack of suggestive sights in his midnight watch.

A great amount of shipping of every class will be passed, and immense timber rafts will be observed in the descent, floating

down to the great lumber mart at Quebec, sometimes in single rafts and sometimes in many combined in a floating timber town, populous with hardy lumbermen, whose songs enliven the monotony of their voyage.

The town of "Three Rivers," midway between Montreal and Quebec, is one of the oldest settlements in Canada, has convent buildings and church edifices of considerable architectural pretensions. The town was first settled in 1618, and has a population of nearly 6,000 souls. The River St. Maurice here joins the St. Lawrence and is divided at his mouth by islands into three distinct channels, (hence the name of the town "Three Rivers.") Immense quantities of logs and manufactured lumber come down the St. Maurice, to this lumber centre, where are located several extensive saw mills and foundries. A branch of the Grand Trunk Railway diverging from the Quebec division at Arthabaska has its terminus at Doucet's Landing opposite this point.

A canoe voyage up the St. Maurice for thirty miles to the "Falls of the Shawenegan" is sometimes made. Just above the mouth of the Shawenegan river the broad stream plunges in a sheer descent of one hundred and fifty feet—a natural wonder, which, if easily reached, would be one of the chief attractions of Canadian travel.

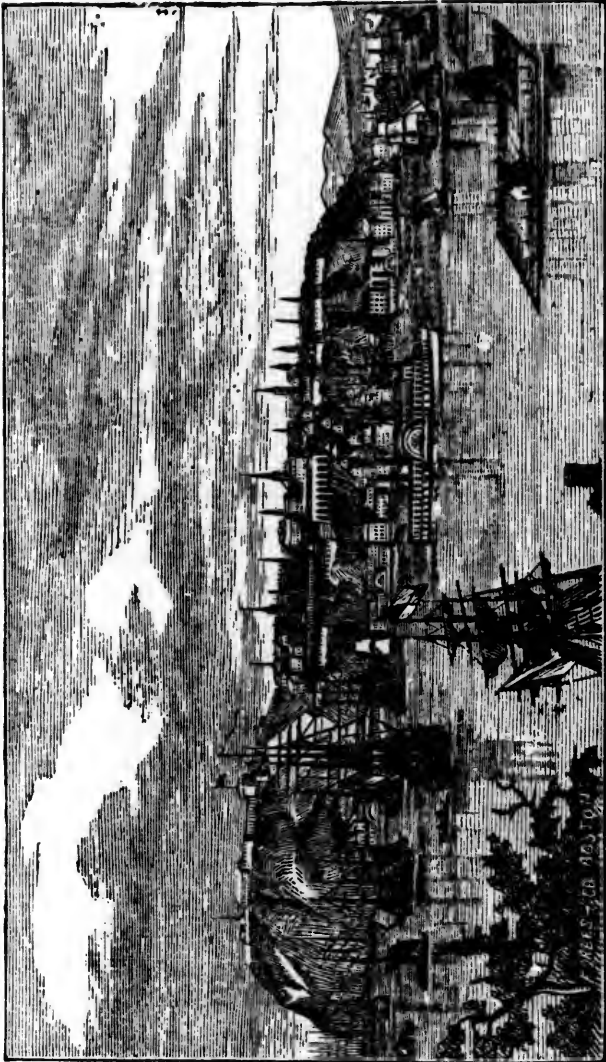
Some fifty miles before reaching Quebec the rapids of Richelieu, where the river contracts into narrow space, and the current flows over a rocky bed, was, in the olden time, considered quite an impediment to navigation; below these rapids the banks become gradually elevated. From the red banks of Cape Rouge (seven miles above Quebec), the shores of the river rise into hills and precipices. The Chaudiere River enters six miles above the city, the precipitous banks increase in height and the eager stranger catches a distant view of the towers and battlements of the grand old northern city.

Before reaching the town, "Wolfe's Cove" will be pointed out to the left—that memorable spot where the brave commander landed his forces under cover of darkness, and scaling the precipice, fought the memorable battle which changed the destiny of the western empire. The round Martello Towers, in advance of the defences of the city, on the plains of Abraham, first attract

attention, and you sweep in full view of the defiant battlements and towers which crown the natural walls of Old Quebec — the seat of ancient dominion—where jealous nations contended for supremacy and shook its rocky throne with the roar and clash of contending armies. As you approach the point of landing the grim battlements of the city are upon the left; the growing settlement of Point Levi, the railway terminus at this point, is to the right, the fair island of Orleans is just below you, while about you, in one of the grandest inland harbors of the world, capable of floating at the same time one hundred ships of the line, are vessels of every class; the largest ever constructed can float under the very walls of the citadel.

MONTREAL TO QUEBEC BY RAIL.

Those who prefer the rail route to a night trip by boat can leave the station, Bonaventure street, pass through the "Victoria Bridge," before described, through St. Lambert's, Belœil, St. Hillaire, St. Hyacinthe, with its extensive nunneries and church buildings, Britannia Mills, Upton, and New Durham, to Richmond Junction, seventy-six miles from Montreal, where cars are taken over the Quebec division, ninety-five miles to Quebec. Along this line the scenery will be somewhat bare of interest to a majority of travelers, and, in a sleeping car, the traveler may perhaps with great propriety take his ease and gather strength for his tour of Quebec. The stations are Danville, Warwick, Arthabaska (branch from this point to Three Rivers), Stanfold, Somerset, Becancour, Lyster, Methot's Mills, Black River, Craig's Road, Chaudiere Junction and Point Levi, (the Quebec station.) The country passed through on this line has a sameness of aspect, and the stations are not points of particular importance other than as freight and trade centres for the adjacent country. A railway along the north shore of the St. Lawrence is projected to unite the two great Canadian cities, but its early construction is not assured. You cross from Point Levi by ferry, encircled with points and objects of interests on either bank, on the island below and upon the surface of the broad harbor, and are landed beneath the frowning walls of



CITY OF QUEBEC.

QUEBEC.

On your arrival your inquiry for a first-class hotel will be answered by your being directed to that long known and popular house, the



ST. LOUIS HOTEL,

on St. Louis street.

This is a long established and favorite house, complete in all its arrangements, efficient and liberal in its management, affording to its guests all wished for accommodations. The location is central, near the delightful and fashionable promenades and terraces of this grand old city. The management is the best, and substantial plenty and commendable neatness in every department are characteristics of the house. The accommodations are for five hundred guests, and, with the recent enlargements and improvements, the most exacting cannot fail of satisfaction. Carriages at reasonable rates for the tour of the city and surroundings may be had at the hotel, and valuable information regarding the attractions within and around the city.

THE CLARENDON HOUSE,

corner of Ann and Garden streets, is kept as an auxiliary of the St. Louis, and offers especial accommodations to commercial travelers, business men, and all others who may temporarily or permanently locate here.

Quebec is the capital of French dominion in America—the western Gibraltar and key to the great St. Lawrence valley. When



CLARENDON HOUSE.

approached by rail the city is seen in the first promise of its unique beauty from Point Levi. From the ferry passage, or by the river approach from above or below, the view is no less beautiful and novel. The *upper* and *lower* town are here no imaginary divisions, but separate and distinct, the former crowning the lofty promontory of Cape Diamond, with its line of massive fortifications, and containing the fine residences and public buildings, is the quarter of fashion; the latter extends along the narrow strip of land beneath the cliffs and under the overhanging walls to the suburb of St. Roche. St. Peter street is the principal street of this section, and along its line and branches and upon the wharfs, the banks, insurance companies, offices of merchants and the smaller hotels are located. The city is one of the largest lumber ports on the continent, the great rafts of timber lying by acres along the river banks and in the coves. The city is supplied with water from Lake St. Charles, nine miles distant, above the falls of Lorette.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY.

No city on the continent so impresses the tourist, by the startling peculiarities of the site and novelty of its general aspect, as this "ancient capital," or stamps its impress so indelibly in eye

and memory. It was founded by Samuel de Champlagn, the French geographer, in 1608, on the site of the Indian village of "Stadicona," at the confluence of the St. Lawrence and St. Charles rivers, three hundred and sixty miles from the mouth of the St. Lawrence, and one hundred and eighty miles below Montreal. It is said, with show of truth, that the line of many of the streets follows the old footpaths of the Indian village.

The view from the ramparts and terraces of the upper town looks down upon a curious scene of activity upon the wide wooden quays and winding, narrow streets of the lower town, crowded with vehicles and the busy populace, dwarfed to lilliputian proportions as viewed from the height, while you look into blackened throats of the chimneys and upon the moss-grown roofs of the time-browned buildings.

A massive wall of hewn stone, of nearly three miles in length, and varying, but everywhere of forbidding height and thickness, with projecting bastions and frowning cannon, communicating with the outward world by five massive gates, encloses the better portion of the upper town. Prescott gate, by which you enter the walls from the landing, has been or is to be demolished, on account of impeding travel. This gate, and Palace and Hope gates, communicated with the lower town; St. Louis gate with the suburbs in the direction of the plains of Abraham; St. Johns gate with the suburbs of St. Roche and Beauport, and is the gate through which you pass in the drive to Montmorenci. The principal street of the lower town is St. Peter street. In the upper town St. Louis street and St. Johns street communicate with the gates of same name, and are the main avenues of union with the suburbs. The St. Foy and St. Louis roads are the principal outside ways of travel, and are lined with the residences of the gentry. Driving out through St. Johns gate over the St. Foy road, and returning by the St. Louis road, you pass a net work of country seats, each enclosing grounds of wide extent; noble old manor houses, surrounded with luxuriant forest trees; elegant mansions and spacious cottages, shaded avenues, wide views, and numerous points made historical by the remarkable and tragic events which have enwrapped with historic interest nearly every rood of soil in and about this wonderful city, where the rival

nations of the earth contended for western supremacy, and the pioneers of civilization and heroes in warfare won deathless names for courage and daring. Mount Hermon Cemetery, beautifully laid out, enclosing thirty-two acres, is three miles out on the St. Louis road.

The form of the city is that of a triangle, the base towards the Plains of Abraham, and the St. Lawrence and St. Charles upon either side. In and about it all seems distinctively quaint, curious and old, giving the impression that you have in some way been set back a century in the path of progress, and are looking upon scenes of long ago. The harbor is the noblest on inland waters. A fleet of the largest vessels ever constructed can manouvre in its waters, and craft of every description, from the ocean steamship and monster merchantman to the shell-like canoe and tiny sail boat, are found upon its waters.

THE CITADEL

will, perhaps, prove the point of greatest interest to many, from the historic associations connected therewith, and from the fact that, judged by the older systems of gunnery and defence, it was considered an impregnable fortress. It covers some forty acres of enclosed area, and is some three hundred and forty feet above the river level. A few years ago a loosened rock fell from this frowning wall into the street below, causing the loss of five lives and destruction of dwellings. The zigzag passage through which you enter the fortress, between high and massive granite walls, is swept at every turn by formidable batteries of heavy guns. Within is the slightly rising parade ground, the bomb-proof quarters, storehouses and hospital buildings, the numerous magazines, implements, stores, guns of every calibre, supplies and ammunition, and the various combinations and material for defense, which your military attendant can best describe, and the inspection of which can but prove of lasting interest to all visitors. On the forbidding river walls, and at each angle or possible commanding point, guns of heavy calibre sweep every avenue of approach by the river; ditches, breastworks and frowning batteries command the approaches by land from the famed "Plains of Abraham." The precipitous bluffs, rising al-

most perpendicularly from the river, three hundred and forty feet, present a natural barrier which may be swept with murderous fire, and the covered ways of approach and retreat, the various kinds and calibre of guns, mortars, howitzers and munitions of war will be viewed with eager interest.

The wide outlook from the river wall of the citadel will also enchain the attention of the visitor who is fortunate enough to look, in the soft light of the declining sun, upon the bold promontories, smiling fields, picturesque villages, glittering roofs and spires, wide tranquil waters and distant plains and forests which combine in the wide and charming landscape.

Across the river the view is directly upon the settlement of Point Levi, where, in 1775, the little army of Arnold rendezvoused, after that memorable march through the wilderness, and made the mad attempt to dislodge the English forces within the city. Modern fortifications of great strength are being erected at this point. The identical spot where the brave Montgomery fell, in a winding sheet of snow in the cold December storm, is pointed out to you from the citadel walls, and, in your ride about the city, the low-roofed building to which his remains were conveyed will be pointed out, as also the street where Arnold's forces were defeated and captured. Looking down the river the fair Island of Orleans, nineteen miles long and five and a half miles wide, swells in flowing curves from the river — a fruitful, populous and beautiful land.

To the west you look upon the Plains of Abraham and the brink of the precipitous bluffs scaled by the dauntless Wolfe and his brave soldiery in that memorable surprise and victory in 1759, immediately following the humiliating defeat at Montmorenci. Upon the spot where the brave commander fell, a granite shaft briefly tells the story of his victory and death, at the early age of thirty-three years.

DRIVES.

There would seem to be no end to the points of interest to which the tourist may be taken in and around this ancient city, but one of the principal, and often the first, is the eight mile drive through St. Johns gate, over an excellent paved road, supported

by tolls, through the suburb of St. Roche and Beauport, to the falls at the mouth of the small but rapid Montmorenci River, known as the

FALLS OF MONTMORENCI.

As you cross the St. Charles River, in leaving the city, the vessels in process of construction attract attention. In the building of substantial and durable vessels Quebec has gained enviable fame.

The scene along this drive is entirely French, the women perform the labor in the gardens and are seen going to and returning from market, in the odd market wagons drawn by Canadian ponies. The conversation of the native is in French.

A few miles out you will be shown the unique and ancient cottage, where Montcalm had his headquarters at the time of the celebrated battle with Wolfe, and near which was fought the first and unsuccessful battle for the possession of the key to the Canadas. It is allowed to remain in its ancient condition, and is eagerly viewed by the thousands who pass it during the season of summer travel.

On either side of the road from this point, in close proximity to the street, are the quaint little Canadian cottages set at every imaginable angle with the road, white as the snow in their summer coating of whitewash, with steep roofs, odd stone chimneys, and out-door ovens, all with a look of neatness and thrift. We do not remember seeing even an approach to the squalid or filthy in the whole line of humble cottages. Reaching the little Montmorenci River you look about you on historic ground, for here was fought the unsuccessful and nearly disastrous battle of Montmorenci, which immediately preceded Wolfe's final victory on the Plains of Abraham.

Registering your name at a little hotel, the landlady of which is entirely competent to the management of the establishment, and paying the small fee exacted as owners or lessees of the land through which you pass, you follow a path through the fields around a cove of the St. Lawrence, and look across the intervening gulf upon the beautiful fall of the Montmorenci, two

hundred and forty feet descent, into the St. Lawrence, over the almost perpendicular wall of the bluff.

If you have come expecting to look upon a mighty cataract, falling with deafening roar and mighty force along trembling descents, you will be disappointed; but if a delicate ribbon of snowy whiteness, rolling over the bluff and melting into the waters below, appearing as white, pure and gossamer-like as the folds of a bridal veil, has charms for you, then this delicate leap of the feathery foam over the worn rocks of the almost perpendicular bluff, will live in your memory a rare scene of picturesque and dreamy beauty. The width of the main stream is about fifty feet, widening at high water to sixty or seventy feet. On either side of the main descent small streams creep down the seams of the rocky wall in serpentine lines of white or silvery brightness. Another view is to approach directly to the brink of the fall, descend a flight of steps built down the steep wall of rock, and stand where the feathery lines of foam rush past you into the white mass below.

On either side of the fall stand the towers of the Suspension Bridge, erected several years ago, and which, from some imperfection, gave way, precipitating a laborer and his family, who were crossing in a rude cart at the time, into the seething mass below. The bridge was never rebuilt, and the towers stand solitary upon the banks.

The falls are a favorite place of resort in winter for the Canadians, the spray freezing in a huge icy cone, down which a daring coasting feat is performed, known in local phrase as "toboggining." The "Natural Steps," three quarters of a mile above the falls, extend for half a mile along the limestone banks of the river, and have the regularity of the work of human skill.

Returning to the city by the same or a different route you will be interested by the view presented from the different points. The tin roofs of the larger buildings and spires of the churches here, as at Montreal, St. Hyacinthe and the larger villages, preserve all the : dazzling brilliancy, and, as the sun falls upon the domes, spires and roofs of the city, it needs no poetical imagination to remind you of the brilliant pictures of oriental cities. How this lasting brightness is retained,

whether by the peculiarity of climate or non-corrosive quality of the metal, we have not seen explained. Once more within the city,

DURHAM TERRACE,

widely famed as affording a view, considered by many as second to none in the world, obtained from within settled town limits, will detain you for a time as you overlook the broad landscape spread below and described in the outlook from the citadel walls.

THE GOVERNOR'S GARDEN,

or garden of the Fortress, is a point of interest chiefly for the monument (65 feet in height), erected to the memory of those two brave commanders, Wolfe and Montcalm, who, though in life brought in deadly enmity, are united in the memories and honors of the future.

The Grand Battery, the Esplanade, the English Cathedral, the Ursuline Convent, founded early in the seventeenth century, with its fine paintings, the University of Quebec, the Jail and Quebec Music Hall, with the Custom House and Exchange in the lower town, and the ship yards, river docks and manufactories on the St. Charles river, will repay a visit if your stay admits.

SAVAL UNIVERSITY

was established under Catholic auspices, but is open to students of all creeds and nations, and a visit thereto is of great interest to people of culture. In the provision of apparatus and diagrams, and in securing the highest talent in its instructors in the wide range of sciences which the student may study with best assistance, and in facilities afforded to acquire superior instruction in the learned professions, this institution is probably second to none in the States or Canadas. The laboratories, lecture rooms, cabinets and library are superior in accommodation and unusual in extent. In the Seminary Chapel, attached to this University, are the celebrated paintings by Champagne and others, and in the French Cathedral are fine productions of Vandyke and others, and the interior of this old church is of rare beauty.

THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

will receive an early visit, invested as they are with historic interest and tragic legends, which lapse of time seems only to heighten and intensify—the scene of the most daring military manœuvres and signal victory of the time. On the spot where he fell, on this noted plain, is seen the modest monument to the memory of Wolfe, and the distance to the path by which the famed ascent of his army was made is not great. It is somewhat shorn of its rugged character by the leveling effects of time and the elements, but still precipitous and forbidding.

ISLE OF ORLEANS.

Do not omit during your stay to cross by the ferry boat to this fair island, and take the drive around it, which offers that continuous and varying circuit of outlying scenery which you can ill afford to miss, including views of the Falls of Montmorenci, the Laurentian Mountains, Cap-Tourment, (1,100 feet in height), the villages upon either side in picturesque surroundings, and the beauty of the fair isle itself, with the broad encircling river and the craft upon its bosom, and the grand old city of the north in the distance—all memorable points in the history of the olden times.

CHAUDIERE FALLS,

visited via Point Levi, on the river of the same name, nine miles below Quebec, have a descent of one hundred and thirty feet, the river being four hundred feet wide at this point.

FISHING.

Those making Quebec their headquarters for excursions for sporting, can easily reach, by steamer down the river, in the branches of the St. Lawrence, or in the Lakes at no great distance from the city, unequalled opportunity for the exercise of their skill with sure promise of reward.

TO THE SAGUENAY.

Many tourists and excursionists, after viewing the old northern capital and its romantic and beautiful surroundings, will pursue the journey still further down the great St. Lawrence to that wonderful river, the Saguenay, which enters the St. Lawrence one hundred and twenty miles below Quebec. The boats of the Royal Mail Line leave for this trip three times each week, commencing about the 10th of July.

On the way down the River the mouth of the River St. Anne will be passed, off the lower extremity of the Island of Orleans. This river enters the larger stream through a bold ravine, and many ascend the stream for a short distance to the Falls of St. Anne, which, with the surroundings, are pleasing and attractive.

Thirty-six miles below Quebec is a group of six small islands, alive with geese, ducks and teal, who make this a breeding place.

The Quarantine Station at "Grosse Isle," deserves a passing notice—a lovely spot of itself, quietly sleeping in the great river, but a very charnel house in the past, receiving, in the time of the famine in Ireland, six thousand emigrants in one huge grave.

The river widens broader and broader below this point to ten and twenty miles as you sail on, as upon a shoreless sea, losing sight of either shore. Malbaie, ninety miles below Quebec on the north shore, is a halting station and place of pleasure resort, Murray Bay being a fashionable watering place, and the fine fishing in Murray River much patronized. The river here is about twenty miles wide, and, steaming across to "Riviere du Loup," on the south shore, passengers are landed within six miles of Cacouna, where are hotel accommodations of the first class, and facilities for enjoyment either of luxurious ease or active sporting. The Grand Trunk Railway extends from Quebec to this point and passengers can choose either the boat or rail route.

Continuing down the St. Lawrence, on the northern shore, Tadousac is reached at the mouth of the Saguenay. Here is a fine hotel and famed facilities for bathing, for seal hunting and for fishing in the tributaries of the Saguenay. Here was built the first permanent stone building erected on the continent.

But, if your time is limited, your interest will centre upon your trip through the solitudes of the dreary defile through which flow the fathomless floods of

THE SAGUENAY.

This is the largest affluent of the St. Lawrence, having its source in Lake St. John, and a straight course of one hundred and thirty miles from the lake to the St. Lawrence. The upper half of its course is a series of falls and rapids, navigable only by canoes, and flowing through a dense and almost unknown wilderness.

The navigable portion of the river will float the largest vessels of the world, from its mouth some sixty miles to the head of navigation, and has been described as a perfectly straight, yawning gulf, torn for the whole distance in the grey mica schist rising on either hand in precipitous cliffs whose bases rest in unknown depths — a panorama of rocky walls and precipices — “no sheltered nooks or coves, no fertile beaches, no cheering animal life, only the cold blooded seal and the salmon, his prey — a region dark, desolate, cheerless and cold.”

The ascent terminates in Ha-Ha Bay, a quiet and lovely bay receding from the river several miles, a cheerful village, animal life, and facilities for amusement are here found, a change most welcome from the sombre desolation of the ascent. Lake St. John, in which the river has its source, receives the waters of eleven large rivers, and innumerable smaller streams, from the vast water-shed surrounding it, but discharges all its waters through this wonderful stream.

Statue Point is a noted gem of scenery on the river, a perpendicular rock below Ha-Ha Bay, at the termination of a great plateau, three hundred feet wide and six hundred feet in height, with sides smooth as though polished by a skillful workman. Six miles above the Bay of St. Johns are the great points of attraction on the river,

CAPE ETERNITY AND TRINITY ROCK,

colossal promontories of sheer descent, at whose very base the

largest ships may ride in the immense depth of waters; sights never to be forgotten—bold, barren, forbidding and awful. The discharge of a cannon on shipboard between these bare walls of rock, is said to crash back in echoes which no one could wish to have repeated, one such sensation sufficing for a lifetime.

Returning to Tadousac, you can return by boat to Quebec, or by rail from Riviere du Loup to Point Levi, there connecting with the system of railways threading every portion of the Canadas and New England.

THE SCENERY OF CENTRAL AND NORTHERN VERMONT, WITH ROUTES OF TRAVEL.

The tourist may well supplement his visit to the mountains and the Canadian cities—or profitably make a separate trip—by visiting the wholesome and enchanting region of central and northern Vermont, Lakes Memphremagog and Willoughby and their surroundings being points which none should omit seeing.

The contrast between the hills of Vermont and New Hampshire are plainly noticeable to the most careless observer; the name of the Green Mountains is no misnomer, and applies with equal propriety to the green hills on every hand. You look up their verdant slopes, green to the summits, furnishing rich pasturage on the steep sides.

The streams and rivers also differ; the mountain cascades, great rivers and many lakes are wanting, but the hillsides are verdant from innumerable springs and diminutive streams. The mountainous State boasts no great river within its bounds—the lakes are mostly upon its borders—but is green with the gentle sweating springs on a thousand hillsides, the murmur of brooks innumerable, and the smaller rivers that thread the defile . its broken surface.

A writer has aptly said that he knew not “whether to wonder most that so broken a country is so fertile, or so fertile a country is so broken.”

From WELLS RIVER northward the route of the Passumpsic River Railroad is up the valley of the Connecticut River, which it leaves at BARNET; thence following the valley of the winding

and rapid Passumpsic which, with the adjacent country, all who have an eye for the picturesque and pastoral, in a succession of flying landscapes, will view with continual pleasure. Pullman palace sleeping cars are run, and one can sup in Boston, take a berth in a sleeping car, and rise to a breakfast of lake trout at Newport in the morning.

ST. JOHNSBURY, twenty miles from Wells River, is one of the finest of Vermont towns, noted for its thrift, enterprise, romantic situation, and importance as a manufacturing centre. At this point the Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad intersects the Passumpsic line. The Vermont division of this new line is already running westward and eastward, and passengers may leave St. Johnsbury for Mount Mansfield by this new route, going by rail to Morrisville, thence by stage or conveyance to Stowe and Mount Mansfield. The views along the line in some portions are strikingly bold and beautiful, the *profile* of "Old Mansfield" being peculiarly striking in its resemblance to the facial outline as seen from this road—a colossal portrait, rivaling in its lines, not of inches but of miles in extent, all other representations of the human face on the broad earth.

A stay of a day at St. Johnsbury will be a day well spent, and the Scale Works of the Messrs. Fairbanks are the feature of the town. The extensive manufacture of every class of scales, from the immense dock and railroad scale to the tiny balance of the banker, all equally nice in adjustment, and correct in plan of construction, is here carried on by skilled workmen, directed by indomitable energy, and true business tact and honor. It would seem strange that the iron of Missouri and Pennsylvania should be sent to this point, far up among the hills, to be fashioned for use by Yankee workmen, and returned to weigh the virgin ore; but such is the case, and it is one of the curious facts in manufacture and exchange. This is the shire town of Caledonia county, it is the important centre of northwestern Vermont, has fine county and school buildings, beautiful natural surroundings, and an industrious and fast increasing population. The prospective increase of railroad facilities by the assured completion of the railway to Portland, through the heart of the White Mountains, cannot fail to add to its prosperity and importance.

Continuing northward from St. Johnsbury, just before reaching Lyndon, you will notice one of those charming waterfalls which so often break the flow of the rapid Passumpsic River. At LYNDONVILLE are the repair and construction shops of this important railway line, and a growing country town. West Burke, thirty-seven miles from Wells River, is the station from which passengers leave by stage line for Lake Willoughby. Burke Mountain, a bold elevation of 2,000 feet, will be observed to the right as you approach this station, and a good view of the eastern wall of Lake Willoughby is had as you near this point.

WILLOUGHBY LAKE.

The hotel at this lake is six miles distant from the West Burke Station; conveyance may be had at the hotel at this point for the lake, and no doubt a regular stage line will be run in the season of pleasure travel. This wonderful sheet of water lies between two lofty mountain walls, evidently once united, but torn asunder by some terrible convulsion of nature in remote ages. The surface of the lake is nearly twelve hundred feet above sea level, and the mountain walls tower on either side to the height of nearly two thousand feet above the lake; under these frowning walls on the narrow bank threads the roadway. The lake lies in the town of Westmore, in the form of a crescent, is from a half mile to two miles wide and six miles long, in some portions of unknown depth, soundings of six hundred feet reaching no bottom. It discharges through the outlet into the St. Francis River, and thence to the St. Lawrence, yet lies so near the dividing ridge between the St. Lawrence and Long Island Sound, that small ponds and streams near by flow into the Connecticut and down the long slope of that valley to the sound.

Mount Willoughby or Annanance, the eastern wall is nearly two thousand feet in height and Mount Hor, on the western side, is of somewhat less elevation. The sides of Mount Willoughby rise in steep ascent from the carriage roadway a thousand feet, a mass of huge irregular rocks crowned by an upright wall of granite, six hundred feet high, and extending thus for nearly two miles along the shore; from the summit of this height you may look to the southeast upon the White and Franconia mountains,

westward to the bold peaks and ranges of the Green Mountains, northward into the Canadas, and southward along the wide valley between the great mountain ranges.

At one point from this height you can look down, a sheer descent of 2,500 feet, upon the pure, transparent waters of the lake below, visible in its every outline and feature. The ascent is a two-mile climb through the forest from the hotel; but the lover of nature will be amply repaid for the toil.

The Willoughby Lake House is a commodious hotel accommodating a hundred guests, finely situated, overlooking the lake to the northward. Teams may be had at this hotel for the grand excursions in the vicinity. The drive to Newark Hill, a favorite point of lookout, and visits to the "Flower Garden," the delight of botanists, the "Devil's Den," "The Cascade," "Crystal Lake" and "The Flumes," are among the noticeable attractions of this wild spot. Trout fishing in the mountain streams and ponds of the vicinity, and boating and fishing on the lake, will be indulged in by all whose time admits. No visitor to this shadowed lake will regret the time or expense of his trip. Pardon this digression, reader. We will now continue by rail from West Burke northward.

Irasburg, a favorite resort for those loving the quiet of the pretty village, near the Lowell Mountains, is reached by staging from Barton's Landing, three and one-half miles, and, continuing on, at sixty five miles north of Wells River the pretty village of Newport comes into view, the inviting exterior of the Memphremagog House, close by the railroad station gladdens the eyes of tired travelers, and the calm waters of Lake Memphremagog, with the fine steamer at the landing, give promise of enjoyment and comfort in prospect.

NEWPORT

is the station from which the attractions of the lake are reached, and is a cheery, pleasant village in the midst of grand and varied scenery, where the summer heats are tempered by the cool breeze from the placid lake. Its older inhabitants may perhaps "a tale unfold" of smuggling in the olden time, but, since the village

has become important as a railway and business centre the old order of things has passed away and "ways that are vain" no longer engage the attention of the busy populace.

From the slight eminence, to the south of the village, known as Prospect Hill, you may overlook the country for miles in every direction. In the early morning or at close of day the view of the lake with its irregular outline, many islands and the changing hues imparted by the rising or setting sun, is peculiarly fine from this elevation. Jay's Peak, Willoughby Mountain and the high summits of Mount Orford, Mount Elephantis and Owl's Head are all seen to advantage.

THE MEMPHREMAGOG HOUSE

is a fine, spacious and well kept hotel, within a stone's throw of the railway station and the steamboat landing, on the shores of the lake. It is of five stories, will accommodate four hundred guests, and the outlook from its extensive balconies towards the lake, upon the peak of Owl's Head, which looms into view, and the surrounding scenery, is attractive to the visitor from the dust, heat and noise of the crowded city, and a promenade in the quiet evening hour along its ample verandas is one of the delights of summer travel. The attractive exterior of the house is well represented in the engraving, and all the details of furnishing and management are such as to secure substantial comfort and pleasure to guests. Billiard and bowling alleys for ladies and gentlemen are connected with the house, which is managed by W. F. Bowman, Esq., a gentlemanly and experienced landlord. Sail and row-boats are furnished by the landlord at any time to suit the wants and tastes of excursionists or sportsmen, and for the fine drives hereabouts good teams may be had. The drive to the summit of Jay's Peak, in the towns of Westfield and Jay, thirteen miles distant, is one which all should take. There is a carriage road to the summit, and from the lofty peak a combination of scenery, the most extensive and varied to be had in this whole section. A list of drives, with distances, is conspicuously placed in the hotel. The village of Stanstead, just over the Canada line, is often visited, and Clyde and Coven-



MEMPHREMAGOG HOUSE.

try Falls are within easy driving distance. Despite all other attractions your greatest interest will centre in the

BOAT TRIP DOWN THE LAKE.

Lake Memphremagog, two-thirds of which lies in Canadian Dominions, is the charming rival of Lake George, which it resembles in conformation. Its length is thirty miles, the breadth about two miles, widening in some portions to six miles. The bold, rockbound shores, numerous wooded islands, the shadowing

peaks of lofty mountains, rising, in some cases, to 3,000 feet in height, with slopes of luxurious forest and greenest verdure, serve but to heighten the charm of this "Beautiful Water," supplied from the pure cold streams of the surrounding mountains.

The new staunch iron steamer "Lady of the Lake," one hundred and seventy feet in length, and a model of neatness and convenience, leaves the landing near the hotel and railway depot each morning at about eight o'clock, also after dinner for the second trip, the run being made in three hours each way. Her commander, Capt. Fogg, has for a lifetime known every point upon these waters, and can give valuable information or amuse you with stories and legends innumerable, pertaining to the old time history of this wild and secluded region. The zigzag course of the steamer gives you a trip of nearly fifty miles sailing from Newport to the village at the northern outlet—Magog—a Canadian hamlet with a background of forest extending to Mount Orford.

Space will forbid the attempt even to notice all the places and objects of interest around this lovely sheet of water, lying in its narrow, deep and shadowed basin; but the most prominent cannot be passed by without mention, and all are worthy of elaborate notice. Passing "Indian Point," an old camping ground of the red man, the "Twin Sisters"—two wooded islands—"Province Island," intersected by the boundary line between Canada and the United States, the largest of some twenty islands of the lake, is passed, containing about one hundred acres, and affording rich pasturage for stock. From near this island you have a view of Willoughby Gorge in the far distance.

It will be observed that the eastern shores are fertile and sparsely populated with a farming community; the western shore is more bold and abrupt, rising, in many places in frowning bluffs of several hundred feet elevation. Yankees observe with pleasure the contrast between the American and Canadian portions of the shores, with inferences in favor of republican government as a stimulus to thrift. The small Canadian village of Cedarville, in Stanstead, is on the eastern side, so named from the surrounding cedar groves, and beyond is Fitch's Bay with the island at its entrance. You now approach the bold peak of



OWL'S HEAD,

a name applied to many summits in the mountains, with what show of propriety you must judge. This is a regular cone-like summit. Leaving



ROUND ISLAND,

a cedar crowned swell of rock-bound land, rising from the lake about a half mile from the base of Owl's Head, which you are now approaching, the boat lands you in a few minutes at the wharf of that land-locked and mountain-shadowed hotel, the *Mountain House*. The view of the lake from this hotel is splendid, and the facilities for fishing and sporting attract that class of tourists in large numbers. In the deep waters of the lake, lying about this secluded retreat, are caught those monster lake trout which fishermen delight to entice from their cool retreats. We will not speak of the size and weight of the fish, lest you be incredulous; but try for yourself and your reward will be ample. Should you, either now or on your return, tarry here to make the ascent of Owl's Head, by climbing the wooded path from the hotel, you will find yourself alone with nature, the birds and the brooks on this wild mountain slope; but the guide will point out prominent way marks in "Shelter Rock," "Heigh Rock," "Fern Hollow," "Fern Rock," "Birch Rock," and you will pass through the narrow "Toll-gate," between two great rocks, and from "Chair Rock" will get an outlook upon the great lake below. Climbing "Breakneck Stairs" and ascending the "Winding Staircase," a short pull carries you to the summit, two thousand seven hundred and fifty feet above sea level. The prospect is grand and extensive, extending with favorable weather to Montreal and the great St. Lawrence River, over the whole extent of the lake and the cluster of lakes, ponds and system of rivers, with the ranges, peaks and villages around the wide sweep of view. The Freemasons from Stanstead hold lodge meeting on the 24th day of June each year among the peaks of this summit.

Eastward from the *Mountain House*, near the eastern shore, is Skinner's Island, and on its northeastern shore is SKINNER'S CAVE, a narrow den in the rock, some thirty feet deep. The legend of Uriah Skinner, the bold "Smuggler of Magog,"

"With whiskers remarkably bushy and black,
 With fists which might give a most terrible thwack,
 * * * * *
 With a huge dagger stuck in the belt round his waist,
 And five or six pistols beside it placed,"



SKINNER'S CAVE,

is too long for our pages, but 'tis said he took refuge from pursuit in this cave and there perished, hence the name of "Skinner's Cave," and *grave*.

Steaming northward from this point the great mountains rear their huge masses into view. Owl's Head, Sugar Loaf, or Mount Elephantis, the Hog's Back, and, away in the distance, Jay's Peak. Meanwhile, Long Island, with its bold shores, has been passed, and on its southern line is the famous

BALANCE ROCK,

a huge granite mass, balanced upon a point close to the water's edge, as shown in the engraving, an object of interest to the learned and the curious. The eastern shores are now abrupt, and residences of wealthy Canadians crown the heights. Molson, the Montreal banker, has here his summer residence, and is the proprietor of an island near the eastern shore.

Georgeville is a place of some importance, where stop is made for the mails, and you steam across to the western shore to Knowlton's Landing. Stages run from this point to Waterloo, on the Stanstead and Chambly Railroad, where cars are taken for



BALANCE ROCK.

Montreal and intermediate points. Steaming on from this landing, and rounding the bold, rocky promontory of Gibraltar Point, you have a wide view, with



MOUNT ORFORD.

in the distance—the highest summit of Lower Canada, 3,300 feet elevation, distant five miles from the village of Magog, and may be ascended by carriage roadway to the summit.

MAGOG.

or Outlet Village, is the terminal point of the trip—a true Canadian settlement. The *Park's House* will afford you entertainment, but good dinners may be obtained on the boat. Passengers can here take the stage line to Sherbrooke, on the Grand Trunk Railway, (a ride of sixteen miles around Mount Orford,) or to Waterloo, (twenty-one miles,) on the Shefford and Chambly Railroad.

But most of those who came with us will make the return trip to Newport, viewing the fine scenery along the shores in reverse order, and when once again sheltered at the Memphremagog House, with spirit soothed and fancy charmed, you feel that it has been a red-letter day in your life.

Many private parties have boats and yachts on the lake; that of Sir Hugh Allan was accidentally sunk some six miles from Newport a few months since. Sail and row boats are provided at Newport for all wishing to take excursions upon the lake.

From Newport diverges the Southeastern Railroad line to Montreal, opened for travel during the winter of 1872-3, affording to through passengers from the Connecticut valley, especially from its northern portion and from the White Mountains, a short and direct route to the Canadian metropolis. This route is along the valley of the Clyde River via Richford, West Farnham and St. Johns to Montreal, through the Victoria Bridge. Trains are now run in connection with the Connecticut and Passumpsic Express Line (no change of cars), and afford all the accommodations and improvements demanded by first-class through travel. The old Passumpsic line northward runs along the Massawippi valley, by the shores of Massawippi Lake, uniting at Sherbrooke with the Grand Trunk line for Montreal, Quebec and intermediate points.

The localities and scenes most visited by tourists and parties in pursuit of health and pleasure, lying along the line of

THE VERMONT CENTRAL RAILWAY,

will be opened to easy and direct communication with the mountain region by the new line of road, now nearly completed, and which it is contemplated to open for travel the present summer, extending from

WELLS RIVER TO MONTPELIER,

a distance of thirty-eight miles. This route gives railway facilities to a section of country heretofore destitute, passes through a fertile region rich in agricultural products and lumber, landing the passenger in the heart of the State, at the old capital town of Montpelier.

On this new route the town of Marshfield is one of importance, the village being distant about a mile from the station. Here are valuable water-powers utilized for lumber manufacture. Many fine trout ponds are within short distances, and "Molly's Falls," a short distance from the village, is a fine descent of water of some two hundred feet fall, with attractive surrounding scenery. It will be a place of resort in the warm season.

MONTPELIER.

This fine old New England capital, with its substantial public buildings, fine location in the valley of the Winooski River, surrounded by hills, from which you look upon wide landscapes peculiar to the Mountain Commonwealth, should be visited by all. The Capitol building is a fine granite structure of elaborate architecture and pleasing design. The rooms where are collected the geological specimens from every section of the State, and documents and articles, ancient, curious and rare, relating to the history of the State, should be visited by all whose time admits. There are three insurance companies, two national banks, manufacturing in considerable variety, and the church edifices are among the finest in the state. The Vermont Central Railroad does not enter the village, but is reached by a branch road of one and one-half miles in length. At the *Pavilion House*, the sojourner will find good cheer and entertainment, G. R. Aldrich, Esq., being the competent and obliging landlord.

The drives in the vicinity are charming. From one point of view, some five miles from the village, the line of the Winooski valley opens a fine picture of mountain ranges and smiling valleys, the charm of which time only will dispel. Leaving the capital and passing northward the central line runs along the valley of the Winooski and

WATERBURY,

the Mount Mansfield stage station of this road is reached—a fine summer resort in the wide valley, lying among the great hills and mountains. Drives from here to the natural bridge at Bolton Falls, three miles, and to Camel's Hump, eight miles, are attractive.

The *Waterbury Hotel* is an "hostelrie" of good repute and deserved popularity, over which the proprietor presides by right of his ability to do what many cannot, that is to "keep a hotel." The accommodations are for one hundred guests and the house affords a fine place of resort for pleasure seekers.

The trip from Waterbury to the pleasant village of

STOWE,

ten miles distant, at the base of Mount Mansfield, is made by staging in the royal style of the olden time, in coaches drawn by six white horses. This pleasant village is flanked by mountains, and here visitors are provided with teams, guides and all needful help for the ascent. Situated in this pleasant locality is

THE MOUNT MANSFIELD HOUSE,

calculated to accommodate four hundred guests, it is spacious and commodious in all its arrangements and appointments and the stables and alleys connected are on a liberal scale. The proprietors are not to be outdone in their attentions to guests. N. P. Keeler, Esq., is the experienced and popular manager.

The walks and drives cannot be surpassed. A short distance from the hotel, Sunset Hill commands a fine view of the surrounding country. The drives to "Smuggler's Notch," the most wild



THE MOUNT MANSFIELD HOUSE.

and romantic mountain gorge in New England, eight miles; Bingham's Falls, five miles; Moss Glen Falls, three and one-half miles; Gold Brook, three miles; West Hill, two miles; Morrisville Falls and Johnson's Falls, eight and twelve miles respectively, are a series of excursions which can but afford pleasure to patrons of this house. A carriage road has been constructed to the summit of Mount Mansfield, eight miles distant, on which is an excellent hotel, making the most delightful mountain trip possible.

The trip, with its pleasing and profitable ascent of

MOUNT MANSFIELD,

is no doubt the feature and main object of your visit here. The bold summits of this noble eminence are thought to represent in their peculiar outline the features of the human face, looking upward forever from the firm base of the everlasting hills. The "forehead," "nose" and "chin" being represented by separate elevations of the great mass. The chin is the most prominent, being 4,350 feet above sea level, the forehead only 3,850 feet, while the nose rises one hundred and sixty feet above the fore-



CREST OF MOUNT MANSFIELD.

head, perhaps the only nose upon which an "extra" inch would be hardly noticeable.

The road to the base of the mountain is along a valley, following a small stream, and for the first half of the ascent winds through a thick, shading forest, finally emerging into the open space, formerly the terminus of the carriage road at the half-way house. A spring here gives out, from sources of supply in the heart of the great mountain, a bountiful flow of the purest water. The outlook from this point gives a charming view of the great valley; but you press on to the summit, stopping to look into the depths of that wild and serpentine mountain gorge, "Smugglers Notch," once frequented by that enterprising but peculiar class, formerly active along the border, remarkable for their love of *seclusion*. The *Summit House* is the hotel, under the western side of the nose, affording substantial comfort to one hundred guests. Climbing to the point of the nose, a rocky knob of Cromwellian proportions in this immense portrait, you overlook a reach of view scarcely surpassed in grandeur and sublimity. Lake Champlain and the Adirondacks, the St. Lawrence valley, Montreal and the mountains of Canada, and around Lake Memphremagog, the White and Fraconia mountains to the eastward, and the broken ranges of hills and mountains and silver lines of rivers within the State. Your guide will duly explain to you the many localities, and the scientific will be interested in the "testimony of the rocks" on these high peaks, giving evidence of former submergence.

Reluctantly leaving this magnificent prospect and returning to the comforts of the Mansfield House, at Stowe, and from thence, after resting, to the railroad at Waterbury, you continue the journey northward. Cars may be left at Ridley's station, where conveyance can be had for "Camel's Hump," only six miles distant, so named from the peculiar outline of its form seen from a distance; and, next to Mansfield, is the noticeable summit of the State, the more so from its lone position, not dwarfed or belittled by surrounding heights. Passing through the wild scenery from this point you reach a more level country as you near the junction at Essex, catching on the way glimpses of the great mountains in the distance and fair valleys and green slopes on either hand.

AT ESSEX JUNCTION,

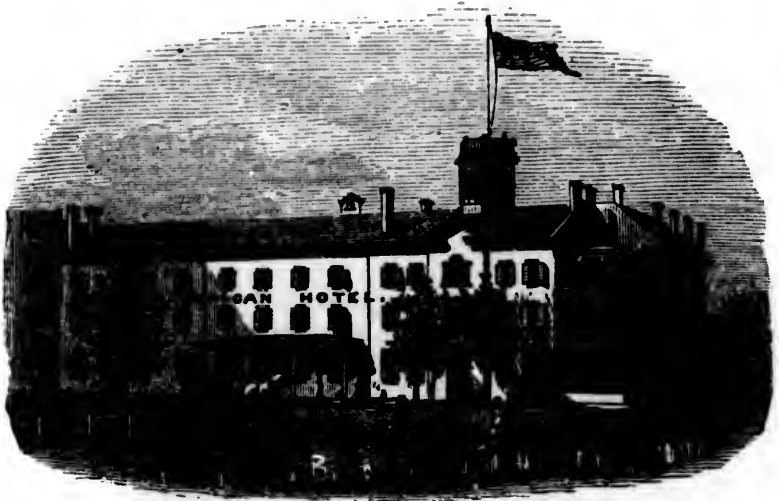
you may diverge, by branch railway of eight miles, along the Winooski valley, through the brisk Winooski Village, at the Falls of the same name, through the "tunnel" of nearly four hundred feet length, piercing a high bluff, to the fair city of

BURLINGTON,

the queen city of the mountain commonwealth, on the eastern slope of Lake Champlain, which, at this point is ten miles wide. This is one of the great lumber ports of the country, and manufactories of iron, steel and wooden wares and woolen fabrics, are numerous and important. From favorable points of observation, you look across the smiling waters of the lake and the islands upon the wild outline of the Adirondacks to the west, its prominent peaks arising to more than 5,000 feet in height. The great lake extends northward and southward beyond the line of vision, dotted with islands and bordered by towns and points memorable with historical and legendary associations. Ethan Allen's monument, High Bridge, Rock Point Institute, Howard's Summit and other places of interest will be visited. "Rock Dunder," fronting the city, three miles out in the dark waters of the lake, remains unchanged by the cursing or cannonading of the British Admiral who mistook it for the frowning walls of a fort; south of it are the "Four Brothers," little green isles of peculiar beauty. "Fort Kent," at the mouth of the Ausable River, is directly opposite on the western shore, and away to the north Plattsburg is sometimes seen in favorable weather. A steamer runs from this point to Plattsburg in the summer months.

THE AMERICAN HOTEL

is the largest and most complete hotel in the city, and in its management and provision for the wants and comforts of patrons, is second to none in the whole range of pleasure travel. Crane & Stacy are the proprietors, the first named being the manager of the house. After enjoying the comforts of this fine hotel for the night, you will wish to visit the buildings of the



University of Vermont, here located, founded in 1791, endowed with ample funds and grants, with agricultural and medical institutes connected, and from the observatory of the University building enjoy the wide prospect overlooking the lake and western view described, with the fair city itself and the wide sweep of broken country landward, with the great peaks looming into view.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN

is one hundred and forty miles extreme length, covers an area of six hundred square miles, connects at its southern base with the Hudson, by canal from Whitehall, receives the surplus waters of Lake George, and discharges through the Richelieu River into the St. Lawrence. Burlington, St. Albans and Vergennes, on the eastern shore, have fine harbors, and Plattsburg, Ticonderoga and Crown Point, on the New York side, are places of great historic interest and noted associations. The scenery on the Ausable River, reached from Port Kent or Plattsburg, is the most remarkable of any inland stream in the Eastern States. Here the river dashes for a mile through a narrow passage in the sandstone, between walls of two hundred feet perpendicular height, forming a chasm wild, romantic and grand in the extreme, distant twelve miles from Plattsburg.

Lake Champlain was discovered in the year 1609 by Samuel de Champlain, the noted and indomitable French geographer. Of its islands, promontories, ports, landings, and the surroundings and charms, natural and historical, of Lake Champlain and Lake George, the Adirondacks, and the military and naval engagements hereabouts, you will have full account in FAXON'S GUIDE TO SARATOGA SPRINGS and this whole lake region, just issued from the press, and obtainable at all important points in this region.

STEAMERS

of the Lake Champlain Transportation Company run from Rouse's Point, the evening boat stopping at Plattsburg, and remaining at Burlington for the night, leaving that point at 10.45 A.M. next day, giving full time for viewing the attractions of Burlington, and a day trip over the lake to Whitehall. At Plattsburg you connect with trains for the hunting and fishing grounds of the Adirondack wilderness, at St. Alban's Bay with the village of St. Albans, at Burlington with the Rutland and Vermont Central railways, at Ticonderoga with the stages (four miles) for the steamer on Lake George, which takes you over this wonderful lake, surrounded by so much that is of historic interest and natural beauty, to Caldwell, at the upper end of the Lake, where are the ruins of old Fort William Henry, and the elegant and commodious *Fort William Henry Hotel*, one of the largest and most complete hotels in the country, T. Roessle & Son, proprietors, and affording to frequenters of the lake and vicinity all the comforts and luxuries which liberality and enterprise can provide. Stages leave from this point and connect at Glens Falls with trains of superb passenger cars on the Rensselaer and Saratoga Railroad for Saratoga Springs.

AT GLENS FALLS

the *Rockwell House* is a commodious home for the tourist and traveler, kept by the Rockwell Brothers, and,

AT PLATTSBURG,

the well known house known as *Fouquet's Hotel* is a retreat

for the traveling class, of wide reputation and acknowledged excellence.

FROM BURLINGTON

the passenger may reach Rutland over the Rutland Railroad, thence over the Cheshire Road to Bellows Falls, Fitchburg or Boston, or by way of Harlem Branch to Manchester, one of the finest of New England villages, with fine promenades, marble paving, near facilities for sporting, first-class entertainment at the *Equinox House*, in the shadow of Mount Equinox, and other hotels of good repute.

ST. ALBANS.

Thirty-two miles from Burlington, twenty-four from Essex Junction, and sixty-five miles from Montreal is the thriving village of St. Albans. The town has a population of 8,000, and the increase in wealth, mechanical pursuits and population is very rapid. The village is finely situated on the wide slope overlooking the waters of Lake Champlain. Main street is the principal and most attractive street. The railway station of the Vermont Central line is a spacious and commodious brick structure, and adjoining are the offices of this important line. The extensive construction and repair shops of the company are near by, where locomotives and cars of all descriptions are constructed and repaired in a superior manner. The village is prettily laid out, has a fine common centrally located, and many tasty residences, that of Ex-Governor Smith being particularly noticeable for its fine grounds and tasty arrangements.

From Aldis Hill, a short distance to the rear of Gov. Smith's fine residence, and easily reached by a stroll of a half hour, you have one of the finest views to be found in a wide range of travel, overlooking as it does, the great Lake and its islands, the distant Adirondacks, the wild counties of New York to the west, the fair village at your feet, and the wide valley and charming plains stretching southward and northward. Bellevue Hill, farther to the east, reached by a short drive, affords a still finer view, from the observatory, of the lake and surroundings, and also a wide outlook towards the interior of the State.

Much of the business of Northwestern Vermont centres here. As a butter and cheese market it is quoted as the market of all others in those commodities. Waterworks are nearly completed on a scale to supply the village with pure water for domestic use and business purposes. A rolling mill for the manufacture of railroad iron has lately been put in active operation. A court house of creditable proportions and design is in process of building, and all the necessities and adornments of a flourishing town are here combined. It is the shire town of Franklin county, the finest agricultural county of the state. From St. Albans the traveler can proceed directly north to Montreal or diverge westward by the Ogdensburg line, or by either route continue to any section of the great west.

The *Weldon House* has been opened for the last eight years, affording to the traveling public accommodations every way desirable. The name is in honor of Jesse Weldon, the pioneer white settler of the town. Waters from the springs at Highgate, Sheldon, and the nearer vicinity are furnished guests at this hotel. The entire construction and management of the house is on a liberal scale. During your stay at this, or one of the smaller hotels, you will naturally learn many particulars regarding the famous St. Albans raid in October 1864, when pretended confederates swept into the unsuspecting quiet of the village, robbed its banks, murdered a citizen and wounded others, creating general excitement and widespread terror.

Diverging from the main line of the Vermont Central, just above St. Albans, is the Missisquoi Railroad, leading along the valley of the Missisquoi river, to the famous

MISSISQUOI SPRINGS,

of high repute for curative properties.

SHELDON SPRINGS

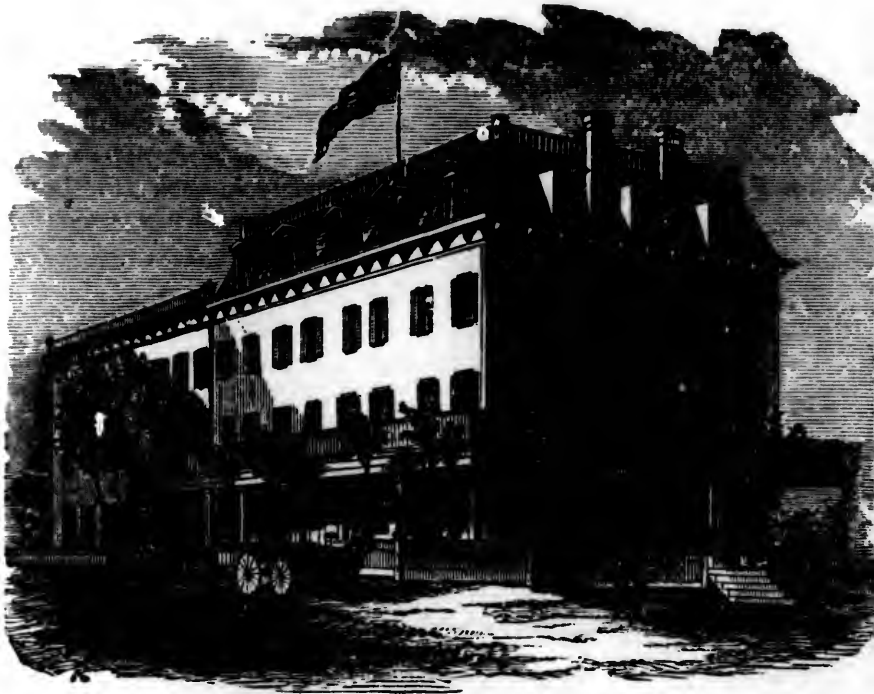
is a noble fountain of mineral waters, clear, transparent, and without offensive odor, in high repute for its beneficial effects on those afflicted with kidney diseases, rheumatism and skin diseases. These springs are but nine miles from St. Albans.

HIGHGATE SPRINGS

are twelve miles from St. Albans, on the direct line to Montreal, in the town of the same name, immediately adjoining the railway, in a fertile and attractive country, with fine facilities for sporting, recreation or rest.

ALBURGH SPRINGS.

Situated on the railway to Rouse's Point, sixteen miles from St. Albans, reached by crossing the great railroad bridge, three-fourths of a mile in length, over that portion of the lake connecting with Missisquoi Bay. The



ALBURGH SPRINGS HOUSE,

H. H. Howe, manager, is on the banks of Missisquoi Bay, one mile from the railroad; is opened early in May for reception of guests; is elegantly furnished and efficiently managed.

The Springs have a reputation, extending back for nearly a century, for the cure of rheumatic, scrofulous and kidney complaints, liver difficulties, humors, etc. The grand and attractive scenery and superior facilities for boating, driving and sporting, make it an attractive retreat in which to recuperate wasted energies and regain lost health, while it is no less a pleasing retreat for the vigorous seeking rest and pleasure.

UP THE CONNECTICUT VALLEY.

The route from New York City to the mountains and Canadas, via Springfield, and thence up the Connecticut valley, has been already outlined to Springfield in the description of routes at the beginning of this book. Leaving Springfield and coming northward, junction is formed at Northampton with the New Haven and Northampton R. R.; at Greenfield with the Vermont and Massachusetts R. R.; at So. Vernon, at the State line, with the New London Northern R. R.; at Bellows Falls with the Rutland and the Cheshire R. R. lines; at White River Junction with the Vermont Central and Northern N. H. R. R.; at Wells River Junction with the Passumpsic and Massawippi Valley line, for Lake Memphremagog and the Canadas, and at the same point with the Boston, Concord and Montreal line for the White Mountains and Canadas.

Leaving New York by the New York and New Haven line, the observing stranger will be repaid for any stay he may find time to make at either of the capital cities of New Haven or Hartford, both among the most substantial and elegant of New England cities.

SPRINGFIELD

has many points of interest, not only to strangers but to all unfamiliar with the beautiful location, varied industries and important railroad connections peculiar to this live and growing city. It is the trade centre of a circle of thriving towns, and the importance of the long lines of railway, here centreing, in giving permanent prosperity and importance to the city can scarcely be over-estimated. The noble buildings and grounds

of the U. S. Arsenal are the first to attract attention, and the view from the cupola of the arsenal building is so wide and charming as to win extravagant praise from all distinguished foreign travelers who have looked out over this fair New England scene. The view from Long Hill is also of peculiar interest and wide extent; the distant mountain summits, far to the west, blending in the wide landscape, and the graceful sweep of the river giving added charm to the broad and fertile valley.

CHICOPEE.

Four miles north of Springfield is Chicopee, a fine manufacturing town, and the extensive buildings of the Dwight Mills are seen from the railway. But space forbids elaborate description and you are hurried on through Willimansett, and crossing the Connecticut to the west bank, you reach

HOLYOKE,

ten miles from Springfield. The water power at this place is second to none in New England or the whole country, the dam across the Connecticut being 1,017 feet in length. The location of the village is upon the hillside, with an eastern slope. The water power is largely utilized, the Lyman Mills being an extensive manufactory, the Hampton tickings and ginghams of deserved popularity, while the making of paper of many grades, largely writing, collar and manilla papers, is a noted item in the business of the town. The several woollen mills are important, being operated by wealthy private and corporate owners.

MT. HOLYOKE SEMINARY,

in Hadley, fifteen miles from Springfield, is commandingly located. The school is peculiar in its plan. Patrons of the institution communicate with the railway at Smith's Ferry.

NORTHAMPTON .

is eighteen miles north of Springfield, and one hundred and fifty-three miles from New York. The approach to this old

and important town by rail is the most attractive in its surroundings of any on the whole route. Mt. Holyoke is to the northeast, crowned by the *Prospect House*, a thousand feet above river level. It is three miles from Northampton Village to the summit, steam power taking you up an inclining plane to the summit from the terminus of the carriage road. Thousands visit this unique hotel each season. The view from it is upon a scene almost unlimited in its extent and variety, looking upon half a hundred villages, the elevations on the shores of the Sound, away to the Green Mountains and distant Monadnock, on the noble summit of grim Greylock, and the rounded outlines of the Wachuset Hills. Mt. Tom (1,250 feet elevation) lies on the left, the railway passing between them. Persons who tarry in this fine old town will find in its early history and many localities of interest much to interest and charm them. It is a place of much resort, and its broad, open streets are a charming and noticeable feature. The Round Hill Water Cure, with extensive buildings, and the State Lunatic Asylum, are important institutions, while the *Mansion House* and *Warner House* give excellent accommodations to patrons. The live village of FLORENCE, so known from that mechanical marvel, the *Florence Sewing Machine*, here manufactured, is about two miles distant by rail, and beyond are Haydenville and Williamsburg, two other important outlying villages in the town of Williamsburg.

Passing on through Easthampton, four miles further north, an enterprising town, with extensive manufacturing interests, and catching a glimpse of

OLD HADLEY,

some three miles distant to the right, memorable as the secluded home for a time of Goffe and Whalley, the renegades whose story all know. This is a curious old town, lying in a curve of the Connecticut, with streets twenty rods in width, and on its eastern limit bordered by the important town of AMHERST with its colleges and extensive cabinets.

From Northampton to the state line the railway line is some distance to the west of the Connecticut, not approaching the

near vicinity of the river excepting where the great loop of the river encircles the village of HADLEY, passing through Hatfield, Whatley, Deerfield, Greenfield, Bernardstown and Northfield. This line of old towns are all rich in their historical associations, and picturesque in location and surrounding scenery, and the outlying towns and villages are important.

GREENFIELD

is the point where this railway line intersects with the Vermont and Massachusetts or Hoosac Tunnel line, soon to become one of the great routes to the west, and the town itself is an important point for trade and manufactures, and attractive for residence.

TURNER'S FALLS,

on the Connecticut, four miles from Greenfield, is one of the most thriving of the manufacturing towns of western Massachusetts—a modern manufacturing town, bidding fair to become populous and important, or perhaps it may better be said that it has already become so.

The red cone of

SUGAR LOAF MOUNTAIN

is seen to the right, soon after leaving Whatley station, and the station at South Deerfield is but one and a half miles from the "Summit, or Mountain House," to which a passable road now leads. The view from this point of the Connecticut basin looks southward to Mounts Holyoke and Tom; northward to the peaks near the state line; the bold ranges on either hand and the smiling pastoral scene lying in quiet beauty along the broad valley.

SOUTH VERNON,

just over the state line in Vermont, is the point where the Ashuelot road diverges to Keene, N. H., and the New Lon-

don Northern joins from the eastward. Looking up the valley of the Ashuelot, as you near the Vernon station, Grand Monadnock is seen in the far distance. The line of approach from this point to Brattleboro' is one of peculiar beauty and interest; passing along the west bank of the Connecticut you look upon the wooded islands of the river and up the valley to the line of blue hills in the distance.

BRATTLEBORO'

is one of the most beautiful of Connecticut valley towns, lying on a broken site, encircled by hills and mountains. The location is admired by all who appreciate bold variety and quiet beauty combined in landscape. From the terraces of the town, and especially to the south from Cemetery Hill, the prospect is peculiarly varied, bold and charming; the wide sweep of the river and the abrupt slope of Mt. Wautastiquet to the east, with the bold and graceful outlines of more distant hills in the background, the shaded and broken lines of the village street, combine in a rare and charming picture.

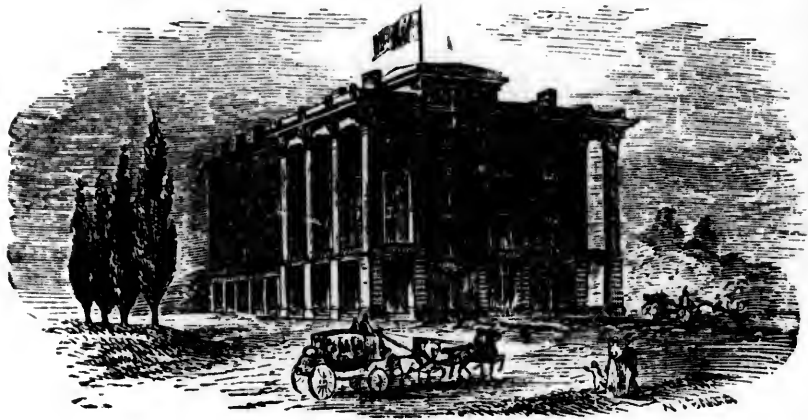
The *Brooks House*, Charles G. Lawrence, proprietor, may be best described by stating that it is one of the finest and most complete hotels in the state, excelled by few if any in New England; in every respect complete and first-class and worthy of patronage.

From Brattleboro' the railroad closely follows the west bank of the Connecticut, through the old towns of Dummerstown, Putney and Westminster, to

BELLOWS FALLS.

Here is an extensive water-power, the rapid course of the Connecticut in this vicinity affording great facilities for the creation of valuable power, and this power has of late been extensively utilized, with prospect of establishing here a manufacturing centre of great importance. Extensive manufacturing centres of paper have of late been established here. The terraces along the valley of the Connecticut are here distinctly marked, and on these terraces and in the beds of ancient

lakes, here apparent, the geologist finds evidences of great natural changes in the past. The place has of late become popular as a resort for the summer, and



THE ISLAND HOUSE

is commodious in its plan, and finely situated, giving a good view of the falls or rapids. The windows and verandas command fine views and catch the purest breezes. S. C. Fleming is the gentlemanly and efficient proprietor, who will leave nothing to be desired in his provisions for your comfort.

From this point the traveler may take the Rutland line to Rutland, Burlington and all points north and west, or the Cheshire line for Fitchburg and Boston, or continue northward along the Connecticut valley on the east side, within the limits of New Hampshire, through the Charlestown Stations. This is a long township stretching for fifteen miles along the east bank of the river. A line of stages run from Charlestown to Springfield, Vt., a picturesque town six miles from the station.

CLAREMONT, N. H.,

fourteen miles from Bellows Falls, is the champion agricultural town of the Granite State, desirable as a residence and important for its manufactures and business enterprise. Here the Sugar River Railroad reaches the Connecticut valley from

Concord, via Bradford and Newport, and intermediate towns. Twelve miles above Claremont is

WINDSOR, VT.,

where the railway crosses to the west bank of the river and continues from this point within the state of Vermont. On the way to Windsor from Claremont the prominent and rocky summit of Ascutney Mountain haunts your course. It can be ascended from the hotel at Windsor—distance, about five miles from carriage road to summit. The Vermont State Prison is located here, and considerable manufacturing is carried on. Fourteen miles further north,

WHITE RIVER JUNCTION,

in the town of Hartford, Vt., and opposite the large and enterprising town of Lebanon, N. H., which lies just across the river is reached. This is one of the most important stations on the line. The through northern line to the west, via the New Hampshire, Northern and Vermont Central Railway Line, here intersects with the Connecticut valley route, and passengers can diverge westward to Montpelier, Mt. Mansfield, Burlington, St. Albans, Montreal or the west; or eastward to Concord, Boston or intermediate points—Mt. Kearsarge being but four miles distant from Potter Place Station on this line. Here are commodious depot buildings, and at some hours of the day a busy scene of exchange from train to train may be witnessed, as the several roads converge with their human, and less precious freight. The extensive and excellent depot dining station at this point, and the *Junction House* near by, are both well managed by the Barrons, who also cater so successfully to the wants of the traveling public at the Twin Mountain and Crawford Houses at the White Mountains.

Going northward from this Junction, Norwich, once important as the location of the Vermont Military Institute, is shortly reached, a fine place still for residence or temporary sojourn. Opposite, on the New Hampshire side of the river, Hanover is located, where Dartmouth College, the only col-

lege in New Hampshire, has a fame which reaches every part of the land. The college buildings are at no great distance from the railway, and the village is a quiet, pleasant retreat for those who choose to make it their permanent or temporary home.

The college has had a century of life, and its graduates are in every part of the land in every department of professional and mercantile life. Many of them have struggled through the course of study against all the drawbacks of poverty, but seldom have they failed to do honor to themselves and the institution.

Continuing northward the Thetford and Lyme and Fairlee and Orford stations are passed, and Bradford and Newbury are important and finely located towns. The *Trotter House*, at Bradford, H. E. Harris, proprietor, is a good hotel, with livery connected. North of Newbury you overlook the grand loop or bow of the Connecticut to the right, and the wide and beautiful valley lying about it. On the line of approach to this point you catch an occasional glimpse of Moosilauk Mountain, away to the eastward, (4,600 feet elevation), and nearer and lesser summits in the same direction. At forty miles from White River Junction you reach

WELLS RIVER,

from which point you can continue northward along the Connecticut and Passumpsic valley to Lake Memphremagog and the Canadas, or connect with the Boston, Concord and Montreal for the White Mountains, and with the (yet unfinished) line from Wells River to Montpelier. These connecting lines have all been previously described under appropriate heads in other portions of this book, as also has the scenery along the line. In the early summer no finer railway trip can be taken than this along the valley of the upper Connecticut and beside the winding Passumpsic rivers.

Mt. Washington Railway.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT, - - 1873.

UPWARD.

Leave Ammonusuc Station.....10.30 A.M., 5.30 P.M.

DOWNWARD.

Leave Tip-Top Station.....8 A.M., 2 P.M.

EXTRA TRAINS will be run for a reasonable number of passengers upon suitable notice by Mail or Telegraph.

COACHES to and from the Railroads and Hotels connect with all regular trains, both at the base and Summit.

JOHN W. DODGE, Manager.

LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE.

THE NEW STEAMER,

“LADY OF THE LAKE,”

Connecting at Weirs with the

BOSTON, CONCORD & MONTRFAL RAILROAD,

Leaves Weirs for

*CENTRE HARBOR, CONWAY, NORTH CONWAY,
WHITE and FRANCONIA MOUNTAINS,*

At 11.50 A.M., and 4.40 P.M., or on arrival of the trains from Boston. Passengers leaving Boston by the 7.30 A.M. train, via Boston & Maine, or 8.00 A.M. Express, via Boston & Lowell, arrive at Centre Harbor (sailing over the most interesting portion of the Lak) one hour earlier than by any other route, and at Conway same evening; or by the 12.00 M. train, arrive at Centre Harbor and Wolfboro.' Passengers from New York, by the 5.00 P.M. train, via this route, arrive at Conway next evening.

BAGGAGE CHECKED THROUGH.

RETURNING.

Leaves Wolfboro' daily, at 5.30 A.M., and 10.15 A.M., touching at Diamond Island four times a day, to connect at Weirs with trains going North and South. Leaves Centre Harbor at 7.30 A.M. and 1.00 P.M. for Boston and New York.

Passengers leaving Conway, North Conway, Centre Harbor, or Wolfboro' in the morning, arrive in Boston or New York 1½ hours earlier than by any other route.

Boston, Concord, Montreal & White Mountains RAILROAD.

TRAINS NORTH—LEAVE	Ex. Train.	Mail Train.	Ex. Train.	Ac. Train.
N. Y., via Fall River Strs., Pier 28 North River...	5.00 P.M.			
N. Y., via New London Strs., Pier 40 N. River..	5.00 "			
New York, all rail.....	8.00 "			10.00 A.M.
Boston, Lowell Depot ...	a8.00 A.M.		12.00 M.	6.00 P.M.
Boston, B. & M. Depot...	a7.30 "		12.00 M.	5.00 "
New Haven.....	11.10 P.M.			12.34 "
Hartford.....	12.40 A.M.		6.00 A.M.	1.37 "
Springfield.....	a2.90 A.M.		7.18 "	2.35 "
New London.....	a4.00 "			
Worcester..... { Arrive..	6.30 "			
{ Leave..	a8.00 "		11.15 "	4.35 "
New Bedford.....	a5.50 "			
Providence via Worcester	a6.05 "			2.15 "
" Mansfield and Framingham	a6.15 "			1.20 "
Newport, R. I.....	a5.00 "			
Fall River.....	a5.45 "			
Taunton.....	a6.32 "			1.30 "
South Framingham.....	a7.57 "		10.30 "	5.10 "
Salem.....	a7.00 "		10.30 "	5.00 "
bNewburyport.....	a6.15 "		11.00 "	2.55 "
Portsmouth.....	a7.55 "			5.10 "
cDover.....	a7.55 "		b10.55 "	c5.15 "
Haverhill.....	a7.15 "		b12.28 P.M.	b3.30 "
Lowell.....	a8.48 "		1.00 "	7.00 "
Nashua.....	a9.30 "		1.35 "	7.30 "
Lawrence.....	a8.25 "		1.05 "	6.05 "
Manchester.....	a10.02 "		2.20 "	8.07 "
Concord..... { Arrive....	10.35 "		3.05 "	8.45 "
{ Leave....	a10.35 "	10.45 A.M.	3.30 "	8.45 "
East Concord.....		10.51 "	3.35 "	8.47 "
North Concord.....				
Canterbury.....		11.09 "	3.51 "	8.57 "
Northfield.....		11.18 "	4.10 "	9.11 "
Tilton.....		11.30 "	4.22 "	9.25 "
East Tilton.....		11.39 "	4.30 "	9.35 "
Laconia.....	11.35 "	11.53 "	4.43 "	9.44 "
Lake Village.....	11.40 "	11.58 "	4.48 "	9.53 "
dWeirs, Steamboat.....	11.52 "	12.10 P.M.	5.00 "	10.05 "
Centre Harbor.. { Arrive..	1.00 P.M.			
{ Leave..	2.00 "			
West Ossipee.....	f5.00 "			
North Conway.....	8.00 "			
Wolfboro'.....			6.30 "	
Meredith Village.....		12.20 "	5.14 "	10.17 "
Ashland.....		12.41 "	5.35 "	10.40 "
Bridgewater.....				
Plymouth.... { Arrive ...	12.25 "	12.55 "	b5.50 "	e10.55 "
{ Leave....	1.10 "	1.20 "	7.35 A.M.	
Quincy.....				
Rumney.....		1.41 "	7.58 "	
West Rumney.....		1.50 "	8.07 "	
Wentworth.....		2.03 "	8.19 "	
Warren.....	1.50 "	2.14 "	8.29 "	
East Haverhill.....		2.44 "	9.03 "	
Haverhill and Newbury..		2.58 "	9.15 "	

Boston, Concord, Montreal & White Mountains Railroad—Concluded

TRAINS NORTH—LEAVE	Ex. Train.	Mail Train.	Ex. Train.	Ac. Train.
Woodsville..... { Arrive..	3.25 "	9.42 "
..... { Leave..	3.45 "	10.05 "
Wells River.....	3.40 "	10.00 "
Bath.....	4.00 "	10.20 "
Lisbon.....	4.17 "	10.51 "
North Lisbon.....	4.33 "	11.06 "
Littleton, arrive.....	4.53 "	g11.15 "
Profile House, arrive.....	3.22 "	7.00 "	1.00 P.M.
Wing Road, ".....	5.30 "	5.11 "	g11.34 A.M.
Bethlehem, ".....	3.37 "	5.30 "	g11.57 "
Sinclair House, ".....	3.50 "	6.00 "	12.30 P.M.
Twin Mt. Station, arrive.	4.25 "	5.45 "	12.15 "
White Mt. House, ".....	4.07 "	6.30 "	12.45 "
Fabyan House, ".....	4.30 "	6.45 "	1.00 "
Crawford House, ".....	4.45 "	8.00 "	2.00 "
Whitefield, ".....	6.00 "	5.27 "	11.50 A.M.
Dalton, ".....	4.00 "	5.40 "	12.03 P.M.
So. Lancaster, ".....	5.46 "	12.08 "
Lancaster.... { Arrive..	4.32 "
..... { Leave..	6.00 "	6.00 "	g12.21 "	7.20 A.M.
Waumbek House, arr...	6.00 "	8.00 "	2.00 "
Northumberland Falls...	6.18 "	6.18 "	12.36 "	7.38 "
Northumberland, arrive..	6.30 "	6.30 "	12.45 "	7.50 "
Gorham, arrive.....	4.15 "	10.30 "
Glen House, arrive.....	5.00 "	11.30 "
Island Pond.... { Arrive..	9.00 "	9.00 "	1.55 "
..... { Leave..	1.00 "	10.00 "	2.15 "
Richmond..... { Arrive..	2.05 A.M.	2.05 A.M.	5.00 "
..... { Leave..	3.30 "	2.30 "	5.30 "
Montreal, arrive.....	6.50 "	6.50 "	8.45 "
Quebec, ".....	7.40 "	7.40 "	9.20 "

*a*Thirty minutes for dinner at the Pemigewasset House, Plymouth, and arrive at Littleton, Lancaster, Profile House (Franconia Mountains), Fabyan, Sinclair, Waumbek, Crawford, Twin Mountain and White Mountain Houses early the same afternoon, and Mount Washington House (summit of Mount Washington) before sunset. Passengers for Montreal and Quebec have two hours for tea at Lancaster.

*b*Via Haverhill and Lawrence.

*c*Via Concord and Portsmouth R. R. from Newmarket Junction.

*d*Steamboat for Wolfboro', Centre Harbor stages to West Ossipee, rail to North Conway, one hour at Senter House, Centre Harbor, for dinner.

*e*Passengers by the accommodation and afternoon express trains lodge at Plymouth, and proceed at 7.35 the following morning arriving at Littleton, Lancaster, and Profile, Crawford, Twin Mountain, Fabyan, Sinclair, Waumbek and White Mountain Houses in time to dine; connecting at Northumberland with the 12.45 P.M. train, Grand Trunk Railway, for Island Pond, Montreal and Quebec, Gorham and Glen House, arriving early same evening.

*f*Supper.

*g*Passengers by this train, leaving the Mountain Houses after usual breakfast hours, connect at Northumberland Junction with G. T. R. R., for Glen House, Montreal and Quebec, arriving early the same evening.

*i*Morning train, for accommodation of passengers, from Lancaster for Glen House, connects at Northumberland Junction with G. T. R. R. for Gorham.

Elegant Parlor Cars run through from New London, via Worcester and Nashua; from Newport and Fall River, via Nashua and Acton; from Boston to all stations on Boston, Concord, Montreal and White Mountains R. R., connecting at Northumberland Junction with through express train (with Pullman cars) for Sherbrooke, Montreal and Quebec.

Conductors B. C. & M., and White Mountains R.R.'s.—J. S. Russ, David Ferguson, W. H. Rollins, G. W. Eastman, L. V. Moulton, T. Roby, O. M. Hinds, E. F. Mann, Geo. V. Moulton.

W. W. BERG, Gen. Passenger Agent,
5 State Street, Boston.

Boston, Concord, Montreal & White Mountains RAILROAD.

TRAINS SOUTH—LEAVE	Ex. Train	Ml. Train	Ex. Train	Ac. Train
Quebec.....	8.30 P.M.	1.10 P.M.	c7.00 A.M.
Montreal.....	10.00 "	1.45 "	c7.00 "
Richmond.....	{ Arrive.. 1.50 A.M.	5.30 "	c10.30 A.M.
	{ Leave.. 2.15 "	5.45 "	c10.45 "
Island Pond....	{ Arrive.. 6.00 "	9.00 "	c12.05 P.M.
	{ Leave.. 7.45 "	c2.00 "
αGlen House.....	b10.25 A.M.
Gorham.....	b11.25 "
Northumberland Junc..	9.00 "	3.00 "	b1.15 "
" Falls...	9.09 "	3.12 "	b1.35 "
Waumbek House.....	8.00 "	6.00 A.M.	1.30 "
Lancaster.....	9.25 "	7.45 "	3.27 "	b2.00 P.M.
So. Lancaster.....	7.59 "	3.41 "
Dalton.....	8.05 "	3.47 "
Whitefield.....	8.18 "	4.00 "
Crawford House.....	7.30 "	6.00 "	2.00 "
Fabyan House.....	8.45 "	7.15 "	3.00 "
White Mountain House..	9.00 "	7.30 "	3.15 "
Twin Mt. Station.....	9.30 "	8.00 "	3.45 "
Sinclair House.....	9.30 "	8.00 "	3.45 "
Bethlehem.....	9.47 "	8.18 "	4.05 "
Wing Road.....	10.10 "	8.35 "	4.20 "
Profile House.....	8.30 "	7.00 "	3.00 "
Littleton.....	10.30 "	9.00 "	4.48 "
No. Lisbon.....	9.13 "	5.03 "
Lisbon.....	9.26 "	5.18 "
Bath.....	9.41 "	5.33 "
Woodville....	{ Arrive.. ..	9.55 "	5.45 "
	{ Leave.. ..	10.17 "	5.46 "
Wells River.....	10.12 "
Haverhill and Newbury..	10.44 "	6.11 "
East Haverhill.....	10.59 "	6.25 "
Warren.....	12.03 P.M.	11.27 "	6.50 "
Wentworth.....	11.38 "	7.00 "
West Rumney.....	11.50 "	7.12 "
Rumney.....	12.00 M.	7.20 "
Quincy.....
Plymouth.....	{ Arrive.. h12.45 "	h12.22 P.M.	d7.45 "
	{ Leave.. 1.15 "	1.03 "	7.30 A.M.	5.10 A.M.
Bridgewater.....
Ashland.....	1.17 "	7.45 "	5.24 "
Meredith Village.....	1.37 "	8.08 "	5.47 "
Wolfboro'.....	10.15 A.M.	10.15 A.M.	5.30 "
No. Conway.....	7.20 "	7.20 "
West Ossipee.....	8.00 "	8.00 "
Centre Harbor.....	1.00 P.M.	7.30 "
Weirs, (steamboat).....	2.00 "	1.48 P.M.	8.25 "	5.58 "
Lake Village.....	2.14 "	2.00 "	8.39 "	6.09 "
Laconia.....	2.19 "	2.05 "	8.44 "	6.13 "
East Tilton.....	2.19 "	8.57 "	6.27 "
Tilton.....	2.40 "	2.28 "	9.07 "	6.36 "
Northfield.....	2.40 "	9.25 "	6.51 "
Canterbury.....	2.48 "	9.35 "	7.01 "
North Concord.....
East Concord.....	3.20 "	9.58 "	7.20 "
Concord,	{ Arrive.. 3.20 "	3.27 "	10.05 "	7.25 "
	{ Leave.. e3.25 "	10.15 "	7.30 "
	{ Leave.. 3.40 "	3.40 "

Boston, Concord, Montreal & White Mountains Railroad—Concluded.

TRAINS SOUTH—LEAVE	EX. TRAIN	MT. TRAIN	EX. TRAIN	AC. TRAIN
Manchester,.....leave.	3.58 "	4.20 "	10.58 "	8.15 "
Lawrence.....	5.30 "	5.30 "	12.15 P.M.
Nashua.....	4.30 "	4.58 "	11.45 A.M.	9.00 "
Lowell.....	5.30 "	5.30 "	12.15 P.M.	9.30 "
Haverhill.....	6.26 "	6.26 "	1.38 "
Dover.....	6.17 "	6.17 "	3.00 "	10.15 "
Portsmouth.....	6.15 "	6.15 "	10.10 "
Newburyport.....	6.53 "	6.55 "	2.15 "
Salem.....	7.00 "	7.00 "	1.45 "
So. Framingham.....	6.15 "	6.15 "	1.35 "
Taunton.....	7.40 "	7.40 "	3.18 "
Fall River.....	8.20 "	8.20 "	4.46 "
Newport, R. I.....	8.10 "	8.10 "	5.25 "
Providence.....	8.20 "	8.20 "	3.30 "
New Bedford.....	8.25 "	8.25 "	4.08 "
Worcester.....	6.00 "	7.10 "	2.00 "
New London.....	10.15 "	10.15 "
Springfield.....	8.15 "	6.15 "
Hartford.....	1.26 A.M.	1.26 A.M.	7.20 "
New Haven.....	2.40 "	2.40 "	8.30 "
Boston, B. & M. Depot. .	6.29 P.M.	6.29 P.M.	1.15 "
Boston, Lowell Depot....	6.23 "	6.23 "	1.15 "	10.35 "
New York, all rail.....	5.25 A.M.	6.25 A.M.	11.12 "
N. Y., via Norwich Line
Sts., Pier 40 N. River.	5.00 "	5.00 "
N. Y., via Fall River Sts.,
Pier 28 North River....	5.00 "	5.00 "

*a*Also leave Glen House at 5.00 P.M., Gorham 6.05 P.M. via Northumberland Junction, arriving at Lancaster 8.15 P.M.

*b*Passengers from Glen House and Portland by this train, have an hour for dinner at Lancaster House, Lancaster, before leaving on the afternoon express for Crawford, Fabyan, Twin Mountain, White Mountain, Profile and Pemigewasset Houses, Bethlehem, Littleton and Plymouth.

*c*Quebec and Montreal Day Express via Northumberland Junction arriving at principal White Mountain Houses, including the Mount Washington House in time for tea.

*d*Passengers arriving by the train lodge at Pemigewasset House and can proceed at 5.10 A.M. and 7.30 A.M. the following morning.

*e*New York Express via Nashua—Passengers for Worcester, Springfield, Hartford, New Haven, Norwich, New London, South Framingham, Providence, Taunton, New Bedford, Fall River and Newport take this train.

*f*Via Lawrence.

*g*Via Concord and Portsmouth Railroad.

*h*Thirty minutes for dinner at Pemigewasset House.

*i*Passengers by this train can leave Lancaster, Littleton, and the Mountaine houses after the usual breakfast hour, and arrive in Manchester, Lawrence, Dover, Portsmouth, Hampton Beach, Nashua, Worcester, Providence, Taunton, New Bedford, Fall River, Salem, and Boston in time for supper.

*j*Passengers for Dover, Portsmouth, and Hampton Beach, changes cars at Manchester for Concord and Portsmouth Railroad.

Passengers for Salem change cars at Lowell.

Passengers for Fitchburg change cars at Ayer's Junction.

Elegant Parlor Cars run through from all stations on Boston, Concord, Montreal and White Mountain Railroad, to Boston via Lowell. New London via Worcester, Fall River and Newport via Nashua and Acton Railroad.

OFFICERS:

J. E. LYON, President, BOSTON.

J. A. DODGE, Supt. C. M. WHITTIER, Cashier, PLYMOUTH, N. H.

W. R. BRACKETT, G.T.A.; J. L. ROGERS, G.F.A.

CONDENSED TIME TABLE

-via-

Passumpsic Railroad.

SUMMER SEASON, 1873.

Going North.

	Mail.	Nt. Ex.	Day Ex.
Leave New York, all rail, Grand Central Depot,.....	8.00 p.m	3.00 p.m	
New York, New Haven boat,.....	3.15 p.m		
New York, New London boat.....	5.00 p.m		
Boston, Lowell Depot.....	8.00 a.m	6.00 p.m	
do. B. & M. do.....	7.30 a.m	5.00 p.m	
do. Fitchburg do.....	7.30 a.m	5.30 p.m	
Bridgeport,.....	10.30 p.m	4.58 p.m	
New Haven,.....	11.15 p.m	5.45 p.m	
Hartford,.....	12.40 a.m	7.02 p.m	
Arrive Springfield,.....	*1.40 a.m	7.45 p.m	
Leave do.....	8.00 a.m	8.20 p.m	
New London,.....	5.00 a.m	2.45 p.m	
Palmer,.....	†8.25 a.m	6.20 p.m	
Greenfield,.....	9.35 a.m	9.35 p.m	
Brattleboro,.....	10.30 a.m	10.20 p.m	
New Bedford,.....	5.50 a.m	3.40 p.m	
Providence,.....	6.15 a.m	4.15 p.m	
Newport, R. I.,.....	5.00 a.m		
Fall River,.....	5.45 a.m		
Fitchburg,.....	9.15 a.m	7.35 p.m	
Keene,.....	10.40 a.m	9.20 p.m	
Bellows Falls,.....	11.45 a.m	11.20 p.m	
Lowell,.....	8.48 a.m	6.51 p.m	
Worcester,.....	7.30 a.m	4.20 p.m	
Salem,.....	7.00 a.m	5.00 p.m	
Nashua,.....	9.19 a.m	7.30 p.m	
Great Falls,.....	7.35 a.m	5.05 p.m	
Portsmouth,.....	7.55 a.m	5.10 p.m	
Lawrence,.....	8.25 a.m	6.05 p.m	
Manchester,.....	9.52 a.m	8.05 p.m	
Concord,.....	10.35 a.m	8.50 p.m	
Arrive White River Junction.....	†1.15 p.m	12.10 a.m	
Leave do. do.....	1.55 p.m	1.00 a.m	8.20 a.m
Arrive Wells River,.....	3.30 p.m		10.00 a.m
Leave Wells River,.....	3.45 p.m		10.15 a.m
Arrive Newport,.....	†6.35 p.m		†1.03 p.m
Leave do.....	7.00 p.m	5.15 a.m	1.45 p.m
Arrive Sherbrooke,.....	9.04 p.m	7.10 a.m	3.50 p.m
Richmond,.....	2.00 a.m	†8.20 a.m	5.10 p.m
Leave do.....	2.45 a.m	8.50 a.m	5.30 p.m
Arrive Montreal, via Grand Trunk Railway,.....	6.50 a.m	12.30 p.m	8.45 p.m
Quebec, via Grand Trunk Railway,.....	8.00 a.m	3.00 p.m	9.20 p.m
Arrive Montreal, via South Eastern Railway.....		10.30 a.m	7.00 p.m

*Lodge.

†Stop for meals.

Passumpsic Railroad Time Table—*Con.*

Going South.

	Mail.	Nt. Ex.	Day Ex.
Leave Montreal, via South Eastern Railway,.....		3.15 p.m	7.30 a.m
Montreal, via Grand Trunk Railway,.....	10.00 p.m	1.45 p.m	7.00 a.m
Quebec, via Grand Trunk Railway,.....	8.00 p.m	12.30 p.m	6.30 a.m
Arrive Richmond,.....	2.00 a.m	*5.15 p.m	10.35 a.m
Leave Richmond,.....	2.30 a.m	5.45 p.m	10.45 a.m
Sherbrooke,.....	4.50 a.m	7.10 p.m	11.40 a.m
Arrive Newport,.....	*6.30 a.m	8.40 p.m	
Leave Newport,.....	7.06 a.m	8.55 p.m	1.25 p.m
Arrive Wells River,.....	10.00 a.m		3.30 p.m
Leave Wells River,.....	10.15 a.m	11.40 p.m	3.45 p.m
Arrive White River Junction,.....	*11.53 a.m	1.24 a.m	*5.22 p.m
Leave White River Junction,.....	12.20 p.m	1.30 a.m	5.30 p.m
Arrive Concord,.....	3.25 p.m	5.20 a.m	8.07 p.m
Manchester,.....	4.18 p.m	6.10 a.m	8.49 p.m
Lawrence,.....	5.30 p.m	7.30 a.m	
Portsmouth,.....	6.15 p.m	10.10 a.m	
Great Falls,.....	6.32 p.m	10.33 a.m	
Nashua,.....	5.00 p.m	7.00 a.m	9.25 p.m
Salem,.....	7.00 p.m	8.50 a.m	
Worcester,.....	6.30 p.m	9.20 a.m	
Lowell,.....	5.35 p.m	7.40 a.m	9.55 p.m
Bellows Falls,.....	2.30 p.m	3.30 a.m	9.50 p.m
Keene,.....	3.23 p.m	4.51 a.m	
Fitchburg,.....	4.55 p.m	6.30 a.m	
Fall River,.....	8.34 p.m	2.08 p.m	
Newport, R. I.,.....	9.10 p.m		
Providence,.....	8.10 p.m	12.00 m.	
New Bedford,.....	9.30 p.m	1.20 p.m	
Brattleboro',.....	3.30 p.m	4.22 a.m	
Greenfield,.....	4.30 p.m	5.14 a.m	
Palmer,.....	5.48 p.m	8.10 a.m	
New London,.....	9.35 p.m	11.15 a.m	
Springfield,.....	*6.05 p.m	*6.30 a.m	
Leave Springfield,.....	6.30 p.m	7.00 a.m	
Arrive Hartford,.....	7.20 p.m	8.10 a.m	
New Haven,.....	8.30 p.m	9.45 a.m	
Bridgeport,.....	9.05 p.m	10.25 a.m	
Boston, Lowell Depot,.....	6.20 p.m	8.30 a.m	10.50 p.m
do B. & M. do.....	6.29 p.m	8.35 a.m	
do Fitchburg do.....	7.10 p.m	8.35 a.m	
New York, via New London boat,.....	5.00 a.m		
New York, via New Haven boat,.....	5.00 a.m		
New York, all rail, Grand Central depot,.....	11.20 p.m	12.45 p.m	

*Stop for meals.

W. M. PARKER, Superintendent.

N. P. LOVERING, JR.

Gen. Ticket Agent.

W. M. CLARK, AGENT,

87 Washington St., Boston.

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This Hotel is very pleasantly located on Jefferson Hill, one-fourth mile westerly from the Waumbek House, commands the finest views of the

White Mountains, Franconia Mountains, Jefferson Meadows,
Randolph Hills, Whitefield Hills, Starr-King
Mountain, Cherry Mountain, &c.

of any in the vicinity.

It is entirely new, three stories high, and contains ample accommodation for about one hundred guests. The rooms are clean and spacious, and are all supplied with new furniture. We employ experienced and attentive waiters. The Table is always well supplied with the best the market affords. Plenty of berries, new milk, good butter, fresh vegetables. A good Livery Stable is kept by the proprietors, near by. We will meet families or parties at the cars, who engage rooms at our House, whenever desired.

Especial attention is called to the fact that Jefferson Hill has become justly celebrated as a resort for invalids during the hot months. A short residence here affords an absolute cure to those suffering from asthma, rose cold or hay fever. We refer to Dr. Wyman's late work on the subject of Autumnal Catarrh, in proof of our assertions.

We respectfully assure all those who favor us with their patronage, that our efforts will be spared to render their stay both agreeable and comfortable.

Those designing to take rooms at the Jefferson Hill House will do well to correspond with the proprietors as to rooms and prices, which are as low as any first-class boarding-house.

The House will be open July 1st, 1873.

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RHODE ISLAND.

Season Of 1873.

ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN.

This well known and popular Summer Resort situated on Narragansett Bay, between the cities of Providence and Newport, will be open for the reception of guests June 25th. To meet the growing demands of the public, the capacity of the House has been increased since last season, by the addition of a number of rooms, all large, airy, and newly furnished. A new Restaurant of an increased seating capacity has also been added. Eight Steamboats a day from Providence and Newport.

For information in regard to terms, etc., address

L. H. HUMPHREYS,

City Hotel, Providence, R. I

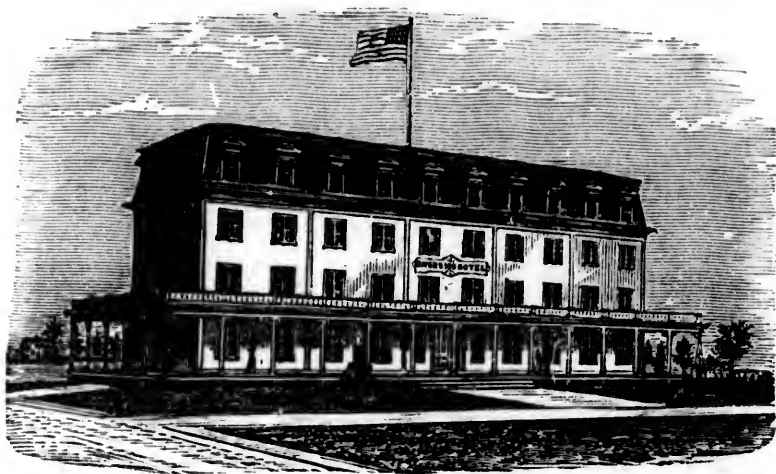
CITY HOTEL,

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

L. H. HUMPHREYS, - - PROPRIETOR.

RIVERSIDE HOTEL,

EAST PROVIDENCE, R. I.



HOPKINS & SEARS, Proprietors.

This new and elegant Hotel is situated on the bluff near Cedar Grove, and commands a most delightful view of the beautiful Narragansett Bay, while the City of Providence, only five miles away, is in full sight.

The DINING ROOMS are large and commodious, on the European plan, and will seat two hundred people. The Halls are wide and airy, and the rooms are large, well ventilated, lighted throughout with gas, and supplied with hot, cold and ice water.

PUBLIC STABLES are located but a short distance from the Hotel, where good accommodations are provided for private teams.

This beautiful and attractive summer resort cannot be excelled on Narragansett Bay, combining as it does every advantage to be desired for a summer residence, easy of access, only one half hour's sail from Providence, with excellent facilities for bathing, fishing, boating or driving. All these combine to make this one of the most delightful watering places in the world.

A new and substantial Wharf has been constructed, projecting 1,125 feet into the Bay, at which all the steamers stop. It is within one minute's walk of the hotel, and affords a delightful promenade on summer evenings, and is a capital place for fishing.

Cars leave Providence for Riverside at 7.30, 9.42 A. M., 1.00, 2.55, 4.30 and 6.20 P. M.; leave Riverside for Providence at 6.17, 8.02, 9.42 A. M., 1.48, 3.27 and 5.18 P. M.; cars leave Fall River for Riverside at 7.10, 8.50 A. M., 1.00, 4.30 and 6.20 P. M.; leave Riverside for Fall River at 7.50, 10.05 A. M., 1.20, 3.15, 4.50 and 6.40 P. M. The Station is less than three minutes' walk from the hotel. All the steamboats on the Bay will stop at the Riverside wharf, affording hourly communication with Providence.

For rooms, apply personally or by letter to

HOPKINS & SEARS,

Proprietors of the Central Hotel, Providence, R. I.

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L. F. SCOFIELD, Proprietor.

Pittsford, - - Vermont.

This House has just been completed, and furnished in a style and manner especially adapted to the comfort and convenience of its occupants. Its rooms are spacious and airy. Its two lower stories are surrounded by over five hundred feet of verandas in length and ten feet in width, looking out upon pictures of the greatest natural beauty, where may be inhaled pure and health-giving air, as it descends from its uncontaminated mountain home, while the murmurings of the beautiful Otter Creek fill every room in the house with soothing melody.

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O. K. WHEELLOCK, - - Proprietor.

High land, pure air, beautiful scenery, pleasant drives; Mt. Monadnock, only four miles distant, in full view; good livery; pure spring water; first-class table.

TERMS FROM \$10 TO \$20 PER WEEK.

Three Hours' Ride from Boston.

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This fine new hotel, pleasantly and desirably located in the beautiful village of Glens Falls, N. Y., is now open for the Summer season. Visitors will enjoy all the comforts and luxuries of a

FIRST-CLASS AND FINELY APPOINTED HOTEL,

and also the beautiful and romantic scenery in the vicinity, including the celebrated Falls, the drives to Lake George, etc.

ROCKWELL BROTHERS, Proprietors.

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This fine summer hotel on the borders of the clear and beautiful

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ACCOMMODATION FOR GUESTS DURING THE SEASON.

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Offering to the traveling public attractions, facilities and comforts not inferior to the best and most noted hotels in the city. The location of the house is fine and central, situated as it is on one of the widest, pleasantest, and most traveled avenues in the city, and at the junction of several prominent thoroughfares. Horse cars pass the door to all parts of the city day and evening; and the proximity of the hotel to the Common and Public Garden, the chief churches of the city, its noted public buildings, and all places of interest and amusement, gives it unusual recommendation to all classes of guests. Its rooms, both single and *en suite*, are large and airy, the furnishing and appointments of the best, and the table of already well established excellence, while every convenience of a modern, first-class hotel pertains to the house.

As a **FAMILY HOTEL** it has continuously maintained the highest popularity.

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH CO.

Has a Branch Office in the house, so that its guests have the advantage of quick communication to all parts of the city and country.

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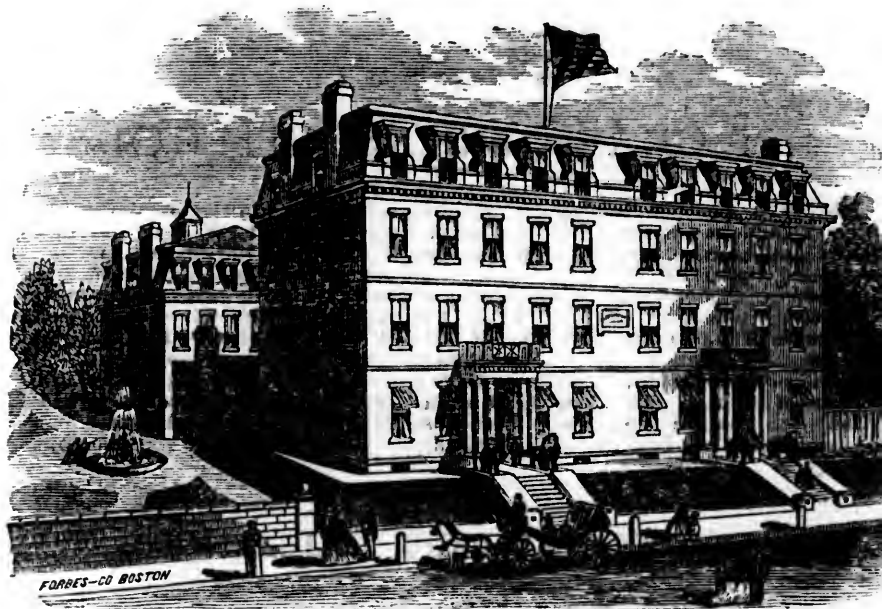
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Arrive at 3 and 8.30 P.M.

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This new and first-class hotel just opened to the public, is situated near the junction of the Mount Washington Turnpike and the road to the White Mountain Notch. It is almost identical in location with the old building, destroyed in 1858. Its location and the delightful excursions in its near vicinity make it especially desirable to those wishing to enjoy the finest views of the mountains, the

Ascent of Mount Washington,

AND THE DRIVE THROUGH THE

WORLD FAMOUS NOTCH.

All provisions for the comfort of guests have been made and a large farm connected with the house supplies milk, produce and other seasonable luxuries.

The proprietors, Mr. Walcott, late of the Crawford House, Mr. Lindsay, late of the Eagle Hotel, Concord, and Mr. J. M. French, late of the Pemigewasset House, Plymouth, confidently invite the attention of their friends and former guests to their new and delightful hotel.

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White Mountains, N. H.

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This new, commodious and attractive hotel,

On the Shores of Lake Winnepesaukee,

is finely located in this picturesque lake town, is lighted with gas throughout, has

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Electric Bell arrangement, and all the requisites for the comfort and pleasure of guests.

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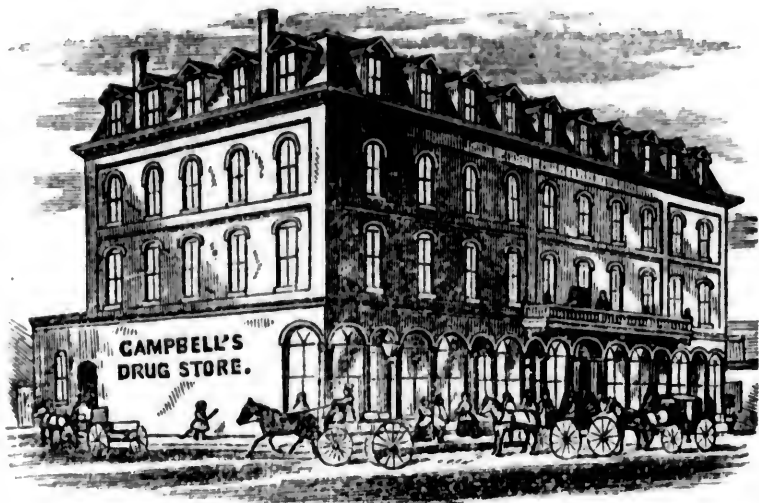
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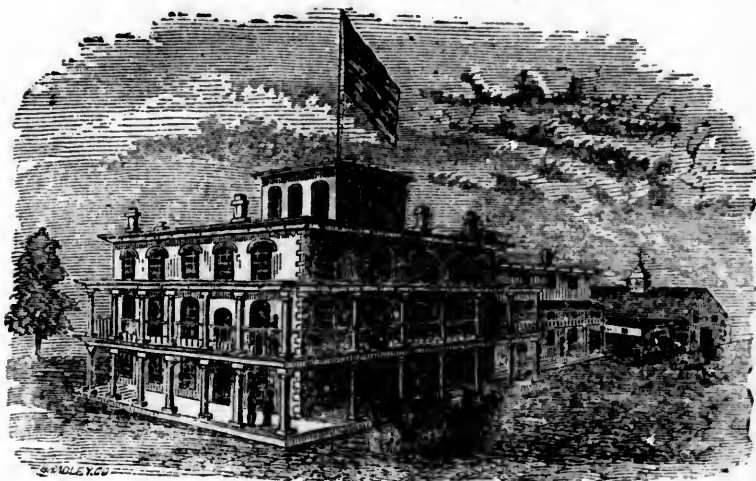
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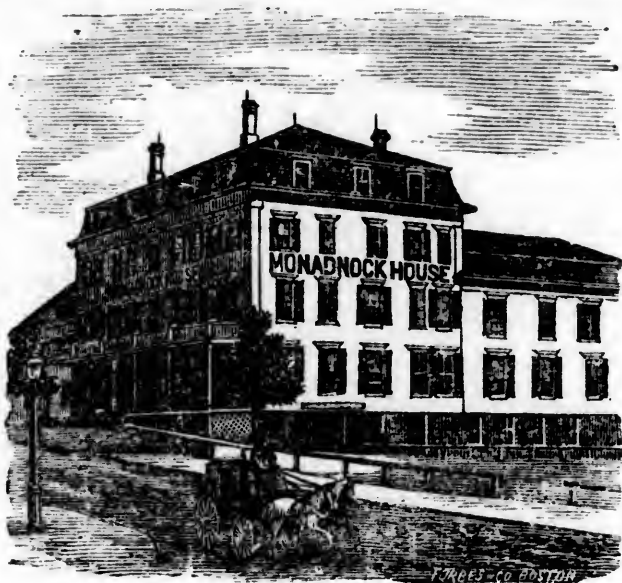
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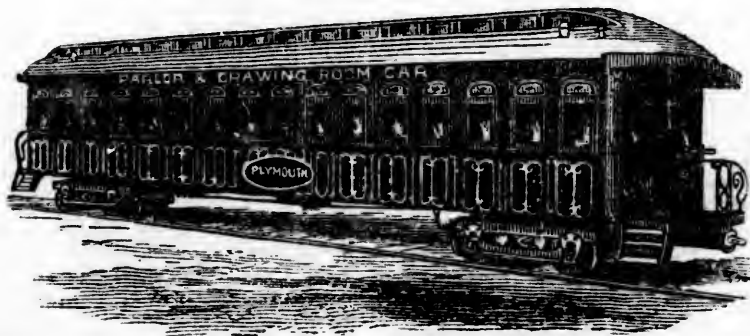
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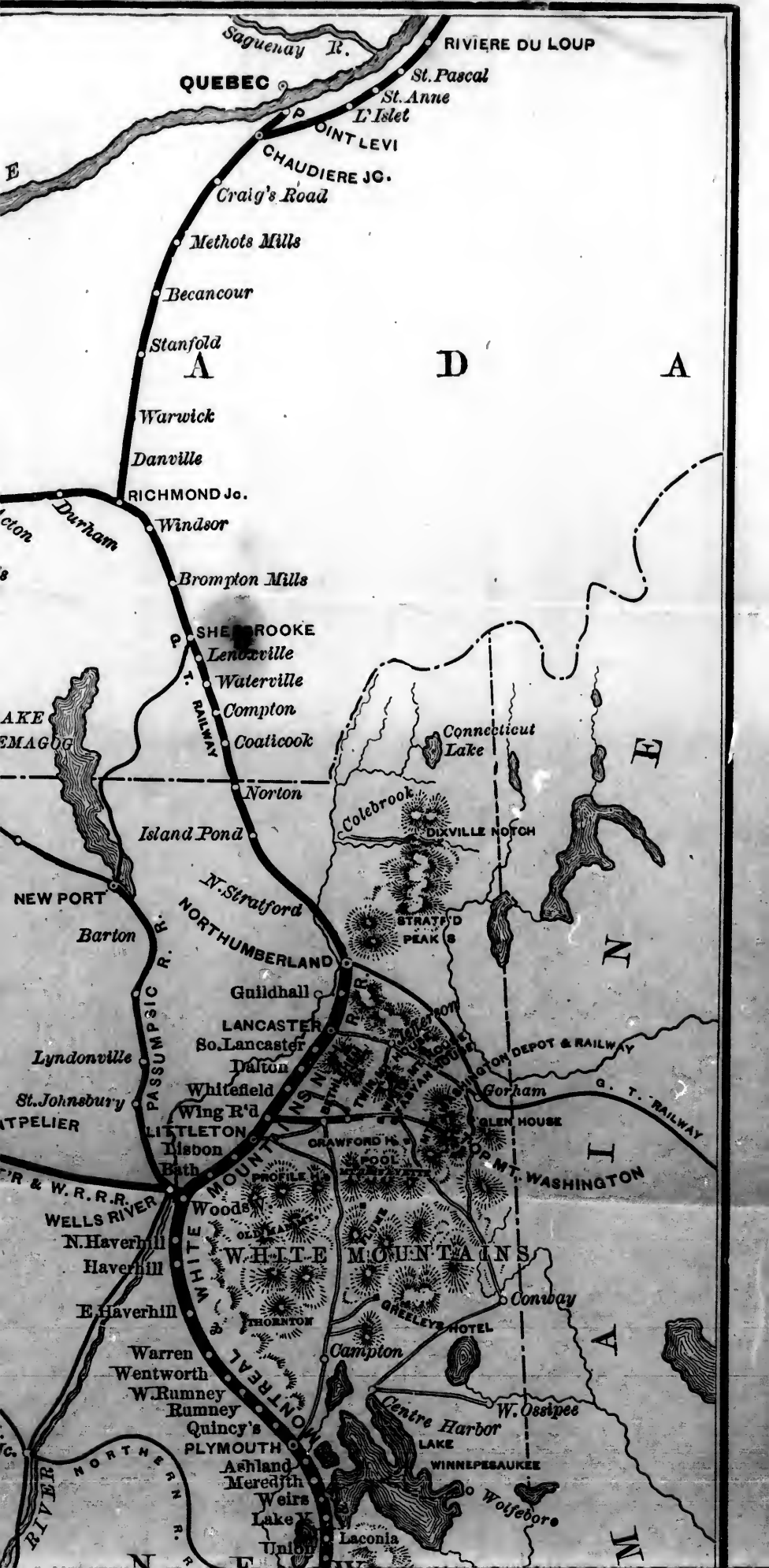
WILLIS RUSSELL, - - - PROPRIETOR.

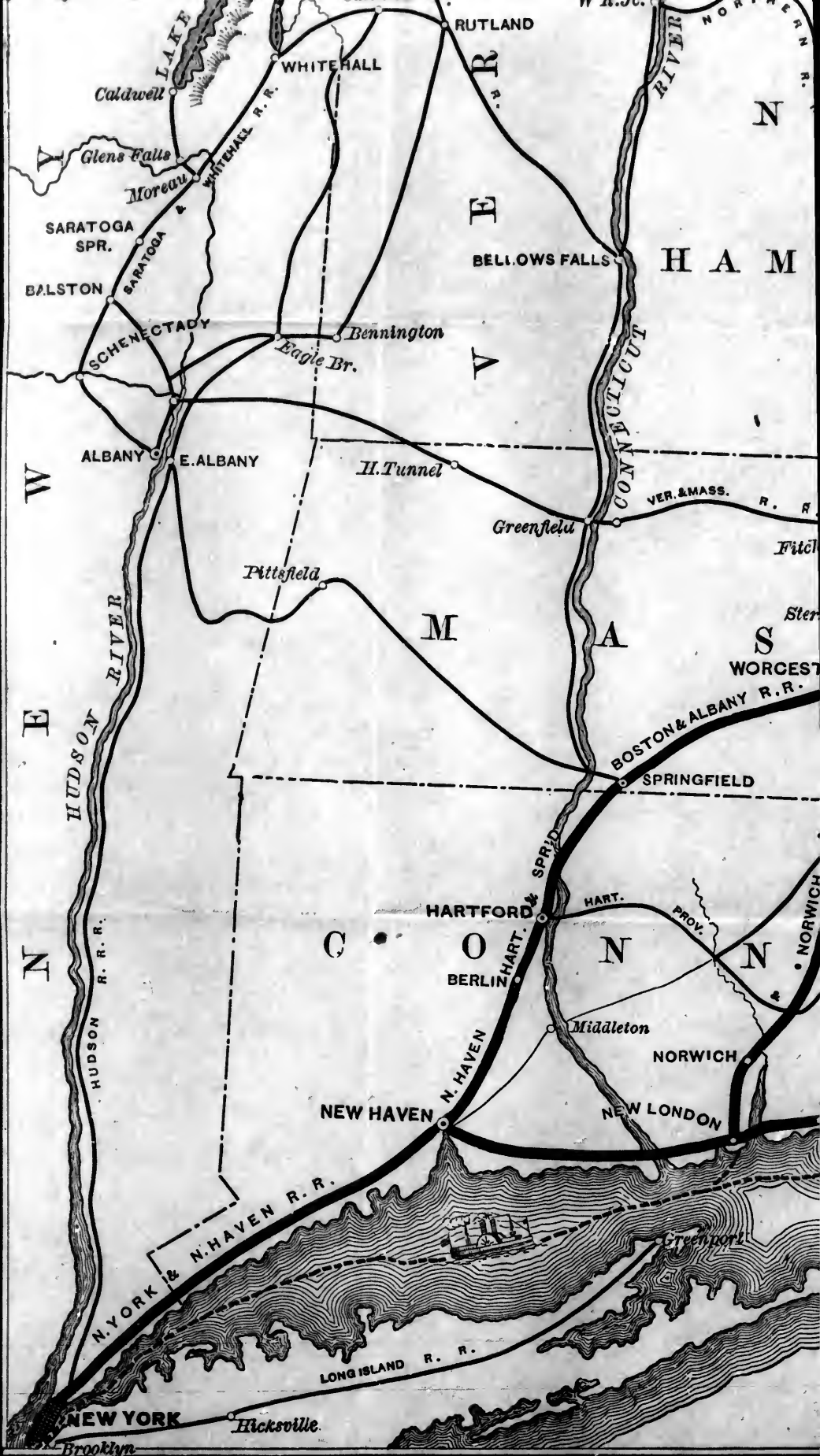


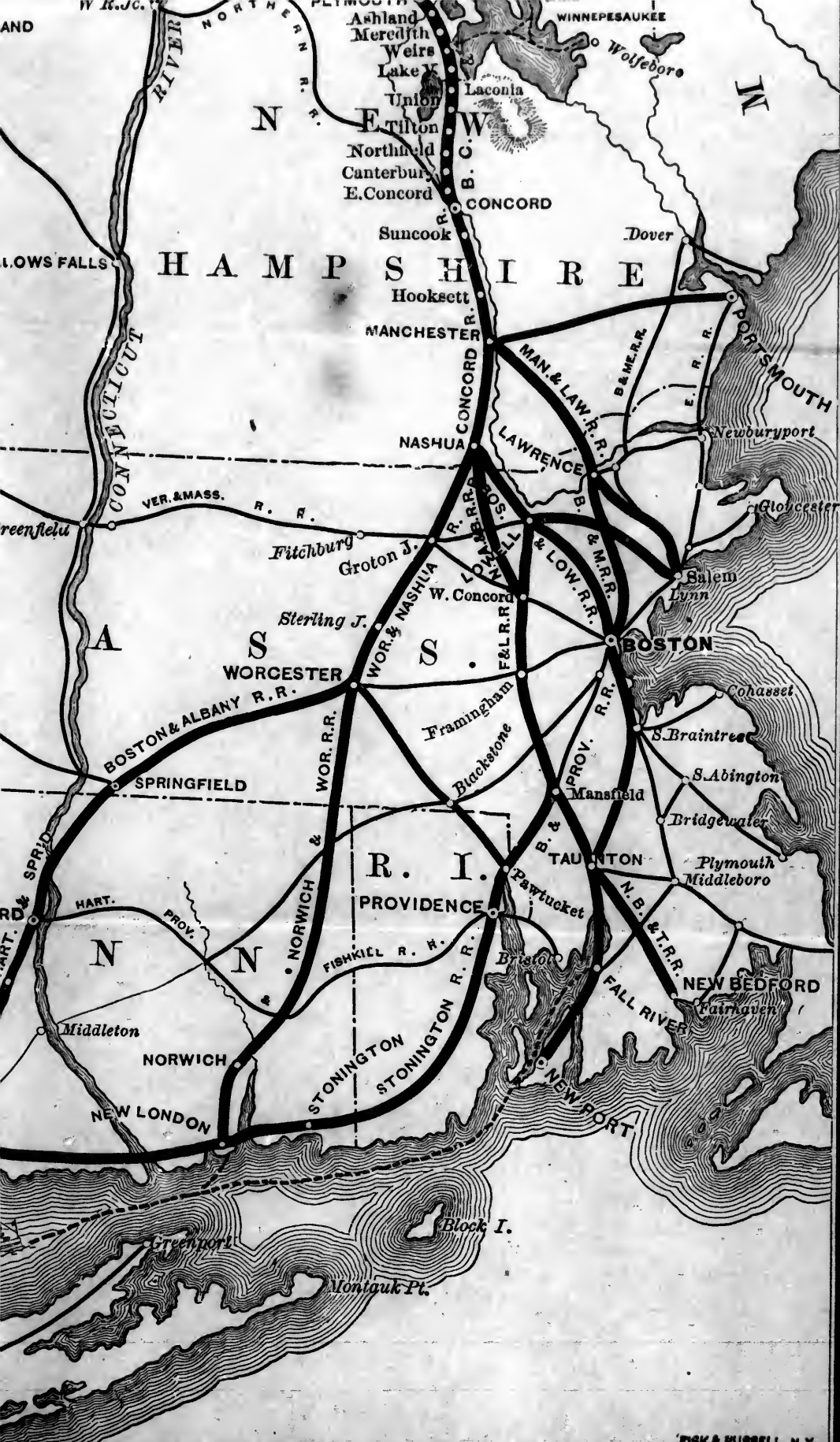
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