



THE GRANDEUR  
OF THE  
WHITE MOUNTAINS



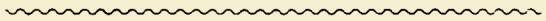


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SCENIC GEMS  
OF THE  
WHITE MOUNTAINS



PUBLISHED BY  
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124 FRANKLIN ST., PORTLAND, MAINE.

## THE WHITE MOUNTAINS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.



THE WHITE AND FRANCONIA MOUNTAINS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE, generally known under one name, The White Mountains, are outliers of the great Appalachian chain which ridges several States and forms the watershed between the Atlantic seaboard and the Mississippi Valley. Though occupying a comparatively limited area, being confined to the northern part of a small New England State, their attractiveness as a summer resort for people of taste and refinement is fully attested by the ever increasing number of visitors to their health-inspiring precincts.

Less than one hundred miles distant from the Atlantic at Portland, their principal peak, Mt. Washington, crown of New England, rises to an altitude of 6,293 feet above the sea level. Upon its summit, which is reached by a cog railway three miles long, are several buildings, including the spacious Summit House, with accommodations for 150 guests. Without doubt Mt. Washington, while not so high as several Appalachian peaks in the Carolinas; is the most distinctive and popular peak in the east, if not in all America.

The entire region abounds in pleasant mountain villages, of which North Conway and Jackson on the west side, with Bethlehem and Jefferson on the east side, are the best examples, and great isolated mountain hotels like Crawford's, Fabyan's and the Profile House, each with its numerous auxiliaries grouped at some coign of vantage or about some great natural phenomena. These mountain resorts are in the centre of a great summer playground for the tourist. The St. Lawrence is but a half day's journey by rail to the north, while the remarkable sea-coast of the State of Maine is so near that the breaking surf upon the sands of Old Orchard Beach may be seen with a good glass from the summit of Mt. Washington. Transportation is furnished by the Boston & Maine Railroad in six hours from the "Hub;" by through trains along the Connecticut River route from New York City, and by the Maine Central Railroad, which, from the sea at Portland, penetrates the heart of the Crawford Notch, reaching Fabyans in four eventful hours through a region abounding with startling scenic effects.

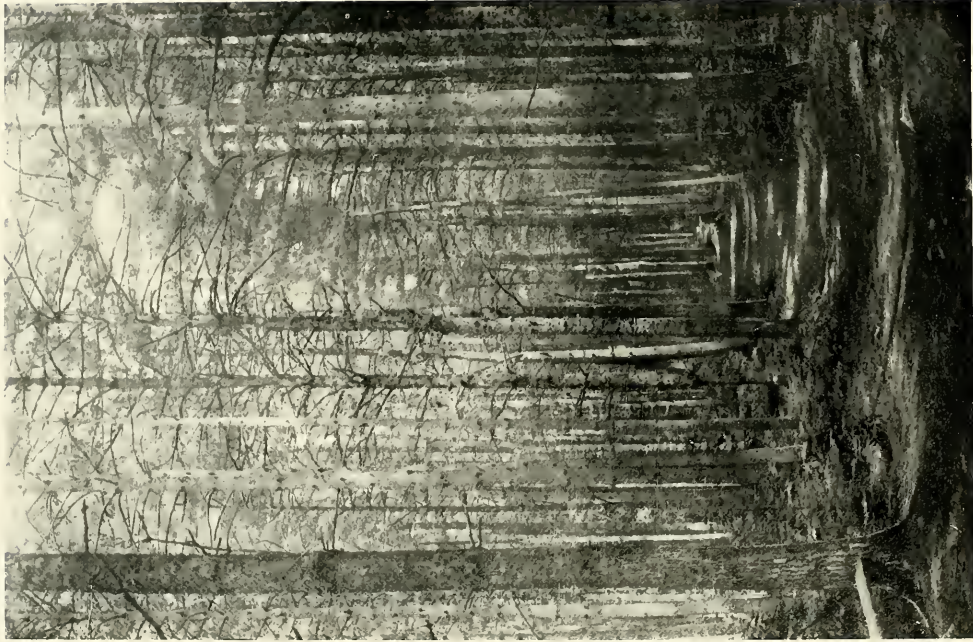
The grouping of the views which are given in this collection has been carefully done to preserve the idea of locality. The "divide" between the East and West Sides occurs at Crawfords, in a narrow rock pass, the upper gateway, cut by the engineers of the Maine Central Railroad from the bare shoulders of Mt. Willard. Here the carriage road and the turbulent Saco River pass side by side from the plateau which holds the Crawford, Mt. Pleasant and Fabyan houses into the narrow mountain walled bowl of the Crawford Notch.

Frequent train service permit summer visitors to visit every part of the White and Franconia region, which are, comparatively, narrowly separated. One is sure to find at each point of interest a colony of congenial spirits, and hotels that are unexcelled in architectural beauty, appointments and cuisine. These houses of entertainment, with the exception of the Summit House, which is above the timber line, are set in oases of beauty, for one of the principal characteristics of the White Mountains is its verdure-decked valleys and plateaus, interspersing bold rock precipices and peaks. Lakes and streams, cascades, pools, and all the beautiful forms of water are numerous.

Altogether the beauty, the grandeur and the summer life of the White Mountains of New Hampshire combine to render it a favorite rallying-place for the tourist.



WIZARD BIRCH.



CATHEDRAL WOODS.



MT. WASHINGTON, FROM THE LOWER GATEWAY, CRAWFORD NOTCH.

This view, with Mt. Washington rising in snow-capped majesty upon the right centre, supported by the attendant peaks of the Presidential Range, is generally termed the "First view of Mt. Washington," as it is the first to be disclosed to those visitors who journey toward cloudland from the sea at Portland. Immediately after entering the lower gateway to the Crawford Notch, there appears through a rift in the foothills which crowd around the narrow valley, this grand inspiring picture. It is one of the grandest possible views of Mt. Washington with the great peak nobly and suitably enframed between its high southern spurs. Seen from the railroad train the exhibition is over almost as soon as disclosed, for the passing of the train again hides his majesty. To the left in the above picture rise high the stern iron-bound Frankenstein cliffs, below which is an equally precipitous gorge, spanned by a thread of steel, the Frankenstein trestle.



MT. WASHINGTON FROM THE INTERVALE.

From every point of view among the White Mountains, Mt. Washington forms the central figure. Both from the East-side, and from the West-side it is impossible to separate it, and it stands upon neutral ground amid the rivalry of attractions which each can muster. Seen from across the idyllic meadows of the Saco's intervale it fills the Northern horizon, and, with such a foreground as the intervale afford renders this a particularly charming picture. The Intervale hamlet is a most charming part of the larger village of North Conway, two miles distant. Here the wide green meadows open away upon the left, overhung upon the farther edge by tall cliffs and garlanded by groves of elms and willows marking the course of the mountain-born Saco.

*"From the heart of Waumbek Methua, from the lake which never fails  
Flows the Saco into the cool lap of Conway's intervale."*





ECHO LAKE AND WHITE HORSE LEDGE.

The favorite drive for the summer visitors to North Conway leads across the intervals,—broad, level, fertile meadows of the Saco, dotted with exquisite clms beneath which flows the quieted and again still fretted waters, to the singular cliffs at the foot of Mount Mountain, the White Horse and Cathedral Ledges, and to Echo Lake. The Echo Lake of Conway, which must not be confounded with that of the same name in the Franconias, covers but a few acres, and, as is apparent from the picture, has a bright sandy shore. The White Horse Ledge rises abruptly from its western border; in fact overhangs the waters of the lake, in which it is reflected as in a mirror, showing its buff, purple and gray tints in rich duplication. These ledges are very apparent to the traveller by railroad train as he approaches North Conway from the west, forming at once a source of wonder at the abruptness of their rise. White Horse Ledge takes its name from the fancied apparition of a pale steed upon its face of bald rock.



GOODRICH FALLS, WHITE MOUNTAINS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Leaving the railroad at Glen station and embarking within that lesser adjunct to civilization, the stage coach, after an interesting ride of four miles over a road bordered and diversified by forest and fields, and with mountain filled horizon, one reaches the beautiful little village of Jackson on the old stage road between North Conway and the Glen House. With the destruction of the Glen House by fire, just prior to the opening of the season of 1894, the stage journey, which was a favorite one, from the summit of Mt. Washington down the carriage-road to the Glen, thence on through Jackson to North Conway, or vice versa, fell rather into disuse and finally was abandoned. Recently, however, the proprietors of the big four mountain hotels have revived it with their round-the-mountain trip by stage. Persons who have made this journey will remember the pause always made by the driver to allow tourists to gaze upon the beauties of this fall, one of the heaviest, as it is one of the most beautiful of the White Mountains. It was one of the principal show-pieces of the journey.



THE VILLAGE OF JACKSON, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The pleasing little hamlet of Jackson nestles in a beautiful and secluded glen at the confluence of Wild Cat Brook and Ellis River, and is enwalled on all sides by dark green Jackson mountains and rocky-faced peaks. The hamlet dates back for more than one hundred years, for very many of which it has been one of the most popular of White Mountain resorts, being moderately elevated (759 feet above the sea), and rendered exclusive rather than secluded by its being off the beaten path of railroad travel. There are many points of attack for mountain climbers who visit this lovely glen: Thorn Mountain, the twin domes of Double Head, the massive Iron Mountain, and the Giant's Stairs on the main range. The drives are numerous and interesting. There is excellent trout fishing in neighboring brooks. Three miles away is the railway station of Glen, with numerous trains passing east and west through the Crawford Notch, in which it is possible to reach Portland in two and Boston in five hours.



WILDWOOD CASCADE, JACKSON FALLS, JACKSON, N. H.

Down through the village and among the hotels of Jackson the vexed waters of the Ellis River and its companion, Wild-Cat Brook, flow rapidly, and directly within the reach of all burst into a most notable and musical scenic display, the Jackson Falls, a very pleasing spectacle at times of high water. From the tree-embowered bridge crossing the Wild-Cat Brook these cascades are visible. The stream is precipitated over a dark ledge in white and glistening bands, to fall into quiet pools below. Farther up the stream are many bits of rare landscape beauty which are found out every season by the distinguished artists who visit and sketch in the vicinity. Down stream, about a mile and a half from the hamlet, are the Goodrich Falls before noted as part of the attractiveness of Jackson. In fact water in that most pleasing and joyous form, a mountain stream, is ever present about Jackson and its environs, aided and abetted in its mission of pleasing by the quaintest of covered wooden bridges, a very paradise for the artist.



GRAY'S INN AND COTTAGES, JACKSON, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

While the scenery of the Ellis glen is so sweet and pastoral; while the view of Moat Mountain from the village still presents its delicate and ethereal beauty, so long will summer visitors continue to throng the calm little hamlet of Jackson, as they did for just love of outdoor life and nature before the days of such perfection in hotels and hotel-keeping as the hostelries of the village now display. Gray's Inn, in the midst of things, that is to say in the centre of attraction, is noted for the fine views obtainable from its cool, shady verandas. The house with its auxiliaries has accommodations for 175 guests; it stands upon high ground overlooking the village, and commands an extended outlook upon the Presidential Range. All of the appurtenances with which the modern summer hotel must be equipped to meet with public favor are here; electric lights and bells, open fires and baths, together with a nearby casino with a hall 40x60 feet, a stage and dressing rooms, used by the guests for their entertainments.



WENTWORTH HALL AND COTTAGES, JACKSON, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The beautifully situated and architecturally perfect Wentworth Hall and Cottages form a group of English-American houses of entertainment, the largest and most popular at Jackson. They are presided over by mine host General M. C. Wentworth, to whose great personal magnetism and success as a landlord the hotels under his proprietorship, as well as the village of Jackson itself owe much of their popularity. The General's establishment at Jackson is unsurpassed in elegance, comfort and convenience by any of like class in the White Mountain region, and yearly receives its full quota of guests from among the elite of the land. General Wentworth is a native of Jackson to which village he was wont to repair daily for schooling; a barefoot farmers boy from some three miles up the glen. A veteran of the civil war he returned to his native village to marry the daughter of a pioneer hotelkeeper of Jackson and to begin here his long and eventful career, perhaps the most remarkable in point of success and popularity ever enjoyed by an hotel-man. He has met with unqualified favor in every quarter of the continent, and has been called to preside over summer and winter resort hotels from the St. Lawrence to California.



THE SACO RIVER AT BEMIS, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

At Bemis one enters the Crawford Glen where stands the many-gabled mansion shown above where dwelt Dr. Bemis, who retired here in his later years from a professional life in Boston to the shelter of this grand valley. The tracks of the railroad which passes through the Crawford Notch lie directly in front of the gothic mansion and here begins that wonderful journey where steam overcomes the steepest grades to be found on any standard American railroad in the assault of the tremendous gorge ahead. Here at Bemis the railroad occupies nearly the same level as the Saco, whose clear racing waters appear from time to time now hidden amid giant boulders and again running smoothly over a broad, pebbled bed. The Saco is one of the most distinctive of White Mountain streams having its source in the lake which fronts the Crawford House and racing down through the Crawford Notch, receiving in its passage the waters of many mountain streams which leap and flow in cascade down the precipitous sides of the gorge. Thus augmented, it flows a considerable stream through the Conway and Fryeburg intervals and finally, a noble river, turns the busy wheels of Saco and Biddeford before entering the Atlantic just beyond Old Orchard Beach.



#### CRYSTAL CASCADE, PINKHAM NOTCH, WHITE MOUNTAINS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Those who journey by rail through the White Mountains do not witness the glories of the Pinkham Notch which lies beyond Jackson, on the old Glen House road. It fairly lies upon the opposite side of the hills, and is readily reached by the narrow-gauge Washington and Jackson, the only line of the kind in the State. Indeed the Crystal Cascade may be said to have its origin in the stream which flows out of Tuckerman's Ravine, from where the first-born daughter of Mt. Washington, where the stream which flows out of Tuckerman's Ravine falls in a succession of plunges over a cliff of dark slate, eighty feet in height, gracefully, merrily, filling the woods with the voice of its descending waters. To reach this fall requires a divergence from the main-travelled road for a half hour's stroll up (literally up) a woodland path, among grand old trees, mossy rocks and the sights and sounds of Nature.





**GLEN ELLIS FALL, PINKHAM NOTCH, WHITE MOUNTAINS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.**

Separated by not more than a mile from the Crystal Cascade, where another divergence toward the left from the Glen-North Conway road, is indicated by a guide-board, a short, woodland stroll brings the visitor, the seeker after White Mountain beauties and novelties, to the most beautiful and impressive water-fall in the entire State of New Hampshire. The Glen Ellis falls have been ardently admired by poets and painters, and are mentioned in the "Sandy" of the same name, since the artists have attracted at all times to look upon the fall the delicious beauty which has attracted the Saxon. A rock, the height being about twenty feet, bold or pitcher, over which it pours in a solid and compressed column, seventy feet high. Grooves in the side of the cliff give a singular spiral twist to the water and deflect it slightly from a direct downward course. Below a deep, dark pool receives the white shaft of foaming water. Overhead are the rugged slopes of Mount Wild-Cat, and all around are forest arches.



FROM CARRIGAIN STATION, LOOKING UP THE NOTCH.

The little lumbering hamlet of Carrigain forms the outpost of settlement in the Notch, no habitation of man appearing between it and the Crawford House, save the houses of the railroad sectionmen. On the left, seemingly directly above the station, though in reality a deep gulf intervenes, rises the perpendicular Frankenstein cliffs. In the face of these cliffs the most tremendous problem in the construction of the railway through the Crawford Notch was met and conquered. The rails had to be pushed across from Carrigain and a pathway cut from the side of the mountain. The gorge is now spanned by a thread-like trestle of steel, five hundred feet long and ninety feet above the bottom of the gulf. During the Notch ride the great cliffs upon the left should be observed, and also the profound depth of the Saco valley sweeping away to the right, where the trees are so far below that their thickly interposed tops present the semblance to a green carpet. At all this the vigilant traveler must gaze by much craning (our language has now a more expressive word) from the car windows.



LOOKING UP THE CRAWFORD NOTCH, WHITE MOUNTAINS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

This view is looking up the Crawford Notch, from the foot of the valley, even as the following picture is from the head of the valley looking down. The two together give an idea of the extent of the Notch, but the elevations suffer, as all elevations do that are seen through the lens of the camera. Across this vast bowl are famous mountains; Crawford, with its pointed reddish peak; the Giant's Stairs, a succession of summits that seen in profile present the appearance of three gigantic steps one above the other; Mt. Willey, a very noble needle of rock, rising sharply from the forest; Mt. Webster with its huge avalanche-scarred sides and cliffs. On the right as we advance up the Notch stand like giants in array: Mt. Crawford (3,134 feet) and Mt. Webster (4,000 feet) forming one wall of the gorge, with Mt. Willey (4,300 feet) and Mt. Willard (2,570 feet) the opposite sides. The right hand wall of the gorge formed by Mts. Crawford and Webster is a long drawn out series of precipices awful to behold.



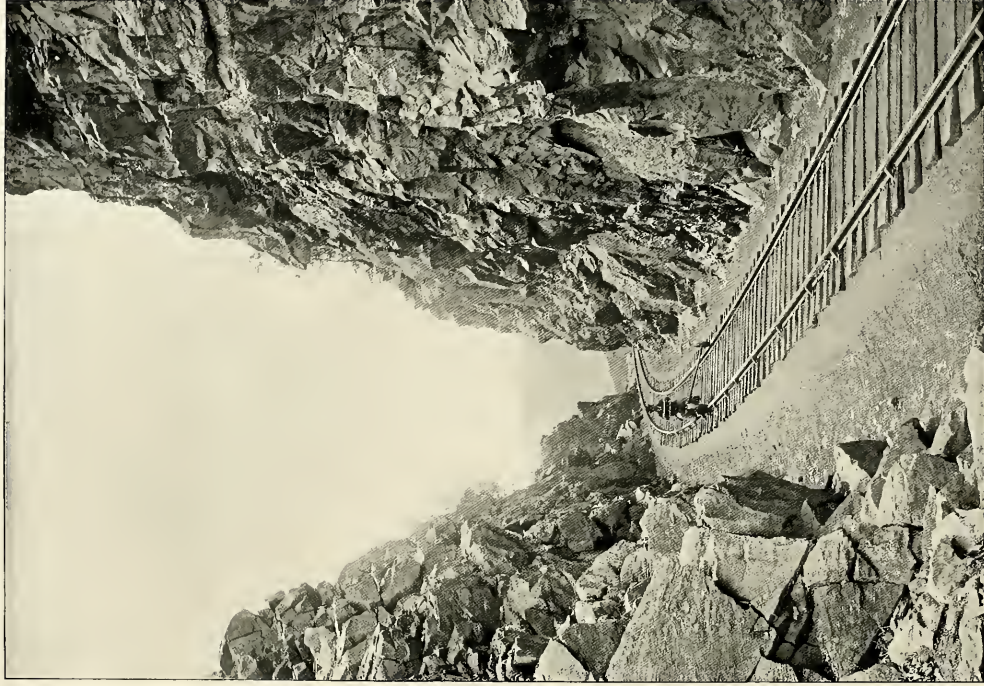
LOOKING DOWN CRAWFORD NOTCH FROM THE SUMMIT OF MT. WILLARD.

We are now transported by this view to the upper extreme of the Crawford Notch. Mt. Willard is easily conquered by pedestrians and is even reached by a carriage road from the Crawford House. One may ride to the summit, only 670 feet higher than the hotel, which is 1,900 feet above the sea, and look from the edge of its purple cliffs down into the vast concavity of the Notch, which is filled by unbroken forests curving from either side in graceful lines to the Saco River which flows along the floor of the valley. In the picture, however, the river is entirely hidden by the foliage of its bordering trees. The seam to the right is the path of the Maine Central Railroad which runs along the edge of the bowl upon the shoulder of the Mountains high above the floor of the valley. Far down in the bottom of the valley, where the first break in the forest occurs, appears the white buildings which surround the historic Willey House of tragic memory. This show piece of the White Mountains was swept from the landscape by fire during the winter of 1899. Upon the right of the picture is Mt. Willey (4,300 feet); upon the left the seamed and scarred hulwark of Mt. Webster (4,000 feet).



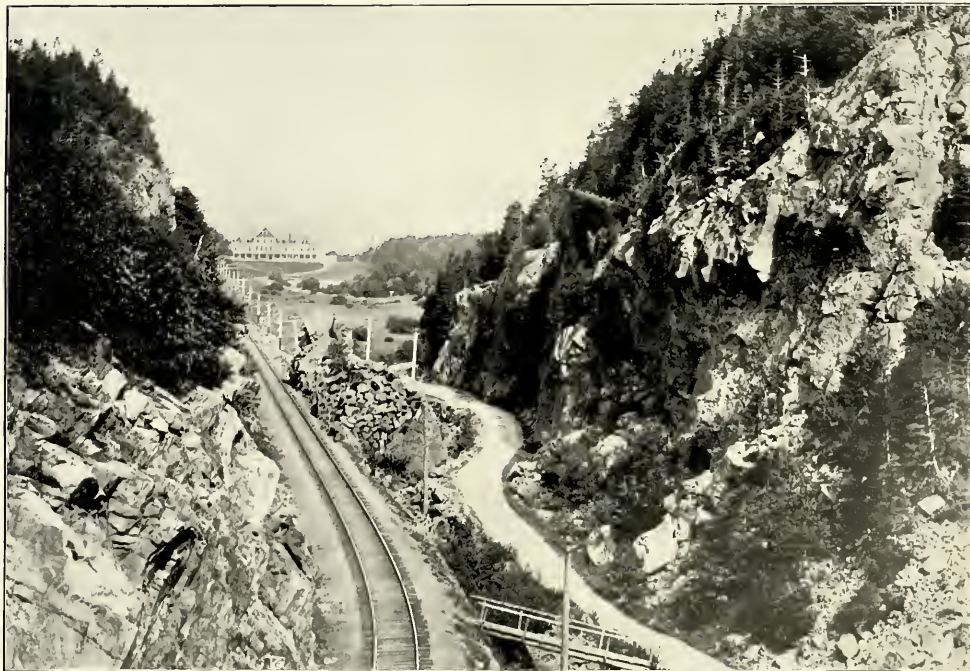
THE HEART OF THE NOTCH—WHITE MOUNTAINS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The train in the above picture has just crossed the Willey Brook bridge, which spans the awful chasm between Mounts Willey and Willard, and is steaming away toward the Crawford House, which lies just beyond the turn of Mt. Willard from whose massive side has been cleft a shelf for its passage so narrow that it has to be in part supported by masonry. The person in the picture upon the opposite page is seated directly upon the summit of the mountain which holds the train and is looking down the valley in the direction from which has come the train. Mt. Webster appears upon the right with the Silver Cascades flowing down from a cleft in its side to join forces with the Saco, which is an infant stream at this stage of its triumphal progress. At the foot of Mt. Willard lies the Dismal Pool, which is credited with being bottomless. At this point the mountains draw toward each other to form the Upper Gateway to the Notch, and the railroad trains pass with tremendous roar between high, perpendicular cliffs. The cottage upon the bridge's end is the property of the railroad and is occupied by its employees who keep constant watch and ward over the roadbed and tracks.



#### THE DEEP CUT—UPPER GATEWAY, CRAWFORD NOTCH.

This immense rock cutting was made through the solid wall of Mt. Willard, to a depth of sixty-five feet, and a length of four hundred and thirty feet. It occurs at the narrowest part of the gorge where the penetration of the mountain barrier was necessary for the passage of the trains. The rock is what is termed by geologists, Bethlehem gneiss, a composition peculiar to the White Mountain Region, which looks like, and is almost a granite. The difficulty of cutting this solid wall may be imagined. There was no loose material; indeed there is no doubt that all these mountains are solid blocks of granite. What loose surface material exists is formed by the disintegrating effects of frost and snow upon the face of the rock. The immense amount of granite taken from this deep cut was mostly used by the engineers to support by masonry the tracks as they round the giant shoulder of Mt. Willard, just below, within the gorge. The grandest effect of all this can best be caught from the carriage-road which runs through the deep cut on the opposite side of the gorge, just below the gateway. The masonry which has overcome a grade of one hundred and nineteen feet to the mile, for nine consecutive miles.



THE NATURAL NOTCH—LOOKING TOWARD THE CRAWFORD HOUSE.

Just beyond the deep cut appears the Natural Notch, which, before the advent of the railway, was fully occupied by the carriage-road and the infant Saco River, fresh from Crawford Lake in front of the Crawford House, which all will recognize as the hostelry appearing in the middle distance. Here a second and far inferior rock cutting was made for the passage of the railroad, the loose material from which was in a large degree dumped into the bed of the Saco. The picture shows the railroad upon the left; the hidden Saco crossed by a slight wooden bridge, and the carriage-road upon the right. This was the old stage-road through the Notch, commonly in use before the building of the railroad. It was upon this stage-route that the old Willey House formed the principal rest-house of the region one hundred years ago, where the sturdy Coos farmers were wont to refresh themselves on their way to Portsmouth. The site, there is little else remaining, is three miles down the valley from the Crawford House. Here late in August of the year 1826, occurred that memorable mountain tragedy wherein nine persons were caught in a tremendous avalanche of earth and rock, which descended from Mt. Willey and every soul perished.



FROM THE CARRIAGE ROAD LOOKING DOWN THE CRAWFORD NOTCH.

Here the carriage road appears as it dips down into the Crawford Notch. Upon the right appears the railroad just entering the great rock cut. Far ahead looms Mt. Webster seemingly a barrier to all further progress. The carriage road does not abruptly seek the bottom of the valley, but descends by easy grade for some distance along the side of Mt. Webster, passing en route the Flume and Silver Cascades. The latter are most widely known and memorable. Here the water descends a thousand feet in a single mile of advance, now covering the steep ledges with a delicate white lace-like veil and again forming direct and narrow falls, like marble pillars. The scene is beautiful to an extreme in seasons of rains. The walk adown the road from the Crawford House to the entrance to the Notch and farther to the Cascades, forms a favorite constitutional for many guests, and similarly happily enthusiastic tourists from passing trains never fail to exchange handkerchief greetings with those afoot. Altogether this is one of the chief converging points for White Mountain travellers and probably seventy-five per cent. of all White Mountain tourists pass, in one direction or another, through this narrow gateway.





CRAWFORD HOUSE AND LAKE, WHITE MOUNTAINS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

With one exception the Crawford House is placed at the highest altitude (1900 feet), of any White Mountain hotel. (Barring of course the Summit House.) The exception is the Profile House in the Franconias, which out-tops it seventy-four feet. Crawford's station on the Maine Central railroad and the hotel are in close touch as may be determined by the above picture. This old-time favorite hotel stands just beyond the summit of the White Mountain divide. Upon reaching it the railroad trains, which have been for nine consecutive miles before, climbing the steepest of possible grades (119 feet to the mile) struggle no longer but with relaxed effort drop down to the Fabyan House, four miles beyond and 329 feet lower. There is a popular fable which still farther illustrates the fact that the Crawford House stands upon the divide. It is said that the roof of the hotel forms the watershed of the region, water which falls upon the one side flowing to join the Connecticut River; that from the other forming the Saco, the latter river having its birth in the clear and beautifully-bordered Crawford Lake, directly in front of the hotel.



THE FABYAN HOUSE, WHITE MOUNTAINS, OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

This immense hotel, a central point for all White Mountain travel, stands upon the mountain-bordered plain of the Ammonoosuc River, six miles distant from the base of Mt. Washington, and at a notable view-point overlooking the entire Presidential Range. Trains to and from the base, connecting with the trains of the cog railway to the summit, originate and terminate at Fabyans. Open Observation Cars are the rule on these trains, the patrons of which have their objective point fully in view ere starting out; for Mt. Washington smiles upon Fabyans in a very attractive manner, nor makes attempt to hide its royal splendor. To Fabyans converges railroad travel from all sections; no other mountain point bears such a distinction in this respect, and here the great pleasant-featured hotel, although it has little of architectural beauty to recommend it, proves a general favorite with transient and permanent guests alike. The pioneer of all White Mountain hotels once occupied the Fabyans' site, when Ethan Allen Crawford, the paramount hunter and mountain guide, opened a hotel near the base of a mound called the giant's grave in the year 1803, which mound was laboriously shoveled aside by the builders of the Fabyan House.



ON THE FABYAN HOUSE GOLF COURSE.

About golf there is much that is fascinating from a player's point of view, and it also holds elements of interest to others, who are rejoiced to find we have at last a royal game which fills the long felt want to which croquet and tennis were the weak introduction. Particularly do the landlords bless the game, for at Summer Hotels it has lengthened the season by at least three weeks, so says their testimony. All of the White Mountain hotels of prominence possess the Links which are chief points of attraction to their guests. The hotels in the season of the sport, hold many noted players, while tournaments that are attended by the chief experts of the country are features of the height-of-the-season festivities. At all the prominent hotels too are maintained skilled players to teach the game, and whose services are at command of the guests. The Fabyan House, one of the White Mountain Golf Club courses, lies between the Ammonoosuc river and the carriage road to the Twin Mountain House within full view of the grand Presidential Range.



TWIN MOUNTAIN HOUSE AND NORTH TWIN MOUNTAIN.

Four miles beyond Fabyans' where the carriage-road from Fabyana and from Crawfords forks ; (one branch reaching toward Maplewood and Bethlehem and the other diverging at a right angle toward Jefferson.) Amid shaded groves and restful fields, stands the Twin Mountain House. If for no other thing the Twin is noted for having served for many years as the summer house of the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher and the great Brooklyn divine, who evinced an almost boyish love for the White Mountains, was wont to gather here of a summer Sundays an audience called from the adjacent hotels and villages whom he would address from Nature's pulpit among the leafy aisles of God's first temple. Within a short distance from the hotel all passenger trains of the Maine Central and Boston and Maine Railroads stop en route between Fabyans and the populous resorts of Bethlehem, The Profile House and Jefferson further on into the heart of the Franconias. The rides and mountain tramps in this vicinity are numerous and very attractive. Particularly too is this a relief resort for that dreaded disease hay-fever; the dry and invigorating air; the extensive and beautiful grounds free from pollen-bearing flowers and rag-weed tend to this result. It is an ideal resting place for families with children, the little ones being able to roam afield in unlimited freedom without running into danger. The combination of the Big Four hotels under one management works most advantageously for the tourist who will feel the influence of one in the entire quartette while the management is permitted to make a just and pleasing distribution of the guests.



OBSERVATORY AND FIRST TEE—TWIN MOUNTAIN HOUSE LINKS.

Also the Twin Mountain House is closely linked with its near neighbors of the Big Four combines by yet another element; golf—although it goes without saying that at one of the quartette, the Summit House, there is no course, nothing save a magnificent opportunity for a smashing drive. Here, in the shadow of the observatory which crowns the hill just in the rear of the Twin Mountain House, begins a nine hole course which for sportiness and beauty of surroundings can be compared favorably with any in the White Mountains. The links at the Crawford House, Fabyaus and the Twin Mountain House are bonded under the title of The White Mountain Golf Club, whose banner appears floating above the players in the picture. The links at the three hotels named were carefully laid out by Mr. A. H. Fenn. The holes are of a character to inspire careful conscientious play, and the rules governing each of the three courses are framed with a view to the benefit and convenience of all. An expert teacher of the game is in constant attendance.



THE PARSONS FARM—COLEBROOK, N. H.

Colebrook is but one of those quiet, restful country villages of northern New Hampshire, to which are attracted large numbers of summer guests who prefer a semi-social season to the greater demands of the White Mountain centres. That is to say a season made up a good deal of rest and health-seeking in high altitudes. The village is most pleasantly situated directly beneath the imposing front of Mt. Monadnock and is the point of departure for the remarkable Dixville Notch. This latter pass forms the western gateway to the Rangeley Lakes of Maine. The Parsons Farm is one of the latest additions to the hotels of the White Mountain Region, very pleasing to the eye with its colonial architecture, and very satisfying to every other sense. It is distant but one-half mile from the Connecticut River and but two miles from summit of Mt. Monadnock. The region about abounds with the finest of fishing waters, lakes and streams, while the drives are numerous and full of interest.



FROM CRAWFORD HOUSE VERANDA, LOOKING TOWARD THE NOTCH.

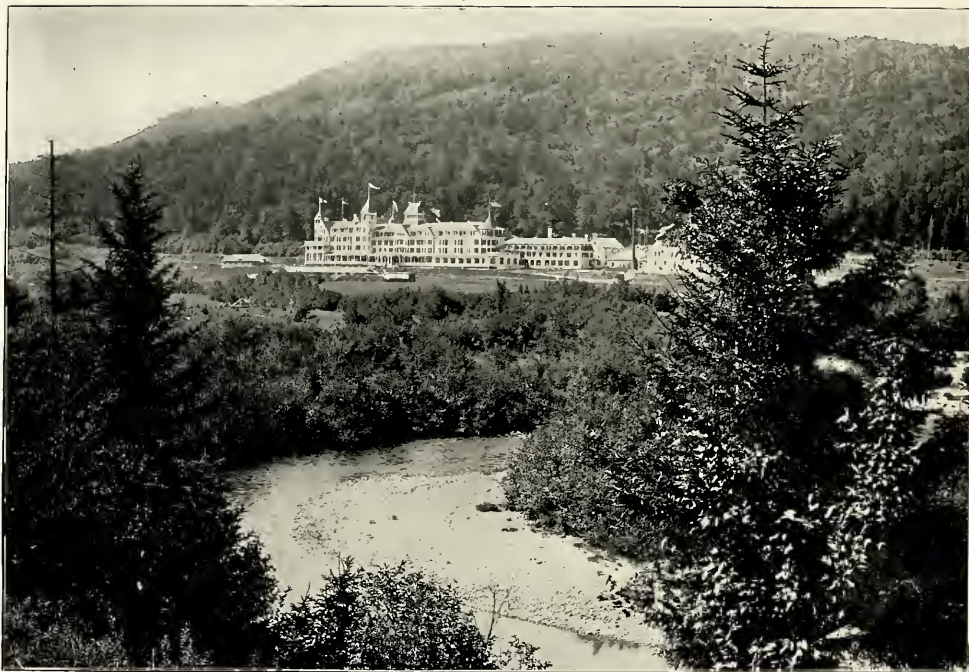
About this famous among White Mountain hotels are many points of striking beauty and interest. Elephants Head, which shows upon the left of the gate to the Notch, is a great rock, the view from whose summit amply repays a visit. The way thither is a path only ten minutes walk from the hotel. Saco Lake, in front of the hotel has been widened and deepened to admit of boating, while the rugged forest between it and the overhanging mountain has been, to use a happy illustration by a well known writer: "Brushed, combed and perfumed and otherwise adorned for summer pleasure." It bears the name of "Idlewild." Beecher's Cascades, commemorating the great Brooklyn divine are but half a mile distant, in the woods to the right across the railroad. The buildings in the foreground of the picture are respectively the railroad station, and a rustic bazar for the sale of curios. Experience has taught that the White Mountain tourist is a great lover of souvenirs. The alpinestock, rock specimens and wild flowers, are among the fancies which effect age and sex alike. The grand old bridle-path up Mt. Washington, built in 1840, leads right into the woods at the Crawford House.



MOUNTS WASHINGTON AND JEFFERSON FROM THE AMMONOOSUC RIVER.

The Ammonoosuc River is a true mountain-born stream, receiving the waters from the Lake of the Clouds, far up on the shoulder of Mt. Washington at an elevation of 5,100 feet. It is directly up the valley of this stream that the trains between Fabyans and the base station labor in their six mile course. Through leafy aisles appear grand vistas en route. The Presidential Range, so called from its individual peaks bearing the honored names of Presidents of the United States, looms high upon the left of the train in passing, with Mt. Washington its central figure. Mt. Clay (5,553 feet), adjoins Mt. Washington and north of Clay is Mt. Jefferson (5,714 feet) with two neighboring peaks and long spurs extending far toward the west. One of these spurs is called the Castellated Ridge. Its precipitous rock-piles, crested with turret-like ledges have the appearance of crumbling rock towers, and appear from a semi-distance like venerable ruins of a feudal age. Seen from the far distance, however, their exalted highnesses seem calm, smooth and serene save where the avalanches have scarred their sides.





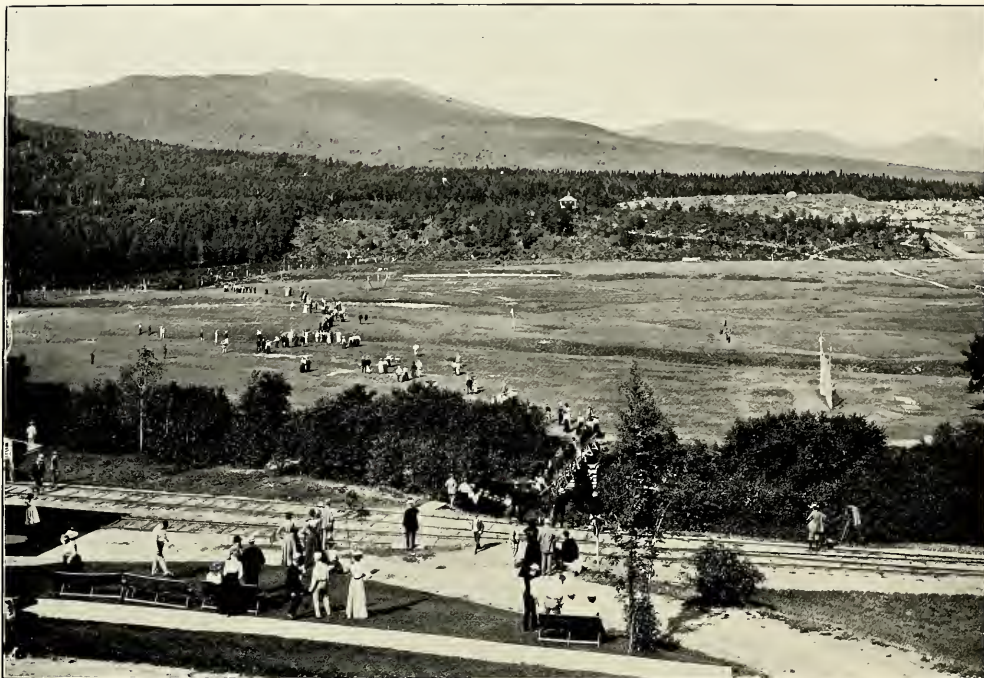
THE MOUNT PLEASANT HOUSE—WHITE MOUNTAINS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Cottage life among the White Mountains is not so popular as it is at the sea-shore resorts of Northern New England. There are villas at North Conway, Intervale, Jefferson and kindred mountain villages, but for the most part the summer throng to the White Mountains sojourn at the hotels. A potent reason for this is, no doubt, the extreme excellence, comfort and refinement thereof. A notable example of all this is found in the Mt. Pleasant House, which occupies an advantageous site on the plain of the Ammonoosuc River, about equidistant between Crawford's and Fabyans though off to the right, fronting the Presidential Range. Nothing intervenes to mar the view between the hotel verandas and the towering range, which is so near that ascending and descending trains of the cog railway are distinctly visible. The Mt. Pleasant House occupies an elevation of its own sufficiently high above the bed of the Ammonoosuc and backed by the forest-clad wall of Mt. Echo. Seen from Fabyans or from the railroad trains which ply between Fabyans and the base of Mt. Washington it is one of the most inviting appearing hotels of the entire region.



GOLF AT THE MT. PLEASANT HOUSE, WHITE MOUNTAINS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The light and the life of a White Mountain summer is nowhere better exemplified than at the Mt. Pleasant. Society is here at its gayest and brightest; the numerous guests seek not so much seclusion and rest as outdoor life and exhilarating sports. The verandas are wide and spacious, with a total length of four hundred and fifty feet making a long and pleasant promenade entirely under cover. The colonnade at the south end of the building is two stories in height, semi-circular in plan, with an area of 7,450 square feet. It overlooks the group of lawn tennis courts, the bowling alleys and incidentally, we might say, the golf course, only that no gallery would remain so far from the scene of active operations during a golfing tourney. When such a notable event takes place as the visit of a noted golfer (see Taylor's interested audience above) then do the guests follow every movement, trailing, like a summer-attired nebula in the wake of the star. The great game of golf, on the testimony of that unimpeachable authority, the landlord, has lengthened the Mountain season by at least three weeks. It has also filled a long-felt want and furnished a never-waning interest to the guests.



GOLF AT THE MT. PLEASANT HOUSE, WHITE MOUNTAINS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

There are many golfing courses among the White Mountains, each hotel of pretensions deeming it necessary to maintain its links. Each will, with good reason, boast of its own superiority, but none we venture to say, can excel the course at the Mt. Pleasant House with its magnificent setting among the mountains and within close touch with the grand, hospitable hotel. The links shown above, where champion Vardon is playing the first hole, he having driven from the tee in front of the hotel shown on the preceding page, consist of a nine hole course of 2,200 yards; very sporty and with fine level putting greens. The turf is delightful and one will marvel on being told that previous to the golfing interest, which is of not so great an age, this Ammonoosuc Valley was a waste of rocks, briars, yea, even worse, unpicturesque stumps, all of which have been carefully removed. Several of the tees are on elevations, like that in the centre-distance where is the summer-house. The first drive is from the hotel across the river, the green being reached by crossing the foot bridge which here appears crowded by the gallery intent on following the players.



DAM AND STREAM AT THE BASE OF MT. WASHINGTON, WHITE MOUNTAINS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The landscape about the base of Mt. Washington is rough to an extreme. Giant boulders are here mingled with tree trunks and stumps in riotous confusion. Through these obstructions the waters from the overflow of the Lake of the Clouds, near the summit of the premier of the range, find their way to form one of the most picturesque of mountain streams, the Ammonoosuc, whose fretted waters flow tumultuously down through rocky gorges until they emerge into the quiet plain which holds the Mt. Pleasant House. Between this point and the Fabyan House, their course is less troubled but just beyond the Fabyan they begin again their wild descent which is continued until the Ammonoosuc is merged into the Connecticut. Amid dense forests and beside such scenes as the above the ordinary trains from Fabyans advance until the Base station is reached, where is a station-house, a platform and waiting locomotives and cars to which all must change to continue the ascent by cog-railway to the summit. There are generally three of these peculiar trains which follow one another in the ascent and descent. Each locomotive is attached to one car in the rear and pushes its quota of the happy throng to the summit. In the descent it occupies the same position and retards by the use of steam the velocity with which the car would otherwise drop down.



JACOB'S LADDER ON MT. WASHINGTON RAILWAY.

From the base station the quaint little train starts immediately upward through a wide aisle cut through the forest and over a grade of one foot in three. Surmounting the spurs and foothills which wrinkle the base, the foliage and vegetation soon becomes scanty and finally ceases to obscure the view which includes vast areas, dizzy heights and deep gulfs. Jacob's Ladder is a long and massive wooden trestle over which the train steams slowly for it is set at the most formidable grade of the entire ascent; 1980 feet to the mile. At times the train is thirty feet above the rocks. Marvelous prospects open upon either hand, and as the train stops to afford time for its patrons to gaze into the immensity of the Gulf of Mexico or the mysterious depths of the Great Gulf, there are few who can do so unawed by the exhibition of infinite power there displayed. Now the air becomes colder and colder, and, if one has left August in the valley he finds October on the peak. The vegetation too has ceased, all save dull mosses and a hardy little Alpine flower peculiar to high altitudes. All else is gray, frost-riven rock.



MOUNT ADAMS AND MOUNT MADISON FROM THE MT. WASHINGTON CARRIAGE-ROAD.

Mount Adams adjoins Mt. Washington on the further or Androscoggin side of the Presidential Range. In altitude it is but five hundred feet lower than Mt. Washington; while as to symmetry of shape over all the group it bears the palm. Its peak resembles a clear-cut pyramid rising freely from a rocky ridge, and flanked by minor masses of rock. Its height, its form, its seclusion and its astounding views render it a great favorite with all mountaineers. Mt. Madison lies next beyond Adams and is the giant warder of the Androscoggin Valley. Madison is 5,365 feet high, to Adams 5,794 feet. The two, as shown above, are very graceful and symmetrical mountains; Adams with its pyramidal dome, and Madison with its narrow ridge-crest of weather-beaten rock all above the timber-belt in the zone of perpetual cold. From their summits long flanking ridges descend into the valley.



#### APPROACH TO THE SUMMIT HOUSE—THE LIZZIE BOURNE MONUMENT.

The last mile of track from the Gulf Tank, a water station on the Mt. Washington Railway, to the summit rises but eight hundred feet, the steepest part of the ascent having been accomplished. The roadbed now makes a sweeping curve and shortly after passing the Lizzie Bourne Monument (a land-mark which all desire to see) reaches a level line on the summit of Mt. Washington and steams beside a platform which lies before the doors of the Summit House. The ascent has occupied one and one-half hours and the train has come three miles to overcome an altitude of one and one-half miles. Inasmuch as the grades, 116 feet to the mile, surmounted by the standard railroad are the highest which can be operated to advantage by the ordinary methods; it will be seen what extraordinary measures are necessary to surmount grades of nearly two thousand feet to the mile. This is the pioneer of all mountain-climbing railways; those in other parts of the world being copies of its methods.



LAKE OF THE CLOUDS—NEAR THE SUMMIT OF MT. WASHINGTON.

The Lakes of the Clouds, for they are two, which are fed by springs from one side of Mt Washington and whose waters are collected in a natural bowl high up near the summit of the giant peak, at an altitude of 5,053 feet, are weird and most interesting, for one does not expect to find water remaining passive at such an altitude. Only the overflow, however, escapes to form the Ammonoosuc River. Silent, hermit lakes they are, secluded and not often visited by the casual tourist to the summit who journeys by rail from base to crown; yet from the signal station on the summit, where one of the best all-round views may be obtained, one may look down upon the Lakes of the Clouds in all their hidden solemnity. These are lakes in which no foliage is ever mirrored, which no water-fowl ever seeks. Bordered only by rock fragments, the result of the labors of frost and intense cold, which for ages have rough-hewn the surface of these granite hills, they are the full opposite of that beautiful form of water, which in the valleys below we term a lake. They are by far the highest natural reservoirs of water in New England.





PRESIDENTIAL RANGE—FROM MT. WASHINGTON.

The view-line from Mt. Washington has a circumference of nearly one thousand miles, embracing points in five states, and in the Dominion of Canada. Looking down across the lower peaks of the Presidential Range, toward the Crawford Notch, the attendant peaks on Washington stand like giants in array, guarding the approach to the premier of the range. Mt. Monroe, 5,384 feet in altitude; Mt. Franklin 4,904 feet; Mt. Pleasant (in Maine) 2,018 feet; Mt. Webster, 4,000 feet, the latter forming the giant wall of the Crawford Notch, upon the right hand side of the valley as one approaches the Crawford House. There are higher peaks, many of them, in the Blue Ridge and Great Smoky mountains of the Carolinas, but none have enjoyed, or deserve so wide a popularity, are so beautiful in outline or coloring, or are so accessible to all, as those monarchs of New England cloud-land.



ABOVE THE CLOUDS—MT. WASHINGTON, N. H.

If there be one pageant more impressive than another, when viewed from these heights, it is the by no means rare moments when the Artist of the Clouds is shifting and changing their movements round the peaks, or tumbling the great folds forward and backward. Then the massive walls of mist are rolled over the chasms on the sides of Mt. Washington, and are tumbled against Mts. Adams and Madison, as if in solemn frolic with their peers. Meanwhile the mists are welcoming the first beams of the morning sun, which gives to them royal sky tints. Mt. Washington's summit is a great field for cloud-play. No matter how great may be the promise of a cloudless day, the scuds of clouds soon begin to play around it, or some heavy mist will be caught by it and retained, to hang like a coronet upon the mountain's brow. Then begin those wonderful transformation scenes, so edifying to those above, so obscuring and consequently disappointing to those in the valley below.



WINTER — SUMMIT OF MT. WASHINGTON.

Crawford, the hunter and pioneer of the White Mountains, erected the first habitation on the summit, a stone cabin built in the year 1821. In the year 1840 the first horse climbed up over the bridle path from Crawford's, hewn out of the wilderness by the powerful arm of him of that ilk. The original Summit House dated from 1852. This was removed in 1884 to give place to the present more commodious structure. The winter of 1870-71 was first passed by man on the summit; since that time until recent years the government has maintained a signal station of the weather bureau there. Thrilling indeed was the experience of these servants of the government, but they have given us valuable records of the velocity of the wind and the intensity of the cold on this exposed summit, over which the uninterrupted airs of the heavens sweep. Above appears the old Tip-top House, now a relic of the past hospitality of the peak, and the more modern observatory rising like a huge chimney on the left.



OLD TIP-TOP HOUSE, WITH FROST FEATHERS.

The peculiar penchant possessed by the summit of Mt. Washington for catching and retarding the cloud-mists of the upper airs, leads to the formation of a singular and beautiful phenomenon termed frost feathers. These mists gather and are congealed by the cold, covering every exposed object with a fleecy, frosty formation, singular to witness. Thrust a stake below the surface rock and let it stand upright; immediately the feather will commence to form, be added to as the mists continue, until upon that side from whence the wind is blowing the feather will grow to a hand's breadth and move straight out, and in formation very like a row of feathers. September guests to the summit usually witness a scene like the above where the old Tip-top House and its surroundings are covered with frost alone.



THE WAUMBEEK AND COTTAGES, AT JEFFERSON, IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

Since the far away days when the nature-loving poet, Starr King, sang to the world his songs of White Mountain beauty and grandeur, Jefferson has been favored by a large and constantly growing army of summer-resorters, until it now is fixed in the minds of wealthy classes everywhere as an ideal location for the summer months. From the scenic point of view the almost universal comment is that Jefferson is just sufficiently distant from the towering giants of the Presidential range to frame their grandeur with adequate breadth, and to soften the ruggedness of a nearer view with a foreground of varied charm. Located on the southern slope of the Pliny range, with velvety meadow land sweeping away below, the resort spot in Jefferson is twelve miles distant from Mt. Washington and the rest of the heroic gaud, with nothing intervening to divide or destroy the picture, while to the south and west, Cherry Mountain, the Franconias, and the Green Mountains of Vermont in the distance, complete a view, which for comprehensive and untiring beauty cannot be duplicated, in the opinion of hundreds of world travellers. And this prodigality of nature has been systematically and intelligently developed by interests which in the continued enlargement and improvement of The-Waumbek-and-Cottages have yearly invited increasing numbers to the place. This improving work has covered a period of ten years, and while much has been done, the plan of betterment stretches out into the future, promising changes as great for the coming decade as those which have transformed the place since it became the summer connection for the great winter resort hotels under the same management at Lakewood, New Jersey. The Waumbek-and-Cottages now includes the Waumbek, a modern resort hotel, with accommodations for 350 guests, with every comfort and luxury which experience can suggest. Waumbek Hall and Starr King Cottage are chamber hotels accommodating 150, with service at the Waumbek, beside which there are six family cottages in connection with the main house. The Jefferson, with quarters for one hundred or more, is a thoroughly comfortable family hotel with less elaborate service, which is yet as rigidly held up to the highest possible mark. These various houses are connected with the main hotel by telephone and carriage service, as are also a number of summer cottages which, year after year, have grown in number on locations near the hotel. The Waumbek stables are superior in equipment and service, and for guests bringing their private stables, the best of provision is made. The Waumbek Golf Club, an independent organization, is not, as might be supposed from its title, under any control of the hotel, but is affiliated with the United States Golf Association, with association privileges. The club has its own cozy club house, with a well-known professional in charge, and has the most perfect 18-hole golf course in New England. The summer tournaments of the Club are notable events which draw golfers from all parts of the country, while the daily informal play on the links was more general last year than ever before. The Waumbek-and-Cottages opens for the summer season in June, and remains open until October. It is under the management of David B. Plumer, and A. J. Murphy is the assistant manager. Until June 1, all correspondence should be addressed to the Laurel House, Lakewood, New Jersey.



THE PRESIDENTIAL RANGE, FROM JEFFERSON HIGHLANDS, N. H.

Jefferson Hill, the village, lies high up on the slope of Mt. Starr King, at the edge of mountain forests, and looking down upon the fair Jefferson meadows. Outspread before it, across and following up the valley of Israel's River, is an immense landscape of mountains, bold and picturesque to the last degree. Many authorities have attested that this is altogether the best point from which to obtain satisfying views of the White Mountains. It is the real Presidential Range that is spread before the vision at Jefferson, not marked by foot-hills and long spurs, but steep, abrupt, precipitous with distinct and individual peaks, separated by deep and abyssmal ravines. Mount Starr King, (named in honor of the celebrated divine whose glowing descriptions introduced Jefferson to the tourist world way back in the fifties,) is a peak of the Pilot Range, 3,800 feet high, rising over the village of Jefferson. There are several hotels at Jefferson and among them one, the Waumbek, ranks with any in the region in point of size, situation or elegance of appointments.



CHERRY MOUNTAIN—FROM THE WAUMBEK HOUSE.

Rising from the plain between Israel's River and the Ammonoosuc is the long, forest-covered and avalanche-scarred ridge of Cherry Mountain. Its altitude is 3,670 feet. The seam on its side, so plainly showing from Jefferson, is the path of the Stanley slide which occurred on July 10th, 1885. On that day an avalanche of earth, rocks, and trees descended the Owl's-Head Peak of Cherry Mountain, devastating a tract two miles long, wrecking the house of Oscar Stanley which stood at its base, killing his cattle and mortally wounding one of the farm hands. The vast scar of this slide is an object of great curiosity to Jefferson visitors, many of whom delight to explore it. Not since that night of storm and terror late in August, 1826, when the solid clouds broke like water-spouts against the hills, and hurled vast areas of field and forests into the glens below, that night which witnessed the annihilation of the Willey family in the Crawford Notch, has there occurred such an upheaval of nature as this slide-scar commemorates. The event was heralded far and wide, for anything of this nature touching the White Mountains is of great human interest.



FROM THE DARBY FIELD COTTAGE, EAST SIDE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

Darby Field was a valiant Irishman who in the year 1632, only twelve years after the landing at Plymouth, penetrated the wilderness from Portsmouth, guided by two Indians, and, after many day's march gained the summit of Mt. Washington. From this adventure he returned so filled with delightful accounts of his experiences that others of the colonists were stimulated to the journey. This is not unlike the visitors of to-day who travel on "Flying axle; hot with speed." They are the best advertisers of the region with their tales of Mountain splendors and summer comforts. Darby Field, the pioneer, has been done in verse. The poet sings of the Saco River :

"There in wild and virgin freshness its waters foam and flow  
As when Darby Field first saw them, two hundred years ago."





ON THE STAGE ROAD BETWEEN JACKSON AND MT. WASHINGTON.

One may readily see by examination of the views on this and its vis-a-vis page that the camera was focused upon the same noble picture from near-by points on the old stage road. There is the same sky-line with the vast terraces of the Giant's Stairs on the main range. These are visible also during the railroad ride through the Crawford Notch. Their altitude is 3,500 feet. The ride upward from Jackson along the ascending grades of the Pinkham Notch is beautiful to a degree; the mountain road is altogether exciting. It is such a ride as one may only elsewhere enjoy amid the Rockies and the staves, horses and experienced drivers form a complete establishment. Ten miles from Jackson brings one to the site of the Glen House, unhappily destroyed by fire prior to the opening for the season of 1894. From the Glen site to the summit of Mount Washington is a distance of eight and one-half miles. The carriage road rivals the railroad route in interest and both should be enjoyed as it is easily possible to do so.



THE SUMMIT HOUSE.—MT. WASHINGTON.

No White Mountain tour is complete without a visit to the summit of Mt. Washington, — crown of New England, 6,293 feet high, or more than one and one-half miles above sea level. Its Summit House receives a host of visitors, estimated at ten thousand each short season. It is a long, plain three-storied structure of wood, solidly bound down to the ledges, and adequate to the accommodation of 150 guests. Two steam heated and electrically lighted stories are for sleeping rooms. It is always cold on the summit, even in August; the highest temperature on record is but 72°, and the ordinary summer ranges from 40° to 60°. Guests on retiring are furnished candles of the good old fashioned non-explosive variety. The lower story contains parlors, a large dining room, the offices with telegraph and postal auxiliaries, and in the center a great, generously filled coal stove, which usually draws within its influence most of the visitors to the summit, for the space for roaming about is limited. The novelty of the situation and the views are the chief objects sought here by tourists. The lowest temperature ever recorded on the summit is forty-nine degrees below zero. The highest velocity of the wind ever measured is one hundred and eighty-six miles per hour.



MOUNT AGASSIZ—FROM BETHLEHEM.

Bethlehem Village, or Bethlehem Street, as it is more often called — obviously enough, for as Helen Hunt characterizes it, is: "Only a little village street laying along the mountain side," has an altitude of 1,450 feet above the sea, and is undeniably the coolest retreat in New Hampshire, off the Mountain tops. Mt. Agassiz, though it can boast of but 2,042 feet altitude, is one of the pleasantest of mountains, presenting but little difficulty to the Bethlehem alpestrians and rewarding them at the nearby summit, by a panoramic view of countless shadowy mountains and deep-cut glens. Bethlehem is without doubt the greatest retreat for hay-fever sufferers in all America. It has many large and fashionable hotels thronging its mile-long street, and is the first and most favored of all Franconia resorts.



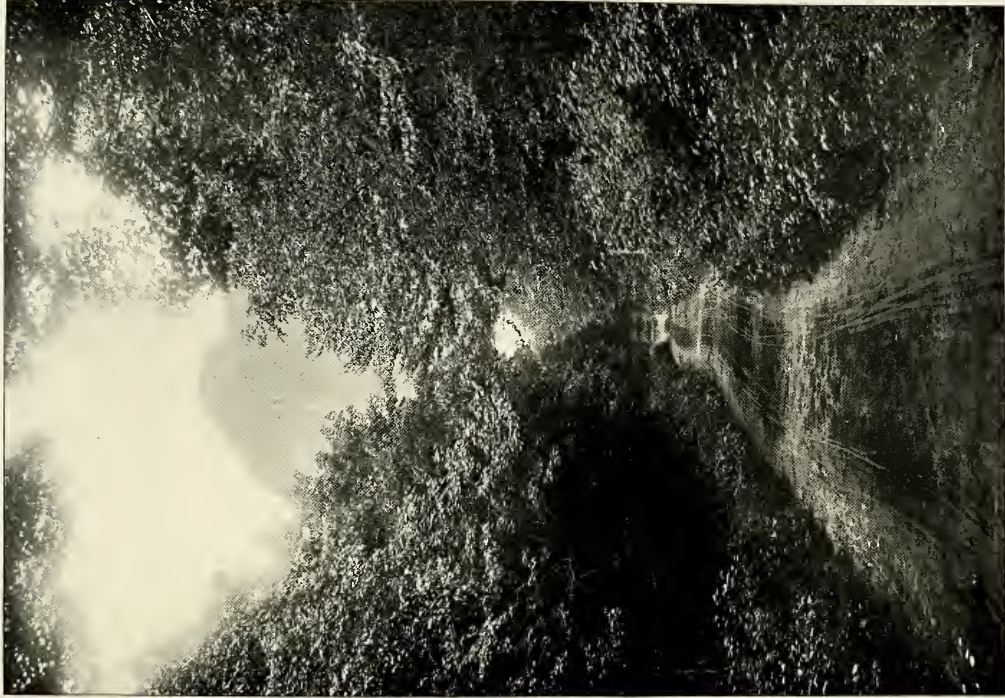
#### HAY MAKING—A MAUD MULLER OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

When we consider the great love for and familiarity with the State of New Hampshire held by the poet Whittier, it is easy to believe that his, perhaps, best known verses were inspired by some such scene as the above. "Maud Muller, on a summer's day raked the meadow sweet with hay." The Bethlehem of today is one of the brightest and busiest of northern New Hampshire villages, but it was not always thus. Where now many of his mountain wanderings and writings, the later fifties, deplores the lack of suitable houses of entertainment. At that time, and indeed until a much later period, Gorham, on the opposite site of the Presidential Range, was the point of approach for nearly all the White Mountain tourist travel. That was the day of the Grand Hotel, Fabyans, and up the Pemigewasset Valley to Plymouth has changed all this and rendered the entire region most accessible to the ever increasing throng of pleasure seekers.



FRANCONIA MOUNTAINS FROM THE BETHLEHEM CARRIAGE ROAD.

The Franconia Mountains are less imposing than their neighbors, the White Mountains, but on the whole more beautiful. The peaks are not so broken or so bold and terrible as those of the Presidential Range, being more compact, more in reach of the eye, more heavily wooded. They touch a different note in one's being. The Franconia Range rises from the Penikese wilderness and its Notch extends practically from the Profile House to the Flume House, five miles. Railroads approach it closely on the north and south both, none venture through the narrow gorge, which is occupied by the Penikese River alone and the Flume road; the stage route between those two great natural phenomena, the Profile and the Flume, is at its southern extreme. The Profile may be called the head of the Notch and the mountains recede and arc lower as one approaches the Flume. Views of all the Franconia attractions follow.



#### EAGLE CLIFFS FROM THE CARRIAGE ROAD.

The Eagle Cliffs rise immediately in front of the Profile House to a height of fifteen hundred feet above the road. It derives its name from former occupants, "Arabs of the air," who for years maintained their eyrie far up on the face of the cliffs. Nowhere, except in some great ravine of the Mt. Washington range, which cost much toil to reach, is there such an exhibition of precipitous rock to be found. How gracefully it is festooned with its climbing birches, maples, spruces, and vines. When one approaches from the Bethlehem side, these wild manifestations of Nature are impressive to the most obtuse mind. Even the untutored Indian felt so in such a presence and drew back in fear. It is as if a country road had been run through forest glades with glimpses of Mounts Liberty, Lincoln and Lafayette, one is impressed with the familiarity of the everlasting hills.



TURNER'S PATH TO MT. AGASSIZ, FROM BETHLEHEM.

Thoreau says: "The tops of mountains are among the unfinished parts of the globe, whither it is a slight inanity to climb, and they have been the theatre of their first and their last conquests. Only daring and insolent men, perchance, go there. Simple races, as savages, do not climb mountains; their tops are sacred, and mysterious tracts never visited by them." Nevertheless many do so climb from Bethlehem to the nearby summit of Mt. Agassiz, approaching the base through this delightful wood road, where, no doubt, they feel with Wordsworth that:

"One impulse from a vernal wood  
May teach you more of man,  
Of his deep relative, and God,  
Than all the sages saw!"

or with Emerson that: "In the woods is perpetual youth. In the woods we return to reason and faith."



CASCADE IN THE FLUME — FRANCONIA NOTCH.

"How wild the spot is! which shall we admire most, — the place of the little torrent that rushes beneath our feet; or the regularity and smoothness of the frowning walls of the flume from which it goes foaming out into the sunshine; or the splendor of the dripping emerald mosses that line them; or the trees that overhang their edges? Was ever such an amount of water put to more various and romantic use, in being poured down a few hundred feet for calmer and more prosaic service in the river below? We go up, stepping from rock to rock, now walking along a little plank, now mounting by some rude steps here and there crossing from side to side of the ravine by primitive little bridges, while the spray breaks upon us from the dashing and roaring stream. One should visit the Flume several times and then not in a large company. To two or three choice spirits and at the morning hour the place will open itself as it will not to a crowd." Thus Starr King.



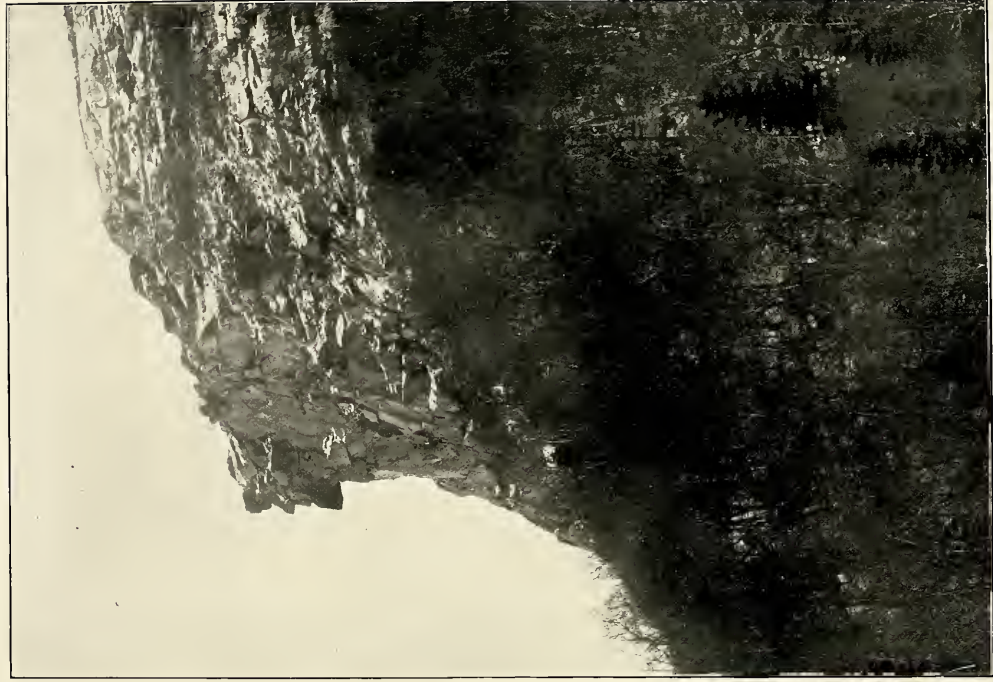


ON THE BETHLEHEM—FRANCONIA NOTCH CARRIAGE ROAD.

Bethlehem is about as far from Mt. Washington as is North Conway but on the other side of the Presidential Range. No village save perhaps Jefferson commands so grand a panoramic view. Jefferson being nearer may be said to hold the palm, but from Bethlehem one obtains fascinating views, both of the solid pyramid of Mount Lafayette, and of the steep slopes crowned by the dome of Mt. Washington, whose cascades feed the Connecticut. The drives about Bethlehem commanding as they do within short distances, both the Franconia and White Mountain Notches and the meadows of the Connecticut, are both varied and delightful.

The tasselled maize, full grain or clover,  
Far o'er the level meadow grows,  
And through it, like a wayward rover,  
The noble river gently flows.

Majestic elms, with trunks unshaken  
By all the storms an age can bring,  
Tall sprays whose rest the zephyrs waken,  
Yet lithesome with the juice of spring.



#### THE PROFILE—FRANCONIA NOTCH.

The marvel of this countenance, outlined so distinctly against the sky at an elevation of nearly fifteen hundred feet above the road, is greatly increased by the fact that it is composed of the masses of rock which are not in perpendicular line with each other. On the brow of the mountain, the further from the Profile, which helmet that covers the face, or directly underneath the profile, on the further shore of the Profile Lake, there is no intimation of any human features in the scenery to see it, but when seen, and it requires no stretch of the imagination to do so, from the most lovely, most satisfying of natural phenomena. If its inclosing walls were less slender than the strata has been lovely, travellers would still be as strongly attracted to the spot, this Profile, other than the sphinx, that was pushed out from the strata of New England ages ago.



HEAD OF THE FRANCONIA NOTCH—ECHO LAKE AND PROFILE HOUSE.

This is easily the most beautiful and secluded glen of the whole White Mountain Region. In the foreground lies Echo Lake in its verdant forest-setting. Upon the right shore of this lake, where the boat-house roofs are to be seen, runs the Bethlehem—Profile carriage-road leading up to the Profile House, whose immense establishment occupies the entire distance. To the left of the lake runs the railway,—a narrow-gauge affair from Bethlehem Junction which transports passengers almost directly to the doors of the famous hostelry. On the left, beyond the slope which forms the shore of Echo Lake, rises the bold precipices of the Eagle Cliffs, directly fronting the Profile House. Mt. Cannon towers above the hotel upon the right and farther down the valley Mt. LaFayette (5,259 feet,) the highest and most beautiful of the Franconias, bars the approach to the Notch. Within this limited area lies many natural objects of great interest, including Echo Lake, the Profile and the Eagle Cliffs.



ECHO LAKE—FRANCONIA NOTCH.

Starr King says that "Franconia is more fortunate in its little tarn that is rimmed by the undisturbed wilderness, and watched by the grizzled peak of Lafayette, than in the old Stone Face from which it has gained so much celebrity." It is toward evening that visitors are usually drawn to the lake to sail upon it, and to hear the echos from which it derives its name. Its echos and its colorings comprise Echo Lake's chief charms. The climbing trees and the shadow of its steep shores make a large section of its borders dim with dusky green. Farther out it is colored by the sky-hues with which it clothes itself. It is glad in the colors of sunrise, and pensive as the flames of sunset cool in the west.

"Our spirits followed every cloud  
That o'er it and within it floated;  
Our joy in all the scene was loud  
Yet one thing silently we noted:"

That, though the glorious summer hue  
That steeped the heavens could scarce be brighter,  
The blue below was still more blue,  
The very light was lighter.



THE FLUME, FRANCONIA NOTCH.

The Flume is the chief attraction at the lower end of the Franconia Notch even as the Profile is of the upper, narrower and more compact terminus. It is a deep and narrow canon which has been worn by a mountain stream, through the coarse granite ledges near the base of Mount Flume. The canon is a trench full seven hundred feet long and from ten to twenty feet wide, between parallel perpendicular cliffs fully sixty feet in height. At the bottom a merry little brook dashes down amid the rocky fragments, skirted and often crossed by an easy plank walk. Wedged between the narrowing walls of the upper part of the chasm a great boulder hung suspended for centuries between the rim and floor. This mighty rock was swept away by a tremendous avalanche in June, 1883, caused by rains on the summits above, rushing down through the flume. This famous locality is less than a mile from the Flume House, a carriage-road leads almost to its entrance.



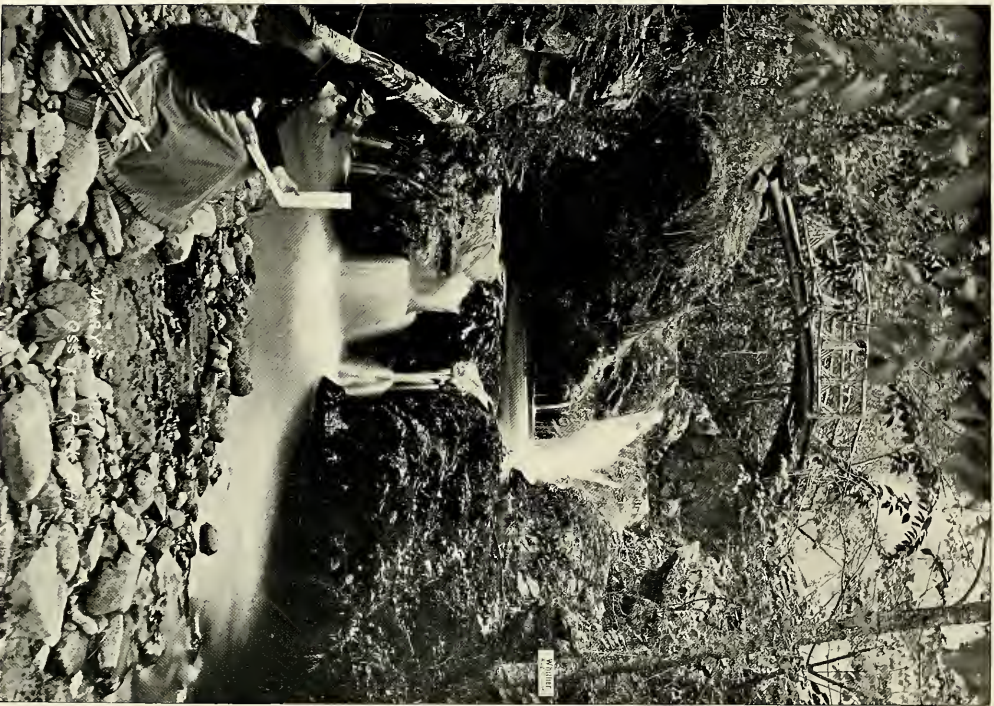
THE PROFILE LAKE—FRANCONIA NOTCH.

From the front entrance of the Profile House to the Profile Lake is but a matter of a three minute walk through a woodland road. The objective point in this walk is of course in the mind of the tourist, who approaches it with much the same feeling with which one for the first time approaches the falls of Niagara. Not, however, until one emerges suddenly from the wood and stands upon the shore of the Profile Lake does that grand object, the Profile itself become revealed to the eye. The lake is a picturesque tree-bordered mountain tarn, smooth, dark and deep. Upon its surface there is much boating by guests of the hotel. Often song and merry laughter are wafted aloft to the cliff, where, silent in his majesty, the "Old Man of the Mountain" looks abroad as he has done since the upheaval of nature which formed the phenomenon.



THE PROFILE HOUSE AND COTTAGES—FRANCONIA NOTCH.

Mt. Cannon rises directly over the Profile House to a height of 1,876 feet, or 3,850 feet above the sea. It is ascended by a path two miles long, leading also to the Cannon Rock which surmounts the top and gives to the mountain its name. This is a granite ledge which looks like a heavy gun when seen from below. In front of the house, rising through the tree-tops, appears the railroad station; its own railroad station, for the great hotel with its cottages and establishment is all that there is in the way of settlement at this ideal spot. Such are the attractions of this locality that they hold as if by a magic spell the same tourists and an increasing clientele season after season. The dry air, the beauty of the foliage, the majesty of the cliffs exert their charm. Nowhere can one be located more thoroughly in touch with nature than here. The hotel is one of the largest and most complete hostelries in the whole mountain region.



THE MARY ARCH, OSSISPEE PARK, N. H.

This was one of the favorite retreats of the "Quaker Poet," Whittier. Here beside the pool, under a leaning lady fern, near Mary's Arch, where he could muse undisturbed upon a waterfall, he wrote many of his most lovely poems. "The Osprey" rises above Lake Winnepesaukee. High up on the mountain is a lofty plateau he calls the Ossipee. "On a Hill" depicts the rocky shore of the lake. "The Osprey" is a noble poem. "The Osprey" is a noble poem. "The Osprey" is a noble poem. From the Park one obtains the most satisfying view of island-fermed Lake Winnepesaukee, whose Indian name is said to mean "the smile of God." This overlook proved a lasting source of rest and inspiration to the gentle poet-laureate of New Hampshire, and the scene is commemorated in at least four of Whittier's poems, "The Lakeside," "Summer by the Lakeside," "A Summer Pilgrimage," and "A Legend of the Lake."





