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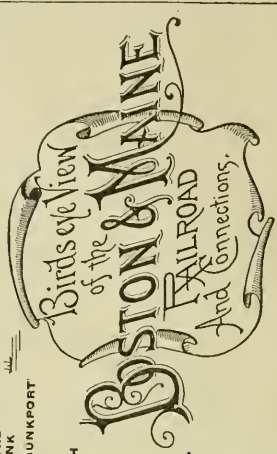


LAKE and STREAMS.







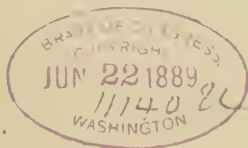




# LAKES AND STREAMS.

BY  
MRS. F. SWEETSER.

*PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED.*



PASSENGER DEPARTMENT BOSTON &amp; MAINE RAILROAD.

1889.

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DANA J. FLANDERS.

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## INTRODUCTION.

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**A**MONG the many natural beauties of New England, its lakes and streams command a noble and conspicuous place. From the placid loveliness of the lowland ponds, environed by grassy hills and rich farmlands, to the wild picturesqueness of the far northern lakes, where the weird cry of the loon is heard by night, and the moose and deer come down to drink, there is almost every variety of water-scenery, and of attractions for the lover of Nature and the sportsman. When the tired city-man closes his ledgers and desk, and reverts to thoughts of the joys of younger days, he cheerily says: "I go a-fishing," and starts off for the grassy banks and rocky shores and darkling forest-pools, whence the trout and bass and pickerel may be drawn, flashing in the fair summer sun. There is Winnepesaukee, mirroring the grand blue mountains of New Hampshire; and Moosehead, buried in leagues of ancient forest; and the Rangeleys, with their camps and carries and woodland shades; and Memphremagog, winding away among the great highlands; and broad Champlain, its silvery tide flowing between the Adirondacks and the Green Mountains; and Lake St. John, far away in the wild Northland, cooled by the breezes from Hudson's Bay. It is of these and a few of their comrade-lakes,—Sunapee and Spofford, Asquam and Newfound, Sebago and Megantic,—that we would speak, telling briefly how they may be reached, and what may be found about them. Boating, fishing, bathing, driving, climbing, and many other forms of recreation may be enjoyed amid these tranquil and restful localities, at light expense, and within easy reach of the cities. To those who are wearied of the sea and the mountains, the great lake-country of Northern New England offers new and unusual attractions.

The human interest of this region is hardly less than that which lends such fascination to similar localities in the Old World, for many years the goals of thousands of happy sentimental journeys. The lakes of Westmoreland won the love and called forth the melodious praises of Wordsworth and Coleridge, but our New-Hampshire mountain-tarns have equally enjoyed the frequent visits and inspired the poems of Whittier and Longfellow, in no-wise less admirable. For Virgil and the Lake Maggiore we may offer Hawthorne and Sebago Lake; for William Tell and fair Lucerne, we have Daniel Webster in the beloved lake-region of New Hampshire. Lowell, Thoreau, Everett, Bartol, Starr King, Winthrop, and other foremost leaders of Amer-

ican thought and action, have found here abundant themes for study and inspiration.

A great variety of accommodations is offered to the summer-voyager, from luxurious and costly hotels to comfortable old farmhouses, nestling about the quiet bays. Steamboats of all degrees traverse the clear waters,—the great vessels of Winnepesaukee and Champlain, and the steam-launches and excursion-boats of the minor lakes. There are all sorts of craft for rowing and sailing, and the quaint horse-boats of Winnepesaukee, and the house-boats, built on the model of the family-arks of the upper Thames and the Norfolk Broads. Farther into the wilderness, Indian guides may be found; and wild and lonely streams and lakes may be followed for days without the sight of a hamlet, or even of a pioneer farm.

The present little volume is one of the three companion-books issued by the Passenger Department of the Boston & Maine Railroad, under the general title of "HERE AND THERE IN NEW ENGLAND AND CANADA." This work is naturally divided into "ALL ALONG SHORE," treating of the beaches and islands; "AMONG THE MOUNTAINS," dealing with the highlands of New England, from Mount Holyoke, Wachusett, and Monadnock, to the White and Franconia Mountains and Dixville Notch; and "LAKES AND STREAMS," devoted to a consideration of the beautiful inland waters of New Hampshire, Vermont, and Maine, and especially to Winnepesaukee, Sunapee, Moosehead, the Rangeleys, Memphremagog, and the far-away Lake St. John, in Northern Canada. Richly bound and handsomely illustrated, it is hoped that these books may be of service both to actual travellers and to people who are planning for a summer-journey. The Boston & Maine Railroad also issues a little book devoted solely to lists of the hotels and boarding-houses in each of the localities on or near its route, rates of excursions and circular-trips, and the service of its parlor and sleeping cars. It is entitled "BOSTON & MAINE RAILROAD SUMMER EXCURSIONS." With this practical helper, the cost of an eastern trip, in time and money, may be computed approximately.

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Gems of the Northland, never yet  
Have lakes in lovelier valleys set  
Glossing the granite and the pines  
That mark New Hampshire's mountain lines.  
And not less fair the winding ways  
Of Casco and Penobscot bays.  
They seek for halcyon shores in vain  
Who leave the summer isles of Maine!

Lancaster

17th Me. 26 1873

John G. Whittier





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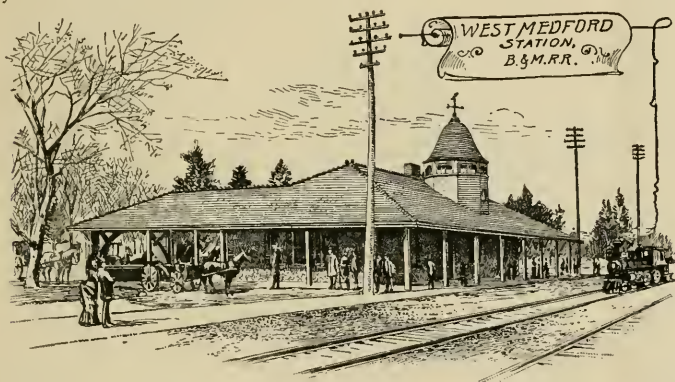
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## CHAPTER I.

## LAKEWARD ROUTES.

TO ALTON BAY.—A GLIMPSE OF THE MERRIMAC.—TO WOLFEBOROUGH.  
—ALONG THE SEA.—THE GREAT LAKE.

THERE are two points at which the great lake of Winnepesaukee is touched by the Boston & Maine Railroad, and all summer long the trains of this route are occupied by travellers on their way to the tranquil joys of the northern waters.



The most ancient route, and the shortest one, is that which leads from Boston to Alton Bay, the southernmost extremity of the lake, by the Boston & Maine Railroad, now familiar to two generations of New-Englanders.

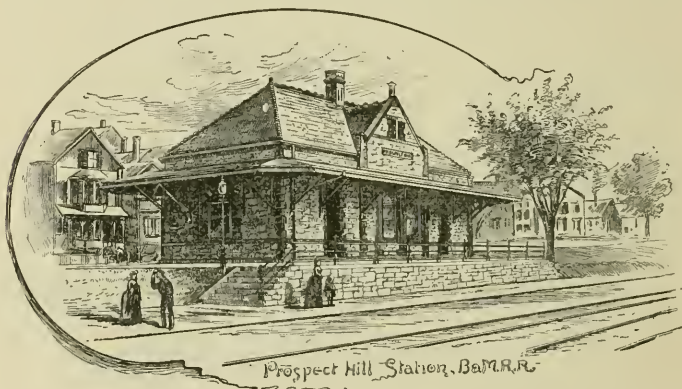
After the hour spent in running through the Boston suburbs, and across Middlesex, the scholastic towers of Andover appear on the view, followed by the red lines of Lawrence's cotton-factories, drawn up in line of battle along the Merrimac. For the next seven miles the train runs a race with the bright blue river, following its course toward the sea, and passing many an ancient hamlet and colonial farmstead.

At the pleasant old town of Bradford, famous for its long-established academy for girls, our line swings around on to a long, high bridge, with the pleasant city of Haverhill in front; and so crosses the Merrimac, looking

"On the river, full of sunshine,  
To the lap of greenest vales,  
Winding down from wooded headlands,  
Willow-skirted, white with sails."

Beyond the streets of Haverhill, our train rolls easily over many a league of rural New Hampshire, past the delightful old academy-town of Exeter, and down to the picturesque little city of Dover, the most ancient settlement in the Granite State. Thence the route turns off from the great highway to Portland and the mysterious land of "Down East," and runs up the Cocheco Valley, crossing a network of railroads at Rochester. The pleasant Blue Hills of Strafford come into view; and the long town of Farmington is crossed; and so, in ninety-six miles from Boston, we reach Alton Bay, hard by the dock of the fine steamer *Mount Washington*.

Wolfeborough is one of the chief ports and summer-resorts on Lake Winnepesaukee. It may be reached by the preceding route, and the steamboat from Alton Bay. But the usual route is by the Eastern Division of the Boston & Maine Railroad, along the coast of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, and through the famous old sea-cities,—Lynn, Salem, Newburyport, and Portsmouth,—with many a glimpse of the blue Atlantic, and the cool salt



marshes of Lynn and Newbury and Hampton. Beyond Portsmouth and the Piscataqua River, we pass through the busy villages of Salmon Falls and Great Falls, and across the many railroads converging at Rochester; and then run northward through Milton and Union, with their many bright ponds and graceful hills. At Wolfeborough Junction the line to North Conway and the White Mountains is left, and we go down a branch railroad for eleven miles, and reaching Wolfeborough in 108 miles from Boston.

"Winnepesaukee's tranquil sea,  
Bosomed in hills and bright with isles  
Where the alder grows and the dark pine-tree,  
And the tired wind sleeps and the sunlight smiles."

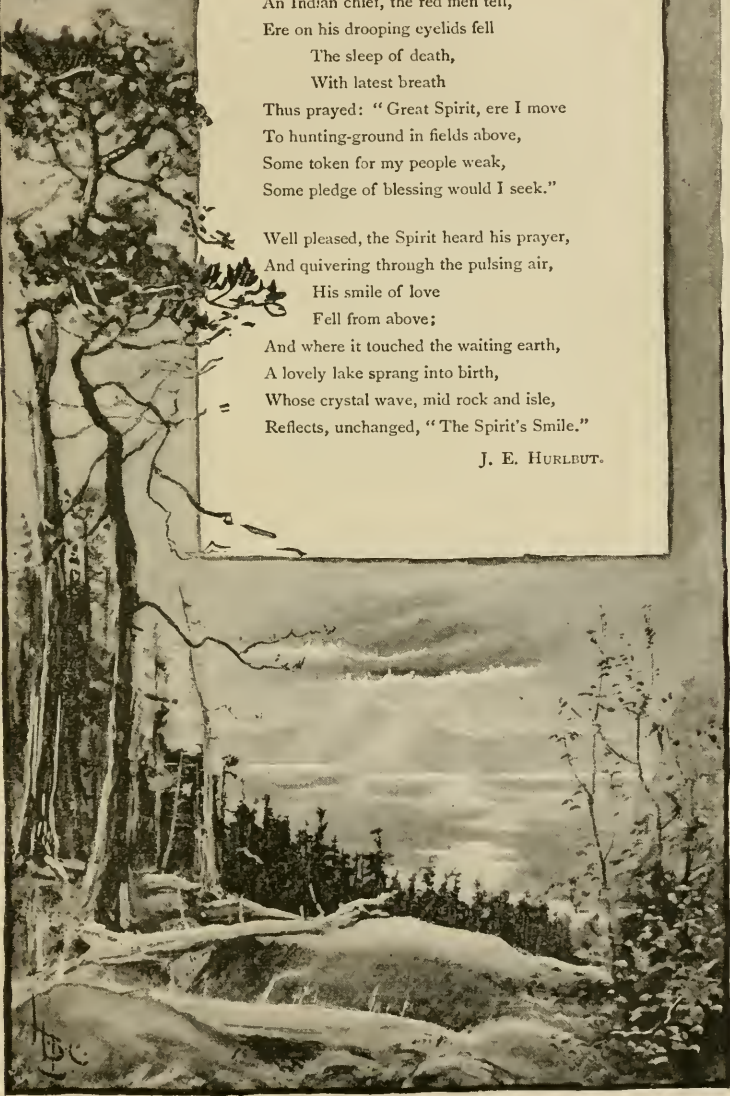
"THE SPIRIT'S SMILE."

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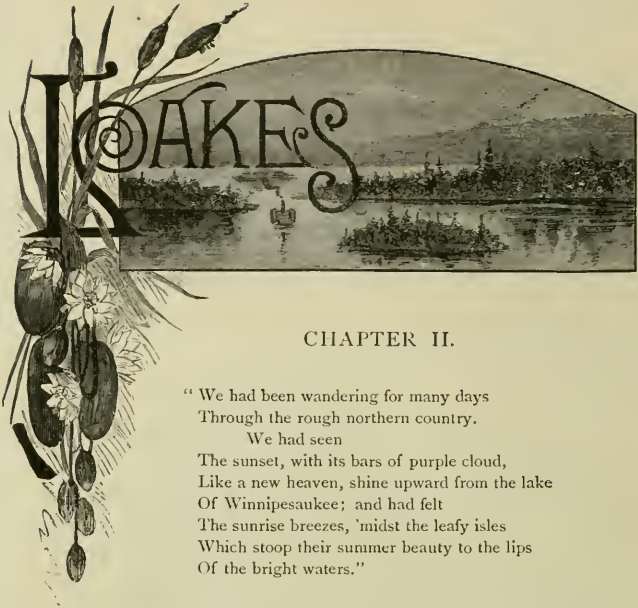
An Indian chief, the red men tell,  
Ere on his drooping eyelids fell  
The sleep of death,  
With latest breath  
Thus prayed: "Great Spirit, ere I move  
To hunting-ground in fields above,  
Some token for my people weak,  
Some pledge of blessing would I seek."

Well pleased, the Spirit heard his prayer,  
And quivering through the pulsing air,  
His smile of love  
Fell from above;  
And where it touched the waiting earth,  
A lovely lake sprang into birth,  
Whose crystal wave, mid rock and isle,  
Reflects, unchanged, "The Spirit's Smile."

J. E. HURLBUT.







## CHAPTER II.

"We had been wandering for many days  
Through the rough northern country.

We had seen

The sunset, with its bars of purple cloud,  
Like a new heaven, shine upward from the lake  
Of Winnepesaukee; and had felt  
The sunrise breezes, 'midst the leafy isles  
Which stoop their summer beauty to the lips  
Of the bright waters."

## LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE.

THE NAME. — OLD-TIME INDIAN MEMORIES. — A BUNDLE OF FACTS. —  
THE STEAM FLEET. — ALTON BAY. — WOLFEBOROUGH. — LAKE WENT-  
WORTH. — COPPLE CROWN. — A GLIMPSE OF NUMEROUS ISLANDS. —  
CENTRE HARBOR. — RED HILL. — MOULTONBOROUGH BAY. — MELVIN  
VILLAGE. — GREEN'S BASIN. — OSSIPEE PARK. — WEIRS. — A PROVINCIAL  
MEMENTO. — MEREDITH. — LAKE VILLAGE. — MOUNT BELKNAP.

WINNIPESAUKEE is an Indian word-phrase, meaning "Beautiful Water in a High Place," and the scene is admirably portrayed by this amazing polysyllabic word, which has been spelt, in old documents and histories, in 131 various ways. Some ancient poet, unskilled in Indian lore, and deeming that such a name and locality should have a romantic meaning, affirmed that Winnepesaukee meant "The Smile of the Great Spirit;" and this pleasant signification has been handed down by generations of believers, and may never be wholly forgotten. The celestial beauty of the lake, and its sunny peacefulness, give color of reason to this free translation. There may be more lovely lakes elsewhere in this pleasant world, but Lucerne could envy the islands of Winnepesaukee, and Lake George could wish for



WINNIPESAUKEE LILIES.

its blue mountain vistas, and Yellowstone could sigh for its sweet and tranquil farm-lands.

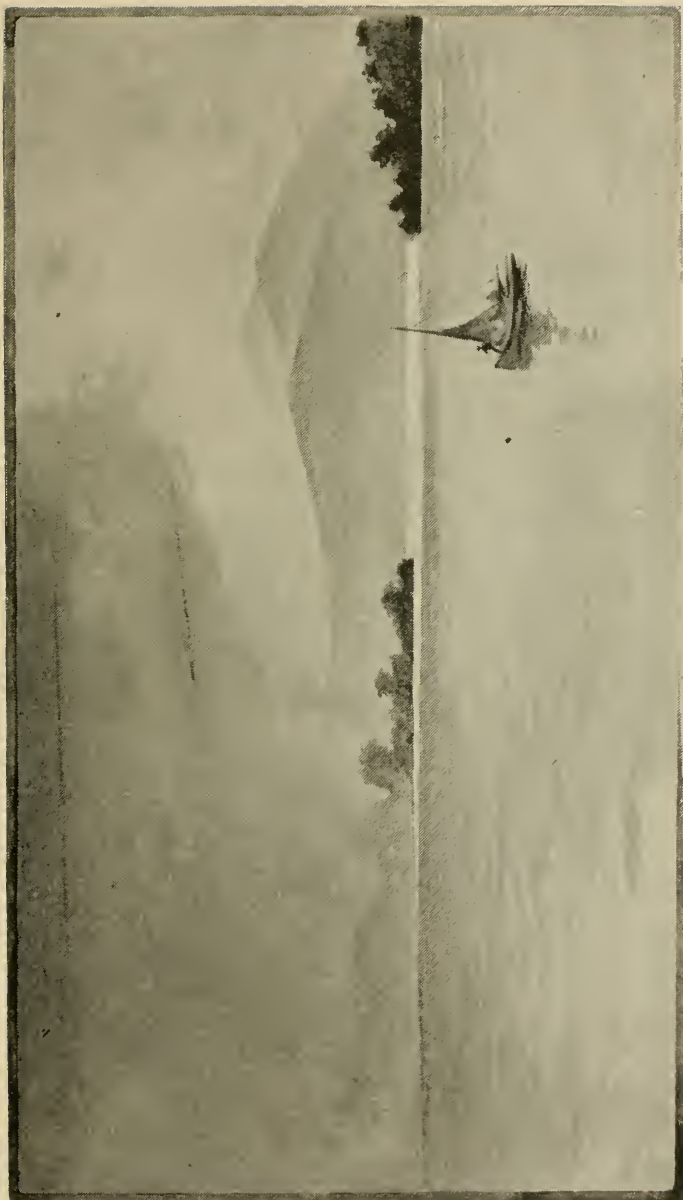
From time immemorial, the lake-shores were the homes of the Ossipee and Winnepesaukee Indians, and at the Weirs great assemblies of other tribes gathered, during the fishing-season. In later days, the raiding-parties of the French chevaliers and their red-skinned allies found this a capital route of attack from Canada upon the frontiers of New England, and many a bleeding American captive and the plunder of devastated villages were borne northward along these shores. As early as 1689, Provincial troops made hot forays into the Lake Country, for Cotton Mather had denounced the natives as "Scythians," *difficilius invenire quam interficere*. Thirty-three years later, block-houses were built and garrisoned here, and the aborigines



A GLIMPSE AT LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE.

retired before the Provincial troops. In 1746, Atkinson's New-Hampshire regiment lay, for a year or more, a few miles from the lake, and built a strong fortress at Union Bridge, on the Winnepesaukee River. Their scouting-parties and reconnoissances in the neighborhood gave them a great liking for this fair region; and a few years later, when the Conquest of Canada had made an end of Indian raids, they moved on all sides into the Lake Country, where their descendants now live.

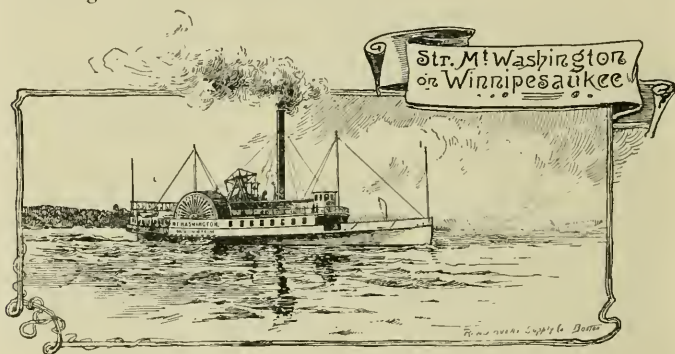
The modern taste for accurate statistics compels the statements that Winnepesaukee covers 70 square miles of water, in places 200 feet deep, and forms 267 islands, covering 8 square miles, 226 of which are of less than 10 acres in area each. The inability of the small inflowing streams to form so great a lake causes scientific persons to believe that many copious springs



A PASSING SHOWER, LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE.

gush out in the quiet depths below, preserving the crystalline purity and limpidity for which these waters have always been renowned. The outlet is the Winnepesaukee River, which unites with the pure Pemigewasset flood to form the Merrimac, entering the sea at gray old Newburyport. On the south are Copple Crown and the bold highlands of Wolfeborough and Alton; the stately Belknap peaks rise on the west, like Vesuvius from the Bay of Naples; the vast blue line of the Ossipee range closes in on the east; and to the northward, beyond Red Hill's long ridge, the imposing crests of the Sandwich Mountains cleave the sky.

The two chief steamboats on the lake are the *Mount Washington*, plying twice daily between Alton Bay, Wolfeborough, Long Island, and Centre Harbor (thirty miles); and the *Lady of the Lake*, running from Wolfeborough to Centre Harbor and Weirs (thirty miles). Smaller vessels run from Lake Village to Weirs and Long Island, and sometimes to Meredith and Melvin Village.

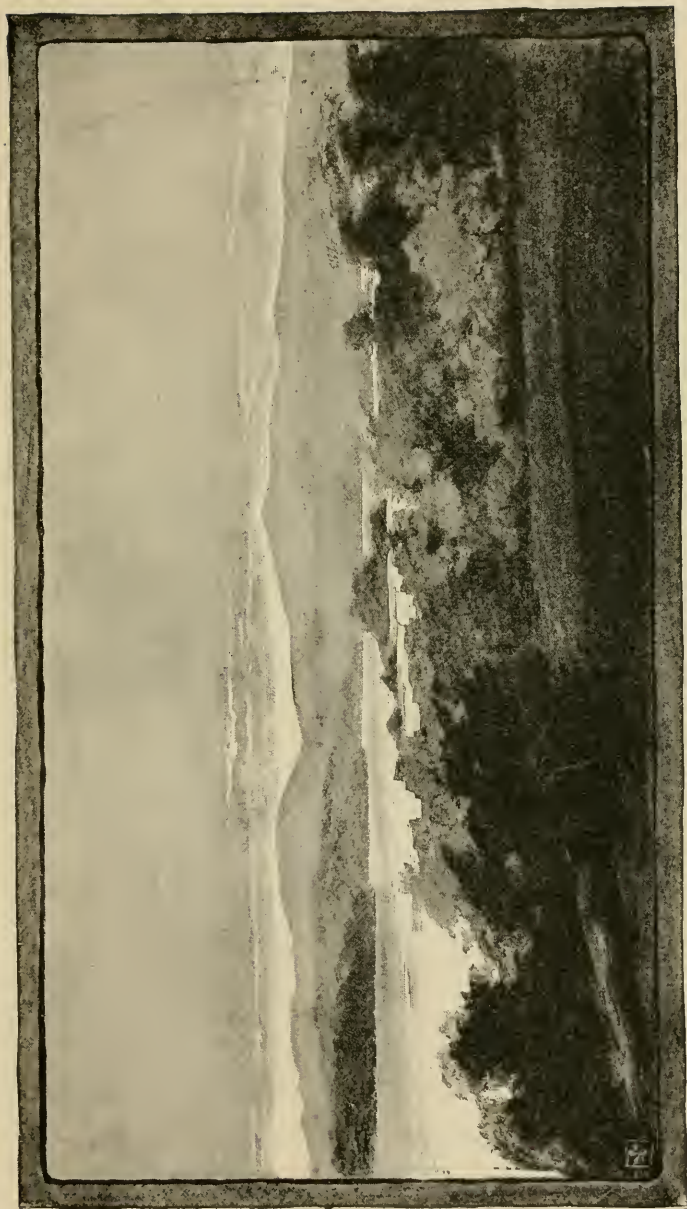


“ We saw in the distance the dusky lake fade,  
 Empurpled with twilight's last tinges;  
 And slow came the Night, with her curtains of shade,  
 And the round rosy moon in their fringes.  
 We marked in the sky, in the cloud-lakes on high,  
 The flocks of bird dreamily sailing  
 From the peaks in the west, and settle to rest  
 Where the forest-light slowly was failing,  
 Round bright Alton Bay.”

The little port of Alton Bay, with two or three small hotels and boarding-houses, lies at the head of a deep and forest-bound fiord five miles long, opening away from the southern end of the lake, and not far from the far-viewing Sheep Mountain, the Belknap Mountains, Merry-Meeting Lake, and the pleasant hill scenery of Gilmanton. There is a picturesque drive of eleven miles over the hills to Wolfeborough.

As we emerge from Alton Bay's long and river-like inlet, we pass, on the right, the bold Fort Point, the seat of a Provincial border-castle in the old battle-days. The course lies to the north-east, across a broad expanse, with





LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE, FROM LONG ISLAND.

several uninhabited islets gemming the bright lake, and the great mountains of Ossipee and Sandwich towering in the distance.

“ How start to light the clustering isles,  
Each silver-hemmed! How sharply show  
The shadows of their rocky piles  
And tree-tops in the waves below! ”

The pleasant village of Wolfeborough, at the end of a branch of the Northern Division of the Boston & Maine Railroad, four hours from Boston, and two hours from North Conway, has been a favorite summer-resort for



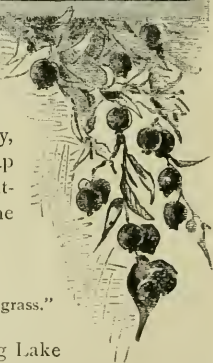
MOUNT BELKNAP, FROM "THE FORTIES."

forty years, and affords accommodations for over a thousand guests. The view is of great beauty, and includes the narrow Wolfeborough Bay, beyond whose shining levels the peaks of the Belknap range rise with grand effect. The facilities for boating, fishing, and riding are good; and here also the vacation-idler may say, with Walt Whitman:—

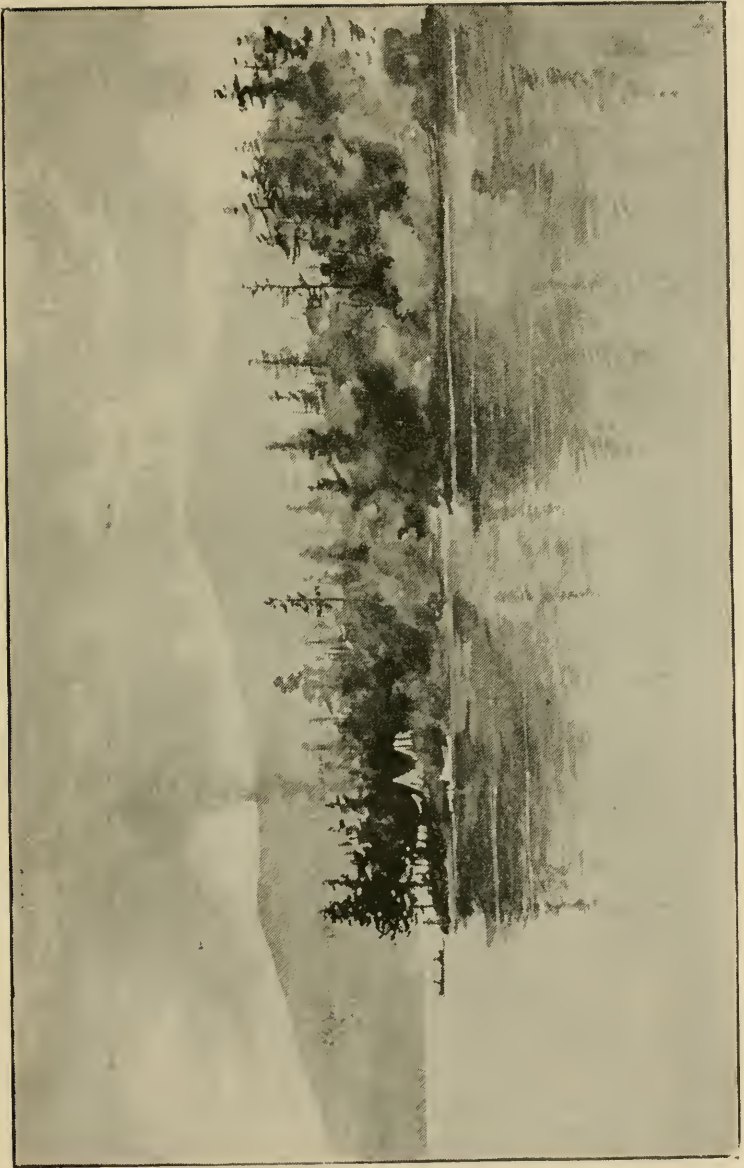
“ I loafe and invite my soul,  
I lean and loafe at my ease, observing a spear of summer grass.”

A mile or so back of the village is the charming Lake Wentworth, four miles long, and endowed with several islands, and abundant store of fish. On its eastern shore stood Wentworth House, the great feudal mansion of John Wentworth, the last royal governor of New Hampshire, who fled from this fair domain to the British fleet at Portsmouth, bearing Lady Wentworth with him. The house was attacked by the patriots in 1775, and burned to the ground in 1820.

Six or seven miles from Wolfeborough is Copple Crown, whose summit, reached by a mile-long path over the pastures and through the woods, commands a bird's-eye view of Winnepesaukee and its mountain-walls, with



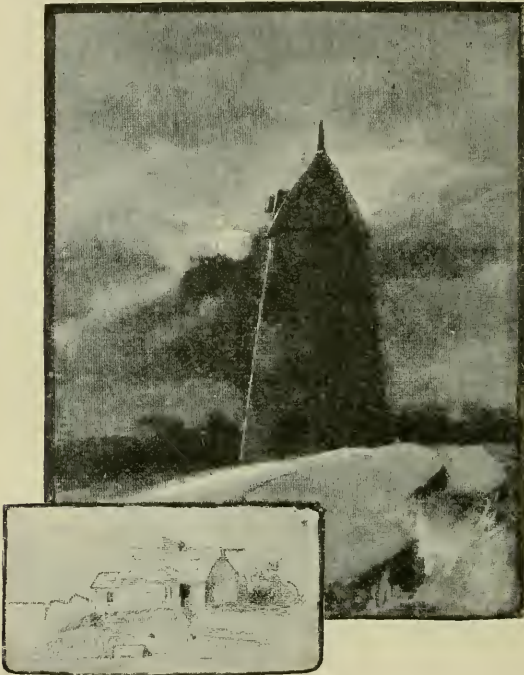




BLACK MOUNTAIN, FROM MOULTONBOROUGH BAY, LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE.

Chocorua, Mount Washington, Kearsarge, the Isles of Shoals, Wachusett, and Monadnock. The high grassy hill called Tumble-Down Dick, about a mile distant, gives another interesting prospect.

Running out from Wolfeborough Bay, after passing the landmark of Parker's Island, the steamer lays its course between Tuftonborough Neck, on the right, and Rattlesnake Island, on the left, high and bold, covering one hundred and fifty acres with its luxuriant forest, and containing all the rattlesnakes in the Lake Country. Farther on, the lonely and unvisited



WINDMILL AND MILLER'S HOUSE, COW ISLAND.

estuary of Tuftonborough Bay opens away on the right amid rich farm-lands, and on the other side rises the green cone of Diamond Island, once the site of a hotel.

Now we enter the Broads, the chief unbroken expanse of the lake, and enjoy a magnificent panorama of mountains and islands and laughing waters, so that the eyes and brain are treated to a rare feast of beauty in form and color.

"I saw on Winnepesaukee fall  
The shadow of the mountain-wall."

A few miles beyond, we pass Cow Island, of three hundred and fifty acres, with its windmill and ruined farmhouse, more than seventy years old,



MARY'S ARCH, OSSIPEE-MOUNTAIN PARK.

and its remarkable red-oak tree. On the west are the pastures of Welch Island, and then the picturesque group of the Forties, with their winding channels, trout ledges, lonely trees, and secluded coves, from which the most charming of views are gained.

Jolly Island, of fifty-four acres, and Birch Island and its lonely cottage, lie to the westward from Long Island, across the channel; and then the peaceful inland voyage is directed between the Six-Mile (from Centre Harbor) trio of islets and Bear Island, four miles long, once the seat of four thriving farms, and now partly occupied by the summer-cottage colony of

Kunnaway, with its steamboat pier. Next, nestling under the western shore, comes Pine Island, the home of a solitary eagle. The Three-Mile (from Centre Harbor) quartette of



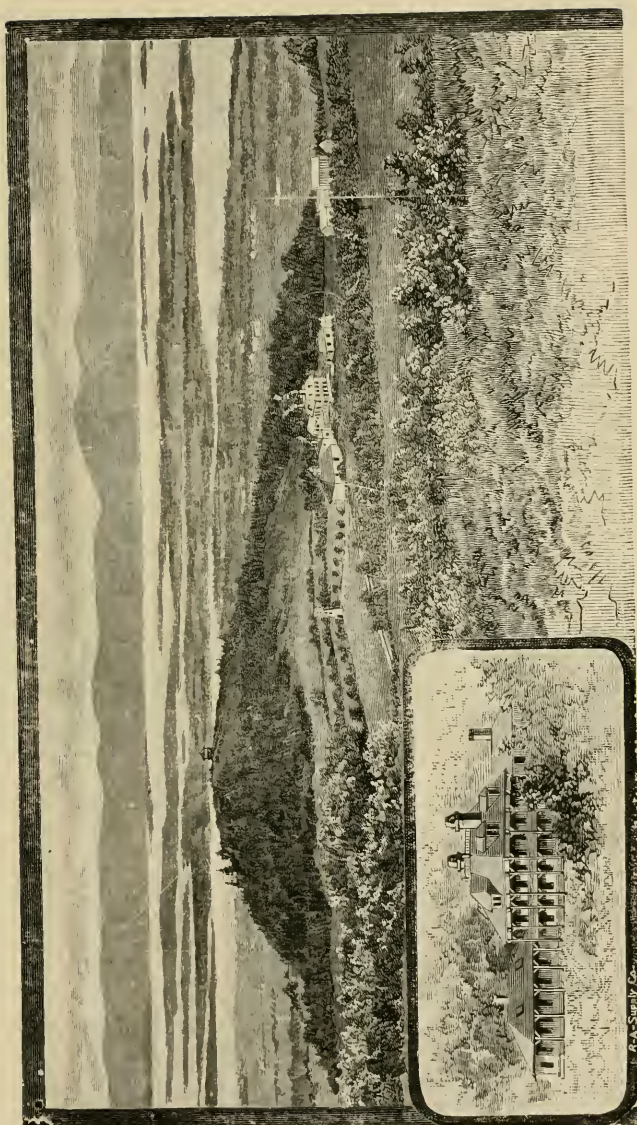
"THE FORTIES," LOOKING TOWARD  
OSSIPEE.

islets includes Hawk's Nest and Nabby's Isle, hemmed by sandy beaches, and shaded by trees. Blueberries abound here, and black bass haunt the surrounding ledges. The Beavers come next, with their land-locked coves and sequestered channels; and Black-Cat Island, in front of a romantic cove laden with exquisite pond-lilies.

On the right rise the singularly fertile hills of Long Island, with two summer-hotels. The steamboats land passengers here; and the hotels are about eight miles from Centre Harbor, by the causeway and around through Moultonborough. Across the channel is Steamboat Island, where the first steamer on the lake, the *Belknap*, suffered total wreck, in 1841.

When the boat is off Long Island, and as she advances over the quiet waters toward Centre Harbor, there is a magnificent and impressive view of Mount Washington and several other peaks of the Presidential Range, rising over and far back of the low ledges of Mount Pausus. At early sum-





mer, or in the autumn season, the great peak is clad with snow, and flashes brightly through the clear northern air, more than forty miles distant. Presently, the rocky spire of Chocorua rounds into sight, from behind the nearer Ossipee Mountains, and the distant sovereign of this land of highlands sinks away behind the dark crest of Mount Passaconaway, and is seen no more. But it leaves in the memory a glorious picture, which cannot fade away for years.

And now, just ahead, nestling under the shelter of high hills, the white houses of Centre Harbor appear,

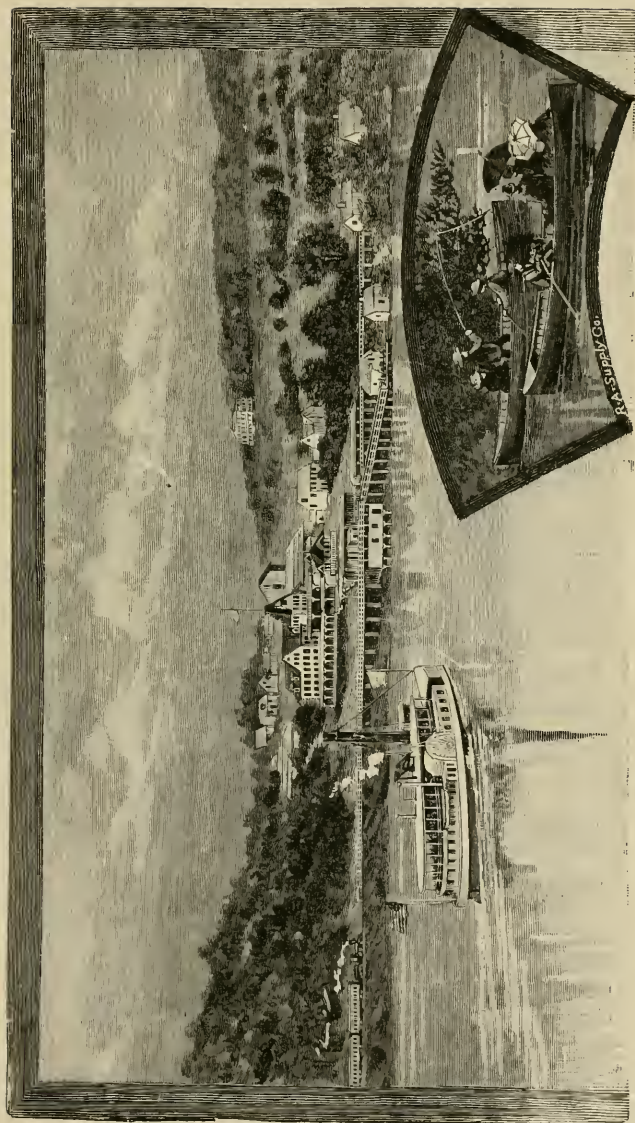
“The little hamlet lying  
White in its mountain fold,  
Asleep by the lake, and dreaming  
A dream that is never told.”



RED HILL, FROM MOULTONBOROUGH BAY, LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE.

It is the least bit of a village, with a church and two or three stores, two hotels, a dozen summer boarding-houses, and on the envioning hills several handsome villas of Boston and New-York families. There is a goodly flotilla of various kinds of boats near the Senter House, by whose aid one (and sometimes two) may enjoy rowing and drifting down towards the islands, or around into Blackey's Cove. Garnet Hill and Sunset Hill overlook the bay, and afford charming views of many leagues over its bright and diversified surface, and across its mimic archipelagoes. There are many beautiful drives in the vicinity—to Meredith, or Moultonborough, or Ossipee Park, or Long Island, or Asquam Lake, or Sandwich; and stages (of the fine old-fashioned kind) roll away every afternoon to Sandwich and West Ossipee.

“And in the Red Hill's shadow,  
Your pilgrim home you make,  
Where the chambers ope to sunrise,  
The mountains, and the lake.”



THE WEIRS.



The favorite drive at Centre Harbor leads "Around the Square," a five-mile circuit, with lovely views of Asquam Lake and the Sandwich range. The favorite mountain-trip is by carriage to the foot of Red Hill, four miles, and then a climb of something over a mile, through the woods, with a good path. The prospect from the summit is one of the most beautiful in any land, and includes almost the entire area of Winnepesaukee, bewitchingly adorned with graceful islands and promontories, golden wheat-fields, and miles of waving corn and rich grass-lands, — a noble expanse of blue and silver and green, ten leagues long. In the outspread landscape glimmer white hamlets, — Sandwich and South Tamworth, Melvin and Tufonborough, Centre Harbor and Laconia; and bright lakes glisten along the plains; and the horizon is notched by great mountains, — the Ossipees and Belknaps, Monadnock and Kearsarge, Moosilauke and the Franconias, Whiteface and Chocorua, and many another famous peak.

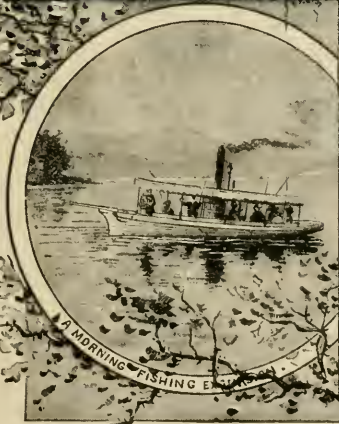
Off on the eastern side of Winnepesaukee, the deep inlet of Moultonborough Bay opens away to the bases of the Ossipee Mountains, with leagues of winding water-ways, overhung by untrodden highlands, and broken by scores of islets. The chief port of this sequestered water-way is Melvin Village, a tiny hamlet, with two churches, and several farm boarding-houses in the vicinity.

"Close beside, in shade and gleam,  
Laughs and ripples Melvin stream;  
Melvin water, mountain-born,  
All fair flowers its banks adorn;  
All the woodland's voices meet,  
Mingling with its murmurs sweet.

"Over lowlands forest-grown,  
Over waters island-strown,  
Over silver-sanded beach,  
Leaf-locked bay and misty reach,  
Melvin stream and burial-heap,  
Watch and ward the mountains keep." — WHITTIER.

High up in the bay, perhaps six miles from Melvin, is the narrow strait leading into the picturesque lake called Green's Basin, two miles by road from Centre Harbor. The groups of islets, and the far-projecting capes, make this unvisited tarn one of the most romantic places in the region, and there is good shooting, withal, and beneath the crystal waves a gamey population of black bass. At the head of the bay, outside, is the old Moultonborough landing, to which the steamer *Red Hill* used to make regular trips, braving the maritime dangers of willow-thickets and reefs of lily-pads. But one day her boilers burst, in the bay, for all the world as if she had been a Mississippi-River mail-packet, and since then steam-navigation has been suspended here.

High up on a plateau of the Ossipee Mountains, 1233 feet above the sea, is the beautiful estate of Ossipee Park, pertaining to Mr. B. F. Shaw of Lowell, and reached by an admirable carriage-road from Centre Harbor. The views from this breezy height are of vast extent and unusual beauty,



and include the wide expanse of Winnepesaukee, and scores of tall mountain-peaks. On the estate are the famous Falls of Song (Ossipee Falls), and other notable curiosities of Nature; and the vicinage abounds in legends of the Indians and the English rangers. A three-mile path leads to the observatory on Mount Shaw, the chief of the Ossipee Mountains (which cover sixty square miles); and from this eyrie you can gain an amazing view over Southern New Hampshire.

It is an hour's voyage from Centre Harbor to Weirs, with fine views of the Sandwich range, and the blue Ossipees, and other mountains, and many pleasant islands. Weirs is the summer capital of the Lake Country, a large village of hotels and boarding-houses and cottages, with camp-meeting grounds, and the vernal cantonments of several commands of veteran soldiers.

The great camp-meeting grounds, with their sheltering groves, dining-halls, and other appliances, have a fame that is almost national, and are occupied during the summer by convocations of people devoted to religious advancement, the temperance cause, the heroic memories of the Union-saving war, and other worthy causes, grangers, Good Templars, musicians, oarsmen, Foresters, and other fraternal men. As recently as the year 1870, this site was occupied only by a little wooden railway station, and all the development of the cottage city, even yet in its infancy, has gone forward since then.

The view from Winnecoette Hill, back of Weirs, is the most pleasing in this vicinity, and covers leagues upon leagues of the fair lake and its diversified shores. A good two-mile road leads down across the outlet, and over a causeway, to Governor's Island, with its broad pastures and pine groves, and the great stone mansion of its owner, the Hon. Stilson Hutchins of Washington.

On the hillside west of the outlet, near the bridge, stood the chief Indian village of inland New Hampshire; and here, at the time when the shad and salmon coming up the river reached the lake, after the season of corn-planting, thousands of sea-shore Indians used to come to visit their mountain brethren, and enjoy the fishing in the great lake. The valley below is made classic by their fading legends, and the traditions of the fortresses that they built to check the bloody forays of the Mohawks. But now

"Canoeless lies the lonesome shore,  
The wigwam's incense wreathes no more."

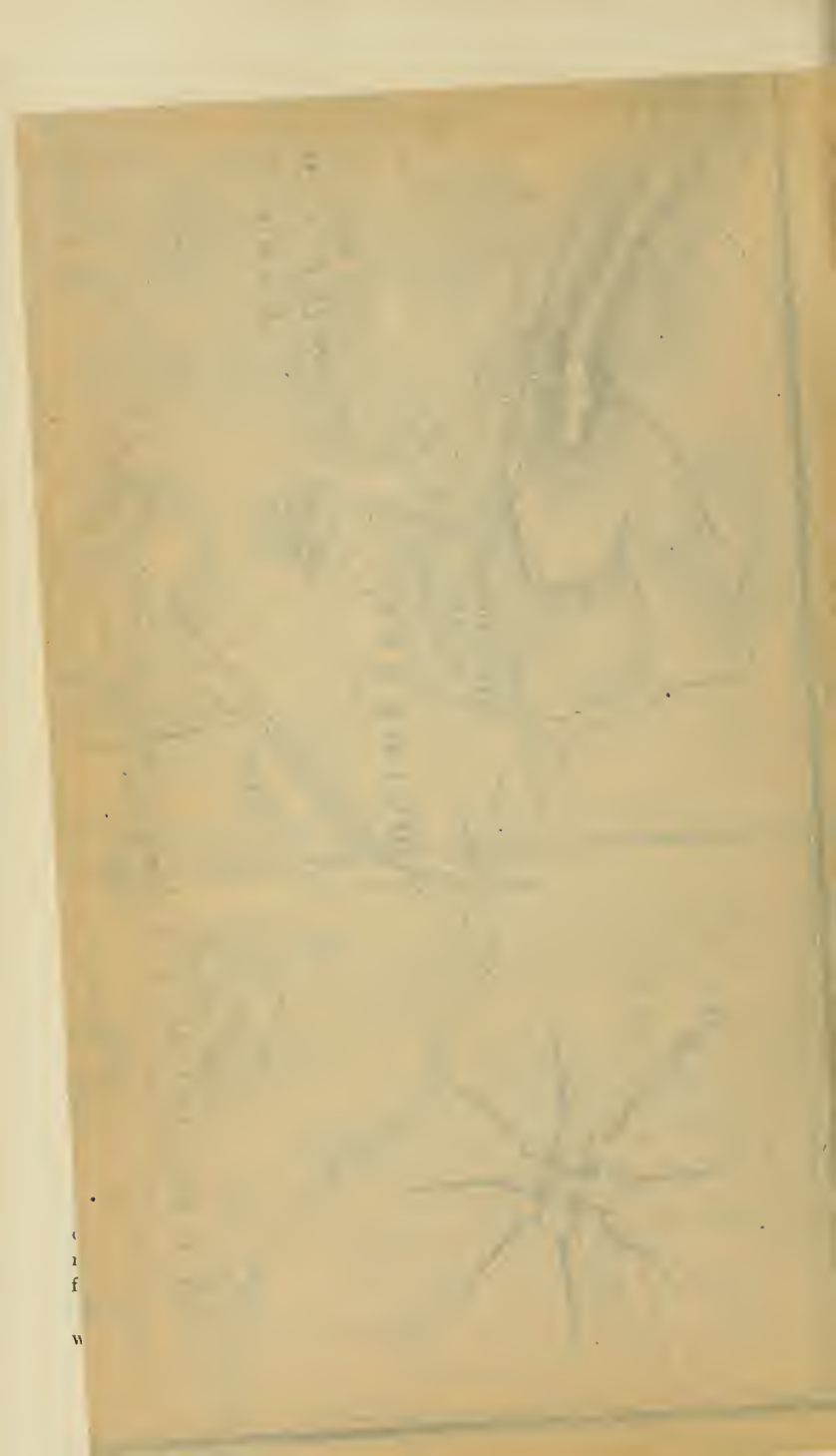
In 1652, Massachusetts sent up Johnson, Willard, Ince, and John Sherman (ancestor of the Ohio senator) to find and mark the head of the Merrimac, and on the so-called Endicott Rock, above the outlet bridge, they carved some of their initials, and "John Endicott, Gov." This venerable relic of the Bay Province's assumptions remains where the adventurers found it, and the inscription may be read.

Steamboats run occasionally from Weirs, up the long and narrow north-western bay, to Meredith Village, a manufacturing-place on the railroad,

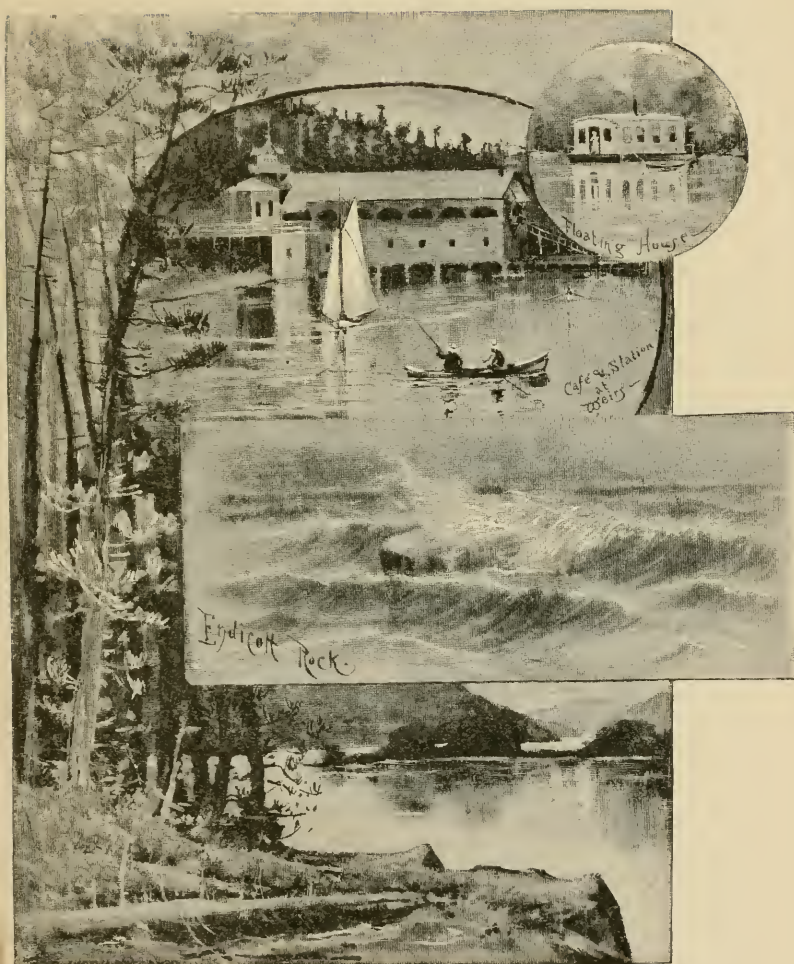


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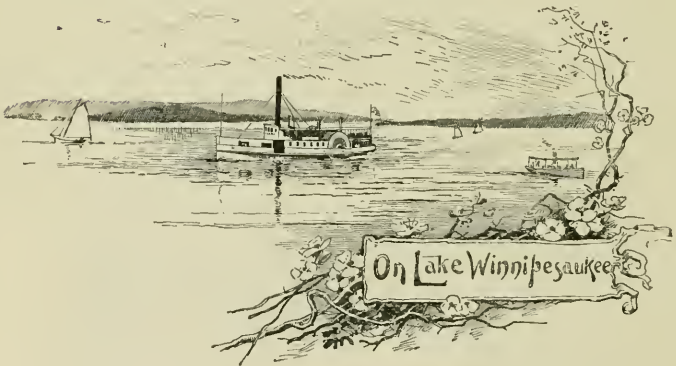






and five miles from Centre Harbor. Close by, hemmed in by deep woods and silvery beaches, and gemmed by many a pretty islet, is Lake Waukawan, whose cold depths are haunted by myriads of black bass.

In the other direction, small steamboats run to Lake Village, a prosperous factory-town, almost environed by the fertile farms of Gilford. It extends along the shores of Lake Paugus (the ancient Long Bay), a four-mile expansion of the Winnepesaukee River. Seven miles distant, a path leaves the Alton road, and runs up over the steep pastures, for a mile and a half, to the summit of Mount Belknap, whence is outspread the noblest view in the Lake Country, surpassing even that from Red Hill. It includes all the lake and its confines, and also the magnificent Franconia and Presidential ranges, and a wide reach of the ocean from Wells to Cape Ann.





## CHAPTER III.

## LAKE WINNISQUAM.

VENETIAN PROCESSIONS. — WINTER-FISHING. — LACONIA.

“ There is power to bless  
 In hillside loneliness,  
     In tarns and dreary places;  
 A virtue in the brook,  
 A freshness in the look  
     Of mountains’ joyless faces.”

LAKE WINNISQUAM (*winni*, “beautiful,” and *squam*, “water”) is one of the prettiest of the great ponds in this fair region, and may be explored by the small steamboats running from Laconia, or by houseboats towed from point to point. It is fully nine miles long, with an extreme breadth of two miles; and in the northerly part several tiny islets rise above the limpid waves. The shores are bold and well wooded, and fairly frame this gem of the hills. The lake is a rare bit of landscape beauty, and reflects from its shining surface the tender colors of the over-arching sky, and the graceful outlines of the rural shores. Sometimes there are illuminations of Winnisquam by fireworks, when the lower shores break into vivid pyrotechnic lights, and a procession of all manner of boats used in fresh-water navigation moves across the black water, flaring with thousands of bright lanterns and fireworks.

The best of fishing is enjoyed here in winter, from small huts on the ice, made snug and comfortable with stoves and stools, and other conveniences. These six-foot-square houses are seen from the trains, speeding in winter along the Winnisquam shores. The fish sought are fine large lake-trout, of several pounds’ weight. At this same season the lake affords admirable skating, and a level field for horse-trotting.

Near the foot of Winnisquam lies the pleasant town of Laconia, abounding in factories along the river, and dowered with half a dozen churches, an opera-house, and a newspaper. There has been much talk of uniting this place and the neighboring Lake Village into a city, which would have not far from ten thousand inhabitants. The hills in this vicinity command a series of fine views, including the Sandwich, Ossipee, and Belknap ranges, Kearsarge and Moosilauke, and the beautiful silvery shields of the surrounding lakes. Mount Belknap, Weirs, and Tilton (with its famous memorial arch) are within driving-distance. The summer-hotels stand on high ground near the south shore of the lake, with charming views in every direction. The voyages of the local navy lead to Island Cottage, Three Islands, and other pleasant nooks along the old North (or Great) Bay.

## CHAPTER IV.

## ASQUAM LAKE.

FISH AND ISLANDS. — A DEBATED NAME. — THE LIVERMORES. — SHEPARD HILL. — WHITTIER'S SONGS. — THE ASQUAM NAVY. — SQUAW COVE. — CAMP CHOCORUA. — LITTLE SQUAM. — MINNESQUAM. — PEAKED HILL.

"Before me, stretched for glistening miles,  
Lay mountain-girdled Squam,  
Like green-winged birds, the leafy isles  
Upon its bosom swam." — WHITTIER.

THE perfect flower of American lakes is Asquam, whose lovely bays and sun-lit broads are decorated with graceful and romantic islands, around which flow clear and pellucid channels, as bright as the sky above them. The abundant evergreens on the islands, the quiet pastures and forests of the shores, and the absence of villages or hamlets, endow the scene with a wild Norwegian beauty, which is marvellously heightened by the great mountains on the north and east, — Sandwich Dome, Tripyramid, Israel, Passaconaway, Chocorua, and Red Hill. The forty-two islands are drawn up in singular lines across the lake; and around them (and especially near Long Island, famous for its perch) many fish dwell in peace, in the cold spring-water. In October, lake-trout of from five to twenty pounds are speared over the ledges. Great numbers of bowlders strew the bottom, and enforce caution on the part of boatmen.

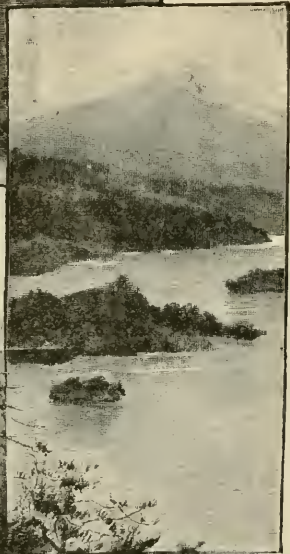
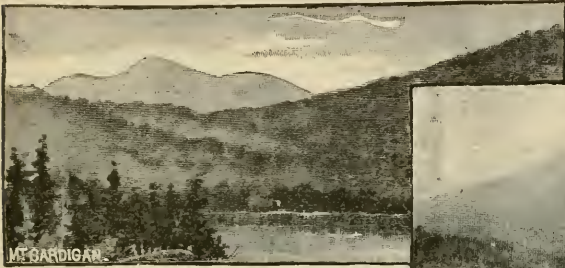
The scenery of Winnepesaukee is repeated here on a narrower and yet grander scale. The mountains overhang the waves more impressively, and the dancing waters are bordered by masses of woodland, rich acres of waving corn, and the golden lights of grain-fields.

"O gems of sapphire granite set!  
O hills that charmed horizons fret!  
I know how fair your morns can break,  
In rosy light on isle and lake;  
How over wooded slopes can run  
The noon-day play of cloud and sun,  
And evening droop her oriflamme  
Of gold and red in still Asquam." — JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

In the map made for the Prince of Wales in 1755, this lake bore the unexplained name of *Kusumpe Pond*; but the old Indian name of *Squam*, or *Asquam*, soon returned, and outlived the efforts of President Dwight,

who christened it *Lake Sullivan*. It remained as *Great Squam* until within ten years, when its lovers have revived the full Indian title of *Asquam*, which means simply "water."

Among the worthies who in old times dwelt near Asquam, the Livermore family claims first rank, Arthur, Samuel, and Edward of that ilk being for many years senators, congressmen, and judges; while Harriet wandered



for many years in the Orient, and had a famous controversy with Lady Hester Stanhope in Syria. In the old Episcopal church, which still stands on the road to Plymouth, Judge Livermore and his lady sat on high chairs before the altar, while the yeomanry occupied benches in a hollow square around, and the seven daughters of the rector, with their bass-voils and sweet voices, served as the choir.

Between the three lakes, Shepard Hill rises to a height of eight hundred feet above the sea, crowned with a summer-hotel and several pretty cottages, and the Episcopal church of St.

Peter's-in-the-Mount, a memorial of "Priest Fowle," for nearly sixty years (1789-1847) rector of this region. For half a century, this has been a favorite resort of Whittier, whose poems make frequent reference to the wonderful scenery of the vicinity. Here he wrote "The Hill-Top," and the "Storm on Asquam."

"A cloud, like that the old-time Hebrew saw  
 On Carmel prophesying rain, began  
 To lift itself o'er wooded Cardigan,  
 Growing and blackening. Suddenly, a flaw  
 "Of chill wind menaced; then a strong blast beat  
 Down the long valley's murmuring pines, and awoke  
 The noon-dream of the sleeping lake, and broke  
 Its smooth steel mirror at the mountains' feet."

The Whittier Pines darken on the hillside; and across the valley, on Sunset Hill, spreads the great pine, made famous by the poem of "The Wood Giant."



SQUAM LAKE, FROM SHEPARD HILL.

"Alone, the level sun before;  
 Below, the lake's green islands;  
 Beyond, in misty distance dim,  
 The rugged Northern highlands."

The availability of Shepard Hill as a summer-home was discovered and utilized in 1869 by Dr. Hurd of New York and Prof. W. A. Norton of Yale College, and their cottages became the pioneers of many.

The view from Shepard Hill covers an area of a hundred and fifty square miles, with Asquam, Little Squam, and Minnesquam nearly surrounding the base of the eminence; a magnificent view of Sandwich Dome, Tripyramid, Mount Israel, Passaconaway, Paugus, the noble Chocorua, and

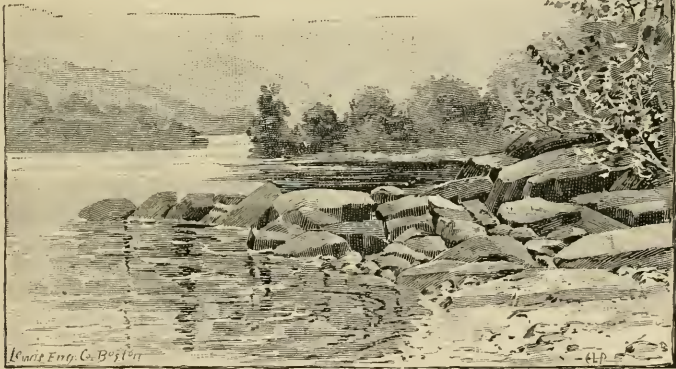
Red Hill, on the north-east and east; and a wilderness of peaks, Squam, Prospect, and the far-away Cardigan on the north and west.

At the foot of Shepard Hill, near the pleasant little bathing-beach, is a convenient landing, among the rhododendrons and cardinal-flowers, and haunted by the loon, the heron, and the eagle.

The Asquam navy is composed of two or three small steamboats plying irregularly, and only when chartered by summer-excursionists to circumnavigate this gem of the mountains, with perchance a visit to one of the islets.

On an island in Carnes' Cove stands a block-house inhabited by a lonely sea-captain. On the Domes, to the westward, are two or three summer-cottages, dowered with exquisite views and unbroken quietude.

The shallow Squaw Cove, with its population of pickerel, is wellnigh cut off from the lake by Rattlesnake Mountain, on the north; and its name perpetuates a romantic legend of the Indians. When the tribes fell back before the advance of the Provincial regiments and villages, a few of their members preferred to brave the perils of the white invaders, and



A BIT OF SHORE, SQUAM LAKE.

remained about Asquam for the rest of their lives, finding kindly refuge amid the mountains whenever the raiding rangers entered the valley.

Asquam is forty feet higher than Winnepesaukee, and a water-way runs from the latter, by Blackey's Cove (near Centre Harbor), up through Long Pond and Round Pond, to within a mile of Asquam. But this mile is occupied by a tall spur of Red Hill, and so it is easier for canoeing tourists to have their boats carried by wagon from Centre Harbor, the distance being but about two miles thence to the nearest bay of Asquam.

Two singular and interesting institutions on this lake are Camp Chocorua and Camp Asquam, the first-named occupying a wooded island of three acres, where a happy company of boys, under efficient tutorship, are taught to swim, row, fish, and enjoy themselves, and grow strong. Camp Asquam, on the western shore, has a score or more of boys, under the direction of several tutors.



The outlet of Asquam is a very picturesque, narrow, and crooked strait, through which boats can pass with ease, running under the highway bridge. This sylvan stream sees,

“ In the mirror of its tide,  
Tangled thickets on each side  
Hang inverted, and between  
Floating cloud or sky serene.”

It opens into Little Squam, a handsome lakelet, unbroken by islands, and bordered on one side by high wooded hills, and on the other by the Ashland road. “ Here the sunset builds her silver bridge upon an arch of glory; not an island dots its surface; scarce a ripple darkens its blueness; it speaks to the heart of endless summer — of eternal tranquility; its wooded shores are gracefully curved and pointed; its neighboring highway is starred with quaint old farmhouses; its meadows are myriad-shaped.”

One of the most interesting (and arduous) rides in this region leads to Peaked Hill, famous for its views of Mount Moosilauke, Mount Washington, the Franconia peaks, Cardigan, Kearsarge and Monadnock, with the misty Winnepesaukee, the shining levels of Asquam, and the beautiful Newfound Lake. Over in New Hampton is Beach Hill, commanding a prospect hardly less grand.

Minnesquam (the ancient White-Oak Pond) is a charming lakelet at the south-eastern base of Shepard Hill, with easy boating, and an old saw-mill at the outlet.

There are a great number of pleasant drives from Asquam, leading in easy distances to Plymouth, Ashland, Centre Harbor, and Meredith, and the long and hill-abounding road around the lake.

## CHAPTER V.

## LAKE SPOFFORD.

A VAST SPRING. — BLACK BASS AND PERCH. — HOWELLS'S DICTUM. —  
PROSPECT HILL. — THE RIDE FROM KEENE. — BRATTLEBOROUGH.

LAKE SPOFFORD is an expanse of two thousand acres of the purest spring-water, rising through a bed of white sand, surrounded by sandy beaches and groves of oaks and pines and chestnuts, and lines of far-viewing hills.

The circumference is about nine miles, and at various points on these delightful shores are groups of plain cottages for summer use, and the primitive camps of college-students and other spurners of luxury. The lake abounds in black bass and perch, and furnishes capital inducements for fishermen, for whose use numerous boats of all kinds are ready. A steamboat plies from point to point along the shores, affording good opportunities for excursions, and awakening odd echoes with its saucy little whistle.

The visitors to the lake come from all parts of the Union, and spend long seasons here, resting amid a calm so perfect that "the grass can be heard growing, and the squirrel's heart beating." William D. Howells, the greatest living American novelist, has spent much time here, and finds in this region some suggestions of the Italian lake-country. A beautiful island of eight acres gives variety to the scenery, with its bristling trees. The lake is seven hundred feet above the sea, and two hundred feet above the neighboring valley of the Connecticut.

The visitors to this lovely gem of the Chesterfield hills sail away to Picnic Point and Echo Cove and Park Hill and the Island, or drive to the granite-walled Ravine, and down into the Connecticut Valley; or climb up Prospect Hill, and look upon the Green Mountains, Ascutney and Monadnock, "Cheshire's haughty hill," and along the tessellated valley of the Connecticut.

Lake Spofford is reached by a stage-ride of ten miles from Keene, through deep forests, and thickets of birch and alder, and along the glens of a winding brook. The old red stage finally reaches the Prospect House, on the high bluff close by the lake; and down below the white steamboat is seen lying on the water, which sometimes resembles plate-glass in its mirror-like reflections, or frosted silver, or molten sapphire.

A morning's drive leads to the bright little city of Keene, in the Ashuelot valley; and seven miles away is Brattleborough, a pleasant and historic old Vermont village, on a commanding plateau above the Connecticut River, with a singular and costly monument to James Fisk, jun.



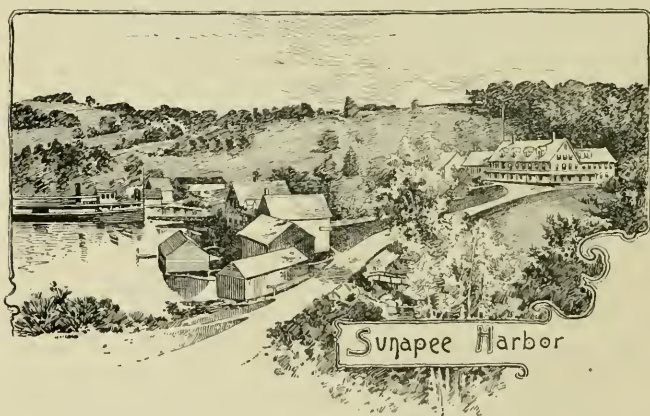
## CHAPTER VI.

## SUNAPEE LAKE.

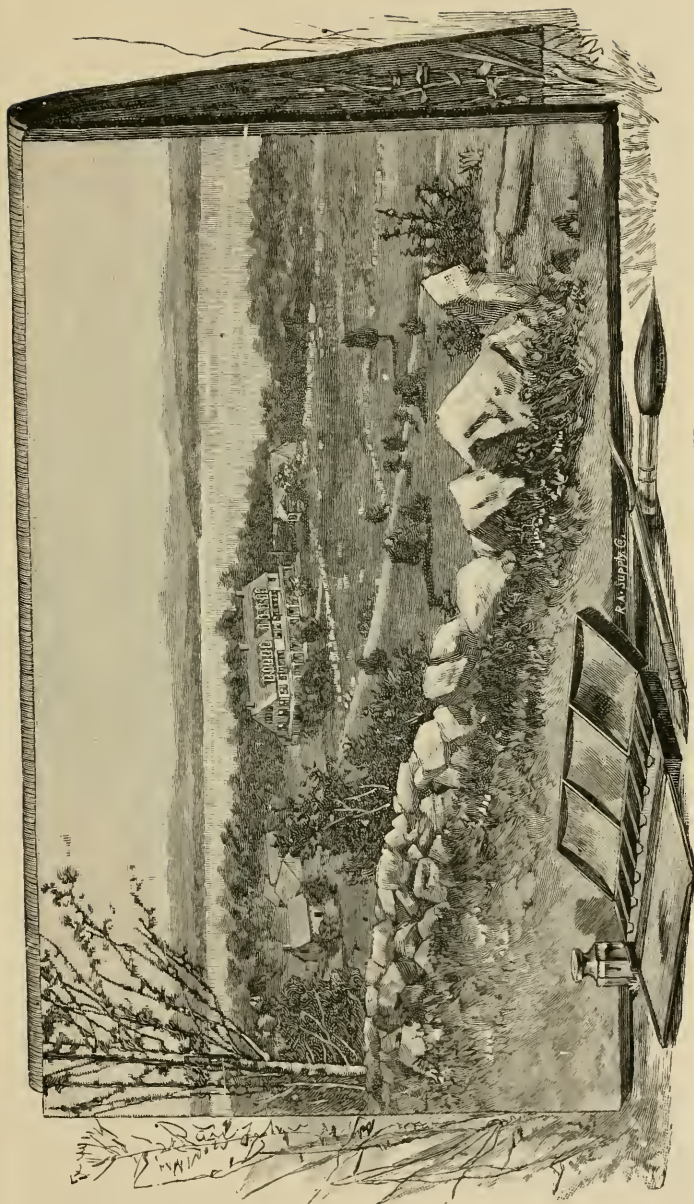
A GIRDLE OF MOUNTAINS. — LAKE VIEW. — SUNAPEE HARBOR. — A SCOTTISH MINSTREL. — THE ISLANDS AND SHORES. — AN INDIAN MEMORIAL.

“Sweet Granite ‘Katrine’ of this mountain land!  
 Oh jewel set amid a scene so fair!  
 Kearsarge, Ascutney, rise on either hand,  
 While Grantham watches with a lover’s care,  
 And our dark ‘Ben’ to Croydon sends in glee,  
 A greeting o’er thy silvery breast, Lake Sunapee.”

SUNAPEE LAKE lies among the highlands of Sullivan County, eleven hundred feet above the sea, nine miles long, and varying in width from half a mile to a league. There are six beautiful islets near the middle of the lake, and several others in the northern part; and a dozen or more



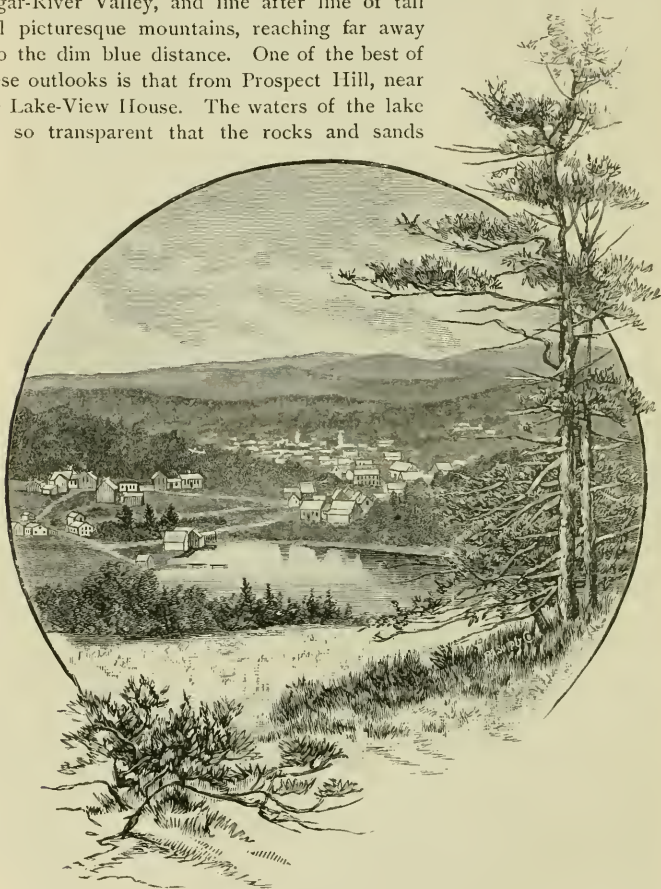
of wooded promontories give great diversity to the scene, and shelter lovely and sequestered bays. On all sides rise high and richly wooded hills and mountains, clothed in the graceful habiliments of Nature, and surrounding the peaceful scene like mighty sentinels. At the south, Mount Sunapee overlooks the mirror-like expanse, a huge dark-green pile of forest-clad rocks and ridges. To the eastward, the bare crown of Kearsarge salutes the sky;



SUNAPEE LAKE, FROM NEAR LAKE-VIEW HOUSE.

Croydon Mountain hems in the westward view; and on the north loom the lonely cliffs of Ragged Mountain.

Some one has called Sunapee "the Loch Lomond of New Hampshire," but it more nearly resembles Loch Katrine, with its secluded beaches and wooded shores. The low hills in the vicinity repay the toil of ascent by charming views, covering the bright lake and its islands, the defile of the Sugar-River Valley, and line after line of tall and picturesque mountains, reaching far away into the dim blue distance. One of the best of these outlooks is that from Prospect Hill, near the Lake-View House. The waters of the lake are so transparent that the rocks and sands



A GLIMPSE OF SUNAPEE HARBOR.

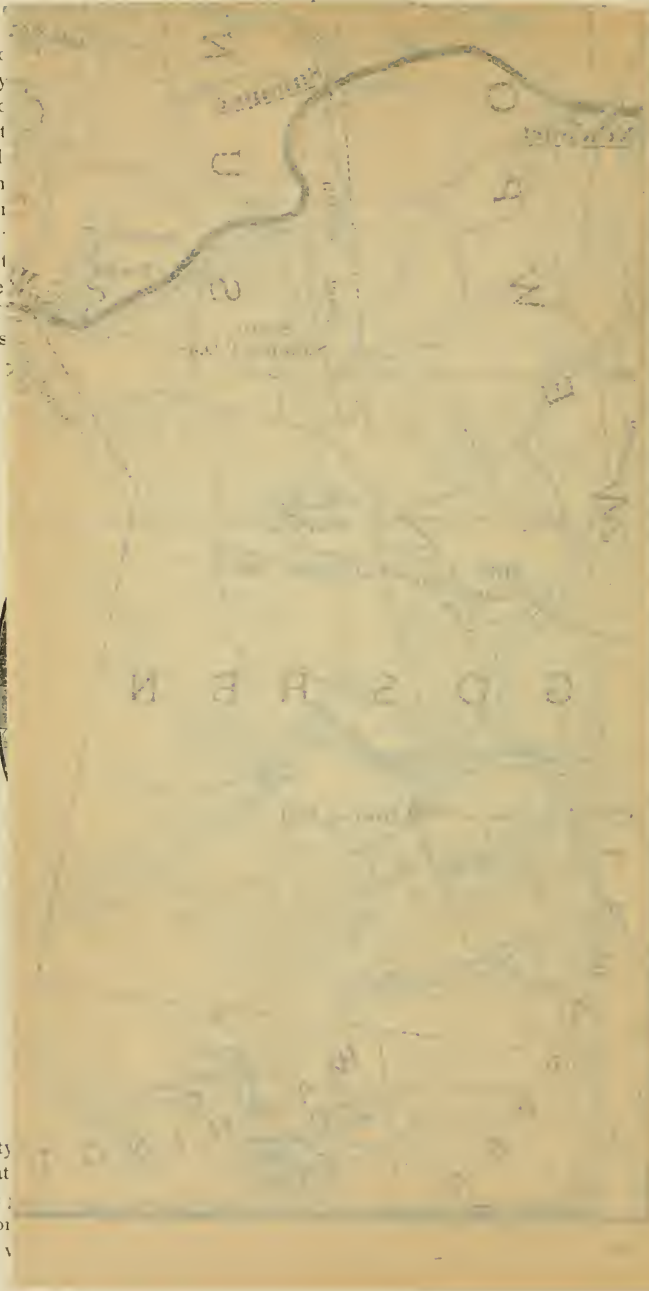
thirty feet beneath are plainly seen, and among these submerged ledges the great fish may be watched, as they attend to their domestic and social affairs. The grassy slopes and rugged cliffs are mirrored in this still surface with surprising faithfulness. At this altitude, the air is dry and cool, and agrees not with the nimble mosquito, the pest of so many other fair woodland



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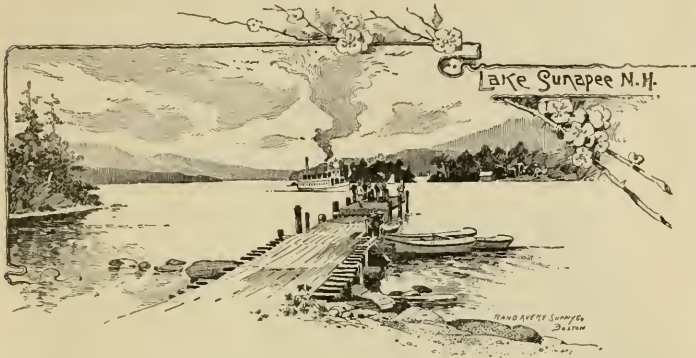
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scenes. The edicts of Fashion, moreover, are held in obedience on these happy shores, and broadcloth gives place to flannel, and tennis-costumes and boating-suits are preferred to the more arduous garments of artificial



civilization. So it naturally happens that the frequenters of Sunapee return to it year after year, and the pleasant explorations of its nooks and corners, bays and coves and islands, furnish ever-new themes of interest and delight.

"I go to meet the winds of morn,  
Blown down the hill-gaps, mountain-born,  
Breathe scented pines, and satisfy  
The hunger of a lowland eye."

On the western shore, half way up, is the summer-resort of Lake View, with its pretty cottages, commanding a pleasant prospect up and down the

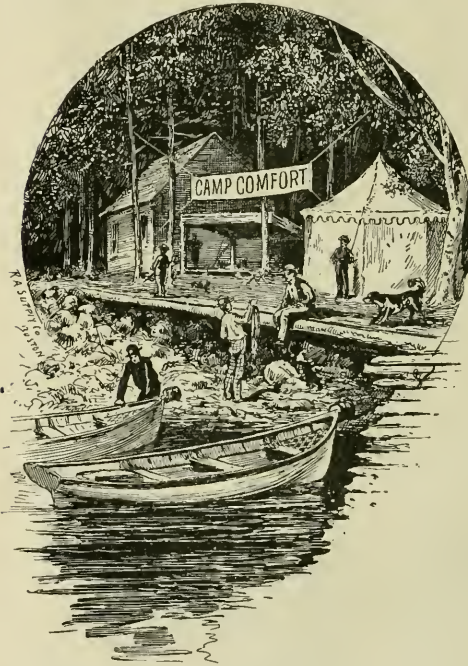


bright waters, and off among the green islands. In more primitive days, this ridge bore the name of Poverty Hill, and its land could not be sold for twelve dollars an acre; but the modern summer migration from the cities



has raised this price several thousand per cent. Just over the hill, and beyond the granite-quarries, the quiet hamlet of Sunapee Harbor nestles around an arm of the lake, with its factories clustered along the outlet, the rushing Sugar River. Above this little harbor rises Sunset Peak, with its enchanting view of the mountains and the lake. In the village is the home of William C. Sturoc, "the Bard of Sunapee," one of the most famous of Scottish-American poets, and a successful lawyer and orator.

Turning from the bluff western shores to those on the east, we find several beaches of white sand, and the cottage-resorts of Pine Cliff and Camp Comfort and Blodgett's Landing. Between these and Lake View is



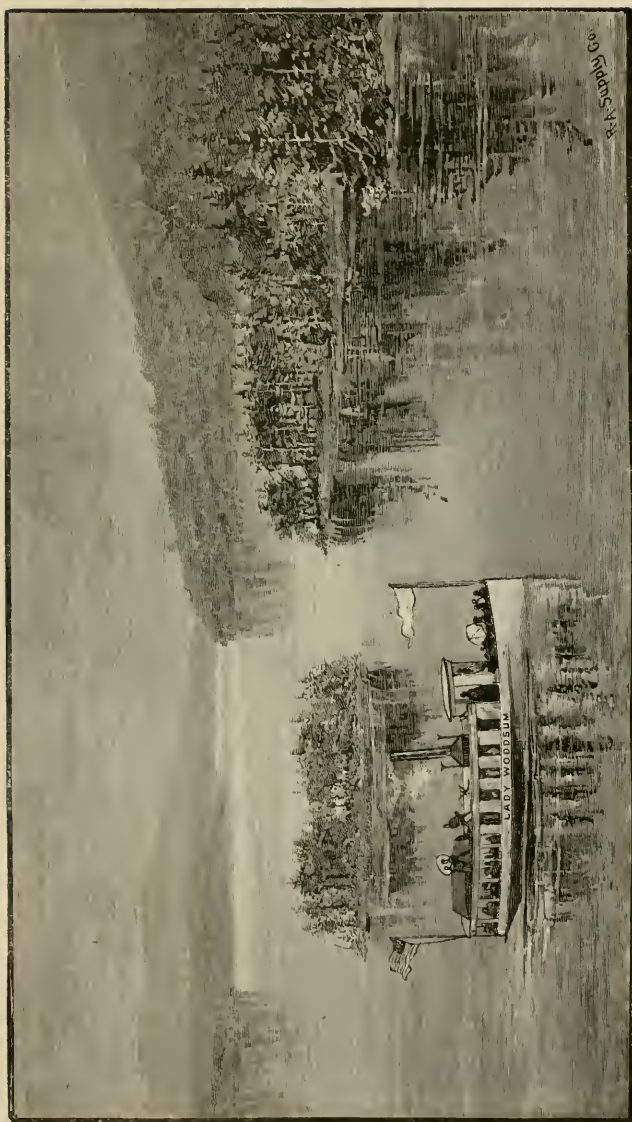
Liberty Island, joined by bridges to the western shore; and Great Island, covering seventy-five acres; and the gem-like little Gardner's Island. Away up at the north end of the lake, the end of the steamboat route, is the peaceful hamlet of George's Mills, at the outlet of Otter Pond and the pretty Little Sunapee Lake.

There is good fishing in this mountain-tarn for landlocked salmon, black bass, perch, and lake-trout; and many a profitable haul of trout has been made along Sugar River, near the outlet. Several passenger-steamers ply along the waters, their southernmost port being at Newbury, on the railway.

The voyage down the lake at about sunset is a revelation of beauty.

The disadvantages of Sunapee might be described in some such words as those used by an old English writer: "There are but two drawbacks to this delightful property,—the litter of the rose-leaves and the noise of the nightingales." Here also we may recall the advice of quaint old Thomas Fuller, to justify prolonging our vacation: "Chiefly choose a wholesome air, for air is a dish one feeds on every minute, and therefore it needs be pure."

The name of the lake comes from *soona*, "wild goose," and *nipi*, "water;" and preserves the memory of the aboriginal Indians, who frequented the



SCENE ON LAKE SUNAPEE.

shores because then (as now) large flocks of ducks and Canada geese rested here every season on their way southward from their Arctic summer-homes. The Sunapee tribe, dwelling in this vicinity, was one of the Algonquin clans, now for ever passed into oblivion.

“ Still let thy woodlands hide the hare,  
 The sly loon sound his trumpet-note,  
 Wing-weary from his fields of air,  
 The wild-goose on thee float,”

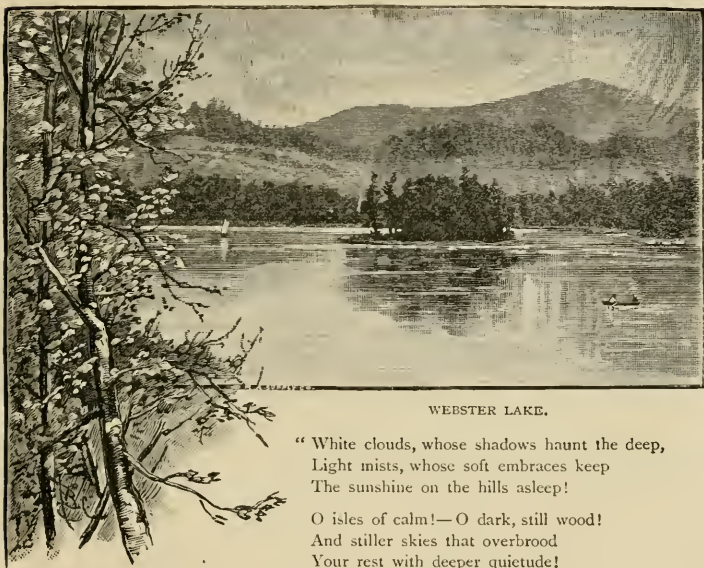
Of late years, the fine woodland scenery of this region, the delicious coolness of the air, and the good opportunities for riding on the adjacent roads, and boating and fishing in the lake, have given Lake Sunapee an increasing prominence among the summer-resorts of the Granite State, and its shores now have accommodations for nearly a thousand guests.

“ The summer day  
 Rich in its regal beauty lay  
 Over headland and beach and bay,  
 And the voice of the waves sang dreamily  
 A sweet, low tale to the listening ear.”

## CHAPTER VII.

## WEBSTER LAKE.

A LAKELAND SONG.—THE MIRROR OF HILLS.—THE BIRTHPLACE OF  
THE GREAT EXPOUNDER OF THE CONSTITUTION.



WEBSTER LAKE.

“ White clouds, whose shadows haunt the deep,  
Light mists, whose soft embraces keep  
The sunshine on the hills asleep!

O isles of calm!—O dark, still wood!  
And stiller skies that overbrood  
Your rest with deeper quietude!

O shapes and hues, dim beckoning, through  
Yon mountain-gaps, my longing view  
Beyond the purple and the blue,

To stiller sea and greener land,  
And softer lights and airs more bland,  
And skies,—the hollow of God’s hand!”

AFTER passing Franklin, on its course up country, the Northern Railroad gives a beautiful view over the clear waters of Webster Lake, environed by graceful hills, and adorned with pleasant beaches and promontories. In this region there are several unpretentious summer boarding-houses; and the yeomanry of the surrounding country enjoy many hearty and unconventional picnics here every season.

Not far away is the little farm-house built in 1761 by Capt. Ebenezer Webster, a veteran of Lord Amherst's campaign of victory against Canada. Here Daniel Webster was born, where, as he said: "When my father had built his log-cabin, and lighted his fire, his smoke ascended nearer to the North Pole than that of any other of His Majesty's New-England subjects. His nearest civilized neighbor on the north was at Montreal." The rural regions of his native State were always dear to the god-like Daniel, who found pleasure and recreation in often returning to them from his great works of statecraft and diplomacy at Washington. Dr. Arnold, the famous English author and teacher, once said that walking amid fine scenery is an admirable "anti-attrition"; and nowhere can this blessing be found to better advantage than among the pleasant dales of this lakeland country of New Hampshire.

The country has been to a great extent deserted by its former residents, and ruined farmhouses and overgrown pastures appear on every side. They were once the homes of sturdy New-England men whose descendants are now off on the great prairies, seeking other habitations and new environments. But how often they must remember the old homes by the lakeside and the mountain-stream, and say with Holmes, "The world has a million roosts for a man, but only one nest."



## CHAPTER VIII.

## MASCOMA LAKE.

MOUNT TUG. — THE SHAKER VILLAGE. — CRYSTAL LAKE. — A BRACE  
OF HEALING SPRINGS.

MASCOMA LAKE, the Indian *Namos-com*, or "Fish-Water," lies among the pleasant hills of Enfield and Lebanon, a narrow and winding pond of five miles in length, resembling a section of a crystalline river, caught among the highlands. Its shores are dotted with the camps and cottages of summer pleasure-seekers, and a steamboat makes frequent voyages along the tranquil waters, touching at the little vernal ports.

The pleasantest view over Mascoma is enjoyed from the lowly Mount Tug, close to North Enfield, the manufacturing-village on the outlet. Many fish dwell under the placid bosom of the lake, and profitable fares of black bass and pickerel are captured by expert sportsmen. The bordering hills look across vast distances to the Green Mountains and the White Mountains, and other famous peaks, and especially upon "golden-crowned Cardigan," lying along the northern horizon.

On the south-western shore is the Shaker village, divided into the North, Church, and South Families, and occupying the rich and narrow plain for two miles, cultivating and selling considerable quantities of valerian and garden-seeds, and carrying on some small manufactures. This singular colony dates from 1782; and the home of the Church Family, a massive stone building of four stories, with cupola and bell, was, in its early time, the most costly structure in New Hampshire, except the State House. The Shakers now number about two hundred.

In this pleasant land of yea and nay, sleek cattle abound, and fields of golden grain crowd along the margin of the blue water, and sweet herbs perfume the still air. And in the quaint homes of the marriage-hating elders earnest hospitality dwells, even for the children of the world.

The surrounding town is noted for its diversified and tranquil scenery, — lakes and brooks and meadows, and graceful hills cultivated from valley to summit. Two miles east of the head of Mascoma, the beautiful Crystal Lake (East Pond) glimmers among the guardian hills, with a single lonely island breaking its deep clear waters.

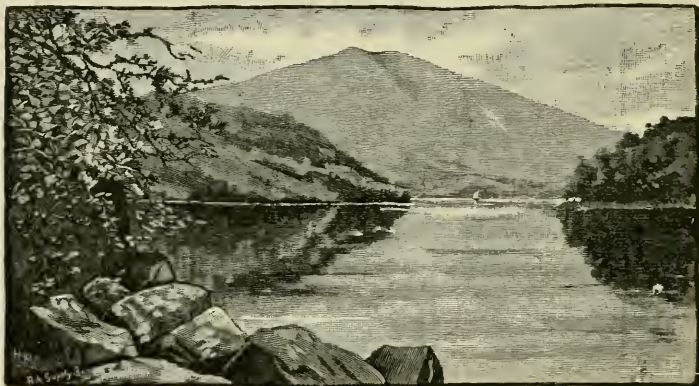
Four miles down the Mascoma valley are the famous Chiron Springs, a pure and aerated alkaline-saline water, and reputed to be rich in healing properties, especially in connection with rheumatism and dyspepsia. The Jerusalem Spring lies over in Canaan, with its extraordinarily pure water, and views of many a noble mountain wrapped in blue veils of distance.

## CHAPTER IX.

## NEWFOUND LAKE.

BRISTOL.—A VIEW IN BRIDGEWATER.—LACUSTRINE LOCALITIES.—AROUND  
THE LAKE.—PEAKED HILL.

ONE of the most lovely and least known lakes of New England may be reached by going up the Bristol Branch from Franklin, on the Northern Railroad, alongside of the swift Pemigewasset River. On the little plateau over the gorge of the Newfound River stands the bright manufacturing-village of Bristol; and five or six miles to the northward the sparkling



NEWFOUND LAKE.

waters of Newfound Lake open away among the hills, seven miles long and three miles wide, and well populated with lake-trout, landlocked salmon, black bass, pickerel, chub, and perch.

The kindly and hospitable farmers of the surrounding hills take many summer-boarders into their homes; and along the shore, now in low and sandy beaches, and again swelling into rocky promontories, scores of white tents of peaceful campaigners blink at each other over the wide water. The little-used pastures are occupied by battalions of berry-bushes; and myriads of sweet northern flowers bloom all summer long around the peaceful bays.

“ And the fir and the sassafras yield their balm,  
Sweet as the odors of morning lands,  
Where the eagle floats in the summer noon,  
While his comrade clouds drift silent by,

And the waters fill with a mystic tune  
The fane the cliffs have built to the sky."

From the eastern shore, in Bridgewater, near the only hotel on the lake, there is an unusually fine view across the placid waters, with Moss, Belle, Mayhew, and other wooded islands dotting its surface, and Sugar Loaf rising from the western shore, with Bear Hill beyond, and Mount Hebron, with the white spire of Hebron village at its foot. Farther away rises the long rocky crown of Mount Cardigan, a noble line of rocky crests, under the sunset.

There are many already who know the delights of Nutting's Beach, and Grove-Hill Farm, and Crescent Beach, and Breezy Point, and Rocky Point. Around these pleasant camp and cottage resorts the lake smiles witchingly, and its mimic waves dash merrily on the white beaches and rocky islands, and small boats of all degrees make holiday voyages. High hills approach the glen on all sides,—the Alexandria and Bristol ridges, the well-known Bridgewater Hills, and Crosby Mountain, looming darkly on the north. Sugar Loaf rises directly from the edge of the water, which is full thirty fathoms deep just off shore. The surface of the lake stands at 597 feet above the sea, and this considerable altitude gives a refreshing coolness to the air.

A pleasant road of sixteen miles leads around the lake, most of the way under tall old trees, and affording many lovely views over the placid waters and their environing hills, and the abounding lowland farms. Another capital excursion leads to the top of Peaked Hill, which commands a prospect of great landscape splendor, from the Franconia Mountains to the Sandwich Range and the blue Ossipees, with the glorious expanses of Winnepesaukee, Asquam, and Newfound.

## CHAPTER X.

## LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

THE RICHELIEU RIVER.—FISHING-PLACES.—NOBLE MOUNTAIN-VIEWS.  
 —A BATTLE-GROUND OF NATIONS.—MAQUAM BAY.—HOTEL CHAM-  
 PLAIN.—PLATTSBURG.—AUSABLE CHASM.—BURLINGTON.—SPLIT  
 ROCK.—TICONDEROGA.

LAKE Champlain is less than a hundred feet above tide-water, and finds its outlet in the noble Richelieu River, running down to the St. Lawrence by Isle aux Noix, Chambly, Belœil, and Sorel. The best fishing is among the islands in the northern bays, where bass and pickerel are found in great numbers; and several camps of anglers have been established in this vicinity. There is very good fishing about St. Albans Bay, where bass and pickerel reward the toils of the angler.

One of the unchanging charms of Champlain, in which it is paramount over almost all American lakes, is its great number of magnificent views of the mountain-ranges on either side. Among the most notable of these is the famous all-around panorama from the University hill at Burlington, with scores of leagues of the Green Mountains on one side, and on the other, across the foreground of the lake, the long sierra of the Adirondacks. From about the Hero Islands there is another remarkable prospect of the Adirondacks; and from Basin Harbor, opposite Westport, the same range appears in glorious majesty, with Mounts Marcy, Dix, and Hurricane nobly conspicuous. From the ancient fortress of Crown Point, the Green Mountains are seen stretching along the eastern horizon for a vast distance.

In this sapphire-paved amphitheatre, between the mighty ranges of the Adirondacks and the Green Mountains, what romantic and historic scenes have been enacted during the past three centuries! The ancient Algonquins regarded it as the gate of the Iroquois country; and army after army of Frenchmen, Provincials, Britons, and Americans have traversed its placid bosom, or locked themselves in deadly battle on its shores, while the broad-sides of hostile fleets awoke the echoes of the eternal hills. What memories are roused by the words Ticonderoga, Crown Point, Plattsburg, Valcour Island, Whitehall! Strange legends, too, rest about many of the islands and bays and promontories, and give a tinge of unusual romance to Champlain, which a well-known antiquary has credited with "more historical associations than any other lake in America."

Within the last five years, an unusual life and activity have manifested themselves around these shores. The number of summer-tourists has greatly increased; the noble sport of yachting has gained a sure foothold; and in many choice localities along the coast new estates have been founded. The

lake is 126 miles long and fifteen miles wide (at its greatest breadth), with a depth of from nine to forty-seven fathoms.

The tranquil and beautiful arm of the lake known as Maquam Bay is the terminus of the St. Johnsbury & Lake-Champlain Railroad, and of the steamboat line. Here stands the Hotel Champlain, commanding a fine view over the lake; and not far distant is the pretty village of Swanton.

The steamboat voyage from Maquam Bay leads down through the Hero Islands, making several landings, and then stretching across the lake, and around Cumberland Head, into the harbor of Plattsburg, a large New-York town, with a railway leading into the Adirondacks, towards the Saranac Lakes. This is the place attacked by Sir George Prevost, in 1814, with 14,000 British troops and sixteen war-vessels, and defended by Gen. Macomb and 4,000 Americans, aided by Com. Macdonough and fourteen vessels. The invaders were repulsed, with the loss of 2,000 men and their entire fleet.

Running south from Plattsburg, our route lies near Valcour Island, off which a British squadron destroyed Arnold's fleet of fifteen vessels and seventy guns, after a long October-day battle in 1776.

From Port Kent, stages run to the Ausable Chasm, a wonderful gorge of two miles, which the Ausable River has cut through the sandstone cliffs.

It is a noble sail across the lake from Port Kent to Burlington, past the Four Brothers, Rock Dunder, and Juniper Island. Burlington ranks as the chief city of Vermont, with 12,000 inhabitants, several fine stone churches and public buildings, and an immense lumber-trade. Here, also, you may see the University of Vermont (founded in 1791), with its magnificent library building, designed by Richardson; and Ward's bronze statue of Lafayette; and the grave and statue of Ethan Allen; and the Vermont Episcopal Institute, on Rock Point; and the home of Senator Edmunds; and such sunsets, across the broad lake and behind the jagged Adirondacks, as no other American city can show.

Steamboats run from Burlington to various ports in the southern part of the lake,—Essex, Westport, Port Henry, and Ticonderoga,—over a route of great natural beauty, and rich in historical and poetic associations. On either side of the lake are first-class railways, traversing St. Albans, Burlington, Vergennes, Middlebury, and Rutland on the east, and the New-York ports on the west, from Rouse's Point and Plattsburg to Lake George and Saratoga.

A few miles below Burlington is Shelburne Point, partly enclosing a beautiful bay, and occupied by two sons-in-law of Commodore Vanderbilt, Messrs. Webb and Twombly, whose estates cover 2,800 acres.

Near Essex is the Split Rock, the *Rocher Fendu* of the French explorers, and the Rogers Fender of their uncomprehending Anglo-Saxon rivals. A light-house crowns this lofty cliff, whose neighborhood is held to be the most wind-swept part of the lake, with four hundred feet of water just off shore.

The end of the steamboat route is at the high-placed ruins of Fort Ticonderoga, founded in 1690, and rebuilt by the Marquis de Montcalm in 1755, and for nearly a century hallowed by the blood of thousands of gallant soldiers, Mohawk and Iroquois, French and Canadian, English and Scottish, German and American.

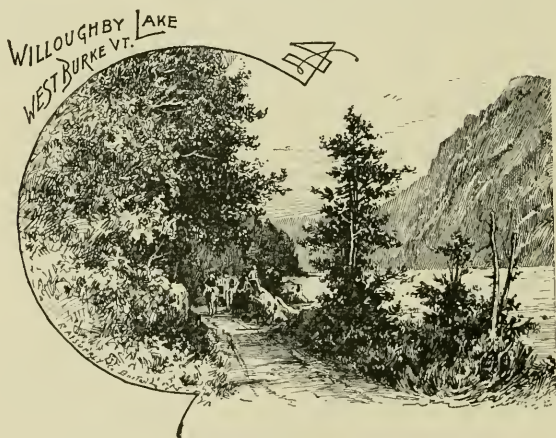


## CHAPTER XI.

## WILLOUGHBY LAKE.

A VERMONT WATER-GAP. — MOUNT ANNANANCE. — A CLUSTER OF  
FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

AWAY up in Northern Vermont, two great mountains rise above the wooded plains of Westmore, holding in the gap between them the celebrated Willoughby Lake, whose waters are of such profound depth that in some places no bottom has ever been found, even with a hundred fathoms of sounding-line. This limpid sheet stretches away for six miles, under the



shadows of the mountain-walls, whose bases meet far below its tideless bosom, and are explored by schools of trout and muscalonge. In the west, the shaggy heights of Mount Hor reach a height of fifteen hundred feet above the water, crowned with dark evergreens; and on the opposite shore, over a thousand feet higher, looms the rocky spire which is variously known as Mount Annanance, or Willoughby, or Pisgah. (Annanance was the brave Indian chief who dwelt here in the bad old times when New England's frontiers lay under the ban of battle, murder, and sudden death.) A path of two and a half miles leads from the little summer-hotel at the foot of the lake to the top of this polyonomous peak, whence you may look out over the vast sugar-maple forests of Newark, and hundreds of hermitage farms, to the clustering White Mountains, and in the other direction, across the silvery

Memphremagog, to Owl's Head, and again to the interminable sierras of the Green Mountains and the Adirondacks.

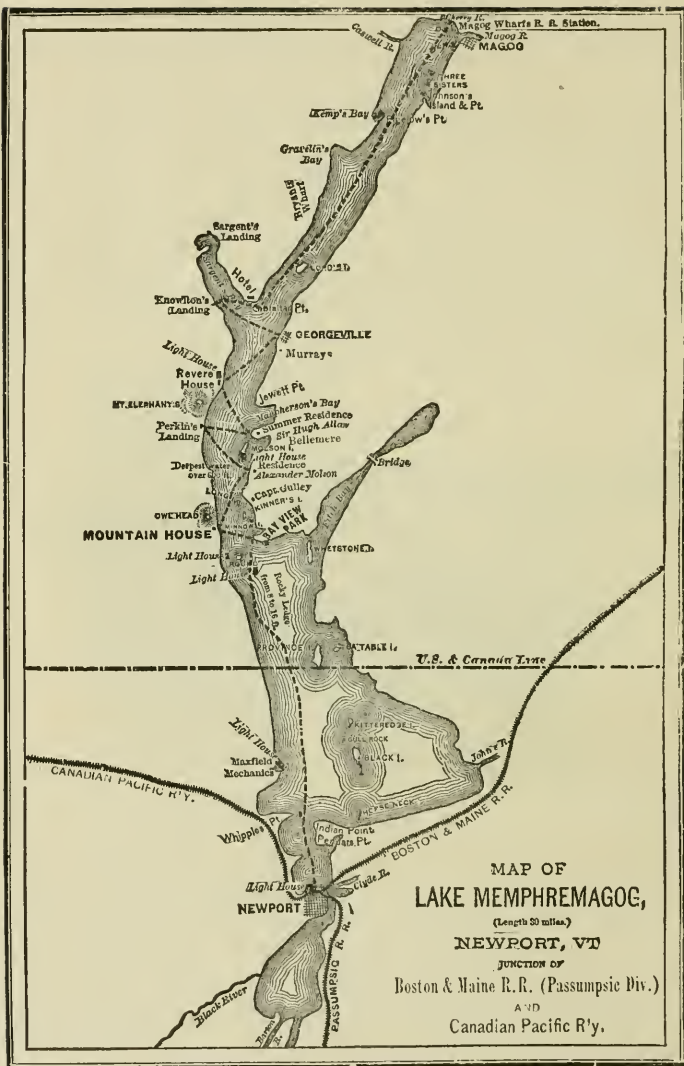
The shores and hills abound in birches and maples, tree-like arbor-vitæ, graceful larches, yews, aspens, beeches, and mountain-ashes. Harebells, violets, forget-me-nots, orchids, and a great variety of ferns, are found on these shores, whose flora is set forth by Charles E. Ridler, with the usual botanical Latinity, in "Appalachia" for December, 1884 (Vol. IV.). The Flower Garden, famous for its rich and rare plants, is high up on Mount Annanance, beyond the Pulpit Rock.

A lonely country-road runs up the eastern shore, close to the lake, and passes out by Westmore Mountain to Charleston, near the lovely Seymour Lake, and Island Pond, on the Grand Trunk Railway. The Devil's Den, the Silver Cascade, the Point of Rocks, and other interesting localities may be visited along this lakeside drive, above which the crumbling cliffs of Mount Annanance soar high into the blue firmament. Or, if a marine excursion



sion is preferred, there are plenty of small boats about the hotel, and also a miniature steamboat, whereby you may rush down this plain of limpid crystal to the farms clustered about the outlet, and the crossing of the turnpike to Barton Landing and Irasburgh.

But our few words about Willoughby Lake utterly fail to show forth the fantastic beauty of the scene, which recalls the Delaware Water-Gap, on the Pennsylvania border. That, however, is a fashionable resort, on a great railway route, while Willoughby, leagues from the nearest hamlet, and with its western shore as unvisited as the heart of Greenland, is a place for lovers of pure Nature and the peace that she brings. The lake is reached from West Burke, on the Passumpsic Division of the Boston & Maine Railroad, by a pleasant stage-ride of six miles.



## CHAPTER XII.

## LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG.

NEWPORT. — LAKE GEORGE, GENEVA, OR LOCH LOMOND. — THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS. — OWL'S HEAD. — GEORGEVILLE. — MAGOG. — MOUNT ORFORD. — BROME LAKE.

"Our father rode again his ride  
On Memphremagog's wooded side;  
Sat down again to moose and samp  
In trapper's hut and Indian camp;  
Again for him the moonlight shone  
On Norman cap and bodiced zone;  
Again he heard the violin play  
Which led the village dance away."

AT the station of the Boston & Maine Railroad (Lowell System), in Boston, you may take *un char dortoir Pullman attaché au train de nuit de Boston à Montreal*, and reach Lake Memphremagog before dawn in the morning. Or the same transit may be made between nine in the morning and five in the afternoon. And so, running past the White Mountains and



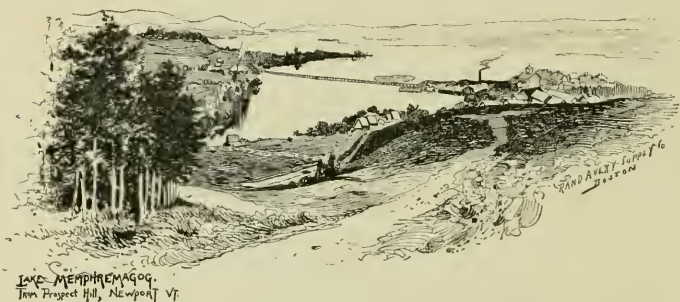
the lovely lakes of New Hampshire, and up the long Passumpsic Valley, you come to Newport, the metropolis of the Memphremagog region.

The old-time Pickerel Point, down near the southern end of the lake, is now occupied by the pretty modern village of Newport, with its 2,500 inhabitants, five churches, and other civic institutions, and a great summer-hotel close to the lake-side. From Prospect Hill, a short walk from the streets, a charming view of the lake is gained, with its line of mountain guards and verdure-tinted valleys extending for many leagues.

"Broad in the sunshine stretched away,  
With its capes and islands, the turquoise bay,  
And over water and dusk of pines  
Blue hills lifted their faint outlines."

From Newport as a centre, many interesting excursions may be made, from the drives and walks around the village and the bay, to the restful voyages down the lake to Owl's Head and Georgeville, and the longer journeys, full of memorable attraction, to Willoughby Lake or Jay Peak. Only five miles distant, the frontier-line of Canada marks the division between the two great Anglo-Saxon nations of the west, daughters of Britain, and elder sisters of Australia and New Zealand.

Newport is a capital point for fishermen to visit, for in its vicinity there is many a pellucid stream, where brook-trout rise to the seductive fly, down among the fair valleys of Vermont. And in Memphremagog there are plenty of lake-trout of three or four pounds, and old fishermen tell of landing noble specimens that have weighed forty pounds each. The favorite locality for this sport is in the deep, cold, and clear waters in the vicinity of Owl's Head,



LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG.  
From Prospect Hill, Newport Vt.

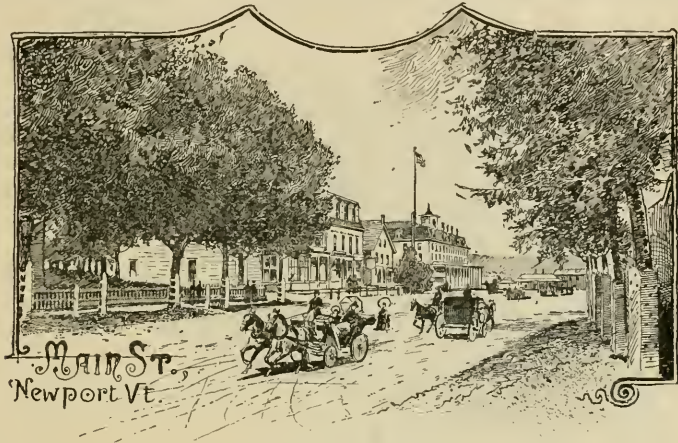
where the great cliffs frown down upon unsounded depths. There are also many alert black bass in the lake, and they may even be caught from the bridge at Newport; and as to perch, they were for years regarded as valueless, until their schools wellnigh filled the southern bays. The best pickereling is in Fitch Bay, which is almost an independent lake, joined to Memphremagog on its eastern side by picturesque narrows. The lake-trout of this region are popularly called "lunge," on account of their supposed relationship to the muscalonge family, so abundant elsewhere in Canadian waters. But in reality the muscalonge is an entirely different fish from the Memphremagog trout (*salmo confinis*), which may be found here in four varieties,—the black, silver, gray, and copper.

Stretching away northward for thirty-three miles, between rock-bound shores and ancient forests, with a chain of high mountains brooding along its western shore, and many a graceful island rising above the clear waves, Memphremagog truly merits its strong Indian name, which means "Beautiful Water." It attains a length of thirty-three miles, with a width varying from one to four miles, and is traversed daily by a handsome Clyde-built steam-



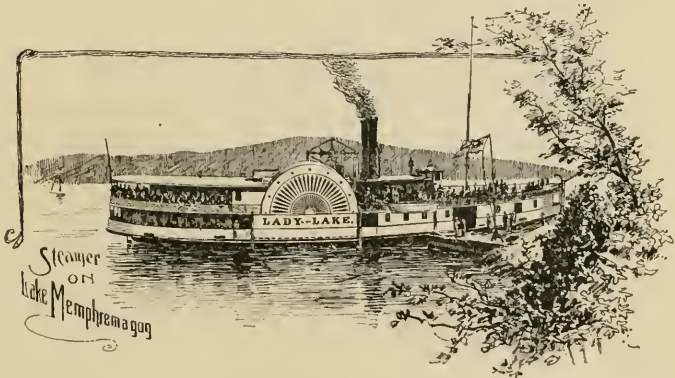
boat, making several landings on the way. There are several other steamers, and the safe navigation of the lake is aided by government light-houses.

The steamboat from Newport makes two trips daily along the entire lake, to Magog and back, the running-time each way (including stops) being



about three hours. There are many sail-boats and row-boats at Newport, in which trips may be taken among the islands, and along the picturesque shores. There is always a breeze here, coming from the mountains, and cooling the air delightfully.

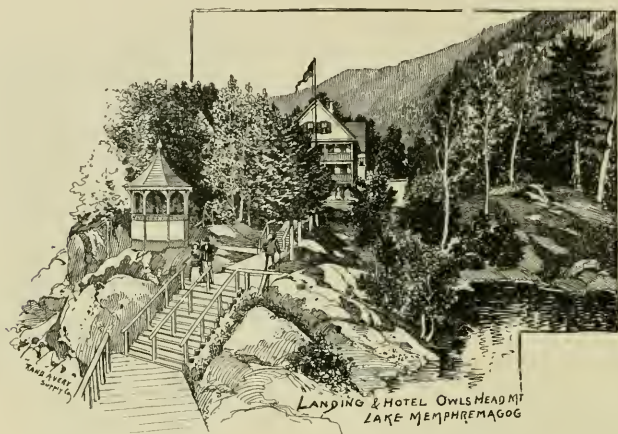
The usual standard of comparison for Memphremagog is the exquisitely



beautiful Lake George, like this mountain-bound, and adorned with pretty islands. Other people find here resemblances to Loch Lomond; and those who have been farther afield call it the Lake Geneva of Canada. The northern air is strangely exhilarating, cooled by the mountain elevations,

or by blowing over the crystalline cold waters of the lake; and overhead extends a transparent blue sky.

Among the other attractions of Memphremagog, its picturesque scenery, glorious sunsets, serenity of sunny days and majesty of scourging gales, its



negative virtues should be set forth, in the absence of mosquitoes and black flies, and of brooding fogs.

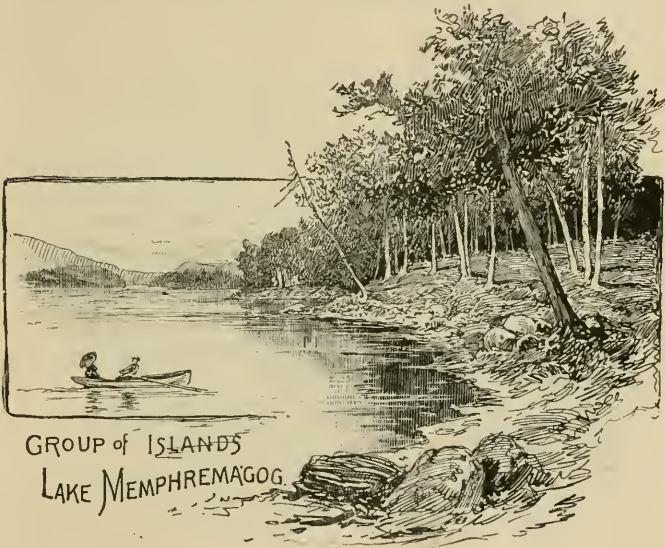
As one who is most familiar with the region has said: "The scenery of Memphremagog is incisive, vigorous, robust. Its features are distinct, salient, characteristic. It cannot claim, like Winnepesaukee, a wealth of



island jewelry, but the brooch and studs it wears are enough to adorn without destroying the unity of its shining bosom. Its shores are heavily wooded, and for the most part bold and rugged, but at times gently subsiding into sloping beaches."

Four-fifths of the lake are within the Canadian lines, cutting into the heart of the nine counties composing the Eastern Townships, so called in distinction from the Seignories, inhabited by feudal French *habitants*. The settlers here came from New England, and held their domains "in free and common soccage"—a peaceful race of hardy pioneers, who find two jails more than enough for nine great counties.

And so premising, we will run out of Newport and down the lake. After the boat has passed Indian Point, where the last settlement of the aborigines stood, the white Canadian village of Stanstead appears beyond the Twin Sisters islands; and the huge green mass of Bear Mountain looms in the near west. Near Province Island, the property of Mr. Zabriskie of New York, where buried treasures await discovery, we cross the invisible line



which separates the sister-nations, Canada and the United States; and so we become like the famous Lord Bateman:

"And he departed into foreign lands  
Strange countries for to see."

The most conspicuous and noble object about the lake is the great mountain, Owl's Head, rising abruptly from the western shore to a crown of bare crags, and with a summer-hotel at the base, and Round Island off shore. A path a mile and a half long leads to the summit, whence, on a clear day, the adventurous climber may see the great lake underspread, the Willoughbys and White and Green and Adirondack Mountains, and many a lonely lake, set in the illimitable green of the northern plains. Rougemont

and Belœil rise in the remote north-west, and the towers of Notre Dame mark the site of Montreal.

From the bosom of the lake Jay Peak may be seen, rising with fine effect in the south-west; and on rarely clear days the far-away crest of Mount Washington may be descried, low down on the horizon. The nameless hills and ridges beyond Elephantis huddle about the foot of the lake, with their tempting suggestions of wild lands to be explored, and virgin streams to invite the angler's attention.

Across the lake is Bay-View Park, at the mouth of Fitch Bay, and near Skinner's Island, where a celebrated smuggler of eighty years ago used to evade the customs officers by disappearing in an unknown cavern. Beyond is Long Island, with its fringe of palisades and a famous Balance Rock. The



Allans, Molsons, and other prominent Montréal families have villas along the eastern shore here, looking across at the sharp pyramid of Owl's Head and the Jumbo-shaped Mount Elephantis.

The estate founded here by the late Sir Hugh Allan is the most conspicuous on the lake. In the old days, the flag of the Allan Line of ocean steamships waved from this mansion during the season; and the lord of the manor used to carry his guests about the lake in a handsome steam-yacht, a diminutive model of the great Atlantic steamships. The Allan place is four miles below Georgeville. Just to the northward is the pleasant summer-home of Mr. Alexander Molson of Montreal, near Molson's Island and its lovely sheltered bay. Farther up the valley, in and near Stanstead, there are several comfortable summer-estates, or country-houses, belonging to



Montrealers. It is surprising that this feature of life, so attractive to our Anglo-Canadian brethren, should not have been developed to a greater extent on these lovely and salubrious shores, which should be to Montreal what Loch Lomond is to Glasgow.

Georgeville is a primitive, quiet, inexpensive little Canadian village, decadent since the busier days about the middle of the century, when its trade covered a great area of the Eastern Townships. A large modern hotel now caters for summer-travel, succeeding the famous old Camperdown Inn. "Georgeville is one of the most self-possessed towns of Canada; a single wire and a daily mail-bag keep it in communication with the outside world. But no breezes of intelligence from any direction ever disturb the perfect serenity of its peace."

Here you may enjoy the bright and electric mornings, with life in the air and an indescribably jocund gleam on the waves. And after the silent after-



noons, under a sky of turquoise, the splendors of sunset flood the western mountains with rich and rosy tints.

"Filled was the air with a dreaming and magical light."

The little hamlet nestles at the feet of high green hills, and attracts a great number of Canadian summer-guests, mostly from the well-to-do families of Montreal. The great hotel across the lake, now wellnigh dismantled, was built by capitalists from the metropolis of Canada, to be an ultra-fashionable resort for New-World baronets and gentry and their families; but the scheme failed of success, and the house was never opened.

After leaving Georgeville, we run across the bright lake and up Sergeant's Bay to Knowlton's Landing. Rounding the high rocks of Gibraltar Point, with its great ruined hotel, and traversing a narrow strait inside of a wooded island, Mount Orford appears in advance, and the steamboat speeds down



across broader reaches to Magog, a small Canadian hamlet on the outlet, the Magog River, which flows down over many a bright rapid, abounding in trout, to the St. Francis River. From Magog, we may ride to the top of Mount Orford, in five miles, and look out over the interminable forests of the Eastern Townships. Over back of the mountain there is a sequestered lake, famous for its abounding fish, who fairly clamor to be caught.

A queer old steam ferry-boat crosses the lake from Georgeville to Knowlton's Landing, whence a ride of fourteen miles over rugged and picturesque hills leads to the busy village of Knowlton and its summer-hotel, at the head of Brome Lake, three by four miles in area, with low and sedgy shores, and furnishing pickerel and black bass for the sportsmen of Montreal. The return journey should be made through the notch in the Bolton Mountains, past the trout-abounding Coon Pond. Brome Lake is the reservoir of the Yamaska River, flowing down into the great St. Lawrence Valley. Nor will the angler omit to visit Brompton Lake and Sugar-Loaf Pond, with their abundant trout; or Magog Lake, where trout and pickerel rise to the fly; or St. Francis Lake, abounding in many varieties of fish.

One of the 'pleasantest companions at Lake Memphremagog is "The Shaybacks in Camp," by the Rev. Samuel J. Barrows of Boston, portraying the happy experiences of a family encamping on the shore near Georgeville.

Through the pass in the mountains that line the lake along the west, we may descend to the Missisquoi Valley, with the deep pools and swift currents of its river; and journey to Bolton Springs, the fashionable resort of this part of the Eastern Townships.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## LAKE ST. JOHN.

ROBERVAL AND POINTE BLEUE.—THE “PERIBONCA’S” VOYAGES.—DOWN THE SAGUENAY.—THE WINNANISH.—A PROVINCE OF NEW FRANCE.—LAKE EDOUARD.

THE trip to Lake St. John is one of the most novel and interesting in America, and is admirably served by through sleeping and buffet cars, running from Boston, over the Lowell System of the Boston & Maine Railroad, up the Merrimac Valley and past Lake Winnepesaukee, and reaching Quebec at early morning. After a full day in the ancient fortress-city, the parlor-car starts for Lake St. John, two hundred miles to the northward, past many a quaint hamlet of French peasants and Indian hunters, and then for scores of leagues through the virgin forest. At late afternoon the great lake is reached, and a steamboat runs up to Roberval and its new summer-hotel. So broad is this remote forest-sea that its blue waters form the horizon-line, and the farther shore is quite invisible. Roberval is a village of one thousand inhabitants, with a Catholic church and an Ursuline convent; and on Pointe Bleue, a few miles distant, stands the old Hudson’s-Bay Company’s fort, still visited by crowds of Montagnais Indians, from the wild north land towards the great bay. The railway is being prolonged from Chambord Junction to St. Jerome, towards Grande Décharge, and will in time reach Chicoutimi and Ha-Ha Bay. The steamer *Peribonca* makes daily trips around the lake, and to the mouths of the great northern rivers, and gives views of the islands, the tin-clad spires of the parish-churches, the sand-hills of the northern shore, the yellow sandy beaches, the snow-white three-hundred-feet falls of the Ouatouchouan, the church of St. Prime, at the mouth of the Ashuapmouchouan, and the blue Laurentian Mountains. It is about thirty miles down the Saguenay to Chicoutimi, the northern port of the Quebec steamboats; and this journey may be made in canoes, with the skilful local boatmen, rounding the rapids by portages.

The lake is twenty-six miles long by twenty miles wide, rather shallow, and receives the waters of several rivers, three of which, the Ashuapmouchouan, Peribonca, and Mistassini, are each over two hundred miles long and a mile wide at their mouths. They flow down from the watershed of the St. Lawrence and Hudson’s Bay, from Lake Nikoubau and other savage solitudes.

The fish for which this northern sea is famous is the winanishc, or land-locked salmon, long, slim, and gamey, and averaging above two pounds in weight. Among other fish found here are trout, pickerel, cusk, perch, pike,

dace, and eels. Some of the best fishing-grounds are near the house of the Saguenay Club, on Alma Island, where the Saguenay River leaves the lake. The road from the railway leads hither by way of St. Jerome and St. Gédéon.

The ancient monopolies of the *Domaine du Roi*, the Northwest Company, and the Hudson's-Bay Company kept this vast Saguenay Valley empty for over two centuries, save for a chain of trading-posts extending from Tadoussac to Mistassini and Hudson's Bay. With the cessation of the Company's power, in 1842, a great wave of French immigration moved up the valley, and now it contains forty thousand inhabitants. Around the lake, tobacco, melons, and maize, and other crops, are raised. There are fourteen parishes here, inhabited by sturdy and prolific French-Canadians, courteous, hospitable, and entertaining. Their little white farm-houses line the shore for many miles, here and there assembling in little hamlets, each with its school and church.

On the way up from Quebec the railway passes Lake Edouard, narrow and winding, and twenty-seven miles long, studded with islands, and enwalled by the Laurentian Mountains. There are capital camping-grounds here, and a small hotel also. Large trout are found in amazing numbers, and the lake is leased by the railway for the use of its patrons. The return-trip includes pleasant and fruitful sojourns at Quebec and at Lake Memphremagog; and at the end of a week, with a total expenditure for transportation, transfers, hotel-bills, etc., of less than fifty dollars, the amateur explorer reaches home once more, possessed of much to remember and enjoy in the retrospects of years.

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Adventurous tourists who seek this far-away fragment of Norman America should read W. H. H. Murray's "The Doom of Mamelons," and the illustrated leading article in *Scribner's Magazine* for May, 1889, entitled "The Land of the Winanishé."

## CHAPTER XIV.

## CONNECTICUT LAKE.

THE UPPER-COÖS ROUTE.—SECOND LAKE.—THIRD LAKE.—FOURTH LAKE.—MOUNT PROSPECT.

CONNECTICUT LAKE is sixteen miles by stage from West Stewartstown, on the Upper-Coös Railroad, which diverges from the Grand Trunk line at Stratford. It has a small steamboat and a summer-hotel, and is frequented by many sportsmen, for the sake of the fishing and hunting for which all this region is famous. From the lake, pleasant views are afforded of the Magalloway Mountains and other rarely visited ranges.

Connecticut Lake covers perhaps three square miles, with very irregular shores, partly in grassy pastures, but mainly in primeval forest. The beauty of the scene, when autumn has overflowed it with gorgeous coloring, is finely described by Prof. Huntington, in the *Geology of New Hampshire* (Vol. 1).

The Second Connecticut Lake, two miles long, is praised by Huntington as "one of the most beautiful of our northern lakes. The graceful contour of its shores, the symmetry of its projecting points, the stately growth of its primeval forests, the carpet of green that is spread along its border and extends through the long vista of the woods, the receding hills and the distant mountains, present a combination of the wild, the grand, and the beautiful that is rarely seen."

About seven miles from the Second Lake, ascending the infant Connecticut, is the Third Lake, 2,038 feet above the sea, and covering less than a square mile, surrounded by high hills and wild gardens of sub-alpine flowers and immense evergreen trees.

A little rill descends into Third Lake from Fourth Lake, a lonely forest-pool, 2,551 feet above the sea, and close to the St. Lawrence watershed and the Canadian border. This is the ultimate source of the great Connecticut River, which flows southward for hundreds of miles, to Long-Island Sound. It is half hidden amid vast evergreen forests, with no sign of civilization. Close by, and within a few minutes' walk, is the top of Mount Prospect, overlooking thousands of square miles of the Quebec woodlands, as wild as the heart of Saskatchewan.

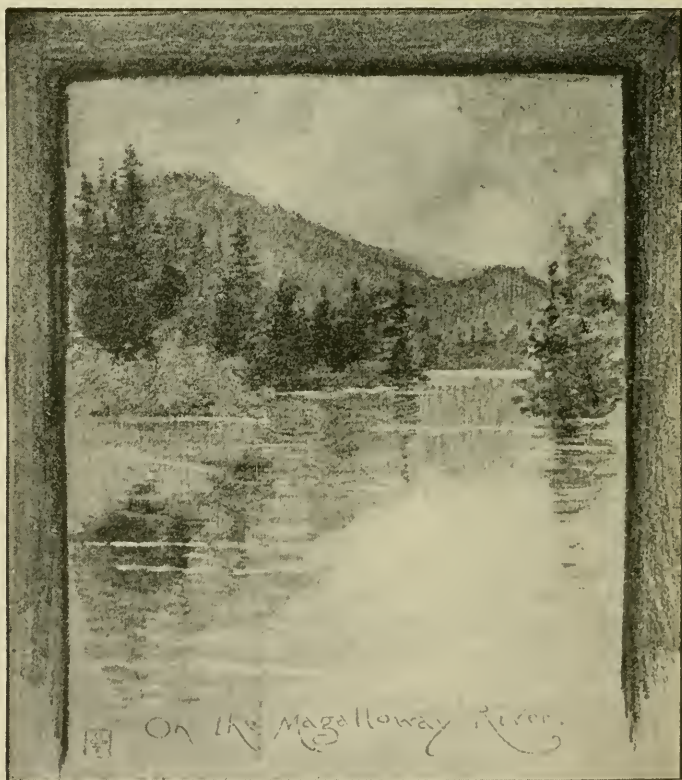
"Fresh from the rock and welling by the tree,  
Rushing to meet and dare and breast the sea,  
Fair, noble, glorious river! in thy wave  
The sunniest slopes and sweetest pastures lave."

## CHAPTER XV.

## PARMACHENEE LAKE.

THE MAGALLOWAY RIVER. — BERLIN MILLS. — MOUNT AZISCOÖS. — A  
CARRY TO CONNECTICUT LAKE.

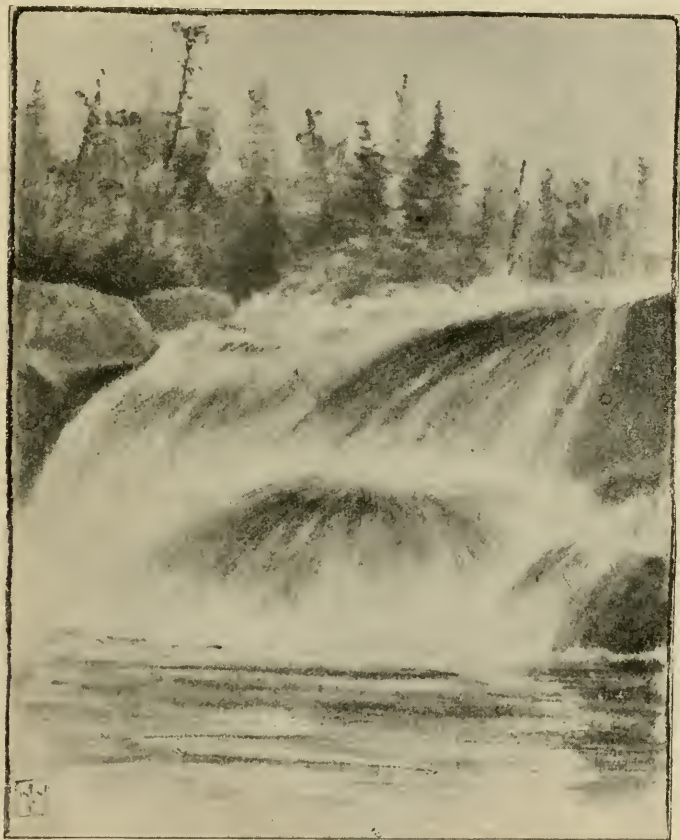
AFTER crossing red Umbagog, the steamboat runs down the rapid Androscoggin River for a few miles to Errol Dam, and then back a little way, and up the Magalloway River for sixteen miles, to the Berlin-Mills



Hotel. "The stream slips down blackly between walls of evergreen forest; or sweeps the long coasts of natural meadows, dotted with royal elms; or



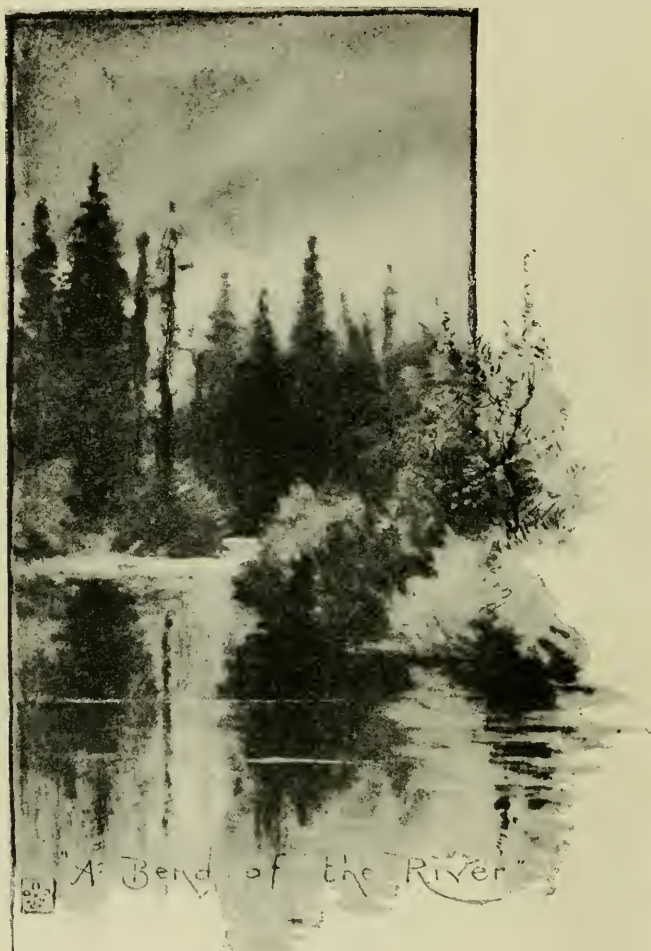
flashes down over long inclines." It is hardly more than a hundred feet wide, and winds in a surprising manner, through overarching cloisters of living green. The inflowing streams come down from lonely forest-ponds, the haunts of deer and moose, the blue heron, and wild ducks. From the Berlin-Mills House a buckboard road leads nearly to the summit of Mount Aziscoös, the finest mountain in all the Rangeley country, whose outspread panorama it commands with superb effect.



AZISCOÖS FALLS, MAGALLOWAY RIVER.

Aziscoös Falls are six miles by road from the mills; and here the second section of steam-navigation begins, and the swift and narrow Magalloway is ascended for fifteen miles, to the Lower Mettaluk Pond. For twelve miles above this point the river traverses a succession of rich meadows, and may be ascended by canoes. Then comes a portage path of four miles, leading to Parmachenee Lake, solitary among the verdure-clad hills, whose only

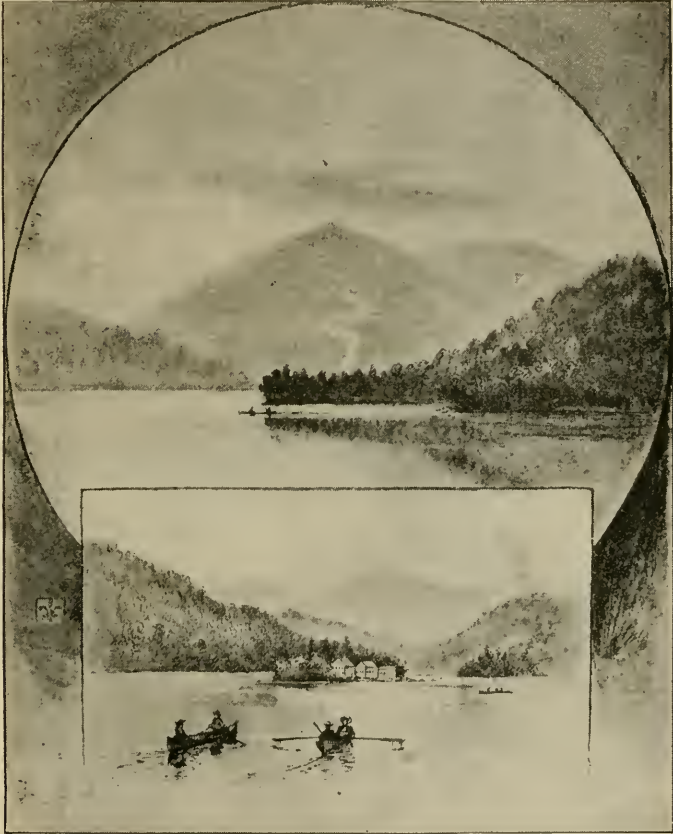
inhabitants are bears and deer and the smaller children of the primeval forest. The public house is called Camp Caribou, and stands on a romantic island near the head of the lake. Here sportsmen spend weeks of every summer, 2,500 feet above the sea, and surrounded by the charms of Nature



UPPER MAGALLOWAY.

in her wildest mood. No human home appears on all the score of miles around the placid lake. Its altitude of 2,500 feet above the sea gives an added virtue to the air. Thoreau, that wise naturalist, averred that the air of Maine is a diet-drink; and a very choice brand of it may be found here.

The vicinity of Parmachenee is enriched by many excellent fishing-grounds, — Beaver Pond, Saturday Pond, Moose Brook, Little Boy's Falls, and others; and there are snug little huts for fishermen near several of these localities. The chief object in the natural scenery of the lake is the conical Bose-Buck Mountain, rising from the south-eastern cove; and the great Mount Carmel lies within two or three miles of the lake, on the north-



ON LAKE PARMACHENEE.

west. Glimpses are gained also of the untrodden Boundary Mountains.

Standing thus at the headwaters of the Androscoggin, you may wish to return by another route. If so, it is only ten miles (but tremendously hard ones) from Camp Caribou to the Second Connecticut Lake, whose waters flow down from near the frontier, and enter the Connecticut River.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## THE RANGELEY LAKES.

FARMINGTON.—RANGELEY.—INDIAN ROCK.—CUPSUPTIC.—LAKE MOOSE-  
LUCMAGUNTIC.—BALD MOUNTAIN.—MOLLYCHUNKAMUNK LAKE.—LAKE  
WELOKENNEBACOOK.—LAKE UMBAGOG.

"Then I gently shake the tackle  
Till the barbed and fatal hackle  
In its tempered jaws shall shackle  
That old trout, so wary grown."

A WAY up in the north-western corner of Maine, deep amid the forests, and surrounded by untrodden mountains, are the famous fishing and hunting grounds of the Rangeley Lakes, for a generation past the favorite resort of the better class of New-England sportsmen. This charmed region is entered by taking the Boston & Maine Railroad to Portland, whence we may go by the Maine Central Railroad to Farmington and Phillips, and stage to Greenvale, on Rangeley Lake; or by the Grand Trunk Railway to Bryant's Pond, and stage to Andover and South Arm



VIEWS FROM RANGELEY LAKES.

on Lake Welokennebacook; or by the Grand Trunk Railway to Bethel, and stage to Lake Umbagog. There are dozens of hotels, camps, and boarding-houses around the lakes, with simple but comfortable and inexpensive accommodations; and expert guides and woodsmen may be secured at many points to help the novice in learning how to catch and cook the trout and



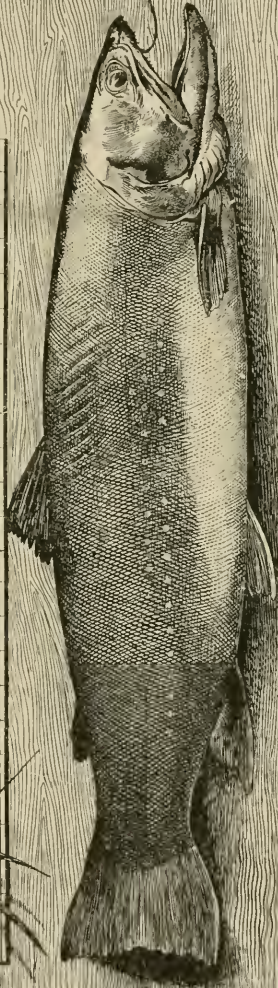
*Quasnoe Angling Association,  
Indian Rock, Maine.*

Camp Kennebago, 5 June, 1886.  
Dr. Charles Haddock, of Beverly, Mass., George Oakes, Guide boat,  
off Sandy Point, Lake Moosehickmagentic, a trout weighing 10.58 lbs.  
The weight was taken nine hours after fish was caught, and must  
have been, at least, 11 lbs at time of capture.

(Signed),

CHARLES C. WHITE,  
FRANK H. LOVELL,  
THOS. A. PERKINS,  
THOMAS B. MILLS.

LENGTH . . . 28 1/2 INCHES.  
GIRTH . . . 18 1/2 "



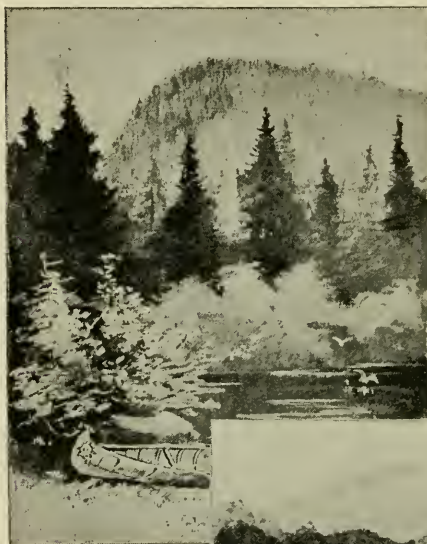
A BIG TROUT.



salmon, or to bring down the deer and moose. The wise game-laws of the State of Maine are carefully enforced here, so that the wild denizens of the forest counties grow more numerous every year, and the Rangeley country remains a great game-preserve, visited during summer's open season by sportsmen from all over the Republic. The region covers an area of eighty square miles, at a height of 1,500 feet above the sea, and is diversified by tall mountains and ridges, silvery lakes and ponds, and a network of crystal-line trout-streams, winding through the ancient forests.

From Farmington, the beautiful old capital of Franklin County, a narrow-gauge railroad runs up the Sandy-River valley to mountain-girt

Phillips, whence a stage-ride of seventeen miles leads to Greenvale and Rangeley. A steamboat runs from Greenvale along Rangeley Lake to the hamlet of Rangeley and the Outlet. There are eight good trout-ponds within five miles of Rangeley, and ten miles north is the lonely and beautiful Kennebago Lake. Near the foot of Rangeley Lake stands the Mountain-View House, 1,700 feet above the sea, and looking

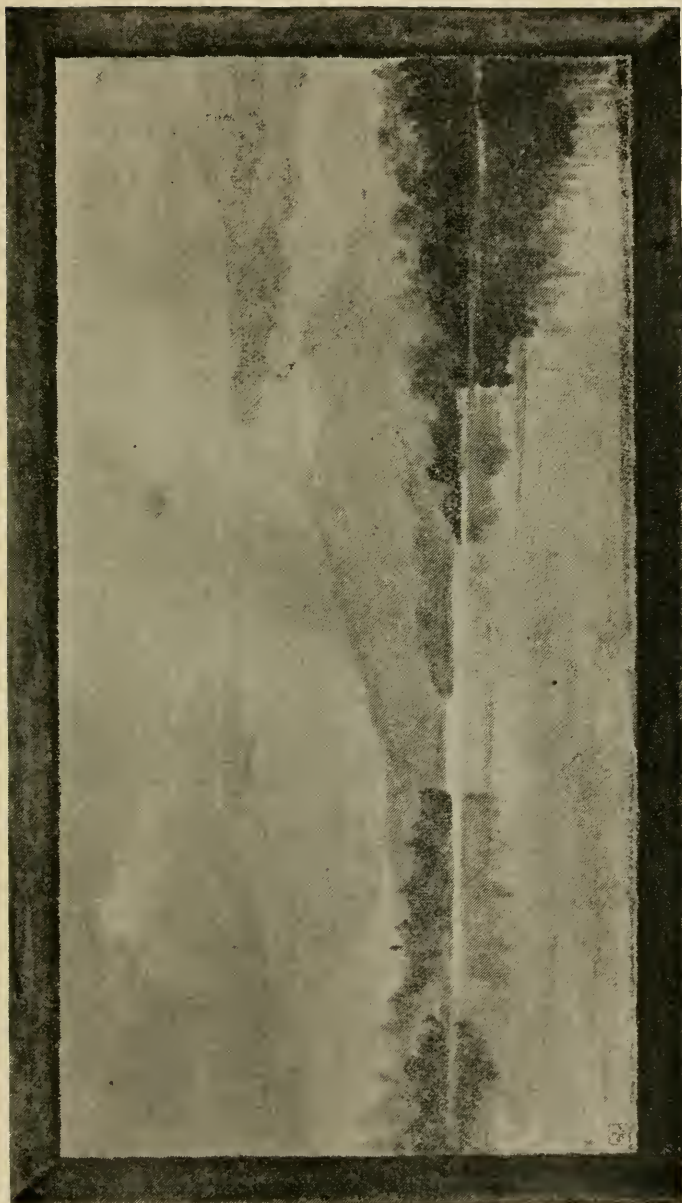


BEMIS STREAM.  
WEST KENNEBAGO MT.  
RANGELEY LAKES.



across the placid waters to the long ridge of Bald Mountain. A short and pleasant walk leads from the Outlet down to Indian Rock, the headquarters of the Oquossoc Angling Association, a wealthy company of Boston and New-York gentlemen, who have established here comfortable lodges and fish-hatcheries, and a fleet of many boats. This corporation is one of the chief agencies in stocking the lakes with young fish, and in enforcing the observance hercabouts of the game-laws of Maine.

Another carry leads in little over a mile from the Outlet to Haines' Landing and the Mooselucmaguntic House, a famous place for large trout, and a great variety of game in the forest. Close to Indian Rock, the beautiful Cupsuptic Lake opens away to the northward, environed by sandy beaches



AZISCOOS MOUNTAIN, RANGELEY LAKES, FROM MOOSELUCMAGUNTIC.

and broken by long promontories and green islands. By ascending this bright forest-tarn and the inflowing stream for seventeen miles, we may reach the long eight-mile carry which leads across the hills to Parmachenee Lake, away up at the head of the Magalloway River. From Cupsuptic Lake, the Narrows, abounding in fish and bordered by camps and lodges, leads to Indian Rock and Lake Mooselucmaguntic, the central basin of the Rangeley country, with a length of eight miles and a width of two miles. A small steamboat makes daily trips down the lake, from Indian Rock to Haines'



DEER MOUNTAIN.  
RANGELEY LAKES.

Landing, Bugle Cove, Bemis Camp, and the Upper Dam, a pleasant voyage, past islands large enough to have furnished vast rafts of lumber, and miniature archipelagoes and tree-tufted rocks and islets. Noble mountain-

views are afforded,—the Aziscoö and Boundary peaks on the north, Bald Mountain on the east, and the Bema group on the south, with the far-away White Mountains low down on the horizon. This is indeed the most picturesque and diversified of the lakes, and affords also the greatest advantage for the sportsman. From Allerton Lodge, at Bugle Cove, the ascent of Bald Mountain is sometimes made, and from this lake-surrounded peak an interesting view is given over the wide Rangeley country. Bugle Cove also has a notable prospect of Mount Aziscoö, and of Elephant's Hump and the other

peaks of the Bema Range. Bema Bay opens away toward the mountains, from the lower part of the lake, and receives the outlet of the Bema Ponds. Here stands the woodland hostelry known as Camp Bemis, and accommodating a goodly number of sportsmen.

The outlet of Mooselucmaguntic is at the Upper Dam, a ponderous structure of timber and rocks, a third of a mile long, built in 1845-47. There is a hotel near by; and some of the best trout-fishing around the lakes may be enjoyed in the vicinity.

A short carry leads from Trout Cove, on Mooselucmaguntic, to Echo Landing, on Mollychunkamunk Lake, somewhat smaller than its neighbor, and covering ten square miles, amid Trosach-like scenery of thronging hills, overlooked by Aziscoös, Moose Mountain, and other high blue peaks. Its clear cold waters are the home of myriads of trout and land-locked salmon, affording satisfactory sport to the anglers whose camps and lodges nestle



THE WHITE MOUNTAINS, FROM UMBAGOG LAKE.

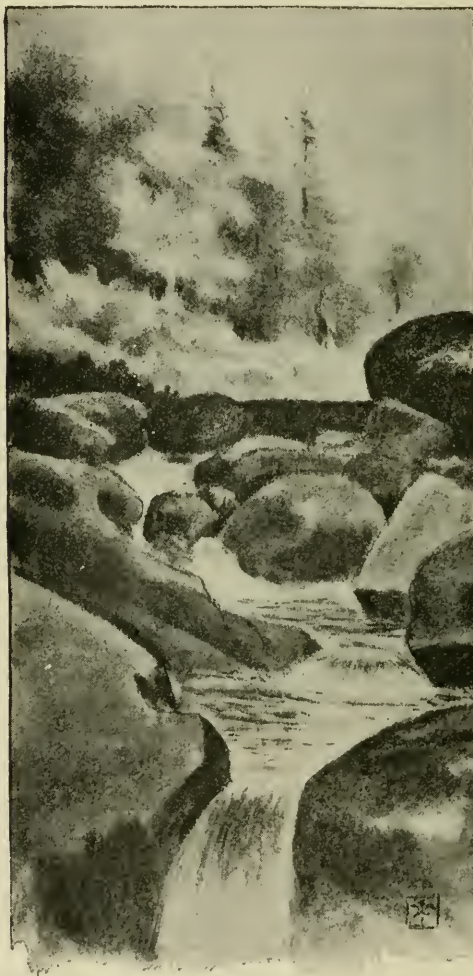
along the picturesque shores. On one side a trail leads to "the paradise of deer and ducks," Metaluk Pond; and on the other is the outfall of the lovely and sequestered Richardson Ponds, within five miles of Mount Aziscoös.

A singular two-mile corridor of water in the forest, rock-bound and leaf-strewn, joins Mollychunkamunk to its southern sister-lake, dainty Welokennebacook; and at its outlet a remarkable view is given of Mount Washington and its noble brethren. Soon afterward, Aziscoös and Observatory Peak come into sight in the opposite direction.

The steamboat on Lake Welokennebacook runs down by the Middle Dam, and into the South Arm, hemmed about with rocky and wooded ridges. From the hotel at its head, stages traverse a picturesque mountain region to Andover and Bryant's Pond, on the Grand Trunk Railway, thirty-five miles away. This is the usual route to the lower lakes of the Rangeley chain, being more direct than any other, for travellers coming from Portland way.



The Middle Dam, at the outlet of Welokennebacock, has a hotel and steamboat landing, whence a portage-road six miles long follows the course of Rapid River down to Lake Umbagog, the lowest and largest of the Rangeley group. It covers an area of eighteen square miles, with many



islands and projecting points, and views of the White Mountains, the Diamond Peaks, Aziscoös, and the high ranges toward Dixville Notch and along the Canadian border. The ports visited by the steamboat, after leaving the end of the carry from Middle Dam, are Upton, at the south end of the lake, whence stages run through the Grafton Notch to Bethel; and Errol Dam, well into the Androscoggin

SCREW-AUGER FALLS, GRAFTON NOTCH.

River, the outlet of Umbagog. From this point, highways lead up to Dixville Notch and Colebrook, on the Upper-Coös Railroad, and to Milan, close by the White Mountains.





IN DIXVILLE NOTCH.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## DEAD RIVER AND LAKE MEGANTIC.

KINGFIELD AND EUSTIS.—CHAIN OF PONDS.—SPIDER LAKE.—LAKE MEGANTIC.—TIM POND.—SEVEN PONDS.

THE narrow-gauge railroad leading from Farmington, in Maine, to Phillips, connects at the village of Strong with another and similarly built line, which makes a long ascent, and crosses the shoulder of Mount Abraham at Salem, and ends at Kingfield. From this quiet hamlet of the wilderness a stage-route ascends the pleasant Carrabassett valley for twenty-eight miles, to Eustis, with its hotel, on the banks of Dead River, and in full sight of Mount Bigelow. There are a dozen ponds in this vicinity, with sportsmen's camps, and plenty of game and fish, the chief of them being the Big Spencer Lake, eight miles long, and the beautiful Round-Mountain Lake, eleven miles from Eustis. A buckboard road leads up the Dead-River valley, following the route of Gen. Benedict Arnold's famous march against Quebec, and in eleven and a half miles reaching the Chain of Ponds, with their sportsmen's camps and inexhaustible stores of trout. Farther on is Chain Lake, in Maine; and two miles beyond the Canadian frontier lies the celebrated Spider Lake, the seat of the club-house of the Megantic Fish and Game Association. Lake Megantic is within less than a mile of Spider.

The new road to Spider Lake leads from near Tim Pond.

Lake Megantic may be reached also by taking the Lowell System from Boston to Sherbrooke, in Canada, and thence by the Canadian Pacific Railway direct to the lake. A steamboat runs on Megantic; and from the little hamlet of Three Lakes a walk of half a mile leads to Spider Lake.

Turning off from the Kingfield-Eustis road, at Stratton, twenty-two miles from Kingfield, and a little way beyond Dead River, a buckboard road leads in five miles to Smith Farm, on a plateau which commands Mount Bigelow, Saddleback, Mount Abraham, Mount Blue and many other unfamiliar northern peaks. Six miles farther on are the famous fishing-grounds of Tim Pond, 2,000 feet above the sea, and renowned for their voracious trout. Hereabouts, also, dwell moose and deer, hares and foxes, and even the beaver, now so nearly extinct in New England. There are several good camps here; and others may be found at Seven Ponds, four hours' journey farther into the forest. From this point the river may be descended (with a four-mile carry) to Kennebago Lake, whence the route is plain to Rangeley or Mooselucmaguntic.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## SEBAGO LAKE.

VIEWS OF THE MOUNTAINS. — ANDREW AND HAWTHORNE. — THE SONGO RIVER. — THE BAY OF NAPLES. — LONG POND. — BRIDGTON. — WATERFORD. — HARRISON.

“Around Sebago’s lonely lake  
There lingers not a breeze to break  
The mirror which its waters make.

“The solemn pines along its shore,  
The firs which hang its gray rocks o’er,  
Are painted on its glassy floor.”

— WHITTIER.

DOWN within sixteen miles of Portland, on the route to North Conway, the singularly clear and pure waters of Sebago Lake cover nearly a hundred square miles, with a depth in places exceeding 400 feet. It forms a broad unbroken expanse, of fine proportions, the few islands being near the shores. The immediate vicinity of the lake is rather devoid of picturesque features, but grand views of the White Mountains are afforded in the north-west,—the red peaks of Chocorua and Moat, the dark domes of Passaconaway and Carrigain, and the remoter Presidential line, fully forty miles away. On one side of the lake is the ancient town of Windham, still cherishing the birthplace of John A. Andrew, the war governor of Massachusetts; and just beyond, at the head of the long Raymond Cape, is the obscure rural neighborhood where dwelt Nathaniel Hawthorne during several of the years of his youth. Near the Notch, a picturesque strait between the outer point of Raymond Cape and Frye’s Island, they point out a cavern opening on the water, into which the lad used to row his boat, and meditate in loneliness.

The steamboat leaves the Sebago-Lake railway station daily, running northward through a chain of lakes and rivers for over thirty miles. The interest of the voyage consists largely in its diversity of scenery, the fine views of far-away mountains, and the valuable biographical associations of the region.

At the head of Sebago Lake, the steamer passes between long lines of brushwood jetties, and enters the famous Songo River, a stream six miles long, so narrow and still that the overhanging forests cover its bosom with their reflections, and so strangely devious that the boat makes nearly thirty turns within the two leagues. At one point she enters a lock, and is raised to the higher level of the lakes above.

"Nowhere such a devious stream,  
Save in fancy or in dream,  
Winding slow through bush and brake,  
Links together lake and lake.

"Walled with woods or sandy shelf,  
Ever doubling on itself,  
Flows the stream, so still and slow,  
That it hardly seems to flow."

— LONGFELLOW'S *Songo River*.

A mile beyond the lock the little steamer enters a two-mile pond, known as the Bay of Naples, and calls at the uneventful hamlet of Naples. Here we enter the river-like expanse of Long Pond, thirteen miles long and less than a mile and a half wide, its shores lined with farms, and overlooked by the august shapes of distant mountains, the crown of New England. Stages run from Bridgton Landing in a few minutes to the prosperous village of Bridgton, the terminus of a narrow-gauge railroad running to the Maine-Central route between Portland and North Conway. A short distance to the northward is the beautiful Highland Lake, gemmed by wooded islets, and overhung by green highlands.

The next port is North Bridgton, a lovely lakeside hamlet under the shadows of venerable trees, and much frequented by summer-guests. Five miles to the north, amid rugged mountains and sunny lakelets, is Waterford, famous as the birthplace of "Artemus Ward," the great American humorist of an earlier generation. Several other men of national fame originated in this secluded mountain-town.

The last port on the lake is Harrison, a pleasant village at the outlet of Anonymous Pond. On the noble-viewing hill back of this fresh-water harbor flows the Summit Mineral Spring, held in high repute for its medicinal virtues.

The fishing in the Sebago waters consists of black bass, land-locked salmon, pickerel, white perch, and trout. The favorite rendezvous for anglers is at Ingalls's Grove, on Long Pond.

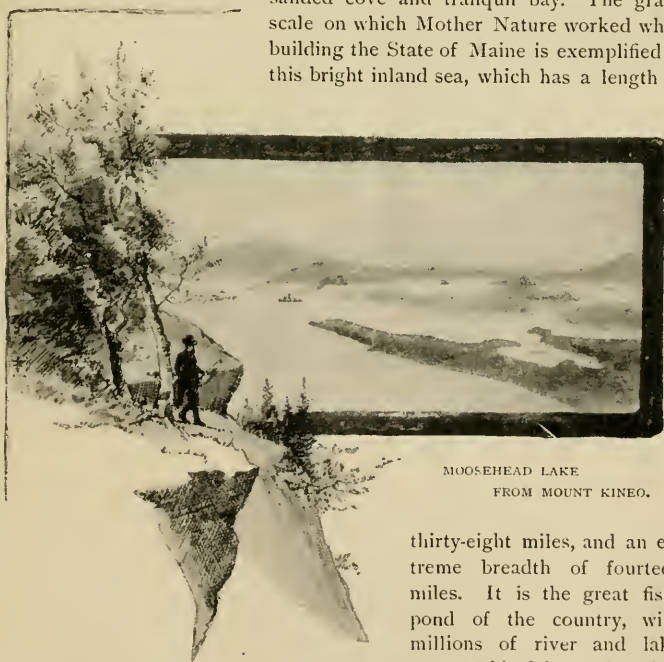
A brief description of the notable lakes of Maine would fill a volume far too ponderous for our present purpose. We must, therefore, pass by Lake Maranacook, in Winthrop, the most famous picnic-ground in the State, winding for eight miles among the hills and groves, and dotted with pretty islets; the great ponds of Belgrade, with their miniature archipelagoes, and myriads of bass and perch; Cobbossee Contee Pond, near Gardiner, stretching for nine miles between grassy hills and groves of cedar and red oak, and populous with black bass and white perch; Androscoggin Pond, in Leeds, flowing for nearly two leagues through a lovely rural region frequented by summer-boarders; Weld Pond, not far from Wilton, overlooked by Mount Blue, and famous for its fisheries; Lake Auburn, three miles from the city of Auburn, with its well-known mineral spring and summer-hotel; and scores of others.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## MOOSEHEAD LAKE.

THE WILDERNESS SEA.—ITS MOUNTAIN-WALLS.—THE VOYAGE BY STEAMBOAT.—KINEO.—A LINE OF SUMMER-HOTELS.

MOOSEHEAD is the queen of the Maine lakes, far away in the northern wilderness, a thousand feet above the sea, and presenting a rare combination of mountain and crag, silent primeval forests, and enchanted islands, and great sunlit reaches of blue water, with many a lovely silver-sanded cove and tranquil bay. The grand scale on which Mother Nature worked while building the State of Maine is exemplified in this bright inland sea, which has a length of



MOOSEHEAD LAKE  
FROM MOUNT KINEO.

thirty-eight miles, and an extreme breadth of fourteen miles. It is the great fish-pond of the country, with millions of river and lake trout, whitefish, and other gamey denizens of the waters. Over the rough seas that the south-east gales often pile up, the Indian canoes float like gulls, quartering along the white-crested waves with inimitable grace and buoyancy.

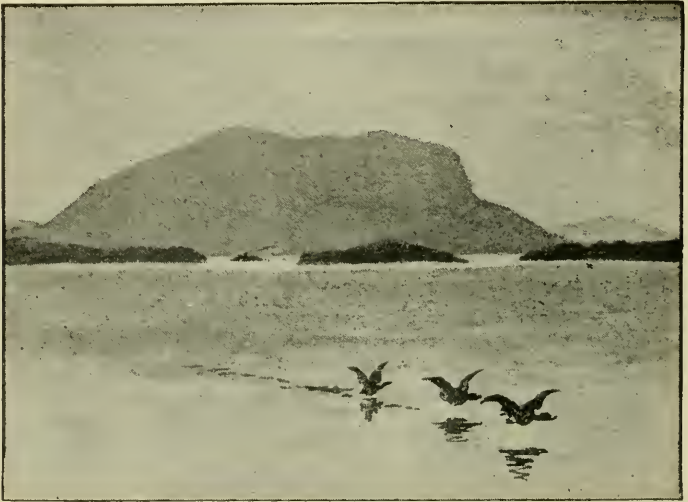
The four hundred miles of shore-line encircling Moosehead contain a



great variety of scenery, lines of shaggy hills, deep and sheltered bays, and the estuaries of well-known fishing-streams. The perfumes of pine and spruce fill the pure highland air, untainted by the dead exhalations of towns, and prepare a tonic which it is delightful to breathe. This is the chief of all the myriad lakes of Maine ; and every season thousands of vacation-tourists seek its refreshing and invigorating surroundings.

The favorite excursion is to the top of Mount Kineo, a steep scramble, by a well-marked path leading through fragrant woodlands, and over stretches of soft moss and iron-like ledges. From the summit we gain a bird's-eye view of the great lake with its shining northern bay, and its many shadowy mountains, and the dim distant peak of Katahdin.

Trusty guides may be found at the Kineo, by whose aid many pleasant excursions are enjoyed over the surrounding waters, and to the haunts of fish



MOUNT KINEO, MOOSEHEAD LAKE.

among the Moody Islands and over by Brassua, and Tomhegan, and Socatean. Or the bolder adventurer may ascend to the North-East Carry, whence a road leads in two miles to the West Branch of the Penobscot. (When James Russell Lowell carried his baggage over this portage he estimated the distance at 18,674 $\frac{3}{4}$  miles.) Thence the canoes descend the West Branch of the Penobscot for eighteen miles to Lake Chesuncook, eighteen miles long, and enwrapped in the great northern wilderness. The West Branch flows down thence for ninety miles to Mattawamkeag, on the Maine Central Railroad; and from Chesuncook the sturdy woodsman may visit Chamberlain Lake, and Cancomgomoc, and Caribou Lake, and Ripogenus, and many another silent tarn among the houseless woods.

The graceful Squaw Mountains, the cone-like peaks of the Spencer range,



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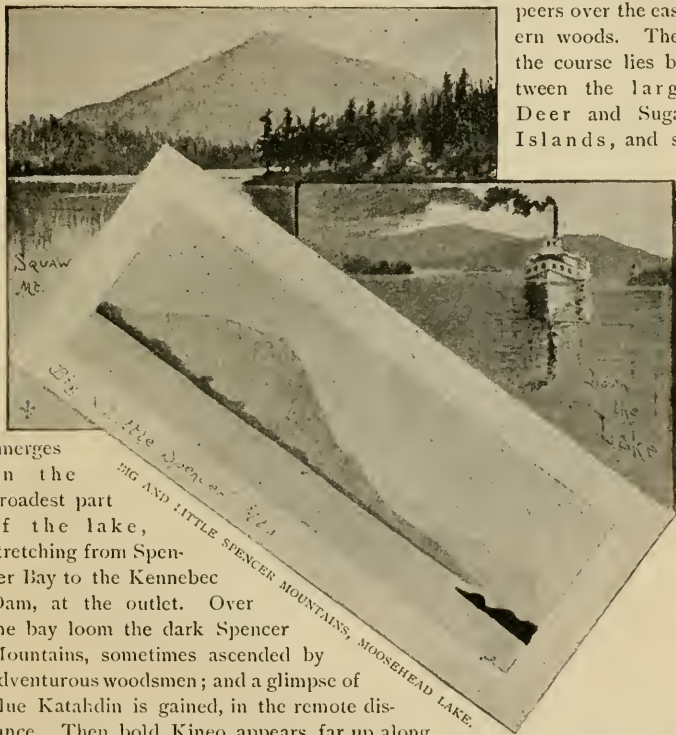
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and the Lily-Bay group, with scores of great green hills, and the singularly precipitous Mount Kineo, add an element of grandeur to the scenery, which is enhanced by views of the far-away Mount Katahdin, alone in the eastern wilderness. Civilization has as yet made but few advances into this wild land, and the shores are almost entirely in their original and primeval solitude.

It is a pleasant voyage by steamboat from the southern end of the lake to Kineo, a distance of twenty miles. From abreast of Burnt-Jacket Cliff, the great Squaw Mountain comes into sight, on the west, and White Cap

peers over the eastern woods. Then the course lies between the large Deer and Sugar Islands, and so



emerges on the broadest part of the lake, stretching from Spencer Bay to the Kennebec Dam, at the outlet. Over the bay loom the dark Spencer Mountains, sometimes ascended by adventurous woodsmen; and a glimpse of blue Katahdin is gained, in the remote distance. Then bold Kineo appears, far up along the shining waters; and in a short time the happy inland voyage is ended, and we reach the comfortable and fashionable hotel, the summer-capital of this vast natural park.

There are many other interesting lakes in this northern region,—Sebec, with its four leagues of bright waters; Onaway, abounding in fish; Hebron, near the great slate-quarries of Monson; and scores of others, each with its summer-quota of visitors. The best of guides and equipments may be found

at Greenville, Kineo, Sebec, and other outposts of civilization on the edge of the immense northern wilderness.

There are summer-hotels at Greenville, near the southern end of the lake; at West Cove, near by, where the Canadian Pacific Railway intersects the Bangor & Piscataquis Railroad; at the Outlet, where the Kennebec flows away to the south-west; on Deer Island; at North-East Carry; at the foot of Mount Kineo; and up in Lily Bay. The score of trout-ponds around Greenville, the ascent of Squaw Mountain and others of the lakeland peaks, the canoe-voyage up forest-bound Moose River, the quiet old forest-inn at Roach Pond, the lovely Brassua Lake, the water-lilies and sandy beaches of Lobster Lake, the manifold attractions of Matangomook, Aboljackarmegas, Neso-wadnehunk, Seboomook, Allagash, Pongokwahemook, and hundreds of other



KATAHDIN, FROM NORTH BAY (MOOSEHEAD).

famous places for camping and fishing and hunting, are minutely described and illustrated in Hubbard's capital "Guide to Moosehead Lake and Northern Maine," and the same scholarly writer's "Woods and Lakes of Maine," which may be procured in Boston.

Moosehead Lake is reached by the Pullman express from Boston to Bangor, whence the Bangor & Piscataquis Railroad runs to the lake.



## CHAPTER XX.

## FRONTIER FISHING.

THE MIRAMICHI AND RESTIGOUCHE.—THE ST. JOHN RIVER.—THE SOUTH-WEST MIRAMICHI.—THE TOBIQUE RIVER.—GRAND FALLS.—EDMUNDSTON.—THE FISH-RIVER LAKES.—TEMIXOUATA LAKE.—CABANO LAKE.—THE AROOSTOOK COUNTRY.

THE railway route running eastward from Bangor gives access to a region which is rich in opportunities for the hunter and fisherman. From Olamon, the lovely Nictaus Lake is reached; from Enfield, you go in to Coldstream Pond; Winn is the station for Duck Lake; and from Mattawamkeag stages run to many places in north-eastern Maine. Vanceboro' is the point of departure for the trout-fishing on the St. Croix and the Chiputneticook Lakes. Around to the southward, by McAdam Junction and Calais, is the great network of the Schoodic Lakes; and from St. Andrews opens the famous fishing-region of Lake Utopia and the connected waters. From St. John, a short run by steamer across the Bay of Fundy leads to Digby and Annapolis, and the entrances to the great interior wilderness of Nova Scotia, a land of beautiful lakes and forests and highlands, abounding in all kinds of game and fish. Northward from St. John, daily steamboats ascend the pleasant St. John River in seven hours to Fredericton, the "Celestial City," the capital of New Brunswick, and the seat of its University and Anglican Cathedral. The railway running thence to Chatham gives access to the famous salmon-fishing streams of the Miramichi, especially in the vicinity of Boiestown. The famous sea-trout of Tabusintac may be sought from Newcastle. The Intercolonial Railway runs north to Bathurst, another favorite centre for sportsmen, near the Tête-à-Gauche and Nepisiguit Rivers and other capital places for salmon-fishing. The Caraquet Railway runs eastward to Caraquet and Shippegan, on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, through a picturesque Acadian country, abounding in fish and game.

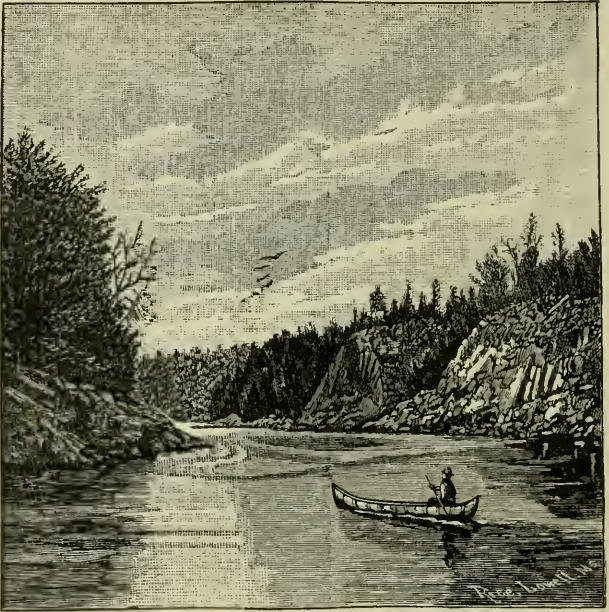
Still northward, on the Intercolonial line, and we come to the seaport of Dalhousie, where the Restigouche River enters the Bay of Chaleur. This is beyond question one of the finest salmon streams in the world, and hundreds of scientific anglers follow its shining course every season.

The entire frontier of New Brunswick is lined with capital fishing-regions, which may be reached by the Boston & Maine and Maine Central Railroads to McAdam Junction, and thence by the New-Brunswick Railway, north or south.

The River St. John, flowing for four hundred and fifty miles in Maine and New Brunswick, illustrates the development of Canadian civilization,

from the Indian wigwams and canoes on its upper waters to the quaint Acadian hamlets of the Madawaska region, the scattered farms of the English pioneers farther down, and the prosperous and modern commercial city at the mouth, with its great shipping.

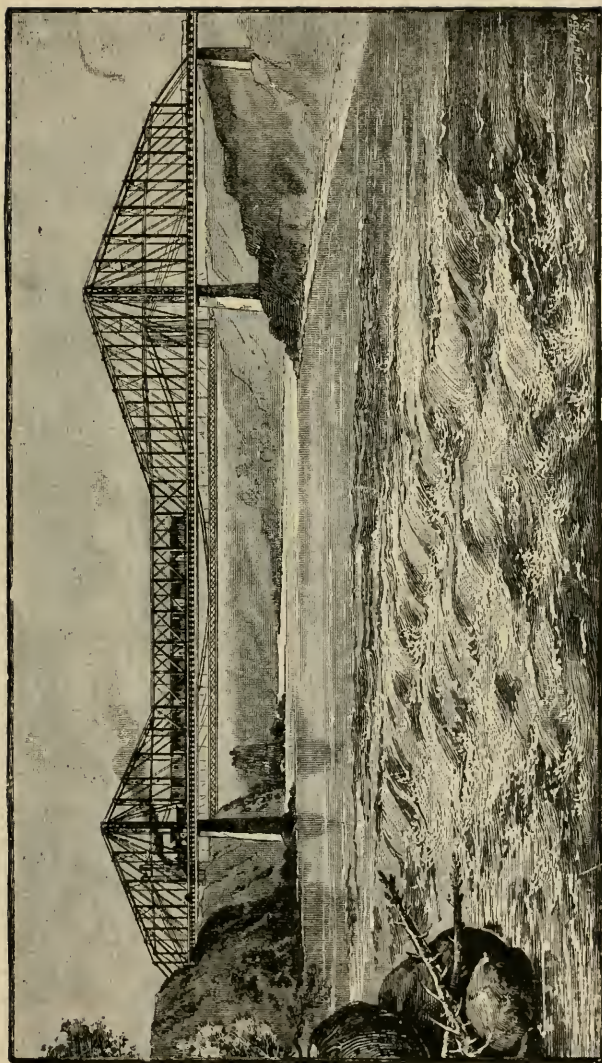
The celebrated fishing-grounds of the South-west Miramichi are reached from Kent station, by a good road leading in eight miles to Glassville, and seven miles farther to Foreston, and nine miles (by carriage or canoe) to McEwan's, at the Forks, where guides and boats are found. There are many salmon and trout hereabouts, with teal and black duck around the lakes, and partridges and caribou in the woods. From the Forks, the stream



TOBIQUE NARROWS.

may be descended for sixty-eight miles to Boiestown, on the Northern & Western Railway.

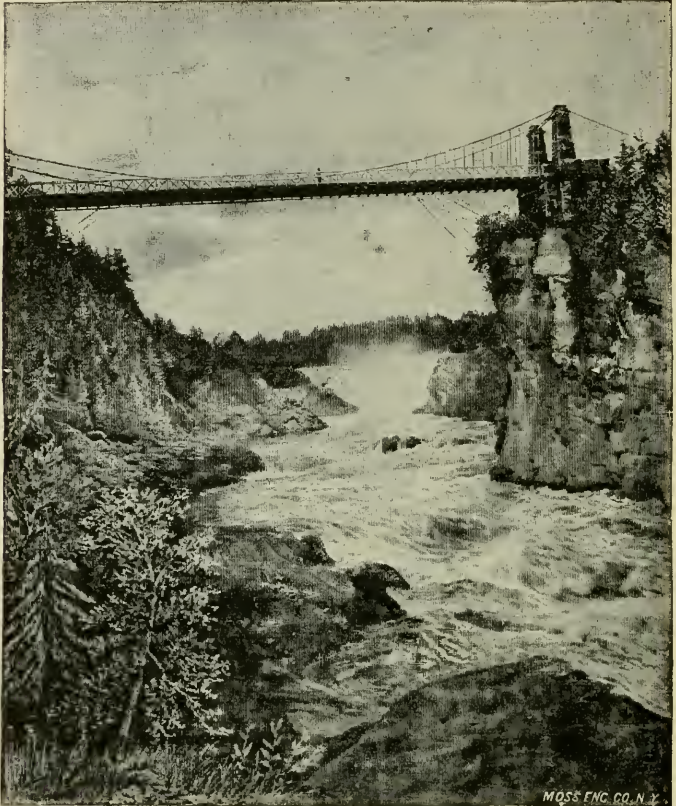
The Tobique River is the most picturesque stream in this region, with its red cliffs and far-away blue mountain-walls. It abounds in trout, tuladi, salmon, and other gamey and valiant fish. The village of Andover is on the St. John, and the New-Brunswick Railway; and two miles above is an ancient Catholic colony of two hundred Milicete Indians, where the best guides and canoes are obtained for the ascent of the Tobique, through the Narrows, between rocky cliffs; to the Red Rapids, twelve miles up; and the Forks, sixty miles up. This is in the heart of the wilderness, inhabited only by moose and bears. Two days' navigation above is Nictaux Lake, imbedded



CANTILEVER BRIDGE, ST. JOHN, N.B.



in spruce and cedar woods, and overlooked by the high Nictaux Mountain. A three-mile carry leads to Nepisiguit Lake, whence we may descend the Nepisiguit River to the Bay of Chaleur. The Campbell River may be ascended from the Forks to Tobique Lake, four miles long, whence a two-mile carry leads to Long Lake, eight miles, and a nine-mile portage goes thence to the upper waters of the South-west Miramichi.



GRAND FALLS, N.B.

At Grand Falls, close to the village and station of the same name, the St. John River makes a noble plunge of seventy-five feet, with a current three hundred feet wide, and thunders down between black and spray-wet cliffs into a great whirlpool. Around and below this point the guests of the summer-hotel in the village visit the Wells, Pulpit Rock, the Coffee Mill, the Cave, and other interesting places, bordered by the swirling expanses of white water. In this vicinity is some of the finest scenery in Canada.

Edmundston, on the New-Brunswick Railway and the St. John River, is a capital point of departure for fishermen, being handy to the famous Green River, the Squatook Lakes, the Fish-River Lakes, and other well-known fishing-grounds. It is a plain little village, near the centre of the extensive Acadian and Catholic settlements on the Upper St. John, in a country of considerable natural beauty.

The Eagle and Fish-River Lakes afford very good sport to the fisherman. They are reached by rail to Edmundston, whence a road leads in seven miles to Frenchville, on the Maine side of the St. John River. A five-mile road runs thence to Long Lake, whence the canoeman can traverse a chain of lonely lakes, with uninhabited shores, for a day and a half's journey. These include Mud, Cross, Square, Eagle, and Neddeau Lakes, all of them abounding in large trout and tuladi, especially near the mouths of the cold inflowing brooks and in the thoroughfares joining the lakes. From Neddeau, the canoe descends Fish River to the old border stronghold of Fort Kent, and down the St. John to Edmundston. The trolling in the Fish-River Lakes is full of excitement, and sixteen-pound tuladi have been caught. Occasionally, a bear or caribou looks out from the woods. The best time for fishing here is from mid-June to late summer. Ten days makes a good trip. Xavier Burgoin, Frenchville, Madawaska, Me., furnishes canoes and guides.

Temiscouata Lake is a beautiful highland loch, six hundred feet above the sea, and winding for twenty-seven miles among the highlands, with deep water, abounding in salmon-trout and perch, and numerous influent streams and dependent lakes, where good trout-fishing is found. The Madawaska River can be ascended by steam-launch from Edmundston to the head of the lake, a distance of nearly fifty miles. The Temiscouata Railway follows the lake-shore its entire length, on the way from Edmundston to Rivière du Loup. Many years ago, this sequestered water was guarded by a garrison of redcoats, in Fort Ingalls, one of the line of fortresses joining Quebec and Halifax. But the jolly grenadiers have departed, many years ago; and near the site of their old camp-ground is the pleasant French hamlet of Notre Dame du Lac, whose angelus bells sound sweetly over Temiscouata every evening. One of the best excursions in the neighborhood is along the Squatook lakes.

Cabano Lake is twenty-seven miles from Edmundston, fifteen by road up the St. John, four up Caron-Brook Valley, four across Baker Lake, and four by portage. It is a beautiful sheet of water, fourteen miles long, without a single house or clearing, and bordered by heavy hardwood forests and high hills. The trout and tuladi (salmon-trout) of these lakes are famous for their number and size, and afford excellent sport. The outlet of Cabano runs down to Lake Temiscouata in twenty miles, with two or three short carries. A three-mile portage leads from Cabano to the St. Francis River, which may be descended (through Bean Lake and Glazier Lake) in twenty-five miles to the St. John, thirty-five miles above Edmundston, and all plain sailing.

The celebrated Aroostook Country, one of the best farming-regions of



New England, is entered by the New-Brunswick Railway, Houlton, its shire-town, being reached by an eight-mile branch from Debec Junction, and Caribou and Presque Isle being on another branch, leading westward from Aroostook.

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Amid the glens of the Appalachian highlands, beginning away down in the Gulf States, overspreading Northern New England, and sinking down into the highlands about the Gulf of St. Lawrence, there are scores of beautiful lakes, whose titles even cannot be mentioned here. Merry-meeting, Massabesic, Caspian, Ossipee, Massawippi, Dunmore, Province, Bomaseen, Newichawannock, — their names are rich in aboriginal melody or legendary association, and bear pleasant suggestions to the thousands who frequent their shores, in the restful summer-time. In these quiet landscapes, rich in immeasurable verdure, and lighted by the blue and silver of the highland waters, there is a peculiar restfulness, very grateful to the weary citizen, and not without charm even for the habitual idler. The telephone and fire-alarm and ticker and ledger, far away in the sun-scorched towns, are forgotten, and the sights and sounds of rural life happily replace them. And so, drifting down sylvan streams and unknown rivers, or dreaming by the side of lapsing ripples, we may enter the confines of a new life, and store up reserves of strength for the coming days.

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

Lead us away in shadow and sunshine,  
 Slaves of fancy, through all thy miles,  
 The winding ways of Penigewasset,  
 And Winnipесаукее's hundred isles.—WHITTIER.

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