

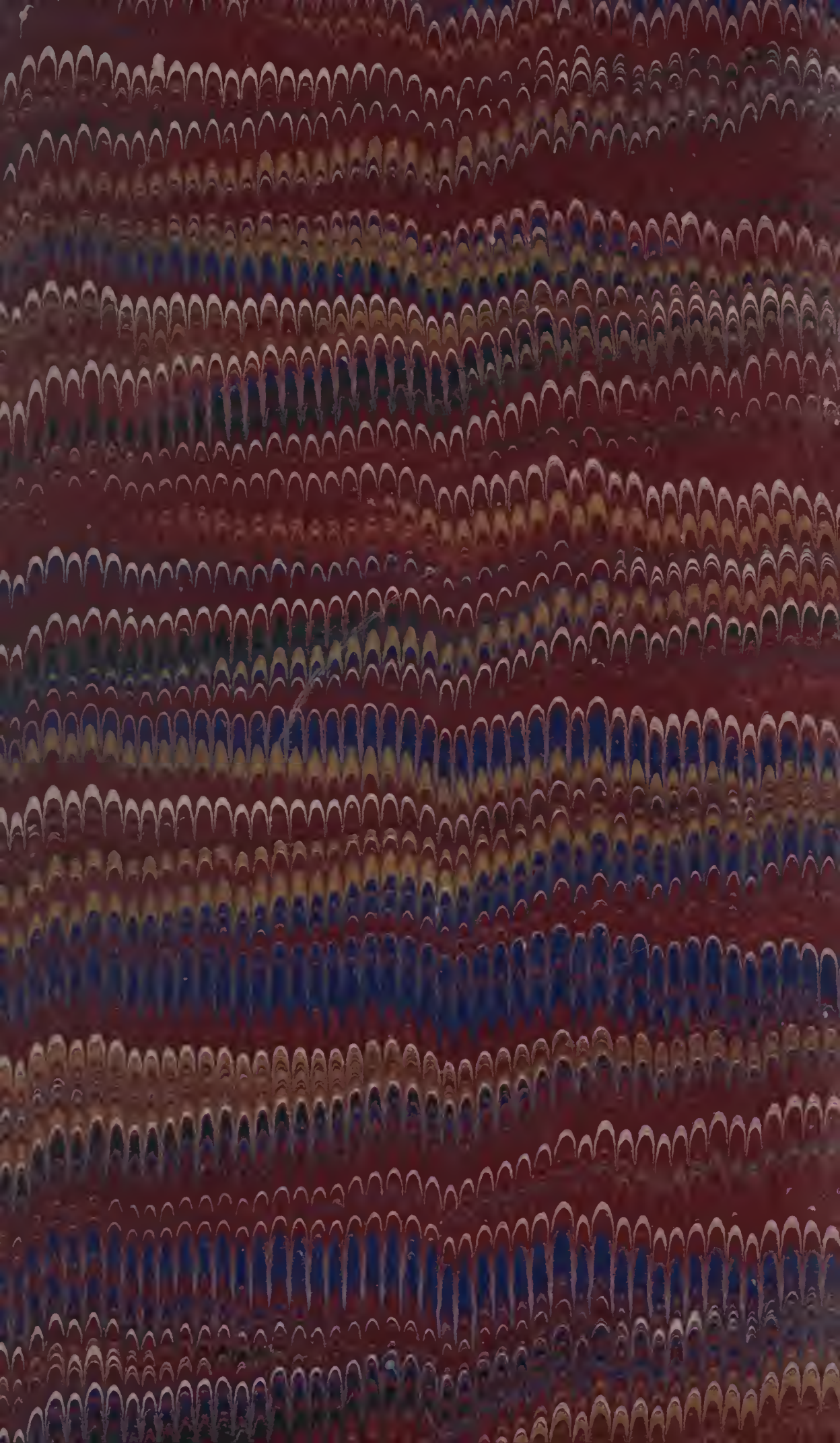


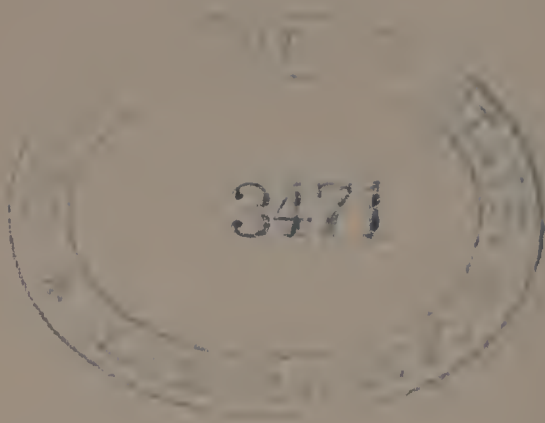
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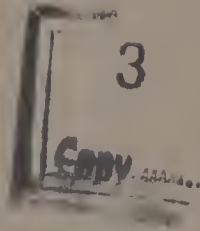
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SNOW'S HAND BOOK

OF

NORTHERN

PLEASURE

TRAVEL.

WHITE AND FRANCONIA

MOUNTAINS,

Montreal and Quebec,

The St. Lawrence & Saguenay Rivers,

PRICE FIFTY CENTS.

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Fa 560

WINDSOR HOTEL,

MONTREAL,

R. H. SOUTHGATE, Manager. JAMES WORTHINGTON, Proprietor.



THE WINDSOR HOTEL, which has recently been completed, is one of the most thoroughly appointed and perfectly equipped hotels in the world. Every modern improvement and invention which tends to the comfort and convenience of the traveller has been adopted in its construction and furnishing.

The house is most admirably arranged both for pleasure seekers and business men. The rooms are all large, well ventilated and lighted, and are furnished in the most modern and expensive style. Rooms with baths can be had singly or *en suite*; special arrangements have been made for the accommodation of wedding parties, the bridal chambers and parlors being unexcelled for luxury and beauty.

The elevator runs at all hours of the day and night.

The location of the Hotel is the finest that could have been chosen; standing, as it does, on high ground near the mountain, makes it especially desirable as a permanent residence for the summer, as during the warmest weather it will be found cool and pleasant.

Great care is taken at all times to have the table supplied with every luxury. The most experienced and skilful assistants have been engaged for every department, and travellers can rest assured of finding the bill of fare unexcelled and the attention the best. Every precaution is taken to guard against fire; water mains with hose attached are on every floor, and trained watchmen walk through the house at all hours of the day and night. Everything that will tend to the safety, comfort and pleasure of guests will be found at this hotel. Parties making a lengthened stay will find low rates. Special rates to excursion parties.

Rates as low as at any first class Hotel.

R. H. SOUTHGATE, Manager.

JAMES WORTHINGTON, Proprietor.

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A DELIGHTFUL SUMMER RESORT Among the Green Mountains.

Health, Comfort and Pleasure.



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(The Half-Way House between New York and the White Mountains.)
Situated on the Line of Travel between

New York and the White and Franconia Mountains,
Montreal and Quebec,

Making the most desirable and favorable point to stop on the Route.
The drives are excellent in the midst of the most charming of river,
mountain, valley and lake scenery, offering unrivalled inducements for
tourists and summer boarders.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Leave New York.	Arrive Brattleboro,	Leave Brattleboro,	Arrive White Mountains,
8.05 A. M.	3.00 P. M.	10.40 A. M.	6.00 P. M.
11.00 "	5.45 "	3.00 P. M.	8.15 "
3.00 P. M.	10.00 "		
Leave Brattleboro,	Arrive New York,	Leave White Mountains,	Arrive Brattleboro,
4.20 A. M.	12.05 P. M.		
8.30 "	4.22 "	9.30 A. M.	4.00 P. M.
4.00 P. M.	11.00 "		

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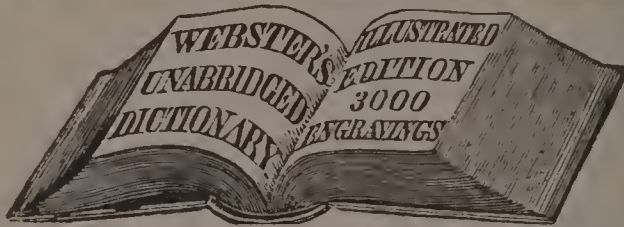
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3471

SNOW'S HAND-BOOK.

"

NORTHERN PLEASURE TRAVEL.

The White and Franconia Mountains; The Northern Lakes and Rivers; Montreal and Quebec; The St. Lawrence, and Saguenay Rivers; How to reach them by Pleasant Routes via the Merrimac and Connecticut Valleys, and Connecting Lines of Travel.

A summer journey to the fields and hills
Proves the best antidote to human ills.
Each well-girt hour bringeth renewed content,
Six plenteous days are worth six weeks of lent.
Free, joyous life, by dashing mountain streams,
Works greater blessing than transcendent dreams —
The simple purity of country airs
Quenches more hatred than pretentious prayers.
There's peace in songs the mountain cascades sing,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

BOSTON:
NOYES, SNOW & COMPANY.
1878.



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P R E F A C E .

The unexpected patronage received and the constant demand for a cheap Hand Book for the use of thousands who visit the mountains each year, in search of health and pleasure, enables the publishers to re-issue this Guide Book as a reliable companion for those who wisely spend their season of recreation among the hills and by the lakes and streams of New Hampshire and Vermont, or extend their trip into the Canadas.

Hoping we have found the happy medium between simple directions and tabular statements, and the more elaborate works, we gratefully acknowledge the aid derived from finely written works by others, and give our book into the hands of travellers and tourists who have so generally endorsed previous editions.

THE AUTHOR.

BOSTON, June 1st, 1878.

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- CHAPTER I. SUMMER TRAVEL, ROUTES, ETC.
- CHAPTER II. ON THE WAY.
- CHAPTER III. LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE.
- CHAPTER IV. NORTHWARD FROM THE LAKE.
- CHAPTER V. FRANCONIA RANGE.
- CHAPTER VI. WHITE MOUNTAIN RANGE.
- CHAPTER VII. FROM MOUNT WASHINGTON OR THE CRAWFORD
HOUSE TO NORTH CONWAY OR GLEN HOUSE.
- CHAPTER VIII. NORTH CONWAY AND SURROUNDINGS.
- CHAPTER IX. AROUND GORHAM.
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- CHAPTER XII. NORTHWARD TO CANADAS. MONTREAL.
- CHAPTER XIII. QUEBEC.
- CHAPTER XIV. WELLS RIVER TO MONTPELIER AND WESTWARD.
- CHAPTER XV. SARATOGA TO MOUNTAINS.
- CHAPTER XVI. NIAGARA FALLS TO MOUNTAINS.

LIST OF HOTELS AND SUMMER BOARDING HOUSES

*On the Line of the Boston, Concord, Montreal and White Mountains Railroad,
Giving Location and Number each House will Accommodate.*

<p>Groveton Junction, N. H. Melcher House, John Melcher, *30 Lafayette House, P. L. Stark, 20</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Guildhall, Vt. ESSEX HOTEL, W. H. Hartshorn, 50 Near the Station, pleasantly located, abounds in beautiful drives, excellent fishing and boating. Livery connected with the House. Terms reasonable—\$7 to \$10 per week. A. M. Wilder, 15 John Eames, 20</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Lunenburg, Vt. (One mile from South Lancaster, by stage) W. C. Dodge, 8 Chandler House, 25 Levi Barnard, 10 S. T. Hale, 10</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Brunswick, Vt. (Two miles from North Stratford.) Spring House, 40</p> <p style="text-align: center;">North Stratford, N. H. (12 miles from Groveton Junc. by G. T. Ry.) Percy House, 75 Willard House, E. H. Folsom, 125 Union House, H. B. Hinman, 50</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Colebrook, N. H. (Fourteen miles from No. Stratford by stage.) Parsons House, E. F. Bailey, 150 Monadnock House, T. G. Rowen, 100 H. Bedell, 15 Davis Graham, 15 Eben Noyes, 10 Daniel Cummings, 15 G. A. Gleason, 6 C. F. Stacy, 10 J. C. Marshall, 10 E. D. Lambard, 10 E. G. Rogers, 6 W. H. Mulekin, 10 Mrs. Marshall, 6</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Lancaster, N. H. LANCASTER HOUSE, L.H. Cole, 150 Guests conveyed to and from Depot free. Excellent livery, numerous drives, beautiful location. Day Express stops here for supper. American House, F. Richardson, 75 B. F. Hunking, 10 Williams House, 40 Hillside Cottage, W. L. Rowell, 40 Cummings Spaulding, 10 Edward Spaulding, 10</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dalton, N. H. Sumner House, 75</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Lunenburg Heights. J. G. Bowker, 4</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Jefferson, N. H. (Seven miles from Lancaster. Stages connect with all trains on B., C., M. & White Mt. R.R.) WAUMBEEK HOUSE, J. R. Crocker, 250 Appointments first-class. Telegraph, Express and Post Offices connected with the House, Daily papers. Billiard and Bowling Rooms. Excellent livery. Extensive additions have been made since last season. The views of mountain scenery from the veranda are unsurpassed.</p> <p>PLAISTED HOUSE, B.H. Plaisted, 100 Located near the Waumbek House, lighted with gas, Rooms large, light and airy. Bath rooms and Bowling alley. Arrangements for heating rooms. Tables supplied with fresh vegetables, butter, milk and berries. Livery connected. Rates, \$7 to 12 per week.</p> <p>STARR KING HOUSE, C. K. Gile, 75 Opposite Waumbek House. Nearly new, supplied with warm and cold baths. Rooms are large and pleasant. Tables supplied with the best in the market. Croquet lawns, Bowling alley, Livery. Rates, \$7 to \$12 per week.</p> <p>JEFFERSON HILL HOUSE, E. E. Bedell & Co., 75 Pleasantly located, new House, new furniture, large play grounds, croquet lawns. From the veranda complete views can be enjoyed of the entire White Mountain Range together</p>
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* Figures at right denote the number of guests which can be accommodated.

with the Jefferson Intervales. Table supplied with all the luxuries of the season. Rates reasonable.

MAPLE HOUSE, Mrs. M. H. Bowles, 60

New House, erected since the close of last season, Furniture all new, heated with furnace, rooms in suites for families or single Bath rooms, fine and shady croquet lawns. Horses and carriages, also careful and attentive drivers to convey people to all points of interest among the Mountains. Fresh vegetables, butter, milk and berries supplied from a farm connected with the House. The management, in all its details, is under the personal supervision of Mrs. Bowles, and every effort will be made for the comfort and pleasure of the guests. Rates, \$7 to \$12 per week. Guests giving notice by mail or telegraph will be met at Lancaster, N. H., with private conveyance.

Waumbek Cottage, 50
 Sunnyside House, T. J. Bedell, 25
 Moses and Geo. Woodard, 25
 Levi Starbird, 20

COLD SPRING HOUSE,
 W. H. Crawford, 15

Farm House: located about one mile beyond the Waumbek; comfortable, quiet and pleasant. Numerous walks and drives. Good location for fishing. Prices very reasonable.

HIGHLAND HOUSE,
 G. A. & J. L. Pottle, 38

Located four miles from the Waumbek, eleven miles from Lancaster, N. H., in the midst of some of the grandest of Mountain Scenery. Excellent fishing, pleasant walks and drives. Post office in the house. Horses and carriages furnished to convey guests to all points of interest at reasonable prices. Rates, \$6 to \$10 per week.

E. A. CRAWFORD, 40

Five miles from the Waumbek, twelve miles from Lancaster, N. H. The scenery from this point is grand and picturesque. Numerous drives, excellent fishing, pleasant walks through the forests and the farm connected with the House. Horses and carriages. Rates very reasonable.

Mount Adams House, W. Crawshaw, 50

Whitefield, N. H.

MOUNTAIN VIEW HOUSE,
 Wm. F. Dodge, 60

Located in full view of White and Franconia Ranges. Beautiful drives, walks and croquet lawns. Tables supplied with the best in the market. Good livery. Guests will be met at the station by giving previous notice by mail. Rates \$7 to \$12 per week.

CHERRY MOUNTAIN HOUSE,
 J. S. Fiske, 40

Located near Mountain View House. Good livery, pleasant drives, walks and croquet lawns. Special pains taken to secure the best the market affords, for the table. Guests giving previous notice will be met at station. Rates \$7 to \$12 per week.

Carleton House, Charles P. Carleton, 60
 Mossy Brook House, Ira M. Aldrich, 60
 Kidder House, Charles Aldrich, 15
 Ira A. Mussey, 6

Mt. Washington, N. H.

MOUNT WASHINGTON SUMMIT HOUSE, Mrs. J. W. Dodge, 200

White Mountains.

FABYAN HOUSE, W. H. Stevens, 500
 MT. PLEASANT HOUSE,
 J. T. G. Leavitt, 150
 CRAWFORD HOUSE,

A. T. & O. F. Barron, 400

TWIN MOUNTAIN HOUSE,
 A. T. & O. F. Barron, 300

WHITE MOUNTAIN HOUSE, 150
 Tran't rates, 2.50 pr. day. R. D. Rounsevel,

Franconia Notch,

White Mts.

PROFILE HOUSE,
 Taft & Greenleaf, 600

FLUME HOUSE, Taft & Greenleaf, 150

Littleton, N. H.

THAYER'S HOTEL, H. L. Thayer, 100
 Passengers on evening trains for Profile House lodge here. Profile House stages start from this house. Prices reasonable and deservedly popular with the travelling public.

Union House, Wm. A. Richardson, 40
 OAK HILL HOUSE, G. Farr & Co. 70

Located on a high elevation, commanding beautiful views of the White and Franconia Mountains. Entire exemption from hay fever and rose cold. Livery, laundry and boating connected with the House. Free coach to and from the depot. Transient rates, \$2 per day; \$7 to \$12 per week.

John Merrill, 20
 Jefferson Hosmer, 20
 Miss Mattie Eastman, 20
 A. R. Burton, 20

Lisbon, N. H.

Dearborn House, James Glynn, 25
 Meadow House, M. Bowles, 15

- Bluff House, A. H. Elliott, 12
 Elm House, E. W. Bartlett, 20
LISBON HOUSE, F. J. Aldrich, 60
 Centrally located. Guests conveyed to and from depot free. Excellent livery. People conveyed to all points in the Mountains at reasonable rates. Transient rates, \$2 per day; \$7 to \$10 per week.
- Sugar Hill House, Hiram Noyes, 25
- Franconia, N. H.**
- (Five miles from Littleton, on the line of the Bethlehem and Profile House stage route.)
- CHARLES EDSON, 30**
 Located at the entrance of the village. Profile House stages pass the door. Open through the year. Post office connected with the House, also an excellent livery. Numerous drives and walks. Table supplied with the products of the farm. Rates, \$7 to \$10 per week.
- VALLEY HOUSE, Horace Knight, 30**
 Located opposite the junction of the Bethlehem and Littleton Stage Roads to the Profile House, 7 miles from Littleton, 5 miles from Profile House. Good livery connected. Pure running water, excellent drainage. Rates, \$7 to \$10 per week.
- Wm. H. Brooks, 15
- LAFAYETTE HOUSE,**
 Richardson & Bishop, 50
 Located 7 miles from Littleton 5 from Profile House. Littleton and Bethlehem stages to the Profile House pass the door. Extensive improvements have been made, and all possible arrangements completed for the comfort and pleasure of the guests. Livery connected with the House. The walks and drives are unexcelled. Trout fishing a few rods from the house. Rates, \$7 to 10 per week.
- D. K. Priest, 16
- FRANCONIA HOUSE, H. W. Priest, 40**
 Eight miles from Littleton and Bethlehem, 3 miles from Profile House. Stages pass the door. The attractions of this House abound in Mountain Scenery, pleasure walks and drives, trout fishing, livery, croquet lawns, perfect drainage, the purest of spring water, and its excellent management. Rates, \$7 to \$10 per week.
- GOODNOW HOUSE,**
 E. H. Goodnow, 100
 Commanding location, overlooking the entire ranges of the White and Franconia Mountains. Directly in the rear is a large grove interspersed with numerous walks. A large farm under the same proprietorship supplies daily fresh vegetables, butter, milk and berries. Livery, croquet lawns, &c. House and furniture nearly new. Daily mails. Seven miles from Littleton and 5 miles from Profile House; 1 mile from stage road. Stages leave passengers at the door. Rates, \$7 to \$12 per week. This House, first opened to the public in 1876, has been filled with boarders from the best of society, and with its liberal and courteous management has established an excellent reputation.
- RIVERSIDE HOUSE,**
 Herbert Young, 50
 Seven miles from Littleton, 5 miles from Profile House. New House, new furniture, pleasantly located, surrounded with ample grounds for walks, croquet lawns, &c. Perfect drainage. Trout fishing within a few rods. Horses and carriages, with experienced drivers, furnished to convey guests to all points of interest. Families will find this a very desirable and agreeable summer home. Rates, \$7 to \$10 per week.
- Jason Coma, 25
 Daniel Quimby, 20
 Levi J. Wells, 20
- Bethlehem, N. H.**
- SINCLAIR HOUSE, Durgin & Fox, 350**
MAPLEWOOD HOTEL, 500
MOUNT AGASSIZ HOUSE,
 Horatio Nye, 65
 Centrally and pleasantly located. Good livery. Telegraph, post and express offices near the House. Profile House stages pass the door. The management is experienced, liberal and obliging. Transient rates, \$2 per day; \$7 to \$12 per week.
- Prospect House, Geo. W. Phillips, 100
- STRAWBERRY HILL HOUSE,**
 James K. Barrett, 75
 The location and management of this House cannot be excelled.
- HILLSIDE HOME, D. F. Davis, 40**
 Located near the Sinclair House. Is very popular with summer visitors, and gives general satisfaction. Rates, \$7 to \$10 per week.
- Wm. G. Simpson, 35
 James N. Turner, 50
 Bethlehem House, Charles Russell, 35
 Bellevue House, David S. Phillips, 60
 Avenue House, J. C. Kelley & Son, 60
 Sewell F. Winch, 35
 Mrs. Joseph Plummer, 28
- ALPINE HOUSE, C. H. Clark, 35**
 New House, new furniture. Opened last season. Was liberally patronized, and very highly recommended by the guests.
- RANLETT HOTEL, D. W. Ranlett, 40**
 Rates reasonable.

Ammonoosuc House, C. L. Bartlett,	35	George P. French,	10
Simeon H. Thayer,	25	T. G. Stevens,	8
Thomas J. Spooner,	20	O. W. Stevens,	12
Wilson Bean,	18	Josiah Quincy,	10
H. W. WILDER,	25	J. L. Emerton,	4
Nearly new. Large croquet lawns, &c. The liberal management, together with the tastily arranged grounds and architectural design of the House meets with great favor, and it is one of the first sought for by the large number of applicants at this summer resort. Rates, \$7 to \$12 per week.		Reuben Robie,	8
Myron Bailey,	14	Mrs. Harry Chapman,	4
C. B. Young,	10		
L. Woodman,	10		
Cyrus Bunker,	30		
		Plymouth, N. H.	
East Bethlehem, N. H.		PEMIGEWASSET HOUSE,	
Vina Goodell,	40	C. M. Morse,	300
		Plymouth House, Buchanan & Willis,	60
Woodsville, N. H.		W. G. Hull,	30
MT. GARDNER HOUSE (new),	40	Eben K. Smith,	10
PARKER HOUSE,	30	Blair's Summer Boarding House,	
		J. C. Blair,	60
Haverhill, N. H.		H. S. Chase,	20
Smith's Hotel, Charles G. Smith,	30	State Normal School,	50
Mrs. Allen Bailey,	20		
Perley Ayer,	10	North Woodstock, N. H.	
Burrage Clifford,	10	(Twenty miles from Plymouth by Stage.)	
A. Whitney,	6	Curtis L. Parker,	20
F. P. Currier,	12	E. A. Sawyer,	10
J. V. Webster,	5	S. S. Sharon,	16
E. L. Page,	6	James Darling,	10
Grove S. Stevens,	4	C. H. Russell,	20
James A Currier,	10	G. F. RUSSELL,	25
N. H. Batchelder,	10	Profile House Stages on the Pemigewasset	
Albert Hood,	10	6 Valley road pass the door. Post and express	
J. L. Bell,	10	12 office in the House. Location is quiet, with	
James Woodward,	10	5 delightful walks and drives. The table is	
A. O. Messer,	4	6 supplied from the farm connected with the	
David Quimby,	4	4 house. Rates \$6 to \$10 per week.	
G. L. Wilson,	6	William Dearborn,	12
		J. W. E. Tuttle,	15
Warren, N. H.			
Moosilauke House,	40	Waterville, N. H.	
Nathan Merrill,	30	(Nineteen miles from Plymouth by stage.)	
BREEZY POINT HOUSE,	50	MERRILL GREELEY,	50
Rates, \$7 to \$10 per week.			
Rumney, N. H.		West Thornton, N. H.	
A. D. Spalter,	40	(Twelve miles from Plymouth by stage.)	
C. C. Smart,	12	Grafton House,	25
Charles Pease,	10		
Mrs. J. L. Spalding,	10	Thornton, N. H.	
J. H. Pease,	6	(Nine miles from Plymouth, by stage.)	
		William Merrill,	30
		George Foss,	25
		George Jenkins,	10
		Campton Village, N. H.	
		(Eight miles from Plymouth by stage.)	
		OSMOND C. FOSS,	60
		Rates, \$7 to \$10 per week.	

Tilton.		J. H. Drew,	8
Dexter House, T. D. Foss,	50	G. W. Hodgdon,	8
Ira Moony,	12	J. C. Marsh,	6
		Mrs. E. Holbrook,	4
Belmont.		J. Blake,	30
(Six miles from Tilton.)		Alfred Prescott,	8
J. Badger,	12	Orrin Folsom,	6
A. Wall,	12	Mary P. Horn,	6
		L. Mudgett,	4
Gilmanton.		Canterbury.	
(Ten miles from Tilton.)		William Currier,	12
Cyrus Varney,	10	T. K. Mason,	12
John C. Baker,	12	Charles M. Hancock,	45
R. J. Varney,	20		



THAYER'S HOTEL, Littleton, N. H.

This house, so long and favorably known, continues to be very largely patronized by White Mountain visitors. Many prefer to rest here for the night after the fatigue of tedious railway travel; others locate here and *do* the Mountains from this point.

Excellent livery in connection with the house.

Rooms may be secured by early application.

H. L. THAYER, Proprietor.

DISTANCES

VIA BOSTON, CONCORD AND MONTREAL RAILROAD.

To	From Concord. Miles.	From Boston Miles.
Northfield, N. H.,	13	87
Laconia, N. H.,	27	101
Tilton, N. H.,	18	92
Lake Village, N. H.,	27	181
Weirs—Lake Winnepesaukee Sta ion,	34	108
Centre Harbor—10 miles by boat,	44	118
Wolfeboro'—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
Rumney, N. H.,	59	133
West Rumney, N. H.,	62	136
Wentworth, N. H.,	67	141
Warren, N. H.,	70	144
Haverhill, N. H.,	85	156
Woodsville, N. H.,	93	167
Wells River, Vermont (junction with Passumpsic and Mont- pelier Railways),	93½	167½
Bath, N. H.,	98	172
Lisbon, N. H.,	104	178
Littleton—11 miles staging from this point to the Profile House,	113	187
Wing Road (diverges from Main line)	119	193
Bethlehem (on Wing Railroad),	125	199
Twin Mountain House Station,	129	203
Fabyan House Station,	134	207
Crawford House Station,	139	212
Base Mount Washington,	139	212
Summit Mount Washington,	141	215
Whitefield, N. H.,	125	199
Dalton, N. H.,	129	203
Laneaster, N. H.,	135	209
Northumberland, N. H. (junction with G. T. Railway),	145	219
North Stratford, N. H. (on Grand Trunk line)	158	232
Sherbrooke, P. Q. (on G. T. junction with Passumpsic)	219	293
Richmond, P. Q. (on G. T., junction with Quebec div.),	244	318
Montreal,	320	394
Quebec, via Northumberland,	340	414
Montpelier, Vt. (via Wells River and new line to Mont- pelier),	132	206
Waterbury, Vt. (via Wells River, stage to Stowe, Vt.),	140	214
Newport, Vt. (via Passumpsic R. R. from Wells River),	158	232
Lake Memphremagog,	158	232
Essex Junction, Vt.,	162	236
Burlington, Vt.,	168	242
St. Johnsbury (on Passumpsic R. R. R.),	112½	187½

HOTEL TABLET.

Place.	Name.	Prop'r. or Manager.
Andover, N. H.,	Proctor House,	J. S. Thompson.
Ashland, N. H.,	Squam Lake House,	J. M. Cotton.
Boston, Mass.,	American House,	Lewis Rice & Son,
Burlington, Vt.,	Van Ness House,	D. C. Barber & Co.
Caldwell, N. Y.,	Ft. William Henry Hotel,	T. Roesslle & Son.
Centre Harbor, N. H.,	Senter House,	J. L. Huntress.
"	Moulton House,	S. F. Emery.
Chicago, Ill.,	The Grand Pacific Hotel,	J. B. Drake & Co.
Cincinnati, O.,	Grand Hotel,	Gilmour & Sons.
Colebrook, N. H.,	Parsons House,	E. F. Bailey.
Conecord, N. H.,	Phenix Hotel,	W. S. Baker.
"	Eagle Hotel,	John A. White,
Cacouna, P. Q.,	St. Lawrence Hall,	James Creighton.
Glens Falls, N. Y.,	Rockwell House,	Rockwell Brothers.
Island Pond, Vt.,	Island Pond House,	D. Stone.
Lake Village, N. H.,	Mt. Belknap House,	L. B. Brown.
Laconia, N. H.,	Laconia House,	D. B. Story.
Meredith Village, N. H.,	Elm House,	G. M. Burleigh.
Montreal, P. Q.,	The Windsor,	R. H. Southgate.
Madison, Wis.,	The Vilas House,	P. B. Parsons & Co.
Montpelier, Vt.,	Pavilion Hotel,	T. O. Bailey.
Newbury, Vt.,	Spring Hotel,	A. S. Fabyan.
Newport, Vt.,	Memphremagog House,	Buek & Robinson,
North Stratford, N. H.,	Willard House,	E. H. Folsom.
Omaha, Neb.,	Grand Central Hotel,	Geo. Thrall,
Quebec, P. Q.,	St. Louis Hotel,	Willis Russell.
"	Russell House,	Willis Russell,
Rochester, N. H.,	Dodge's Hotel,	J. T. Dodge.
Saratoga Springs, N. Y.,	United States Hotel,	Thompkins, Perry, Gage & Janvrin.
South Vernon, Vt.,	South Vernon House,	D. L. Priest.
St. Albans, Vt.,	Weldon House,	T. Lavender.
St. Johnsbury, Vt.,	St. Johnsbury House,	George B. Walker.
"	Avenue House,	— — — Howe.
Ticonderoga, N. Y.,	Roger's Rock Hotel,	T. J. Treadway.
Toronto, Ont.,	Rossin House,	M. H. Irish.
"	Queen's Hotel,	McGaw & Winnett.
Washington, D. C.,	The Arlington,	T. Roesslle & Son.
Worcester, Mass.,	Bay State House,	Pond & Shepard.
Woodsville, N. H.,	Parker House,	E. G. Parker.
"	Mount Gardner House,	— — —
Wolfeborough, N. H.,	Pavilion Hotel,	I. N. Andrews.
"	Glenden Hotel,	J. L. Peavey.
White River Junction, Vt.,	Junction House,	A. T. & O. F. Barron.

WHITE MOUNTAIN HOTELS.

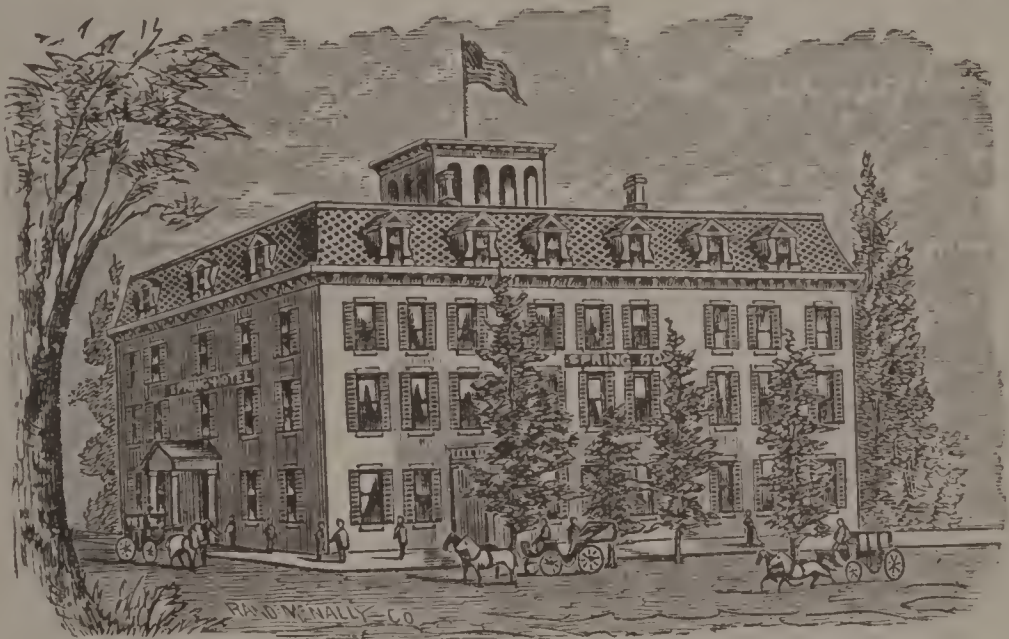
Bethlehem, N. H.,	Sinelair House,	Durgin & Fox.
"	Maplewood Hotel,	S. Newman.
"	Mt. Agasiz House,	H. Nye.
Carroll, N. H.,	Fabyan House,	W. H. Stevens.
"	White Mountain House,	R. D. Rounsvell.
"	Twin Mountain House,	A. T. & O. F. Barron.
"	Crawford House,	" "
"	Mt. Pleasant House,	J. T. G. Leavitt.

Place.	Name.	Proprietor or Manager.
Conway, N. H.,	Conway House,	L. H. Eastman,
"	Pequaket House,	D. E. Pendexter,
Franconia Notch, N. H.,	Profile House,	Taft & Greenleaf.
"	Flume House,	" "
Jefferson, N. H.,	Waumbek House,	J. R. Crocker.
"	Plaisted House,	B. F. Plaisted.
"	Star King Mt. House,	C. K. Gile.
"	Mt. Adams House,	_____.
Lancaster, N. H.,	Lancaster House,	L. H. Cole.
Littleton, N. H.,	Oak Hill House,	Geo. Farr & Co.
"	Union House,	W. A. Richardson.
Mt. Washington Summit,	Mt. Washington House,	Mrs. J. W. Dodge.
North Conway, N. H.,	Kiarsarge House,	S. W. & S. D. Thompson.
"	Randall House,	J. T. Randall.
"	Intervale House,	Stephen Mudgett & Sons.
"	McMilan House,	John McMillan.
"	Eastman House,	A. Eastman.
"	Mason Hotel,	F. H. Mason.
Plymouth, N. H.,	Pemigewasset House,	C. M. Morse.
West Ossipee, N. H.,	Bear Camp House,	J. L. Plummer,
Warren, N. H.,	Moosilauk House,	_____.
West Thornton, N. H.,	Grafton House,	J. E. Pattee.
Gorham, N. H.,	Glen House	W. & C. R. Milliken.
"	Alpine House,	" "

SPRING HOTEL.

A. L. FABYAN, Proprietor.

NEWBURY, VERMONT.



This elegant Hotel located in the midst of the most charming of
RIVER, MOUNTAIN, VALLEY AND LAKE SCENERY,
 and furnishing excellent drives, offers unrivalled inducements for Tourists
 and Summer Boarders. In the immediate vicinity of the House are the
CELEBRATED SPRINGS OF NEWBURY.

For description, send for Circular. A first-class Livery connected with this
 House. Carriages at Depot on arrival of trains.

A. L. FABYAN, Newbury, Vt.

July, 1878.

NEW YORK & NEW ENGLAND R.R.

Routes for the WHITE MOUNTAINS.

The train leaving Philadelphia at 7.00 p. m., with Pullman Sleeping Cars, connects with Parlor Cars at Putnam the following morning; running through Worcester at 7.30 a. m. (giving twenty minutes for breakfast in Union Passenger Station); arriving at Nashua at 9.25 a. m. Concord, N. H., 10.30 a. m.; Plymouth at 12.30 p. m. (dine); connecting with stages for Franconia Notch and Profile House; Littleton, N. H. at 3.00 p. m.; reaching the Fabyan House (the base of Mt. Washington), at 4.20 p. m., without change of cars.

Also connects with another Parlor Car at Putnam, running through to Portland without change, arriving at Portland at 1.00 p. m., connecting with Maine Central R. R., Portland & Ogdensburg R. R., Grand Trunk Railway; and at Portland with steamer Lewiston for Mt. Desert, leaving Tuesdays and Fridays at 11.00 p. m.; also at Rockland with Steamer Ulysses for Mt. Desert. Ask for tickets via Transfer Steamer Maryland Route.

The train leaving Grand Central Depot, New York, at 11.35 p. m., via Boston and New York Air Line, with Sleeping Car, makes same connections at Putnam as above.

VIA NORWICH LINE.

One of the Elegant Sound Steamers of this line leaves Pier 40, North River, New York, at 5.00 p. m. daily (except Sundays), connecting at New London at 4.40 a. m., with Express Steamboat Train with Parlor Cars running through to the White Mountains without change. Same schedule as above.

Tickets for sale at all ticket offices via New York and New England Railroad.

A. C. KENDALL,

Gen. Pass. Agent, Boston, Mass.

CHARLES P. CLARK,

Gen. Manager.

THE NEW YORK DAILY HERALD,

JAMES GORDON BENNETT, PROPRIETOR.

Impartial and independent of all cliques or parties, either State or national, it aims to present to the public, with an unbiassed judgment, the latest news from all parts of the world.

Published Every Day in the Year.--Postage Free.

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\$5 pays for six months, Sundays included.

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\$2 pays for one year for any specified day of the week.

\$1 pays for six months for any specified day of the week.

\$1 pays for one month, Sundays included.

\$1 per month (including Sundays) will be charged on subscriptions or any less period than six months.

\$2.50 for three months, without Sundays.

Parties stopping but a short time in one place can have the address of their paper changed to suit their convenience. Address,

NEW YORK HERALD,

Broadway and Ann Street, New York.

The Herald will be found on sale at the news stand in all the principal Hotels in the White Mountains.

THE POPULAR ROUTE

TO THE

SOUTH AND WEST,

FROM THE

WHITE MOUNTAIN REGION,

IS VIA

THE DELAWARE & HUDSON CANAL CO.'S
RAILROADS.

Via Lake Route through Lakes CHAMPLAIN
and GEORGE, or all Rail via BUR-
LINGTON or RUTLAND.

This is the only Route carrying passengers through

SARATOGA.

“THE” SUMMER RESORT OF AMERICA.

Notice the Summer Resorts reached only via this line.

COOPERSTOWN, HOWES CAVE, SHARON
SPRINGS, SARATOGA, LAKE GEORGE,
LAKE CHAMPLAIN, AU SABLE
CHASM, PLATTSBURG,

AND THE

Adirondack Wilderness!

Tickets by this well known route may be procured at all the principal Ticket Offices in NEW YORK and BOSTON, and WHITE MOUNTAIN RESORTS.

JOS. ANGELL,
GEN'L PASS. AGENT,
ALBANY, N. Y.

SUMMER TRAVEL.

CHAPTER I.

“Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, we lead
From joy to joy; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us or disturb
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
Is full of blessing.”

Physical and spiritual regeneration and quickening are best attained where the eye rests upon calm, majestic mountain pictures, green fields and forests, blue skies, obscured only by clouds tinted by sunlight; where the ear, losing the clamor of traffic, and the babel-like confusion of crowds, is filled with songs of birds, glad echoes from granite ledges and the sighing of winds in forests: where that other much insulted sense is regaled with the smell of earth and forest: where the “brown old earth” greets with “good, gigantic smiles” of welcome, each loving pilgrim.

What wonder, then, that thousands leave the conventionalities and restraints of cities, the limited outlook of streets and alleys, the smell of sewage and gutters, to dwell, in the burning summer, under the shadow of great mountains and along the sources of rivers in New England highlands.

The roadway of iron and the luxurious car now take travellers to the base of great hills, and even to loftiest summits of northern ranges, over unbroken lines of travel. You sail out of New York into the sunset, on one of the palatial boats of the Sound lines, or start from Grand Central depot by express train, and with no tedious delays or hardships, are taken into the region of quiet among grand old hills, before the setting of another sun.

The ample hotel now shelters the visitor, who of old must "rough it" in ravines, tasting the qualified luxury of camping out, or seeking lean accommodations in scattered farm-houses or primitive mountain inns.

The great lines of travel from the Southern, Western and Middle States, take nearly all who journey to the White Hills and other New England pleasure resorts, through the commercial metropolis of the Republic, and we shall answer the needs of all who come thither over converging lines, bound mountainward, by commencing with the

START FROM NEW YORK.

A boat trip through Long Island Sound, on some safe, palatial steamer running in connection with railways from NEW LONDON, FALL RIVER, PROVIDENCE or STONINGTON, (through lines to the mountains or the northeastern shore), is one of the pleasantest stages of a journey which can but be a pleasant one to those taking either of these established lines.

These steamers leave their piers, on North or Hudson River, at 5 o'clock P. M., and make passage through East River in the waning day, giving welcome change from the crowded streets and heated pavements of the great city, to the coolness of an open harbor and the beautiful sea breezes.

The observing stranger will find this trip one of rarest interest from the start. The rounding of the southern point of the city, the glance down the magnificent bay, the circular and frowning walls of the BATTERY, CASTLE GARDEN, GOVERNOR'S ISLAND with the batteries of CASTLE WILLIAM, and many points of interest which were centres of life and business in the New York of former years, are here observed.

Through East River the magnificent steamer ploughs its way, crossing the line of numerous ferries which connect the first city in the United States with Brooklyn — the third in population — soon to be joined with New York by the immense bridge already approaching completion.

The bold heights of Brooklyn, to the right, are crowned with elegant residences, while the Docks and Navy Yard — one of the great naval stations of the country — the islands, with the public institutions thereon, all interest those to whom the sight is not made familiar by daily observance.

East River, alive with a moving fleet of shipping, has, lying along its miles of water front, ships and steamers from every quarter of the world, laden with riches from every land, products of labor by many races.

Steaming on in stately strength through this river, past extensive corrective and reformatory institutions on Blackwell's and Randall's Islands, the once difficult passage at "HELL GATE" is reached — six miles from New York, famous for the perils here encountered by the early Dutch navigators; this tortuous passage, which has since been a bar to commerce will be so no longer, thanks to modern engineering and government aid, obstructions crumbled beneath the shock of exploding mines, laid after vast expenditures of labor and treasure, and fired by the touch of a child's hand one fair Sabbath morning, two years ago.

At Throgg's Neck, thirteen miles from New York, com-

manded by the guns of Fort Schuyler, you enter the waters of

LONG ISLAND SOUND.

This important inland waterway, between the national centre of commerce and trade, and New England ports, is somewhat over one hundred miles in length, and, at its broadest, from twenty to thirty miles in width, and is navigable for the largest craft. The superior harbors are within the irregular outline of the northern coast, which is studded with important towns and cities and popular resorts.

The engines of the monster craft beat on through the night; the prow steadily cleaves the waves, the glimmering wake follows in dying perspective, whether you sleep or wake. There is rest for those who prefer it, and grandeur and beauty for those who appreciate the sombre glory of the moonlit sea.

Having chosen your route, you will find your further progress described under the head of "Routes" in the pages which immediately follow.

ROUTE

FROM NEW YORK TO CONCORD, N. H., AND THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

By boat from New York — Norwich line of Steamers to New London, Conn., thence by rail, via Worcester and Nashua to Concord, N. H., thence northward over Boston, Concord and Montreal, and White Mountains Railway, to Lake Winnepesaukee and the White Hills.

By this well-known and popular route, the safe and spacious steamers "City of New York" and "City of Boston," or, "City of Lawrence," leave Pier No. 40, North River, at 5 o'clock P. M., each day.

The motto of the line is "Always reliable, safety paramount." The boats have every substantial provision for safe and pleasant travel, which can be found on the steamers of any inland waters; passing in full view of the great city 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 in season to connect with the White Mountain Express train leaving at 4 o'clock, A. M.; thence by the Norwich and Worcester Railway, with elegant parlor cars, which are not — "the heart excelled by those of any line, to WORCESTER of the Commonwealth."

All trains at Worcester arrive, leave, and make connections at the elegant and spacious new Union Depot (receiving at this point the travel centering from converging roads). Passengers can breakfast at the convenient dining rooms in the depot; there are elegant waiting rooms and all the conveniences of a modern hotel connected with these dining rooms.

Proceed by Worcester and Nashua Railway to AYER JUNCTION, Nashua, Manchester, to Concord, Lake Winnepesaukee, Plymouth (dining station), Littleton, Bethlehem, Twin Mountain House, Fabyan House or Station, Crawford House at the Notch, and Mount Washington House on summit of Mount Washington, or to Lancaster* and Northumberland—junction with Grand Trunk Railway for Montreal or Quebec.

RETURN

By the route over the Boston, Concord and Montreal and White Mountains Railroad. Passengers leaving the mountains, leave Mt. Washington summit, or any of the well known hotels after breakfast, dine at Plymouth, N. H.; (ample time for supper at the Union Station Dining Rooms, Worcester Station). Arrive at the New London boats at 10 o'clock, evening. Cars run through the entire distance without change. State rooms can be secured of conductors on through parlor cars. Connection at Putnam, Conn., with trains over the New York & New England R. R. Air Line for New Haven and New York, when returning from the mountains, with connection at same point when journeying to the hills, to Boston, or the Eastern cities.

This shortest water line is too well known to need extended notice, and continues to be liberally patronized by travellers.

* NOTE.—Connect at Ayer Junction with train from Fitchburg; at Nashua with White Mt. Express from Boston; at Manchester with trains from Portsmouth and Lawrence; at Plymouth and Littleton with stage lines for Franconia Notch, and at Lancaster with stages for Jefferson Hills.



“CITY OF WORCESTER,” AND “GEN. PUTNAM.”
Norwich Line, New York to the White Mountains.

Leave New London at 4 o'clock a. m., by White Mts. Express, for Worcester, Clinton, Nashua, Manchester, Concord, Lake Winnepesaukee, Plymouth, (dine), Littleton, Bethlehem, Lancaster, and Twin Mountain, Crawford, Waumbek and Fabyan Houses, and Mount Washington Summit.

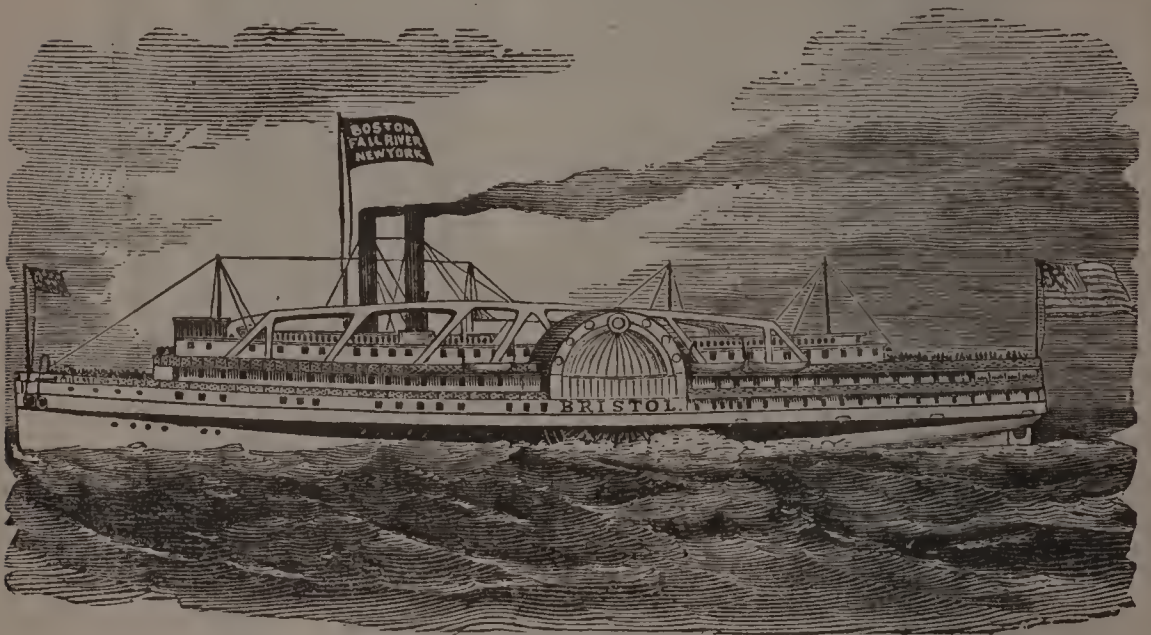
Stage line from Littleton to the Profile House, Flume, Pool and Great Stone Race, at Franconia Notch.

ROUTE

FROM NEW YORK TO CONCORD, N. H., AND THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

By Boat and Rail from New York, via Fall River line of Steamers and connecting lines of Railway. Elegant floating palace Steamers, refitted and refurnished at immense cost. Sure connections.

The palatial boats of this line leave New York, pier No. 28, North River, at 5 o'clock, each P. M., annex Steamer takes passengers free to and from Brooklyn. The Steamers are the finest that float on inland waters—the "Bristol" and "Providence," each furnished with a full band of music during the pleasure season, the large staterooms lighted by gas, will proceed through the whole



STEAMER "BRISTOL."

length of the Sound and Narragansett Bay, affording 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.



INTERIOR VIEW OF GRAND SALOON, FALL RIVER STEAMERS.

Here, at 5.30 o'clock, A. M., take the fine parlor cars of the Old Colony Railroad, built expressly for this line, and proceed by fast express trains over the safe road-bed of this popular line, arriving in Boston at 6.45, A. M. Passengers and baggage are transferred to the new, spacious and elegant depot of the Boston & Lowell Railway. (Baggage is checked through to destination and transfer coupons given.) At this station, in elegant reception rooms and dining hall, passengers have ample time for breakfast. Here take the parlor cars of this first-class line, at 8 o'clock A. M., and proceed by express train, stopping only at important points, to Concord, thence over the Boston, Concord & Montreal Railroad to Lake Winnepesaukee, Plymouth, Littleton (from here to Profile

House by stage), Bethlehem, Twin Mountain Station, FABYAN HOUSE STATION, Summit of Mount Washington, and all points in and about the mountains.

RETURNING.

Passengers leaving any of the mountain stations by morning express trains dine at Plymouth, arrive in Boston at 5 o'clock P. M., leave Boston for Fall River at 6 o'clock P. M., connecting with Boat leaving Fall River at 7.15 P. M., (supper on the steamer,) arriving in New York early in the morning. Passengers can leave any of the Mountain Houses, or the summit of Mount Washington after breakfast, and make sure connection with boat at Fall River, as above stated.

Tickets for sale at either office of the line, Broadway, New York, or at the Pier, at the office of the line in Boston, or at the Old Colony depot.

State rooms can be secured from conductors of parlor cars on the Boston, Concord, Montreal & White Mountains Railroad.

During the season of Summer travel, there will be a train with Parlor cars leaving Boston and Lowell depot at 12 M., via Boston, Concord, Montreal & White Mountains Railroad, for Fabyan's and Crawford, arriving at latter point at about 8.15 P. M. Fabyan's at 10 o'clock P. M., reaching Boston at 8.30 next morning — Pullman Cars from Woodsville to Boston. This train will accommodate parties who wish to spend a day in Boston when returning from the hills.

R O U T E

FROM NEW YORK TO CONCORD, N. H., AND THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

By Boat and Rail from New York, via Providence line of Steamers and connecting lines of Railway. New, safe and elegant steamers. Sure connections.

These staunch and spacious Palace Sound Steamers—the MASSACHUSETTS and RHODE ISLAND—leave Pier No. 29, North River, at 5 o'clock, P. M. (Sundays excepted), arrive in Providence next morning at 6 o'clock, connecting with the morning express train for the White Mountains, Canadas, and all points north, over the Providence and Worcester Railroad (elegant parlor cars) via Worcester, Nashua, Manchester and Concord. From Concord northward over the Boston, Concord and Montreal R. R. to Lake Winnepesaukee, Plymouth (dine), Littleton (stage line to Profile House), Bethlehem, Twin Mountain, Fabyan, and other prominent mountain hotels and points of note, arriving in season for an early tea.

Or, passengers can go from Providence to Boston, over Boston and Providence R. R., reaching Boston at 7.15 A. M., and taking the 8 o'clock A. M. mountain express train (from Lowell depot) go via Lowell, Nashua and Concord, N. H., thence to all points about Lake Winnepesaukee, Franconia or White Mountains, over Boston, Concord and Montreal R. R., dining at Plymouth as above.

RETURNING,

Go by express trains leaving all prominent points, and the Twin Mountain and Fabyan Houses after breakfast, by B. C. & M. R. R. (dining at Plymouth) via Concord,

Nashua and Worcester to Providence, connecting with night steamer for New York, or go via Boston, thence by Boston and Prov. R. R. to Providence, connecting with evening boat for New York. Steamboat train leaves Boston (Providence Depot) at 6 o'clock, P. M.

Promenade Concerts on these boats during the season of pleasure travel.

R O U T E

FROM PROVIDENCE, R. I., TO THE MOUNTAINS, MONTREAL
OR QUEBEC.

*Via Worcester, Concord, Boston, Concord, Montreal and
White Mountains Railroads.*

Leave Providence by morning express train (see time tables) via Providence & Worcester Railway, in elegant parlor cars built expressly for this line, stopping only at important points, connecting at Worcester with the through White Mountains express train via Worcester and Nashua. This route from Providence to Worcester is through a fine section of country and a series of manufacturing villages. The accommodations are first-class in every respect. Leave Worcester at 7.40 o'clock, A. M., and passing directly on via Worcester & Nashua Railroad, to Nashua, Manchester and Concord; thence northward over the Boston, Concord, Montreal and White Mountains Railroad to Lake Winnepesaukee, Plymouth (dine), Littleton, Bethlehem, Franconia Notch, the White Mountains, Lancaster, Northumberland — uniting at this junction with the Grand Trunk Railway for the Canadian cities.

Passengers dine at Plymouth at the famous PEMIGEWASSETT HOUSE, and passengers by all late trains or who wish to journey by short and easy stages, will lodge at this spacious and noted hotel and continue the journey in the morning.

Returning by above line, leave Mt. Washington Summit in the morning, and the principal mountain hotels by Boston, Concord, Montreal & White Mountains express train. Dine at Plymouth; arrive at Worcester at 5.30 P. M.; Providence at 7 P. M.

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 the Providence River, which is crossed by wide and commodious bridges.

R O U T E

FROM PROVIDENCE AND PAWTUCKET, R. I., AND NEW BEDFORD, MASS., TO THE WHITE AND FRANCONIA MOUNTAINS, MONTREAL AND QUEBEC.

Via Mansfield, Framingham and Nashua, and over the Boston Concord & Montreal and White Mountains Railroads.

Leave Providence, Pawtucket, New Bedford, by morning express, (see time tables,) via Mansfield and Framingham division of the Boston, Clinton and Fitchburg Railroad, passing directly on to Nashua, Manchester and Concord—thence northward to Lake Winnepesaukee, Plymouth, (dine), Littleton, (stage to Franconia and Profile House), Bethlehem, the White Mountains, Lancaster, Northumberland Junction, (uniting here with Grand Trunk Railway for the Canadas.)

NOTE.—Few strangers will wish to leave Providence without visiting NEWPORT, the elegant and fashionable New England watering place. A line of steamboats run regularly in the season of travel. 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 a point of rare 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 preserved printing-press on which Ben Franklin worked in 1772, are important among the many sights not to be overlooked during your stay.

ROUTE

FROM NEW YORK TO CONCORD, N. H., AND WHITE MOUNTAINS.

All rail day route from New York.

Leave New York by express train via Springfield, Worcester and Nashua, from the Grand Central Depot, Forty-second street, at 11 o'clock, A. M., (fast express,) by New York & New Haven Railroad via New Haven and Hartford, arriving at Springfield at 3 o'clock, thence proceed via Worcester, (receiving there travel from connecting roads), Nashua (by Worcester & Nashua Railroad,) joining at Nashua the express from Boston, Manchester, and along the Merrimack valley to Concord; from that point continue by the Boston, Concord & Montreal Railroad, reaching Plymouth, N. H., the same evening; stop at the famous Pemigewasset House for the night, and continue the journey to the Mountains in the morning. There is also an evening train, leaving New York at 9 P. M., arriving at Worcester next morning, and making direct connection with the morning train for the mountains. The afternoon train over this route leaves New York at 3 P. M., arriving at Worcester at 9.20, and lodging there, leaving via Worcester & Nashua at 7.40 A. M., by through express.

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," and the twin capital city of HARTFORD, with its fine buildings and great insurance interests. SPRINGFIELD, located on the east bank of the Connecticut, an important railroad center, noted for the beauty of its location. WORCESTER, the heart of the Commonwealth; one of the most important inland cities in New England, manufacturing iron goods, tools and machinery in great variety.

R O U T E

FROM NEW YORK AND THE SOUTH TO CONCORD, N. H., AND
THE WHITE MOUNTAINS, BY

*The Air Line from New York and the South through from
Washington without change of cars.*

The Boston and New York Air Line (New York & New England Railroad) is an all rail line from New York, also from Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and all points south. Trains are taken on the transfer steamer Maryland, from the Pennsylvania Railroad depot at Jersey City, around New York city, up East and Harlem Rivers to Harlem; a train also leaves Grand Central depot, New York, connecting with train from the south at New Rochelle. Pullman palace drawing-room and sleeping coaches are run on all fast express trains both from New York and the south.

Through trains will be run from Washington via Baltimore, Philadelphia and Jersey City, to all points in the White Mountains via Boston, Concord, Montreal & White Mountains Railroad, during the summer, leaving Washington, via Baltimore & Potomac Railroad, at 1.40 p. m.; Baltimore at 3 p. m.; Philadelphia, via Pennsylvania Railroad, at 7.00 p. m.; Jersey City, via transfer steamer Maryland, at 10.10 p. m.; New York, from Grand Central depot, at 11.35 p. m.; New Haven, via Boston & New York Air Line Railroad, at 2.50 a. m.; Putnam, via Norwich & Worcester Railroad, at 5.50 a. m.; Worcester, via Worcester and Nashua Railroad, at 7.40 a. m., and Nashua, via White Mountain and Montreal express, at 9.30 a. m., reaching Plymouth at 12.35 p. m., (dinner), and all other points northward at an early hour.

Passengers preferring to go through to Boston, instead of proceeding northward from Putnam, Conn., reach that city at 8.00 a. m., and can take the 12.00 m. train (Boston & Lowell R. R. depot), reaching Plymouth at 5.30 p. m., and the Fabyan or Twin Mountain House at 8.15, evening.

RETURNING.

Passengers for New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, etc., can take the morning White Mountain express train bound southward, and go through to Boston, New York or the South, direct. Leave Boston for New York and the south (depot foot of Summer street) at 9.00 a. m., and 7.00 p. m. Baggage will be checked through to all points on the above route.

R O U T E

FROM BOSTON TO THE WHITE AND FRANCONIA MOUNTAINS,
MONTREAL AND QUEBEC.*Via Lowell.*

Leave Boston by the Boston & Lowell Railroad, (morning express) from the magnificent new passenger station, Causeway street, at 8 o'clock A. M.

This passenger station is the finest in New England, and, perhaps, in the United States; has fine reception rooms and restaurants; is unique in the style of architecture, and commodious in all the arrangements.

Within a convenient distance from this station, and in a most desirable location for either business or pleasure is the American House,

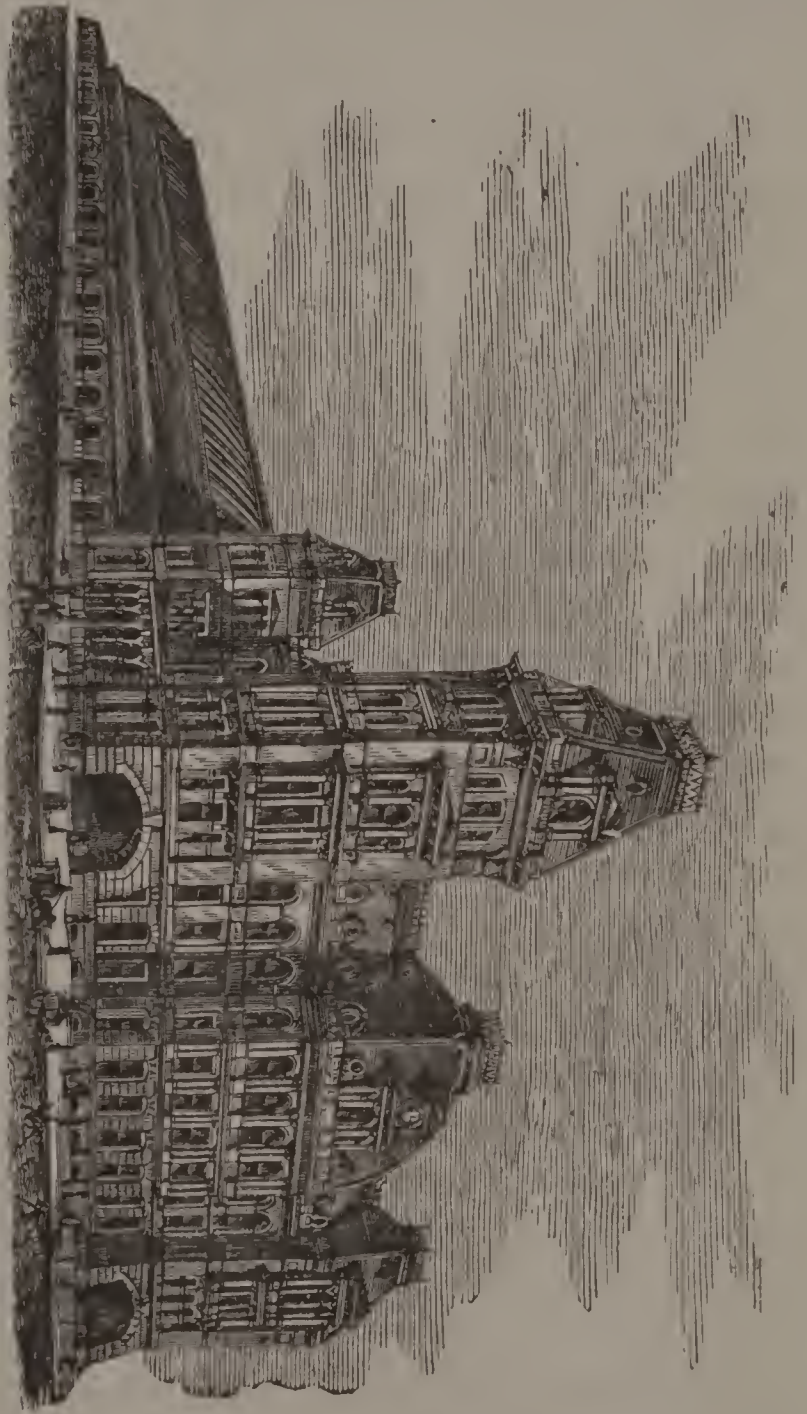


AMERICAN HOUSE, HANOVER ST., BOSTON, MASS.

one of the most popular and best managed hotels in New England.

NOTE.—This 8 o'clock morning train is the one most patronized, reaching the prominent mountain hotels early in the afternoon, but the train leaving at 12 o'clock, now, runs through to Fabyan House in the season of pleasure travel, arriving at 8.15, same evening. Parties can run through on this train. The train leaving at 5.35 o'clock P. M., runs through to Plymouth (lodge here for the night and proceed to mountains by next morning train), and continues direct to Montreal

Leaving this model railway station, the stranger looks with interest to the right upon historic ground in Charlestown, with the plain shaft upon Bunker Hill rising now and then into view; the McLean Asylum for the Insane



PASSENGER STATION, BOSTON & LOWELL RAILROAD, CAUSEWAY ST., BOSTON.

White Mountains Express Train, with "Drawing-Room Cars," leaves Boston from this station, running via Boston, Concord, Montreal & White Mountains Railroad, to the White and Franconia Mountains, and via Montreal & Boston Air Line to Montreal, at 8 A. M. Also for Concord, Lake Winnepesaukee and Plymouth, N. H., Warren, Littleton, Bethlehem, Twin Mt., White Mt., Fabyan and Crawford Houses, and White Mountains, at 12 M. At 5.35 P. M., Montreal night express, Pullman cars, via Plymouth.

at Somerville, will also be noticed, and you pass on to Lowell over one of the oldest lines of railway in the country, and, in the new improved parlor cars of the line,

with no delays excepting the few necessary stoppages and for dinner (at Plymouth), you take your journey to the mountains by the express train, and are made comfortable by all means that modern enterprise can devise, with a pleasant country on either hand as you thread the valley of the Merrimack.

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 employed in the extensive mills.

From Lowell the way is along the Merrimack valley to Nashua (uniting here with the New York and White Mountains express, via Fall River, Norwich and Providence lines).

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 and machine works are of great importance. Some ten miles west of Manchester are the two considerable peaks known as the “Twin Uncanoonucks,” said to be the first elevation seen by mariners approaching the coast. They are the first hills to attract attention when leaving the shore.

The substantial stone dam at Amoskeag Falls, built in the form of a half circle, will be observed upon the left as the train passes out of the city over the smooth and substantial roadbed of the CONCORD RAILROAD—one of the most important short trunk lines in the country—and with management worthy of its importance. Onslow Stearns is the President, and H. E. Chamberlain, Superintendent.

This short ride to Concord is through the pleasant valley of the Merrimack, and past the improved water powers at Hooksett (observe the sharp rocky “Pinnacle” to the

left), and Suncook; and from Concord northward over the Boston, Concord & Montreal Railroad connecting at WEIRS with steamboat on Lake Winnepesaukee for CENTRE HARBOR (stage and mail route from Centre Harbor to North Conway). Also from WEIRS passengers go by boat to Wolfeborough (rail route from Wolfeborough to North Conway.)

From PLYMOUTH the Pemigewassett Valley Stage Route diverges through Campton, Woodstock and Lincoln to Franconia Notch and the PROFILE HOUSE. This is one of the most charming stage routes in the whole country, passing through a valley fast becoming a place of resort for annual visitors to this picturesque region.

The train leaving Boston at 12 o'clock, noon, by this route, with the fine parlor cars, connects with the boat on Lake Winnepesaukee, at Weirs, for Centre Harbor and Wolfeborough, and continues to Plymouth and the mountains, also night accomodation train over the Boston, Concord & Montreal, connects at Concord with the 5.35 train from Boston, (Lowell Depot,) running through to Plymouth, N. H., the same night, and continuing to the mountains next morning.

RETURNING.

Leave the mountains by morning express train and arrive in Boston at 5.00 P. M., and, by this line, a night train leaving the Fabyan House (White Mountains) at 10 o'clock P. M., passengers arrive in Boston at 8.30 next morning. Pullman sleeping cars on this night line from Woodsville to Boston.



“Mt. WASHINGTON.”

Runs on White Mountains Express train, leaving Boston from Boston & Lowell Depot, at 8 A. M., via Boston, Concord, Montreal & White Mountains Railroad, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays; “Mt. LAFAYETTE,” Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays for White and Franconia Mountains, Bethlehem, Fabyan’s Twin Mountain and Crawford Houses. Stage from Littleton for Profile House, and from Lancaster for the Waumbek House. Dine at Plymouth, N. H. Also Parlor cars on 12 M. train through to Fabyan’s.

R O U T E .

FROM BOSTON TO THE MOUNTAINS, MONTREAL AND QUEBEC.

Via Lawrence, and Concord, and Boston, Concord and Montreal and White Mountains Railways.

Leave the station of the Boston & 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 — always an object of interest.

This route, for the first twelve miles, passes through the net-work of fine suburban towns and villages. 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.

Reaching the Merrimack, twenty-six miles from Boston, the fine buildings of the great cotton and wollen 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 & Main Railroad here diverges to the eastward, on its way to Portland, but we continue by way of the Manchester & Lawrence Railroad to Manchester, and from thence to Concord, as described in the route via Lowell, and on to the mountains.

WINDHAM, on the Manchester & Lawrence Railroad, is the point of intersection with the Rochester & Nashua

Railroad, lately opened, and completing a new through line from Portland to Nashua, Worcester, and New York, directly across the country without making the circuit of the coast.

There is also over this route, the 12 o'clock noon train from Boston to Plymouth, N. H., connecting at Weirs, on Lake Winnipisaukee, with boat for Centre Harbor and Wolfeborough; and 5 o'clock night train from Boston, running through to Plymouth same as Lowell route, passengers lodging at Plymouth, and continuing from Plymouth to the Mountains the following morning.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE WAY.

THE GRANITE STATE.

THE dream of the original colonists of New Hampshire was of a new found El Dorado—a mountainous region abounding in precious metals. They had some reason for this belief in their acceptance of highly wrought tales of beautiful lakes, crystal rivers and sturdy forests; but those who cast their lots by the lakes and first developed by rude devices the power of rapid streams, or felled the monarchs of the old forests, learned that privation and hardship came with actual experience, instead of realization of golden dreams.

The wonderful beauty of northern New England lakes, the purity of rivers or the majestic grandeur of mountain ranges and solitary summits, was not overrated by the most romantic of early dreamers; but the pioneer settler, wresting a meagre support from reluctant clearings by hard labor, had little leisure for admiring pilgrimages to summits that shadowed his bleak homestead and stood grim and silent landmarks in the familiar landscape.

After the lapse of two centuries the descendants of these hardy frontiersmen come from their homes of luxury and ease in the cities of the north, south, east and west, to draw inspiration from majestic hills, to bear away golden pictures of landscapes and sunsets, memories of musical waterfalls and placid villages — wealth more profuse, if less substantial than that which lured adventurous spirits in the olden time.

The wild scenery in the northern section of the State, attracts that army of visitors for whose use this book has

been prepared. The purity of the air and water, with the rich golden beauty of the clouds, and clear blue of the skies, the green of wooded slopes and ravines, the boldness and variety of landscapes changing with every mood of nature, all charm the visitor who appreciates breadth, depth and perfection in nature contrasted with the devices and shams of men.

No State in the Union retains so few of its sons on the homesteads among the hills; but, it may also be safely asserted that no other state has more reason to be proud of the sons and daughters sent forth to the world, and to no spot do the absent look back with more of affection and reverent love. No earnest nature can fail to be stirred to its depths and quickened to better life by a sojourn in this northern land.

THE MERRIMACK RIVER.

“ * * * * * harnessed to thy daily toil,
 With all thy powers controll'd by intellect
 And cunning art, thou art a spirit still,
 Working mightily for human good;
 Changing, in thy abundant alchemy,
 All baser things to gold.”

Along the banks of the fair Merrimack, the mountain visitor is whirled on his way to the hills, the smiling intervalles, the graceful sweep of the current, and the cities and villages upon its banks keeping alive continual interest.

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 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 Contoocook, Black-

water and tributaries ; and, farther down, from the outlet Massabesic, the Suncook, Souhegan, Nashua, Concord, Spicket and Shawsheen rivers, it discharges into the Atlantic, after its broken and busy flow of two hundred and sixty miles by its course.

Rising in sources more than five thousand feet above the 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 Lowell and Lawrence have wisely provided artificial means to retain in this great natural reservoir a reserve of power in times of drought.

The Merrimack was said in the quaint language of 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 wild to the sea, unvexed by the mechanical devices of man.

Lowell, Nashua, Manchester, and Lawrence are the chief manufacturing centres utilizing its power, with a host of lesser towns, upon its banks and tributaries, deriving their importance from the water-powers here so generally used.

It is emphatically the “ River of uses,” yet much of romance clings to the history of the olden time when the white man first invaded its quiet valleys and looked with utilitarian eyes upon its waterfalls.

“ In the sweet dells, where giant trees o'erhang
 Thy soft encircling wave, the council-fires
 Have blazed. There silent, stern, grave visaged men
 Have sat the magic circle round, and smoked
 The calumet of peace ; or youths, in wild,
 Exciting dance, with battle songs and shouts,
 With flashing arms, and well-feigned earnest strife,
 Have acted the sad mimicry of war.”

Then comes the history of a long-continued struggle —

sometimes bloody — between the slowly growing power of the pioneers and the waning strength of a sad and doomed race ; the complete triumph of one, and absolute destruction of the other.

In later years comes a pleasant tale of the growth of cities along the fair river where crystal tides are caught in the toils and made to do the bidding of men, till the whole valley is a great hive of industry, sending the products of looms, of forges and of workshops over the wide world.

CONCORD, N. H.

This capital city of the Granite State is a thrifty and eminently respectable municipality ; among the cleanest and most well-to-do of New England cities ; lacking water-power to attract the heavy manufacturers, it is dependent upon its central position for trade, and its importance as the political centre of the State, for its elements of growth.

Long before the white man ruled in the realm, the centre of savage authority was at Pennacook, the Indian village located on the present site of this city. The Pennacooks were a powerful tribe, and Passaconaway, their great Sangamon, was a savage ruler, and counsellor of acknowledged wisdom and power, to whom the lesser tribes were tributary. The town was described, in a petition of the inhabitants of the town of Rumford to the General Assembly of the Province, 1775, as “having Mansion Houses, Fortifications and out-houses, well formed for defence, being on the Merrimack River, about a day's march below the confluence of the Winnipishoky and Pemissawasset Rivers.” In this petition the inhabitants ask that their “ancient and well-regulated settlement may have seasonable aid for protection against a bloodthirsty and merciless enemy, who threaten the life of the settlement, and render danger of evacuation imminent.”

Concord was incorporated as a town by the government of Massachusetts in 1783, 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.

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

Sons of New Hampshire who may tarry here for an hour even, should visit the gallery of portraits of eminent sons of the State, including a recently collected series of paintings of the local Governors, from the courtly features and dress of the old colonial times, through the long line of rulers of this wisely and lightly governed Commonwealth, down to the well-known and much abused modern governor. In the Senate chamber are the portraits of the presiding officers of the Senate, who have been among the most eminent men of the State.

In the Representatives' Hall are fine portraits of Gen'l John Stark, of Bennington fame; also of Gen. Alexander Schommel and Gen. Enoch Poor, companions and intimates of Lafayette,—with other fine portraits more universally known.

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 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 many tasty buildings, in a pretty location, in the quiet valley. The School is under the patronage of the Episcopal denomination, and is a model institution, liberally patronized.

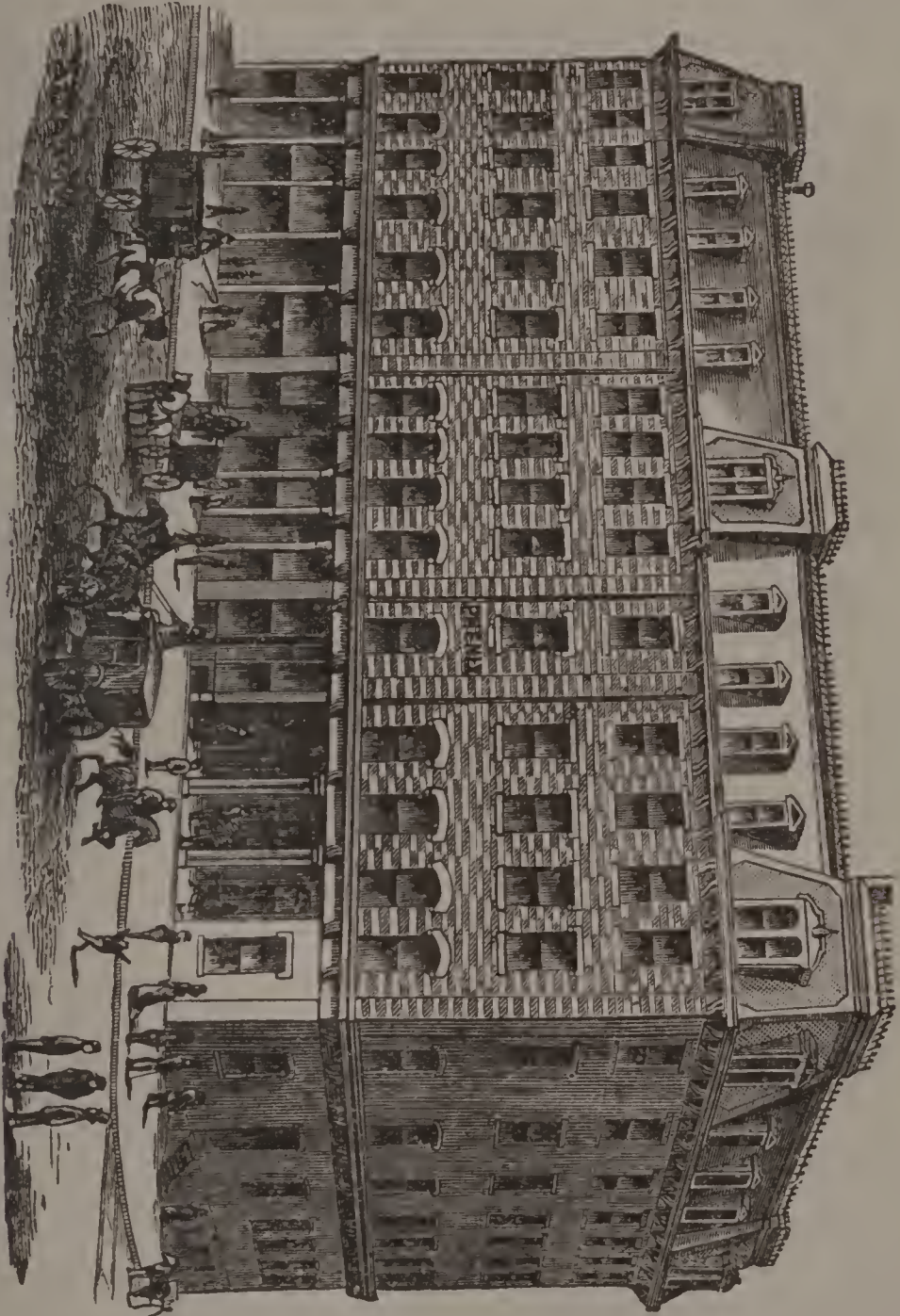
From the granite quarries of Concord have been built many of the finest structures of the adjacent, as well as distant cities. The quarrying of this superior building stone, from neighboring hills, is an important industry of the city.

If you should elect to go "Around the world in a Hack," like Edward Everett Hale's old lady of Boston, by all means go in a Concord made hack. Concord coaches are a specialty in carriage manufacture; wherever you ride by coach lines, whether over the picturesque White Mountain roads, among the sloughs of the western border, on the plains of Mexico, or the steppes of Central America, the well-known name of Concord makers is upon the vehicle which conveys you; and, if the horses are housed in the famous Concord harness manufactured here, you have added security for safe passage and delivery.

A capital city usually has good hotel accommodations; those of Concord are hardly surpassed in any state capital in the Union.

THE PHENIX HOTEL,

kept by W. S. BAKER, located in the centre of business, on Main street, near the railway station, is in all respects a house where you can take your ease, being sure of good



PHENIX HOTEL, CONCORD, N. H., W. S. BAKER, PROPRIETOR.

care and gentlemanly treatment. A good table, liberal furnishing, ample space, and a comfortable, business-like way of caring for guests, gives patrons the impression that

they have found a house, full in its appointment, with a manager fully competent to do that very thing that most men cannot do acceptably and profitably—that is, to “keep a hotel.” Free coach to and from the hotel to railway station.



THE EAGLE HOTEL.

THE EAGLE HOTEL is kept by JOHN A. WHITE, Esq., a veteran manager. The reputation of this old and widely known hotel is not circumscribed by any state lines. So far as courtesy, capacity and knowledge of what a hotel should be are necessary, the manager possesses them all in an eminent degree, and gives to the travelling public accommodations every way desirable. The entire construction and management of the house is on a liberal scale. Free coaches to and from depot.

Concord has many fine buildings, and among them none finer than the NEW OPERA HOUSE, erected by NATHANIEL

WHITE, Esq.,—a public spirited citizen. It is a credit to the builder and an ornament to the city.

Concord is important as a Railway centre; and, as we have to do with northern travel, the three northern lines centering here should be mentioned. The Sugar River line reaches the Connecticut at Claremont, and may, perhaps, be termed a local line, though having quite an important business. The Northern Railroad reaches the Connecticut river at WHITE RIVER JUNCTION. From this point the Central Vermont and Passumpsic routes give the traveller wishing to visit the Canadian cities or any of the Vermont towns, ample facility for so doing.

On this road, twenty-five miles from Concord, is Andover station, nearest to Kearsarge Mountain, some four miles distant therefrom. The PROCTOR HOUSE, at this point, is in every respect a cozy, well kept and commodious hotel, with a fine livery, daily drive to the mountain, and picturesque surroundings in every direction. J. S. THOMPSON is the well known landlord.

LAKE AND MOUNTAIN ROUTE.

The favorite and direct route to the White and Franconia Mountains is via Lake Winnepesaukee and the Connecticut valley, over the Boston, Concord, Montreal & White Mountains Railroad. Once upon its express trains, we are driven mountainward with speed and safety; and, if it is the season of recreation, and you have given care to the winds, you will read with curious interest the faces of travelling companions, and study the peculiarities of fellow passengers who thread a common thoroughfare, having a common object. There is no better place to study human nature than in the railway car on a mountain bound train. All sorts of people travel, and there are many "sorts." Here is the intensely happy man who

has broke away from care and restraint, whose whole being is aglow with satisfaction that is infectious. Here is the family man with wife, children, annt, nurse and pet poodle, all in for a free summer at the north; here is the elderly lady intent upon the safety of "band box, bundle and trunk;" the "anxious and aimless" maiden, and other maidens neither anxious or aimless. Here are celebrities escaping high life and notoriety for a quiet time of peace and seclusion; shy natures courting voluntary banishment among the rocks and echoes; poets seeking near communion with nature, and the

"Music of birds and rustling of young boughs,
The sound of swaying branches and the
Voice of distant waterfalls;"

The bridegroom and bride, oblivious of all excepting each other, as completely wrapt in dreamy happiness as mortals ever were since there was marrying and giving in marriage; merchants from the routine of the counting-house; bluff sea-captains exchanging the monotonous view of the rolling billows for the picturesque changes of a mountainous landscape; overworked pastors, with leave of absence, the bronchitis and continued salary, seeking rest for a season from the delivery of prosy discourses to restless congregations, to read "sermons in stones," written by the hand of an Almighty Author on imperishable granite walls; the Princess of song, mayhap, is on the way to learn that her art, with all its wonderful perfection, is but a poor imitation of the song of the

"Wild brook babbling down the mountain-side;"

Or—

"A full choir of feathered choristers
Wedding their notes to the enamored air."

The artist is bound for a pilgrimage among the quiet beauties of North Conway, or the sweet vales of Campton, the loveliness of which he will transcribe, so far as human

art may do it, ere he returns to the restraints of the studio ; the pale invalid has a flush of hope, in view of expected relief from bodily ills, among pure breezes and the savage vigor of the hills ; but happiest of all are children—veritable innocents abroad—to whom the

“ Echo of cascade and voice of mountain brook ”

bring a joy unsullied by care, on whose plastic minds the summer among hills and forests will leave its impress, a picture not soon to perish ; perhaps give tone to a human life and light the path of a traveller in that journey which begins with the cradle and ends with the grave.

All will be benefitted by near communion with nature.

“ How with a thoughtful care doth Nature place
Her cooling hands upon the care-worn brow.”

“ Nature is joyous if we smile or sigh.”

Men learn no evil from the book Nature unrolls. Let us give ourselves up to partake of earth's bounty, and

“ Whether the future smile or no,
Whether the harvests blight or grow,
In fortune high or fortune low,
This be my creed for friend or foe,
Gather the roses as you go.”

THE BOSTON, CONCORD, MONTREAL & WHITE MOUNTAINS RAILROAD.

This well-known line of railway, patronized by summer travellers, has acquired a wide reputation for good management with the great army of pleasure travellers who largely patronize this route in the summer months, threading the shores of Lake Winnepesaukee and the outlying bays, thence extending northward along the valley of Baker's river to the fair Connecticut valley ; by the White Mountains division, and the Ammonoosuc valley, to the mountains and Canadian cities, the passenger will be charmed by rugged scenery, while speed, safety and com-



TILTON

Boston, Concord, Montreal, White Mountains and Mount Washington, N. H. Railroad.

SUMMER TIME CARD, 1878.]

TRAINS SOUTH.

Station	White Mt. Express.	White Mt. Express.	Montreal Day and Night Express.	Montreal Day and Night Express.	Accommodations.
Quebec, via Grand Trunk R. R.	9 30 P. M.				
Montreal	9 45 " "				
Island Pond	6 16 " "				
North Stratford	7 20 " "				
Greenwood	7 25 " "				
Northbrook Island Falls	7 45 " "				
Wamburn House, Stage to Lancaster	9 00 " "				
Lancaster	9 32 " "				
Dalton	9 50 " "				
Whitefield	9 50 " "				
Wing Road	9 50 " "				
Wing Road	9 50 " "				
Littleton	8 00 " "	7 00 A. M.	12 00 P. M.	10 50 P. M.	2 00 P. M.
Lisbon	8 45 " "	7 45 " "	12 45 P. M.	11 15 P. M.	3 15 " "
Bath	8 30 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	3 45 " "
Woodsville	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
Wells River	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
Montpelier, via Passumpsic R. R.	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
Newport	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
Lyndonville	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
St. Johnsbury	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
Montpelier, via Montpelier & Wells River R. R.	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
Wells River	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
Woodsville	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
Haverhill and Newbury	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
Warren	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
Westbury	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
West Ransom	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
Ramsey	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
Plymouth	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
Profile House	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
Profile House	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
North Woodstock	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
West Thorton	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
Campton Village	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
West Campton	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
Plymouth	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
Ashland	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
Merfleth Village	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
Wetmore, via Steamer Lady of the Lake to Weirs	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
North Conway, via West Ossipee, Centre Harbor and Lake Umbagog	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
West Ossipee	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
Centre Harbor, via Steamer Lady of the Lake to Weirs	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
Weirs	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
Lake Village	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
Lacota	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
East Thorton	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
Thorton	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
Northfield	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
Canterbury	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
East Concord	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
Concord	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
Manchester	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
Nashua	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
Lowell	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
Lawrence	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
Haverhill, via Lawrence	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
Dover, via N. Market Junction	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
Portsmouth, via New Market Junction, connecting with Boston & Maine R. R.	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
Newburyport, via Lawrence	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
Salem, via Lawrence	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
Salem, via Lowell	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
Taunton	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
Fall River, via Boston, connect with elegant Steamers Bristol and Providence	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
Newport, R. I.	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
New Bedford	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
Ayer June, connect with train for Cheshire R. R. and Hoosac Tunnel line	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
Boston, B. & M. Depot	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
Boston, Lowell Depot	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
Worcester	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
Worcester, via Norwich Line—Steamer—leave	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
Union D.	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
Springfield	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
Providence, via Worcester	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
Providence, via Mansfield	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
Putnam	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
New London, Steamt' whf, Norwich line	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
Springfield	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
Hartford	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
New Haven, via Air Line, and Worcester	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
New Haven, via Worcester & Springfield	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
New York, all rail via Air Line, Grand Central Depot	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
New York, all rail via Worcester & Springfield	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
New York, via Stonington Line, Pier 35	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
North River	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
New York, via Fall River Line, Pier 28	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
North River	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "
New York, via Norwich Line, Pier 40, North River	8 35 " "	7 30 " "	12 15 P. M.	11 00 " "	4 00 " "

CONNECTIONS SOUTH.

Passengers for New York and Philadelphia via Fall River Line, take White Mountain express; thirty minutes for dinner at Plymouth, N. H., Penningwasset House; arrive in Boston, Boston & Lowell Depot, at 5 o'clock p. m.; transfer coaches (thirty minutes) to Old Colony Depot. Steamboat express leaves at 6 p. m., arriving at Fall River (steamers Bristol and Providence) at 7:10 p. m., supper on the boat. Connections reliable and sure. Tickets at all Mountain Houses sold through and baggage checked through, including transfer. State-rooms can be obtained of conductor of parlor cars.

Passengers for New York and Philadelphia via Norwich Line take White Mountains express, arriving at Plymouth, N. H., Penningwasset House, at Worcester 5:45 p. m. (Supper.) Connecting with Steamboat Express for New London, elegant parlor cars run through from all stations on Boston, Concord, Montreal & White Mountains Railroad via this line to New London. (Steamer.) Tickets sold and baggage checked through. State-rooms can be secured of parlor car conductor.

Passengers for Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington by White Mountains day express, via New York & New England Railroad (all rail), connect at Worcester with through express. Pullman sleeping and day cars run through without change from Worcester or Putnam, also connect with Air Line to New York.

Connections are made in Worcester with Boston & Albany Railroad to Springfield, Hartford, New Haven and New York; also Chicago Express, with Wagner sleeping and day cars, Worcester to Chicago without change (only one change.) All trains arrive and depart from Union Depot, Worcester. Connect at Ayer Junction with Chicago Express with Wagner through sleeping and day cars; only one change from the Mountains to Chicago. Elegant Parlor Cars run on all day trains on the Boston, Concord, Montreal & White Mountains R. R. Pullman Sleeping Cars on night trains.

Mount Washington Railway

TIME TABLE

	UPWARD.	A. M.	P. M.
Twin Mountain House	leave	8.50	4.00
Crawford House	"	9.00	4.00
Fabyan House	"	9.20	4.30
Ammonoosuc Falls	"	9.40	4.35
Moun Washington Base	"	10.00	5.00
" Summit	arrive	11.30	6.30

WALTER AIKEN, Manager.

By this line passengers can leave Summit of Mt. Washington and all the Mountain Houses after the usual breakfast hour and arrive in Boston at 5 P. M., and the principal New England cities in time for tea.

General Office, Plymouth, N. H.
 J. A. DODGE, Manager, C. M. WHITTIER, Cashier,
 W. R. BRACKETT, G. T. A. W. A. COBB, G. F. A.
 Boston Office, No. 5 State Street,
 GEORGE W. STORER, Agent.
 Montreal Office, 202 St. James Street.

Mount Washington Railway

TIME TABLE

	DOWNWARD.	A. M.	P. M.
Summit of Mount Washington	leave	7.15	2.00
Base	"	8.30	3.15
Ammonoosuc Falls	"	8.45	3.30
Fabyan House	arrive	9.00	4.00
Crawford House	"	9.30	4.20
Twin Mountain House	"	9.46	4.40

**Boston, Concord, Montreal, White Mountains & Mount
Washington, N. H. Railroad.**

(SUMMER TIME CARD, 1878.)

TRAINS NORTH.

Station	White Mts. and Montreal Express.	MAIL.	EXPRESS.	Montreal Night Express.
New York via Norwich Line, Pier 40 North River.....	5 00 P.M.	5 00 P.M.		
New York via Fall River Line, Pier 28 North River.....	5 00 "	5 00 "		
New York via Providence Line, Pier 33 North River.....	5 00 "	5 00 "		
New York, all rail, Grand Central Depot, via Springfield, Worcester and Concord	9 00 "	9 00 "		11 00 A.M.
New York, Fall River, Grand Central Depot, via Air Line, Putnam, Worcester & Concord	11 35 "	11 35 "		1 00 P.M.
New Haven via Springfield and Worcester	12 02 A.M.	12 02 A.M.		1 21 P.M.
New Haven via Air Line Putnam & Worcester.....	2 50 "	2 50 "	5 55 A.M.	3 22 "
Providence via Mansfield.....	4 40 "	4 40 "		10 45 "
Providence via Mansfield.....	5 45 "	5 45 "		11 45 "
Worcester, Union Depot, Norwich Line arrive	6 10 "	6 10 "	7 20 "	2 15 "
Worcester, Union Depot, all rail arrive	6 50 "	6 50 "		4 30 "
Worcester & Nashua R. R. arrive	7 40 "	7 30 "	11 15 "	5 00 "
Boston, Lowell Depot.....	8 00 "	8 00 "	12 00 "	5 35 "
Boston, Boston & Maine Depot.....	7 10 "	7 30 "	12 00 "	5 00 "
Ayer Junction, connect with Chesapeake & Moosee Tunnel Line.....	7 55 "	8 00 "	12 50 P.M.	6 05 "
New Bedford.....	5 45 "		7 20 A.M.	
Newport, R. I.....				
Rail River, connect with elegant steamers Bristol and Providence.....	5 30 "		8 00 "	3 41 "
Taunton.....	6 32 "		8 00 "	4 40 "
Salem via Lowell.....	7 10 "		11 35 "	4 45 "
Newburyport via Lawrence.....	7 05 "		11 00 "	4 45 "
Newburyport via New Market Junction.....	6 15 "		11 00 "	4 45 "
Dorchester.....	7 55 "		12 10 P.M.	5 10 "
Haverhill via Lawrence.....	7 15 "		11 27 "	5 17 "
Lawrence.....	8 25 "		11 57 "	6 05 "
Lowell.....	8 48 "		12 58 "	6 33 "
Nashua.....	9 30 "		1 25 "	7 05 "
Manchester.....	10 02 "		2 15 "	7 50 "
Concord.....	10 30 "		3 10 "	8 45 "
East Concord.....	10 35 "		10 45 "	8 52 "
Canterbury.....	10 51 "		11 09 "	9 10 "
Northfield.....	11 09 "		11 18 "	9 19 "
Tilton.....	11 14 "		11 30 "	9 31 "
East Tilton.....	11 14 "		11 39 "	9 39 "
Lacota.....	11 35 "		11 43 "	9 53 "
Lake Village.....	11 40 "		11 58 "	10 03 "
Wells, Lake Winipaukee, Sunr Lady West of Lake and North Conway.....	11 52 "		12 10 P.M.	10 14 "
Centre Harbor, Stage to West Ossipee.....	1 00 P.M.		5 00 "	
West Ossipee.....	2 00 "			
North Conway.....	5 00 "			
Wolfboro.....	6 00 "			
Merritt Village.....	3 00 "		6 00 "	10 23 "
Ashland.....	3 30 "		7 20 "	10 25 "
Plymouth, Penikese House.....	4 12 35 "		12 41 "	10 57 "
West Campion.....	2 30 P.M.		12 55 "	
Campton Village.....	3 00 "			
West Thornton.....	3 30 "			
North Woodstock.....	4 30 "			
Putnam House.....	6 00 "			
Putnam House.....	7 00 "			
Plymouth.....	12 35 P.M.	1 50 P.M.		11 00 P.M.
Rama, N. H.....	1 00 "	1 41 "		11 25 "
West Rama.....	1 50 "	2 03 "		11 33 "
Wentworth.....	2 03 "	2 14 "		11 45 "
Warren.....	2 14 "	2 38 "		11 55 "
Haverhill and Newbury.....	2 38 "	3 28 "	6 26 "	12 31 A.M.
Woodsville.....	2 58 "	3 28 "	6 44 "	12 50 "
Wells River.....	3 29 "			
Montpelier via Montpelier & Wells River R. R.....	5 45 P.M.	5 43 P.M.		8 40 "
St. Johnsbury v a Passumpsic R. R.....	3 20 P.M.	5 00 P.M.		8 43 "
Lyndonville.....	3 40 P.M.	5 25 "		8 50 "
Newport.....	5 03 "	7 00 "		9 35 "
Montreal.....	5 25 "	7 55 "		9 00 "
Wells River.....	9 00 "	4 03 P.M.		10 05 A.M.
Woodsville.....	2 49 P.M.	4 24 "	3 44 P.M.	10 17 "
Bath.....	3 11 "	4 53 "	7 26 "	10 38 "
Littleton.....	4 30 P.M.	5 10 "		11 05 "
France in, Stage from Littleton.....	4 30 P.M.	6 00 P.M.	8 30 P.M.	12 10 P.M.
Littleton.....	6 00 "	7 30 "	9 45 "	1 05 A.M.
Littleton.....	3 11 P.M.	5 10 P.M.	7 26 P.M.	11 30 A.M.
Littleton.....	3 30 "	5 26 "	7 41 "	11 20 "
Redehead Station.....	3 40 P.M.	5 40 P.M.	7 55 P.M.	11 37 A.M.
Maplewood Hotel, Stage from Beth Shiloh.....	4 30 "	6 30 "	8 30 P.M.	11 45 "
Shiloh Hotel.....	4 45 "	6 30 "	8 45 "	11 55 "
Twin Mountain House.....	3 53 "	5 56 "	8 10 "	11 51 "
White Mountain House.....	4 04 "	6 13 "	8 21 "	12 03 P.M.
Rabyan House.....	4 30 "	6 16 "	8 25 "	12 07 "
Mount Pleasant House.....	4 35 "	6 30 "	8 30 "	12 20 "
Craneford House.....	4 45 "	6 30 "	8 46 "	12 30 "
Ammonoosuc Falls.....	5 10 "	6 30 "		
Base of Mt. Washington.....	5 15 "	6 30 "		
Bumtut.....	6 30 "			
Wing Road.....	3 30 P.M.	5 26 P.M.		11 21 A.M.
Wiltonfield.....	3 33 "	5 43 "		11 37 "
Dalton.....	4 03 "	6 15 "		11 50 "
Lamchester.....	4 25 "	6 15 "		12 08 P.M.
Wagonhead House, Stage from Lamchester, arrive	4 40 "	7 30 "		12 08 "
Northumberland Falls.....	4 40 "	7 30 "		1 15 "
Proctor House, connect with T. K. R.....	6 18 "	6 48 "		12 20 "
N. Stratford, Stage 13 miles to Colebrook.....	8 00 "	8 00 "		12 35 "
Island Pond.....	8 00 "	8 00 "		1 00 "
Montreal via Grand Trunk.....	10 00 "	10 00 "		2 30 "
Quebec.....	6 30 A.M.	6 30 A.M.		9 00 "

CONNECTIONS NORTH.

Arrive at Worcester at 7:30 p. m., lodge, leave at 7:40 a. m., through express, parlor cars.
 Passengers leaving New York, all rail, at 11 a. m., via Springfield, arrive at Worcester, Union Depot, at 5:00 p. m., change cars (only change), arrive at Plymouth, N. H., Penikese House, at 10:50 p. m. Leave at 7:35 a. m., arriving at all the mountain houses in time for dinner.
 Passengers via Fall River Line, arrive at Fall River at 5:00 a. m. Express train leaves at 5:30 a. m., arrive in Boston (Old Colony Depot, 6:45 a. m. Transfer coaches (30 minutes) to Boston & Lowell Depot, where White Mountains express, with elegant parlor cars, leaves at 8:00 a. m. Tickets from all offices of this line, and the principal offices in Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, sold through to all principal stations on the Boston, Concord, Montreal & White Mountains Railroad. Baggage checked through.
 Passengers via Norwich Line, arrive at New London at 1:00 a. m., arrive at Worcester, 7:00 (breakfast), Plymouth, 12:30 (lunch) Elegant parlor cars run through, via Worcester, Nashua, Manchester, Concord to all stations on Boston, Concord, Montreal & White Mountains Railroad. Tickets sold from all offices of this line, and the principal offices in Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, to the principal stations on the Boston, Concord, Montreal and Through train (Pullman day and sleeping cars), via New York and New England Railroad, and Transfer Steamer p. m.; Philadelphia, 7:40 p. m., arrive at Worcester, 3 Depot 7:00 a. m., only change from above points to the White and Franconia Mountains, via Boston, Concord, Montreal & White Mountains Railroad.
 Connect at Wells River with afternoon express from White Mountains, Newport, Vt., and through day express from Boston. Connect at Montpelier with Central Vermont for St. Albans and Burlington.
 Connect at Wells River with morning train from Plymouth, White Mountains, and Newport, Vt.
 Connect with express from Chicago and Niagara Falls (with through Wagner day and sleeping cars), via Albany and Springfield.
 Connect with express from Chicago and Niagara Falls with through Wagner sleeping and day cars.
 These routes are the shortest, quickest and pleasantest. Sure connections, and only one change.

† This train (accommodation) leaves Plymouth at 7:35 a. m., arrives at Wells River 9:45. Leaves Wells River at 10:05, as per time given above.
 b, breakfast; d, dinner; s, supper; r, refreshment; l, lodge; c, Montreal Express; e, White Mts. Express; j, by this route passengers have a delightful sail the entire length of Lake Winnepesaukee; g, via New Market Junction; h, via Lawrence; k, runs Sunday, but not Monday morning.

THE ONLY ALL RAIL LINE FROM BOSTON AND PRINCIPAL NEW ENGLAND CITIES TO BASE OF MT. WASHINGTON WITHOUT CHANGE OF CARS.

General Office, Plymouth N.
 J. A. DODGE, Manager. C. M. WHITIER, Cashier,
 W. R. BRACKETT, G. T. A. W. A. COBB, G. F. A.
 Boston Office, No. 5 State Street.
 GEORGE W. STORER, Ag't.
 Montreal Office, 202 St. James Street.

fort are attained by the use of first-class rolling stock, and of all the modern appliances and conveniences of railway travel. J. E. LYON, Esq., of Boston, the late veteran railway manager, was for years the president and controlling spirit of the road, with J. A. DODGE, Esq., of Plymouth, N. H., as superintendent, now general manager — a gentleman who combines the rare qualities, invaluable when united, of great efficiency, with gentlemanly address and business capacity. Mr. LYON's successor as president of the road is J. THOMAS VOSE, who will, no doubt, prove a worthy successor.

Parlor cars are run on all through express trains. Tickets may be purchased, information obtained, and general directions given at the passenger agency of this road, No. 5 State street, Boston, or at the office of General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Plymouth, N. H.

After leaving the Merrimack intervals, above Concord, the stations are not such as to particularly interest the stranger, nor is the country sufficiently attractive to charm or interest you, until you reach the station at TILTON, at which place is located the N. H. Conference Seminary and Female College. The school building is seen on the high ground to the left. Stages run from this point to Gilmanton Centre, to New Hampton and to Franklin, N. H. And it is to some extent a place of summer resort.

Shortly after leaving Tilton Station the waters of Lake Winnesquam are seen to the left. This lake, or outlying bay of Winnepesaukee, is a lovely sheet of water, formerly known as Sanbornton Bay, or Great Bay.

LACONIA,

a thriving village, twenty-seven miles from Concord, is an enterprising and live manufacturing town, desirable as a place of residence and important as a trade centre.



1 2 3 4 5

1. Lake Winnesquam.
 2. Sandwich Mountains.
 3. Boston, Concord, and Montreal R.R.

LACONIA, N.H.

4. Bay View House.
 5. Mount Belknap.

The name "Laconia" was originally given to the whole region lying about the lakes and mountains.

Here are located the Belknap Mills, Ranlet Car Company, with iron foundries and machine shops, Bank of Discount and two Savings Banks, with all the accessories of a desirable country village.

The LACONIA HOUSE, kept by D. B. STORY, Esq., is a new and commodious house, affording visitors substantial comforts and ample accommodations. David is a genial and liberal landlord; can tell a good story and keep a good hotel. There is a good livery stable connected and any number of pleasant drives about the lake. 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 wide range of the whole extent of the lake from a central point. 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, another thriving town of attractive appearance, important as the place where are located the construction and repair shops of the Boston, Concord & Montreal Railroad line, with manufactories of machin-

ery and mill castings (Cole Manufacturing Co.), hosiery mills, and other mills of importance for making of knitting machines, needles, etc.



THE MOUNT BELKNAP HOUSE

Is a spacious brick hotel, near the railway station, L. B. BROWN, proprietor. It is an excellent house, 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. B. will furnish good teams at reasonable rates. It is in every respect a cozy, well kept and commodious hotel.

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 unpretending station at

WEIRS,

The steamboat landing on Lake Winnepesaukee, probably so called for the reason that here were located the *fish-weirs*, or nets, of the Indians. At this point are the extensive camp-meeting grounds of the New England Methodists, among the finest inland grounds in the country, where thousands annually enjoy the natural beauty and intellectual pleasures here afforded.

Passengers can leave by the commodious steamer "Lady of the Lake," Capttain W. A. SANBORN, and enjoy the delightful sale of ten miles, through the finest portion of the Lake, to the quiet and picturesque hamlet at the head of Central Northern Bay, so loved by artists and sought by lovers of beauty and quiet—known as CENTRE HARBOR, fully described in next chapter, or to WOLFBOROUGH, on the eastern shore, or to the islands. The round trip to Centre Harbor, Wolfborough and return, gives the most charming views to be had in the State, and should by all means be taken by tourists or travellers.

It is one of the most attractive localities for a Summer home in the Mountain or Lake Region, and the easiest reached of any point on Lake Winnepesaukee; being just at the landing. Guests can sail as the weather and circumstances favor, and the journey to this point from any New England city is simply a half day's easy ride.



LAKESIDE HOUSE, AT THE WEIRS.

All trains on the Boston, Concord, Montreal & White Mountains Railroad stop at this station. Rates, \$2 per day, and same proportion for part of a day. Is kept by

L. R. WEEKS, and is a spacious summer hotel, opened for boarders about June 20th. Good board and accommodations may here be had at very reasonable prices. Excursion parties are entertained, and it is a lovely locality. The facilities for boating are the best.

CHAPTER III.

LAKE WINNEPESAUKEE AND VICINITY.

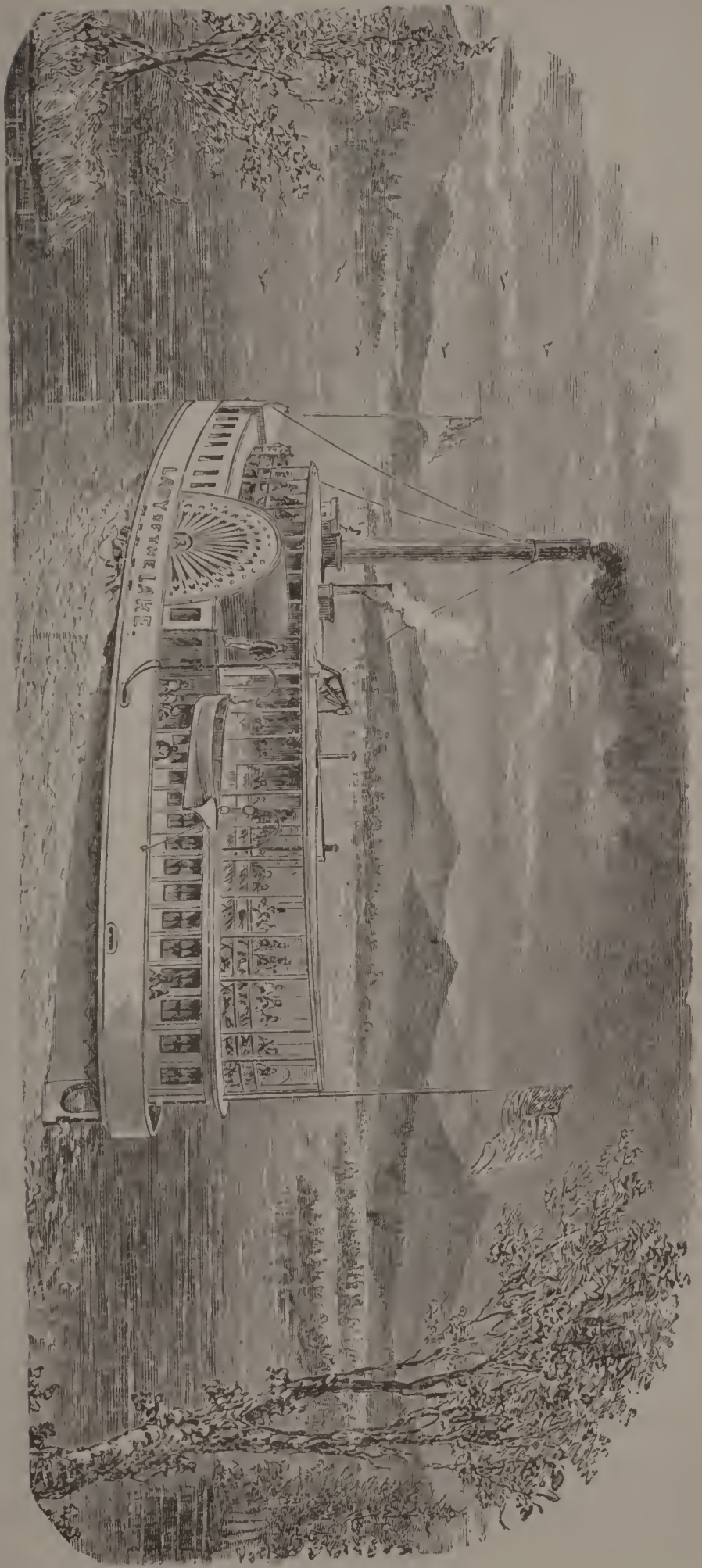
“For all her length far winding lay,
The promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light;
And mountains, that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land.”

In a bewildering irregularity of shore line, a picturesque surrounding of mountains and hills, with groups of islands dotting the surface of its waters, lies this mountain-shadowed group of connected bays — a land-locked basin filled with liquid crystal.

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 forests, green hillsides and fertile pastures, with the nearer view of Red Hill and the surrounding elevations fronting your course, the twin peaks of Belknap and Gunstock mountains behind you, and the wondrous beauty of island gemmed surface and constantly changing outlines of the grander shores, all blend in a scene not to be forgotten.

The name in the Indian language signifies “The smile of the Great Spirit,” or the “Pleasant Water of the High Place.” The testimony of Everett, Starr King and Bartol, among our own writers, and of travellers from foreign lands, to whom the loveliness of other scences is familiar, all unite in praise of the perfection of beauty here revealed.

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 wer



LAKE WINNEPESAUKEE.

thick upon its waters long before the artist sketched its outlines; their *ahquedaukens*, or "fish-weirs," furnished supply of food without limit, and the fertile shores provided the growth of corn. 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 the 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 combinations 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, is one to be remembered for a lifetime.

In the olden time the lake was known as "Winnapusscawkit, Winnipaseket, or Winipaseckek." 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, giving over seventy square miles surface. Its elevation above sea level is four hundred and ninety-six feet. The waters are of a deep, clear and transparent green. The islands (more than two hundred and seventy-five in number), have clearly defined, and, with some exceptions, low, rocky shores, one hundred and eighty miles in extent, and are covered with the greenest foliage. On DIAMOND ISLAND,

which is a sort of a half-way station for the boats from the lake landings, and at which the "Lady of the Lake" makes a short stop in its trips from Wolfeborough to Weirs, is a comfortable hotel, accommodating some fifty guests, and is a place of resort for picnic, 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 isles which dot the lake; some have cultivated farms, others are used solely for pasturage, others are sacred to picnic 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.

CENTRE HARBOR

is at the head of the central north-end bay. Here the visitor may tarry and take luxurious ease and perfect rest at the commodious hotels, row or sail upon the lake in boats to be had for the purpose, watch the play of the shadows upon the mirror of waters and the many hills, or

make the "not to be omitted" excursion to RED HILL, or the drive of four miles, "around the ring." There is an elevation about a mile from the hotels which affords a fine outlook. Excellent teams are furnished for the attractive drives hereabouts, and private teams are well cared for.

The SENTER HOUSE, J. L. HUNTRESS, proprietor, is



SENER HOUSE.

located near the shore of the lake; the grounds are ample, the piazzas broad and inviting to cozy and luxurious ease. All but chronic grumblers can here be entertained with all needful comforts and conveniences, including the first great requisites, plenty and cleanliness, and the other essentials.

At the MOULTON HOUSE, S. F. EMERY, proprietor, good rooms and good cheer await you at all times, and patrons will find all the needful provisions for making comfortable either a prolonged or temporary stay, including teams and everything needful for the man of leisure, the sportsman, or families and parties seeking rest or pleasure.

SQUAM LAKE should be visited, three and one-half miles from the village — a miniature Winnepesaukee.

RED HILL,

distant from Centre Harbor some five miles to the summit, should be visited. From this elevation (of 2,500 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 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 shallops 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, ←— SANBORN, proprietor, running along the base of Red Hill, through Moultonborough, the village of Sandwich, Sandwich Notch, Tamworth and Ossipee, to the station on Great Falls & Conway branch of Eastern Railroad. The distance from Centre Harbor to North Conway is about thirty-two miles, one-half by stage line. The Bearcamp River Hotel at West Ossipee (formerly Banks House), J. L. PLUMMER, proprietor, is a favorite resort for anglers, hunters, and lovers of the picturesque. Excursions from this point to Ossipee and Chucorua Lake are frequently taken; it is also a favorable point from which to view the rugged spurs of Chucorua.

The stage route, though somewhat rugged, gives a grand panoramic view of the mountains at that distance, which lends enchantment to their bold outlines. There are occasional sharp and tiresome hills on the route. Ossipee Mountain will haunt you during the drive. *Passaconaway* and *Whiteface* are lofty peaks, 4,200 and 4,100 feet elevation, respectively.

The Sandwich range of mountains is to the west and north, terminating in the peaks of Chucorua, with its massive symmetrical and precipitous ledges, 3,400 feet in height, desolate and lone as if smitten by the curse of the dying chief whose name it bears.

Of North Conway, with its secluded charms set about with circling majesty of distant mountains, we will give a full account in a succeeding chapter. The other most important and picturesque village on the shore of Winnepesaukee is

WOLFEBOROUGH,

on the eastern shore of the lake, settled some five years before the Revolution, reached by boat from Centre Harbor and Weirs. Around the romantic village, located on ridges of land affording fine views, are many pleasant drives. Chief among the attractions is the ascent of Cople Crown Mountain (2,100 feet elevation), about five miles distant from the hotels. The ascent is not difficult, the carriage road reaching within a mile of the summit. The view takes in nearly the whole extent of the Lake, the rugged spurs of Chucorua, the massive Ossipee, and overtopping dome of Mount Washington; and, across the Lake, Mounts Belknap and Gunstock.

Sometimes, 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 "Tum-

ble-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." Wolfeborough has direct railroad communication with Boston and the east, and with Conway by the Wolfeborough branch of the Great Falls & Conway Line, while the daily boat trips to Weirs, on the Concord & Montreal line, and to Alton Bay, give unusual facilities for visitors to choose among rival routes. Tourists may reach Wolfeborough by this route as cheaply as they can by any other. The round trip across to Wolfeborough, then to Centre Harbor and back to the Weirs, is very charming, and this and other pleasant excursions may be made from the Weirs, or points in connection on the line of the Boston, Concord, Montreal & White Mountains Railroad.



THE WOLFEBOROUGH PAVILION,

I. N. ANDREWS, proprietor, is a fine and commodious hotel, with all the requirements of a first-class inn, and a fine livery for the charming drives hereabout. The house is located in the immediate vicinity of the landing, with facilities for boating and all desirable rural pleasures.

THE GLENDEN HOUSE,

J. L. PEAVEY, proprietor, is attractive in its exterior and style, new, airy and pleasant, on the shore of the Lake. Livery stables connected, and boats may be had for lake excursions. Billiard rooms, house lighted throughout with gas, electric bell arrangement, and lively and efficient management.

The sail by boat to the southern portion of the Lake leads you into the winding and hill-shadowed inlet of

ALTON BAY,

and brings you to the village of the same name at the foot of Merry-meeting Bay, at the lower end of the Lake. This is the point of railroad communication with Boston and the East, via the Dover & Winnepesaukee and Boston & Maine railroads. Connecting with trains over these roads, the new, staunch and commodious steamer, "Mount Washington," Capt. Wiggin, plies to Wolfeborough and Centre Harbor, through the entire length of the Lake proper. This place has become noted for the immense gatherings of 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. 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. The outlook from the summit of Mount Major and Prospect Hill commands fine views.

CHAPTER IV.

NORTHWARD FROM THE LAKE.

Perhaps the larger portion of the travelling public, now that rail communication is continuous to the grand summit, ignore the charms of the lake in their pardonable haste to reach the central and all-important attractions of the hills, and will keep steadily onward by rail, along the western shore of Northwest Cove, in sight of its cool, sparkling waters, through

MEREDITH VILLAGE.



RAGGED MOUNTAIN AND LONG POND, MEREDITH, N. H.

Ino. P. Bachelder Del.

This fine village has become a place of resort for those seeking a quiet and attractive summer retreat.



THE ELM HOUSE,

G. M. BURLEIGH, proprietor, is a good hotel, and the village a place desirable for quiet residence.

The railroad now skirts the shores of Lake Wukawan, and brings you to the thriving village of

ASHLAND,

important for the extensive production of paper, leather, and straw-board, woolen goods, gloves and hosiery. This village is in the old town of Holderness, which was settled by its founders with high hopes of making it one of the important towns of the colony.

SQUAM LAKE HOUSE,

J. M. COTTON, proprietor, is a good hotel, with a livery. Within a short distance are a large number of trout streams.

The next station, after passing Bridgewater, is in the fair valley of the Pemigewasset (place of crooked pines)—the charming village of



PENIKESSE HOUSE OFFICE AND DINING ROOM. PLYMOUTH.

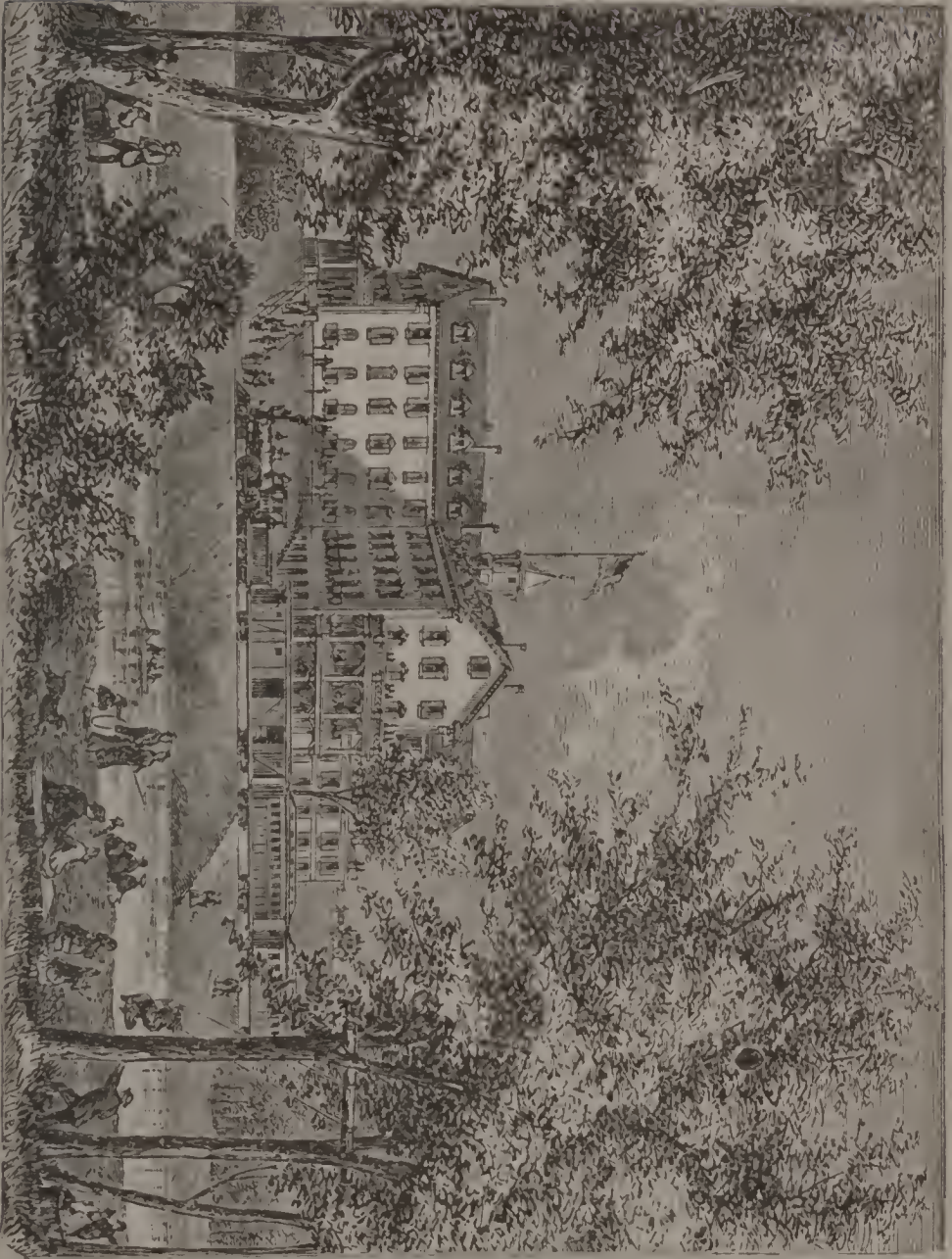
PLYMOUTH, N. H.,

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

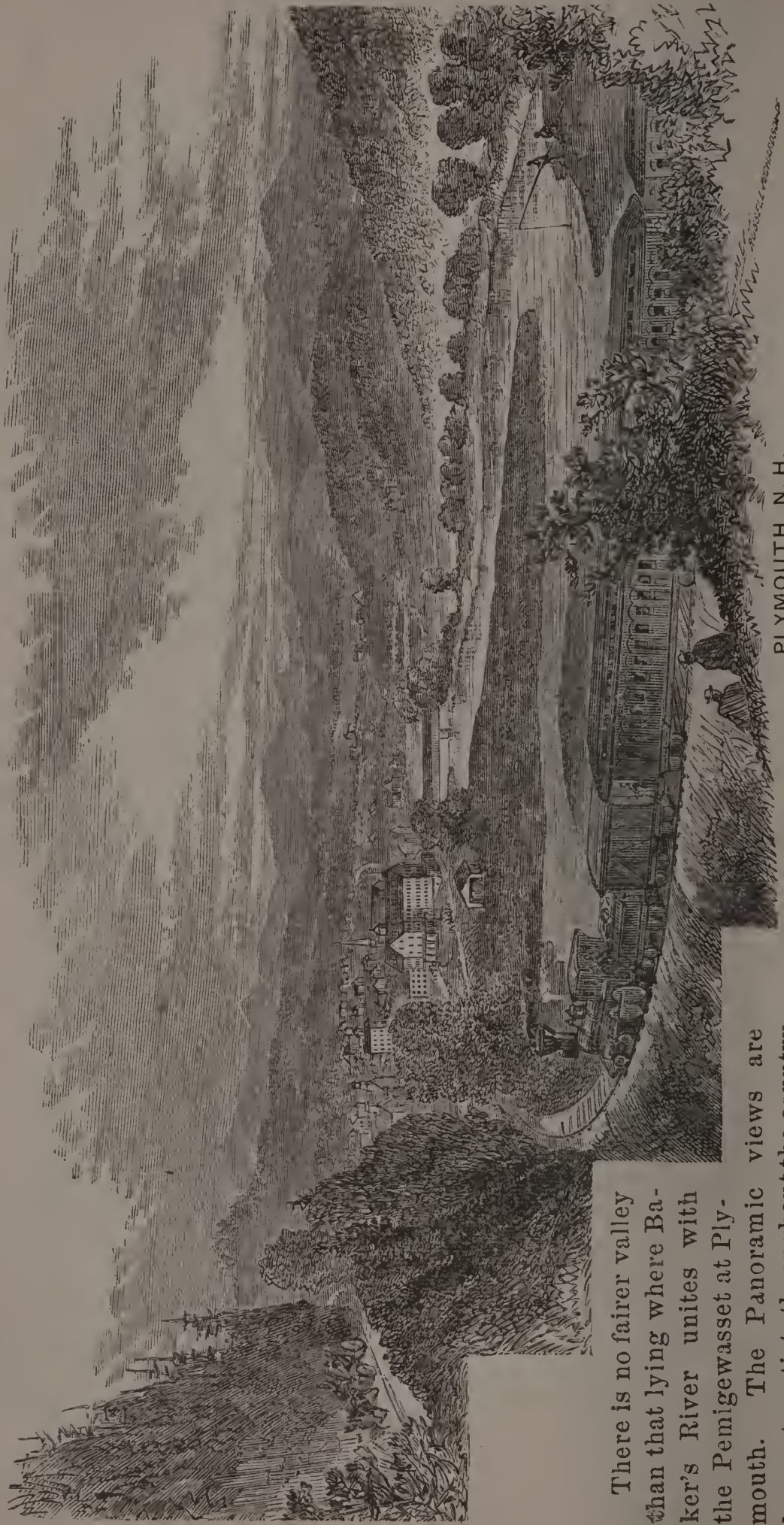
PEMIGEWASSET HOUSE,

in the lower stories of which are the rooms of the passenger station. C. M. MORSE, Esq., is the gentlemanly manager. 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. Scrupulous neatness, excellent cookery, and quiet, lady-like attendance, the purest of water, freshest of viands, with beds inviting and aiding sleep, are the features of this hotel.

This favorite house was erected in 1863, and is one of the best, in design and management, in the State. The building has a frontage of two hundred and thirty feet, is four stories in height, with a wide projecting wing. There are one hundred and fifty sleeping rooms, large, airy, and well furnished, with bathing facilities. Suites of rooms can be had for families. The parlor is spacious, with elegant furnishings, 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. Good teams may be had at the first-class livery stable near at hand, with skillful drivers, familiar with surrounding scenery. The public rooms and passage-ways are lighted with gas.



THE PEMIGEWASSET HOUSE, PLYMOUTH, N. H.



There is no fairer valley than that lying where Baker's River unites with the Pemigewasset at Plymouth. The Panoramic views are known to artists throughout the country

PLYMOUTH, N. H.

Pleasant drives, in the vicinity of Plymouth, lead to points of interest within reasonable distance, viz., around Smith's Bridge, six miles ; to Livermore Falls, two miles ; Plymouth Mountain, ten miles ; Loon Pond, five miles ; Squam Lake, six miles ; Centre Harbor, twelve 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 is not difficult, the carriage-way leading nearly to the summit—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 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 views of Mount Lafayette and Cannon Mountain are particularly grand from this summit, and Chucorua, Gunstock, Belknap Mountains, Monadnock and Kearsage greet the vision as the eye sweeps the circuit from the east to the west, and to the northwest Moosehillock swells nobly into view ; Wukawan, 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 rock bed. For a limited view, if you have not time or inclination for a more extensive one, that from Walker's Hill or South Mountain is pleasing to

those unfamiliar with grander prospects. If a day or two is spent in Plymouth at this favorite Hotel, it is



quite likely on your return, the coming year, your stay will be one of weeks. 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). The proprietors make a speciality of giving best of accommodations to permanent boarders, and the number of such is each year increasing.

PEMIGEWASSET VALLEY STAGE ROUTE.

It is a genuine pleasure now and then to mount the rattling stage coach and roll off among the hills and along the valleys behind the six well fed horses who seem to feel a pride in the work of transportation.

The stage 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 House—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 Camp-

ton, Thornton, Woodstock and Lincoln. The Campton intervalles, 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 of great hills as you approach their base, and lessening of streams as you near their sources, entrance into the immediate presence of solemn and majestic mountains in the evening twilight, Franconia Notch, with its wonders and comforts provided at the end, will all linger in memory long after the journey has become a thing of the past, and the landscapes

“Plaited with valleys and embossed with hills,
Enchased with silver streams, and fringed with woods,”

if seen in favorable lights, will be living pictures fading only with memory. Of the attractions and healthfulness of Campton and towns beyond, lying in this picturesque valley among great mountains and near to the wonders of Franconia, too much cannot be said in praise. The number of temporary residents in these quiet valley homes, each season, is constantly increasing, and the time of their sojourn lengthens every year. The charms of this section are appreciated by artists and lovers of the picturesque who resort here every year to transcribe with pencil or brush the beauty of landscapes, of sunset scenes and autumn tints.

“It is a fresh and rare land,
A rugged, bold and bare land.”

Not only is the scenery such as to give continued charm to this valley as a summer residence, but here

* * * * * “the air,
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.”

In view of such scenes, and in such an atmosphere, men fretted by care and worn by labor cannot fail to find rest, pleasure and strength.

“The people of tired cities
Come up to these shrines and pray;
God freshens again within them
As he passes by all day.”

From the near vicinity of Plymouth all along the valley, well up to the Flume, there are quiet and cozy summer homes for those who seek the peace of seclusion in the summer and autumn. Let no one imagine that he goes back a century in habit and life because he journeys to the hills; the pod-auger days have passed away and the visitor will find all needful comfort under the very shadow of the mountains.

Leaving Plymouth, the first boarding-house of note is that of J. C. BLAIR, accommodating about fifty people.



BLAIR'S SUMMER BOARDING HOUSE.

The buildings are commodious; near at hand are groves, where the thoughtful can have perfect seclusion if they desire. Here also the Pemigewasset river, only a few rods

from the threshold expands into a wide stream, so clear that every stone and pebble of the river bed is visible to the rowing party, who rest upon the still surface to gaze into the crystal depths. Saving the bright innocent eyes of children, we look into nothing on earth more pure than the crystal tides of a mountain-born river. Excellent boats can be had at any time, and for three miles up river there is as fine a boating way as can be found in the country. With all these advantages it is not strange that Mr. Blair finds plenty of patrons. Post office address, Plymouth, N. H. The distance from Plymouth is but four miles.

Also, three miles beyond, on the banks of the Pemige-



SANBORN'S HOTEL.

wasset, T. J. Sanborn & Sons have a fine family hotel, admirably situated at the river ford and boating ground, accommodating sixty-five guests. The location is happily chosen, the advantages for boating and driving are unsurpassed, and boats or teams can be had at any time. The distance is three miles beyond Blair's, seven miles from Plymouth. Post office and express in the house; address, West Campton, N. H.

CAMPTON VILLAGE, eight miles from Plymouth, is noted for the extensive and picturesque views to be had from many localities. Here OSMOND C. FOSS accommodates about seventy people at the



BLACK MOUNTAIN HOUSE,

located near Black Mountain. Guests are made comfortable and happy; reasonable charges, efficient and willing service, the most varied and pleasing scenery in New England, with privilege of driving, boating, or taking perfect and absolute rest, ought to satisfy any one who can be satisfied this side of paradise, or who stands the slightest chance of ever going there. Post office address, Campton Village, N. H.

Here also FRANK CHASE, known to all the country round, keeps the HILLSIDE HOUSE, a cosy house on the river bank. He can make forty-five guests, who have nothing heavy on their consciences, as happy as good dinners, good treatment and pleasant surroundings can make men. Boating, groves, drives, retirement and quiet, in short a pleasant summer home can be found. P. O. address, Campton Village, N. H.



HILLSIDE HOUSE.

FOUNTAIN HOUSE, Campton Village, G. D. MITCHELL, proprietor, is pleasantly situated on high land (about 2,000 feet elevation), overlooking fine mountain scenery, both the Franconia and Waterville ranges. It is but 17 miles from Franconia Notch. The air is cool and bracing, drives are numerous and attractive, good trout fishing in streams near at hand. The post office is five minutes walk from the house. Express and mail daily, by stage. Terms, \$6 and \$7 per week. Horses and carriages at reasonable rates.

At THORNTON, nine miles from Plymouth, WM. MERRILL, Esq., has a fine boarding house accommodating about thirty people. He is a veteran at the business, and will make all who make their home with him comfortable and satisfied during their stay. Fine views, drives, genuine country life, good, wholesome, hearty and cheering, all elevate and help a man physically and mentally, and here is the place to enjoy all these. Post office address, Thornton, N. H.

At WEST THORNTON, twelve miles from Plymouth, the GRAFTON HOUSE, kept by J. E. PATTEE, is an excellent house, accommodating twenty-five people, where at low

prices for transient patrons and very low for permanent boarders, that number can be well accommodated. This is the station for changing horses on this valley stage route.

In the same village the UNION HOUSE is a cosy summer residence, every way comfortable and home-like. Those who tarry there will be honestly and generously served.

At WOODSTOCK, seventeen miles from Plymouth, there is a good house, and at Waterville, MERRILL GREELEY,



GREELEY HOUSE.

Esq., will take good care of fifty guests, a veteran country hotel keeper, too well and too favorably known to need wordy endorsement. No mistake will be made if you quarter with him at once and prolong your stay until winter closes the season.

At Woodstock, ISAAC FOX has a large and comfortable boarding house, which is very pleasantly situated on the east side of the Pemigewasset River. No more inviting place for a quiet summer sojourn can be found anywhere in the vicinity of the mountains. There are accommodations for forty guests.

At North Woodstock is the boarding house of G. F. RUSSELL, with accommodations for twenty-five guests. Charming river and mountain scenery, pure mountain air, good living, with opportunities for driving, trout-fishing, etc., make this spot desirable.

The route leads up past the wonders so widely known, the FLUME and the POOL, just off the route in the forest. The FLUME HOUSE is hard by these points, and five miles beyond, at the end of the route, is the Old man of the Mountain and the frowning walls of Mounts Cannon and Lafayette are on either side as you approach the PROFILE HOUSE. Of all these you are told in another chapter.

Many will not take the stage route, but will continue by railway northward from Plymouth, following for twenty miles the valley of Baker's river, to the Connecticut. Passing Quincy's Station, Rumney, West Rumney, and Wentworth, Rattlesnake Mountain, Carr's Mountain and other elevations of considerable boldness, are seen before reaching Wentworth. The whole region is rugged.

WARREN.

This town is a place of much resort for sportsmen and lovers of out-door life. The town has fifty miles of trout streams and many ponds. Visitors interested in geology will find much to engage their attention in and around this township. There are masses of lime-stone near Warren Summit, fine granite at Webster's Slide and Mount Carr. The first grand summit reached by the traveller is the bold rounded cone of MOOSILAUK MOUNTAIN, distant some five miles to the base, is visited by all admirers of mountain scenery. The ascent is by a new turnpike recently opened to the summit, some four miles. There are good hotel accommodations at the summit for those who remain.

From this isolated crest (4,636 feet altitude), high

above all surrounding peaks, one of the grandest and most extensive views in New England startles the visitor; the eye falls directly upon the White and Franconia mountain ranges. Eastward the great central dome of Washington, flanked by the noble ranges of the mighty hills, the scarred sides of Lafayette, the walls of the Notch and Pemigewasset Mountains. Carrigan and Pequaket are prominent



OWL'S HEAD AND MOOSILAUK, WARREN, N. H.

peaks, the Uncanoonucks, Monadnocks and Kearsarge bound the vision as you sweep around from south to west. The vast extent of view from this high crest includes nearly all of eastern and southern New Hampshire, the mountains in the direction of North Conway and glimpses of distant Maine, while, far away to the northwest, the view extends into the Canadas. The first experience of wintering upon mountain summits in this latitude was upon this summit in 1869, by Prof. Huntington and others. The Moosilauk House is a well kept hotel with an extensive livery for the accommodation of visitors.

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



MOUNT GARDNER HOUSE, WOODSVILLE.

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 mountains in the back ground. 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 MOUNT GARDNER HOUSE,

near this station, is a large, new and commodious hotel, kept by A. S. McLEOD, where all who patronize him can find rest, comfort and quiet. The house is entirely new, both building and furnishing, and so near the station as to be very convenient for all travellers, as well as permanent residents.

THE PARKER HOUSE,

opposite the station, recently built to accommodate the business and pleasure travel, is a good house, with reasonable prices; livery stable connected.

The mail train, following the express, stops at all stations, and all trains, excepting the fast through express, connect at Wells River, forming junction with the Passumpsic River Railroad for Lakes Willoughby and Memphremagog. The Wells River and Montpelier Railroad, now completed, takes passengers from this point to Montpelier, Mount Mansfield and Camel's Hump, Burlington, (where boat or cars may be taken for Saratoga, Lake Champlain, Lake George, or for St. Albans and Ogdensburg).

NORTHWARD TO LITTLETON.

Re-crossing the Connecticut by the same bridge, and back through Woodsville, the line of road from this point — the White Mountains division — passes along the valley of the Wild Ammonoosuc river, which abounds in rapids



Dr. H. C. Schell's del.

1

2

3

4

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- 1. Oak Hill House.
- 2. High School.
- 3. Ammonoosuc River.

LITTLETON, N.H.

- 4. Mount Washington.
- 5. Boston, Concord, and Montreal R.R.

and falls, and is the most variable and erratic of the New England streams, descending five thousand feet from its source to its union with the Connecticut.

LITTLETON.

Morning express train from Boston arrives here at 3.30 P. M. It is one hundred and thirteen miles from Concord, and one hundred and eighty-seven from Boston, and is one of the most important of the mountain railway stations, nearest to the Profile house (distant, by stage line, eleven 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 elevation in the immediate vicinity.

THAYER'S HOTEL

is a well managed and widely known house which has long been kept by the present proprietor, and is the leading hotel of this lovely village. The coach will be found waiting with others at the depot. This hotel is the point of departure for the Franconia stages. The late trains from New York reach here in the evening and passengers lodge with Thayer for the night, and go to Franconia and elsewhere in the morning. If they stay with him and visit noted points from his house, by teams, they will be generously and pleasantly entertained. Mr. T. is a veteran in the business, is thoroughly posted in regard to the hills, and has the experience and capacity needed for successfully keeping a hotel, providing solid comforts at reasonable prices.



THE OAK HILL HOUSE

is finely located on an elevation. It has become a favorite resort for summer residents, commanding as it does extensive views of the White Mountains. The grounds (five acres) are fitted up with a view to furnishing all the out-door exercise and amusement desired by patrons. The house is supplied with purest of running water from a never failing spring, and is a first-class mountain home. Secluded walks and retreats abound within a short distance from the house. A pleasant and quiet summer retreat for the vacation season. 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. GEORGE FARR & Co., proprietors.

At the UNION HOUSE good accommodations may be had at all times.

KILBURN BROTHERS, photographic artists, have here the finest collection of stereoscopic views of mountain scenery and picturesque localities to be found in New England.

They are not excelled as artists, nor 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 the journey.

Stages leave railway station and Thayer's Hotel 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.

A day's drive takes one to any of the points of interest in the mountains, and return. Extensive views of the mountains can be had from the elevation in the immediate vicinity.

FROM LITTLETON TO FRANCONIA NOTCH, WHITE MOUNTAINS,

the stage route of eleven miles is by a good road, over hills and through valleys, passing through the long winding street of the picturesque village of Franconia. The views of Mounts Lafayette and Cannon from Franconia village are very fine. The approach to the Notch by this route, in the sombre stillness of the fading day, when the shadows ascend slowly to the mountain tops, gilding their summits with golden splendor, and the bare and grim outlines of the range are brought out in bold relief, in a scene to be remembered.

FRANCONIA.

This long, winding, highland street on the route from Littleton to the Profile House, at the Notch, is a pleasant mountain village. Many who spend several weeks at the mountains in summer, choose to make permanent stay at some of the snug public houses of the village, and take daily drives to points of interest within easy distance. Nearly all the well known localities about either range

can be visited and return same day. The Franconia House is an excellent and roomy hotel, neatly kept and efficiently



FRANCONIA HOUSE.

managed by H. W. PRIEST, who will do all a man can do to entertain his patrons. The view from this house is a bold sweep of the grand landscape with Mt. LAFAYETTE as the prominent feature.

The LAFAYETTE HOUSE, at Franconia village, is kept by RICHARDSON BROTHERS. Richardson was for many years a stage driver on the route over the Hoosac Mountains, from North Adams to Hoosac. Those who make it their home for a time with these brothers will carry away a pleasant remembrance of good dinners and scrupulous neatness, with prompt service. This snug house comfortably accommodates fifty people, and the proprietors have the *will* and know the *way* to make all pleasant and satisfactory.

E. H. GOODNOW's new boarding house on SUGAR HILL accommodates one hundred guests. The site overlooks

the mountain ranges for a wide area, and the surroundings are romantic. The accommodations can but satisfy all, and nowhere among the hills is the scenery more magnifi-



GOODNOW HOUSE.

cent or the views wider or more bold and charming. Good teams, everything desirable. Both the proprietor and his wife give personal attention to the management of the house, and the location is unsurpassed.

Sometime before reaching the Profile House you pass the farm belonging to the hotel, with the tasty and lavish display of flowers about the door and lawn, and wholesome fresh supplies, telling of substantial provision for numerous guests. The diverging road to Bald Mountain is also passed. Echo Lake lies just to the left of the roadway; Eagle Cliff towers into view just beyond, and as you near the hotel, you look to the right far up on the rocky summit of Mount Cannon, where the granite mass which gives name to this summit stands an almost perfect imitation of

a mounted gun of heavy calibre, when viewed from this spot.

THE VALLEY HOUSE,

HORACE KNIGHT, proprietor, is pleasantly situated, and has accommodations for twenty-five or thirty guests. The whole region is very healthy, and the sojourner at the Valley House is assured a delightful summer home. Carriages may be had for drives.



CHARLES EDSON'S, FRANCONIA, N. H.

Mr. Charles Edson's boarding house is in the village, near the post office. It is near the river, and the surroundings are pleasant. Mr. E. gives personal attention to his guests. His house is open the year around, accommodating thirty guests. Carriages may be had for drives.

The RIVERSIDE HOUSE is a quarter of a mile beyond the village — a new house — erected by J. H. YOUNG. It is an excellent place for either a long or short visit.

THE PROFILE HOUSE,

the favorite hotel of the Franconia region, is now reached. From its location, surroundings and management, it is

one of the most popular resorts in the whole mountain region. Echo Lake, Eagle Cliff, the Great Stone Face and Profile Lake, are all in the immediate vicinity, and with the general wildness of the pass itself, make up a scene unequalled in many of its features, elsewhere in the world. The smaller, but well kept Flume House, five miles below, has the same management and is in near vicinity of the Flume, the Pool, Georgiana Falls and other wonders. The Basin is passed on the journey through the pass, being by the roadside. Of these natural wonders and the ascent of summits from these points, see full description in chapter on "Franconia Notch."

THE FLUME HOUSE,

five miles down the Notch, is kept by the same parties, and is in the immediate vicinity of the FLUME and the POOL.

Again returning to the railway and going

NORTHWARD FROM LITTLETON,

you may pass directly on and unite with the Grand Trunk Railway at Groveton Junction, for Colebrook, Dixville Notch, Island Pond or the Canadas, or tarry as you may choose at either Whitefield, Dalton, Lancaster or Guildhall, successive stations upon this line, hereafter noticed in detail; but, if your destination is Bethlehem, the Twin Mountain or Fabyan Houses, Mount Washington Summit or the Crawford House at the Notch, you will take the Mount Washington Branch Railroad, diverging from the main line above Littleton at the "Wing Station," and pass directly on to these points.

BETHLEHEM.

This mountain town on the Mount Washington Branch Railway, has become one of the famed health and pleas-

ure resorts of New England. The grand outlook upon the bold landscape, which includes the whole region of the White Mountains proper, the nearness of the Franconia range, and the dry, stimulating air of this high table land, with the certain and ample railway and hotel accommodations, all combine to make this picturesque village the favorite resort, not only of invalids, who come here seeking the pure air and stimulating breezes of this high elevation, and sure immunity from that dreaded affliction, "Hay fever," and its kindred diseases; but to hundreds who seek only rest and recreation, and find it here in this mountain town. The village is a central point for daily excursions to the many mountain resorts, by easy stages to Franconia and the wonders thereabout, including Echo Lake, the Great Stone Face, the Pool, the Basin and the Flume, or, in the other direction, the White Mountain Notch, and all the bold and startling scenery in that vicinity. Among the many drives besides the ones before mentioned, are the following: to the summit of Mount Agassiz, two miles; Craft's Ledge, one and two-thirds miles; Kimball Hill, Howland's Observatory (one of the finest outlooks in the hills), six miles; Montgomery Pond, six miles; Jefferson Hill and the Waumbek House, eighteen miles; Profile House, eleven miles; the Flume, sixteen miles; Mt. Washington Railroad Station, nineteen miles.

THE SINCLAIR HOUSE, BETHLEHEM,

greatly enlarged this season, is three miles from Bethlehem Station, DURGIN & FOX, proprietors, is a first-class, large and commodious house, with liberal accommodations for three hundred and fifty guests. The site commands the boldest scenery of the hills, and the walks and playgrounds, the rooms of ample size, and the conveniences, substantial and complete, with all the modern improve-

ments, make it one of the best of the first-class mountain hotels, and located upon the route from Bethlehem Station



SINCLAIR HOUSE.

to the Profile House, with regular stage lines to all important points, it has become a favorite resort for lovers of the picturesque, and for travellers and tourists who appreciate the excellent management of the house. Telegraph office connected. There is an excellent livery stable, and parties can visit most of the attractions in the hills and return the same day.

The popularity of this village, as a summer resort, brings

together a community of temporary residents of more than ordinary social standing and position ; and, year by year, the stay of these visitors is prolonged, until a summer

MAPLEWOOD HOTEL, BETHLEHEM, N. H.



residence among the hills becomes to many a regular annual pilgrimage, not adding to living expenses, and insuring

health, pleasure, and a change which is beneficial in every way. There is constant telegraphic communication with the leading hotels and New England cities, and sure railway connections by fast express trains during the season of travel. Governor Henry Howard, of Providence, R. I., has a summer residence here and spends the summer months in this healthy village with his family.

THE MAPLEWOOD HOTEL

is beautifully located at the foot of Bethlehem street, towards the railroad station. No country hotel has finer grounds, more tastefully arranged, or more naturally attractive. ISAAC S. CRUFT, Esq., a liberal and prominent citizen, is the owner and builder of this excellent house. He is an enthusiast in the commendable work of rearing fine breeds of foreign cattle, and having gained control of surrounding lands, for a wide extent, his guests can range over a wide landscape without trespass.

This house is the especial favorite of those who enjoy romantic surroundings and substantial comforts during their stay in the country in summer. S. Newman, Esq., has the management of the house. The building is very attractive in design and finish, and is surrounded with neat and cosy cottages for those who prefer seclusion and quiet. The hotel can well accommodate five hundred guests, having been greatly enlarged and improved the past year. It is one of the finest buildings in the mountains; has telegraphic facilities, excellent livery, and a location never to be forgotten. There is no more elegant home, or more commanding site in the highlands of New Hampshire.

AVENUE HOUSE.

The AVENUE HOUSE, F. L. KELLEY, was first opened last season, and secured liberal patronage at the start.

The proprietors and employes will do all things possible for their patrons, and they have the arrangements and experience to make success assured.



MOUNT AGASSIZ HOUSE.

The Mount Agassiz House, HORATIO NYE, proprietor, is a pleasant home for the tourist, sportsman or invalid. A carriage road has been opened to the summit of Mount Agassiz, and a carriage runs from the hotels and principal boarding houses to the summit three times each day—morning, noon, and at sunset.



CENTENNIAL HOUSE.

The CENTENNIAL HOUSE is a new house, accommodating forty guests. H. W. WILDER is the proprietor, and he will honor the name chosen for his home. Convenient to post office and larger hotels; plank walks. Plenty and neatness, with gentlemanly and ladylike treatment.

The new and tasty ALPINE HOUSE, C. H. CLARK, proprietor, also accommodates forty people. It is a highland home which will be acceptable to those who may patronize the gentlemanly owner.

The MOUNT WASHINGTON HOUSE, kept by C. S. BARTLETT, is another new house of which only good things can be said. He can take care of forty in number without crowding.



STRAWBERRY HILL HOUSE

is the appetizing name of a larger house kept by J. K. BARRETT, and having space for seventy-five guests. Those wanting a pleasant place for the summer or for a short stay, will find this hill a grand location, and landlord and house all that could be asked for.

The HILLSIDE HOME is new, cosy, well situated and managed, D. F. DAVIS being proprietor, who is well known to mountain visitors.

J. M. TURNER also has a good boarding house which has been favorably mentioned by those who should know from trial.

The RANLET HOUSE, D. W. RANLET, proprietor, is kept on the European plan and accommodates fifty guests ; has large airy rooms, and is well deserving of public patronage. The proprietor, in a long experience, has won an enviable reputation with the travelling public.

First-class teams, with safe drivers, may be had at any of these hotels for short or distant excursions at all times. Railway, telegraph and postal facilities ample, and there are many houses taking summer boarders not here mentioned, for want of space. It is safe to come expecting to find room with some one of the excellent landlords of this summer resort.

From Bethlehem station you can go by rail over the Mt. Washington Branch to the Twin Mountain House, Fabyan House, and to the very summit of Mount Washington, or by connection with the Portland and Ogdensburg route, to the Crawford House, White Mountain Notch, or through the Notch to North Conway, or connection with the Glen House line of stages.

WHITEFIELD.

This live country village, best known as an important lumber depot, is on the *through* Boston, Concord & Montreal line. Brown's lumber company, managed by those genuine Yankee lumbermen, the Brown brothers and their associates, have here extensive mills and facilities for the manufacture of lumber on a large scale, in every grade and quality. They have 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. Dr. Aaron Ordway, of Lawrence, is the president

of the company. There is no more enthusiastic lover of the mountains than the Doctor. Every summer he leads a party of ladies and gentlemen from the cities to the summits, to the unfeigned delight of every member of his band.

KIMBALL HILL, a mile and a half from the village, is a favorite point for extensive views, and here the curious have found what appear to be moccasin tracks in the solid granite. There is an observatory on this hill, affording a fine view of both ranges of mountains. BRAY'S HILL, near the Jefferson line, is also a favorite outlook. This town is becoming a place of resort for summer boarders. The distance to the Fabyan House is seventeen miles; to the Waumbek House, eight miles; to the White Mountain Notch and Franconia Notch, seventeen miles respectively. The views from some of the hills are not surpassed at any point about the mountains.

There are two fine church buildings, newly erected, of considerable architectural beauty and neatness of interior finish and furnishing.



THE CHERRY MOUNTAIN HOUSE,

a commodious boarding house, kept by J. S. FISKE, is a

quiet and well kept place, in which to spend the summer months.

The hotel, formerly known as the JOHN'S RIVER HOUSE, is kept by ——— CARLTON, and is an old-fashioned, unpretending place of entertainment, where prices are reasonable, and no lack of substantial comforts, but with little pretense to style.



W. F. DODGE'S MOUNTAIN VIEW HOUSE

is in a location thought by some to give a distant view of the mountains second to none in bold variety and beauty, while the entertainment is generous and the central location admits of daily excursions to Franconia, White mountain Notch, Jefferson, and the many points of interest within a circuit of five to twenty miles.

MR. ALDRICH has also a boarding-house near the village, with good rooms and accommodations—a good point from which to make day excursions to the Notch and other localities.

DALTON

is the next station, where many leave for the SUMNER HOUSE, finely located on the banks of the Connecticut, one

mile distant, a place of considerable resort. The drives hereabouts in the early autumn are considered very fine.

LUNENBURG, VT., is one mile from South Lancaster station. Regular conveyance to the commodious hotel and excellent boarding-houses in this mountain village, overlooking the Connecticut valley, from the high and healthy plateau.

LANCASTER.

This large, beautiful and charmingly located village is distant from Concord one hundred and thirty-five miles, from Boston, two hundred and eight miles, and is the most important town of Coos County, located among the finest scenes outlying the mountains, it is the destination of many summer tourists. The intervalles 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 the 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, though the chilling fog-clouds



1 2 3 4 5 6

- 1. Lunenburg Heights.
- 2. Connecticut River.
- 3. Boston, Concord, & Montreal R. R.
- 4. Lancaster House.
- 5. Mount Lyon.
- 6. Stratford Peaks.

LANCASTER, N. H.

from the mountains sometimes bring an arctic severity with their descent in winter.

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 23,000 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."

Harassed 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,

A walk of about a mile on the Jefferson road will take you to a point giving a fine view of a portion of the White Mountain Range.



LANCASTER HOUSE.

This Hotel was built by the Grand Trunk Railway, in the expectation that their route would touch this northern village, and is as fine a hotel as the mountain region can boast. L. H. COLE is the well-known and efficient manager. 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,

This is the shire town of the highland county of Coos, and here centers 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. No better society can be found in New England than in this old and picturesque New England town.

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

WAUMBEC HOUSE, JEFFERSON HILLS,

seven miles, and located on the slope of Starr King mountain, about two miles from the base. Speaking of the view from these hills, Mr. King said: "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



WAUMBEC HOUSE, JEFFERSON HILLS.

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 widely known mountain house is kept by J. R. CROCKER, formerly of the Phenix Hotel, Concord, N. H., whose name is a guarantee of success in hotel keeping. The table is furnished with products from the neighboring pastures and streams, and the accommodations are such as must please those who give the agreeable landlord 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 scenes,

“Where, through a sapphire sea, the sun sails like a golden galleon.”

A footpath leads to the crown 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 the northern mountains.



THE STARR KING MOUNTAIN HOUSE

is another excellent house of entertainment for those who

visit this favorite point, where lovers of mountain scenery gather to escape the heats of summer, and look upon nature in its boldest and loveliest aspects. C. K. GILE, Esq., proprietor. The surroundings and internal arrangements are of the kind to invite continued stay.



THE PLAISTED HOUSE,

B. H. PLAISTED, proprietor, is also upon the slope of this bold range, and the view overlooks the grand amphitheatre of hills. The experience and liberality of the proprietor is a sufficient guarantee of the comforts to be had within its walls.

The Highland House, G. A. & J. L. POTTLE, proprietors, is three miles from the village, and accommodates thirty-five guests. It has been recently enlarged and improved, and possesses many comforts and advantages for a summer sojourn. Carriages will meet persons who engage rooms, at any of the depots.



HIGHLAND HOUSE, JEFFERSON, N. H.



E. A. CRAWFORD HOUSE, JEFFERSON, N. H.

The E. A. Crawford House, E. A. CRAWFORD, proprietor, is situated four miles from the village. The name of Ethan Allen Crawford is respected in the mountains, and the landlord is a worthy descendant of the famous moun-

tain pioneer. The house accommodates thirty guests, and the situation could not be surpassed. Guests are met with carriages at the depots.



JEFFERSON HILL HOUSE, JEFFERSON, N. H.

The Jefferson Hill House, E. E. BEDELL & Co., proprietors, is near the Starr King and Plaisted Houses, and like them commands magnificent views. It accommodates seventy-five guests, and bears a high reputation among visitors to the mountains. Horses and carriages, with experienced drivers, are at the command of guests.



MAPLE HOUSE, JEFFERSON, N. H.

The Maple House, Mrs. M. H. BOWLES, proprietor, is a new establishment with accommodations for fifty guests. It has been newly furnished, and Mrs. Bowles personally looks after the welfare of those who make her pleasant home their summer abiding place. The views are fine. Furnaces have been put in the house so that those who desire to remain during the autumn months, will be made comfortable. Carriages, with good drivers, may be had.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

The great improvements in progress on this line by change of gauge, renewal of rolling stock, and the substitution of steel rails, will greatly add to the comfort of patrons, and accommodate the increasing travel to Canadian cities and places of attraction. Many tourists leave the cars of this line at North Stratford; here you may find good quarters at the WILLARD HOUSE, and take stage from thence to Colebrook, where, at the PARSONS HOUSE, E. F. Bailey, proprietor, conveyance and all needful help will be furnished for those visiting the northern mountain pass. The stages connect with every express train on the Grand Trunk Railway. See further notice of northern fishing grounds in separate chapter.

Beyond and outside of the usual route of mountain travel is the romantic pass known as

DIXVILLE NOTCH.

It is the most northern of the great natural wonders that crowd the White Mountain region. 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.

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 sign-boards liberally scattered along the way by the owner of the lands. The ascent to Table Rock (eight hundred 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. A small hotel is kept here during the summer months.

In another chapter the reader will find a full account of the head waters of the Connecticut and the Androscoggin.

CHAPTER V.

THE FRANCONIA RANGE.

“Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
But to the hills, so old, so grand and solemn,
That God hath planned.”

“Touched by a light that hath no name,
A glory never sung;
Aloft on sky and mountain wall
Are God's great pictures hung.”

This western range of the White Mountains abounds in beautiful and enchanting objects of interest, and wild combinations of scenery, surpassing, perhaps, any other locality. Lafayette is the crowning peak, being 5,585 feet above the sea level. The ascent is made by bridle path.

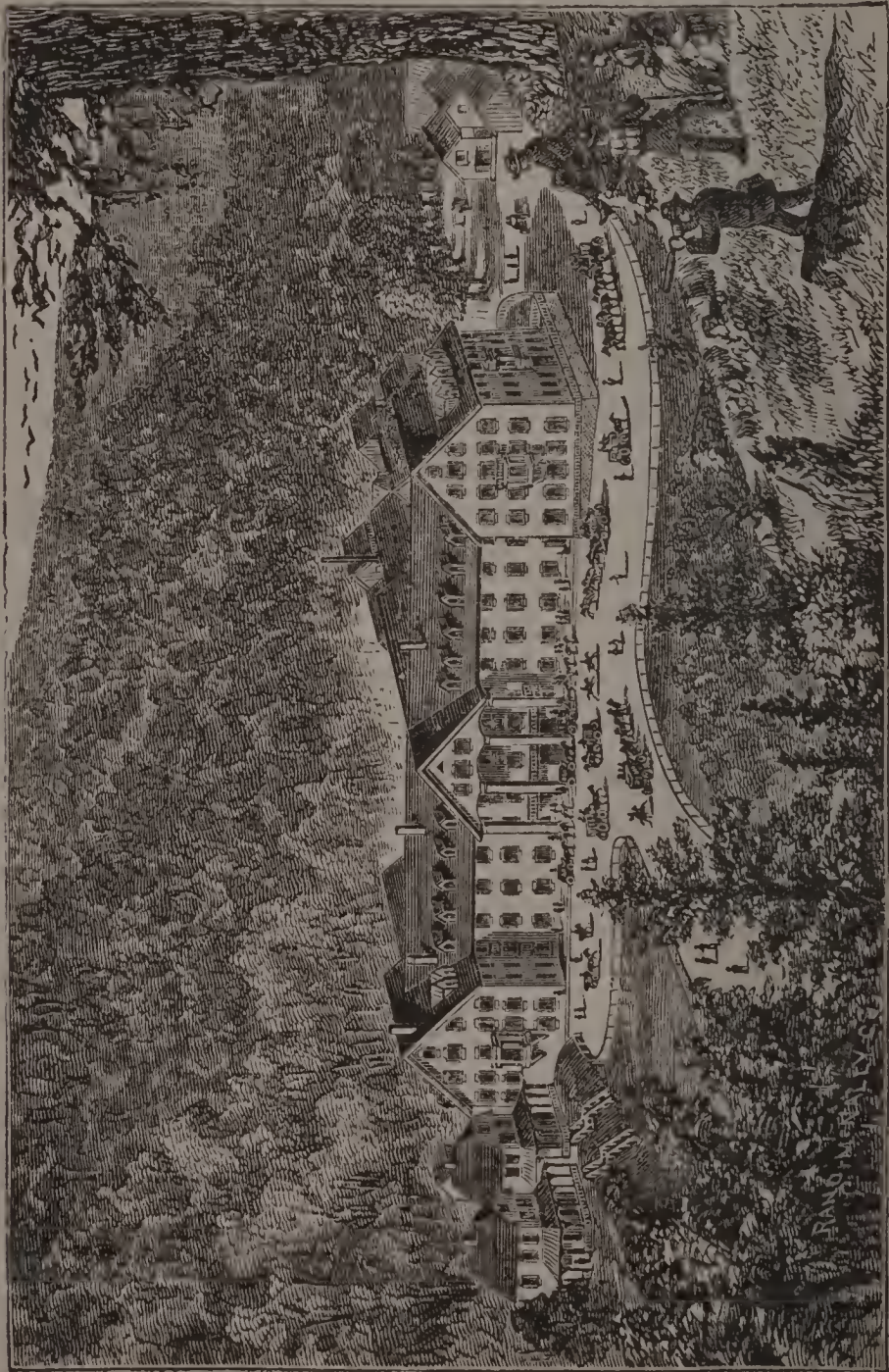
FRANCONIA NOTCH is a pass with close and precipitous walls of about five miles in extent, between Mount Lafayette and Mount Cannon. The valley is about half a mile in width, and is a huge receptacle of the curious, the wild and the beautiful in mountain scenery. The bare walls of Cannon Mountain, on the right, as you ride through from the Profile House, are grand in their impressive barrenness and lofty height.

THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN

is the crowning feature of the pass. The grim old “King of the Hills,” ever looking out in unchanging majesty on his wild realm. This 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—the majestic feature of a weird region, of which the poet sings—

"For hoary legends to your wilds belong,
And yours are haunts where inspiration broods."



PROFILE HOUSE.

Echo Lake, the Basin, the Pool, the Flume with its suspended boulder and cascades, and the ascent of Mount Lafayette, and the sun-set view from Bald Mountain, are features of the Franconia range fully described in succeeding pages, and seen by excursions from the Profile and Flume Houses. The facility with which this pass 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.

The Profile House, at the northern entrance to the Notch and in the near vicinity of Eagle Cliff, Echo Lake and the Great Stone Face is the great resort of travellers 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 quiet, cosy and homelike house in a most romantic locality.



has accommodations for five hundred guests, 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, for the satisfaction of natural hunger.

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 business men may receive their mails with regularity, and send commands along the wires, while they gather strength in the mountain air, and marvel among the mysteries of the hills. Many improvements are yearly made. The furnishing is elegant and complete, and the location superior.

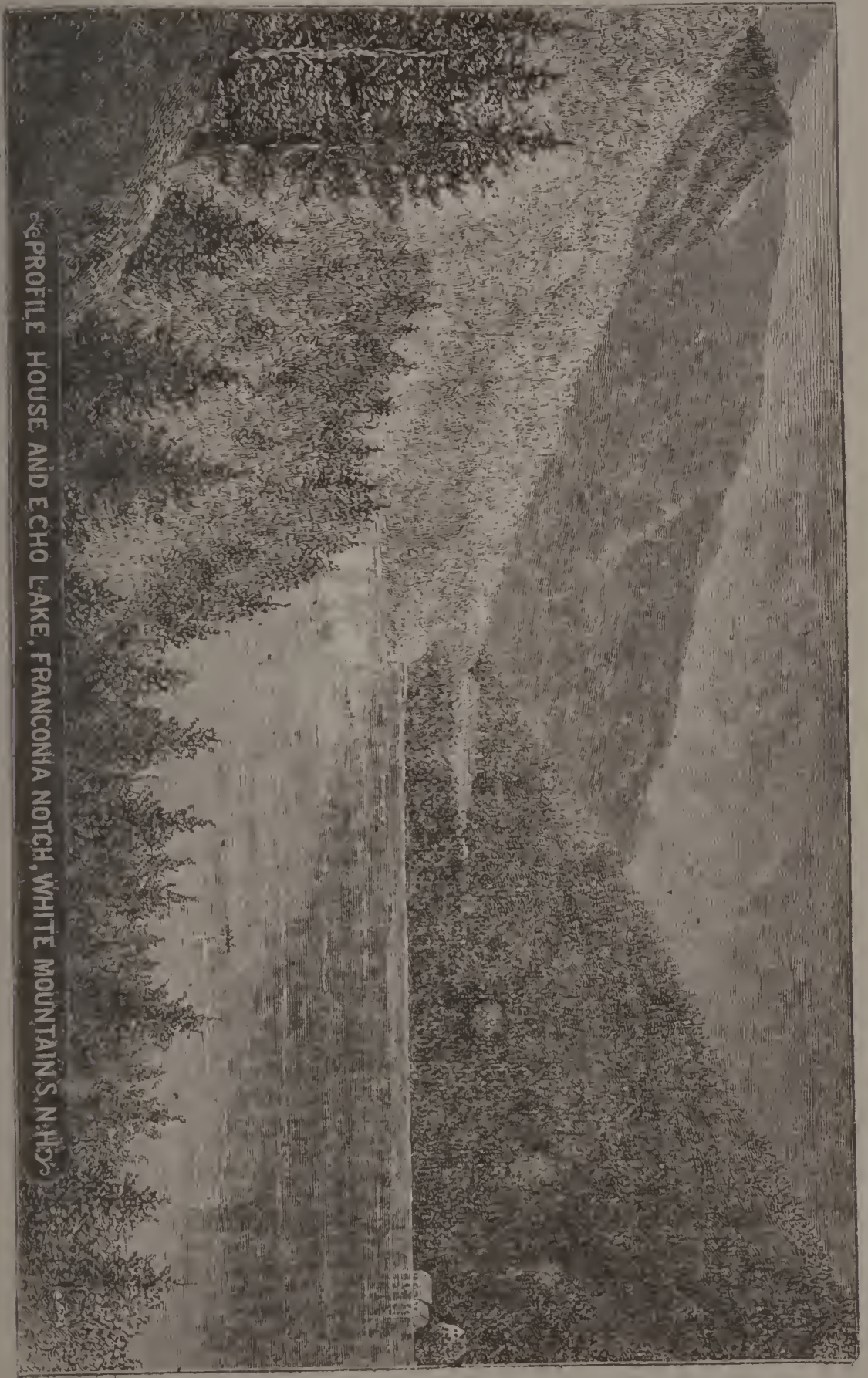
Stages leave twice each day for Plymouth, via the romantic Pemigewassett valley, and for Littleton, connecting with express trains on the Boston, Concord & Montreal railroad; also stages each day for Bethlehem, connecting there with rail for Twin Mountain, Fabyan and Crawford Houses, Mount Washington Railway and Mount Washington Summit.

AROUND THE PROFILE HOUSE,

in near vicinity, the attractions accessible to guests by short walks, or carriage or saddle trips, easily made, are more numerous and of more wide and deserving notoriety than are to be found elsewhere in a long search after the picturesque. Fronting the hotel is the precipitous crag, towering 1,500 feet above the road, known as

EAGLE CLIFF,

once the chosen home of mountain eagles, 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, 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,



PROF. HOUSE AND ECHO LAKE, FRANCONIA NOTCH, WHITE MOUNTAIN S. N. H. S.

Beneath "Eagle Cliff," northward from the hotel on the Franconia road, locked within a circle of hills and embosomed in green forest, is the 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, 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 a 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 3,850 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 in the climbing.

The top is a surface of bald rock, not reached without vigorous exertion. This 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 stream, that combine in the wide landscape seen from this high summit.

The ascent of "Bald Mountain" is another less tiresome trip, made by carriages if you wish, nearly to the summit, and easily made by pedestrians. The view is wide in extent, looking down into the Notch and its wonders, and northward upon the distant line of hills, 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 path to this summit diverges from the Littleton road about a mile from the Profile House.

THE PROFILE,

or "Old Man of the Mountain," is best seen in the sombre lights of the coming evening. 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 ragged mass of rocks, forming a 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 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

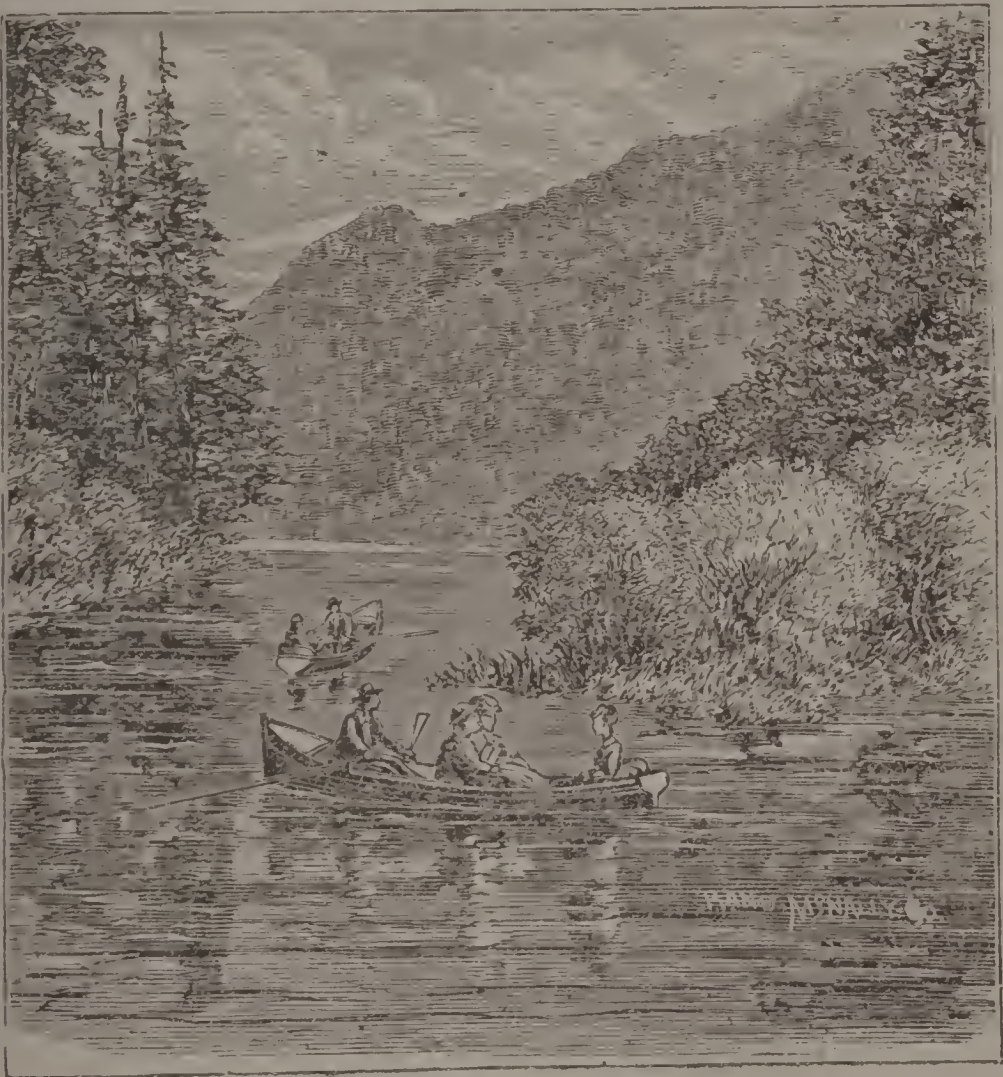
the Notch. The granite face stands out from the southern crest of Cannon Mountain in majestic repose, 1,500 feet above the surface of Profile Lake, unmoved by the mad fury of tempests and storms, or the golden touch of morning sunlight, looking out from its rocky throne, an awe-inspiring face, insensible to passion, pleasure or pain, with the sharp and stony lines of the immobile profile set in unchangeable grandeur, solemn and grim with its ages of exposure to storms and tempests, the admiration of thousands who look upon it with bated breath. When viewed in the coming twilight, there is no need of calling upon the imagination to conjure out of the rocky outlines the "Great Stone Face."

"Full and plain those features are displayed,
 Profiled forth against the clear blue sky,
 As though some sculptor's chisel here had made
 This fragment of colossal imagery,
 The compass of his plastic art to try,
 From the curved neck up to the shaggy hair
 That shoots in pine trees from the head on high,
 All, all is perfect: No illusion there
 To cheat the expecting eye with forms of air."

Under the full glare of the midday sun it is seen to least advantage, but, when "shadowed with clouds and the glorified vapor of the mountains clustering about it," all the grandeur of the bold outlines are apparent. Viewed from any other point than the locality named, it is an unmeaning mass of jagged rocks—a chaotic ruin. The fine imagination of Hawthorne likens it to "a mighty angel sitting among the hills, and enrobing himself in a cloud-vesture of gold and purple."

It is a weird spot to spend the evening hour by the shores of Profile Lake, under the benignant face set in granite outlines, by rugged slopes down which highland rivulets plunge over tilted walls of rock, by shadowing hills where echoes reverberate, and "clouds trail their soft shadows in the gathering mist."

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



PROFILE LAKE.

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. You

must also visit the TROUT HOUSE, just below, where these shy beauties are seen by hundreds.

THE ASCENT OF MOUNT LAFAYETTE.

The climbing of this, the highest peak of the Franconia range (height 5,259 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.

A new bridle path has been built for the lower half of the ascent, winding up the ravine just south of Eagle Cliff, leaving the highway almost opposite the hotel, shortening the distance some three miles.

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, overlooking 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 center; 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 "Ammonoosuc," 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.

DOWN THE NOTCH.

As you ride down the Notch from the Profile House, the bare rock wall of Cannon (or Profile) Mountain is to the right with a forest covered base. At the proper point

the huge rocks combine in the "Great Stone Face," and dissolve again in ruin. The scene on either hand is bold, startling and novel. Among attractions most noted are

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 three and one-half 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 eddying 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, 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 about five miles from the Profile, is 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 stretching southward.

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. It is also a quiet, cosy and luxurious dining station to visitors to the Flume and Pool.

THE CASCADES

are below the Flume and drop in a gradual descent of several hundred feet in gliding sheets of pure emerald waters flowing over the wide, smooth granite inclining planes, fretted more and more as you ascend to the Flume, with many charming basins and pools of transparent water. You reach these wonders from the road by a pleasant path through the forest, a portion of which is graded as a carriage road.

THE FLUME.

This central wonder of this part of the valley is a narrow, rock ravine or granite channel, with perpendicular

walls on either side of fifty to sixty feet in height, and some twenty feet apart. Within these regular and moss-covered red and brown 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 of huge rocks, which, from time to time, have fallen from the walls. The visitor can ascend through this shadowed and wonderful glen, which extends some eight hundred feet between walls, apparently the work of Titans in the olden time; a rude pathway of planks and



THE FLUME.

needful artificial helps protecting him from all disagreeable contact with the murmuring stream, bubbling and complaining among the rocks below, and resting often in lovely pools and fissures.

At one point the grand fissure contracts to a span of 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. The road to the "Flume" diverges from the turnpike directly in front of the Flume House. In good weather a visit to this wonder before breakfast is a grand experience and a good appetizer for patrons of the Flume House.

THE POOL.

After viewing the wonders of the Flume you take the path leading through the forest; leaving the road near the hotel stables and, following it for half a mile, you reach the pool, a vast natural well, somewhat regular in form and outline, excavated or worn in the solid granite bed, an immense "basin" repeated on a grand scale. 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 one hundred and fifty feet, the depth is about one hundred and ninety feet, with forty 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. Steps lead down within the walls and quite likely you will spend some time within this solemn temple where, if alone, and to dreaming inclined, you may muse for hours ere you come back to the brightness of the world again; what a place for Hawthorne to weave the fine threads of his fancy into a weird and wondrous tale.

HARVARD OR GEORGIANA FALLS.

Diverging from the Lincoln Turnpike, 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 upward 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 in the rocks, excite the admiration of the observing visitors.

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 mountain journeying. The setting sun bathes the grand outlines of the wide landscape in a blaze of glory and splendor and gilds 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, described in the next chapter. If pressed for time, at least take a drive to White Mountain Notch and return same day; but better give ample time to a complete tour of the hills.

CHAPTER VI.

THE WHITE MOUNTAIN RANGE.

For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our father's God;
Thou hast made thy children mighty,
By the touch of the mountain sod.

Thou hast fixed our ark of refuge
Where the spoiler's foot ne'er trod:
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our father's God!

This general name of the White Mountains, or the "White Hills," is given to the whole mountain region of Northern New Hampshire, but properly designates the eastern and more extensive range, of which Mount Washington 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 (4,100 feet); Mount Clinton (4,320 feet); Mount Pleasant (4,764 feet); Mt. Franklin (4,900 feet); Mount Monroe (5,384 feet); Mount

Jefferson (5,714 feet) ; Mount Adams (5,800 feet) ; and Mount Washington (6,293 feet). On the top of Mount Jefferson is a pond of considerable extent, with no visible outlet, but the 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 Ammonoosuc, 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 hum-drum realities of every day business. In the swales around the mountains are the great forests from which lumbermen supply the demand of cities and towns below. There is a story of a pine in the old primeval forests towards Lancaster, 264 feet in height, long since put to use.

The White Mountain 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 head waters of the Saco flow through the pass, which is the thoroughfare for travel from Littleton, Bethlehem, and localities on the Connecticut and Ammonoosuc 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, the summit hotel. This road, rising in some portions 2000 feet to the mile, and having an average rise of one foot in four, offers a mode of ascent which has become the great sensation of the mountain tour. Descending on the east side to the Glen House, by the carriage roadway, or returning by rail, the excursionist has a delightful and novel experience of mountain staging, with little of fatigue or exhausting effort. This journey of a day is not one 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.”

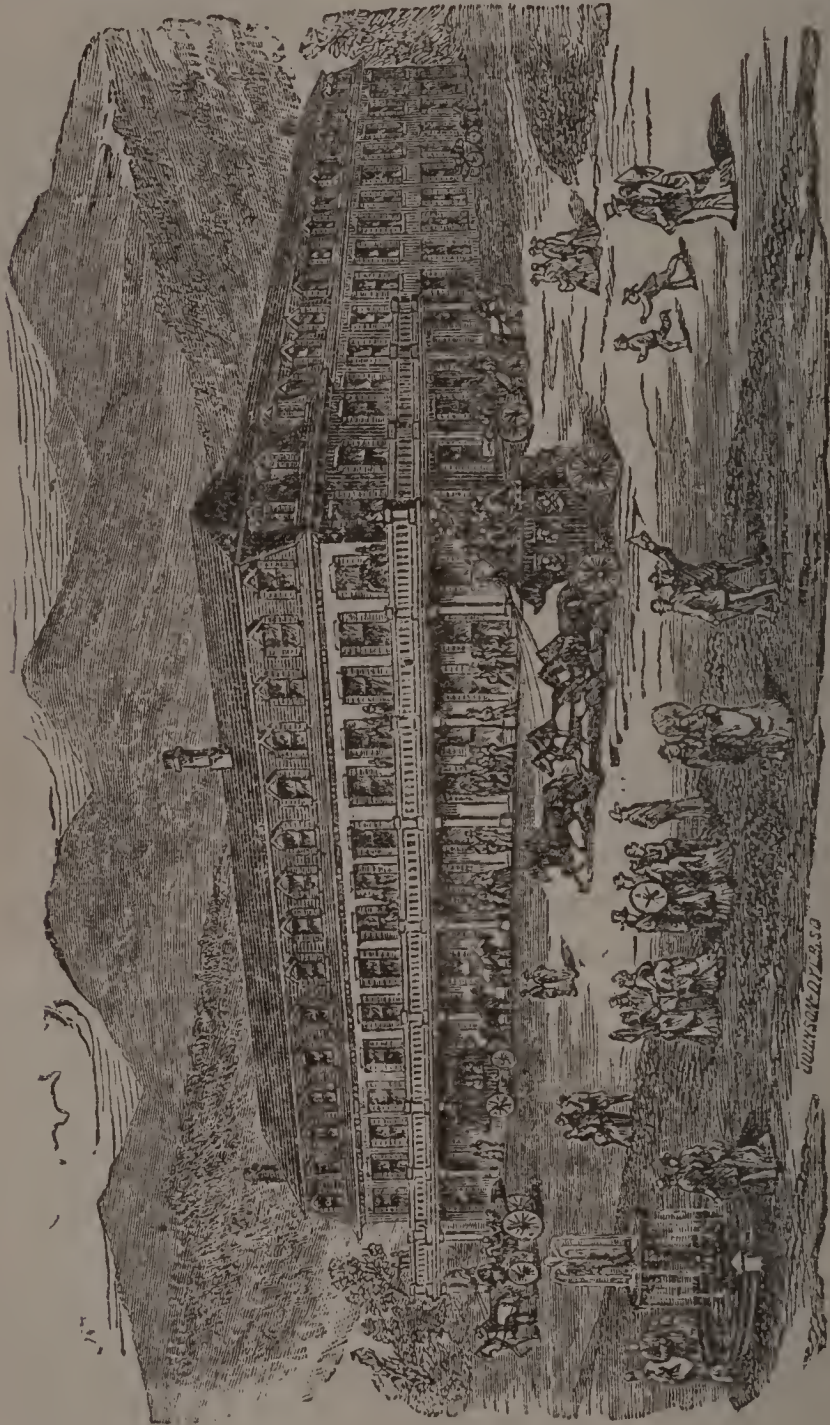
Passengers on the Wing Railroad — this mountain branch of the White Mountains Railroad — may stop at Bethlehem, or at the large, first-class and commodious

TWIN MOUNTAIN HOUSE,

A. T. & O. F. BARRON, proprietors, Oscar G. Barron, manager. This is one of the largest, finest and most complete of the mountain hotels, situated on the Ammonoosuc 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 tour of the summits.

From this house it is but ten miles by rail or carriage road to the Crawford House, ten 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; eleven miles to the Waumbek House, in Jefferson; thirty miles to the Glen House; and twenty-eight miles to Gorham, by the Cherry Mountain road.

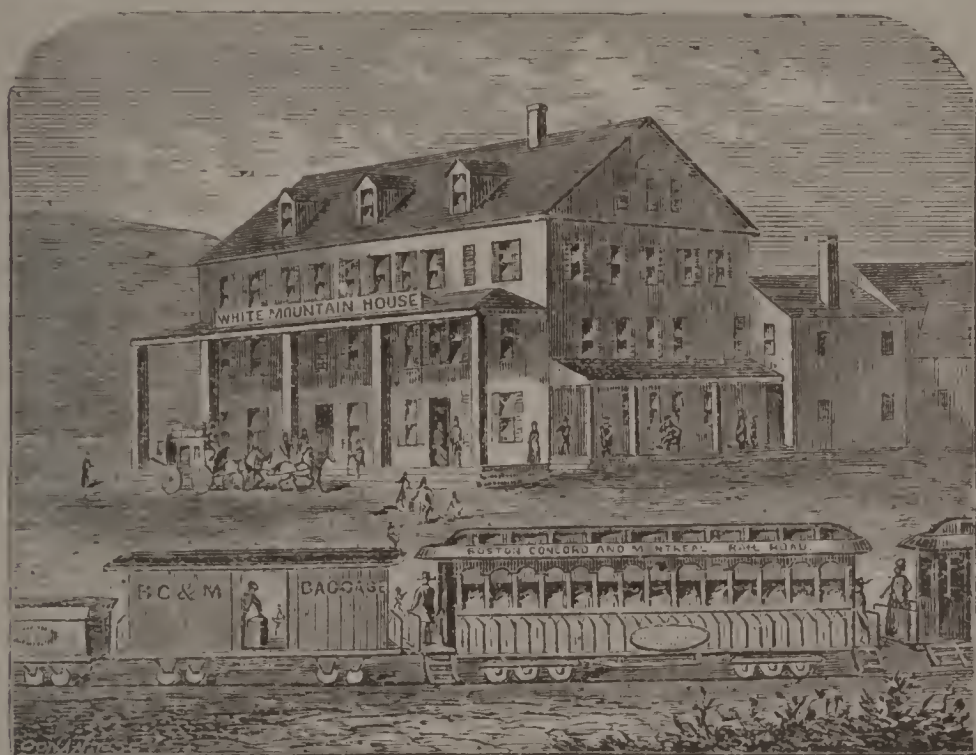
The popular manager, O. G. Barron, Esq., has been appointed by Vice-President Wheeler, manager in charge of the restaurant of the U. S. Senate, a step, many think,



TWIN MOUNTAIN HOUSE.

in the direction of civil service reform. Under his direction *service* of that department will be both *civil* and *efficient*. The taste of the manager in rural decorations, and the little niceties of ornament and supply which,

as well as in the more substantial direction, makes everything pleasant and homelike, is making the house widely and favorably known. He evidently acknowledges the fact that "man does not live by bread alone." The bread is not wanting. There is plenty to surfeit, and neatness, promptness and order therewith, with luxurious furnishing and ample conveniences.



THE WHITE MOUNTAIN HOUSE,

R. D. ROUNSEVEL, proprietor, is one of the older mountain houses at the base of Cherry Mountain. The landlord is a genial and experienced resident, familiar with every phase of mountaineering, and will entertain with good cheer and substantial fare in this old style comfortable mountain home. An excellent livery and experienced drivers are provided, and it is a good point from which to take trips through the picturesque region of the hills hereabouts. A roadway, opened to the summit of Cherry Mountain, facilitates ascent by carriage to that outlook which all pronounce one of the finest points from which to

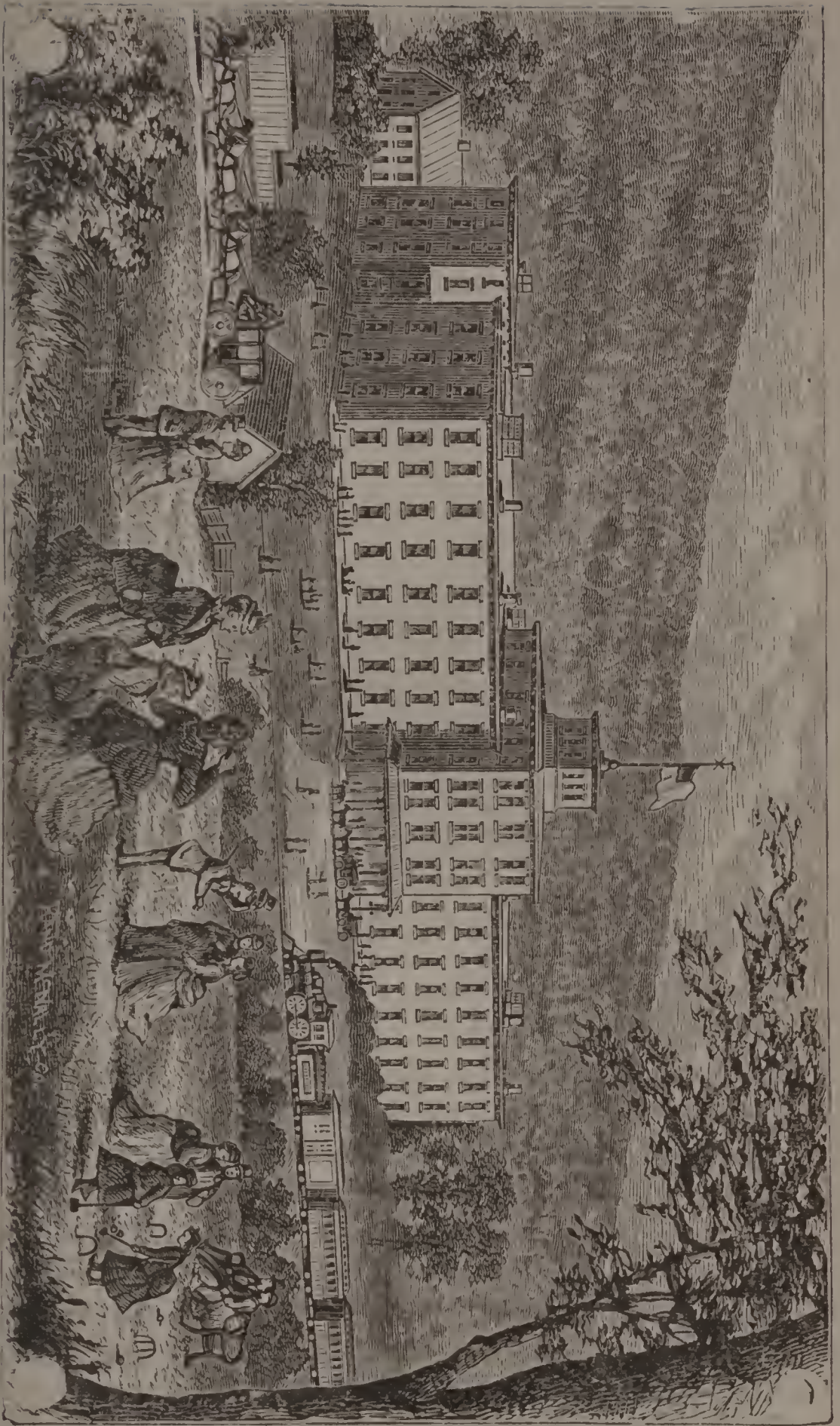
take in the vast outline of the higher hills. Daily ascent may be made. Leaving here the train arrives at the

FABYAN HOUSE,

at about four o'clock, P. M. This is a new, commodious and elegant hotel, erected near the site of the old building, destroyed by fire in 1868, the proprietor, 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.

This new and first-class house is one of the most complete of the hotels in the immediate vicinity of the mountains; the accommodations are for four hundred and fifty guests, and are on the most liberal scale. The view from its piazzas is directly upon Mount Washington and the mountain railway. A large farm is connected, supplying milk and other luxuries. Mr. Wm. H. STEVENS, the proprietor, has associated with him Mr. J. M. FRENCH, one of the late popular firm of Lindsay & French, of the Fabyan House, and also formerly of the Pemigewasset House, Plymouth, N. H., will do honor to their position as managers, and their past experience is a guarantee of future success.

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. Spacious and high studded rooms, telegraph office, first-class livery, billiard room, bath room, band of music, etc. The elevation is 2,000 feet above sea level. No hay fever or asthmatic difficulties. The railway has just been extended from this house to the base of Mount Washington, forming direct connection with the mountain railway, climbing the slopes of Mount Washington to the very summit, and dispensing with the tedious coaching heretofore necessary to complete the journey.



FABYAN HOUSE.

THE MOUNT PLEASANT HOUSE

is situated on the new extension of the Boston, Concord & Montreal Railroad, in the direction of the mountain's base, within sight of the Fabyan House. It is a new, cosy and home-like hotel, where patrons can have good, wholesome fare and accommodations at reasonable prices.



MOUNT PLEASANT HOTEL.

THE WILD FALLS OF THE AMMONOOSUC RIVER are near the railroad station, on this extension to the mountain base, and all will wish to visit them. The rocks are curiously worn and rounded by the ceaseless action of the water, and the falls are very beautiful. 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 the rugged beauty of the massive walls, the curious hollowing and shaping of

the rocks by the continual action of musical waters, in the surrounding scenery and peculiar charm of the rapids, a feature not to be omitted in the chain of mountain pictures.

MOUNT WASHINGTON.

“What unseen altar crowns the hills
That reach up stair on stair?
What eyes look through, what white wings fan
The purple veils of air.”

This imperial summit of the great northern range reaches the height of 6,285 feet, and overlooks all surrounding peaks, affording the widest outlook of any summit on the northern or eastern coast.

Approached by the Railway on the west, and the carriage road from the Glen House on the east, tourists can ascend by railway and return by carriage road to the Glen, or, if the ascent is made from the Glen, can return by railway, thus in either case getting full experience of this journey, which must be enjoyed in all its novelty to be fully appreciated.

Presuming that you start from the hospitable shelter of the Fabyan House, you take a comfortable car and in a very short time are at the mountain's base, having a succession of bold views as you approach the station over the heavy grades. The burly forms of the surrounding peaks swell up on every hand, and there is an absence of all animal life in the forest, telling of solitude and sure approach to the upper regions.

The grand sensation of your trip, if not of a lifetime, comes when you take the trip over, or upwards, on the

MOUNTAIN RAILWAY.

This renowned 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 practicable 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., late 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.



JACOB'S LADDER, MOUNT WASHINGTON RAILWAY.

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 roadbed 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 one and one-half 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 the 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 six 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.

WALTER AIKEN, Esq., an enterprising and successful mechanic and business man, who built the machinery for the road and has taken active interest by investment and labor in the novel undertaking, is the superintendent of the road,

Single fares either way are three dollars, unless a recent change has been made; for both ways a reduction is made. 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 down-



MOUNT WASHINGTON RAILWAY.

ward 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 affords 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 wide valley below, through which winds the mountain roads, the bold landscape, filled with grand and startling outlines, growing and multiplying as we climb; 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.

The monument of stones near the summit marks the spot where, in 1855, Lizzie Bourne, of Maine, died from exposure, as further described in the description of 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.

Above Waumbek Station is Jacob's Ladder — a long trestle work on a steep incline; here the change in vegetation from trees to lichens is most marked. As the train stops to receive supply of water, from cisterns supplied by springs, impressive views of the valleys are had, and the wild winds of the upper air currents assert their strength. At a point on the ridge between Mounts Clay and Washington the passenger looks down a thousand feet into the "Gulf of Mexico," a wild chasm in which a branch of the Peabody river has its source. From this point the ascent is more gradual.

The journey of a day, from Boston to Mount Washington Summit, is one of magnificent contrasts. The tourist 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 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 the 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 tourist finds rest.

THE MOUNT WASHINGTON HOUSE,

Mrs. J. W. Dodge, proprietor, Charles H. Marden, clerk, is the spacious new hotel at the summit, serving the double purpose of depot building and hotel. This house at the summit, erected in 1872, and furnished and opened for visitors the following season, has accommodations for one hundred and fifty guests. It is conveniently furnished, and telegraphic and other facilities are afforded to those who spend the night beneath its hospitable roof. All the substantials and luxuries furnished at the mountain houses are provided for the tables, and the furnishing and management are such as to please all who may be so fortunate as to enjoy them. 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 the high altitude of a mile and a quarter above sea level, we can now look down along the grand incline, up which the 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 speaks :

"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,"



MOUNT WASHINGTON HOUSE.

VIEW FROM THE SUMMIT.

“Crag heaped on crag, with many a fiery rift and hoary 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 cauldron, 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. Above you

“The sky bends round,
The awful dome of a most mighty temple
Built by Omnipotent hand for nothing less
Than infinite worship.”

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 features 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 Conway), in the distance, and Sebago Lake and the surrounding country in Maine, and, sometimes, that 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 Ammonoosuc, 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 nor 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 on 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 to 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 the 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, and will inspire you with the feeling that you have been admitted into near and familiar contact with scenes in nature heretofore unknown to you, over

which silence broods. Having in mind such a scene Whittier has sung :

“ But beauty seen is never lost,
 God's colors are all fast;
 The glory of this sunset heaven
 Into my soul has passed,—
 A sense of gladness unconfined
 To mortal date or clime;
 As the soul liveth, it shall live
 Beyond the years of time.
 Beside the mystic asphodels
 Shall bloom the home-born flowers,
 And new horizons flush and glow
 With sunset hues of ours.”

Perhaps, to crown all, while you are dreaming, a roaring 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.

On the bald summit of Washington, in the teeth of winter hurricanes, several daring and scientific gentlemen live in arctic seclusion each winter, among the dense clouds and roaring tempests of the great height.

At Mount Washington the weather, last December, was the worst that has been experienced in the seven winters during which the summit has been occupied by a signal service station. On December 16, the wind had a velocity of one hundred and eighty miles an hour. Ice blocks wrenched from the neighboring rocks were blown against the buildings for hours. The thermometer fell to forty-seven degrees below zero, a cold that is only comparable with that encountered on a few of the Arctic expeditions. The mean temperature for the month was more than six degrees below zero, and the highest point reached by the thermometer was only twenty-two degrees. Oceans of

clouds, pierced by snow-capped peaks, all below being hidden by 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, are the grand peculiarities of their winter experience.

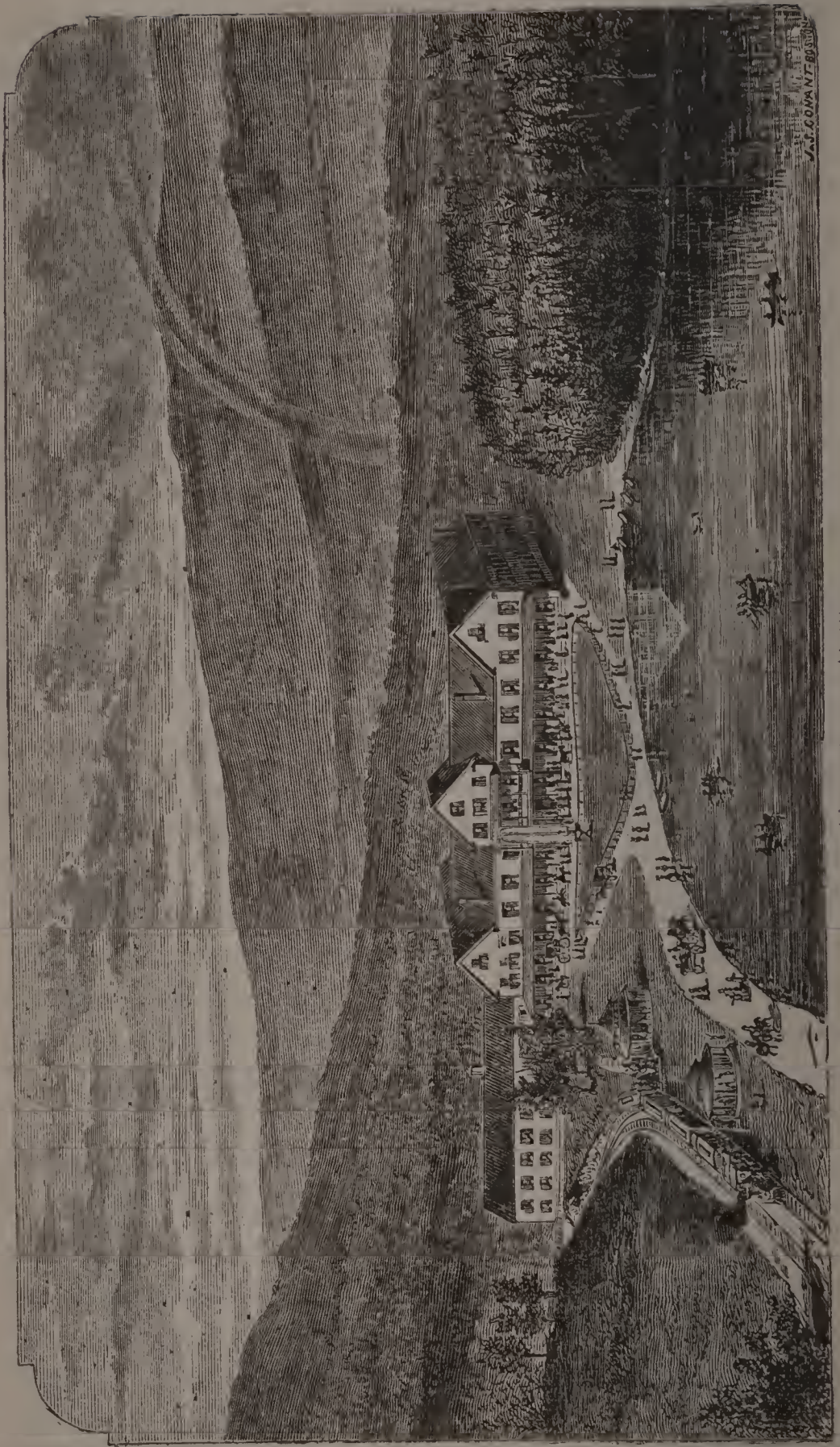
THE CRAWFORD HOUSE

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 plain 2,000 feet above sea level, and during the last winter has been renovated and greatly enlarged. A small lake near the Notch gate is the source of the Saco, and the Ammonoosuc is also supplied from springs on the same plain. A. T. & O. F. Barron are the proprietors of the house, and C. H. Merrill, Esq., their popular associate in the management. This is the house naturally chosen by visitors to the Notch, being located at the very gates, and is also a convenient halting place for those passing through from North Conway, or returning to that point.

Tourists formerly ascended from this house to the summit of Mount Washington by bridle path, but since the opening of the Mountain Railway, the path has fallen into disuse and is out of repair. The house is in every respect first-class, and accommodates some four hundred guests. In the forests fronting the house are

GIBB'S 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.



UNANTUKIS AUONDE.

J. S. SNOW, N. Y. 1850.

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 location of ~~the~~ house is on a fine plateau, and a pleasant grove in front gives ample lounging space if you are disposed to take life easy and avoid the fatigue of continual sight seeing and climbing.

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 lines 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 twenty-two feet: the diminutive stream flowing at one side is the commencement of the Saco river, which runs 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. Just before entering the "gates," a path diverges to the left, leading to "The Elephant's Head."

"Pulpit Rock" is a great overhanging column of stone, the form of which is best indicated by its name, a bold buttress or column.

The "Baby," the "Young Man of the Mountain" and the "Grandmother," will be pointed out, figures more or less distinct, formed by jutting masses of rock on the ragged walls. The "gates," at the entrance, are but twenty-two feet in width, and "Sentinel Rock" stands guard near the entrance. It is to be regretted that the line of the Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad, now graded through the Notch, necessitated the destruction of some of these curious outlines, and destroys the natural wildness of the "Gates." The "Old Maid," is a most venerable specimen of the anxious and aimless class, while the "African Face" is of unmistakable Ethiopian outline, high up on a spur of Mount Willard to the right, as you ride down the Notch from the Crawford House. 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 WILLEY HOUSE.

This 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. The kind and hospitable Samuel Willey, Jr., lived here at the time of the great calamity.

On the night of Monday, the 28th of August, 1826, occurred that terrible storm which fed the mountain branches of the Saco and Ammonoosuc, and changed the limped 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.

Riding back from the Willey House the black mouth of the "Devil's Den" is seen high up in the rocky front of Mount Willard.

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. Emerging from the forest, you come out upon a level plateau on the very verge of the sheer precipice going down into the yawning depths of the Notch. Near the summit is the Hitchcock Flume, discovered in 1875 by Prof. Hitchcock, of Dartmouth College. It is of great depth — a narrow, crooked gateway in the rocks. It is a grand outlook — the key to the beauties of this famed mountain pass, and, if viewed under favorable lights, you linger upon the rocky plateau, loth to lose the impression of the actual scene — the grand outlines of the gorge, the winding road through the whole extent, the famed “Willey House,” the track of slides upon the bold slopes of either mountain, and the sparkling line of the mountain brooks, leaping in gleaming and sinuous falls down the rugged walls; perhaps, over all a roof of clouds lying before you in the soft sunlight—

“Through which the summits tower,
Like to palaces of spar
Built on a sea of pearl.”

The stillness of the great height, and the grand sublimity of the landscape, can but impress the beholder with admiration and awe. It seems possible to throw a stone upon the roof of the Willey House, so deceptive is the distance. From this point you look also upon the “Flume and Silver Cascades,” and down the grand line of marshalled summits which enclose this wild pass, in the direction of North Conway.

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 zigzag 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. 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.

This tour of the Notch, including the ascent of Mount

Willard, should by no means be omitted in your mountain trip. The lavish display of wildness, the bold scenes and outlines, calls to mind the lines of the Yankee rhymster—

“ Dame Nature once, while coating well
This fiery mass o'er which we dwell,
Had surplus left of ends and outs.
These masses vast in ruin thrown,
By streamlet worn and moss o'ergrown,
In winrowed heaps lie hereabouts.”

CHAPTER VII.

The PORTLAND & OGDENSBURG RAILROAD opened a new rail route through the Notch in the summer of 1875, thus enabling mountain tourists to take the romantic ride from the Fabyan or Crawford Houses to North Conway or Glen House Station, over the road-bed of this line, which enters at the "Gates of the Notch," passes along the slopes of Mount Willey, in full view of the noted Willey House and the Notch road. Passing this house, the tragic story of which was told in the preceding chapter, and the graves of the unfortunate inmates who perished here on that fearful night, and continuing down the Notch from the Willey House, you emerge from its gloom and grandeur and pass through enclosing forests in a southeasterly direction, the towering masses of the Giant's Stairs (3,500 feet), Mount Resolution and Mount Crawford (3,400 and 3,200 feet respective elevations), loom up to the left. No description of the interest attending a trip over this line would adequately picture the charm of the scenes which unfold with each mile of progress.

The ride down the line of the Saco River, to North Conway, is a charming one. The valley of the Saco is noted over the world for the boldness and beauty of the scenery, and nowhere does the setting sun fall with softer light, or gild a fairer scene, than in this quiet valley. The sunsets of North Conway are remembered by all who have dwelt here in the early autumn, and artists congregate each summer to attempt the transfer of bits of the scene to canvas. Many will take the stage line

AT GLEN STATION,

on this route, for the Glen House, noted as the hotel par excellence, on the eastern side of the mountains, and the route thereto is wild and beautiful, giving a succession of charming views. On this route, through Pinkham Notch,

GOODRICH FALLS,

upon the Ellis River, will be the first feature of prominence to attract your attention. This is the heaviest fall in the mountains in perpendicular descent. From the old bridge in front of the fall, a good view may be obtained, also from the shore below, and from the rocks on the right bank.

Continuing northward, you will enjoy grand surprises as the massive ridges of the White Mountain range burst occasionally into view. The town of

JACKSON,

a mile beyond the falls, is noted for the value and variety of the minerals there found.

Iron Mountain is nearly 3,000 feet high, and with Thorn 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. On the way from Goodrich Falls, Jackson Falls and the Jackson Falls House are passed, before reaching the rural

JACKSON CITY,

a city only in name; and sweeping around the base of Eagle Mountain and climbing through thick forests, continue on through the desolation of

PINKHAM NOTCH,

or Pinkham Pass, which 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 gain hospitable shelter and enjoyment of startling views peculiar to the location of the

GLEN HOUSE.

W. & C. R. MILLIKEN, are proprietors of this noted hotel. The house is situated within the vast hollow bounded by a rim of mountain peaks, and more than 1,600 feet above 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 terrific slides and desolating torrents. 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 is one of the largest and most commodious in the mountains, attractive in appearance, with a long front of piazza, overlooking the Peabody river and the great mountain range. It has been renovated, enlarged and modernized the past winter. Stage lines connect with the 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. Autumnal catarrh and hay fever are unknown troubles with the patrons of this house.

The house is opened as early as June 12th for visitors, and an excellent band of music is in attendance for promenades and dancing in its spacious halls in the pleasure season.

Visitors to the Notch may ascend to the summit by the carriage road, and descend by the Mountain Railway to the Fabyan 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

runs in front of the hotel, and distant about a mile. On this river 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 will 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.

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 cascades come gliding down; light, feathery, and white as the snow, comes 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.

Tuckerman's Ravine may be reached by following 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 great snow bank during the month of August. In the process of melting, the gradual wear of the streams sometimes forms

a grand arch of snow, of magnificent proportions, worn by melting processes into beautiful forms and outlines. The "Snow Arch," formed by the waters from a "thousand streams" running under and melting the snow, is a grand and novel feature of the region in the early part of August. This grand ice arch extends for two or three hundred feet, supported by ice pillars standing on boulders which prevent the melting of the column of ice resting upon them; but the long summer eventually tells upon the frigid mass, and the ice palace vanishes in humid mists.

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 cauldron of emerald water, and glancing upwards you can see the stream leaping seventy feet at a single bound from the worn channel of the rock. The scenery around this waterfall combines all the elements of beauty, wildness and startling contrast, which the most romantic could expect or desire.

FROM THE GLEN HOUSE TO MT. WASHINGTON SUMMIT 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 nor inconvenience in this way of ascent. Baggage wagons accompany the passenger carriages, enabling parties to descend on the other side by railway to the Fabyan, 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 among the clouds, 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, she attempted the ascent of the mountain without a guide, and, bewildered and chilled, perished from exposure in the immediate vicinity of the summit houses.

We have again brought you to the summit, and again leave you to choice of ways — no longer wanting — by which to descend. While at the Glen House, many will wish to take the pleasant trip to Gorham, on the Grand

Trunk Railway, in the Androscoggin valley, distant from the Glen some eight miles. Stages from the Glen House connect with all trains over the Grand Trunk Railway at this point. Going northward from Gorham, those wishing to make the circuit of the mountains, or to visit Franconia and the western side, on their return may take the Boston, Concord & Montreal trains at Northumberland, and return southward via Lancaster, Littleton, Plymouth and Lake Winnepesaukee, or may take the Ogdensburg route at Glen Station, and return through the Notch by way of the mountain Houses, Plymouth and the lake.

CHAPTER VIII.

NORTH CONWAY AND SURROUNDINGS.

This romantic village is the centre of resort in the Saco valley, and the key to the mountain region from the south-east. 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 white 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 view of the giant peaks of the White Mountains to the northward, far 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.

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 grand 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 fastness 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 said, "we have seen no other region of New England so swathed in dreamy charm;" at times "the spiritual heights, from which nature issues, unseal their opulence, and send the freshest 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 weird waves."

THE 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.

ECHO LAKE

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

THE CATHEDRAL.

In the wall of the great ledges, next visited, is a recess 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 Satanic majesty, and to the great delight of the juveniles.

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

DIANA' BATHS

should be seen by all. By a way, through pastures and forests, 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. Unless swollen by unusual rains, you need not look for startling or overwhelming features; but

the curious and beautiful combinations make it worthy of a visit, the scene will impress itself indelibly on the memory.

ARTIST'S FALLS.

These charming falls are to the south of the village, in a picturesque and shaded place, and are widely known by photographic representations. All will wish to look upon the beautiful fall among the combination of rocks and shading trees; but here, as in nearly all the charms around North Conway, look rather for quiet loveliness than for 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. Excursions to Chucorua Lake and Gould's Pond, to Conway Corner, to Fryeburg, once a very important village, built on a broad plan within a wide sweep of the Saco, are often made. 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.

HOTELS.

Of these there is no lack, and the visitor may suit his taste 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, Thompson & Sons, proprietors. 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. Fast line of six-horse Concord coaches run twice each day to the Glen House.



THE INTERVALE HOUSE.

The INTERVALE HOUSE, kept by MUDGETT & SON, located under the slope of Mount Pequaket or Kiarsarge, is within a beautiful enclosure of hills, and surrounded by attractive points easily reached by short walks from the hotel. Buildings are comparatively new, and it will be found to be a centre of attractions for those who tarry at this point. The McMILLAN HOUSE is to the southward in the direction of Artist's Falls.

The MASON HOUSE is a new hotel, complete in its furnishing, kept by the senior Mason, formerly of the Sunset Pavilion, so long and favorably known to the traveling public.

THE RANDALL HOUSE

is a commodious and well furnished hotel, kept by J. T. RANDALL, Esq., well known to the frequenters of this

village, for several years. Carriages connect with the railroad trains from all the hotels.

THE EASTMAN HOUSE,

under the management of Alfred Eastman, is a house where visitors will find substantial comfort and all needful accommodations, and one of the best liveries in New England. The proprietor is also owner of the North Conway and Glen House line of stages, and those who patronize him will find nothing wanting in the accommodations, and much to praise in the management.

No one will leave North Conway or its vicinity without viewing

CHUCORUA,

a "rocky mass of bare granite spires and shafts," the sharpest pinnacle of the entire region, excepting Mount Adams, reaching 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 BEARCAMP RIVER HOUSE,

at West Ossipee, a favorite point of departure under its former management, 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. It is a cosy and delightful loitering place.

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 village of Conway has been a favorite resort for years for lovers of country life. A summer residence here, with drives into the surrounding region is one of the pleasantest experiences of a lifetime.

THE CONWAY HOUSE,

L. H. EASTMAN, proprietor, is an excellent hotel. He will care for all who come with faithful endeavor to make your stay pleasant. He has experience, tact and an accommodating habit, all essential to success in serving the public.

CHAPTER IX.

AROUND GORHAM.

The Androscoggin valley and the hills that enclose it, with the noble outlook from neighboring elevations, make a visit there a pleasure to live in memory, and GORHAM is the point where the tourist naturally tarries.

THE ALPINE HOUSE

has been rebuilt, and Millikens of the Glen House are to be the managers. A simple announcement that leaves no need of further endorsement, as the house is well known. The proprietors are public spirited and competent, being known from Maine to Georgia, and the surroundings are charming.

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 for 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 their 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.

ASCENT OF MOUNTAIN SUMMITS.

The climbing of Mount Surprise, (1,200 feet elevation) by bridle path, requires no undue exertion, 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. 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 bridle path, 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.

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 its seeming resemblance to a giant human form lying upon its back. So 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 seventeen miles from the Notch, thirteen miles from the Fabyan place, and twenty-eight 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 Fabyan House is along the valley towards the source of Israel's river, and the valley of the Ammonoosuc,

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.

Mount Moriah may be now ascended by footpath. 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 south-west by the open country of Maine.

CHAPTER X.

THE NORTHERN LAKE REGION.

It is not alone in the Adirondacks that sportsmen may have rare enjoyment. The region about the upper Connecticut and Androscoggin, needs only a sporting parson to tell the tale in glowing colors with romantic incidents and spice of humor, to attract that attention which has been turned so generally in another direction. Nor need there be any jealousy of rival localities, for a large class go forth every year with rod and gun seeking seclusion, following the forest shaded streams and making sharp echoes with the crack of rifles where silence has reigned for centuries. Of late, too, the lines of the angler have fallen in pleasant places about the head waters of those noble rivers that are fed from the system of lakes lying in the solitudes of the northern forest.

The prime question to him who travels, whether for health, pleasure, or business, is how he can best reach his destination.

GROVETON JUNCTION

is the station where the Boston, Concord and Montreal and White Mountains Railroad unites with the Grand Trunk Line. There is no difficulty in reaching this point via Lowell or Lawrence, Nashua or Manchester, Concord, Plymouth and Lancaster, and the B. C. & M. Railroad, (Office in Boston, 5 State Street). The distance to this point is 219 miles from Boston.

From this point, connecting trains over the Grand

Trunk Railway take you to North Stratford, thirteen miles above. Starting from Boston by the morning trains you reach North Stratford in the evening and immediately take stage for a thirteen mile ride over a splendid road to Colebrook, arriving at 10 o'clock, p. m., by the through trains, or, by the earlier trains from Plymouth and the White Mountain localities, at half past four o'clock, p. m. The stage fare is \$1.00, and at

THE PARSONS HOUSE

you can have good accommodations at from \$1.50 to \$2.50 per day; indeed, this house has come to be a sort of hunters' and anglers' home at certain seasons. If you are not equal to the stage ride same day, you can tarry at Willard's Hotel at North Stratford, and proceed to Colebrook in the morning.

In the vicinity of Colebrook anglers find trouting a pastime productive of results.

Simm's Stream, two miles from Colebrook village, Mohawk River, running directly through the village, and Tallant's stream, just across the river, in Vermont, furnish an unbounded supply of quick-water fishing, and DIAMOND POND, ten miles distant, furnishes the more easy going sportsman with an unlimited supply of pond fly-fishing. The trout in all of the streams and ponds in this locality are of the finest flavor. Efficient and sober guides can be had at from \$1.50 to \$2.00 per day.

For a party to whom time is valuable, desiring a good day's sport, coupled with views of the grandest northern scenery, a day to be remembered may be spent in this wise.

Take an early start from Colebrook. Good teams always to be had, and go through

DIXVILLE NOTCH.

the extreme northern pass of the White Mountain region,

the most peculiar of all the passes of the New England ranges, the narrow roadway, threading a way between castellated ledges and crumbling pillars of granite, with the *cascade*, the *flume*, a "Man of the mountain," a buttressed *pulpit* of stone—indeed, a museum of natural wonders in miniature, with the grand view from Table Rock, all features of the pass.

"Clear stream," just beyond the notch, abounds in the finest trout, the average angler seldom failing to be richly rewarded. This tour of the pass, with a good day's sporting, may be made and the party returned to snug quarters in the Parsons House by bed time.

A delightful trip is that up the Connecticut river, twenty-five miles to Connecticut Lake. The stage fare from Colebrook to the lake is \$2, and there is a cosy hotel at the lake, board from \$1 to \$1.50 per day.

At the lake and in the brooks and rivers easy of access from this hotel, and in the forests, there is rare sport for those skilled with rod and gun. The lake trout, or lunge, weigh from two to twenty pounds each, and the smaller beauties of the streams exist in abundance.

Those who wish actual experience in still hunting or "shining" the deer, can be gratified, as they frequent both first and second Connecticut lakes. Those who have not read the sporting parson's instructions will remember that the proper thing to do in case of failure to make a mortal shot, is to plunge into the crystal waters of the lake, seize the wounded buck by the tail, and hang on until by skillful manipulation and application of force, the hunted beauty is brought low. There may be other ways to accomplish it, but this is the orthodox way.

A trip of about twelve miles across from Connecticut Lake to Pannachene, on the headwaters of the Magalloway river may be made by bridle path through the woods. Supplies must be carried through on pack saddles. Good

guides can be obtained at Woolcot's Hotel, Connecticut Lake.

The trip to Pannachene, starting from Colebrook, by way of Dixville Notch, Errol Dam, Wentworth's Location and up the Magalloway river is another favorite excursion. The distance is twenty miles through the Notch to Errol Dam. Fare, \$2.50. W. W. Bragg has a good hotel at the Dam, and there is superb trout fishing thereabouts. Board, \$1.50 to \$2.00 per day. From Errol Dam you can take the steamer DIAMOND, twelve miles up the Magalloway, to BROWN'S HOTEL, or, you can go by the Hill road, distance eight miles, and a fair carriage way. Fare \$1.00 by either conveyance. Brown's Hotel is a quiet retreat, patronized by fishermen and sportsmen. Charges, \$2.00 per day, with good accommodations.

T. P. FLINT, at his farm house, will also care for those who tarry with him, and give them good treatment.

Beyond this point there is a region of upper waters which the sportsman should by all means visit, accompanied by efficient guides. Such guides can here be had. Peter Abial Bennett is a good boatman, an excellent fisherman, and a quiet, reliable guide; he is a fair cook, slap-jacks being a specialty with him. This is important; a backwoods guide who cannot scientifically toss flapjacks to a hungry party doue to a turn, the right shade of brown and the proper degree of toughness, lacks an accomplishment necessary in his profession. Henry and George Flint, Horace Bennett, also Thomas, Alfred and Nahum Bennett, are worthy men and will direct you aright, and should do it for not exceeding \$2 per day.

In the vicinity of Brown's Hotel you have choice of great variety of trout-fishing, and good shooting in its season. At this point parties take a team to carry them and their boats and luggage eight miles to the head of Ariscoos Falls, at which point they embark in the boats and

there are no more carries for thirty-five miles up river. At this distance you arrive at Flint's carry, at the mouth of the little Magalloway. Here, by firing a gun, you can call S. F. Flint (known as "Spof," for short), with his enormous gray horse and moose sled; with these he will transport you and your luggage to his camp on the banks of SUNDAY POND, where you will find a good table and any kind of a bed you choose to call for, hemlock, spruce or pine boughs, or the same variety in plank, but he will make you very comfortable; you don't want to leave civilization behind and plunge off into the wilderness to find feather beds and curtained couches have preceded you.

On the way up to this point the sporting is excellent: the Magalloway is fed by cold streams, any of them rewarding the fisherman who drops a line to the beauties therein.

"Spof's camp" is a central point from which you may reach the best sporting-ground on the continent. It is a roomy and commodious log-house on the banks of this pond. The trout filling the pond weigh from a few ounces to ten pounds each, the latter size not being unusual or in small numbers. He does not, however, allow indiscriminate fishing to great extent, but his guests when about to leave can "gather them in" in reasonable numbers, and he has all the facilities, ice, moss, etc., for packing them, so that they will reach any part of the country as fresh as when starting from the wilderness.

One-half mile from "Spof's place," is the stone dam on the little Magalloway river, and here is a famous pool for trout. The Great Eddy, so called, on the main river is less than three minutes' walk from this house, and the lake is less than two miles. He has cut a bridle path easterly four miles from his place to "Lincoln Pond"—a large sheet of pure water covering nearly five hundred acres, and until recently hardly visited by civilized man.

Here the trout rush in schools for the fly, and, in the calm summer nights, the shores are lined with deer.

Of course there are some discomforts; lavender kids, patent leather and broadcloth are not plentiful in the region and may be left at home, but, to the lover of the forest's sports, to whom a week or a month in the dim old forests and upon the untainted waters is a revelation and a blessing, here is a field for rare sport.

Again, supposing you wish to go up the Androscoggin river with its great chain of lakes, you would start as in the route just before named and pursue the same course until aboard of the STEAMER DIAMOND. Now, instead of going to Brown's Hotel, you are set down by the steamer at Cedar Stump, one mile up the Androscoggin from Umbagog lake, (in low water you are put ashore at the inlet of the lake). There is good swift-water fishing at Cedar Stump, and from here to middle dam is a five mile carry. H. R. Goodwin carries across, charging from three to five dollars for carrying the luggage of a party of two or four and guides.

The outlet of Richardson Lake is at middle dam. There is a log hotel at this point run by H. R. Goodwin, where he can accommodate twenty-five guests. His charge is two dollars per day, and, at certain seasons, sportsmen are so plenty here that the log hotel becomes a storehouse for rods and guns.

Fred Barker owns and runs a steamboat on Richardson Lake, carrying fifty passengers. Barker is a veteran guide, knows every rood of the wild country hereabouts, has a personal acquaintance with the fish and game of the entire region; you can have no better cicerone to conduct you to their haunts and introduce you to them. From June first until the close of the fishing and hunting season, this little steamer makes a regular trip and return each day, running from Middle Dam to Upper Dam across the

lake, eight miles, fare one dollar one way, or round trip one dollar and a half. The Upper Dam abounds in trout pools, so called because there are trout in them in abundance.

The outlet of MOOSETOCMAGUNTIC, or Great Lake, is at Upper Dam, and here the same Goodwin who keeps the camp at Middle Dam has an ANGLER'S RETREAT that will comfortably accommodate forty to fifty persons. charges two dollars per day. From Upper Dam to Rangeley Lake, across Great Lake and Cupsuptic is twenty miles, and trout fishing for the entire distance is A one, until, in the late season, the great numbers of sportsmen who visit the region reduce the numbers and they become somewhat shy of them.

At Rangely the sportsman can retrace his steps or pass down through Farmington, Maine, to the Grand Trunk at Danville Junction. near the Portland end of the line.

Parties from New York, Philadelphia, Boston, or any of the New England cities can reach this northern lake region more directly and readily, via the route first described — through Concord, N. H., thence northward past Lake Winnepesaukee. through Plymouth, the Connecticut valley, Littleton and Lancaster, making Colebrook the base of operations and for supplies. Grocers at Colebrook have catered to the wants of knights of the rod (both fish-rod and ram-rod), and they always have just what you want, or else something better than you have before seen.

Thus it will be seen that there is a great northern region of lakes and tributary streams, alive with finny dwellers and lithe-limbed game of the great forests; that the route thereto is devoid of hardship, the entertainment ample and abundant: and the reward for a journey is in renewed health, enlarged experience, and pleasant memories of a good time enjoyed. Tickets and information obtained at

No 5 State-street, Boston; or, for information, ask any sportsman who has made the tour of these northern lakes.

And there is nothing more natural than to supplement your hunting and fishing trip by a few days' run among the great hills that lie along this northern route. From Lancaster or Littleton you may reach the hills by stages, or by the Wing road or White Mountain Branch, diverging near Littleton, you will be taken to the very gates of the White Mountain Notch, or to the imperial summit of Mount Washington, where you overlook a scene bounded only by the powers of vision.

CHAPTER XI.

HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE.

The wild region of the White Hills is peculiarly bare of that historical interest and romantic association, 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 to leave a record of his ascent to the highest summit and view of the wild and rugged country below. His story, like that of most early discoverers, was garnished with accounts of shining stones and metallic 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 climbed 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 summits 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 estab-

lished, 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 preceding 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, should live in the songs of Whittier, through the passing years.

In climbing the highest summit, 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 peaks bearing no mark of the action of the waves or 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 travellers have had the hardihood to inspect its scenery when clothed in the snowy mantle which veils the summits for so many months, but for several winters parties have resided through the entire season upon the summit of Mount Washington, working 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, Ammonoosuc, Winnipesaukee, Androscoggin, and other streams. They had the highest reverence for “The Mountains of the Snowy Forehead,” by some called *Waumbek Methna*, “Mountains of the White Rock.” Among them, as with nearly all people, there was a legend of a *deluge*; one mighty and spotless chief and his squaw being taken by a whirlind to the crowning summit, while all others perished. It was commonly believed among them that no intruders on these peerless summits ever returned alive, and that the mighty ruler of the Pennacooks, while coming with messages from the Great Spirit, was borne to the happy hunting grounds in a chariot of flame.

Of the family of CRAWFORDS, so identified with White Mountain history, Abel Crawford was the pioneer, making a home on the “Giant’s Grave,” now leveled in the grounds of the Fabyan House. The name is preserved in the naming of many localities, and a majestic mountain peak, while the descendants are a hardy and a noble race.

Bare of historic interest and legendary charm, and wanting in geological features of great peculiarity, these imperial hills by the simple majesty of their outlines and the bold combinations of their masses, attract each year, an army of tourists, surpassed only in number by the thousands who visit that central wonder, Niagara. The variety of attractions at the hills, the constant change of scene, the quiet beauty and startling outlines of contrasting landscapes, all together outweigh the solitary grandeur of Niagara’s world renowned waterfall,

Of late, the solitudes among the hills have been invaded by rival railway and stage lines, and the monster hotels are populous with visitors from the cities during the summer months. Tourists agree that there is no place on the continent giving so much in return for a journey as this region of the White Hills. The scenes are endless in variety and wondrous in beauty, holding the visitor as with a spell of enchantment. Along the Pemigewasset valley, at Bethlehem, Franconia, Jefferson, Lancaster, Whitefield, Littleton and about Lake Winnepesaukee, or at Plymouth and Warren, are scores of small hotels and summer boarding houses largely patronized by lovers of quiet country life. Indeed there is hardly a town above the state capital—Concord—but has substantial addition to its population in summer, and, it is not unlikely this growing tide of travel will continue to increase until the summer sojourn at the hills will come to be an annual event in the lives of those who once enjoy the benefits of such recreation.

CHAPTER XII.

NORTHWARD TO THE CANADAS.
MONTREAL.

Leaving Groveton Junction by either day or night trains (parlor cars), over the Grand Trunk Railway, North Stratford station is the point of departure for Colebrook and Dixville Notch (regular stage lines connecting), and Island Pond is a point where through express trains generally stop for refreshments.

ISLAND POND HOUSE is connected with the depot by a covered way, and is well and favorably known as a dining Station, or place for longer stay. DIMOND STONE is the proprietor.

SHERBROOKE, the station where the Passumpsic route unites with Grand Trunk, is a thriving and important Canadian town, having manufacturing interests of importance.

From Sherbrooke the route is northward to

RICHMOND,

(junction with the Quebec Division), thence westward through Durham, Acton, Upton, Britannia Mills, St. Hyacinthe, Soirante, Belœil and St. Lambert, through the Victoria Bridge to the great northern city of

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



WINDSOR HOUSE,

JAMES WORTHINGTON, proprietor, R. H. SOUTHGATE, manager, a first-class, elegant and popular hotel, you will find all that the most fastidious need ask in the way of accommodation and attendance. The location is central, rooms large and airy, the management competent — in short, nothing wanting that can be had at a first-class hotel of established repute. Conveyance furnished for trips to all parts of the city and surroundings.

The Montreal House is near the landing of the foreign steamers and river boats, and convenient to all points of interest. Messrs. Decker & Co., proprietors, have had long experience in the keeping of first-class houses, and patrons will not be disappointed.

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, five hundred and forty miles from the Gulf of St. Lawrence, on the island of Montreal, which lies between the broad St. Lawrence and the rapid Ottawa —

the two 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 the 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 four thousand 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 elevation as in the more northern capital. The lower town is somewhat cramped and gloomy in the laying out of narrow streets, and styles of buildings in the old French order, while the upper town has wide streets and squares, with large, imposing structures, built mostly of the grayish 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 Canada 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 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 Jacques 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.

Bonsecures 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 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 centers are on St. Paul street, which presents a fine line of warehouses. But the great center 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. 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 the 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 canal 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.

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. Hilaire, St. Hyacinthe—with its extensive nunneries and church buildings—Brittania 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, Chaudière 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 centers 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 or objects of interest on either bank, on the island below, and upon the surface of the broad harbor, and are landed beneath the frowning walls of the grand old city of the North, fully described in the following chapter.

CHAPTER XIII.

QUEBEC.

THE WALLED CITY OF THE NORTH.



CITY OF QUEBEC.

On your arrival in Quebec, 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, WILLIS RUSSELL, Esq., proprietor. 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 RUSSELL 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 was the capital of French Dominion in America—the western Gibraltar and key to the great St. Lawrence valley. When 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* towns 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 wharves, 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 impresses the tourist, by the startling peculiarities of the site and the 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 Champlain, 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 liliputian 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. The city has suffered greatly from fires in time past, and the ruins of the last destructive conflagration are still fresh and smoking.

A massive wall of hewn stone of nearly three miles in length, and of varying, but everywhere 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, communicate with the lower town; St. Louis Gate with the suburbs in the direction of the plains of Abraham; St. John's 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. John 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. John's 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 on 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 manœuvre in its waters, and craft of every description, from the ocean steamship and monster merchantmen, 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 the 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 are 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 defence, 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 almost 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 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. John's 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 a 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



FALLS OF MONTMORENCI.

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 foam and spray 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 its banks:

The falls are a favorite place of resort in the 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 "tobogging." 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 their 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 obtained, 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,

early 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 (sixty-five feet in height), erected to the memory of those two brave commanders, Wolfe and Montcalm, who, though in life brought into deadly enmity, are united in the memories and honors of the future.

The Grand Battery, the Esplanade, the English Cathe-

dral, 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.

LAVAL UNIVERSITY

was established under Catholic auspices, but it 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, cabinet 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 Wolfe fell, on this noted plain, is seen the modest monument to his memory, 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 is 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.

CHAPTER XIII.

SCENERY AND LOCALITIES IN
NORTHERN VERMONT.

At WELLS RIVER, the Boston, Concord, Montreal and White Mountains Railway, the Connecticut River Railroad, the Passumpsic River Railroad, running northward, and the Wells River and Montpelier Railroad continuing westward—form a junction, and tourists may (by taking the train over the Passumpsic River Railroad) pass northward to interesting and picturesque localities in northern Vermont. The route is up the valley of the Connecticut river, which it leaves at Barnet; thence following the romantic valley of the Passumpsic, which, with the adjacent country, all who have an eye for the picturesque and pastoral will view with continued 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, Vermont, 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 center. At this point the Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad intersects the Passumpsic line.

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 center of northwestern Vermont, has fine county and school buildings, beautiful natural surroundings, and an industrious and fast increasing population. The increase of railroad facilities by the completion of the railway to Portland, through the heart of the White Mountains, cannot fail to add to its prosperity and importance. The

ST. JOHNSBURY HOUSE,

recently refitted and renovated, kept by J. B. WALKER, Esq., is a good, first-class hotel. Few places of its population in the country have so many of the desirable institutions and luxuries usually supposed to be found only in the large and wealthy cities; for this reason, as well as its healthy location and pleasant surroundings, with the acknowledged public spirit of its manufacturers and people, the village is desirable for residence for people of leisure, as well as a favorable point for business.

The AVENUE HOUSE, near the depot, has recently changed proprietors. The new management are well spoken of by the travelling public.

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 mountain walls, evidently once united, but torn asunder by some terrible convulsion of nature in remote ages. The surface of the lake is nearly 1,200 feet above sea level, and the mountain walls tower on either side to the height of nearly 2,000 feet above the lake. Under these frowning walls, on the narrow bank, threads the roadway.

Mount Willoughby, or Annanance, the eastern wall, is nearly 2,000 feet in height, and Mount Hor, on the western side, is of somewhat less elevation. From the summit of these heights 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 WILLOUGHBY LAKE HOUSE

is a commodious hotel, accommodating a hundred guests, finely situated, overlooking the lake to the northward.

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 a 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 of 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 center, 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 and 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



THE MEMPHRETAGOG HOUSE.

scenery, is attractive to the visitor coming 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 proprietors are gentlemanly and experienced landlords. Sail and row boats

are furnished by the landlords 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. 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 Coventry Falls are within easy driving distance. Despite all other attractions your greatest interest will center 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, rock-bound shores, numerous wooded islands, the shadowing peaks of lofty mountains, rising, in some cases, to 3,000 feet in height, with slopes of luxurious forests and greenest verdure, serve but to heighten the charm of this "Beautiful Water," supplied from the pure, cold streams or 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, Captain 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 out-

let — 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.

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. 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 unrivalled, and the facilities for fishing and sporting attract that class of tourists in large numbers. The ascent of OWL'S HEAD is made from this hotel. There are curious and prominent way marks on the ascent and 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,

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," 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, 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 may be taken for 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 *Parks House* affords 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 continue their journey to Montreal by

THE SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY,

a new line from Newport, shortening the distance and saving time to the tourist, and 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 scenery upon any of the Canadian lines is not sufficiently attractive to merit extended description.

CHAPTER XIV.

PROM WELLS RIVER TO MONTPELIER, THE STATE CAPITAL,
THENCE WESTWARD TO LAKE CHAMPLAIN, LAKE
GEORGE AND SARATOGA SPRINGS.

This route gives railway facilities to a section of country hertofore 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 are several towns of importance, and Ryegate, Groton, Mansfield, Peacham and Plainfield are intersected on the way to

MONTPELIER,

which is distant thirty-eight miles, by rail, from Wells River. This 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 local history, should be visited by all whose time admits.



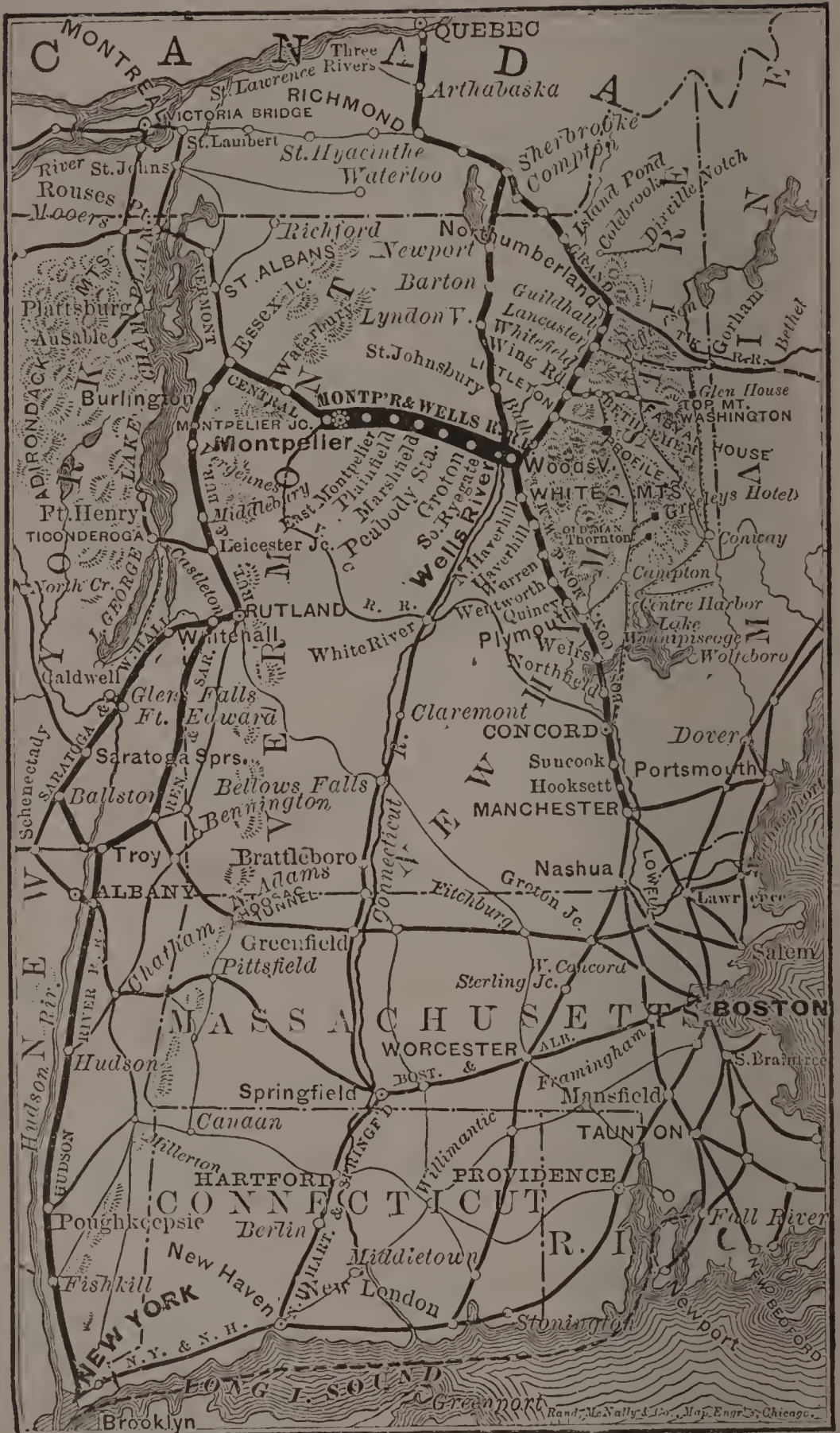
THE PAVILION,

Montpelier, Vt., T. O. BAILEY, proprietor, is a new and complete modern hotel, situated on Capital Park, but two minutes' walk from the depot.

The house is new, and elegantly furnished in first-class style throughout. Each room heated by steam, lighted with gas, and provided with automatic speaking tubes. Bath room and closets on each floor, thus making the house second to none in Vermont.

Being located on the direct line between Saratoga, Lake George, Montreal and the White and Franconia Mountains, travelers and tourists will find it the best place to stop in transit, as no pains will be spared to contribute to their comfort.

Passengers leaving Saratoga and Lake George in the morning, and Montreal in the afternoon, arrive here at tea-time, leaving after breakfast and arriving at any of the mountain houses for dinner. Leave the mountains in the morning, dine at the Pavilion, or leave in the after-



THE MONTPELIER AND WELLS RIVER R. R. AND CONNECTIONS.

noon, or spend the night here, connecting with the day boat at Burlington.

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 "keep a hotel." The accommodations are for one hundred guests, and the house affords a fine place of resort for pleasure seekers and visitors to Mount Mansfield.

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 shore 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. See fuller description in succeeding chapter, of this city and surrounding towns.

CHAPTER XV.

FROM SARATOGA TO THE WHITE MOUNTAINS, BY RAIL OR
THROUGH THE LAKES.

SARATOGA

is the great inland watering place of the United States. Here congregate those debilitated by sickness and worn by labor, and a great host who seek the fashionable society and round of pleasure here found and enjoyed. The attractions of the place are too well known to the fashionable and wealthy throughout the continent to need description.

During the season of pleasure travel an express train, with parlor cars, leaves Saratoga in the morning and runs through to the White Mountains same day, giving ample time for meals.

This route is over the Rensselaer & Saratoga Railroad line, via Fort Edward, the Whitehall or Lake Champlain Junction; Castleton and West Rutland to RUTLAND; thence, by the Rutland and Burlington Division of the Central Vermont Railroad, through Brandon, Middlebury and Vergennes, to Burlington, on Lake Champlain. At Essex Junction (eight miles above Burlington), connection is formed with the Central Vermont Railroad, and passengers may proceed direct to Montpelier and the White Mountains. These roads are run in close connection. The cars are among the finest run on New England roads, and the scenery along the way is beautiful and romantic.



UNITED STATES HOTEL, SARATOGA,

This is one of the most complete in the world in all the appointments of the house, and no hotel is more widely or favorably known to the travelling public and to frequenters of fashionable resorts.

AT WEST RUTLAND

are the extensive marble quarries of Sheldons & Slason, and

RUTLAND

is the centre of the marble interest of Vermont, which has become the important industry of this section. It is also a flourishing town for trade from the surrounding regions, has good hotel accommodations, and is attractive and popular as a place of residence or for temporary sojourn.

BRANDON

is an important town, having manufactories of some importance. The "Frozen Well of Brandon" has much notoriety—a coating of ice forming upon the water in the hottest of summer days.

MIDDLEBURY

is the county seat of Addison county, and the seat of Middlebury College. It is important as a manufacturing town, and large quantities of a superior quality of white marble are exported.

VERGENNES

is the smallest in territorial extent of any "city" in the country. It has a fine harbor and an excellent water power from the falls on Otter Creek. It was once important as a military station, and its limited area of three hundred and eighty by four hundred rods extent is generally utilized. It can be conceived that no difficulty is experienced, as in other cities, from its "magnificent distances" and scattered and isolated sections.

WINOOSKI,

between Burlington and Essex Junction, is a thriving village, with several enterprising manufacturing establishments.

From Essex Junction the route is south-easterly, over the Central Vermont line, through the mountainous region via *Richmond* and *Waterbury*, with distant views of Mounts Mansfield and Camel's Hump, to Montpelier (previously described), and thence, by Wells River route, to the mountains.

Passengers may also go directly to Montreal from Essex Junction, via St. Albans and St. Johns, through the Victoria Bridge.

THE ROUTE BY LAKE BOATS

is the one chosen by many, especially by those whose time and inclination allow, and tempt them to view the beauties of the scenery and places of historic interest about Lake George and Lake Champlain.

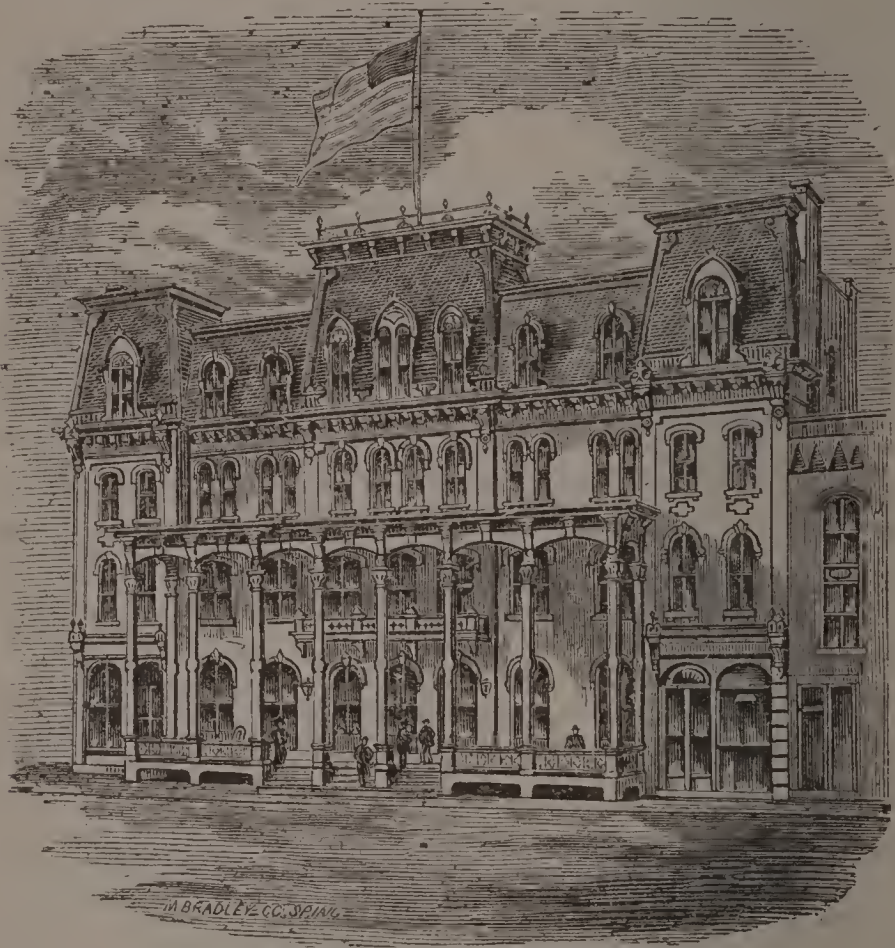
To make this trip, go by rail over the Rensselaer and Saratoga Railroad to Fort Edward, as before, thence by Glens Falls branch, a short ride, to

GLENS FALLS,

a flourishing and picturesque manufacturing village. The village was completely destroyed by fire about ten years since, but has recovered from the disaster. The falls on the Hudson have a descent of seventy feet. This fall is two hundred miles from the mouth of the Hudson River; the river wears its way over strata of black limestone. The action of the water has worn some of these *strata* away, a few at the top, and more further down the falls, so that a kind of irregular series of steps has been formed, over which the waters of the river go thundering down.

A bridge six hundred feet long spans the Hudson,

resting, in the centre, on a marble island. This is the spot where, in the "Last of the Mohicans," the inimitable Cooper located some of his finest drawn characters. By a private stairway that goes down near the bridge, one may reach two objects of interest, viz.: Indian Cave and Big Snake. The cave runs through a small island from one channel to another, and has been made famous by the genius of Cooper. Veins of satin spar are found in the fallen rocks below, and trilobites are sometimes imbedded in the rocks.



THE ROCKWELL HOUSE,

ROCKWELL BROTHERS, proprietors, is the hotel where the tourist will make his home during his stay. The house is finely located, both as to convenience of patrons and picturesque surroundings. The patrons of this house will find the managers fully up to the modern demands made

for first-class entertainment by the many whose means and leisure allow them to spend the summer months, or a portion of them, in recreation. Teams are furnished for all who wish to visit the many places of interest in the vicinity, and your stay, be it long or short, cannot but be a pleasant one. The man of business here has easy and sure connection with the great business centres, the man of leisure finds it a charming place of retreat, while for families, no better point can be found for spending the vacation. The stage route from Glens Falls to Caldwell, at the head of Lake George, gives a ride of nine miles through a wild and picturesque region. Five miles from Glens Falls, *Williams' Rock* is passed, marking the site of the bloody defeat of Col. Williams and his Indian allies, by the French Commander Dieskau. Williams was slain near the rock which bears his name. The victory of the French forces was of short duration; they were in turn defeated, and their leader wounded and taken prisoner, at the battle at the colonial camp at Lake George, where Gen Johnson so gallantly avenged the French successes. The bodies of the English, slain in the first encounter, were thrown by the French soldiery in the quiet pool near Williams' Rock, now known as

BLOODY POND.

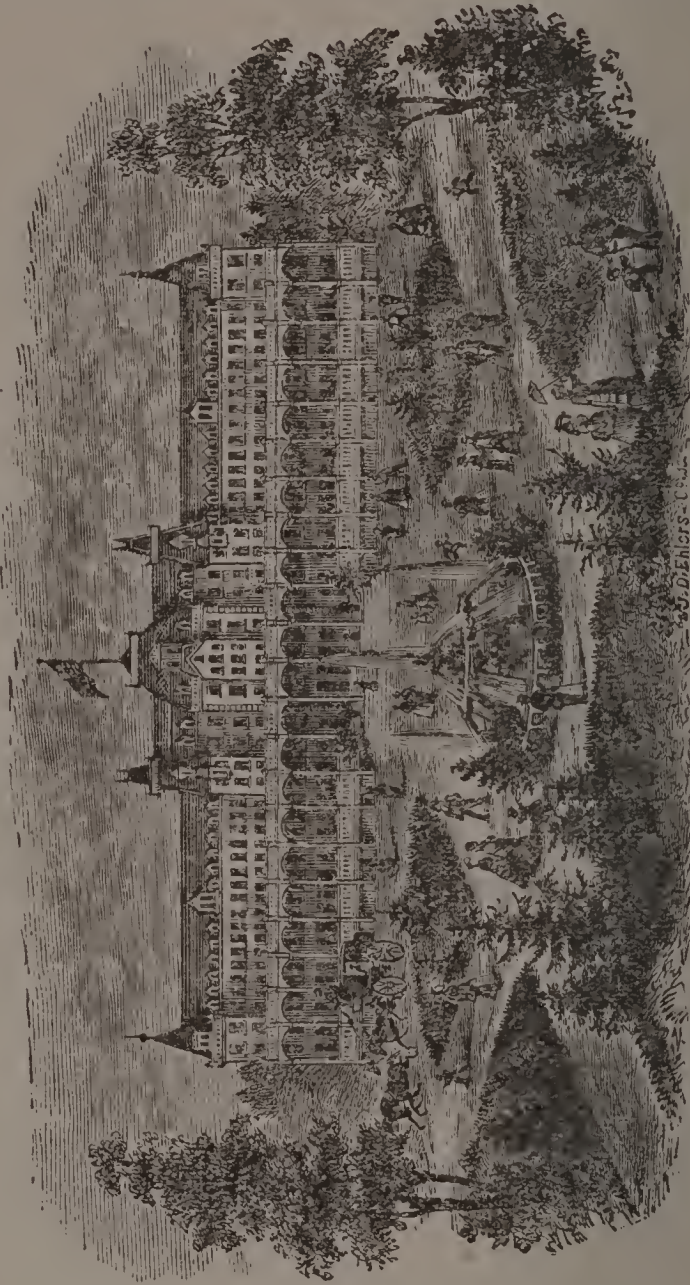
“The Bloody Defile” is the ravine where the savage massacre occurred.

CALDWELL,

is a quiet village at the head of the fair lake whose charms give it importance. There are several small hotels, but the FORT WILLIAM HENRY HOTEL, T. Roessle & Son, proprietors, is the elegant and sumptuous house of the tourist. It accommodates a thousand guests, is located near the ruins of Old Fort William Henry—the site of the

fearful massacre by the Indian allies, aided, perhaps, by a portion of the French forces under Montcalm, and about

FORT WILLIAM HENRY HOTEL, LAKE GEORGE.



This Popular Hotel will be open for guests June 1st.

TRANSIENT GUESTS, - - \$4.00 per day.
BOARDERS, \$15.00, \$17.50, and \$21.00 per week, depending on location.

T. ROESSLE & SON, Proprietors.

one mile from Fort George. The grounds are laid out with elegant taste, sloping down to the edge of the waters, affording fine views of the southern end of the lake.

Promenades run the whole length of the hotel, fronting the lake, a sparkling fountain constantly plays in the well-arranged grounds, and all the arrangements of the interior are designed to give to the guests the maximum of comfort and luxurious ease. Stages run to Schroon Lake, Lake Luzerne, and to the southern Adirondacks.

LAKE GEORGE

is three hundred feet above the sea level, thirty-six miles long, and varies in width from three-quarters of a mile to three or four miles. The depth is, in some places, more than four hundred feet, and the waters are everywhere remarkably clear, so much so that objects can be seen at a depth of more than thirty feet. The French gave it the name of "Lake of the Holy Sacrament," and used sometimes to transport the waters, on account of their purity, for use in their churches in baptismal fonts. Not only are artists and lovers of sublime and beautiful scenery attracted to the lake, by its beautiful scenery, but the many old associations called up by a visit to its surroundings, make it a modern Mecca for the patriotic.

It was first visited in 1646, by the French Jesuit, Father Jogues, who perished, as did many of his successors, by the hands of the fierce Mohawks, who dwelt around its borders.

The trip through the lake from Caldwell is now made in less than three hours by the new steamer Horicon, just completed, and a model of steamboat architecture. Landings are made at the different points of interest on the Lake; Bolton, Catskill, Boat Pavilion, Fourteen miles Island, Hundred Islands, French Point, Hallett's, Sabbath Day Point and Hagen, connecting at Baldwin with new railroad to Fort Ticonderoga (five miles). The heretofore tedious stage ride is thus avoided. The charming ride in Conductor Baldwin's (of stage fame) train in

ervation cars, from Lake George to Lake Champlain is thus taken and, in less than thirty minutes, we are landed at Fort Ticonderoga, where a fine dinner is waiting for us on the steamer Vermont, in which we take passage through Lake Champlain to Burlington, Plattsburg and Montreal.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN,

the largest of eastern lakes, 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. The following from "Chisholm's Guide Book" is beautifully descriptive: "Travellers who have widely explored the objects of interest in the New and Old World, unite in pronouncing the waters and environs of Lake Champlain the most beautiful and impressive the eye can rest upon. The waters of the Lake, whether reposing in a calm or surging under the power of the tempest, are indescribably beautiful; but this attraction is infinitely enhanced by the islands which in varied forms stud its bosom, by the peninsulas which pierce it, and by

the bold, rocky precipices which impend over the Lake. The shores on either side are impressive and beautiful; now a long line of rugged cliffs crowned by dense forests appears, and now smiling in luxurious ranges of culture and elegance, embellished by farm houses, mansions and villages with their glittering spires. All this scene of beauty is embraced by the dark framework of mountains that impart magnificence to the whole."

This steamboat passage to Burlington gives beautiful views of Mount Mansfield and Camel's Hump, of Green Mountain range, and the grand peaks and outlines of the Adirondacks in New York.

CROWN POINT

is twelve miles north of Ticonderoga, with the ruins of the old fortress on the high promontory between the lake and the bay beyond. Port Henry is a finely located village with a population engaged in iron mining and manufacture. Westport and Essex are other points where steamers touch, and from which passage may be taken for the Adirondack region. Steaming on in a northeasterly course, passing the Four Brothers, Juniper Islands and Rock Dunder,

BURLINGTON

is reached; where passengers for the mountains will leave the boat. Those going through to Montreal or Ogdensburg will continue on to Plattsburg, there connecting with railway lines northward and westward. Burlington is one of the great lumber ports of the country. The ground on which it is built slopes gradually up from the lake, rising to a height of three hundred and seventy feet. The University of Vermont has fine buildings crowning the highlands. From the dome of the main building a grand scene is presented, including in the circle swept by

the eye over sixty prominent peaks, the bright waters and islands of Lake Champlain with the towering summits of the Adirondacks beyond. The grave of the old hero, ETHAN ALLAN, is visited by all patrons. A fine statute was erected over the grave during the year 1873.

From Burlington passengers may go over the Central Vermont Railroad to Essex Junction, thence to St. Albans and the north, or to any part of Vermont or New England.

Proceeding northward from Burlington, by steamer, the first landing made is Port Kent, 10 miles, where coaches are taken for the far famed Ausable Chasm and also for Keeseville, a smart manufacturing village distant from Port Kent 4 miles,—upon leaving Port Kent we thread the narrow channel between the main shore and Valcour Island a long, narrow strip of land famous as being the locality where lie the remains of Benedict Arnold's flagship, the "Royal Savage,"—the spires of Plattsburgh come in view, and this being the terminus of the steamer route, we take train in waiting for Montreal.

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 half an 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, further 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 centers here. As a butter and cheese market it is quoted as the maket of all others in those commodities. Water works are 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 just finished, 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 in 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 WELDEN HOUSE,

THOMAS LAVENDER, proprietor, has been opened for the last ten years, affording to the travelling public accommodations every way desirable. The name is in honor of Jesse Welden, 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 you will naturally learn many particulars regarding the famous St. Albans raid in



WELDEN HOUSE.

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 whispered terror.

From S. Albans, tourists can go directly northward to Montreal and Quebec, or southward either to White River or Wells River Junction and the White Mountain region.

CHAPTER XVI.

FROM NIAGARA FALLS TO THE WHITE MOUNTAINS, MONTREAL
AND QUEBEC, DOWN THE ST. LAWRENCE TO THE
SAGUENAY RIVER.

Of the attractions at and about this grandest of waterfalls, where the waters of a great chain of inland seas plunge to a lower level over ragged, shelving ledges, and sweep between bold limestone walls in irresistible force, space forbids that we should attempt description. From the mad rush of the green waters in the rapids over the terrific fall, through the rapids and whirling eddies below, down to the quiet where the mad current again takes its undisturbed way in a tamer race to the lower Lake, there is no point wanting in interest.

The stranger may at first feel a shade of disappointment as he looks for the first time upon the world-famed cataract, so grandly proportionate are all the outlines of the bold shores to the volume of the fall, that it is not until the wonder is viewed in detail, without reference to the vastness of the combinations as a whole, that the full majesty and power of the fall is apparent to the sense. The vastness of the plunge grows upon the beholder as he views it by the soft moonlight and in the glare of noon-day. invested ever with a

* * * * * "glorious robe

(Of terror and of beauty.

God's rainbow upon its forehead, His cloud-mantle around its feet."

Leaving the attractions of the falls with reluctance, the lover of the picturesque will wish to visit the romantic re-

gion of the White Hills, to pass down the grand northern river—the St. Lawrence—to the yawning ravine rent in the rock where the floods of the chill Saguenay roll their unmeasured currents.

The route is from the falls to LEWISTON, a lovely town seven miles from the fall, on lake Ontario. The Suspension Bridge over the Niagara just above the town has a span of 1,045 feet and is one of the finest in the world.

From this point you will go by one of the fine boats of the Ontario and Richelieu line of Steamships to Toronto, that most substantial and enterprising of Canadian cities. This line of steamers have in command men of long experience and good judgment, and will ensure safe and easy transit with due dispatch.

TORONTO.

As you approach from the lake, the view of this northern city is remarkably fine, the wharves and public buildings giving indications of a city of importance. It has a population of about 65,000 souls, and is the chief city of the Upper Canadas or the Province of Ontario. The buildings of the University are massive in proportion and built in the Norman style of architecture. Trinity College, the Normal School and Loretto Convent are other educational institutions of note. The English and Catholic Cathedrals are both buildings to attract attention.

THE QUEEN'S HOTEL,

Toronto, Ontario, McGAW & WINNETT, proprietors, is convenient to the railway stations and steamboat piers, on Front street, near the business portions of the city. Commodious rooms elegantly filled with new furniture of most modern style; spacious and attractive grounds and croquet lawns, with a sumptuous billiard parlor serve to make it an acceptable temporary or permanent home for

the merchant or the tourist, and for travelers generally. Carriages always in waiting for the pleasant drives and extensive views of a varied character in and around the city. The extensive Galleries of Art, the Queen's Park, the University buildings, the Lunatic Asylum, the Trinity College and Normal School are some of the places which must be seen. The "Queen's" is one of the largest hotels

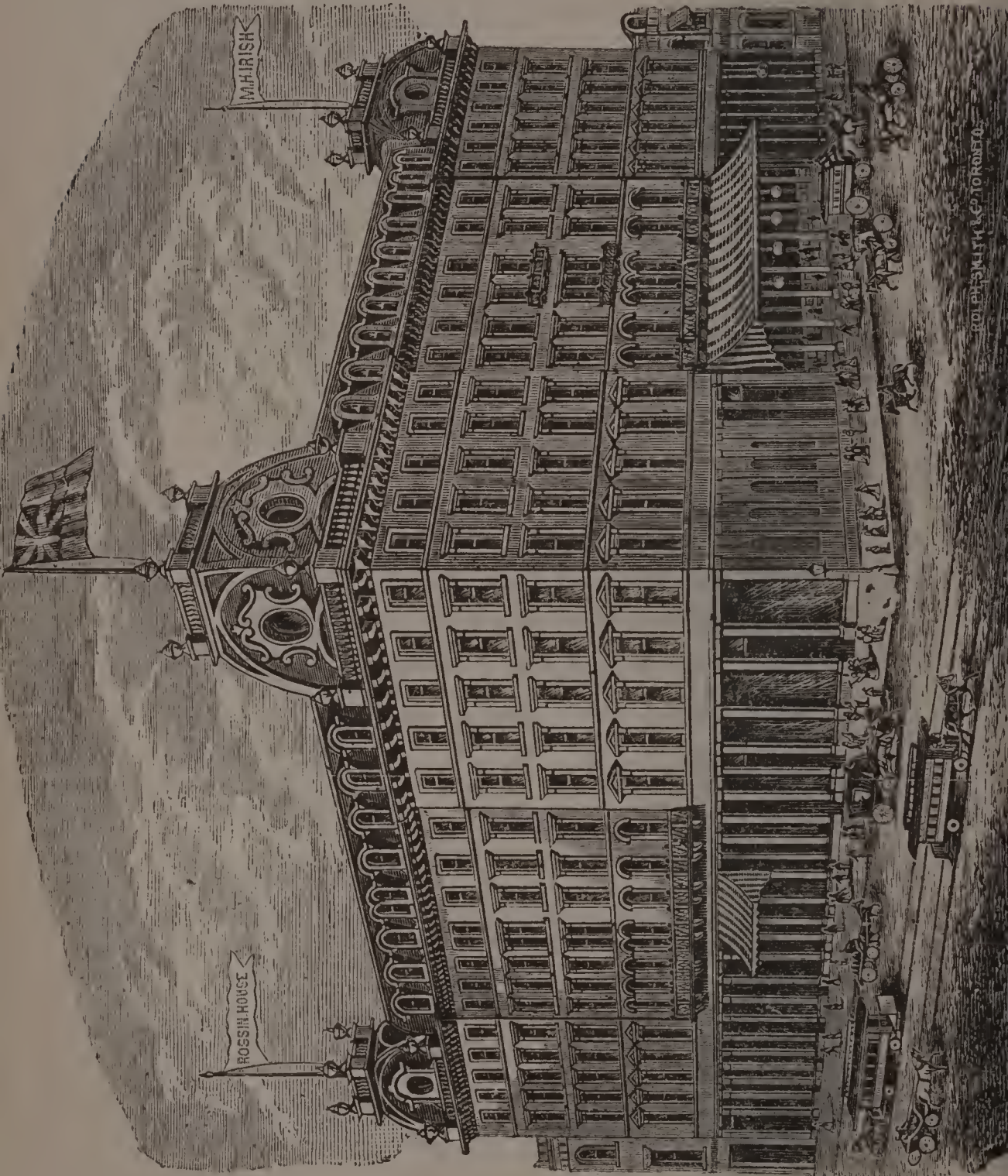


ADLPH. SMITH. & CO. ENG.

THE QUEEN'S HOTEL.

in the Dominion of Canada, and overlooks the beautiful Bay and Lake Ontario. His Imperial Highness, the Grand Duke Alexis, of Russia, and his suite, were furnished, in December, 1871, with the splendid suite of apartments,

comprising one wing of the house, *without extra preparation*. The (QUEEN'S) ROYAL HOTEL at Niagara has the same ownership and management.



THE ROSSIN HOUSE,

M. H. Irish, proprietor, is one of the finest of the

first-class hotels for which Toronto is famous, and stands among the first in the Dominion. The location is central and pleasant, convenient to business and railway. The attractions of the city are easily reached from this house and, within, all the care and attention that the most exacting could ask is exercised by the managers. An excellent and bountiful table, neatness and ample spaces, a cheerful temporary or permanent house, gentlemanly direction and willing service, all make it a desirable resting place.

By far the larger number of those who travel for pleasure will come by boat from Toronto, through Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence River, among the *Thousand Islands*, over the Rapids and under the Great Victoria Bridge, to Montreal, rather than to make the trip by rail.

The experience of this trip will not fail to interest and please all who have eyes to see and taste to appreciate the bold and varied scenery of this Northern route.

Entering the St. Lawrence River you leave Old Fort Henry at Kingston to the left, and are among

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

The number of these islands is larger by about one-half than the name would indicate. Commencing with Wolf Island, a large tract of thirty miles in length, and increasing in number, and decreasing in size as you descend, they cut the water in every conceivable form and outline for several miles. Some tower from the water in bold and abrupt masses of granite and sandstone. Others are green with carpet of grasses or dot the waves, a miniature patch of earth in a waste of waters.

Evidently, far back in formative periods, some wild throes of nature tossed the earth crust of this region in wildest disorder. Nature in healing its wounds, heightens the charms which might seem tame, if undisturbed.

Home Island, Wellesly, Bathurst and Tecumseh Islands are among the largest of this peculiar group.

The towns on either shore of the river each have their particular associations of historic interest or peculiarity of location. Alexandria on the American side, is laid out upon the rocky shelf of the river, and will attract notice by the peculiarity of its location. Brockville, on the Canadian side, has military associations familiar to readers of our earlier history. Some twelve miles below Brockville, on the American side is Ogdensburg, with the old Canadian town of Prescott on the opposite bank. Here is the ferry, by which transfer is made from the Ogdensburgh line of Railway to the Grand Trunk Line.

The first of the rapids for which this great river is famous are encountered some five miles below Ogdensburg, where you enter among a small cluster of islands, of which "Isle aux Galops" is the largest, and continuing down through the rapids by Tossons' Island, Point Iriquois, and the longer rapids on either side of Ogden's Island, you reach the rapids of nearly ten miles in length called the "Long Sault;" the river is here divided by the island of the same name.

The current rushes through these rapids at a rate of twenty miles an hour, and the descent is exciting in the extreme to one a stranger to the passage; but, with skilful pilotage, the passage is safely made, and the apparent danger adds to the glow of excitement and makes it a journey to be remembered.

Cornwall Island, with the town of Cornwall and the old Indian village of St. Regis, just below, are points of interest, and

LAKE ST. FRANCIS,

a widening of the great river, with its shoals, headlands and lights, is a broad and beautiful sheet of water, having

at its eastern outlet a group of islands, of which Grand Island is the largest. Among these the *Coteau Rapids* fret and sweep in a wild and troubled current; below are the *Cedar Rapids*, and a little farther down the *Cascade Rapids*, at the entrance to

LAKE ST. LOUIS.

This lake receives one of the outlets of the great Ottawa river. At LACHINE commences the Lachine Canal, built to avoid LACHINE RAPIDS, but the pleasure traveler will not seek to avoid, but rather to enjoy the excitement of a dash down these swift and wild currents, which would be hazardous were it not for the firm hand of the Indian pilot, whose fame is known to all who make this leap down the mad descent of the rapid; for years he has safely guided the boats down the vexed current to the admiration and delight of all. Continuing below the rapids you come in sight of the commercial and financial metropolis of the Canadas, and steaming beneath the great Victoria Bridge, are soon anchored at the quays of this great northern city, fully described in another chapter of this book.

FROM MONTREAL TO QUEBEC

DOWN THE ST. LAWRENCE.

Taking the fine boats "Quebec" or "Montreal," of the Ontario & Richelieu Steamship Company's line, which are fitted with all the conveniences of modern travel, and in charge of safe commanders, 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

appearances of the novel landscape, a sort of "Northern Holland," the shores 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 crowning ridge or summit line.

SOREL, or WILLIAM HENRY, forty-five miles below Montréal, 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. John's (otherwise known as the Richelieu or Sorel River) and the St. Lawrence. The St. John's 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 of the passage of vessels of the larger class. The River St. Francis here enters the lake from the south.

The St. Leon springs have become a favorite place of resort within the last few years, the waters having curative properties of undisputed value.

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 of that immense valley, will never be without its suggestions of power; and, when the moon, breaking from rolling curtains of clouds, 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 marking 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 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, and 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 its 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 center, 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. Lamberts, Belœil, St. Hillare, 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.

The old northern capital city is fully described in another chapter, and the quaint attractions of the town and historic interest attached to localities about it have made it a center for pleasure travel for the last few years. The city lies about seven hundred miles from the Atlantic, and tide water extends for ninety miles above the city, so broad and like an inland sea is the great river of the north.

FROM QUEBEC TO THE SAGUENAY, AND SCENERY OF THE SAGUENAY.

The tourist in search of health or pleasure, cannot possibly select any route better calculated to present that peculiar and unusual combination, nowhere else found, within limits easily reached, than the one from Quebec to the Saguenay river, down the St. Lawrence.

Leaving Quebec by one of the excellent boats, making this trip, of the St. Lawrence and Saguenay line of steamers, the journey is down the finest portion of the grand St. Lawrence, a distance of about one hundred and fifty miles, the great river, in many places, being thirty miles in width.

This water area of 4,000 square miles, is dotted with beautiful islands; skirted on the one hand by towns and villages, on the other by lofty mountains, and both sides constantly in view, presenting an ever changing panorama of continued charm.

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 it a short distance to the falls of St. Anne, which, with the surroundings, are pleasant and attractive.

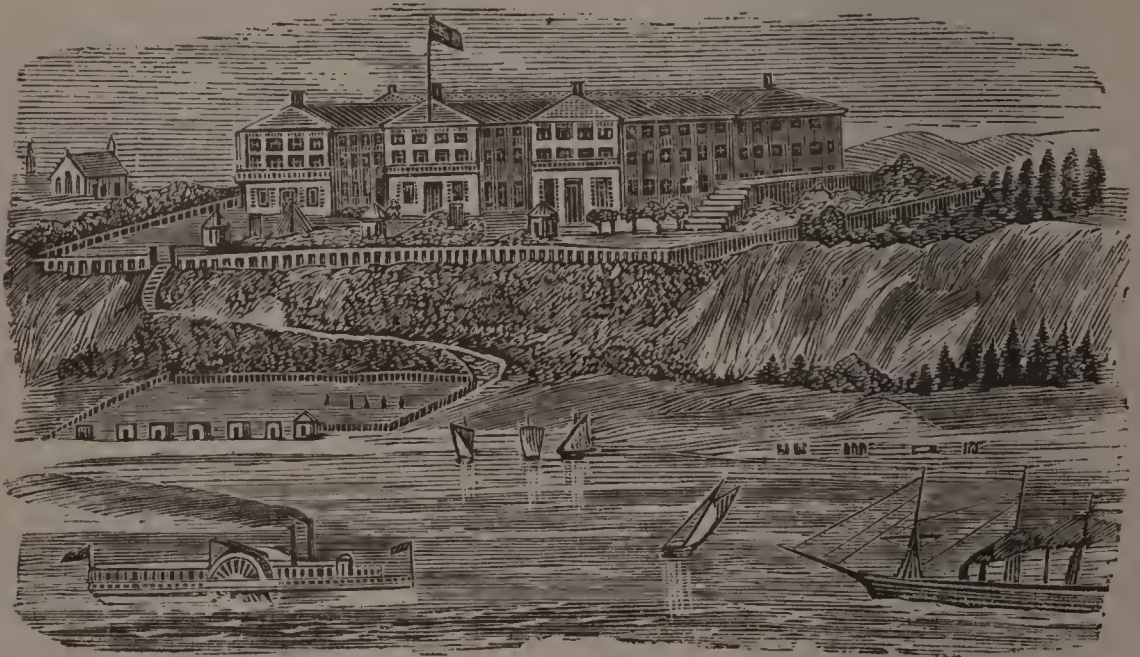
Thirty-six miles below Quebec is a group of six small islands, alive with geese, ducks and teal, who make this their breeding place.

The Quarantine station of "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 famine in Ireland, twenty thousand emigrants in one huge grave. The spot is marked by a stone monument attesting the place.

The river widens broader and broader as you sail on, as upon a vast inland sea. Malbie, ninety miles below Quebec on the north shore, is a halting station and place of pleasure resort, better known by its English name of Murray Bay, being a fashionable watering place, and the fine fishing in Murray River much patronized. The river here is about twenty miles wide, with tides over twenty feet rise. Steaming across the "Riviere du Loup." on the south shore, passengers are landed within six miles of Cacouna. Taking conveyance for

CACOUNA

you will find the extensive and first-class



ST. LAWRENCE HALL.

James Creighton, manager, formerly of St. Louis Hotel,

Quebec, a house where every comfort essential to pleasant stay may be had, where the guest may live in luxurious ease or active sporting.

SEA BATHING,

one of the principal recreations, is perfectly safe—as there is no undertow, and for the enjoyment of all its charms in mid summer, this resort cannot be surpassed in the world. Advantages for Fishing, Boating and Sailing (with experienced fishermen and skippers), or driving on fine roads inland or on the shore; for hunting, the abundance of game in adjoining forests, together with the shade trees or groves, splendid Croquet Lawn, Play Grounds and lovely Promenades; entire freedom from all annoying insects, accompanied with a cool and even temperature; with the best of water, and perfect drainage, form a



TADOUSAC BAY.

combination of inland attractions rarely met with. It is the favorite resort for the wealthy families of Montreal

and Quebec, who have erected here neat and tasty cottages for their summer homes. St. Lawrence Hall will accommodate five hundred guests.

Continuing down the St. Lawrence, on the northern shore, Tadousac is reached at the mouth of TADOUSAC BAY, that vast and mysterious rock gorge, through which pour the unfathomable floods of the mountain-shadowed

SAGUENAY RIVER,

the largest affluent of the St. Lawrence, usually said to take its rise in Lake St. John, but whose source, in reality, is Lake Mistassini, an inland sea nearly as large as Ontario, situated within a comparatively short distance of Hudson's Bay. The Mistassini River, two hundred miles long, conveys the waters of this large lake to Lake St. John, thence to the St. Lawrence. A *rift* through the



CAPE ETERNITY.

Laurentian Mountains, one hundred and thirty miles long, is called the Saguenay River. Words can but feebly

describe the attractive features of this unique river; therefore we shall say but little more than that to be appreciated, it must be seen.

Its navigable portions will float the largest vessels of the world, from its mouth some ninety 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 sciffs whose bases rest in unknown depths—a panorama of rocky walls and precipices—“no sheltered nooks nor coves, no fertile beaches, nowhere a margin for foot to rest upon.” The continuous ridges on either hand rise to an elevation of 1,000 to 1,500 feet, and often more. The wonderful capes—ETERNITY and TRINITY—rear their heads to an altitude of 1,800 feet, and, at their base, the river has a depth of six hundred yards. This whole route is traversed by *daylight*; the boats are, in all respects, first-class, and nothing is wanting to secure the comfort of passengers, as promised in the advertised route.

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

The scenery is aptly spoken of by a writer as “a region of primeval grandeur, where art has done nothing and nature everything; where, at a single bound, civilization is left behind and nature stands in unadorned majesty; where Alps on Alps arise: where, over unfathomable depths, through mountain gorges, the steamer plows the dark flood on which no sign of animal life appears.”

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. At St. Alphonse, on this bay, a large trade in blueberries is carried on from about the 15th of July until the snow covers the ground. The surrounding rocks and crags furnish inexhaustable quantities of the delicious fruit, and the poor inhabitants are not slow in taking advantage of the harvest so bountiously vouchsafed to them. The export to market is annually about 60,000 boxes of four gallons each, and ten times as much more are never gathered.

Statue Point and Les Tableux are noted gems 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. The village of Chicoutimi is at the outlet uniting Lake Kenokami with the Saguenay. It is at the head of navigation. An extensive lumber business is transacted here; the village is ancient, and has about five hundred inhabitants.

TADOUSAC,

at the mouth of the Saguenay, has a fine hotel, which is excellently kept, and, in connection, all kinds of amusements for visitors. The bathing is very superior. It is a post of the Hudson Bay Company, who have establishments here of considerable importance. Here was the residence of Pere Marquette, who explored the Mississippi valley. The venerable church is two and a half centuries old. This was one of the first places on the river, fortified by the French. The first permanent stone building erected at any northern locality on the continent. was here built.

We are not competent to write of this desolately grand and awfully majestic region with the intelligent criticism of the scientific or the enthusiasm of the geologist. Ere long,

some one, equal to the task, will explore its grandly dismal reaches, bringing to bear upon its wonderful charac-



POINT L'ÎLET, TADOUSAC.

teristics the light of science, while by a wild and nomadic life, in that unexplored continent around and beyond its sources, a volume of travel shall result, more interesting in its revelation of northern wonders than are the charming works of Du Chaillu or the mysterious journeys of the lamented Livingstone, in other and more distant lands.

Few realize the vastness of that wild and almost limitless north stretching from habitable limits up to the very icy realms of the polar regions, yet to be made familiar by exploration and charming narrative, and to which, one of the grandest passages will be the forbidding pass through which the inky floods of the unmeasured Saguenay find outlet to the sea.

Salmon fishing in the tributaries of the Saguenay is the favorite sport of visitors—the salmon and the seal are almost the only living denizens of the solitary stream.

From this trip the tourist will return with the feeling that he has looked upon an aspect of nature more novel



MOUTH OF SAGUENAY AND POINT MARGUERITE, TADOUSAC.

than any other upon the continent—a vast landscape and water course in the rough, with all the touches of beauty and elaborations of animated nature left out—a creation vast and grand, but incomplete—a chaos of forms and material—the skeleton ribs and bones of a highland region left bare and bleaching by arrested creative forces.

Take, by all means, this trip, not in expectation of finding a smiling paradise and lurking beauty, but its reverse—the barely grand and simple majestic.

From 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 boat route gives by far the greatest variety of scenery and experience to the traveler, who has an eye to the picturesque and novel in nature.

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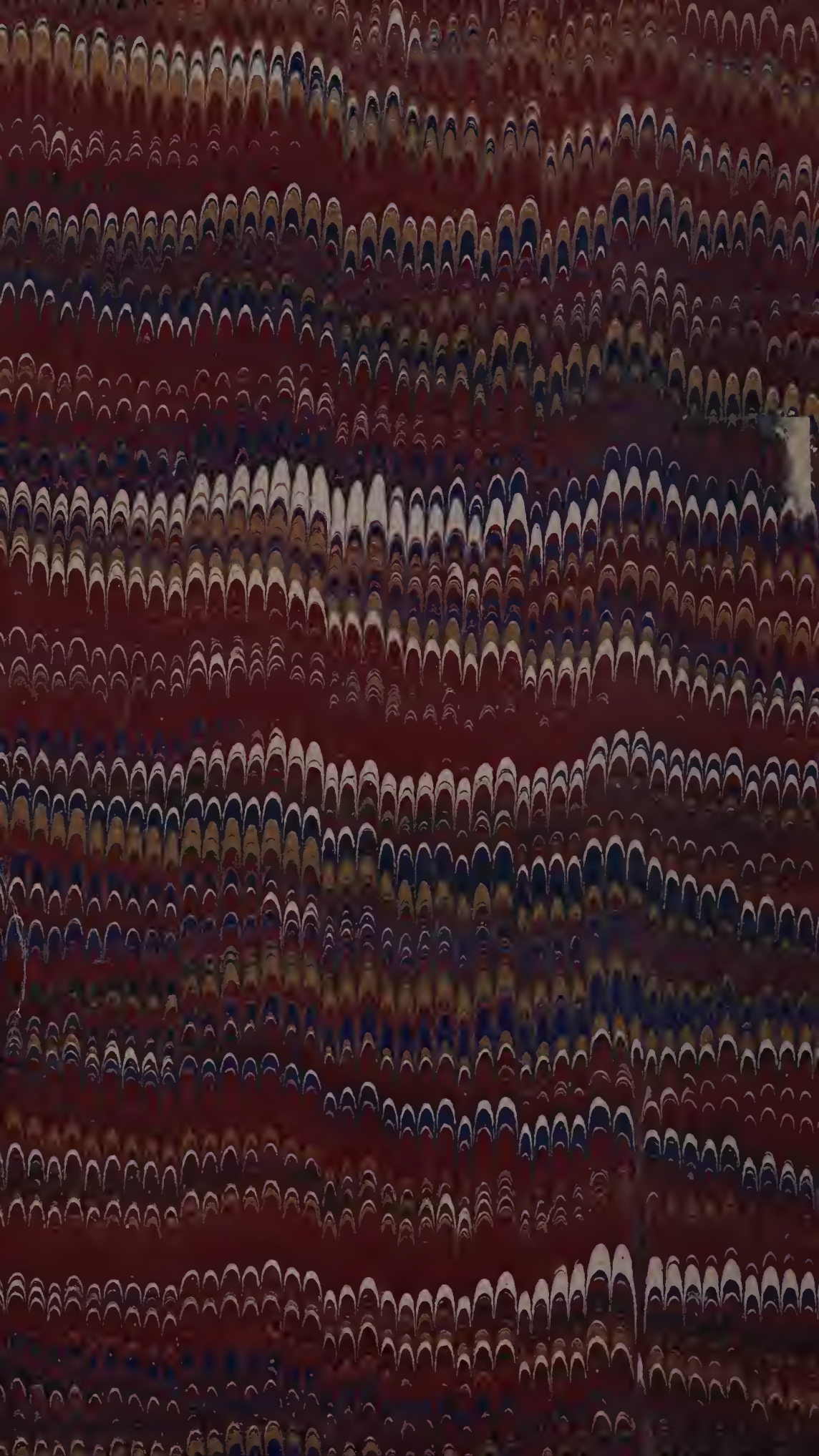
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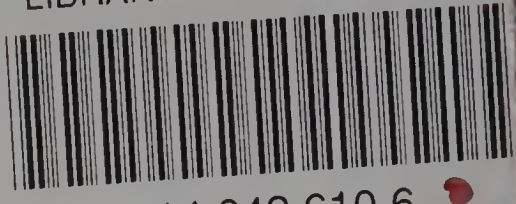
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