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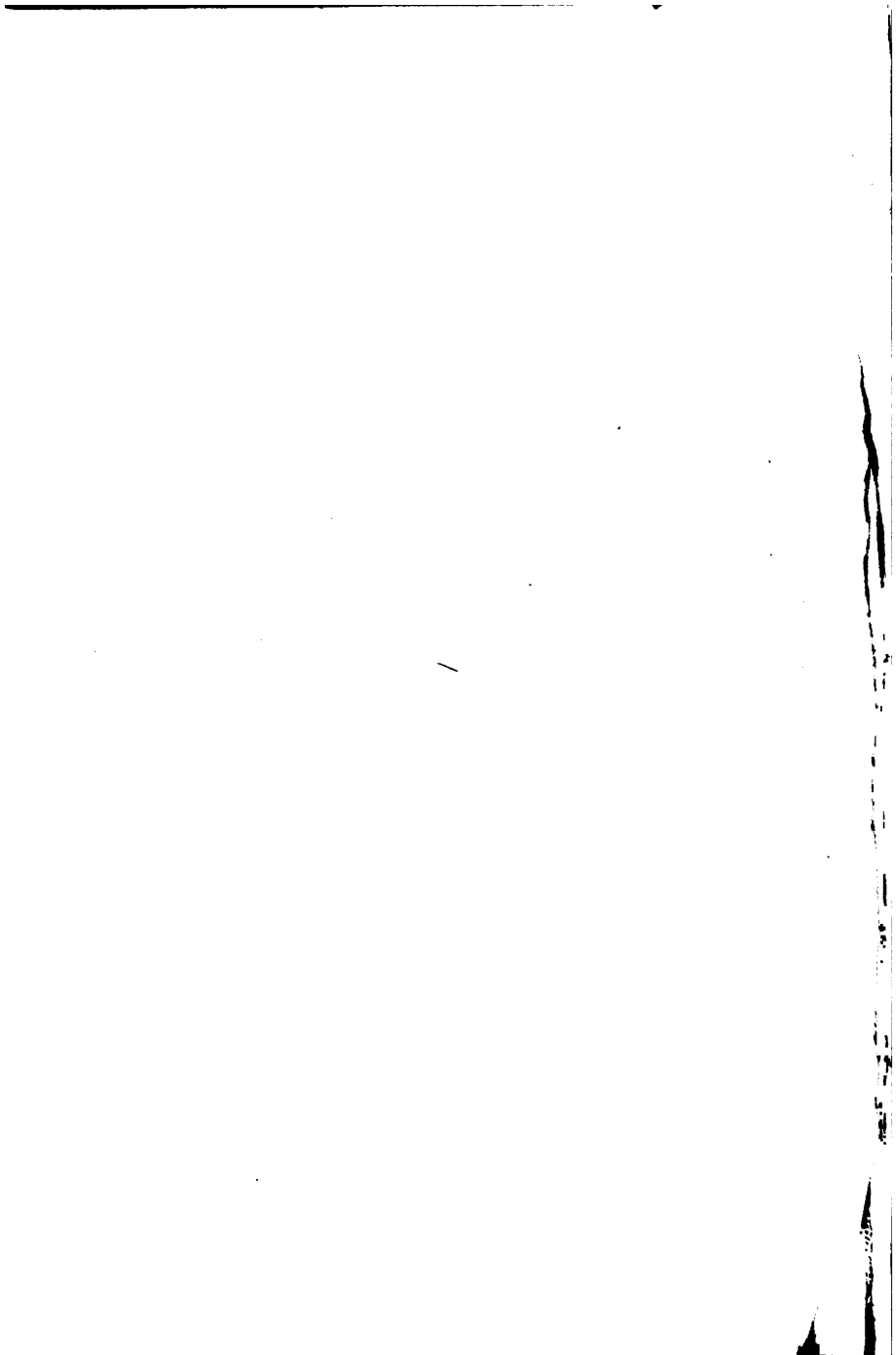
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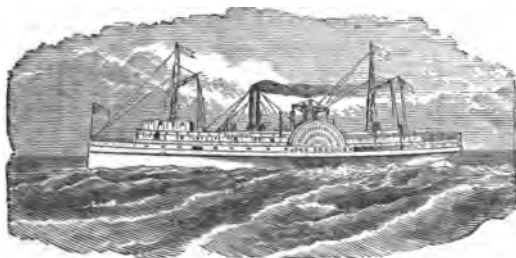
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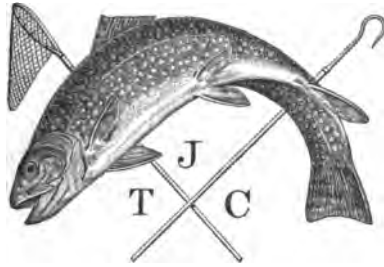
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PREFACE TO THE ELEVENTH EDITION.

O many changes are constantly occurring in the Androscoggin Lakes Region, that, in spite of the heavy expense entailed, the author is compelled to get out a new edition of this work every year.

Special attention has been paid to making the Guide complete and correct, the latest news from the lake region having been procured up to the time of going to press; and it is the author's opinion that those wishing to visit this region will find, from a careful reading of its pages, all the information that is necessary to make their journey a pleasant one.

During the nineteenth century book-making has become an art; and in typography, paper, and illustrations, this volume will compare favorably with those of more pretensions; while, as a Guide-Book, for the last three years, it has been called the finest in the country. A new cover, of characteristic and original design, takes the place of the old one. Several new engravings have been added; also thirty-two pages of reading-matter; while the paper on which the book has been printed has been manufactured expressly for it. Several additions have been made to the map, and a few trifling errors corrected; while the price of the book remains the same. It is the only standard work on the Androscoggin Lakes Region, and is recognized as an authority on all matters appertaining to that locality, by *Forest and Stream*, the *American Angler*, and other first-class sporting publications.

The author would call careful attention to the changes in the Dixville Notch Route; arrangements having been perfected for a regular daily line through this wonderful region of picturesque beauty, introducing the tourist to the finest mount-

ain scenery in New England. A daily stage-line has also been established from Bethel direct to the new Lakeside Hotel, in Cambridge, N. H., at the foot of Lake Umbagog.

The travel to Maine still rapidly increases, and her numerous summer resorts will accommodate ten times the people that have yet appeared at them. Among them all the Androscoggin Lakes Region stands preëminent for health and attractiveness, and the facilities for reaching this charming location are yearly increased, while the cost of tickets is reduced with each season. The placing of a daily line of steamers on Lake Umbagog and the Magalloway River was a long-needed improvement, and has been appreciated by the travelling public, who are indebted for this service to the author of this book, and also for the large reductions in fares that have taken place the last three years.

Still another improvement has been made in the travelling facilities in the Lake Region. The Androscoggin Lakes Transportation Company, the pioneers of business enterprise in the Lake Region have established a new Steamboat Line on the Upper Magalloway River, making it now a very easy matter to reach Parmachenee Lake *via* the Bethel route, and full particulars of this line will be found elsewhere in the book.

The different railroads will offer a larger variety of round-trip tickets to this region this summer than ever before, and they will be on sale at all general ticket-offices throughout the country.

Our readers should be careful and not overlook the advertisements, as they each contain something of interest that will not be found elsewhere in the book.

ROCKVIEW, JAMAICA PLAIN, May 1, 1887.

CONTENTS.



CHAPTER	PAGE
I.—The Androscoggin Lakes	15
II.—Hints on Camping Out	23
III.—Routes from Boston to the Androscoggin Lake Region. The Bethel and Cambridge Route	45
IV.—From Cambridge, Lake Umbagog, to the Middle Dam	69
V.—The Bryant's Pond and Andover Route. From Boston to Andover, Me.	83
VI.—From Andover to the South Arm	91
VII.—From the South Arm to the Upper Dam	105
VIII.—The Upper Dam and the Richardson Ponds	121
IX.—Catches of Trout and Land-locked Salmon	139
X.—From the Upper Dam to Bemis' Stream, Haines' Landing, Cupsuptic Lake and Indian Rock	153
XI.—From Indian Rock to Oquossoc Outlet, Rangeley Village, Greenvale, and the head of Oquossoc Lake	167
XII.—Rangeley Village, Kennebago Lake, and the Seven Ponds	177
XIII.—The Phillips and Farmington Route. From Boston to Greenvale, Oquossoc Lake, and Rangeley Village	185
XIV.—From New York and Boston to Dixville Notch, and the Androscoggin Lakes, <i>via</i> Boston and Lowell Railroad	199
XV.—From the Glen House, and Fabyan's, White Mountains, to the Androscoggin Lakes Region, <i>via</i> Bethel, Me., and Lakeside, Cambridge, N. H.	215
XVI.—From Boston to the Androscoggin Lakes, <i>via</i> North Strat- ford, Colebrook, Dixville Notch, and Errol Dam	221
XVII.—The lower Magalloway and the Diamond Rivers, Parma- chenee Lake, and the Upper Magalloway. Routes from Boston, Expense, Scenery, Fishing, Hunting, etc.	237
XVIII.—Andover, Maine, as a Summer Resort	269

CHAPTER	PAGE
XIX.—Drives around Andover. To Roxbury Pond, Black Brook Notch, White Cap Mountain, and Farmer's Hill . . .	275
XX.—Waterfalls and Cascades. The Cataracts, Upper and Lower Falls, Cascade, Basin, and Flume	279
XXI.—Bald Pate Mountain. The Ascent and View from its Summit	285
XXII.—Excursions to Dunn's Notch, and East B Hill	291
XXIII.—Excursions to Lake Umbagog, Magalloway River, and Dixville Notch	295
XXIV.—Trout-Fishing	301
XXV.—Game Laws of Maine	309
XXVI.—Game-Fish Laws of Maine	313
XXVII.—Rates of Fares and Round Trip Excursion Tickets	323
XXVIII.—Game and Fish Laws of N. H.	335

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
Frontispiece	2
Duck-Shooting at South Arm, Lake Welokennebacook	8
"Camping Out" at Mouth of River, Upper Dam	20
Frame of Camp	26
Roof and End	27
Camp Complete	28
Camp Furniture	29
Camp Cookery	30
The "Old Union" of Lake Umbagog: first steamer ever run on the Androscoggin Lakes	37
A Private Party en route to Lakeside, N. H.	40
View on Androscoggin River, between Bethel and Newry Corner	44
Screw Auger Falls, Bear River	46
The Fall, Grafton Notch	50
Lake Umbagog from B Hill	55
Umbagog Lake from Steamboat Landing, Cambridge, N. H.	61
Lakeside Hotel, Cambridge, N. H.	66
Middle Dam Camp, Lake Welokennebacook, [1876]	71
New Middle Dam Camp, Lake Welokennebacook, [1878]	76
Crossing the Androscoggin River at Rumford	86
Village of Andover, Me., with Old Bald Pate Mountain	92
Devil's Den, Black Brook, Lake Road, Andover, Me.	94
Wooland Glimpses	98
Natural Arch, Lake Road, C Township, Me.	100
Steamer Welokennebacook and Buckbord at South Arm	102
Lakeview Cottage at South Arm	104
Wooding up on Lake Welokennebacook	107
Lake Welokennebacook and Speckled Mountain	110
Lake Molechunkamunk from Metallak Point	112
Camp Whitney and View looking North	116
The Upper Dam	120
Rapids below Upper Dam and Azischohos Mountain	122
Birch Lodge and View looking South	125
Log Camp and Boat House, Richardson Pond	129
Camp Bellevue, Lake Molechunkamunk [1876]	133
Azischohos and Observatory Mountains from Camp Bellevue	138

	PAGE
Camp Bellevue, Lake Molechunkamunk [1882]	141
Lake Molechunkamunk, South-east View, from Camp Bellevue	145
Androscoggin Lakes' Spotted Brook Trout	149
Camp Allerton, Lake Mooselucmaguntic	154
Lake Mooselucmaguntic and Benais Mountains from Bugle Cove	158
Indian Rock and Rangeley Stream	162
Interior of Camp Kennebago	166
Camp Henry, Rangeley Outlet	170
Steamer Molly Chunkamunk at Oquosoc Outlet	174
View of Kennebago Lake from Snowman's Point	179
State Normal School, Farmington, Maine	186
Maine Central Railroad Bridge, Farmington, Maine	190
View of Oquosoc Lake and Ram Island	195
Middle Dam and Rapid River	198
Mount Monadnock, and Colebrook, N. H.	207
Beaver Falls, Colebrook, N. H.	211
General View of Dixville Notch, N. H.	214
Old man of the Mountain, Dixville Notch, N. H.	218
Wild River Bridge, Grand Trunk Railway	227
Berlin Falls, Androscoggin River, N. H.	232
Dix House, Dixville Notch, N. H.	235
Steamer Diamond on Androscoggin River	240
Moose Shooting on the Magalloway River	244
Foot of Kennebago Lake	251
Parmachenee Lake, looking North	255
Parmachenee Lake, looking West	259
Head of Moose shot at Parmachenee Lake	265
The Andover House, Andover, Me.	270
Mt. Sawyer and Sluice Dam, Black Brook Notch, Andover, Me.	274
Upper Fall Cataract Brook, Andover, Me.	278
Sylvan Cascade, Cataract Brook, Andover, Me.	281
The Flume, Cataract Brook, Andover, Me.	284
Silver Ripple Cascade, Black Brook, Andover, Me.	290
On a Buckboard	294
The Flume, Dixville Notch, N. H.	298
An Obstacle	303
Lead Mine Bridge, Shelburne, N. H.	312
Mounts Washington and Madison from Lead Mine Bridge	316

CHAPTER I.

The Androscoggin Lakes.



THE chain of lakes known as the ANDROSCOGGIN LAKES lie near the western boundary of Maine, in Franklin and Oxford counties. The lower lake of the chain, Umbagog, is more than half in Coos County, New Hampshire. The lakes are known severally as Oquossoc, Cupsuptic, Mooselucmaguntic, Molechunkamunk, Welokennebacock and Umbagog. These six lakes are all connected by narrows or streams, forming one continuous water communication for about fifty miles.

The country about the northern, southern, and eastern shores of Oquossoc, and the southern shore of Umbagog, also a small strip of land along the valley of the Magalloway River, is partially cleared up, and some very good farms have been started; all the rest of the country in the lake region is an unbroken wilderness, known only by the hunter or lumberman. Game and fish in abundance are found through all the district, and the number of adventurers who penetrate

these rugged wilds in summer is every year on the increase. The mountains are well-covered with a growth of trees—birch, beech, maple, ash, hemlock, spruce, fir, cedar and pine, on the higher lands; and along the courses of the streams, almost impenetrable thickets of spruce, hemlock and cedar. The spruce affords the most valuable timber, which is run down the various streams in the time of the spring freshets, and thence across the lakes. Sapling-pine is quite common, but there is very little of the old growth, or, "pumpkin-pine," as the natives call it, left.

Two other lakes mentioned in this book, while lying at a distance from the main body, are connected with them by the rivers that form their outlets. Kennebago Lake lies about eleven miles north of Oquossoc, as the road runs, and is connected with the chain by the Kennebago River, which serves as an outlet for its waters. It empties into Rangeley Stream at Indian Rock.

Kennebago is one of the prettiest lakes in the State of Maine, and although it has a dam at the foot of it, it is not high enough to flow the shores much, and the natural beauty of the lake has not been materially injured. It runs east and west, and is almost completely surrounded with high mountains. Its shores are thickly wooded, and there are several nice sand beaches about it. Standing on the point at the head of the lake, the site of Snowman's old camp, you obtain a fine view, embracing nearly the entire sheet of water. On your left is Spotted Mountain, which descends to the water, and extends along the lake for several miles. On the right, a little ridge, known as Wild Cat Hill, serves to confine the water on that side. Beyond this is East Kennebago Mountain. West Kennebago and Snow Mountains are also plainly to be seen from this point. Some of the most beautiful sunsets we have ever witnessed we saw at Kennebago Lake, and the view of lake and mountain from Snowman's Point during the sun's decline is superb. We do not try to describe it, for it would be simply an impossibility. Kennebago is five or six miles long, and from a quarter of a mile to a mile and a half wide. A small steamer plies upon it during the sporting

season for the benefit of tourists and fishermen. Three miles above the lake is a pond, known as Little Kennebago, where there is good fishing. A light-draught boat can be run up the stream between the lake and the pond without much difficulty. The Seven Ponds, a great place for trout-fishing, are twelve miles north of Kennebago Lake, and may be reached easily by following up the stream from Little Kennebago. Most people who go to Kennebago Lake do not leave until they have visited the falls on the Kennebago River. These are situated a mile and a half from the outlet. The mile can be done in a boat; then you land at the head of the rapids, and after walking half a mile through the woods, you will reach the falls, which are more a series of heavy rapids than a regular fall, but they are well worth a visit.

Parmachenee Lake lies about fifty miles north of Umbagog, in a vast wilderness that extends for miles beyond the boundary between New England and Canada. It is connected with the latter lake by the Magalloway River, which serves as its outlet, and empties into the Androscoggin River two miles below Umbagog Lake. It is not so large as the most of the Androscoggin Lakes, but it is a gem among them, and has a peculiar beauty of its own. It is fast coming into notice with sportsmen and fishermen; its waters are filled with brook trout, and the forest about it abounds with every variety of game, from the lively little squirrel to the lordly moose. The scenery in the locality is enchanting, and, being so far beyond the bound of civilization, there is a charm and romance in visiting this lake that you will not meet with about the others.

As part of Umbagog Lake, and some of the trout streams in the vicinity of the Lakeside Hotel, lie in New Hampshire, we give in the back part of the GUIDE the game and fish laws of both Maine and New Hampshire, knowing they will be of interest to persons visiting these waters.

Dixville Notch, the wildest mountain pass in New England, is in the western part of the Androscoggin Lakes Region. It has not such high walls as the Crawford Notch, but it is so much narrower, and its peaks are so Alpine in character, that its general appearance is far more striking

and interesting. As a show piece it is ahead of either the Crawford or Franconia Notches, but has not attained the celebrity of its White Mountain rivals, simply from being less known. But the number of visitors to this wonderful scene of nature increases with each year, and the time is not far distant when White Mountain tourists will think their trip incomplete without having seen the weird and romantic scenery that charms and fascinates the beholder at Dixville Notch.

As a great many people seem to have an idea that it requires no effort to catch ten-pound trout, or to shoot deer or moose, we assure them that patience and experience are both necessary requisites to success in hunting or fishing.

Theodore Winthrop, in some of his writings, has most happily taken off the green sportsman in the Adirondack Region, and as what he has so truthfully portrayed is equally applicable to the Lake Region of Maine, we give it here. He says:—

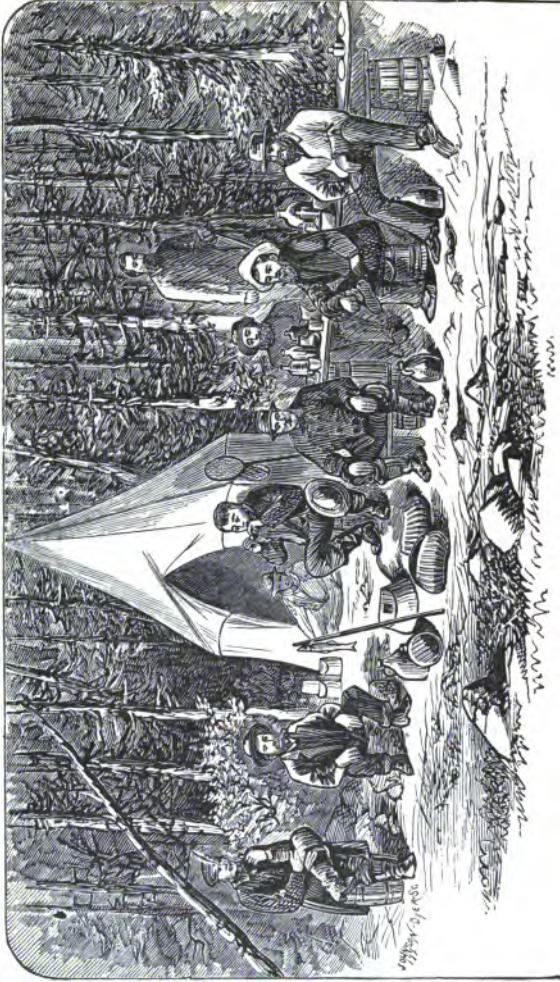
“There in the forest you see the stag of ten trots coquetting with greenhorns. He likes the excitement of being shot at and missed. He enjoys the smell of powder in a battle where he is always safe. He hears greenhorn blundering through the woods, stopping to growl at briars, stopping to revive his courage with the Dutch supplement. The stag of ten trots awaits his foe in a glade. The foe arrives, sees the antlered monarch and is panic-struck. He watches him prance and strike the ground with his hoofs. He slowly recovers heart, takes a pull at his flask, rests his gun upon a log and begins to study his mark. The stag will not stand still. Greenhorn is baffled. At last his target turns and carefully exposes that region of his body where greenhorn has read lies the heart. Just about to fire, he catches the eye of the stag winking futility into his elaborate aim. His blunderbus jerks upward. A shower of cut leaves floats through the smoke from a tree thirty feet overhead. Then, with a wild-eyed, melancholy look of reproachful contempt, the stag turns away, and wanders off to sleep in quiet coverts far within the wood. He has fled, while for greenhorn no trophy remains. Antlers

have nodded to the sportsman; a short tail has disappeared before his eyes;—he has seen something, but has nothing to show. Whereupon he buys a couple of pairs of ancient, weather-bleached horns from some colonist, and, nailing them up at impossible angles on the wall of his city den, humbugs brother-cockneys with tales of hunting, and has for life his special legend, "How I shot my first deer in the Adirondacks," or at the Androscoggin Lakes, as the case may be.

Nowhere in this country will the people who have caught the "camping-out" fever, find a more convenient or more pleasant place to gratify it than the Androscoggin Lakes Region. Here four of the indispensable requisites of life in the woods, viz., good, clear water, plenty of firewood, game, and fish, are always to be found, and the cosey little nooks and charming spots on the shores of the lakes, or banks of the streams, each and all commanding some picturesque view, where one can pitch a tent, are simply innumerable.

If one could always be sure of pleasant weather, tent life would be relieved of its greatest drawback. But we cannot control the elements, whatever else we may bring under subjection, and "camping-out" in a two or three days' storm takes the good-nature out of the most pleasant and philosophic individual. It is far worse where there are ladies in the party than if it is composed entirely of gentlemen; for, although the sterner sex can push about in the wet underbrush, and go fishing in the rain, the ladies are compelled to sit in a damp tent, and wishing for nothing so much in the world, as to see the sun shine once more.

The writer has tried "camping-out" for several seasons; and while he does not deny that there is a great deal of fun and enjoyment in it still he holds to the opinion that it is better and cheaper to stop at the camps about the lakes, and pay \$2.00 to \$2.50 per day for board, and be sure of a comfortable bed at night, and a roof over your head in a storm. The accommodations at one of these camps in the wilderness are so different from what you meet with at home, that it has a novelty almost equal to tent life, with none of its disagreeable features. However inspired people may be with life in



"CAMPING OUT" AT MOUTH OF RIVER, UPPER DAM.

the woods, they soon get tired of washing dishes, cooking meals, cutting wood, lugging water, and the various routine of duty that is inseparable from living in a tent. But if you must "camp-out," take along one or two guides to do the work and the cooking, and then you are free from care, and may hope for an enjoyable time if you have pleasant weather. On the preceding page we present an illustration of a party camping out on the shore of Molechunkamunk Lake, at the mouth of the river. Our artist has been successful in making a spirited sketch of the scene. As the business of "camping-out" is new to many who visit the Lake Region, we give in the following chapter some practical hints that are sure to be of service to the green woodsman.

Black flies, midges, and mosquitoes, are to be met with in the Androscoggin Lakes Region the latter part of June and the first part of July. By taking with you a preparation of sweet-oil and tar, and anointing your face and hands, you will generally escape their importunities. The only time that they are really troublesome is on a very still day or night. When there is any wind at all they will not trouble you. Persons camping out generally build up a "smudge" at night, which frees them from the attacks of these insects. Ladies visiting the lakes in "fly-time," will do well to take a thick veil and long kid gauntlets, in addition to their other clothing. There is only about a month, from the middle of June to the middle of July, that flies and midges are troublesome, and any person who has visited the lakes once can very easily keep clear of them, and have this to console them, that these insects in Maine are not near as plenty, nor half so voracious, as they are in the Adirondack Region, neither are they any more troublesome than at the White Mountains. As ladies may not think that tar and oil would improve their complexion (although it is a fact that it makes the skin soft and white after its use) we would inform them that oil of pennyroyal and sweet-oil, properly mixed, is fully as good as the other preparation. We speak from practical experience, having frequently used it. Any druggist can prepare it for you, and the cost is a mere trifle.

Close observation during a ten summers' sojourn in the Lake Region warrants us in asserting that the black fly and midge are not near so thick now as they were in former years, and many of the regular habitués of the lakes declare that they are gradually becoming extinct. House flies have increased largely about the lakes in the past five years, and the thicker these become the faster the black flies diminish. Those who pretend to know, say that the two species of flies will not live together. But, in our opinion, the small clearings made around the lake shore have had their effect in diminishing the number of flies.

As the lakes are fifteen hundred feet above the level of the sea and entirely surrounded by mountains, the air is sharp and bracing, especially in June and September, and visitors should always take an extra supply of clothing. Warm flannels and extra wraps are a real necessity, and will save one a great deal of discomfort.



CHAPTER II.

Hints on Camping Out.



HAVING made up your mind to camp out during your vacation, decide next where you will go; and then, if possible, see and talk with some one familiar with the place, and note down all you learn that is important. If you can procure a Guide Book and Maps that cover the locality selected, do so by all means, as you will find that they will be

worth many times their cost to you.

August, September, and October are the months for camping out; and, if you wish to kill large game, such as deer, caribou, or moose, during the open season, which in Maine is from October 1st to December 31st, and in New Hampshire from September 1st. to November 30th, you must make your trip between the above dates.

Begin to make up and collect your outfit as long before you intend to start as possible. Don't leave everything until within the last few days, and then go with about half the articles you ought to have with you. You will find nearly as much pleasure in the anticipation of such a trip as in the realization of it. If you intend to spend the most of your time in the wilderness, away from hotels and villages, you will find an excellent chance to utilize all your old clothing, only have the garments carefully mended and patched. One

good suit to wear between your home and the woods will be sufficient.

You should go well provided with underclothing in the shape of heavy woollen shirts, drawers and stockings. If your flesh is tender, and flannels are apt to irritate you, buy very thin cotton underclothing to wear next your skin. Carry a wide-rim woollen and straw hat. You will find both convenient. A stout woollen jacket or coat will be all you need for an outside garment, excepting a rubber coat. Be sure and get your rubber coat large enough to slip on over your other garments easily. Don't try to wear hip pants. Such action will generally necessitate the wearing of a belt also. Use suspenders; they are every way preferable.

Shoes are good to wear around camp, but for tramping I prefer stout, long-legged, leather boots. Two or three times a boot has saved me from a sprained ankle when falling in the woods. You should purchase heavy, serviceable shoes and boots, and oil them well. You don't want drawing-room trash. A pair of long-leg, hip water-proof boots are very serviceable when fishing and wading streams.

Take two rubber and two woollen blankets to each person if your party does not number over four. Above that number you can discount some on the blankets without discomfiture. Remember that toward the fall the nights outdoors are chilly, and you had better have a few more blankets than you actually need, than not enough.

Buy your provisions (all but coffee and tea, which you can procure of better quality at home) at the last town through which you pass. The charges will undoubtedly be a little higher than at home; but you will make it up by the saving in freight and express, and the loss of care in looking after so many things. What you do carry from home pack in bags or boxes, with straps or handles fastened securely on the ends, as the railroads will generally check such packages. If the baggage-master raises any objections, a tip of a quarter, or a few cigars, will go a long way towards making him see the matter in the same light that you do.

Mark your baggage if possible. If not, tie or nail a tag on

each piece with your name and place of destination plainly written upon it. Take care of your checks after you get them.

Buy round-trip tickets to the place where you are going, if you can; if not, to the nearest point. You may get "broke" while away, and you will feel more comfortable to know that you have a return ticket home. Carefully figure up your expenses from the best sources of information at your command, and then take at least fifty per cent. more money than you think you will need. Among your cash have plenty of small change and small bills. Attempting to pay for small articles in large bills, in a sparsely settled country, will often seriously inconvenience you. Don't carry "ragged bills" or "mutilated coin." Most country people have learned by this time that such stuff is not current.

If you are going to camp anywhere in the vicinity of a farm, an empty bed-tick, that you can easily carry with you, and get filled with straw or hay on your arrival, is an excellent substitute for a better bed. Never make your bed on the bare ground. Procure a few boards to lay down first if possible; failing in this, cedar, fir, or spruce poles, with the upper side flattened with an axe, and laid close together, will answer admirably.

Don't be too anxious to pay country people more than they ask for milk, butter, eggs, etc; it is establishing a bad precedent, and you will generally find that their charge is all the things are worth in that locality, and sometimes more, and after you leave they will set you down as a fool with more money than brains.

If you intend to make any excursions from camp that will necessitate your being away over night, a fair-sized leather knapsack, with broad straps to go over the shoulders, will be a very convenient article to have with you. If you make any such excursions, don't load yourself down too heavily. Twenty pounds at the start will seem to be fifty after you have carried it three hours. You go into the woods for rest and recreation, not to make a pack-horse of yourself. If there are several in your party, don't have any senseless rivalry as to who can carry the heaviest pack. You will find

that any load you start with will be heavy enough after tramping all day.

Stick to the lakes, ponds and rivers as much as possible, for it is a great deal easier to get around in a boat than to tramp through the woods. When in a boat use the utmost precaution, especially if you can't swim. If you can, the upsetting of your boat, and the consequent loss or spoiling of the greater part of your things, is a serious misfortune. Don't try to see how far you can tip the boat down on one side without capsizing it.

If you are a good swimmer, and other members of your party are not, don't do anything when you are out boating with them to cause them alarm. It spoils their pleasure, and is foolish and cowardly on your part.

When you leave your boat be careful to fasten it securely, or take it so far out of water as will remove all liability of its getting loose. There are times when you may be put to great inconvenience, or placed in positive danger by your boat going adrift.

Don't try to run dangerous rapids without having had previous experience in such navigation. It is more than probable that you will meet with an accident if you make the attempt.

In ascending rapids, it is generally easier to pole up, than to paddle or row. If you don't carry a regular "setting pole," a light spruce pole, peeled, eight or ten feet long, with one end sharpened to a point, to stick into the bottom of the river, is a very good substitute.

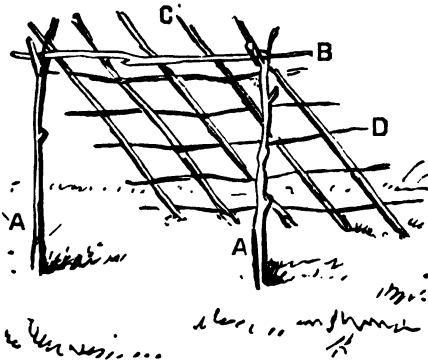


Fig. 1. FRAME OF CAMP.

Poling is quite a knack; but you can soon acquire it from practice. Your greatest difficulty will be in keeping the bow of your boat straight up stream.

In the Androscoggin Lakes Region it is not absolutely necessary for you to take a guide. If you do, however, one to a party of four is sufficient; and hire the best you can get, without regard to price.

Don't carry a tent. It is generally a useless incumbrance. All through the wilderness region of Maine and New Hampshire, hotel camps, logging, or hunters' camps may be found, furnishing you shelter and lodging. At the hotels, of course, you will have to pay, but the hunter's and logging-camps are mostly empty until the last of October, and are open to any one who chooses to use them. Failing to utilize these, build a bough camp in the following manner:—

Select a dry piece of ground on some little hillock or knoll, and plan the size of your camp to suit your party, not forgetting to have room to place your provisions under cover. Have an eye to water and wood, and don't locate farther from them than you can help.

Now cut two crotched maples, A (see Fig. I), about eight feet long, sharpen an end of each, and drive the picked ends a foot or more into the ground ten feet apart, if for a party of four. Then cut another maple, B, about three inches in diameter, and lay it on the top of your crotched posts. Now procure eight more maple poles, C (any other kind of wood will answer if there is no maple in the vicinity, only your



FIG. 2. ROOF AND END.

poles must be straight), about ten feet long, and sharpen an end of each. Place the blunt ends on the horizontal pole, extending over about six inches, and bring the picked ends down to the ground, and imbed them firmly. There should be a little slot or hole cut in the horizontal pole for these rafters to lay in, and they should be placed about a foot apart. Marline, small roots, or twigs, should be used to fasten the blunt ends of the rafters to the horizontal pole. Now cut some maple or other limbs, D, that are straight and a little flexible, and place them across your rafters, beginning at the top, about a foot from the horizontal pole, and continuing at regular distances until you reach the ground. Weave them *over and under* the rafters, and this will be sufficient to keep them in place.

If there is plenty of cedar in the vicinity of your camp, cut down a tree or two, trim the trunks, and cut them into lengths of about eight feet; split these into pieces about half an inch thick, and lay them lengthwise, flat on your roof. Put the first course as near together as you can, and cover that by a second, overlapping all cracks; then spread a couple of your rubber blankets over your cedar-splits, and tie them down, to prevent their blowing away, and you will have a tight

roof. If you can't get the cedar-splits cover with birch-bark or spruce-boughs first (see Fig. 2), and then the blankets. If you use spruce-boughs, lay them carefully with the small ends downwards. When your roof is covered in, roll a log, six or eight inches thick, to the back of your

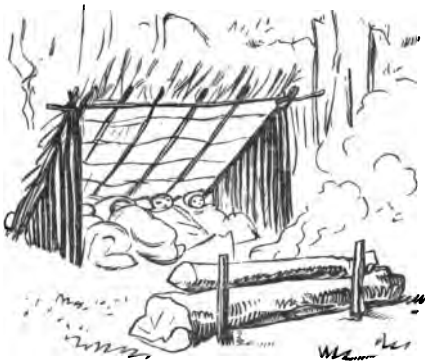


FIG. 3. CAMP COMPLETE.

camp, and let it bear on the foot of the rafters. It will help keep them in place, and stiffen the whole structure.

To close up the two ends, cut poles or "cedar-splits," and stand them up close together (see Fig. 2), beginning at the back side of the camp, and continuing to the front. The lower end of these should be sharpened and set into the ground a little. When each end is closed in, run another rafter outside of them, from the front pole to the ground, to keep them in place. A pile of brush at each end will also help keep out the rain.

The front can be left entirely open to the weather (see Fig. 3), and this is more desirable when you have rubber blankets to hang up in case of a storm, or two or three feet of each end of the front may be closed up, as the ends were, leaving a space of three or four feet wide in the middle for an entrance, which can be covered during rain by a rubber blanket.

Make the floor of boards if possible, and have it slant a little towards the front. If you can't procure boards, cut cedar, or some other trees into proper lengths, about three or four inches in diameter. Hew one side of them flat, and lay them close together on the ground, the round side down. For bedding, use small cedar limbs, if you can get them; if not, hemlock, or spruce. Don't throw in limbs the size of cord wood; such sticks will not improve your rest any at night. Over the boughs spread first rubber blankets, then woolen ones. Have one woolen blanket beneath you, and the rest over you. In damp or rainy



Fig. 4. CAMP FURNITURE.

weather, spread a rubber blanket out side of your woolen ones.

When you retire at night, leave a good, large fire burning in front of your camp (see Fig. 3), and always sleep feet to the fire. A hammock is a nice thing to sleep in during pleasant weather. Include one in your equipment, by all means.

Camp building calls for more exercise of ingenuity than any other part of camping out. But you will be surprised to see how much can be done with nothing but an axé and a willing pair of hands.

A table and benches for camp use may be made as follows (see Fig. 4):—

Cut four short, crotched sticks, about the right height for your table; sharpen one end of each and drive them into the ground, about six feet apart one way, and two the other. Put a short stick across the ends from crotch to crotch, and then lay poles lengthwise from one bearing to the other. Secure the ends of each with withes or marline. A bench can be constructed the same way, only make it lower, and have three supports for the horizontal poles instead of two. The cuts shown in the book give our ideas on camps, tables, and benches, and can be built by any one possessed of an ordinary amount of common-sense.

Never camp out alone. There is no fun in it; and, if taken suddenly sick, real danger. Two, three or four, with guides *ad libitum*, make the most successful parties. Each person for a larger party needs to be very carefully selected, with an idea to the "fitness of things," for nowhere will all that is disagreeable in a man, so



Fig. 5. CAMP COOKERY.

soon be developed as in the woods during stormy weather.

Don't try to shirk your share of the work. Your friends will never forget it, and will twit you of it as long as you live.

For gunning, carry a double-barrel breech-loading shot-gun or rifle. Have revolvers conspicuous by their absence; for they are a dangerous nuisance. If you take one you will probably shoot yourself or somebody else with it before your trip is over. Let some of your party carry rifles, others double-barrel shot-guns. If there is to be only one fire-arm in the party give a gun the preference, and take plenty of buck-shot.

If you don't intend to hire a guide, and understand nothing of cookery, take a few lessons at home from your wife, mother, or sister, in simple cooking, and learn what you do learn, thoroughly. Then buy a common, cheap cook-book, and take it along with you. It will be handy to have in the camp.

In cooking, a slack fire with plenty of live coals is better than a roaring fire with a great deal of wood (see Fig. 5). If you set your frying-pan or coffee pot on the fire, watch them that they don't tip over. Wash your dishes at the close of every meal in hot water, and don't forget to put a little soap in the water; it is a slovenly trick to let them lay over dirty. Two forked sticks drove into the ground at each side of your fire, with a green limb across, is a good thing to hang your pots and kettles on when stewing or boiling anything.

To prepare trout for cooking, split them along the belly and remove their entrails; then cut off their fins, tails and heads, and wash thoroughly. Chub are to be treated in the same manner, only they must first be well scraped to remove their scales. Pickerel are prepared in the same manner as trout.

On the following page we give a list of articles, any of which will be useful to a party camping out. Read it over carefully, and take as few things as possible.

Axe,	Hammers,	Pocket drinking-cup
Bacon, or Ham,	Hard-tack,	Royal baking-pow- der,
Bread-pan,	Hatchet,	Rope,
Bean-kettle, iron,	Hammock,	Rubber coat,
Beans, in bag,	Iron-pot, for stews,	Rubber boots,
Butter, in bread-box,	Jamaica Ginger,	Reading matter,
Blankets, woolen,	Knives, pocket and sheath,	Rice,
Blankets, rubber,	Knives, table and butcher,	Raisins,
Buttons, pant and shirt,	Knapsack,	Salt,
Bait-box, with strap,	Lard,	Salt fish,
Crackers,	Lemons,	Salt pork,
Canned goods,	Lead-pencil,	Saw,
Condensed milk,	Maps,	Slippers,
Condensed Coffee,	Matches,	Soap,
Coffee-pot,	Match-safe, air-tight	Spare Hooks and Lines,
Comb,	Marline,	Sugar,
Compass,	Meal, in bag,	Sticking-plaster,
Court-plaster,	Molasses,	Thread,
Cook-book,	Monkey-wrench,	Twine,
Candles,	Mosquito-netting,	Tooth-brush,
Candlestick,	Nails,	Towels,
Dish-towels,	Needles,	Tea,
Dish-cloth,	Pails,	Tin baker,
Diary,	Paper collars,	Teaspoons,
Envelopes,	Pepper,	Tablespoons,
Fishing-tackle,	Powdered mustard,	Tin dippers,
Flour,	Pickles,	Tin plates,
Field-glass,	Pins,	Tin pails,
Frying pan,	Portfolio,	Vinegar,
Forks,	Postage-stamps,	Wash-basin,
Figs,	Potatoes, in bag,	Writing paper.
Fly preparation,	Postal-cards,	
Guide-book,		

Throw all your swill and refuse into the water; or, if you are encamped for any length of time away from rivers, ponds, or lakes, carry it to some distance before you throw it away; or, what is better still, bury it, if the ground will

permit. Swill around a camp will attract flies and other insects.

If troubled by black flies, mosquitoes, midges, or other insects, build a smudge in this way: Start a good fire, and when well agoing cover with green grass, moss, leaves, or dirt, thereby making a dense smoke. If you have an old iron kettle to build it in it is much better, as you can move it about if the wind changes.

A piece of clothes-line twenty or thirty feet long, stretched between two trees, is handy to hang wet things on when you wish to dry them. Have it far enough from your fire to keep the articles out of the smoke.

Keep your provisions, anything that mice or ants would hurt, in tight boxes, bags, or firkins. The woods are full of field-mice, squirrels, and ants, and they will find your camp as soon as you do. Rainy days cover your stores with rubber blankets. If you have ham, or fresh meat, or venison, among your stores, keep them tightly wrapped up in cloths, and hang up in a cool place, or they will soon become fly-blown, and spoil.

You will find plenty of suitable spots for camping, all through the lake region; and, whenever you "break camp," that is to say, move from one spot to another, don't fail to extinguish your fire, no matter how much trouble it puts you to. A fire left by a careless camper before now has been the means of destroying thousands of dollars worth of timber. A conflagration in the woods is no laughing matter; and, by the present laws, people of means can be held liable for damages in such cases, or, failing to have property, they may be imprisoned.

In moving about from one place to another, don't travel too late. Select your camping site, at least, two hours before dark, and be sure and cut plenty of firewood.

Hygienic Notes.

We quote the following from a valuable work entitled "Field Ornithology," by Dr. Elliott Coues, U. S. A., and it is

well worth the perusal of the person intending to camp out as well as the "stay-at-homes":—

"*Always carry a loaded gun at half-cock* unless you are about to shoot. Unless the lock fail, accidental discharge is impossible, except under these circumstances: *a*, a direct blow on the nipple or pin; *b*, catching of both hammer and trigger simultaneously, drawing back of the former and its release whilst the trigger is still held—the chances against which are simply incalculable. Full-cock, ticklish as it seems, is safer than no-cock, when a tap on the hammer or even the heel-plate, or a slight catch and release of the hammer, may cause discharge. Never let the muzzle of a loaded gun point toward your own person for a single instant. Get your gun over fences or into boats or carriages before you get over or in yourself, or at any rate no later. Remove caps or cartridges on entering a house. Never aim a gun, loaded or not, at any object unless you mean to press the trigger. Never put a loaded gun away long enough to forget whether it is loaded or not. Never leave a loaded gun to be found by others under circumstances reasonably presupposing it to be unloaded. Never put a gun where it can be knocked down by a dog or a child. Never forget that, though a gunning accident may be sometimes interpretable (from a certain standpoint) as a "dispensation of Providence," such are dispensed oftenest to the careless.

"The secret of safe *climbing* is never to relax one hold until another is secured; it is in spirit equally applicable to scrambling over rocks,—a particularly difficult thing to do safely with a loaded gun. Test rotten, slippery, or otherwise suspicious holds before trusting them. In lifting the body up anywhere keep the mouth shut, breathe through the nostrils, and go slowly.

"In *swimming* waste no strength unnecessarily in trying to stem a current; yield partly, and land obliquely lower down; if exhausted, float,—the slightest motion of the hands will ordinarily keep the face above water; and in any event keep your wits collected. In fording deeply a heavy stone in the hands [above water] will strengthen your position. Never

sail a boat experimentally; if you are no sailor, take one with you or stay on land.

“In crossing a high, narrow foot-path, never look lower than your feet; the muscles will work true, if not confused with faltering instructions from a giddy brain. On soft ground, see what, if anything, has preceded you; large hoof-marks generally mean that the way is safe; if none are found, inquire for yourself before going on. Quicksand is the most treacherous, because far more dangerous than it looks; but I have seen a mule’s ears finally disappear in genuine mud.

“Cattle-paths, however erratic, commonly prove the surest way out of a difficult place, whether of uncertain footing or dense undergrowth.

“Unguarded exposure in malarious regions usually entails sickness, often preventable, however, by due precautions. It is worth knowing in the first place, that miasmatic poison is most powerful between sunset and sunrise,—more exactly from the damp of the evening until night vapors are dissipated; we may be out in the daytime with comparative impunity, where to pass a night would be almost certain disease. If forced to camp out, seek the highest and driest spot; put a good fire on the swamp side, and also, if possible, let trees intervene. Never go out on an empty stomach: just a cup of coffee and a crust may make a decided difference. Meet the earliest unfavorable symptoms with quinine, —I should rather say, if unacclimated, anticipate them with this invaluable agent. Endeavor to maintain high health of all functions by the natural means of regularity and temperance in diet, exercise, and repose.

TAKING COLD.

“This vague ‘household word’ indicates one or more of a long varied train of unpleasant affections, nearly always traceable to one or the other of only two causes: *sudden change* of temperature, and *unequal distribution* of temperature. No extremes of heat or cold can alone effect this result; persons frozen to death do not ‘take cold’ during the

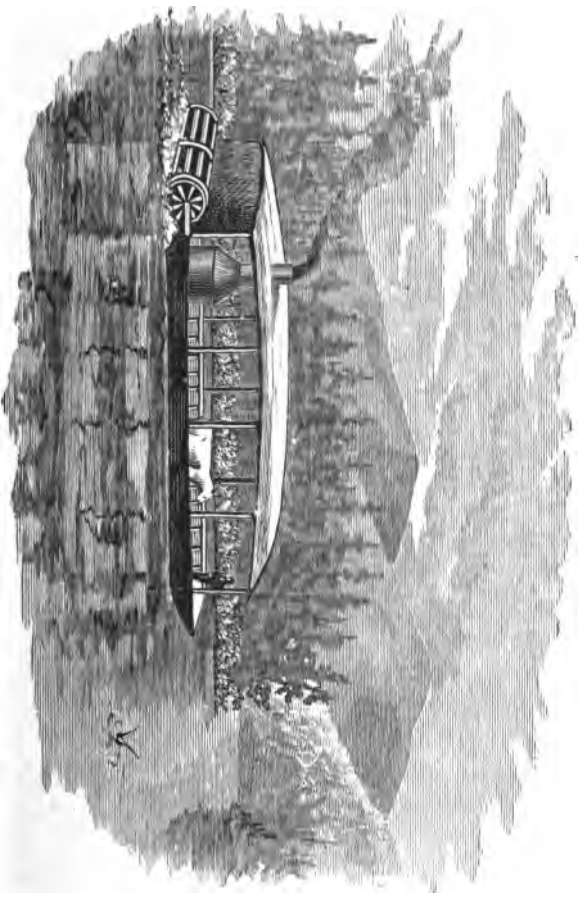
process. But if a part of the body be rapidly cooled, as by evaporation from a wet article of clothing, or by sitting in a draught of air, the rest of the body remaining at an ordinary temperature; or if the temperature of the whole be suddenly changed by going out into the cold, or, especially, by coming into a warm room, there is much liability of trouble. There is an old saying,—

“When the air comes through a hole,
Say your prayers to save your soul;”

and I should think almost any one could get a ‘cold’ with a spoonful of water on the wrist held to a key-hole. Singular as it may seem, sudden warming when cold is more dangerous than the reverse; every one has noticed how soon the handkerchief is required on entering a heated room on a cold day. Frost-bite is an extreme illustration of this. As the Irishman said on picking himself up, it was not the fall, but stopping so quickly, that hurt him; it is not the lowering of the temperature to the freezing point, but its subsequent elevation, that devitalizes the tissue. This is why rubbing with snow, or bathing in cold water, is required to restore safely a frozen part; the arrested circulation must be very gradually reëstablished, or inflammation, perhaps mortification, ensues.

“General precautions against taking cold are almost self-evident, in this light. There is ordinarily little, if any danger to be apprehended from wet clothes so long as exercise is kept up; for the ‘glow’ about compensates for the extra cooling by evaporation. Nor is a complete drenching more likely to be injurious than wetting of one part. But never sit still wet; and in changing, rub the body dry. There is a general tendency, springing from fatigue, indolence, or indifference, to neglect damp feet,—that is to say, to dry them by the fire; but this process is tedious and uncertain. I would say especially, ‘Off with muddy boots and sodden socks at once,’ dry stockings and slippers, after a hunt, may make just the difference of your being able to go out again or never.

“Take care never to check perspiration. During this process the body is in a somewhat critical condition, and



THE "OLD UNION" OF LAKE UMBAGO: FIRST STEAMER EVER RUN ON RANGELLY LAKE.

sudden arrest of the function may result disastrously, even fatally. One part of the business of perspiration is to equalize bodily temperature, and it must not be interfered with. The secret of much that is to be said about *bathing* when heated, lies here. A person overheated, panting it may be, with throbbing temples and a *dry* skin is in danger partly because the natural cooling by evaporation from the skin is denied, and this condition is sometimes not far from a 'sunstroke.' Under these circumstances a person of fairly good constitution may plunge into the water with impunity,—even with benefit. But, if the body be already cooling by sweating, rapid abstraction of heat from the surface may cause internal congestion, never unattended with danger.

"Drinking ice-water offers a somewhat parallel case; even on stooping to drink at the brook, when flushed with heat, it is well to bathe the face and hands first, and to taste the water before a full draught. It is a well-known excellent rule, not to bathe immediately after a full meal; because during digestion the organs concerned are comparatively engorged, and any sudden disturbance of the circulation may be disastrous.

"The imperative necessity of resisting drowsiness under extreme cold requires no comment.

"In walking under a hot sun the head may be sensibly protected by green leaves or grass in the hat; they may be advantageously moistened, but not enough to drip about the ears. Under such circumstances the slightest giddiness, dimness of sight, or confusion of ideas, should be taken as a warning of possible sunstroke, instantly demanding rest, and shelter if practicable.

"Hunger and fatigue are more closely related than they might seem to be; one is a sign that the fuel is out, and the other asks for it. Extreme fatigue, indeed, destroys appetite; this simply means, temporary incapacity for digestion. But even far short of this, food is more easily digested and better relished after a little preparation of the furnace. On coming home tired it is much better to make a leisurely and reasonably nice toilet than to eat at once, or to lie still thinking how

tired you are. After a change and a wash you will feel like a 'new man,' and go to table in capital state. Whatever dietetic irregularities a high state of civilization may demand or render practicable, a normally healthy person is inconvenienced almost as soon as his regular meal-time passes without food; and few can work comfortably or profitably fasting over six or eight hours. Eat before starting; if for a day's tramp, take a lunch; the most frugal meal will appease if it do not satisfy hunger, and so postpone its urgency. As a small scrap of practical wisdom, I would add, keep the remnants of the lunch, if there are any; for you cannot always be sure of getting in to supper.

"When cold, fatigued, depressed in mind, and on other occasions, you may feel inclined to resort to artificial stimulus. Respecting this many-sided theme I have a few words to offer of direct bearing. It should be clearly understood, in the first place, that a stimulant confers no strength whatever; it simply calls the powers that be into increased action at their own expense. Seeking real strength in stimulus is as wise as an attempt to lift yourself up by the boot-straps. You may gather yourself to leap the ditch and you clear it; but no such muscular energy can be sustained; exhaustion speedily renders further expenditure impossible. But now, suppose a very powerful mental impression be made, say the circumstance of a succession of ditches in front, and a mad dog behind, if the stimulus of terror be sufficiently strong you may leap on till you drop senseless. Alcoholic stimulus is a parallel case, and is not seldom pushed to the same extreme. Under its influence you never can tell when you *are* tired; the expenditure goes on, indeed, with unnatural rapidity, only it is not felt at the time; but the upshot is, you have all the original fatigue to endure and to recover from, *plus* the fatigue resulting from over-excitation of the system. Taken as a fortification against cold, alcohol is as unsatisfactory as a remedy for fatigue. Insensibility to cold does not imply protection. The fact is, the exposure is greater than before; the circulation and respiration being hurried, the waste is greater, and as sound fuel cannot be immediately



A PRIVATE PARTY EN ROUTE TO LAKESIDE, N.H.

supplied, the temperature of the body is soon lowered. The transient warmth and glow over, the system has both cold and depression to endure; there is no use in borrowing from yourself and fancying you are richer.

“Secondly, the value of any stimulus (except in a few exigencies of disease or injury) is in proportion, not to the intensity, but to the equableness and durability of its effect. This is one reason why tea, coffee, and articles of corresponding qualities, are preferable to alcoholic drinks. They work so smoothly that their effect is often unnoticed, and they ‘stay by’ well. The friction of alcohol is tremendous in comparison. A glass of grog may help a veteran over the fence; but no one, young or old, can shoot all day on whiskey.

“Thirdly, undue excitation of any physical function is followed by corresponding depression, on the simple principle that action and reaction are equal; and the balance of health turns too easily to be wilfully disturbed. Stimulation is a draft upon vital capital, when interest alone should suffice. It may be needed at times to bridge a chasm; but habitual living beyond vital income infallibly entails bankruptcy in health. The use of alcohol in health seems practically restricted to purposes of sensuous gratification on the part of those prepared to pay a round price for this luxury. The three golden rules here are, Never drink before breakfast; never drink alone; and never drink bad liquor. Their observance may make even the abuse of alcohol tolerable. Serious objections for a naturalist, at least, are that science, viewed through a glass, seems distant and uncertain, while the joys of rum are immediate and unquestionable; and that intemperance, being an attempt to defy certain physical laws, is therefore eminently unscientific.”

In this connection we take the following from a very interesting little work, by John M. Gould, entitled “How to Camp Out.”

“If troubled by costiveness, eat laxative food on those days,—figs are especially good—and try not to work too hard. Do not dose with medicines, nor take alcoholic stimulants.

Physic and alcohol may give a temporary relief, but they will leave you in bad condition.

"Diarrhœa may result from over-work and gluttony combined, and from eating indigestible or uncooked food, and from imperfect protection of the stomach. 'Remove the cause, and the effect will cease.' A flannel bandage six to twelve inches wide, worn around the stomach, is good as a preventative and cure.

"The same causes may produce cholera-morbus; symptoms, violent vomiting and purging, faintness, and spasms in the arms and limbs. Unless accompanied with cramp (which is not usual), nature will work its own cure. Give warm drinks, if you have them. Do not get frightened; but keep the patient warm, and well protected from a draught of air.

"In all cases of internal poisoning the first step is to evacuate the stomach. This should be effected by an emetic which is *quickly* obtained, and most powerful and speedy in its operation. Such is powdered mustard (a large tablespoonful in a tumblerful of warm water). When vomiting has already taken place copious draughts of warm water should be given, to keep up the effect till the poisoning substance has been thoroughly removed."

Marshall Hall's ready method in suffocation, drowning, etc.:—

1st. Treat the patient *instantly on the spot*, in the *open air*, freely exposing the face, neck, and chest to the breeze, except in severe weather.

2d. In order to *clear the throat*, place the patient gently on the face, with one wrist under the forehead, that all fluid, and the tongue itself, may fall forward, and leave the entrance into the windpipe free.

3d. To *excite respiration*, turn the patient slightly on his side, and apply some irritating or stimulating agent to the nostrils, as *veratrine, dilute ammonia*, etc.

4th. Make the face warm by brisk friction; then dash cold water upon it.

5th. If not successful, lose no time; but, to *imitate respiration*, place the patient on his face, and turn the body gently but completely *on the side and a little beyond*, then turn again

on the face, and so on alternately. Repeat these movements deliberately and perseveringly, *fifteen times only* in a minute. (When the patient lies on the thorax, this cavity is *compressed* by the weight of the body, and *expiration* takes place. When he is turned on the side, this pressure is removed, and *inspiration* occurs.)

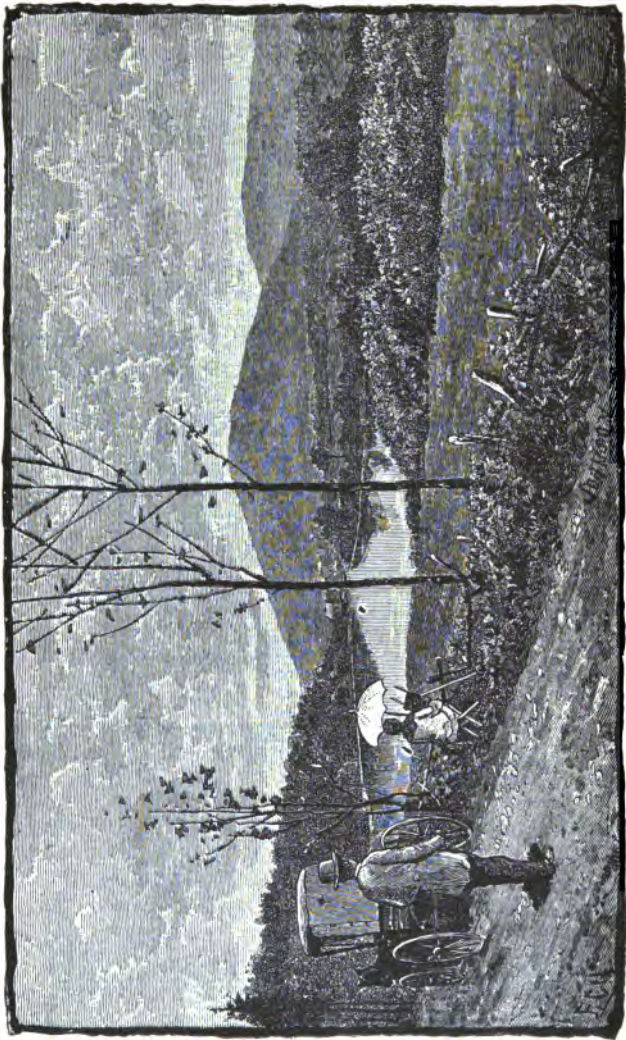
6th. When the prone position is resumed, make a uniform and efficient pressure *along the spine*, removing the pressure immediately, before rotation on the side. (The pressure augments the *expiration*, the rotation commences *inspiration*.) Continue these measures.

7th. Rub the limbs *upward* with *firm pressure* and with *energy*. (The object being to aid the return of venous blood to the heart.)

8th. Substitute for the patient's wet clothing, if possible, such other covering as can be instantly procured, each bystander supplying a coat or cloak, etc. Meantime, and from time to time, to *excite inspiration*, let the surface of the body be *slapped* briskly with the hand.

9th. Rub the body briskly till it is dry and warm, then dash *cold* water upon it, and repeat the rubbing.

Avoid the immediate removal of the patient, as it involves a *dangerous loss of time*; also the use of bellows or any *forcing-instrument*; also the *warm bath* and *all rough treatment*.



VIEW ON ANDROSCOGGIN RIVER BETWEEN BETHEL AND NEWRY CORNER.

CHAPTER III.

Routes from Boston to the Androscoggin Lakes Region.

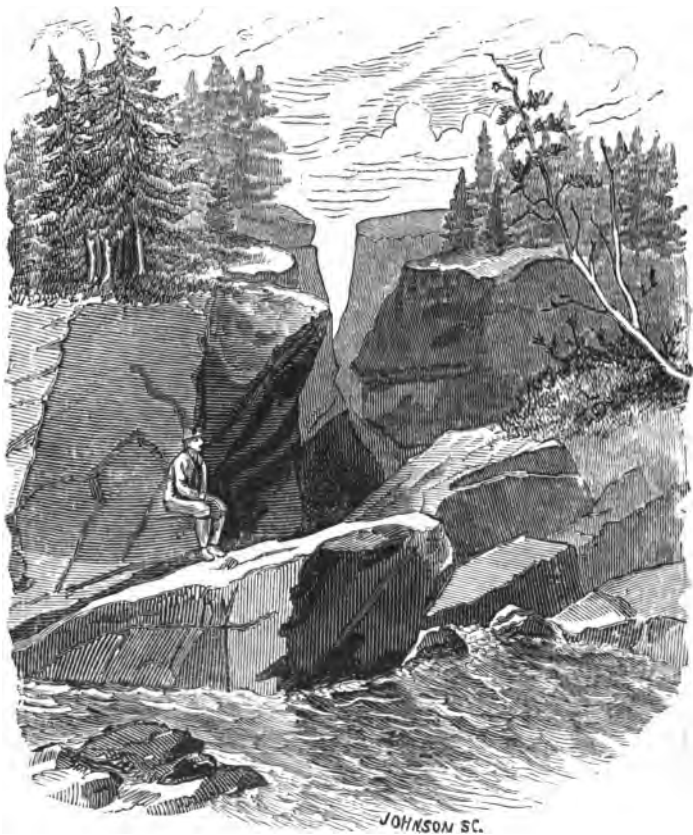


PERSONS visiting the Androscoggin Lakes from Canada, or the West, will find it most convenient to travel by the Grand Trunk Railway to Bethel or Bryant's Pond, and then continue their journey by one of the routes hereafter described.

From New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and other cities, south and south west, parties have a choice of several routes to Boston and Portland, all of which can be easily ascertained through the "Travelers' Official Guide." Arriving in Boston, the traveler has choice of four distinct routes by which the lake country can be reached. The first we will designate as the

BETHEL AND CAMBRIDGE ROUTE.

The Boston and Maine Railroad is now the only rail route between Boston and Portland, but it is divided into two divisions, known as the Eastern and Western.



SCREW-AUGER FALLS, BEAR RIVER.

The trains over the Western Division leave from Haymarket Square Depot, at the head of Washington St., at 8.30 A. M., and 1.00 P. M., running through Charlestown, Somerville, Malden, Melrose, Lawrence, Haverhill, Exeter, (all trains stop here ten minutes for refreshments,) Newmarket, Dover, Salmon Falls, North Berwick, Wells, Kennebunk, Biddeford, Saco, Old Orchard and Scarboro', arriving in Portland at 12.30 and 5.00 P. M. After stopping a few moments to leave Portland passengers, the trains cross the city to the Grand Trunk Railway Station, where you change cars. A parlor car accompanies the 8.30 train to Portland, and an extra expense of sixty cents, entitles one to a seat in it. During the height of summer travel, usually for a period of three months, an extra parlor car is attached to this train and is shifted in Portland to the Grand Trunk train, and runs over the latter road as far as Gorham, N. H., twenty miles beyond Bethel. Travelers to the lake region may avail themselves of this car by the payment of one dollar extra, that being the price of a seat between Boston and either Bryant's Pond or Bethel. Those who secure seats in this through parlor car avoid the change in Portland. We especially recommend it to ladies traveling unaccompanied by gentlemen, as it will save them trouble and anxiety.

The 1.00 P. M. train, with Parlor Car attached, arrives in Portland at 5.00 P. M., and crosses the city to the Grand Trunk Depot, where you change cars. The Lewiston train leaves at 5.15, and you ride on it as far as Lewiston Junction, where you change to the north-bound train which is awaiting you at this point. By it you reach Bethel at 8.50 P. M., where you stop over night, and continue your journey to the Lakeside Hotel, Cambridge, N. H., at the foot of Umbagog Lake, the next morning.

The trains for Portland over the Eastern Division leave from the Causeway Street Depot, opposite Friend Street, at 9.00 A. M., 12.30 and 7.00 P. M., running through Charlestown, Somerville, Everett, Chelsea, Lynn, Swampscott, Newburyport, Hampton, Portsmouth, (all trains stop here ten minutes for refreshments,) Kittery, North Berwick,

Wells, Kennebunk, Biddeford, Saco, and Scarboro', reaching Portland at 1.00 P. M., and after the usual few moments stop crosses the city to the Grand Trunk Depot where you change cars. A Pullman Parlor Car accompanies this train as far as Portland, the charge per seat extra, being sixty cents.

The 12.30 P. M. train, including Pullman Parlor Car, reaches Portland at 4.40 P. M., and crosses the city the same as the morning train, and you connect with the same trains over the Grand Trunk Railway, as spoken of before. Travelers will bear in mind that there are no Sunday trains over the Grand Trunk Railway in either direction.

The 7.00 P. M. train also includes Parlor Car and arrives in Portland at 11.00 P. M., and travelers to the Lake Region stop in the city over night, and take the north-bound train over the Grand Trunk Railway the next morning.

Both of the routes mentioned between Boston and Portland are very pleasant, and offer to the eye of the traveler a series of charming views. And as Excursion Tickets are now good between Boston and Portland over either division of the road, we recommend that you go to Portland by the Western Division, and return by the Eastern, or vice versa, as you think best.

The water route between Boston and Portland is a favorite with many of the tourists and sportsmen, who annually visit New England and those who are fond of the water, and not troubled by sea-sickness, will find the sail delightful and free from the fatigue of railroad travel.

The boats of the Portland Steam Packet Company leave Boston daily at 7.00 P. M., from the south side of India Wharf, accessible from all parts of the city by horse cars, arriving in Portland early the following morning, in season to connect with all trains over the Grand Trunk Railway. As the boats usually reach their dock by five o'clock, you have ample time to procure breakfast and see all of interest in the city. The cost of Excursion Tickets to the Lake Region, by steamer each way between Boston and Portland, is one dollar less than by rail. A *table d'hote* supper is served on the boats for seventy-five cents. Staterooms containing two berths are

sold on the boats, or at the Boston office of the Grand Trunk Railway, at \$1.00 and \$1.50, according to location.

There is such a demand for staterooms during the summer season, that it is best to engage one several days in advance. This may be done in Boston personally, or by letter or telegraph to C. F. Williams, General Agent of the Company at India Wharf. In Portland, address or call on J. F. Liscomb, Treasurer of the Company at Franklin Wharf.

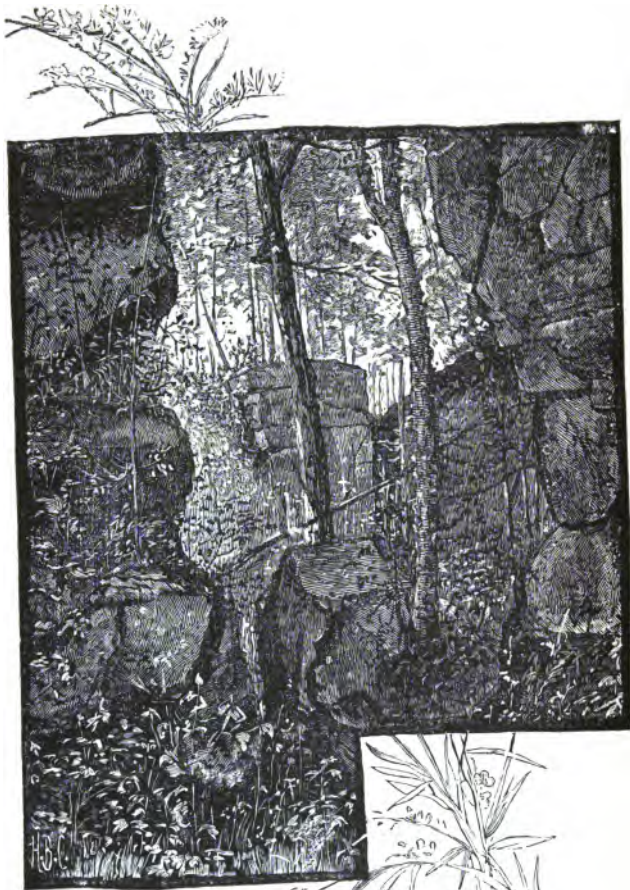
The boats land in Portland at Franklin Wharf within three minutes' walk of the Grand Trunk Depot. Horse cars to all parts of the city pass the head of the wharf every few minutes throughout the day and evening. Passengers traveling by this line can have their baggage checked in Boston direct to all points on the Grand Trunk Railway and are freed from all care of it, until they reach their objective point on the railroad.

The steamers of this line, the Tremont, John Brooks and Forest City, are fine boats, commodious and safe, and have never met with accident. They are officered by competent and courteous gentlemen, whom it is a pleasure to meet, and passengers are shown every needed attention.

The latest addition to the Company's fleet, the new steamer Tremont, is two hundred and sixty-five feet long, and is the largest boat east of Long Island Sound. She is elegantly fitted and furnished with all the modern improvements, and has one hundred comfortable staterooms. The cabins and saloons are finished in cherry and mahogany. In furnishing this steamer nothing has been spared that will add to the comfort, convenience and safety of the Company's patrons.

From Boston the boats pass down the harbor, near and in sight of all the forts and light-houses and some of the city institutions, thence gaining the ocean, follows the eastern coast past Lynn, Nahant, Egg Rock Light, Salem, Baker's Island Light, Gloucester, Cape Ann, Thatcher's Island Light, Isles of Shoals, Boon Island Light, Cape Porpoise, Wood Island Light, and Cape Elizabeth Light, and thence past the Islands in Portland harbor to Franklin Wharf.

The boats clear the harbor from either end of the route



“THE JAIL.”

before daylight fades into darkness, and the constantly changing panorama is interesting and enjoyable. If you have never tried the ocean trip between the two cities, do so by all means, and see if you do not like it.

Many of the people of Maine visit the Androscoggin Lakes Region, and those who do not live farther east than Augusta, by leaving home in the morning, can reach Lake Umbagog the same evening *via* Maine Central Railroad to Yarmouth or Danville Junctions, thence by Grand Trunk Railway to Bethel.

Passengers by the rail-routes between Boston and Bethel will find lunch and dining rooms at both depots in Boston, Exeter, Portsmouth, Boston & Maine Transfer Station, Portland, Maine Central and Grand Trunk Depots, Portland, and at Danville Junction.

Pullman Palace Cars are attached to the morning express train, and the afternoon mail train, and the price of a seat between Portland and Bryant's Pond or Bethel, is twenty-five cents.

The ride from Portland is interesting and pleasant, the train passing for a mile along the water front, thence through Deering, Falmouth, Cumberland, Yarmouth, (Yarmouth Junction,) Pownal, New Gloucester, (Danville Junction,) Poland, (Lewiston Junction,) Mechanic Falls, Oxford, South Paris, (Norway Branch,) West Paris, Bryant's Pond, Locke's Mills, arriving at Bethel by morning train from Portland, at 11.30 A. M., noon train, 4.30 P. M., evening train, 8.50 P. M.

The ANDROSCOGGIN LAKES TRANSPORTATION COMPANY'S STAGES will meet the 11.30 A. M. and the 4.30 P. M. trains and take passengers directly to the LAKESIDE HOTEL foot of UMBAGOG LAKE, in CAMBRIDGE, N. H. Passengers by these trains will take dinner or supper about half-way between Bethel and Lake Umbagog, at a good hotel, arriving at CAMBRIDGE, at 6 P. M., and 10 P. M.; distance 27 miles, fare, \$3.00. Parties arriving at 8.50 P. M. will have to stop in Bethel over night, and renew their journey the next morning.

Good accommodations will be found at the Bethel House, or the Elms House. Both these hotels are situated on the

summit of Bethel Hill, in close proximity to each other, near the business part of the town, and are pleasantly located on the main street of the village

We would recommend the daylight ride from Bethel to Lake Umbagog, as it enables one to view the whole of the scenery. Parties who take the ride in the evening lose a great deal that is worth seeing.

The ride from Bethel to Cambridge, at the foot of Lake Umbagog, is one of the finest in New England, and every person who makes the trip is delighted with it. The road will lead you to

"Our sea-like lakes, and mountains
Piled to the clouds,—our rivers overhung
By forests which have known no other change
For ages, than the budding and the fall
Of leaves—our valleys lovelier than those
Which the old poets sang of."

Starting from the Depot, the carriage road runs parallel with the track for a short distance, then turning sharply to the right crosses the railroad over a wooden bridge; just beyond this, you obtain a splendid view of the meadows and intervalles that lie along the Androscoggin River, the whole valley hemmed in by hundreds of mountains towering loftily in every direction. The landscape seems to satisfy, whichever way you turn. The meadows of Bethel have long been noted for their beauty and are pronounced by some simply incomparable; and towards the close of a clear summer's day, when the mellow sunlight falls slanting upon the waving grass, casting long shadows from the graceful elms with which the intervalles are dotted, and the eye traces northward the narrowing line of hills following the course of the silvery Androscoggin, and catches the clear-cut and well-defined edges of the monarchal White Mountain range, sweeping across and closing up the vista, it is impossible to conceive anywhere in New England a picture that will more strongly appeal to an artist's love of the beautiful.

"The great peaks seem so near,
Burned clean of mist, so starkly bold and clear,
I almost pause the wind in the pines to hear,
The loose rock's fall, the steps of browsing deer."

A short distance beyond the railroad bridge the best view from the road of Mount Washington and its neighboring peaks is to be obtained away to the left, and a half-mile beyond the railroad you reach the Androscoggin River, which is wide and rapid at this point. It is crossed by means of a toll bridge, which is a substantially built structure of wood, having a roof, but open partially on both sides. The bridge was built by the town of Bethel, at an expense of over twenty-five thousand dollars. A short distance below the bridge, the river makes an abrupt bend to the left, and flows merrily along on the right of the road, remaining in sight until you pass Newry Corner. After leaving the river bridge you pass through Maysville and Swan's Corner, suburbs of Bethel, and two miles beyond reach North Bethel. Continuing on through this village you reach Sunday River on your left. This stream sweeps down from the mountains lying northward, and empties into the Androscoggin a few rods from the road. It rises suddenly after heavy rains and sometimes is inclined to be mischievous. Trout-fishing is very fair on the upper end of this stream in the spring and early summer and the drive up the Sunday River valley for about six miles is charming. Following Sunday River as you progress toward the lake region, you pass out of the village of North Bethel, beneath a beautiful canopy of wide spreading elms, whose branches meet lovingly over your head. This is one of the prettiest parts of the drive, and these grand old trees furnish a most appreciable shade on a hot summer's day, reminding one of Longfellow's lines :—

“Or where the denser grove receives
No sunlight from above,
But the dark foliage interweaves
In one unbroken roof of leaves,
Underneath whose sloping eaves
The shadows hardly move.”

At no great distance from this leafy avenue you bid Sunday River farewell, crossing it by a covered wooden bridge. I have tried several times to trace the origin of the name “Sunday,” as applied to rivers, ponds, &c., in this section of the country

but have never been able to. Interviewing some of the oldest inhabitants, has only brought forth the simple answer: "that it has been called Sunday River ever since they could remember."

Three miles onward you reach Bear River, and cross it by another covered bridge, also a wooden structure. It is a tributary of the Androscoggin and to the right you see it join the parent stream at the foot of a flashing rapid. Across the bridge you enter the town of Newry, this particular part of it being called Newry Corner. It possesses the same characteristics as all small New England villages, boasting a post-office, store, church, and a few other public buildings, and rejoices in a few hundred inhabitants, mostly farmers. At the "Corner" you take your last look at the "big river" as the lumbermen term it. Passing a road on the right that follows the Androscoggin to Hamover and Rumford, some six miles to the east, the horses trot through the village, and turning sharply northward, follow up Bear River, a wild, noisy, and circuitous stream, that comes tearing down through a narrow and picturesque valley as if anxious to complete its journey.

It was of a similar stream that Longfellow wrote:—

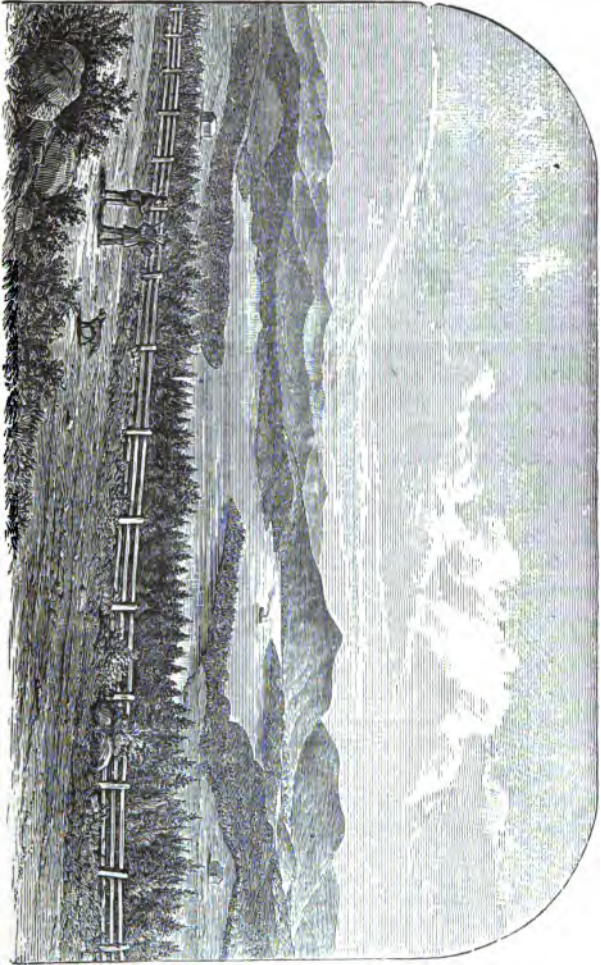
"I heard the distant ocean call,
 Imploring and entreating;
 Drawn onward, o'er this rocky wall
 I plunged, and the loud waterfall
 Made answer to the greeting.

"And now, beset with many ills,
 A toilsome life I follow;
 Compelled to carry from the hills
 These logs to the impatient mills
 Below there, in the hollow."

To the west Sunday River White Cap towers boldly skyward, a bare-topped peak of commanding presence.

There are some of the finest landscape views between Bethel and Newry Corner that can be met with in picturesque New England and our illustration of one of these on page 44, while doing credit to our artist and engraver, is far inferior to the reality.

The grade to Newry Corner has been mostly down hill, but



LAKE UMBAGOG, FROM B HILL.

as you follow up the narrow, mountain-walled valley of Bear River, you commence the long but gradual ascent to overcome the height of land between the Androscoggin River and Umbagog Lake.

For the next five miles you ride amidst thrifty and well-cultivated farms, catching frequent glimpses of the picturesque river on the left, that winds its course through the fertile intervalles; at times a long distance away, and then pursuing you closely, as if trying to destroy the road over which you are traveling. The mountains on either side and beyond you, compel their share of attention; you gaze upon them with veneration, and wonder how you will ever pierce those that hover so closely about the Notch, for the narrow pass through them discloses no hint of its existence to the most lynx-eyed observer. Several of these mountains will compare favorably in height with those of the White Mountain range, as they reach an altitude of nearly five thousand feet, and upon their bleak summits no vegetation but mosses exist. An hour's ride from Newry Corner brings you to the Poplar Tavern, a small hotel standing on the right-hand side of the road, eleven miles from Bethel Hill.

The scenery at this place begins to grow wilder. The mountains appear nearer and more rugged. The road still forces its way through the narrow valley, and it is a constant struggle between the road and the river on one side, and the mountains on the other, as to which shall obtain the mastery. The stream here, its banks being overhung by graceful trees, presents a most picturesque appearance, it being a swift torrent, dashed with flashing rapids, broken by numerous falls, and rushes along its rocky bed as if impatient of restraint. In the spring when melting snows swell every mountain stream, and in the fall after heavy rains, dangerous freshets sometimes occur.

"The grace, the grandeur, the wild loveliness,
And stern magnificence of water-fall;
Dark chasm, smooth pool, tall tree and foamy flash
Of rapids; foliage fresh and green, and curls
Of feathery ferns."

In this vicinity to the right of the road, a pretty, round-

topped peak, known as Puzzle Mountain, rises to a height of several thousand feet above the sea level. It is easily ascended by good walkers, and commands an extensive view of the surrounding country. The puzzle about it, I have been told, is to get to the top without walking. A short distance beyond the hotel, on the left-hand side of the road, on the bank of Bear River, is a curious specimen of Nature's handiwork, known as the "Devil's Horseshoe." It is an impression of a horseshoe, perfect in form, worn deep into the solid ledge. It is immense in size and would cover the head of a flour-barrel. If the devil ever rode a horse with a foot sufficiently large to carry a shoe the size of the impression in the rock, the beast must have been as large as a mastodon. Near it the river tumbles over a succession of steps in its rocky bed, making a heavy rapid known as Horse-Shoe Falls. Proceeding onward, the dark green peaks of Mount Saddleback, directly ahead, look down upon you in majestic grandeur, and the loftier summit of Speckled Mountain towers far above you to the west, while to the left the Bear River White Cap rears its hoary head from without its lower mantle of green, a stately and pleasing peak to look upon. Several other mountains are to be seen from this locality, with whose names, if they have any, we are not familiar.

"With our faint heart the mountain strives;
Its arms outstretched, the Druid wood
Waits with its benedicté."

Two miles and a half from Poplar Tavern you reach the house, a small and unpretentious hotel, where dinner or supper is procured. A short distance beyond you reach one of the most wonderful curiosities of nature in this country, known as "Screw Auger Falls," our illustration on page 46 giving but a faint idea of this wonderful locality. It is but a short distance from the road, on the left-hand side, and well worth a visit and all who go to the lakes by this route should not fail to inspect it. If this charming and romantic spot was near any one of the large hotels in the White Mountain region, it would be a fortune to them. An enormous granite ledge spreads out in every direction for several rods in this

part of the valley; through this the stream has worn a large spiral channel, in shape not unlike a large auger, and hence its name. This cañon, as one may appropriately term it, is about one hundred feet in length, and so narrow at some points that one can leap across it. But take our advice and don't you try it. Its greatest depth cannot be far from seventy feet, and the sides are as smooth as polished marble. Through the rock run veins of white granite, mingled with other minerals. Quite a lot of loose stone lies at the bottom of the chasm, that has been forced from the overhanging cliffs by the continued action of frost and water. On an angle of one of the jutting crags below, on the western side of the cañon, can be traced a very good profile. Years ago an unsightly mill stood over the chasm, whose wheel was turned by the cataract falling below, but in some lucky moment fire destroyed this unwarrantable feature of the landscape.

It is in such places as this that one gets some idea of the vast power of water; and it must have taken years, if not centuries, to do the work that is still going on. The scientist and geologist will here find food for reflection, for without doubt this stream that flows through this vast ledge must have been much larger in past ages than now.

"Down o'er the solid rock the torrent foams,
And deeply wearing inward toward the heart
Of Nature's body, leaves an open scar
That only time can heal. The
Flood decreases as it wears its way."

Leaving the falls, and traveling lakeward for a few rods, you reach another show piece, close beside the road, on the left hand, but half-hidden by the shrubbery, known locally as the "Jail," an illustration of which we present on a preceding page. It is an abyss in the shape of an amphitheatre, the sides being smooth and of great height; a place into which one can fall easily, but from which they would find considerable difficulty to get out. Formerly the river run through it, wearing this great cavity, but it has now made for itself a new channel some rods to the westward. On the

east side the "Jail" is so close to the road, that very lazy people can stand up in their vehicles and get a partial view of it. About a mile beyond, you reach "Grafton Notch," which is fast becoming famous among the New England mountain passes.

A short distance from the "Jail" you cross Bear River, the stream sweeping to the right. The farms in this vicinity are poor, compared with those lower down the valley, and are liable to damage from freshets, Bear River being a terror when at its flood. In this vicinity, by careful inspection, you may perceive two figures on the precipitous side of Speckled Mountain,—one being the profile of a man's face turned toward the sky, as it would appear if he were lying flat on his back; the other is that of an old woman sitting in a chair, facing you. While it may require a slight stretch of the imagination to see these figures clearly, they are a great deal plainer than many similar sights that I have had pointed out to me at other summer resorts.

As you enter the Notch the forest sweeps down on both sides inclosing you in its leafy bosom, while the stream murmurs faintly far below you on the right. You are hand in hand with Nature, and are completely surrounded by the grand old woods, and your view for several miles is limited to a few rods of the beautiful road and its decorations of wild flowers, forest trees and mossy rocks, except occasionally, as you make a sharp turn, a bit of the mountain high above your head is discovered for a moment, and is then obscured by its mantle of green.

"Behold, yon breathing prospect bids the muse
Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?"

In the narrowest part of the Notch you find Bear River dwindled to a noisy brook that rushes and roars hoarsely along the ravine. It is a succession of miniature falls, and quiet pools, some of which are very beautiful. The road crosses the stream, that through the Notch turns to every point of the compass some half-dozen times, over bridges

built of logs and plank, with a protecting rail along the sides. The view of the stream at some of these bridges is charming, and offers fine work for an artist. At one point the road passes between two immense boulders called the "Twin Rocks," there being just room for one team to drive through.

A little farther on, a short distance from the road to the right, is another wonderful exhibition of the wear of water through solid rock. It is known as Moose Cave, and derives its name from the fact that a wounded moose once took refuge in the cavern worn by the struggling waters. As a curiosity it is a worthy companion to Screw Auger Falls. It is about three minutes' walk from the road along a well-defined path. From this point down to where the stream crosses the road, the river bed is a wild, rocky flume, and will well repay one for looking it over the whole distance. A more romantic spot I have seldom seen, and in some places it reminds the beholder of Watkins' Glen.

A mile beyond the cave the road leaves the Notch, disclosing a heavily-wooded country, with mountains in all directions. A glance backward from time to time gives you fine views of the mountains you have just left.

The side of Speckled Mountain next the Notch is very precipitous and in some places overhangs. There have been several slides on this side of the mountain, and a view of it in riding by, suggests the idea of another and that at no very distant day. A wild mountain brook tumbles down from the summit on the eastern side, and is in sight from the road. In the spring, and after heavy rains, a perfect torrent of water fills the narrow channel, and is feather white from top to bottom. This silvery stream lined on both sides by the dark green forest, makes a beautiful picture. About the easiest way one can ascend the mountain, is to start into the woods near this stream, and follow it up. On the back side of the mountain is a small pond containing trout. The summit of Speckled Mountain is about five hundred feet higher than the highest peak of Saddleback, or Bald Pate, as it is sometimes called. Speckled Mountain is a hard mountain to climb, but if you can reach its summit on a



UMBAGOG LAKE, FROM STEAMBOAT LANDING, CAMBRIDGE, N. H.

clear day, you will be amply repaid for your toil, as there is no mountain in the entire lake region, that will afford you a better view of the surrounding country. The Bear and Cambridge rivers rise in the northern end of the Notch, within a short distance of each other, the road separating them. The former flows in a general southerly direction to the Androscoggin, and the latter north, emptying into Lake Umbagog. It has two branches, one called the "Swift," and the other the "Dead" Cambridge.

A few miles from the Notch you pass the Grafton Hotel and post-office, the road in this locality for a mile or two being as level as a floor. Leaving this plain you ascend a short hill, passing on the right an old-fashioned house, once the Union Hotel, but now the home of a thriving and energetic lumberman by the name of Brown. Looking back, after passing this house, you obtain by far the most lovely and complete view of Saddleback and Speckled Mountains to be had from any point in your ride. Continuing on, you climb a long hill, catching glimpses now and then of the mountains that surround the lakes, and finally reach a high plateau, from which a quarter of a mile beyond, you catch the first glimpse of the narrow and tortuous lake. As you turn to the west, toward Umbagog, you pass on the right a road that crosses the mountains to Andover, a distance of fifteen miles.

"O'er no sweeter lake
Shall morning break or noon-cloud sail,—
No fairer face than thine shall take
The sunset's golden veil."

A short distance from the junction of the roads you pass the Upton post-office and the stores. Continuing straight on to the left, avoiding the right hand road which leads down to West's saw mill, a drive of a trifle over a mile brings you to the Lakeside, a new hotel charmingly located in Cambridge, N. H., at the foot of Umbagog Lake. Cambridge is an incorporated township in Coos County, and contains 23,160 acres, and was granted May 19, 1773, to Nathaniel Rogers and others. There is a small settlement, stretching

for half a mile along the lake shore, containing five farms, one of these, bordering on the south shore of the Umbagog, is owned by the Androscoggin Lakes Transportation Company, and has been named on account of its proximity to the lake, "Lakeside," and on this is located the Lakeside Hotel.

This lake region and in fact the whole of northern New Hampshire and western Maine was once peopled by Indians, who have left behind them remembrances in some of the names peculiar to this locality. For instance, the Androscoggin River, spoken of many times in this book, was formerly known as the "Amariscoggin," undoubtedly an Indian name.

"The name "Coos" is derived from the Indian word "Cohos," of the dialect of the *Abernaquis*, a confederacy of tribes once inhabiting New Hampshire, western Maine, and northerly to the St. Lawrence river. The word is further derived from "Coo-ash," signifying *pin*es. It is known that the Indian inhabitants of a section were generally entitled by some name descriptive thereof, and the tribe occupying this region was known as the "Coo-ash-aukes," or Dwellers in the Pine Tree Country, from *Coo-ash*, pines, and *auke*, place. This title applied especially to the locality and inhabitants north of the mountains and along the Connecticut valley above *Moosilauke*.

"The Canadian home or head village of the Coo-ash-aukes was at Abenaquis, or St. Francis, as their settlement is still called, on the St. Lawrence. After the defeat of the Pequaukets by Lovewell, in 1725, the broken remnant of that tribe retired to St. Francis; and the bands—invading or occupying our present territory—were more frequently known as the "St. Francis Indians," than by their original designations as *Abenaquis* or *Coo-ash-aukes*.

"Descendants of these broken tribes still live in the village of St. Francis. Among those who returned to their old hunting grounds in New Hampshire were two families of distinction, of which the chiefs were known as "Captain Joe," and "Captain John." They were very active in pre-revolutionary days, and both took part with the colonists in

that struggle. "Old Joe" died at Newbury, in the "Lower Cohos," in 1819, and is buried in the original cemetery of the town at the Ox Bow. Captain John led a small party of Indians, enlisted from Cohos and vicinity, and received a 'captain's commission.' He died a violent death after peace had been restored, and was also buried at the Lower Cohos. He was known among the Indians as *Soosup* or *Sussup*, and left one son called "Pial Sussup,"—"Pial" being the Indian for Philip. There is some reason for the belief that the "Pial," son and heir of Captain John, an original Coo-ash-auke chief, who went from the Upper Cohos to St. Francis or Abenakis, and who returned to aid the patriots, with a small band of Cohos Indians, was the "Philip, Indian chief, resident in Upper Cohos and chief thereof," who gave to Thomas Eames of Northumberland the now famous deed of June 8, 1796, conveying to him and his associates the present county of Coos, together with a portion of the county of Oxford in Maine, then a part of Massachusetts, being the instrument known as the "King Philip Deed."

"While it is a source of regret that the descriptive and euphonious nomenclature of the aborigines has largely disappeared from the hills and streams of their hunting-grounds, it is a source of pleasure that it is occasionally retained, Whittier, in his "Bridal of Penancock," having embalmed in imperishable verse several of the ancient designations, two of which pertain to the county of the Coo-ash-aukes." He says:

"They came from Sunapee's shores of rock—
From the snowy source of Si-woo-ga-nock,
From rough Coos, whose wild woods shake
Their pine cones in Umbagog Lake."

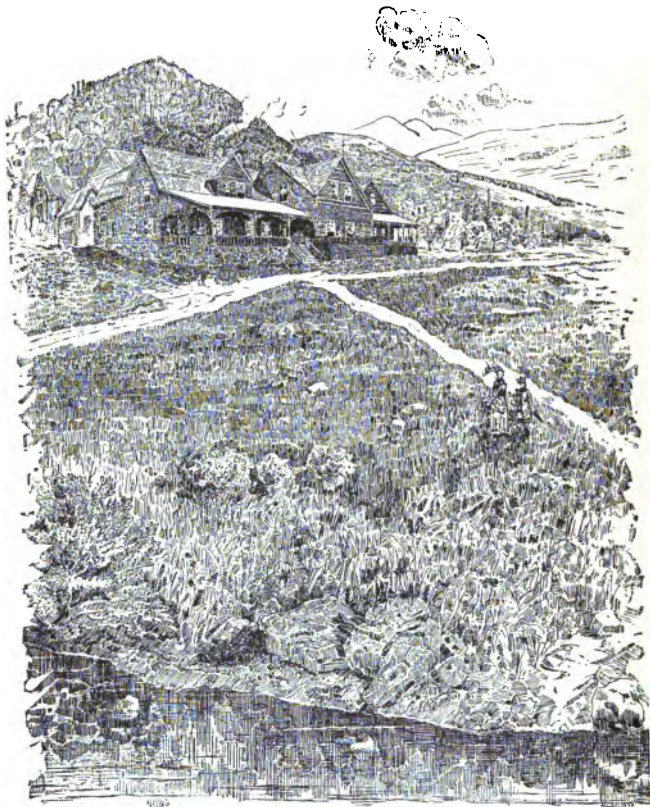
Coos County is the largest in New Hampshire, and contains about 1600 square miles.

The Lakeside Hotel stands on a terrace on the left side of the road, facing north, directly in front of the lake, and but a short distance from it. Back of the house the land rises gradually, until at the distance of a mile the hill has become a mountain. A large part of the lake is seen sweeping away

to the north-ward, its silvery waters entirely surrounded by high mountains covered with a thick growth of forest. In all directions the view is fine; and, standing on high land as the hotel does, it is always exposed to what breeze there is and is cool the hottest days in summer, while flies and mosquitoes for the same reason, are seldom troublesome even in their season.

The Lakeside was built new during the spring of 1883, by the Androscoggin Lakes Transportation Company, who have also erected several new buildings in connection with the hotel since. It has a home-like office, cosy parlor, pleasant dining-room and sleeping rooms—all overlooking the lake. There are large and handsome open fire places in the office, dining-room and parlor. Roomy piazzas extend around the house, and in the immediate vicinity is plenty of level ground for croquet, or lawn-tennis, sets for both games being kept at the hotel for the use of guests. The house is well furnished throughout, and the parlor contains a very fine piano, with full key-board. Especial care has been given to the sleeping rooms, each one containing the best spring beds and hair mattresses to be bought. An excellent table is also set at this house, and is one of its leading features. Row boats may be hired from the manager of the hotel, and the lake, but a few rods away, offers splendid chances for boating. Beside the pickerel and trout fishing in the lake, there are some of the finest trout streams in Maine or New Hampshire near the hotel, the Molnichowoc, one of the best, being within easy walking distance. The roads in the vicinity are excellent, and afford beautiful drives.

From the top of Hampshire Hill back of the hotel, one can obtain fine views of the lake to the north, and the picturesque valley between the mountains and Grafton Notch on the south. The distance to the summit is only a mile and a half, the greater part of the way through the woods, and enables one to pass half a day very pleasantly. It is a favorite excursion with most of the hotel guests. The steamer Parmachenee lands but a few rods from the hotel, and makes daily trips (excepting Sundays) on the lake, during the entire season of



LAKESIDE HOTEL.

navigation. A post-office has been established in the house and there is a daily mail from and to Boston.

The Androscoggin Lakes Transportation Company's first-class stages leave for Bethel each morning, connecting at Grand Trunk Railway depot with through train for Boston. The steamer Parmachenee leaves her wharf each morning for Wentworth's Location, Magalloway river, stopping on her way at Sunday Cove, from whence teams run to the Middle Dam, on Lake Welokennebacock, where connection is made with steamers for Upper Dam, Bemis Stream, Haines' Landing, Indian Rock, Rangeley, and Kennebago Lake, and at Errol Dam, with the Androscoggin Lakes Transportation Company's teams for Dixville Notch. At Wentworth's Location connection is made with teams for Aziscohos Falls, connecting there with the new steamer Magalloway for the Narrows, Lower and Upper Metallak Ponds, Lincoln Pond, Forks of the Magalloway, and Parmachenee Lake. The steamer leaves the Lakeside, Cambridge, at 7.00 A. M.; returning, reaches the landing at 5.30 P. M., furnishing to guests of the house one of the most delightful sails in the world.

Fine horses and first-class teams, with competent and careful drivers are kept at the hotel and may be hired by guests for private trips.

Families wishing a desirable place to spend the summer months can scarcely find a more charming spot than at Lakeside. The scenery, the walks, the drives, the boating, cannot be excelled by any other summer resort in the country, while the chances for fishing and hunting at the proper season are unlimited. The location is very healthy, and sufferers from hay fever and kindred complaints find immediate relief, while consumptive invalids who are not too low, generally derive a great benefit from a summer at the Lakeside. A farm is run in connection with the hotel and supplies fresh milk, eggs, butter, vegetables, and poultry, and nearly all the beef, lamb, and pork. Berries of all kinds are plenty in the immediate vicinity, and the table is supplied with them as long as they last.

Good guides for camping-out or fishing trips, will be

engaged for parties by the manager of the hotel. Their terms are \$2.50 per day and board. The terms at the Lakeside are \$2.00 per day or \$10.00 per week, and parties wishing to engage rooms in advance, should address, Manager Lakeside Hotel, Lakeside Post-office, Coos County, N. H.

Duck shooting in the fall, at the lower end of Umbagog Lake, is very fine, and the Lakeside offers convenient and commodious quarters for sportsmen visiting the lake in October for that purpose. Partridges and woodcock are also plentiful in the vicinity of the Lakeside Hotel and the open season for this game begins September 1st.

Lake Umbagog is the lower in the chain of the Androscoggin Lakes, and consequently the farthest south and west; it is 1,256 feet above the sea level. The Androscoggin River is an outlet to this, as well as all of the other lakes.



CHAPTER IV.

From Cambridge, Lake Umbagog, to the Middle Dam.



GOOD night's rest at the Lakeside, and you will be ready in the morning, after partaking of a hearty breakfast (for one is always hungry in this country), to proceed. You will also find it to your advantage to procure a guide here before starting, for whose services you pay \$2.50 per day and board. The little steamer

"Parmachenee" is at your service, and nothing can be more delightful on a pleasant morning than a sail across the lake.

You embark, the whistle is sounded to hurry up the laggards, the fasts are cast off, and with the pleasant captain at the wheel, the boat, with its jolly company of sportsmen and tourists, leaves the wharf in Cambridge.

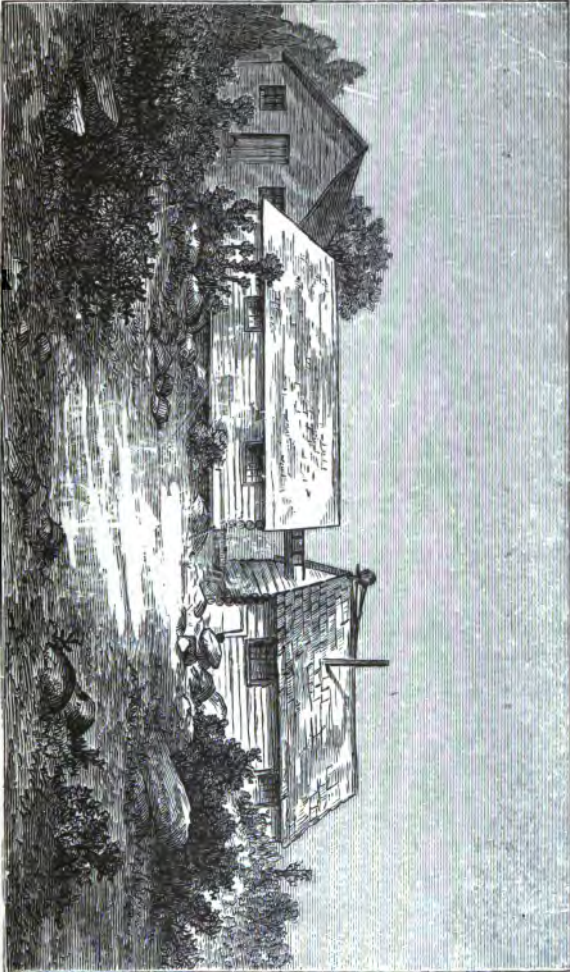
Heading north-west at first, the steamer passes B Point on the right, and soon afterwards the Big Island on the left. Should she continue her present course, she would bring up in Heywood's cornfield; but after passing Bear Island on the right, the boat makes a sharp turn toward the east, heading for Tyler Cove. A short run, however, and her course is again changed, her bow pointing north now, and running between the Narrows on the left, and Metalla's Island on the right, she sweeps by the mouth of the beautiful expanse of

water known as Tyler Cove. At the head of this cove is a fine sand-beach and a small clearing, the remains of a farm; there is a good spring of water here, and plenty of berries in their season; it is also one of the best places in the lake for trout, and camping parties often pitch their tents here for a few days.

The reader will notice that quite a number of points in the lake region are named for "Metallak," an Indian who once lived in the lake country, and we give below a short sketch of his life, that is absolutely true in all essential particulars.

"Metallak was the son of a chief, and from his earliest youth was taught the use of weapons and the craft of the woods. He grew up tall, lithe, and active, the pride of his tribe; and, after its custom, took to his wigwam the fairest from among its maidens. He built his lodge in the old home of his tribe, the Coo-ash-aukes, on the waters of the Amarisagoggin; and for her ransacked the woods for the softest furs and the choicest game. Two children, a son and daughter, came to them and gave to the parents' hearts the joy that is born of offspring. Years sped; the old chief by the St. Lawrence died, and Metallak was the head of his tribe. The frown of the Great Spirit was dark upon his people. One by one its warriors in the woods sickened and passed away. Metallak, in his lodge on the point in the lake, watched and mourned the downfall of his race; and swift runners told him how the stately tree of his tribe was stripped of its branches; but his mate and his children were left to him, and he vowed to the Great Spirit to remain on the hunting-grounds of his tribe until he should be called to the happy hunting-grounds of his fathers. Gradually, as fall the leaves of the forest when the winds of autumn are abroad, fell the once mighty Abenakis, until Metallak and his family were alone.

"The son, not sharing the stern feeling of the sire, as he grew older sighed for the society of the pale faces, and left the lodge in the forest to find a home with the new companions of his choice. The daughter had visited at St. Francis, and had joined her fate with a young warrior of the tribe,



MIDDLE DAY CAMP, LAKE WEGONNEPELAOON. (1876.)

before the great sickness that decimated them; and he, with the English goods, easy of attainment, had robed his dusky bride in garments that a white woman might envy. She is represented as strikingly beautiful, and when she visited her father in the wilderness he was almost awed by her charms and her queenly attire.

"About this time, while closing a moccasin, Metallak had the misfortune to lose an eye. Time sped. The bride of his youth sickened and died,—a sad blow for the desolate chief. She who entered his lodge when youth was high and his tribe had a place in the land, who had, with him, endured long years of adversity, was called, and he was alone.

"Mournfully he laid the body in his canoe, together with the trinkets which in life had been dear to her, and gliding out from the sheltered shore took his way across the narrow strait and down its course to the broad reach of Mole-chunk-a-munk, past the whispering pines and sunny beaches, guided by the roar of Amariscoggin, where he shoots his crested waters toward the more quiet expanse of Umbagog. Entering the rapids he sat erect in the stern of his canoe—his beloved and lost companion in repose before him—and with skillful hand guided the frail bark with its precious burden through the seething waters, past dangerous rock and whirling eddy, until it shot out upon the sunlit expanse of the lower lake; still down, past where the river *debouches* on its way to the sea, to where in the broad expanse, rises the green island that now bears his name. Here he dug her grave and buried her, after the fashion of his people; and without a tear seated himself upon the mound. Night came, but he moved not; the wolf howled from the mainland, the song of the night-wind was on the air; but he heeded not; morning came and passed; night again and morning; and still he sat upon the grave. It was not until the morning of the third day that he left the sacred spot. He built him a hut near it, leaving it only to procure necessary sustenance.

"Years went by, during which he was occasionally seen by the hunters and trappers who visited the region, but his eye had lost its fire, and his step was less firm than of old. In

the year 1846 two hunters came across him in the woods. It was in November, and a very rainy time. He had fallen down, and upon a stub, thus extinguishing the remaining eye. He was without fire or food, and upon the point of starvation. They built a fire, collected wood, gave him provisions, and left him for assistance. With this they returned, and carried him to Stewartstown, on the Connecticut, where he lingered a few years, a public charge on the county of Coos.

“He now rests apart from the wife he loved so well; but his name and memory linger in the haunts of his manhood; and reference to the modern hunting-grounds of Coos would be incomplete without the story of Metallak—the last of his race within our present boundaries, the last hunter of the ancient Coo-ash-aukes.”

Beyond Tyler Cove, the steamer passes B Brook Point on the right, and a short distance farther, on the same side, B Brook Cove. Into the head of this cove, empties B Brook, the outlet of B Pond, and around the inlet some trout are taken.

Continuing on a northerly course, Moll's Rock, a large, shelving ledge, sweeping into the water, is the next object of interest passed. This is on the left-hand or western side of the lake. Of all the camping-grounds around the lake this is the greatest favorite, and it is no uncommon sight to see three or four tents pitched here at the same time. There is a good spring of water near, and plenty of firewood, and the place is in close proximity to the fishing in summer and the shooting in the fall, and is also but an eighth of a mile from Moll's Carry, a short cut from the lake to the Magalloway River.

“Moll's Carry” was named after Metallak's wife; it was their custom to use this cut-off when going from the lake into the river. At high water her canoe would float across it, and when the water was low, she had but a short distance to carry it. None of the present dams were built in the chain of lakes, during the lifetime of Metallak and his squaw.

Steaming onward, perhaps for a mile farther, and the outlet of the lake is passed on the left side. If the water in the lake is low; you can, perhaps, by the aid of the captain, make out where the Androscoggin River begins; but if the lake is high you can discern nothing, as then the river banks are six feet under water, and it would "puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer," unless he knew the exact location, to be able to find in the submerged forest the particular point where the entrance to the river is effected. During the high water the steamer on her trips between the lake and the Magalloway takes a short cut by crossing over a piece of submerged meadow-land, known when out of water as the Richardson Carry.

Beyond the outlet you pass Pine Point, a rocky headland on the right, where is another good camping-ground, and where berries are thick in season; and then on the left, a low, grassy point, known as Moose Point, but which is only visible at a medium, or low stage of the lake. Between Moose Point and Pine Point is the best place to view the White Mountains, whose lofty summits pierce the clouds forty miles to the south-west.

Above Pine Point you reach the widest part of the lake, and off to the eastward on the right-hand side, is the Inlet, where the Rapid River ends its wild career. On the south side of the Inlet, the river drivers have camped for many years in their annual pilgrimages through the lakes, and it is a very good place for parties visiting the lakes to camp, as wood and water are near and plentiful. There is also good trout and land-locked salmon fishing a few miles up the river. The outlook from this camping ground is very pretty, and it is a favorite with many of the tourists who leave the Lakeside for a few days' camping. It is also within easy rowing distance of the deep fishing ground at the head of the lake. Crossing this broad bay, the steamer heading about north-east, you pass, at some distance away, Sturtevant Cove, with its lovely beach of sand; then a picturesque, rocky headland, sweeping up almost perpendicularly from the shore to a height of thirty feet. In front of this and

near it, is the deep fishing-ground, where specimens of the *Salmo Fontinalis*, weighing from three to eight pounds, are taken from their natural element, to find themselves eventually in the frying-pan, or the baking-oven.

At the entrance of Sunday Cove you pass Eagle Point on the right, with its attractive-looking rocky shore, and, following along the right-hand side for a mile, the steamer reaches the Sunday Cove landing, where connection is made with a two-horse buckboard, for the Middle Dam Camp, (Angler's Retreat,) five miles distant. This style of vehicle is admirably adapted to the forest road between the lakes, and will carry five passengers, beside the driver, and a large amount of baggage. The ANDROSCOGGIN LAKES TRANSPORTATION COMPANY contemplate building a light standard-gauge steam railroad across this carry, and we hope before another year it may be done.

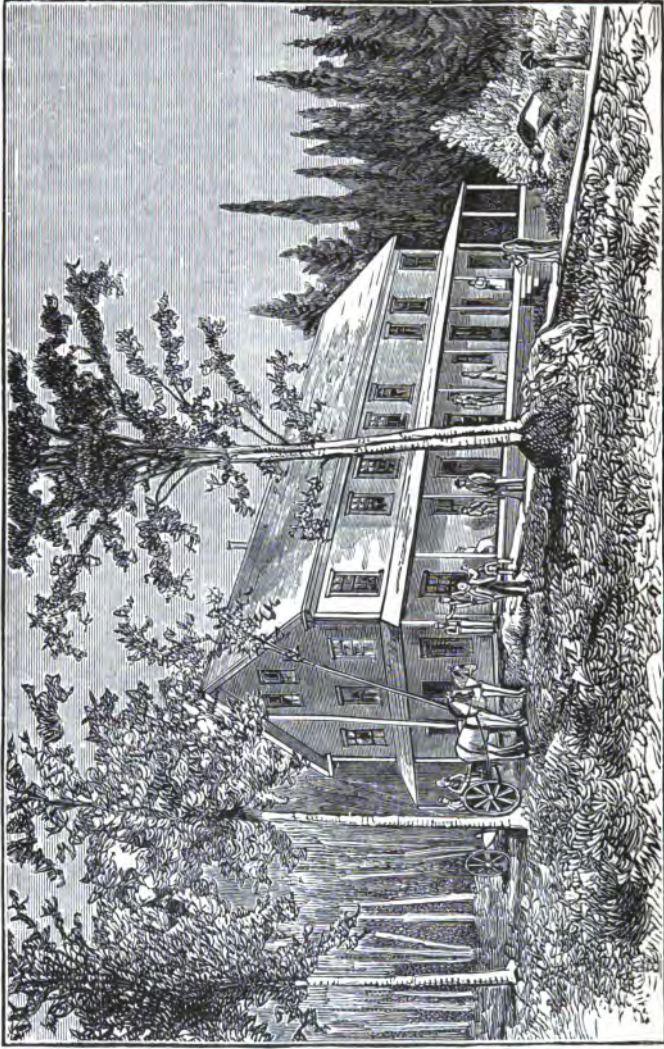
Lake Umbagog is a long, narrow, crooked lake, surrounded for the most part by dense forests, and walled in by mountain peaks from one to five thousand feet in height.

"Long be it ere the tide of trade
Shall break with harsh resounding din
The quiet of thy banks of shade
And hills that fold thee in."

The distance from Cambridge to Sunday Cove is twelve miles, fare \$1.00; and during the trip, if the weather is clear, a very fine view of the mountains in the vicinity may be had.

The view of the White Mountains from Umbagog far excels that from any other point in the lake region, and the three highest peaks, *Washington*, *Jefferson*, and *Adams*, are visible more than half-way to their base. Other prominent peaks seen between Cambridge and Sunday Cove from the steamer are Saddleback and Speckled Mountains, between which you have passed on your ride from Bethel, the Hampshire Hills, Mount Sawyer, Mount Blue, Errol Hill, Moose Mountain, Mount Dustan, and Aziscohos, the last the highest mountain in the lake region.

During the months of September and October the hunting



NEW MIDDLE DAM CAMP, LAKE WELOKFENNEBACOOK (1878).

is excellent about the shores of Lake Umbagog, and also on the adjacent rivers. Ducks of several varieties, "yellow-legs," partridges, quail, woodcock, rabbits, deer, bears, foxes, otters, musk-rats, and other animals, are plenty, and are shot in large numbers. Caribou and moose, while not so common as deer, are also occasionally seen.

Leaving the steamer, you take a seat on the buckboard, which runs daily, excepting Sunday, between Lake Umbagog and the Middle Dam. The fare is \$1.00, or you can walk, and pay for having your baggage hauled at the rate of 75 cents per 100 lbs. Most people, however, prefer to ride.

The road from lake to lake runs through the woods the entire distance, and is very pleasant. In some places it lies near the river, giving beautiful views of rapids and falls. About three miles from Sunday Cove you pass on the right a two-story-and-a-half building, formerly the camp of the Oxford Club. It is prettily situated on the bank of the river. The stream furnishes good fishing, as does also B Pond, a mile and a half distant, from the opposite bank of the river. Opposite this camp is a peculiar bridge, if we may so call it. A wire rope is stretched across the river, which at this point is very rapid, from a high tree on either bank. Attached to the cable is a loose pulley, and from this hangs a swinging seat, which is worked back and forth by the person who wishes to cross. A person at all inclined to dizziness finds his first trip across the river by means of this cable anything but pleasant. But one soon gets accustomed to the novelty of this means of transportation.

A short distance beyond the club camp, on the same side of the road, is a smaller camp, known as Forest Lodge, which has been deserted by the owners for a number of years and is fast going to decay. A few minutes' ride from this point, and you catch a glimpse on your right of a large pond—an expansion of the river. In this vicinity the lumbermen, when driving logs, set up their "wangun," and the spot has been known for years as a "driver's" camping-ground. A mile and a half from here, the first glimpse of the lake is caught through the trees on your right, and a moment later,

the team reaches the clearing, and draws up at the New Middle Dam Camp; the word "New" being used to distinguish it from the old camp which stood nearer the dam; after the Union Water Power Company took control of the dams, the old camp was destroyed. The new camp is a great improvement over the old one in all respects, and its accommodations are more than doubled. It is situated a short distance north of the old camp, and stands fronting the lake, which is but a few rods from the house. The building is two and a half stories high, with pitch roof, and has a piazza in front and on each end. The view from the front piazza is very fine, nearly the whole of the lower lake being in sight, beside quite a number of mountains.

The house contains a large and spacious office, a commodious dining-room, kitchen, pantry, wash-room, twenty sleeping-rooms, and a ladies' sitting-room, besides several other rooms for various purposes. All the sleeping-rooms, and the hall in the second story, are lathed and plastered.

The New Middle Dam Camp has already become a favorite stopping-place with the ladies, not only on account of its superior accommodations and beautiful location, but also for its nearness to the fishing ground, and the facilities offered for walking, boating, and bathing.

The steamers Welokennebacock or Molechunkamunk make two trips daily between the South Arm and the Upper Dam, stopping each day at the Middle Dam, thus giving those who stop at the new hotel a chance to visit the Upper Dam in the morning, have a day's fishing, take dinner, and return to the Middle Dam late in the afternoon.

The proprietor of the Middle Dam Camp will furnish boats and guides at regular prices to all who need them, and will also supply camping parties with provisions and other outfits if desired. An excellent table has always been set here, and the *cuisine* will compare favorably with more pretentious hotels. A post-office is established in the house during the season, and parties wishing to engage rooms in advance should address "Proprietor Middle Dam Camp," Middle Dam, Oxford Co., Maine, *via* Bethel.

Arrived at the camp you will find a number of fishermen and tourists from all parts of the country, who are generally first-rate fellows, and with whom you will soon find yourself on terms of friendly intimacy. No man is better than his neighbor here, and it is "hail fellow, well met," with everybody. There is nothing like life in the woods to take the foolish airs out of a man.

If you are an enthusiastic fisherman, you will be anxious to have a try at the trout before dinner, and, accompanied by your guide, with rod and landing-net, flies, and worms,—now don't turn up your nose at the word "worms," my scientific fly-caster, for a trout will often bite at a worm, when he will wink all day at a fly and never rise to it (trout have their fancies, you know),—you walk out to the dam and secure an eligible place for fishing.

The Middle Dam, entirely rebuilt, and raised eight feet during the fall and winter of 1880, holds back the waters of Molechunkamunk and Welokennebacook Lakes. Welokennebacook is second in the chain, starting from Cambridge. It is 1,456 feet above the sea level.

Among the good places for fishing to which parties resort when making their headquarters at the Angler's Retreat, as the camp is called, are the Dam, situated a few rods south of the house; the Pond in the River, half a mile from the house; Smooth Ledge, three miles distant, where you can obtain one of the finest views to be seen on the river; the Hop Yard, three and a half miles from the house; and the Cold Spring, four and a half miles from the camp, on the north side of the river.

With all these and other places, your guide will be familiar, and will tell you the best time of day to visit each place.

The early spring fishing all through this region is done with bait, the trout not beginning to rise to a fly on an average, before the middle of June, and the time will vary a little, earlier or later, according to the weather, and the temperature of the water.

Before the trout begin to rise the favorite method of taking them is by "trolling," and live bait, (small minnows) is best

for this purpose. These minnows are taken with dip nets, and are found in schools along the shore, around the dams, and at the mouth of small brooks.

In trolling, a person to row the boat is absolutely necessary, and therefore a guide had better always be engaged during the trolling season. Deep fishing, with worms for bait, is also resorted to by many fishermen in the spring, and is productive of good results.

Between Lake Welokennebacook and Lake Umbagog flows the Rapid River, or Five-Mile Falls, as the loggers term it, one of the most picturesque streams in Maine, and from the bank of the river, near Forest Lodge, it appears to its best advantage. Here you may stand and drink in the wild beauty of the scene, while

"Far down, through the mist of the falling river,
Which rises up like an incense ever,
The splintered points of the crags are seen,
With water howling and vexed between,
While the scooping whirl of the pool beneath
Seems an open throat, with its granite teeth!"

The great Northern Diver, or Loon, as the bird is commonly called, is a yearly habitué of this and the other lakes. Speaking of loons, Theodore Winthrop says, "No being has ever shot a loon, though several have legends of some one who has. Sound has no power to express a profounder emotion of utter loneliness than the loon's cry. Standing in piny darkness on the lake's bank, or floating in dimness of mist or glimmer of twilight on its surface, you hear this wailing note, and all possibility of human tenancy by the shore or human voyaging is annihilated. You can fancy no response to this signal of solitude disturbed, and again it comes sadly over the water, the despairing plaint of some companionless and incomplete existence, exiled from happiness it has never known, and conscious only of blank and utter want. Loon-skins have a commercial value; so it is reported. The Barabinzians of Siberia, a nation 'up beyond the River Ob,' tan them into water-proof *paletots* or *aquascutums*. How they catch their loon, before they skin their

loon, is one of the things yet to be revealed about that unknown and incomprehensible realm."

In spite of Winthrop's statement, however, I have known of a number of loons being shot in the lake region. I once saw one shot on Lake Umbagog, from the steamer Diamond, by one of the lake guides. It was killed instantly at the fourth fire by a rifle-ball. The steamer was stopped and the man rowed off and picked up the bird, and brought it back to the boat. On examination it was found that the ball went directly through its head. A large fish-hook was found in its mouth just back of its bill, showing that some time or other the loon had been fishing. The hook was rusty and had the appearance of having been in the bird's mouth a long time. The loon was given to a Boston gentleman, who forwarded it to the city to have it properly preserved. The plumage of these birds is very handsome, the feathers being thick and close. Their color is pure white on the breast, and mottled green and black on the neck. Their wings are speckled black and white. A person must be careful in capturing one when it is only wounded; for a loon is a very powerful bird, and will fight as long as it can breathe. They will give a tremendous bite with their bill, and the safest way to handle one is to get a firm hold of his neck, near his head. This is like putting salt on a pigeon's tail; but then, if you don't succeed in doing it, you need not tell anybody of it.

Capt. Smith, A. E. Rowell, J. H. Rhodes, and several others that I might mention, have also shot loons on the Androscoggin Lakes within the past few years. Thomas Stearns, a young gentleman from Brooklyn, N. Y., caught a young loon alive, on the large Richardson Pond one night while out floating for deer. But the queerest loon incident I ever heard or knew of happened at Lake Molechunkamunk a few summers ago. At the time there was a camping-out party tenting near the mouth of the river. One morning, one of the number, who couldn't hit a barn-door five rods distant, was amusing himself on the lake shore at the mouth of the river, with a rifle, by skipping bullets across the water. A loon was swimming about the lake, five or six hundred yards

from the shore. Suddenly the loon dived, and while he was under water, the marksman sent another bullet skipping across the lake, which was as smooth as a mirror. The bullet struck the water a hundred yards from shore, ricocheting two or three times, and at a distance of about five hundred yards went directly through the neck of the loon, who popped up his head just in time to meet his fate, killing him instantly. I consider this about the luckiest chance shot on record, and the story is well authenticated by several eye-witnesses, who saw him shot and examined the loon after he was brought on shore.

The Bethel and Lake Umbagog Route properly ends at the Middle Dam, as from there one can take the steamers, which call twice a day, and go on up or down the lake as they see fit. The lakes and country above will be described in their proper places.



CHAPTER V.

The Bryant's Pond and Andover Route.

FROM BOSTON TO ANDOVER, MAINE.



THIS route is one of the shortest and most direct approaches to the lakes. You may go from Boston to Portland by either way, as described in Chapter III., then take the Grand Trunk Railway for Bryant's Pond, which place you reach at 4.15 P. M. Alighting from the cars, you find awaiting you at the depot one of Tuttle's four-horse first-class Concord coaches, by which you take passage for Andover, 21 miles distant.

Those wishing to stop in Bryant's Pond for a few days, and try the black bass fishing in the pond near the railroad station, will find excellent accommodation at the Glen Mountain House, directly opposite the depot. John Bicknell is the present proprietor, and under his management the house is kept better than it has been for years before. The rooms are neat and clean, provided with good mattresses and spring beds, and the table is well furnished. The terms are \$2.00 per day, with reduction by the week.

The Andover Stage Line has been very much improved for the present season. A fine new Concord coach, and several private carriages, and six heavy horses, have been added to the property, making this one of the best-equipped stage lines in the State. With two Concord coaches, a number of smaller vehicles, and plenty of good horses, the company are prepared to transport a large number of passengers this summer, with safety and despatch.

If the day is pleasant don't fail to procure an outside seat,

if you can get one, for the ride is lovely, and during the months of June, July, and August you will reach Andover before

"Darkness casts her sable mantle down."

What is more exhilarating than a ride on top of an old-fashioned stage-coach, drawn by four spirited horses, and managed by a good-natured driver, surrounded as you are by an agreeable coterie of companions? The sweet-scented aromas of field and forest wafted in your face; the dust rolling in clouds behind you, like the smoke of a locomotive; the rattle of the wheels; the bounce over some inequality in the road; the dash on a down grade, and the wild gallop up the next hill; the excitement of passing some old farm wagon in the narrowest part of the road; the shouting, laughing, and joking of those around you; the "Ahs!" and the "Ohs!" that are safety-valves to your wrought up feelings,—all combined make the trip an oasis in the desert of life, an ever welcome, and never-forgotten memory of "that summer's vacation in Maine."

You will find George Tuttle, or Mr. Ford good whips and pleasant companions, as they keep in stock a vast number of entertaining stories, which they are not at all backward in relating. For a first-class story-teller commend me to a New England stage-driver.

The road turns to the north-west, and we drive through the neat little village of Bryant's Pond,—a part of the town of Woodstock; a beautiful landscape unrolls before us, and just at the right time of day to appreciate all of its wonderful beauties. The road is hard and level; but few tiresome hills for the horses to climb, it following the valleys of the Androscoggin and Ellis Rivers nearly the entire distance, and you are consequently at ease to enjoy the scenery.

Close to the road are the fertile meadows of the intervalle, while in the distance mountain after mountain appears, some bold and striking, and others soft and gentle, in their outline.

You will be pleased with the neat appearance and thrifty aspect of the farms along the road, and many of the houses are superior to those usually found in a farming country.

Two miles distant from Bryant's Pond is the village of "Pin Hook," and we stop at the local post-office a moment for the delivery of the mail. Continuing on, the stage crosses a mill-stream, spanned by a little wooden bridge, the road now bearing slightly to the left.

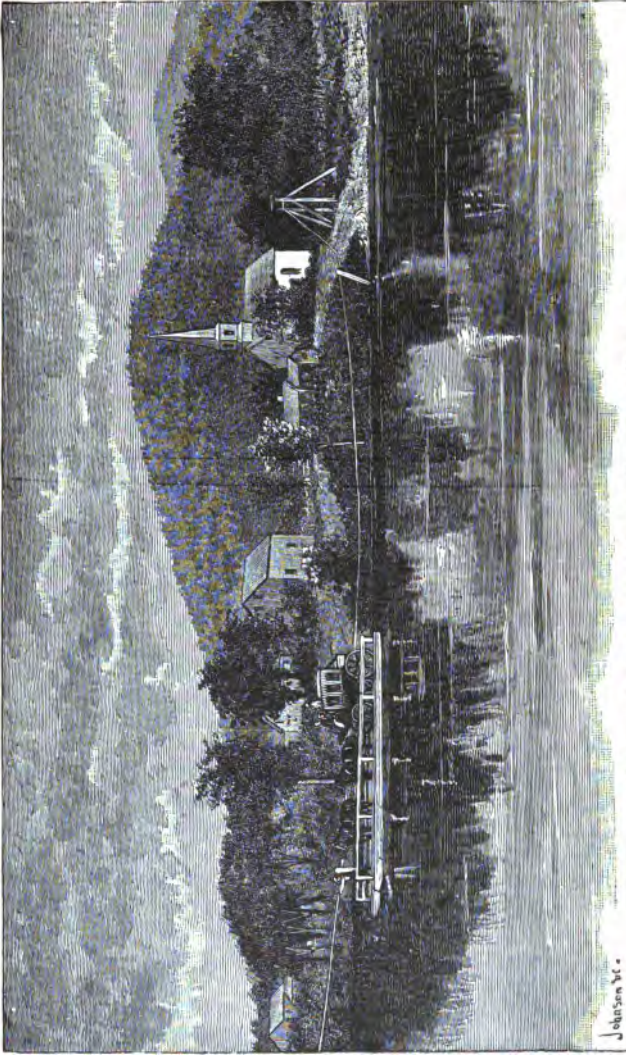
One of the legends of this locality is, that the village derived its name from the fact that an old chap, when the place was first settled, used to fish from this bridge, and catch trout from the stream with a pin-hook, before fancy flies and six-ounce rods were thought of.

If the afternoon is pleasant you will get a beautiful sunset during this ride, the road commanding a grand and picturesque view of mountain ranges nearly the entire distance, and when the God of Day slowly vanishes behind some lofty peak, tinging the light clouds which float lazily in the sky with a golden, dreamy light, and throwing shadows from base to summit of the noble old hills by which you are surrounded, you may perhaps wonder that people should visit the Old World to view scenery, when that in the New is unsurpassed.

Occasionally you pass over some rustic bridge, spanning a small stream that crosses the road, its sparkling waters and bright sands suggestive of trout, and the murmur of whose gentle ripple, borne to your ear in the quiet air of evening, sounds like the soft strains of Æolian music.

Before reaching Milford Plantation, the road runs for several rods along a high ridge, which is known by the local sobriquet of the Whale's Back. It is formed of sand and gravel, and is just wide enough on top for a road; it sets in a level plain, some eighty feet above the other land, its sides being steep and precipitous, and is a queer freak of nature.

The next post-office at which the stage calls is in the small and compact village of Milton, in Milton Plantation, the community being too small to be entitled to a town organization. The business part of this hamlet consists of a small



Jehansen Mt.

CROSSING THE ANDROSCOGGIN RIVER AT RUMFORD.

but well-kept hotel, one or two small manufactories, a store, and a steam-mill, which although it has been burned several times, continues to rise Phœnix like from its ashes. At this mill clothes-pins, broom and mop handles, pail handles, salt boxes, and other light wooden articles are manufactured. It is a valuable industry for the village, and gives employment to quite a number of people, while furnishing a good market for a large amount of white birch and poplar, which is furnished the manufacturers by the farmers in the immediate vicinity and surrounding country. The houses in the village are small and neat, and give evidence of thrift in their tenants.

Just before reaching the village of Rumford you pass a road on your right that leads to Mexico and Dixfield, and passengers for points "down the river" change stages at this corner. The celebrated Rumford Falls on the Androscoggin are six miles below the cross roads.

About half-past five you reach the Rumford Hotel, where horses and drivers are changed, and where you procure supper. The charge is fifty cents each, and they give you a very good meal for your money, and, after your ride, you have the appetite to appreciate it.

About three-quarters of an hour is spent for supper and change of team, and then you climb aboard the stage, the driver snaps his whip, and away you rattle down the slight declivity that leads to the ferry over the Androscoggin River.

Here you will probably meet with a new experience, as the river is crossed by means of a rope ferry, very few of which are to be seen in the North. Our artist has given us a good illustration of this peculiar kind of navigation.

On each side of the river are a high post and ladder, something like those on a pile driver. A heavy hemp cable is stretched across the river from the top of these two posts. The ferry-boat, which is simply a common flat-boat decked over, is fastened to the cable by two smaller ropes, one at each end of the boat. At the end of the smaller cables are grooved blocks containing a wheel, so that they will travel back and forth along the large cable. The boat is on the

lower side of the cable, and is propelled entirely by the current. The boat is so shallow at each end that it is run close to the banks of the river, and teams drive off without any difficulty.

Crossing the river, the stage is driven up a little ascent to the post-office known as Rumford Point, where the mail is changed and express matter left, and then away you go again.

You are now at quite a height above the river, and have a pretty view of the stream, where the Ellis empties into it. A few rods beyond, the road divides, one branch running to Andover on the east side of the river. The stage follows the left-hand, or western side, which is the best road, and you cross the Ellis River over a covered bridge, obtaining a view, almost a mile away, of a picturesque-looking cliff, on the left side of the road, in which a horse's head is formed by a vein of white rock. It reminds one of the "White Horse" in North Conway.

From the western end of the bridge, a road follows up the Androscoggin to Hanover and Newry Corner. You lose sight of the larger river here, as the rest of the distance you follow the Ellis River, which is off to your right and is scarcely ever out of sight, as it twists and turns among the beautiful meadows, which are a charming feature of the landscape in this part of the country. The intervale lands here are broad and level and form a marked contrast to the lofty hills surrounding them.

Away to the left may be seen the Lead Mountain, with its buildings on top, and many other peaks in that vicinity; the mines here were worked for several years, but were finally given up, from the difficulty in getting the product down the mountain and to market.

Far away to the right White Cap rears its huge summit to the sky, and from its top on a clear day it is said that Portland can be distinctly seen.

Farther south Mount Zircon lifts its lofty head, the highest mountain in that locality. At its base is a celebrated mineral spring, and on its summit once stood a large hotel, a

fashionable resort in summer for wealthy people. A number of years ago the house burned down, and the property changing hands, it has never been rebuilt.

Continuing on the stage soon reaches the store in which the South Andover post-office is located, two miles from Andover Corner. The mail is left here, and with but a moment's stop the horses are again put on a trot for the last two miles, or the "home stretch," as the drivers sometimes say. Off to the right before us we obtain a view of Farmer's Hill,—a noted locality,—and numerous other mountains whose names have not been handed down to posterity.

A half mile from the hotels you pass the charming residence of Sylvanus Poor, Esq., on the left-hand side of the road; it is one of the most popular of the summer boarding-houses. A few rods beyond you will notice the Andover Trotting Park. The houses now increase in number, the stage rolls along a wide, level street, and in a few moments more reaches the centre of the village, and leaves passengers at French's Hotel, the Andover House, or at either of the boarding-houses kept by Cushman and Clark. The houses are all good, and need no especial recommendation.

At Andover you stop over night, securing a good night's rest, after your three hours' stage-ride. In the morning you partake of a hearty breakfast, then get your traps together, and take a seat on the spring-board, or "buck-board," as the natives have it, by which you are to continue your journey. For mountain-riding these teams cannot be excelled, and are at once a favorite with all classes, ladies taking to them as readily as gentlemen.

These vehicles are made of three or four spruce boards, about twelve feet long and four feet wide, fastened to dead axles, all the spring being in the boards. They have two or three seats on each, which are box-shaped, the top of the seat lifting up, and serving as a cover for the box. They have covered tops, and side coverings that roll up in pleasant weather. Two horses are attached to them, and they rattle over the ground at a lively pace.

Daily teams are run between Andover and the South Arm

of Lake Welokennebacock from the time the ice goes out to the middle of October. They leave the hotels at half-past eight each morning, arriving at the South Arm at noon, in time for dinner at the Lakeview Cottage, and connection with steamers Molechunkamunk or Welokennebacock, for Middle and Upper Dams, Bemis Stream, Haines' Landing, Cupsuptic, Indian Rock, and Rangeley.

A few days may be advantageously spent in Andover, in brook-fishing, and viewing the splendid scenery in the locality, either in going to or coming from the lakes. The proprietors of the hotels are familiar with the location of all the trout-brooks, and will take you to streams where a good day's sport is the rule rather than the exception.

Parties leaving Boston at night by Portland steamers can take the morning train between Portland and Bryant's Pond (which from June 1 to October 1 is a fast express), and reaching Bryant's Pond at 11 A. M., be carried through to the South Arm, reaching the lake between five and six o'clock. At the Lakeview Cottage they can obtain supper, lodging, and breakfast, and, leaving the Arm at 7.30 the next morning, arrive at the Upper Dam by nine o'clock, thus making a gain of about six hours over the all-rail routes. This will entail a slight extra expense.

By making the trip in this way the journey between Boston and the Androscoggin Lakes is made practically in one day, as the night on the steamer may as well be spent in that way as any other.

CHAPTER VI.

From Andover to the South Arm.

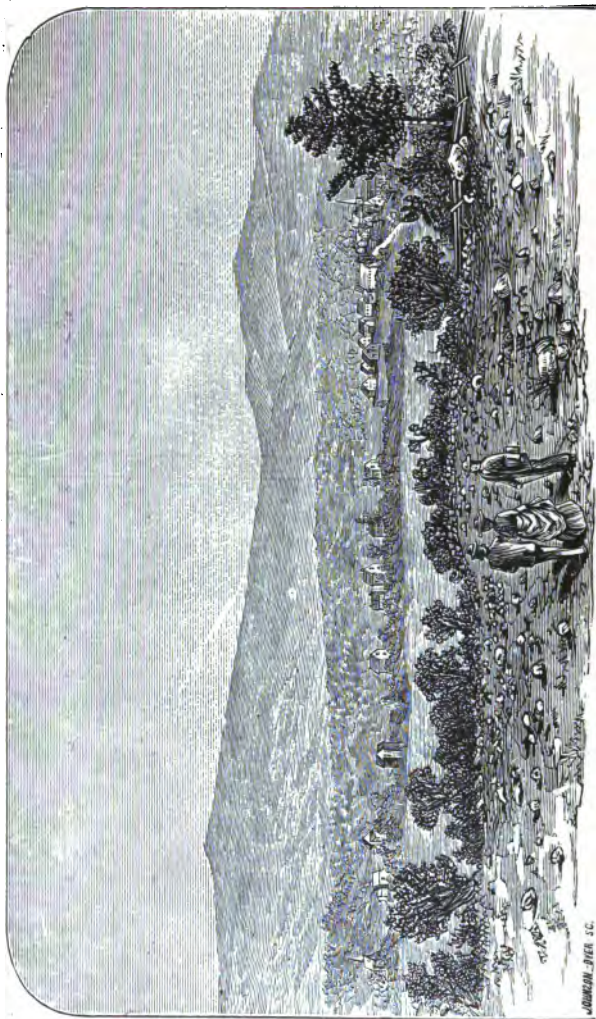


THE ride from Andover to the South Arm of Lake Wetokenebacook is very pleasant. Leaving the hotel the road runs down to the Ellis River, which is crossed over a substantially built covered bridge, then turns sharply to the right, climbing a little hill, and makes another sharp turn, this time to the left; reaching the height of land, you have a magnificent view of the pretty village of Andover, and the Ellis River valley for several miles. A more charming landscape you will not meet with in many a day's travel.

White Cap, Lead Mountain, Bald Pate, Dunn's Notch, Farmer's Hill, Sawyer Notch, Blue and Sawyer Mountains, forming the natural walls of the valley, and various other places of interest, may be seen from this point in the road.

The horses trot gayly along; you soon pass the last house on the road to the Arm, located at some distance from the highway to the left, and descending a steep pitch, you cross Black Brook, over a little wooden bridge, and shortly leave the main road, which continues on to the town of Byron.

From the village of Andover to where you leave the Byron road is three miles, and, turning to the left, you enter what



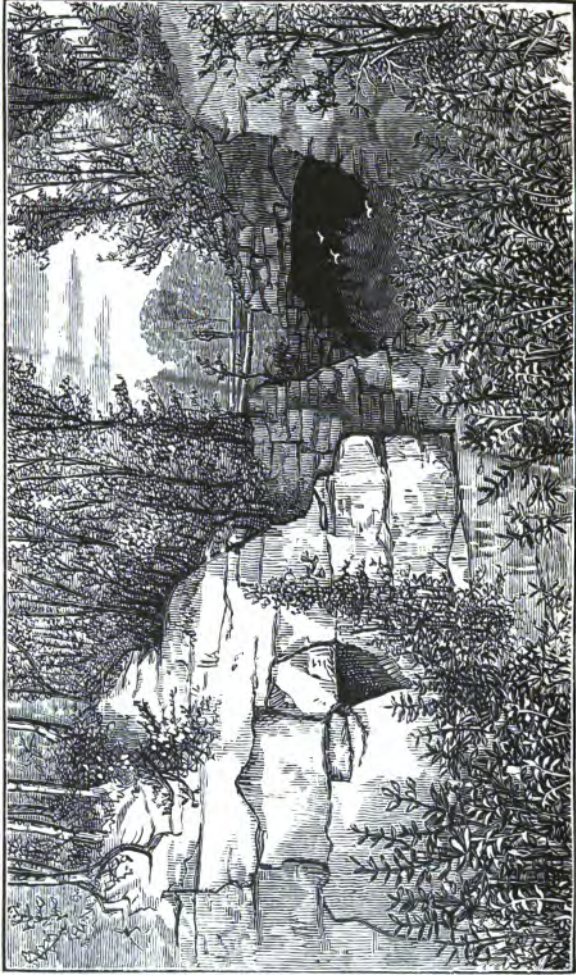
VILLAGE OF ANDOVER, ME., WITH OLD BALD PATE MOUNTAIN.

is commonly called the Lake road, running for nine miles through an unsettled wilderness. Years ago this road was rough and muddy, but of late years a large sum of money is annually spent on it, and it is now in as good condition as any county road in the state. In the fall of 1878 the County Commissioners laid out the road as a public road, and assessed the land-owners along the route a sufficient sum to make the road first-class.

The trees grow close to the road on either side; there are no clearings, and you can only get a peep at the sky by looking directly overhead; and at times you cannot even do that, as the branches of some of the venerable monarchs of the forest meet above your head, forming a beautiful and fantastic archway, completely hiding the sky and sun.

Arriving at "Smith's Mill," so called, you stop some thirty minutes to visit the Devil's Den, Hermit Falls, and Silver Ripple Cascade. Crossing the sunny glade where the teams are halted, you walk down the path, passing a spring of excellent water, cross a little rivulet, and ascend a slight acclivity, where you reach the first curiosity, the Devil's Den. It is certainly a wonderful place and a queer freak of nature.

The den is a large excavation in the granite rock, and has been formed by the action of the water during the fearful freshets that take place in that region in spring, assisted occasionally perhaps by some of the heavy thunder-storms, whose powerful electricity crumbles the edges and tears off pieces of the rock, which are swept away by the rapid current of the freshet. It is from sixty to eighty feet deep, and about thirty feet across the top. Formerly a mill, owned by a man named Smith, stood over it. At that time the waters of Black Brook emptied into the Den over the wall of solid rock which formed the back, and made their escape through an opening in the rock at the lower end. The shape of the Den inside is like a letter U turned sideways, with the bottom of the letter towards the upper part of the brook. The wheel was hung in the Den under the mill, and so near the precipice over which the water fell as to be driven by the



DEVIL'S DEN, BLACK BROOK, LAKE ROAD, ANDOVER, ME.

force of its fall. But the mill has long since fallen to decay, and the waters of Black Brook have been turned from the Den, and have worn a new channel through the rocks a few yards beyond. The bottom of the Den is now partially covered with rubbish and broken timbers, that have fallen in as the building has succumbed to the ravages of time and the elements. The best view of this wonderful chasm is from the upper end looking down.

Like all romantic places of the kind, this locality has its legend. It runs thus:—

“Many years ago, a man by the name of Brown, who was more of a hunter and trapper than anything else, came down to Andover from Canada. After stopping in the village a few weeks, he came out here in the wilderness, and, with the assistance of some of the village people, built him a log-house. At that time Indians were thick about the lakes, and hunting and trapping was anything but safe business. Here Brown lived, miles from other houses, without any companions but a dog and a horse. Occasionally he would make a visit to the town, trade his furs at the stores for necessaries in the way of groceries and ammunition, and then return to his log-cabin, not to be seen for another long spell. One winter and spring, two years after he had built his cabin, the Indians were particularly troublesome and daring, and Brown had not made his appearance at Andover for a long time. At the principal store, one day, a number of the villagers had accidentally met, and were wondering what had become of the eccentric hunter, when Brown’s dog walked into the store so thin and lank they scarcely knew him. He was almost famished, and Mudge, the store-keeper, gave him something to eat. After the dog had eaten he acted very strangely,—would go to the door and look out, then come back, and, looking the men wistfully in the face, would give utterance to a mournful howl. Those present thought something had happened to Brown, for the dog was never known to come to the village before alone. After talking the matter over, they raised a company of twenty men, and the next morning well armed, they started for Brown’s cabin,

the dog taking the lead just as if he understood all that was going on. When they arrived here they found the cabin burned to the ground, and the bones of Brown, which had been picked clean by the wolves, were all there was left of the unfortunate hunter. Near by beneath a rudely constructed grave, they found the remains of four Indians, showing that Brown must have sold his life dearly. They dug a grave and buried the bones, and then returned home, Mudge keeping the dog, who lived for some years after his master's death. The horse, and everything else of any value the redskins had taken away with them."

A few yards beyond the Den, you reach Black Brook, an excellent trout stream, and here are Hermit Falls and Silver Ripple Cascade.

On each side of the brook are heavy masses of ledge, and between these the water comes foaming and swirling down, tumbling over two or three huge rocks, forming the falls, and then plunges into a black-looking pool of unfathomable depth. From this it pours down over a solid bed of granite, forming a lovely cascade, and empties into a basin, nearly circular in shape, and some thirty feet wide. It is not unlike Garnet Pool, near the Glen House, but is larger, and more beautiful in its surroundings.

An hour may be profitably spent in this charming place, and one unconsciously lingers, as if loathe to tear himself away from its attracting features.

After leaving this lovely spot the road rises fast, the elevation between Andover and Lakeview Cottage at the South Arm being 950 feet. As you ride along through the leafy solitudes your ears are soothed with harmonious sounds arising from Black Brook, as its waters leap with a merry ripple from rock to rock, to continue their flight until swallowed up by the Ellis, into which stream they empty.

Soon after leaving "Smith's Mill," occasional glimpses are obtained through the tops of the trees, of Old Blue, whose ragged sides form one of the walls of the Notch. Three miles from the Devil's Den the road winds over Cedar Hill, from whose summit you look down into Black Brook Notch;

at this point you have a splendid view of Sawyer and Blue Mountains, which come together below you, leaving just room to allow a team to pass between them, but not without the hubs of the wheels scraping on the rough sides of the rocks.

On your right a frightful precipice looms eight hundred feet above you, its sides seamed and scarred by the war of the elements, and in many places it looks as if the rocks would fall into the road at any moment. Slides often occur here, the last one being in the spring of 1886. On the left Sawyer Mountain towers into the air, an occasional huge cliff peeping out from the dense mass of woods with which it is covered. There is a wildness and sublimity about the scenery of the Notch that charms every beholder, and the view through it from the top is not only beautiful but most impressive. This is a favorite locality for thunder-showers, and when you are caught in one you do not forget it in a hurry. The sun disappears, and the sky is covered with dull leaden clouds, the rain pours in torrents, the wind whistles around you with a mournful wail, the thunder rolls heavily from mountain to mountain, sending forth frightful echoes, and the fearful flashes of lightning that illuminate the inky clouds are all a fitting addition to the grandeur of the scene.

At the foot of Cedar Hill a sluice dam is thrown across the brook, and this raises the water sufficiently in the spring to float down the logs, when lumbering operations are carried on here; of late years, however, but little has been done in this line and the dam is gradually going to decay. We present our readers with an engraving of Mount Sawyer and the Sluice Dam.

After leaving the Notch the road winds along the valley of Black Brook, the landscape presenting many interesting features. A short distance from the dam you reach a beautiful crystal spring, which bubbles up from a bed of sparkling sand, from under an immense boulder on the right-hand side of the road. The warmest day in summer this water is as cold as ice, and all travelers to the lakes stop a few moments to obtain a draught of this invigorating elixir. This spring has been appropriately termed the "Cold Spring," by which



name it is generally known. A few rods beyond the spring you will notice, on the right-hand side of the road, an immense hole in the side of the mountain, whose base you are skirting. It is near the summit of the peak, at the bottom of an overhanging cliff. It has been christened by some one the "Devil's Oven." And certainly it seems that if his Satanic Majesty ever has occasion to do any baking he could not have chosen a more fitting place.

About two miles farther on you cross a branch of Black Brook that is a very good trout stream; and a short distance beyond you cross the main branch of Black Brook which heads in the mountains on the east side of the Arm. This stream is also fished for trout with good success. Between these two brooks on the right-hand side of the road, stood, some years ago, a birch guide-board, that marked a road leading to the old Richardson Farm. This old road is now overgrown, and it is not safe for a stranger to attempt to follow it. In this vicinity are a number of lumber camps located a short distance from the road to the right.



Crossing the second brook, a short ride brings you to a

foot-path that leaves the main road on the left-hand side, crossing the mountains to Andover, and by which the distance between the Hotels and the South Arm is shortened some three miles. The writer, in company with several other gentlemen and their guides, walked from the South Arm to the village, by the mountain path, several years ago, and found it a very pleasant jaunt. The party numbered fourteen men and two dogs,—the largest party that had ever walked out over the mountains. On our way one of the guides called my attention to a huge white birch-tree near the path, with which was connected a story. He said, "One winter a man from the village had attempted to walk in to the lake to join a party who were fishing for trout, and he lost his way. The snow was deep, and for two days and nights he hunted for the path in vain, and, finally, believing he could not survive much longer, he tore out a leaf from a pocket-diary, and wrote a few farewell lines to his wife and family, which he fastened to that birch-tree. After that he wandered aimlessly about, and accidentally chanced upon the path. He arrived home in the middle of the night, half-starved and nearly frozen, but soon recovered from the ill effects of his adventure. The next spring I found the paper pinned to the tree.'

In walking in or out across the mountains, one has a fine view of Sawyer Notch, and the Moody Ledge, so called from an accident which once befell a man of that name while after wolves on the mountain.

One evening Moody, and several others who were in the vicinity, heard the howling of wolves on the mountain above the ledge. They started up the mountain, intending to make it hot for the wolves. Moody led the way, and, when just above the ledge, a small tree that he had hold of gave way, and before he could catch at anything else, down he went. He struck first on a little shelf of the ledge about a third of the way down, which broke his fall and some of his bones at the same time. Before he could secure himself, over he went again, and landed about a third further down, on a little spur projecting from the main precipice, upon which grew a few small bushes. Before he could get hold of these, he

again fell, striking heavily at the bottom of the rock. His companions made a stretcher and took him out to the village. A doctor was called, and it was found that the unfortunate man had broken both his arms and legs, and his collar-bone, and from a fearful cut on his head some of his brains were oozing. Yet, in spite of this he managed to get well, went



NATURAL ARCH, LAKE ROAD, C TOWNSHIP, ME.

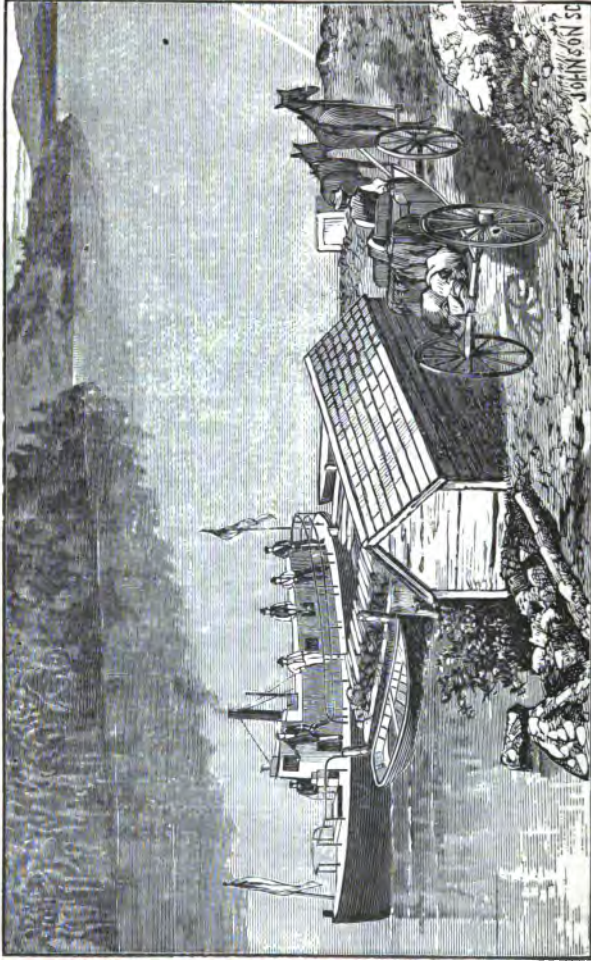
to sea, and was drowned. This is no mere fancy sketch, but the facts are substantially as we have written them, and there are men still living in Andover who helped bring Moody out of the woods. But the wonderful circumstances of the case bring to mind the old adage, "A man who is born to be drowned will not be hanged."

Between the mountain path and the Arm nothing occurs worthy of special mention; a few minutes' ride brings you in sight of the lake; the team is driven to the steamboat wharf a few rods from Lakeview Cottage, and you bid farewell to the buckboard.

THE ANDROSCOGGIN LAKES TRANSPORTATION COMPANY, to provide for their fast-increasing travel at the lakes, have built an elegant new steam yacht, the Molechunkamunk, and placed it on the Androscoggin Lakes. It will run in connection with the Welokennebacock, between the South Arm and Upper Dam, touching at the usual landings. When not otherwise engaged it can be hired by private parties. The boat is built in a superior manner, and furnished with a steel boiler, and other fittings of equal excellence.

The company also, during the spring and summer of 1882, erected a neat little hotel, three stories and a half high, at the South Arm. The house is called Lakeview Cottage, and is pleasantly located on the lake shore, near the steamboat landing, and commands a very fine and extensive view up the lake. It has wide piazzas on all sides; that fronting the lake being on the second story of the house, and for rest and promenade they cannot but be appreciated by the guests of the hotel. The upper story is finished in wood, sheathed and oiled; the lower stories are plastered. All the floors are of hard wood finished in oil. The hotel is well furnished, the sleeping-rooms being provided with the best spring-beds and hair mattresses that money could buy, and in this respect the house is not equalled by any in the lake region, excepting the Lakeside, at the foot of Umbagog Lake, in Cambridge, which hotel also belongs to the company.

The rates at Lakeview Cottage are \$2.00 per day; dinners 50 cents each. All the sleeping-rooms in the house but two are corner rooms, and are unusually pleasant on that account. Although the South Arm is more free from flies and mosquitoes than many points in the lake region, the Company have provided the hotel with the finest wire screens manufactured, for the windows and outside doors, and each sleeping-room is furnished with a large mosquito canopy,



STEAMER WELKENNEBACOOK AND BUCKBOARD AT SOUTH ARM, LOWER RICHARDSON LAKE.

surrounding the entire bed, for use during fly-time, so that guests can stop at the house with some degree of comfort.

The table will be supplied with the best that the local markets afford, and no pains will be spared by the Company to make the stay of guests at the Lakeview pleasant in every respect.

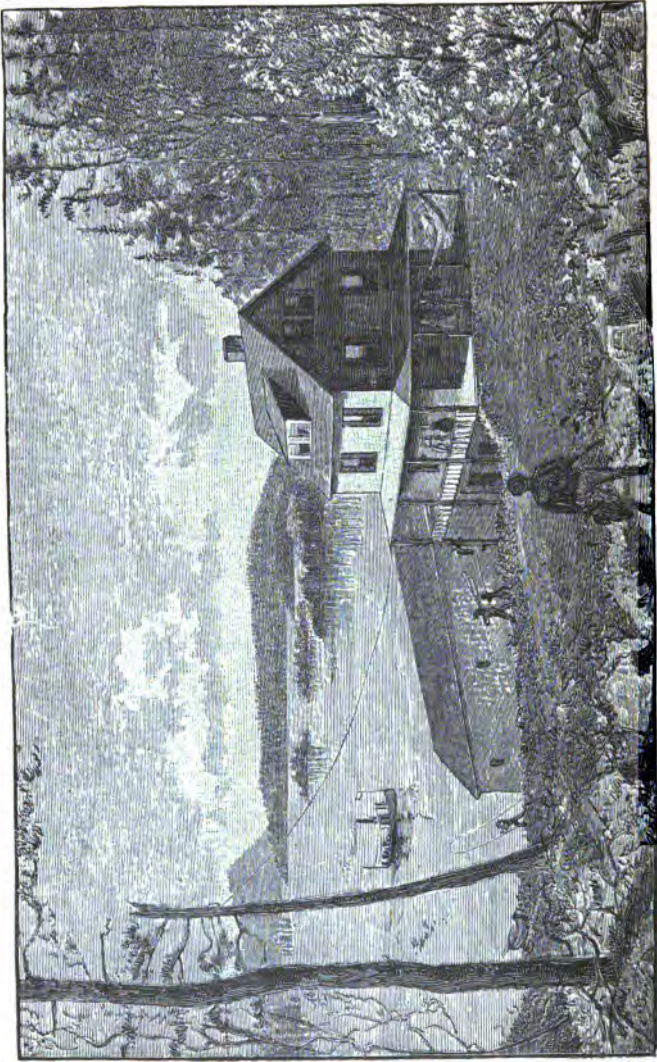
Especial attention has been paid to drainage, and in this respect the hotel cannot be surpassed by any in the country. Pure spring water is brought into the house and is used for all purposes.

The fishing at the South Arm from the time the ice goes out, up to about the middle of July, is as good as any other point in the lake region, and trout weighing from half a pound to ten pounds are taken there. The company have bought a number of new row-boats the present season, and these may be hired from the manager of the hotel for fishing and other purposes.

Gentlemen visiting the lakes accompanied by their families will find the Lakeview a very desirable house to stop at, on account of its home-like appearance, and the inducements it offers for rest and pleasure. Ladies and young people can here indulge in boating with less danger than at any other point on the lakes, as there are several coves and bays, sheltered by islands and the mainland, always free from rough water. There are also fine chances for bathing but a short distance from the house.

There are also pleasant walks in the vicinity, offering a chance for lovers of woodland paths to take any amount of pedestrian exercise; good trout streams, furnishing brook trout in abundance, are within two miles of the house. The steamers leave the hotel for points up the lake at 7.00 A. M., and 1.00 P. M., returning at noon and 5.00 P. M.

There is a daily mail to the house from Andover and also from points up the lake. Parties wishing to order rooms in advance can do so by addressing "Manager Lakeview Cottage," South Arm, Andover, Oxford Co., Maine.



LAKEVIEW COTTAGE, SOUTH ARM, LAKE WELOKENNEBACOOK.

CHAPTER VII.

From the South Arm to the Upper Dam.



NE of the fine steamers Welokenebacook or Molechunkamunk make two trips daily between the South Arm and the Upper Dam Landing, touching each way at the Middle Dam. The steamer leaves the South Arm at 7.00 A. M., and 1.00 P. M.; and the Middle Dam, at 7.30 A. M., and 2.00 P. M., arriving at the Upper Dam Landing at 8.30

A. M., and 3.00 P. M.

Embarking on the steamer you find it an agreeable change after your ride. Leaving the wharf the boat glides up the lake, the whistle severing the last connection between yourself and the outer world. The sail from here to the Upper Dam Landing is delightful. The distance from the South Arm to the Middle Dam, where the steamer makes her first landing, is four miles.

A short distance above the wharf, a little way beyond, you pass on the right hand Lakeview Cottage, cosily nestled under a mountain but a few steps from the Lake; on the left or western side of the lake you will notice a small opening leading to an inlet behind an island; this place is known as Poke-Logon. On the same side, about a mile from the wharf, you pass another little cove known as Saint's Rest. Beyond this is Leon Bay. A mile above the wharf, on the right (eastern shore), you pass a sand spit, known as Bailey's

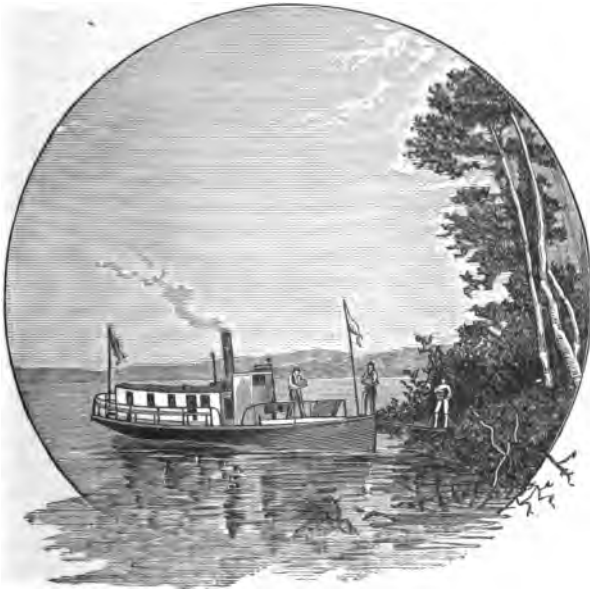
Point, on which formerly grew several tall pines; the last one, however, has succumbed to the rise of water caused by the building of the New Middle Dam, and the point is now barren. Loon Island (a sunken reef, which is not visible at the highest stage of water) is passed just above the point, and a half mile farther north the rocky shores of Spirit Island are noticed. A weather beaten pine, long shorn of its foliage, adorns the upper part of the island which is otherwise covered by a growth of white birch, and forms a frequent resting-place for the sea gulls and eagles that inhabit the lake country. This was once quite a large island, and formerly was a favorite camping-place, but the rise of the water has washed nearly half of the soil away, and in place of the luxuriant growth that once crowned it, there remains now only a few stunted white birches on the very highest part of the land. A rough-looking point covered with huge boulders, known as Hard-Scrabble, next attracts attention on the right. This has always been the terror of oarsmen, when pulling up the lake against the heavy north-west winds that prevail a great part of the time during June and September. Many a "hard-scrabble" has the writer had, years ago, when trying to pass the point in a row-boat. In a north-west gale the sea runs very heavy off this point, making the passage on some days dangerous for small boats. On all sides the mountains, thickly wooded, descend to the water, the shores curving and twisting in irregular lines. As you pass Hard-Scrabble the lake opens to its fullest width before you, and far in the north, across the mountains at the head of the lake, is seen the wedge-shaped summit of Mount Dustan, also the highest peak of old Aziscohos, the monarch of the Magalloway.

Welokennebacook is one of the prettiest lakes of the Androscoggin chain. Seen under any aspect, its waters slightly ruffled by a gentle south wind, or stirred into billowy waves, with frothy caps, by a north-wester, or entirely placid when

"The solemn pines along its shore,
The firs which hang its gray rocks o'er,
Are painted on its glassy floor,"

it is beautiful, and will hold a place among your pleasant memories.

. As you cross from Hard-Scrabble to the Middle Dam the view behind you, looking toward the Arm is very fine. It is said by European travellers to resemble the head of Loch Katrine, in Scotland, only the scene is more beautiful. Nearing the Middle Dam, we obtain a fine view of the camp;



WOODING UP ON LAKE WELOKENNEBACOOK.

most appropriately known as the "Angler's Retreat," standing back a few rods from the shore, and fronting the lake. As we run in to the wharf we pass Rifle Point, and the "Run," the outlet of the lakes, on the left. The steamer arrives at the Middle Dam Landing at half-past one. A few

minutes' stop only is made here, and again the fasts are cast off, the whistle sounds the departure, and we are under way for the Upper Dam Landing, eight miles distant.

Our course lays diagonally across the lake, and we pass Jackson Point, jutting into the lake from the northern shore, midway between the wharf and the Narrows. As we enter the passage connecting the lakes you pass Portland Point on the right, and Horse Beef Point on the left. A range of mountains, known as the Farm Ridge, extends along the entire eastern shore of Lake Welokennebacook and the Narrows, and finally joins the Bemis Mountain Range at the foot of Mooselucmaguntic Lake.

Looking back from the mouth of the Narrows you have one of the finest mountain views to be obtained anywhere in the lake region. In the south Bald Pate,—a familiar acquaintance to those who have been in Andover,—and Speckled Mountain may be seen forming the walls of Grafton Notch. In the south-west, nearly on a line with the buildings near the Middle Dam, appear several of the White Mountain peaks; Washington, Jefferson, and Adams being the only ones visible. The view down the lake from the foot of the Narrows is unsurpassed by any similar landscape in the country. The Narrows are two miles long, and from a few rods to half a mile wide. In some places the rocks are very thick, but are not troublesome except late in the season, when the water is low. The sail through this narrow strait is quite a change from the lake; and, although the scene differs from that below, it is still as charming as ever. One of the peculiar features of the Narrows is the wall of rock running along the northern shore, not visible, however, in extreme high water. It resembles the stone walls on a farm; and at first sight one would almost imagine that it had been built purposely. A very amusing story occurs to me in connection with this rocky wall.

Some years ago a party of ladies and gentlemen was going up the lakes, and one of the ladies asked the only gentleman of the party who had visited the lakes before, what that wall was for, she supposing it to have been built. He gravely

told her that several years before the Indians had built that wall to prevent the bull-frogs from jumping out on the land and frightening the deer. The lady took his statement for fact, and, a few years afterwards, while at a party in New York city, she was relating to a little knot of interested listeners the story of her trip to the Androscoggin Lakes; "and the funniest thing I learned there," said she, "was that the Indians had built a wall along the Narrows to prevent the bull-frogs from jumping out on the land and frightening the deer." The gentleman who had given her that wonderful piece of information was also at the party, and happened to overhear her story. He could not help laughing, and attracted the attention of the lady, who saw from the expression of his face that something was wrong. "I am sure you told me so!" she exclaimed. "I acknowledge that, madam," he replied; "but I did not expect you to accept the statement as a literal fact;" and the little circle of friends joined in a laugh at the expense of the fair story-teller. Deer are sometimes seen on the shores at the lower part of the Narrows, there being very good feeding-ground for them for half a mile on each side.

Near the head of the narrows, on the left-hand side, stands the new camp belonging to Messrs. Stevens, Shattuck and Smart, of Boston. It is located on the south side of Alder Brook, near a handsome growth of white birch, and commands a pleasant outlook. It has been christened "Vivè-Vale Camp," and is a very comfortable, cosy establishment. It has accommodations for six people. Mr. Chas. Stevens, the projector of the camp, is one of the most successful fishermen that visit the Androscoggin Lakes Region, as will be seen by a record of some of his catches elsewhere in this volume, and in fact all the owners are thorough sportsmen, and will be a welcome addition to the largely increasing number who are determined to spend a portion of each summer at least at the Androscoggin Lakes.

As you approach Lake Molechunkamunk, you pass Metalak Point on your right. Here is a splendid sand beach and a fine chance for bathing. The chance for bathing is as good



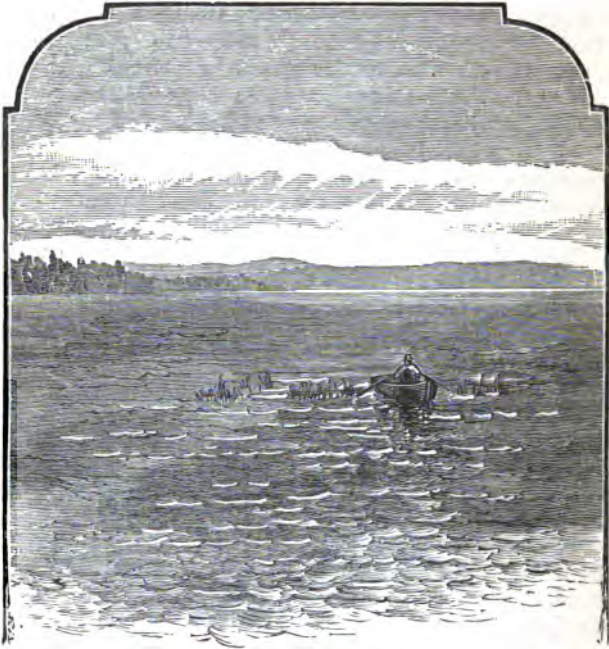
LAKE WLOKENNEBACOOK AND SPECKLED MOUNTAIN, FROM FOOT OF NARROWS.

as ever; but since the re-building of the Middle Dam the beach is under water most of the time. During the fall fishing very large trout are often taken off this point. "Old Metallak," an Indian chief, for whom this point was named, lived here with his squaw for many years, and the place has quite a romantic history; the story is too long to tell here, but it may be found in a book entitled "Eastward Ho!" that can be obtained at any bookstore. A path leads up from Metallak Point to a clearing, where used to stand two old barns, often made use of for shelter by persons who were camping out. The barns were taken down in the winter of 1877, and used in the construction of the hotel at the Middle Dam. They have long been a guide to the voyager up and down the lakes, and it will be regretted by many that this ancient landmark has been removed. Several summers ago the writer of this book and a party of friends were encamped at the Richardson Farm, as the place is called, for two weeks and found it a very pleasant spot. Theodore Winthrop has thus written of this lake:—

"As evening came, the sun made another effort, with the aid of west winds, at the mist. The sun cleft, the breeze drove. Suddenly the battle was done, victory easily gained. We were cheered by a gush of level sunlight. Even the dull gray vapor became a transfigured and beautiful essence. Dull and uniform it had hung over the land; now the plastic winds quarried it and shaped the whole mass into individuals, each with its character. To the cloud-forms, modeled out of formlessness, the winds gave life of motion, sunshine gave life of light, and they hastened through the lower atmosphere, or sailed lingering across the blue breadths of mid-heaven, or dwelt peacefully aloft in the region of the *cirri*; and whether trailing gauzy robes in flight, or moving stately, or dwelling on high where scope of vision makes travel needless, they were still the brightest, the gracefulest, the purest beings that Earth creates for man's most delicate pleasures.

"When it cleared,—when it purveyed us a broadening zone of blue sky and a heavenful of brilliant cloud-creatures, we were sailing over Lake Mollychunkanug. Fair Mollychunk-

amug had not smiled for us until now;—now a sunny grin spread over her smooth cheeks. She was all smiling, and presently, as the breeze dimpled her, all a 'snicker' up into the roots of her hair, up among her forest-tresses. Molly-chunkamug! Who could be aught but gay, gay even to the farcical, when on such a name? Is it Indian? Bewildered



LAKE MOLECHUNKAMUNK FROM METALLAK POINT.

Indian we deem it,—transmogrified somewhat from aboriginal sound by the fond imagination of some lumberman, finding in it a sweet memorial of his Mary far away in the kitchens of the Kennebec, his Mary so rotund of blooming cheek, his Molly of the chunky mug. To him who truly loves, all

Nature is filled with Amaryllidian echoes. Every sight and every sound recall her who need not be recalled, to a heart that has never dislodged her.

"We lingered over our interview with Mollychunkamug. She may not be numbered among the great beauties of the world; nevertheless she is an attractive squaw,—a very honest bit of flat-faced prettiness in the wilderness."

About three miles from the clearing is a sheet of water called Metallak Pond which is a great place for game. Ducks of several kinds, deer and caribou, and sometimes moose, are quite plenty about the shores of this pond. A trail runs from the clearing to this pond. It starts just beyond where the barns stood, and follows up the brook on the right-hand side for some distance. When you reach the place where the brook divides, follow the left-hand branch and you will reach the pond. But the path is overgrown with bushes in many places, and you will find it a hard jaunt. A little above Metallak Point a stream runs into the lake, known as Metallak Brook. This is one of the best trout streams about the lakes, and fish are taken in it weighing from half a pound to two pounds. It furnishes excellent sport in July and August, a time when fishing is dull on the lakes. The places to secure the larger fish are several pools that are situated quite a distance up the brook, about five miles from its mouth, on the right-hand branch. Gentlemen who have fished this brook have usually been very successful at these deep holes.

Passing this stream you will notice Black Point on the right. This was formerly thickly wooded, but Mr. Whitney had it cleared, in order to obtain a more extended view from his camp. Beyond the point, our course lies between Ship Island on the right, and Half Moon Island on the left, both of which are now mostly submerged a good part of the time. Beyond the Islands, to your right, can be seen Camp Whitney, situated in a charming locality, at the mouth of Mosquito Brook which empties into the lake. In the spring and summer small trout are taken a short distance up this brook. During September the fishing off the mouth of the

brook is generally excellent. In the month of December, a few years ago, Harvey Newton, of Andover, who was then in charge of Camp Whitney, shot a caribou that was swimming across the lake, and still later in the season he saw a herd of nineteen on the ice near the camp.

One morning in the fall Captain Cole, the old and valued Superintendent of Camp Whitney, stepped out on the piazza, and was surprised to see a magnificent caribou walk out of the woods on the point above the mouth of Mosquito Brook. The animal stood upon the shore a moment, looking about cautiously, and then stepped into the water and waded across the mouth of the brook. He followed the sand-bar at the entrance, which was covered with water about two feet deep. Reaching the beach directly in front of the camp, he paced leisurely along, stopping occasionally to look around. This was too much for the captain. To be defied in this manner by one of the largest caribou he had ever seen was more than human flesh and blood could endure. The captain hurried into the house, and upstairs, where, at that time unfortunately, the fire-arms all were, caught up a rifle, hastily loaded it, and rushed down to the piazza. But the game had flown, or, in other words, walked off, and the last the captain saw of the animal, was when he turned partly round, just on the edge of the woods south of the clearing, and shook his head, as much as to say, "Good day, sir! Did you think I was such a fool as to stand on the beach until you were ready to shoot me?" The captain sighed, stepped back into camp, and set the rifle behind the door, where it could be reached a little quicker in future. The next day the captain and myself examined the print of the animal's hoofs on the beach, and found they would measure *over a foot* from the back part of the dew claw to the front part of the hoof.

Camp Whitney fronts the lake and stands about eight rods from shore. From it the eye takes in the whole upper part of the lake, with its winding and irregular shores. The main building is thirty by fifty feet on the ground, two stories and a half high, and covered with a sharp pitch roof,

and attached is an L nearly as large, of recent construction. An eight-foot wide piazza, with its sloping roof, extends the entire distance in front, and on the south side, furnishing a delightful place for promenading and lounging.

In-doors, on the lower floor, in front, is the sitting and dining-room combined, a generous apartment over twenty-eight feet square. A space five feet wide, directly back of the sitting-room, is divided into a closet, a pantry, and stairway leading to the chambers on the second floor, all of which are accessible from the sitting-room. The kitchen takes up the remainder of the first floor. There is also an excellent cellar. On the north side of the sitting-room is an enormous brick fireplace, that will take in at one mouthful a good half cord of wood. The room is filled with comfortable, and what in some cases might be termed luxurious, furniture for a camp in the backwoods. On one side is a well-filled library, containing, beside works of fiction, travel, and adventure, all of the best known books on sporting matters. Over the fire place is a rack made of deer's feet, elegantly mounted, on which, in the fishing-season, the rods are hung when not in use, and the walls are decorated with pictures and sets of mounted deer and caribou horns. The whole camp is plastered, and is painted inside and out. In the fall of 1881 Mr. Whitney erected near the main camp a neat little cottage for his guides and servants, a store-house and wood-house. The land south of the camp was put in an improved condition by a landscape gardener, who made several flower-beds, and set out a number of ornamental trees and shrubs. A handsome granite wall was erected on the north side of the shore, to resist the encroachments of the lake, which in northwest gales was disposed to destroy too much of the land in front of the camp. A well-filled ice-house and a large new boat-house, containing half-a-dozen boats of various descriptions, stand near the camp. Mr. Whitney has also a very handsome centre-board cat-rigged sail-boat, that has proven a very fast craft for one of her size. Not contented with this however, he now has a very fine steam-yacht, 35 feet long, superbly fitted up, and combining every comfort

for a pleasure cruise. She is called the "Helen" and is one of the fastest steamers on the lake. This beautiful steamer is kept by the owner entirely for the use of himself and his guests, and does not interfere with the business of the steamboat company on the lakes. A trail through the woods leads to Trout Cove on Lake Mooselucmagentic, a mile and a third distant from camp. At the cove Mr. Whitney has another boat-house, containing four fishing-boats. A second trail, running through the woods in a different direction, leads to the Upper Dam, two miles north of the camp.

The camp was christened Camp Whitney, in honor of its principal owner, J. Parker Whitney, Esq., formerly of Boston, but now a resident of San Francisco. Mr. Whitney visits the camp every season, and has only missed one year out of the last twenty-three, being one of the oldest habitués of these lakes. He has fished some forty other lakes in Maine, as well as the waters of Colorado and the Pacific Coast, and has taken many a basket from the streams of England and lochs of Scotland. He has bagged game in all these places, and shot twenty-three deer, as well as other large animals. He has an inexhaustible fund of interesting anecdotes at his tongue's end, and is an entertaining companion.

Capt. Benjamin Cole, of Byron, Maine, one of the oldest and best guides in the lake region, was superintendent of the camp for nine years. He resigned his position in the spring of 1878. He was an excellent fisherman, a fine cook, and a capital fellow, and will long be remembered by the visitors at Camp Whitney.

During the winter of 1882-3 Mr. Whitney had built, at the large Richardson Pond, a very comfortable log-camp cook-house and boat-house, for the use of himself and friends, when fishing and hunting in that locality. The fishing at the ponds during the summer is unusually good, and one can always be sure of a catch there when the lake fishing is dull. Although not absolutely necessary, a small boat on the pond is desirable, as it assures better fishing, and as the distance

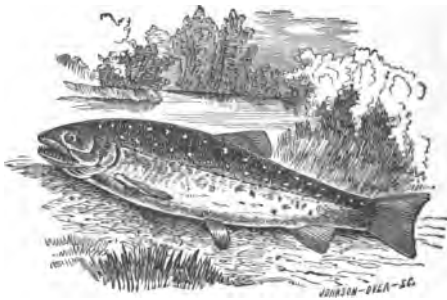
from the lake to the pond is only a mile and a half by a good path, two persons can easily carry a light boat to the pond in about an hour.

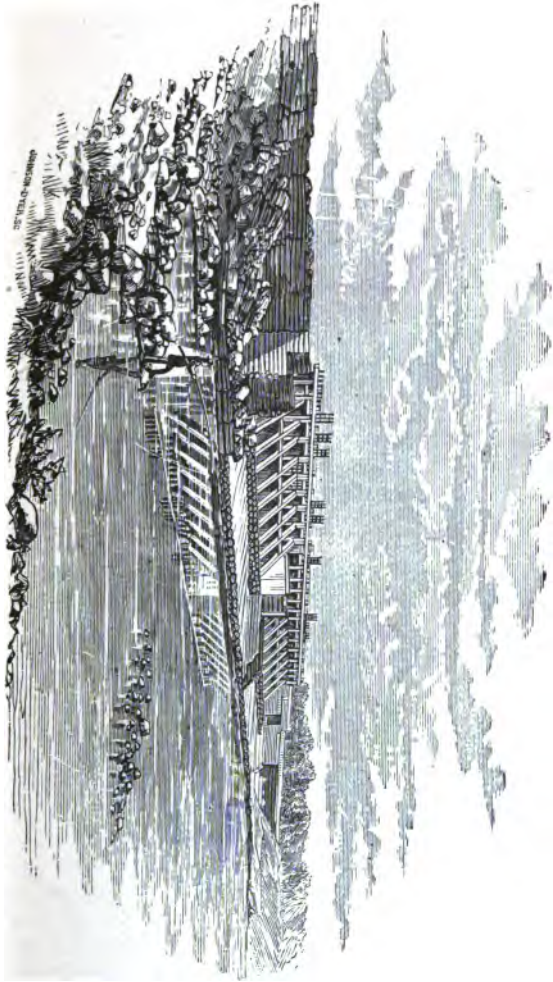
At Whitney's the lake makes a bend to the north-west; so we change our course a little to the left, and a mile farther on pass the New Boston Club Camp. The Boston Club has been one of the institutions at the Androscoggin Lakes for many years. During the fall of 1877 the club was reorganized, many of the old members having died, and the vacancies were filled by newly elected members,—the club now numbering twenty. In the spring of 1878 a new building was erected, a short distance below Camp Bellevue, more roomy and commodious than the old camp. This is known as Camp Aziscohos. On account of the rise in the water, by the rebuilding of the old Middle Dam, this camp, during the fall of 1880, was moved back some distance farther from the lake, and two new buildings were added. The whole were tastily painted outside, and other improvements have since been made, making this at the present time one of the handsomest and most convenient camps in the region. Hales W. Suter, Esq., a prominent Boston lawyer, who spends a portion of each summer with his family at this camp, is the master-spirit of the Boston Club; and it is in a great measure due to his untiring exertions that the club are now in possession of their new and comfortable quarters.

A few moments' sail from here brings us to the wharf, at the Upper Dam Landing, belonging to the Union Water Power Company, where the steamer stops. It is a few rods to the right of Camp Bellevue, the property of Messrs. McKean, Borie and Betton, of Philadelphia. The cluster of buildings forming this camp was also moved farther back from the water, and very much improved, during the fall of 1880. During the summer of 1882 Mr. Borie erected a new and attractive camp, that was very nicely furnished. It stands fronting the lake, in a line with the other buildings. Mr. Thomas McKean, one of the owners of Camp Bellevue, bought a steam-yacht last summer, and had it thoroughly overhauled, and put in fine condition, and it is one of the

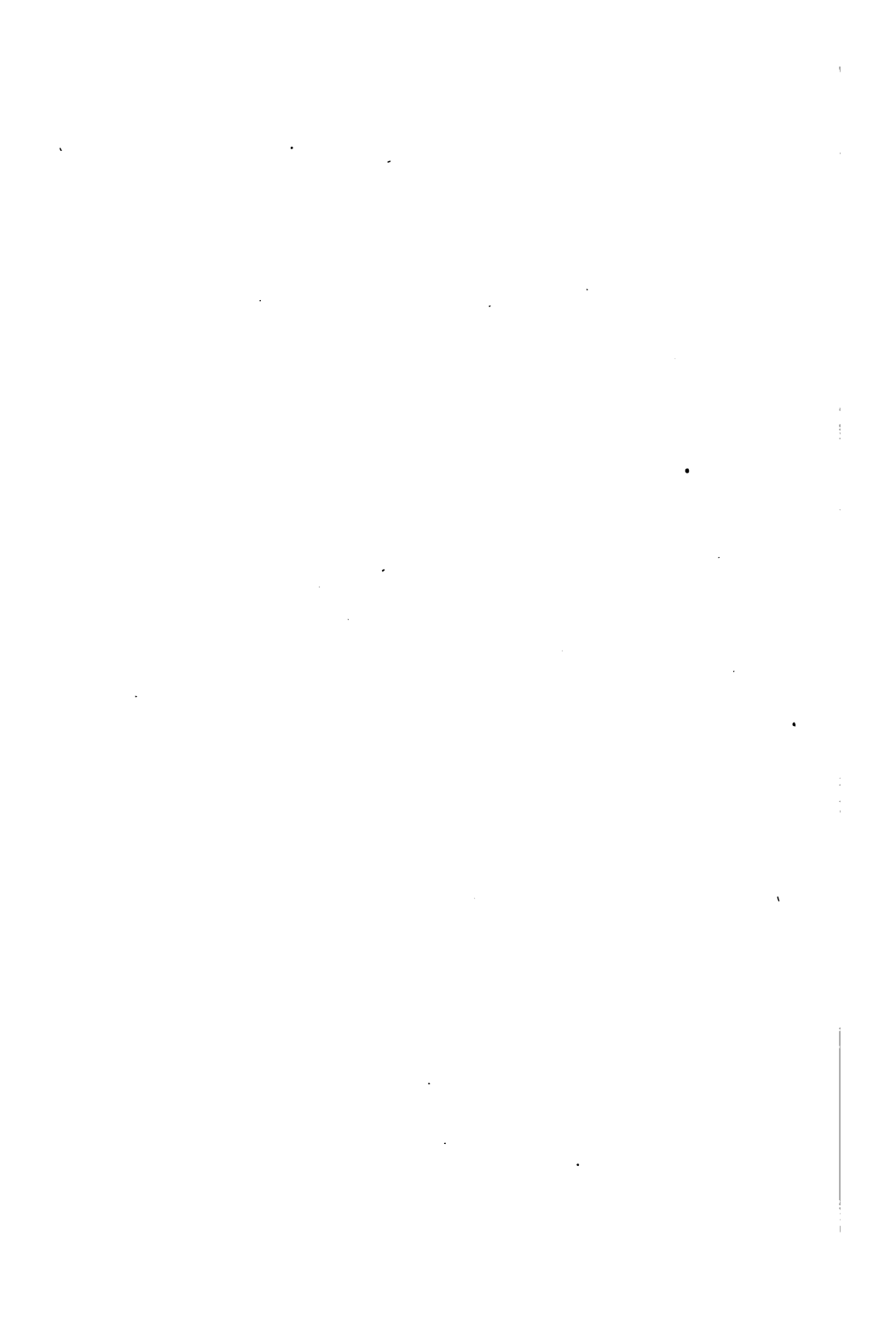
prettiest of the fleet of steamers on the Richardson Lakes. It is used as a pleasure boat by the owner, who also allows his friends to ride in it while visiting at the camp.

Leaving the steamer, a short walk brings you to the Upper Dam, and crossing this, you reach the camp which sets just beyond the dam, and faces south. There is a charge on this carry of \$1.00 per load, for all baggage transferred by team between the steamers, as the carting is done by the Union Water Power Company.



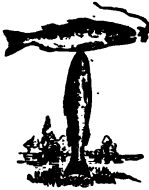


THE UPPER DAM. (1876.)



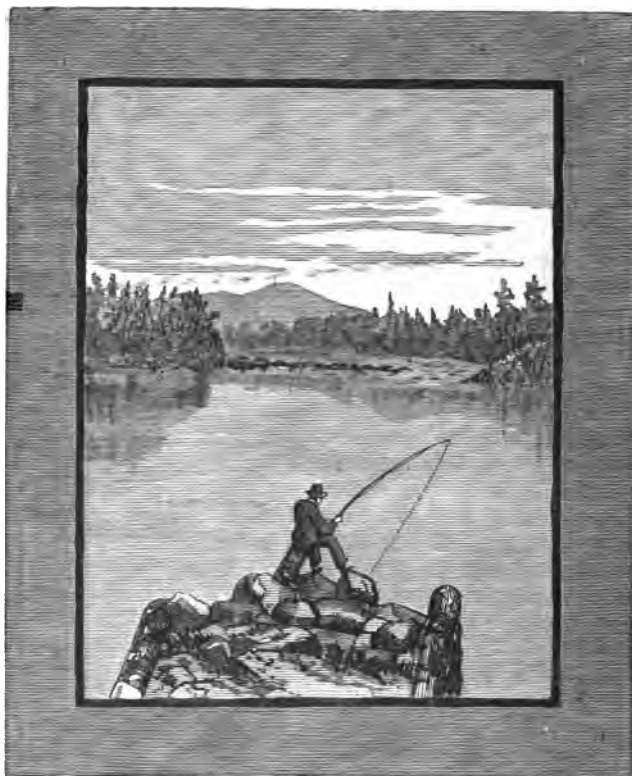
CHAPTER VIII.

The Upper Dam and the Richardson Ponds.



THE old camps at the Upper Dam are among the things that are past, having outlived their day of usefulness. The new hotel built during the winter and spring of 1882, by the Union Water Power Company of Lewiston, Me., and opened in July of that year, stands on the site of the old camps, facing the dam. It is a picturesque two-story structure of modern architecture, and is undoubtedly the finest hotel in the lake region. A broad piazza extends along the entire front of the house and contains a row of settees. The office is a large, pleasant room, and has a huge fireplace, in which four-foot wood is burned. The sitting-room in the western camp has another large fireplace, which is the largest in any of the houses about the lakes, and is also the most ornamental. The interior of the hotel is mostly finished in natural woods, sheathed and oiled, and both the inside and outside of the house are very tastily painted. There is a lawn in front of the house ornamented with flower beds, the whole surrounded by a neat fence giving it a more civilized appearance than one usually meets with in a forest camp. The hotel has good accommodations for seventy-five guests, and the terms are \$2.00 per day to the public and \$1.50 per day for guides. Baggage for the guests of the house is brought from and taken to the steamers free of charge. A post-office is established in the house during the summer season, and daily mails are received.

Beside the hotel, the company have erected several other



RAPIDS BELOW UPPER DAM AND AZISCOHOS MOUNTAIN.

buildings, including a large barn, a store-house, ice-house, and saw-mill.

The company are also provided with a large number of row-boats, which are let to tourists or sportsmen at 50 cents per day.

Parties wishing to engage rooms in advance should address John Chadwick, Superintendent, Upper Dam, Oxford Co., Maine, *via* Andover.

The old Boston Club Camp, standing on the south side of the dam, is owned by the company, and is used as a house for the workmen.

The Upper Dam is one of the largest and most substantially built in the State; it was commenced in 1845, and took two years to build it. It is built of the heaviest kind of timber, bolted with iron, ballasted with immense rocks, and is fifteen hundred feet long. In the spring, when the water is held back for the purpose of running the logs down the Androscoggin, the pressure against it is immense. It is carefully watched day and night, and there is no possibility of its ever being swept away. It is so constructed that, should any leak happen underneath, the stones with which the piers are ballasted would drop down into the holes worn by the water and stop the leak. There is no doubt but that the strength of the dam is fully equal to any strain that can be brought to bear on it. The company, in order to get an idea of the consequence of a "break," one spring had all the gates lifted half up with a full head of water on. The water started from the dam in a volume of about twelve feet deep and a hundred feet wide. The result of the experiment was, that the two lakes below the Upper Dam were filled, the water flowing back into the woods, at a depth in some places of four feet. The surplus poured over the Middle Dam at the foot of Lake Welokennebacook, without starting a timber, filled the Umbagog Lake, and flowed through the Errol Dam six miles below the outlet of Umbagog, causing but little inconvenience, and no damage. Allowing that the dam should ever go out, the lakes being so widely separated, there would be so much water lost in flowing back as to

materially lessen the force and depth of the body of water in motion, and hence no disastrous result could possibly happen. Some years, logs to the value of \$2,000,000 are run through this dam, and down the Androscoggin River to market.

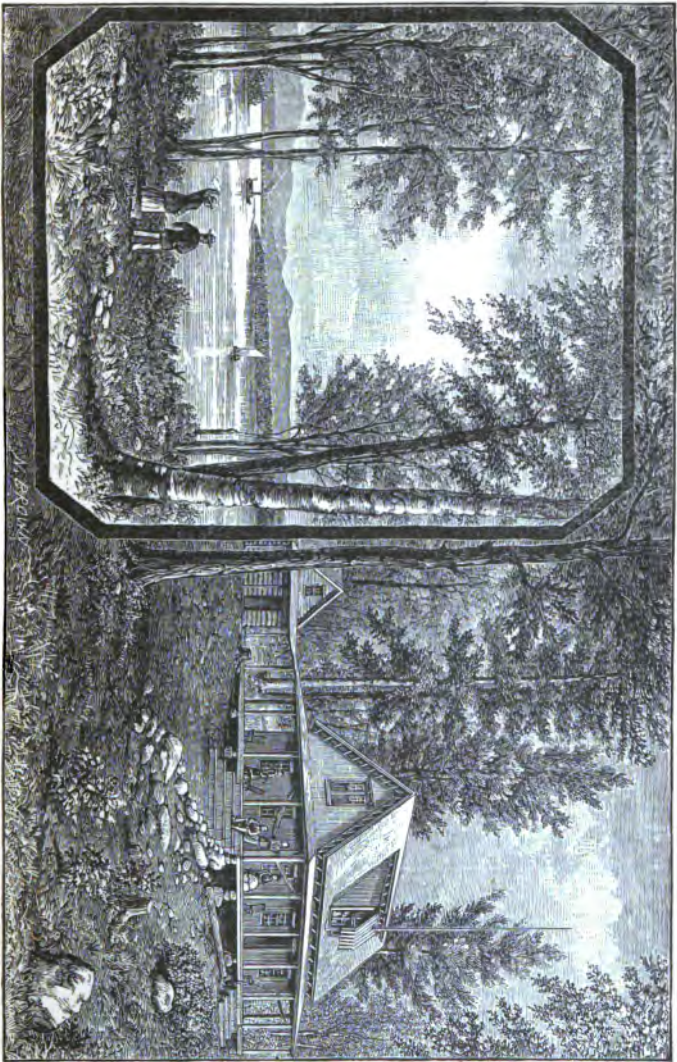
During 1885, '86, and '87, the Upper Dam has been entirely rebuilt and enlarged, the wooden portion of the dam being covered by a neat gate house.

The illustration in our book is taken from below the dam in the month of September, when the water was low. When the water is raised to drive the logs it makes a difference of from fifteen to twenty feet in the depth of the lakes. The shores of the lakes are much prettier when the water is low than when it is high; for during the high water many little points and curves in the shore, and all the beautiful sand beaches, are entirely obliterated.

The view from the Upper Dam, down the river, is very fine. (See illustration on page 122.)

If persons visit the lakes, especially for fishing, they should go either in June or the early part of July, when the water is high; but if they wish to become acquainted with the beauties of the place, they should make their trip in August or September. Then the varied outline of the shores, the little nooks and coves, may be seen to their best advantage, and you experience some consolation in the fact that if the trout are not so plenty as in June or July, they are considerably larger.

Some of the best fishing-places at the Upper Dam are on the piers and apron of the dam, at the mouth of the river, a short distance below the dam, and Trout Cove, about half a mile above the dam. It will also pay you to take a row-boat or the steamer, and go up to the head of the lake and throw a fly around the mouth of Richardson Brook and Beaver Brook, and in the West Arm behind the islands. There is also good fishing-ground around a sunken reef at the head of the lake, it being a favorite resort for trout. The reef is located about in the centre of the lake, and nearly opposite of a long point making out from the eastern shore.



BIRCH LODGE AND VIEW LOOKING SOUTH.

A tall pine formerly stood on this point, and was an excellent mark for the fishing ground; but some vandal has cut it down. There is no better spring fishing in the entire lake region than that about the head of Lake Molechunkamunk, as sportsmen who have tried it know.

If you wish to go beyond the Upper Dam you take passage on the little steam-launch Metalluck, which connects regularly with the steamers Welokennebacook or Molechunkamunk. A team can be hired at the Upper Dam Camp, to haul your baggage across the carry, at a charge of \$1.00 per load. For several years the Upper Dam Camp has been in charge of Mr. John Chadwick, who has performed his duties, we believe, in a manner satisfactory both to his employers and the public.

A number of years ago the lumber company employed a cook here who was a character in his way. He was a French Canadian, Joseph Bourgogne by name, and was a splendid cook. The writer remembers one never-to-be-forgotten Sunday, when, in company with four other gentlemen, we rowed to the Upper Dam from the Richardson Farm, where we were "camping-out," and ordered Joe to get us up a dinner. The meal was furnished, Joe intending it also for the men who were working about the dam. Our party sat down to the table, and made such havoc with the eatables as to astonish Joe, who soon began to cry out, "*Sacre!*" from between his set teeth at each new order. The climax was reached when we went to feed a dog accompanying us. With horror depicted on his countenance, Joe rushed to the table and exclaimed, "*Mon Dieu!* Don't feed de dog; my men have no had their dinner yet!" and, laughing, we left the table.

In making a trip across the lakes, some years ago, Theodore Winthrop fell in with "Joe," and thus relates his experience:—

"Our new friends, luxurious fellows, had been favored by Fate with a French-Canadian cook, himself a Three of Frères Provinciaux. Such was his reputation. We saw by the eye of him, and by his nose, formed for comprehending

fragrances, and by the lines of refined taste converging from his whole face towards his mouth, that he was one to detect and sniff gastronomic possibilities in the humblest materials. Joseph Bourgogne looked the cook. His phiz gave us Faith in him; eyes small and discriminating; nose upturned, nostrils expanded and receptive; mouth saucy in the literal sense. His voice, moreover was a cook's,—thick in articulation, dulcet in tone. He spoke as if he deemed that a throat was created for better uses than laboriously manufacturing words,—as if the object of the mouth were to receive tribute, not to give commands,—as if that pink stalactite, his palate, were more used by delicacies entering than by rough words or sorry sighs going out of the inner caverns.

“When we find the right man in the right place our minds are at ease. The future becomes satisfactory as the past. Anticipation is glad certainty, not anxious doubt. Trusting our gastronomic welfare fully to this great artist, we tried for fish below the dam. Only petty fishlings, weighing ounces, took the bit between their teeth. We therefore doffed the fisherman and donned the artist and poet, and chased our own fancies down the dark whirlpooling river, along its dell of evergreen, now lurid with the last glows of twilight. Iglesias and I continued dreamily gazing down the thoroughfare toward Mollychunkamug only a certain length of time. Man keeps up his highest elations hardly longer than a *danseuse* can poise in a *pose*. To be conscious of the highest beauty demands an involuntary intentness of observation so fanatically eager that presently we are prostrated and need stimulants. And just as we sensitively felt this exhaustion and this need, we heard a suggestive voice calling us from the front-door of the mansion-house of Damville, and ‘Supper’ was the cry.

“A call to the table may quell and may awaken romance. When, in some abode of poetized luxury, the ‘silver knell’ sounds musically six, and a door opens toward the glitter that is not pewter and Wedgewood, and, with a being fair and changeful as a sunset cloud upon my arm, I move under the archway of blue curtains toward the asphodel and a

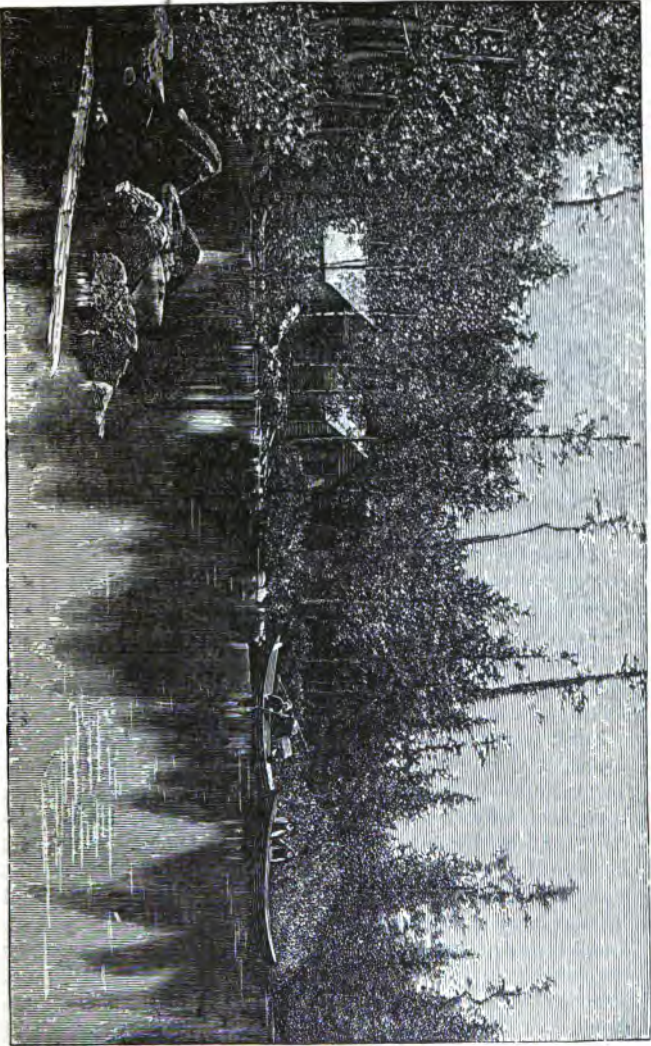
nectar, then, O reader! O friend! romance crowds into my heart, as color and fragrance crowd into a rose-bud. Joseph Bourgogne, cook of Damville on Moosetocmaguntic, could not offer us such substitute for æsthetic emotions. But his voice of an artist created a winning picture half veiled with mists, evanescent and affectionate, such as linger fondly over Pork-and-Beans.

Fancied joy, soon to become fact. We entered the barrack. Beneath its smoking roof-tree was a pervading aroma; near the centre of that aroma, a table dim with wefts of incense; at the innermost centre of that aroma and that incense, and whence those visible and viewless fountains streamed, with their source,—a dish of Pork-and-Beans.

“Topmosty this. There were lesser viands, buttresses to this towering triumph. Minor smokes from minor censers. A circle of little craterlings about the great crater,—of little fiery cones about that great volcanic dome in the midst, unopened, and bursting with bounty. We sat down, and one of the red-shirted boldly crushed the smoking dome. The brave fellow plunged in with a spoon and heaped our plates.

“*A priori* we had deduced Joseph Bourgogne’s results from inspection of Joseph. Now we could reason back from one *experimentum crucis* cooked by him. Effect and cause are worthy of each other.

“The average world must be revenged upon Genius. Greatness must be punished by itself or another. Joseph Bourgogne was no exception to the laws of misery of Genius. He had a distressing trait, whose exhibition tickled the *dura ilia* of the reapers of the forest. Joseph, poet-cook, was sensitive to new ideas. This sensitiveness to the pre-emptory thought made him the slave of the wags of Damville. Whenever he had anything in his hands, at a stern, quick command he would drop it nervously. Did he approach the table with a second dish of pork and beans,—a yellow dish of beans, browned delicately as a Sèvres vase,—then would some full-fed rogue, waiting until Joseph was bending over some devoted head, say sharply, ‘Drop that, Joseph!’—whereupon down went the dish and contents,



LOG CAMP AND BOAT HOUSE, RICHARDSON POND.

emporridding the poll and person of the luckless wight beneath. Always, were his burden pitcher of water, armful of wood, axe dangerous to toes, mirror, or pudding, still followed the same result. And when the poet-cook had done the mischief, he would stand shuddering at his work of ruin, and sigh, and curse his too sensitive nature."

Camp Prospect, the summer retreat of W. J. Reynolds, Esq., of Edgartown, Mass., who has spent many seasons at the Androscoggin Lakes, is situated on a point running out from the eastern shore of the lake, about half a mile above the mouth of the river. Mr. Reynolds puts in an appearance at camp several times during each season, and has proved himself an expert angler and skillful hunter.

Camp Stewart was built in the summer of 1882, taking its name from L. M. Stewart, Esq., of Minneapolis, Minn. Mr. Stewart camped in that vicinity in the autumn of 1882, with a party of friends, among them W. K. Moody of the Boston Herald editorial staff, C. H. Johnson, of Somerville, Mass., and Prof. J. F. Moody of North Brighton, Me. The camp was built by Messrs. Moody and Johnson, but each of the other gentlemen are interested. Within the past year Mr. Geo. T. Freeman of Boston has become interested in the camp. It is a beautiful location, near the head of the lake, and on ground so high as to give a fine view of the mountains to the west. White birch and old forest giants, 100 feet in height, surround the lodge.

Birch Lodge is situated at the head of Lake Molechunkamunk, and is one of the finest camps in the lake region. The main house is a frame cottage, thirty-five feet front, and is connected by a piazza with a frame building, used especially for a dining-room, which is very handsomely finished in natural woods, and a log kitchen, about twenty-four feet square. The piazzas surround the house on three sides, and furnish a promenade of nearly one hundred and fifty feet. The interior is divided into sitting and sleeping rooms. The outbuildings are a boat-house, ice-house, and guide-house. The establishment is well equipped with boats, including a small steam launch, and there is a safe landing accessible at

all times in the cove on the west side. Boats also land in fair weather in front of the house. The forest surrounds the building on all sides, except in front, where it has been judiciously thinned out, giving from the piazza a superb view of both shores and the entire length of the lake and of the Elephant Mountain, in the distance. This view has been painted by Mr. W. H. Hilliard, a well-known artist of Boston, and the painting was much admired when on exhibition in Boston, in the winter of 1878-9. This is probably the most complete camp in arrangement and equipment of any in the lake country.

No tourist who desires to know all the beauties of the lake should fail to see the view from Birch Lodge.

The spring fishing around Birch Lodge is believed to be the finest on the lower lakes. Some of the largest trout on record have been taken from the lake near the house, and good sport can always be found in Richardson Brook, which flows into the lake a few rods to the east. There are some large trout also in the West Arm and Beaver Brook, both of which places are near by.

Messrs. McKean of Camp Bellevue, and Whitney of Camp Whitney, have greatly improved the path to the Richardson Ponds, which begins on the shore of the lake at the mouth of the brook, and ladies can now make the trip to the ponds without difficulty. A fine boat-house and camp combined, the joint property of Messrs. McKean and Borie, has lately been built at the second pond. The fly-fishing at the ponds has been very good the past year.

Several very fine excursions may be made from the Upper Dam, which is the centre of the entire lake region, and where some of the sportsmen stop.

Take a row-boat and pull up to the mouth of the Richardson, or Mill Brook, a little trout stream at the head of the lake; or, what is preferable, take passage by steamer, a distance of three miles, and land just below the old dam, on the right-hand shore, by two large pines. This dam was built by Mr. Richardson years ago, and a grist mill formerly stood here, but it has long since gone to ruins. Then a walk through the

woods of a mile, over a well-worn trail, brings you to the first and smallest of the West

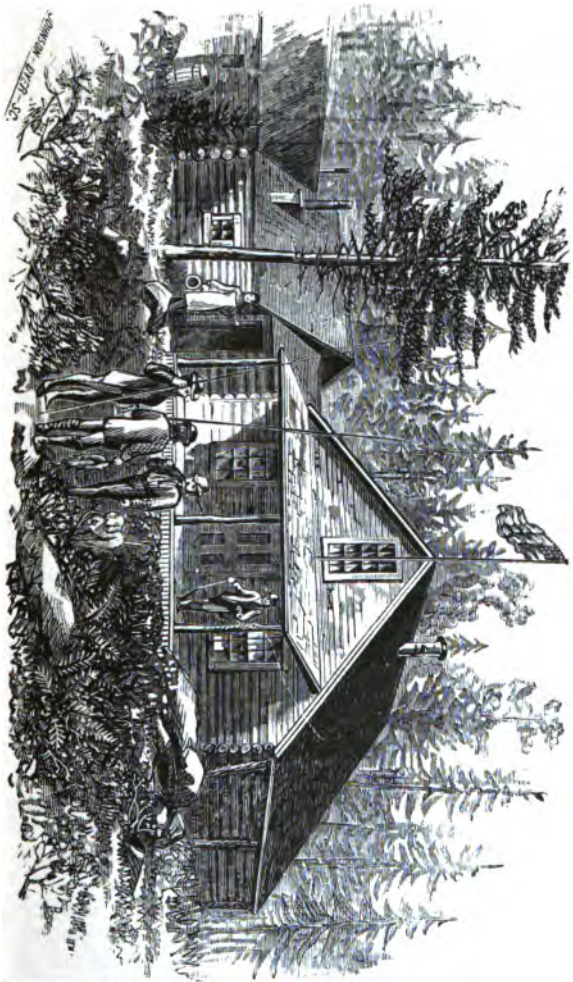
Richardson Ponds.

This sheet of water is not more than half a mile long, and is nearly circular in shape. The bottom is muddy in some parts, and pebbly in others, and the shores are lined with grasses and lily-pads, furnishing excellent feeding-ground for deer, which are plenty in the vicinity. This is also an excellent pond for ducks, and many are shot there after the first of September.

The trail crosses the stream at the outlet of the small pond, and half a mile beyond you reach the larger pond, a sylvan gem decorating the bosom of the wilderness. Its situation is romantic and picturesque in the extreme, lying as it does at the base of Mount Observatory, whose wooded crest towers for 1,500 feet above it. A little farther south, Azischohos Mountain raises its bare and ragged top still higher, its formation, color, and general appearance strongly resembling Mount Washington. Our engraving, on the following page, shows a part of this pond, with the camp and boat-house of Messrs. McKean and Borie. Thomas McKean, Esq., has also built a pretty camp a short distance back from the shore of the Pond, known as the "Roost."

Several small islands in the pond add materially to its beauty. The shores are heavily wooded, thus forming an excellent cover for game; deer and caribou may always be found there by a person who is at all familiar with hunting. A large number of deer are shot on the shores of this pond every season. They are hunted at night, with a boat, in which is a jack securely fastened at the bow, which throws a light ahead, attracting the curiosity of the deer, until the hunter has a chance to fire.

The Richardson Ponds, while being in favor with those who depend on their rifle for their sport, are also attracting the attention of fishermen, and parties stopping at the Upper Dam should be sure to give these ponds a trial before they leave. Persons who have visited these ponds in former



САРЪ ВЪЛЕНЪКЪ. ІАКЪ МОЛЧУЩАКЪКЪ. (1876.)

seasons have had fine luck fishing, and the writer saw one very handsome trout taken there with a fly, by J. H. Smith, Esq., of New York city, that weighed six and a half pounds. Mr. Smith also took several others of from two to four pounds' weight. Messrs. McKean, Borie and Betton, proprietors of Camp Bellevue, and J. P. Whitney of Camp Whitney, have also had excellent sport at the larger pond, taking several fine strings of trout, some of the fish weighing four and five pounds each.

From the larger Richardson Pond to the top of Azisconos Mountain is only five miles, and the magnificent view to be obtained from its summit well repays any person for the toil and time spent in making the ascent. To the north-east the whole lake country is spread before you like a map, and Deer Mountain, East and West Kennebago Mountains, loom up like sentinels on duty. To the west the Magalloway Settlement lies almost beneath you, and some twenty miles north-west the ragged walls of Dixville Notch conceal from your sight the village of Colebrook, which lies ten miles beyond. South and south-east you obtain a view of the Richardson Lakes, Lake Umbagog, and the White Mountain Range, while towns and villages dot the landscape here and there. In fact, you obtain a charming and varied view whichever way you turn.

The East Richardson Ponds are a cluster of small ponds lying near Mooselucmaguntic Lake. To reach them you go over the same ground that you do in going to the West Ponds, as far as the dam at the outlet of the small pond; then turn to the right, and a walk of about a mile will bring you to the first pond. These ponds are well stocked with trout, weighing from about six ounces to a pound and a half each. There are no boats about the ponds, which makes the fishing somewhat difficult. With an axe and auger, however, a raft can easily be constructed.

The Cranberry Bog, so called,—a small, marshy pond, noted for being a favorite haunt of the deer, moose, and caribou,—is only two miles from the West Arm, and is often visited by the Nimrods who come up into this wilderness,

and who seldom return from the locality without a supply of venison.

Beaver Pond, a small circular pond, is reached from the West Arm by following up Beaver Brook for a mile. It contains a large number of small brook trout, and furnishes good fishing during the summer months.

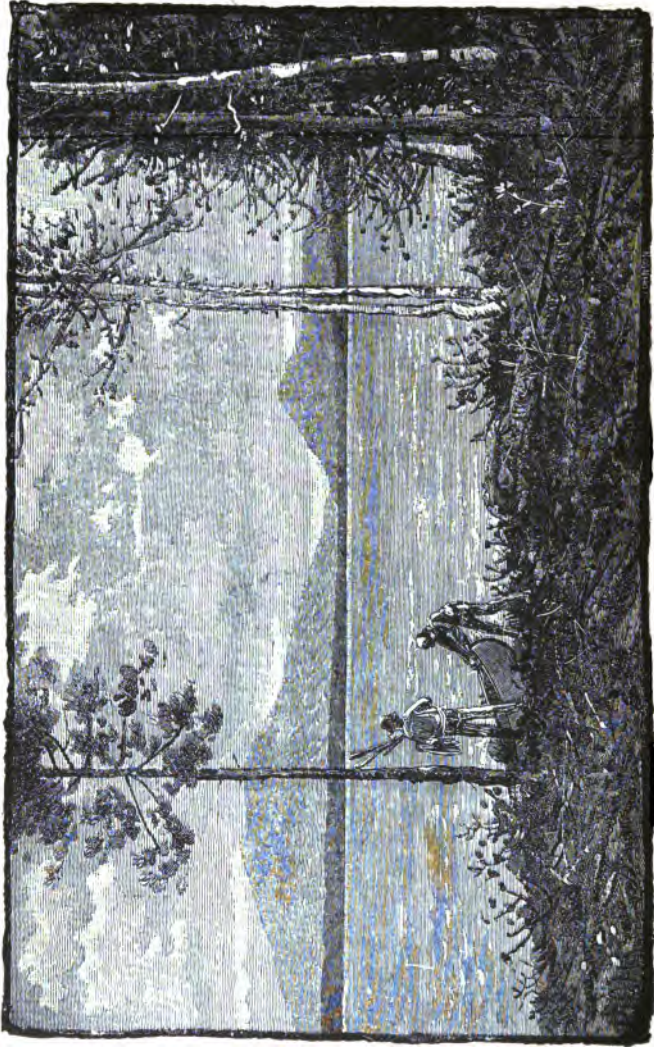
In connection with the Upper Dam I would state that persons who can visit this well-known resort in June will see one of the most exciting parts of the immense lumbering business that is carried on in these wild regions. The logs that are brought down across the upper lakes reach the Upper Dam generally from the 10th to the 20th of June. At this time the gates are all closed down, and the sluiceway battened up with logs and planks, holding the water above the dam at a height of from ten to fifteen feet. When the logs reach Trout Cove the barricade of the sluice is cut away, and the water, with an immense pressure, leaps through the sluice with a roar like Niagara, piling up at the bottom of the sluice some twenty feet high; then, rolling over, the tumultuous current flows down the rocky bed of the narrow river, boiling and seething, crested with white foam, sweeping everything before it, until it pours into the lake below. After the first onset the water quiets down a little, assuming the form of rapids, that will compare favorably with those of the St. Lawrence River. Then comes the most dangerous act in this sensational drama. The huge bateaux, pulled by ten or a dozen stalwart foresters, and guided by two others who must be very giants in strength, stationed in the bow and stern, with heavy steering-paddles, cool and collected, not the least trace of fear shadowing their sunburnt faces, their eyes directed to the narrow opening ahead through which they are to pass, come sweeping down. The bateaux usually start a quarter of a mile or more above the dam, the men at the oars pulling a long, powerful stroke, paying no attention to their boat, which is guided by the steersmen in the bow and stern, both of whom face down the river. Aided by a powerful current, the boats have attained an almost frightful speed by the time they

reach the upper end of the sluice; the oars are trailed, and like an arrow from a bow the boats shoot into that narrow passage which perhaps leads straight to death. As it passes through you obtain a glimpse of it like that of some object seen from the car-window of a lightning-express train that is traveling fifty miles an hour. Your eyes follow it as in a second more it makes the fearful plunge at the lower end of the sluice, and you involuntarily hold your breath as it darts into the boil, ten feet or more in height. Rising on this, perhaps half filled with water, the boat slides over its crest, and jumps another boil of perhaps half the height of the first; then the sturdy backwoodsmen bend to their oars and their light crafts shoot down the rapids, dodging immense boulders, jumping minature falls, amid the din of the vexed waters, and finally emerge on the broad bosom of the lake, safe for the present. Then the strained nerves relax, the tightened muscles become pliant once more, and a deep sigh of thankfulness wells up from the heart of each of the crew, who have once more run the sluice in safety. But accidents often happen, sometimes of a laughable character, and then of a nature to throw a gloom for days over the merry crew who follow this exciting business. Occasionally a boat capsizes in the first boil, and several of the crew are drowned; or one strikes a rock in the middle of the rapids, is stove to flinders in an instant, and the crew are left in the turbid waters to shift for themselves, when, with good luck, they will all reach the shore and be subject for days to the good-natured jokes of their companions. After the bateaux are all run through the sluice the logs follow. They pass through the sluice singly, in twos and threes, and sometimes a dozen at a time. Below the sluice they cut all sorts of capers. Some stand on end, some are thrown clear out of the water; others roll over and over; then they get twisted and snarled, and piled upon each other, forming a jam, that is only straightened by the dexterous use of an axe in the hands of some red-shirted hero; for clearing a jam is one of the most dangerous acts in the business, and is really putting one's head into the lion's mouth. To be at the Upper Dam in

June and see the scenes I have poorly attempted to describe, is worth all the expense incurred for a trip there, and then you have the fishing besides.

The fly-fishing, which is considered the finest sport, does not begin till some time in June, and some of the fishermen who visit the lakes, declare they will not take a trout any other way, except with a fly. I have always looked at these assertions in the light of fish stories. However, if you wish to be sure of both fly-fishing and log sluicing, visit the lakes in June.

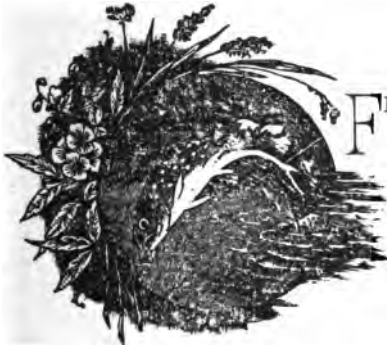




AZISCOHOS AND OBSERVATORY MOUNTAINS FROM CAMP BELLEVUE.

CHAPTER IX.

Catches of Trout and Haudlocked Salmon.



FINE catches of trout are made at the Middle and Upper Dams each season, and we shall in this chapter mention a few that we can vouch for. Many more might be given could we spare space.

James F. Rogers, Esq., Jamaica Plain, Mass., during the last two seasons, caught on Molechunkamunk Lake several trout weighing from 1½ to 8 lbs., also many smaller ones.

Many of the older visitants to the Androscoggin Lakes will remember the late John A. Bird, Esq., of Brookline, Mass., who was in the habit of making a yearly trip to the Upper Dam. On one of his regular annual fishing excursions he was the hero of a trouting adventure that deserves to be perpetuated in print as being one of the most wonderful streaks of piscatory luck on record, for the truth of which we can furnish indisputable proof.

One day he went out to Morrill's Rock, a favorite resort of his, to give the trout a trial. He was alone on this occasion. He had indifferent success at first, but finally made a cast and struck two fish at the same time. They were both good ones, and he found that he had his hands full. For an hour he struggled and fought with two of the finest specimens of

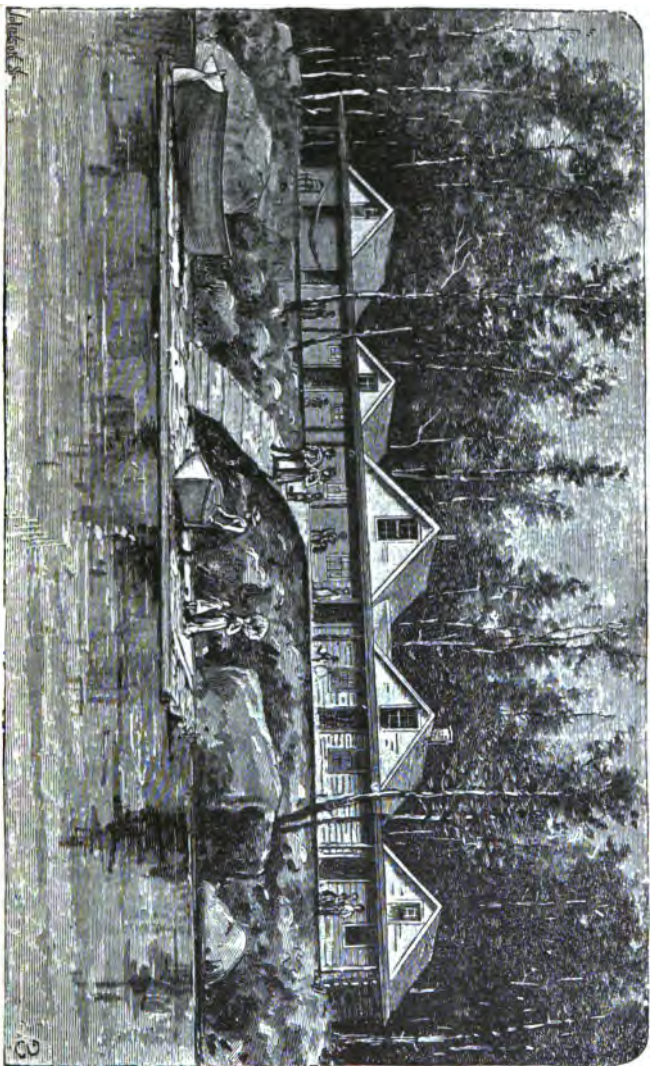
the *Salmo Fontanalis* that ever tickled a fisherman's fancy, and at the end of that time succeeded in getting both of the fish, which weighed respectively five and a half and seven and a half pounds, making together *thirteen pounds of trout at one catch*. Both of them were very handsome trout, and Mr. Bird thought so much of his beautiful prize that he had an oil-painting of the fish made by Bracket; the picture is still in the possession of Mr. Bird's family, and will stand forever a lasting monument of his skill as an angler, and a proof of the marvellous size and beauty of the Androscoggin Lakes spotted brook trout.

The superiority of the Androscoggin Lakes over any other fishing waters, for size and beauty of trout, is well known and admitted by those who are familiar with the different fishing localities in the United States and Canadas.

The weight of several thousand trout taken from these waters in various seasons of the year, by J. P. Whitney, Esq., who has a fine camp at the mouth of Mosquito Brook, on Lake Molechunkamunk, who for a number of years kept a careful account of his catches, as well as those of his friends, *averaged one and one-tenth pounds each*, and from some localities Mr. Whitney found his weights to *average one and one-third pounds*, the latter from the Magalloway River.

Not far above the Aziscohos Falls, on the right-hand side of the river, is Beaver Brook, which is a famous fishing-place in the months of August and September. At times hundreds of trout may be seen lying close to the clear sand at the mouth of this brook, all headed toward the cool and life-giving waters of this stream. Mr. Whitney, a year or two ago, in the month of August, took at this place *three hundred and twenty-seven trout in one afternoon, and left while the fishing was still good*. The same gentleman took, one forenoon, from the Big Pool, a short distance above the mouth of the Little Magalloway, on the main stream, sixty-two trout, weighing 78 lbs., eight of the largest weighing 26 lbs.

One season a gentleman by the name of Gile, from Brooklyn, N. Y., who was over sixty years of age, took a trout from the lake, at the head of the run, in front of the Middle



CAMP BELLEVUE, LAKE MOLECHUKKANUNG (1882).

Dam Camp, that weighed six and a half pounds. Two other trout were also captured by another gentleman at the same place, the two weighing *twenty-three pounds*. This was in September.

The fishing at the Androscoggin Lakes during the Spring and fall of 1880 was remarkably good, and many large trout were taken at the Upper Dam. Among them was one captured by Messrs. N. Frank Marble and Frank Fallon, of Boston, who had Steve Morse with them for guide, on the 29th of September, at the Upper Dam, that weighed *eleven pounds*. It was caught about eight o'clock in the morning and killed about noon. The same day it was sent to Bradford & Anthony, of Boston, for exhibition; was afterwards bought by M. A. Dennison, Esq., and presented to Prof. Spencer F. Baird, of the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C., and there cast in plaster. This trout was seen for ten days before he was caught, and his mate, a female, was taken about a week before him, and weighed $8\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. He was almost netted at the time the female was caught, by keeping so close to her when she was landed.

In June, 1881, E. A. Samuels, Esq., of Boston, took seven trout at the Middle Dam, that weighed $36\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.,—an average of nearly 5 lbs. each.

In June, 1882, he caught on Lake Welokennebacook sixty trout, weighing 108 lbs., some of which ran from 3 to 5 pounds.

W. A. Chase, Esq., Agent of the Holyoke Water Power Co., who has made several fishing-trips to the Androscoggin Lakes, was there in June, 1882, with a party of four ladies and seven gentlemen, and had very good luck. He says:—

"I caught, at the head of the Narrows, on Saturday, June 3d, between the hours of 4.30 and 6.35 P. M., five trout, all nearly of same size weighing 23 lbs. and 11 oz. Also twenty-two trout, nine of which weighed about 21 lbs., and the remainder ran from $1\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. each. These were all taken trolling; part of the time with two rods, until it was so difficult managing them that one had to be abandoned-- and all within a circle of one hundred and fifty feet radius.

"At the time of my stopping fishing, 6.30 P. M., the trout were biting as rapidly, and of the larger sort, as when I first struck in, and it was only because of exhaustion to myself and guide that I stopped. I cannot explain to you the excitement which I experienced in having, at three different times, five-pounders on both rods, and you can imagine my feelings as the larger ones (of course), three in succession, took French leave, as the landing-net was about to enclose them. It won't do for me to write any more about it, or I shall *holler!* The largest fish taken by either of our party was caught by M. H. Whitcomb and W. S. Loomis, weight 5 lbs. 4 oz. My wife claims the largest single catch, it being a trout weighing $1\frac{1}{4}$ lbs., with eight minnows in him.

"I wish I could give you a detailed account of our day's work. Suffice it to say, however, it was far beyond our expectations, and bids us take an early start next year."

There is not the shadow of a doubt but that within a year or two landlocked salmon will be as freely taken at the Androscoggin Lakes as trout now are. For the past three years a few salmon have been taken every season, an increasing number each year, the fish running from 2 to 6 pounds in weight. Most of them have been taken at the Upper Dam, and on Mooselucmeguntic Lake; but in July, 1882, Mr. Kit Clarke, the manager of J. H. Haverly's amusement enterprises, who generally visits the lakes several times each season, caught at the Middle Dam, a landlocked salmon weighing $3\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. This fish was taken with a fly. Smaller ones had been taken at the same place before, also some on the Rapid River, and several have been seen in Lake Umbagog. For the last two years during the month of September, landlocked salmon have been plenty in the lower part of Rapid River and many fish of from one to three pounds' weight have been taken.

Chas. W. Symonds, of Boston, Mass., caught at the Middle Dam, in September, 1885, a trout weighing $4\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.; also several from Metallak Brook weighing from $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. to 2 lbs. each.

Mr. C. P. Stevens, of Boston, Mass., who is a yearly

visitor to the Androscoggin Lakes, and who generally divides his time between the Middle Dam and the Narrows, took on his trip in 1884, forty-five trout, the largest weighing 6 lbs. 4 oz., the average weight of each fish being 3 lbs. On his trip in 1885, Mr. Stevens captured forty-two trout, the largest weighing 6 lbs. and 10 oz., the average weight being 3 lbs. In 1886 he caught thirty-six trout, the largest weighing 5 lbs. 12 oz., the average per fish being 3 lbs. 5½ oz. Not a bad record.

MAGNIFICENT TROUT. A. Sharp Hunter and E. M. Glenn, of Hugh Glenn & Co., returned yesterday from the Androscoggin Lakes, Maine, where they have been spending several weeks, having a most delightful time. To-day these gentlemen are displaying fourteen specimens of their skill, all of them weighing fully three pounds and over. One in the window of I. Meyers' fishing tackle store has attracted great crowds all day. Mr. Hunter sent one to *THE OBSERVER* that weighed, dressed, to-day, 2¼ pounds. It is exquisitely spotted, and the magnificent colors are admirably preserved. A number of trout fishermen expended eloquent words of admiration, and almost grew green with envy. *Utica Observer, Aug. 27, 1885.*

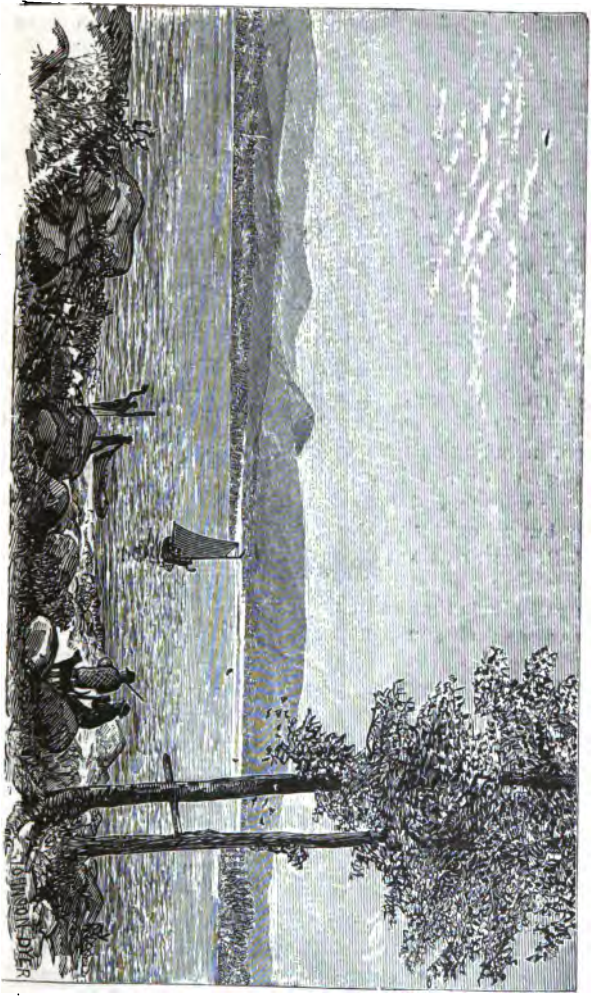
Mr. Edward P. Borden, of Philadelphia, Penn., while stopping at the Angler's Retreat, Middle Dam, in Sept., 1886, captured in two days' fishing 15 trout, the largest weighing 4½ lbs., and the smallest ¾ lbs. The average weight per fish was 2 lbs.

John M. Niles, of Boston, while stopping at the Angler's Retreat in June, 1886, caught one trout weighing 4½ lbs., also a large number of smaller ones.

Mr. R. N. Parish, of Montville, Conn., one of the pleasant and successful fishermen who makes the Angler's Retreat his stopping-place when visiting the Androscoggin Lakes, took in September, 1886, on Rapid River, two trout, weighing five pounds each, one of 4½ lbs., three of 3½ lbs. each, and several 2 to 3 lbs. each, beside a large number of smaller ones.

Charles L. Mead, of Middletown, N. Y., while stopping at

LAKE MICHIGAN. SOUTHEAST VIEW FROM CAMP DELLEVUE.



the Angler's Retreat, in June, 1886, took at the South Arm a trout weighing 7 lbs., also several other good-sized ones, running from 2 to 3½ lbs. Mr. Mead is a skillful angler, and generally visits the Angler's Retreat each year.

Mr. E. H. Foote, of Boston, Mass., who passed a few days at the Angler's Retreat, at the Middle Dam, in August, 1886, caught 3 trout weighing 5¾ lbs., 7 lbs., and 7¼ lbs., besides a number of smaller fish.

Dr. Edward Spaulding, and Mr. O. H. Phillips, of Nashua, N. H., who sojourned at Lakeview Cottage, at the South Arm, in May, 1886, took the following very fine string of trout. One trout 8 lbs., one 7 lbs., one 6½ lbs., one 6 lbs., two 5¼ lbs. each, four 4 lbs. each, three 3 pounds each, twelve 2 lbs. each, four 1½ lbs. each, two 1 lb. each, beside other smaller ones. The six largest trout of this catch weighed 39 lbs., averaging 6½ lbs. per fish. The entire catch, including only the given weights, weighed 96 lbs., an average of over 3 lbs. per fish for 31 fish. Other good catches were made by gentlemen stopping at Lakeview Cottage, but we only give this as a sample.

T. B. Stewart, Esq., of New York City, is one of the most enthusiastic and successful anglers whom we know. He generally finds time from the cares of business to spend a few weeks each summer at the Richardson Lakes. During his fishing trip in September, he took, in one day, one trout weighing 4 lbs.; two weighing 5 lbs. each; one of 7 lbs.; one of 8 lbs. On another day he caught three trout, weighing, respectively, 3½, 4, and 5½ lbs. On the 29th of the same month he accomplished the greatest piscatorial feat that has ever come under our notice. He was fishing in the rapids below the upper dam, with a six-ounce rod, from the leader of which dangled two "Samuels" flies, known as the "Silver Doctor." Making a cast, he soon had two trout securely hooked, and from the play of his rod he knew they were both large ones. His guide stood near him, on a pile of logs, and with much skill and patience he succeeded in working the trout toward the guide, who, with rare good luck, netted one, and secured him. The other fish, after an

hour and a half of hard labor, was also netted, without injuring his rigging a particle. One of these trout weighed eight, and the other eight and a quarter, making *sixteen and a quarter pounds of trout caught at one time on a six-ounce rod.* When any one can beat that record we should like to be informed of it.

G. W. Bentley, Esq., Gen. Manager of the Jacksonville, Tampa & Key West Railway, was once at the Androscoggin Lakes on a fishing trip, and while stopping at the Upper Dam went down to the mouth of the river one morning to try his luck. Uncle John Merrill was his guide. At the lake they took a boat, and anchored at the foot of the rapids. Not having an idea that trout were very plenty, he put three flies on his leader and commenced whipping away. Soon he had a rise, but did not succeed in striking his fish. He worked away diligently, however, and soon several more trout broke water near him. He cast over the spot; another trout rose, and he struck him successfully. He had hardly commenced playing the first trout, when another hungry fellow took the second fly, and shortly after it the third fly also had a trout on it. The excitement now was intense. "Jupiter Pluvius! John! I have hooked three trout!" said Mr. Bentley. "You don't mean it?" cried John, his eyes as large as saucers. "As sure as you are a live man. And how in the dickens am I going to save them?" "I don't know, sir; they will smash your rigging sure." "Take your net and stand ready, John, and I'll see what I can do." By careful work Mr. Bentley succeeded in getting the smallest trout that had fortunately taken the upper fly, near enough to the boat, so that Uncle John placed his net under it, and with one quick stroke of his knife severed the fly from the leader, thus saving the trout, which weighed two pounds. After playing the other two a while, they were also netted, and found to weigh severally five and six pounds. He fished for some time after making this glorious catch, and took altogether sixty pounds of trout, about as big a load as Uncle John wanted to back up to camp. This feat was the more wonderful from the fact that this was Mr. Bentley's first trip to the lakes, and when

he reached Andover on his return, and told some gentlemen of it who were on their way in, they had half a mind to start that night.

Frank T. Stinson of Brooklyn, N. Y., caught on the Magalloway River above the Narrows one $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. trout, and a large number of smaller ones. This was in September, 1886.

MAGNIFICENT BROOK TROUT. July 1st A. Sharp Hunter, Captain Edward M. Glenn and Master George Hunter left Utica for a fishing trip to Welokennebacook Lake, one of the Androscoggin chain in Maine. Yesterday the party returned with a large number of magnificent specimens of their skill with rod and fly. The fish range from three-quarters of a pound to five and a half pounds. One beauty weighs five pounds, and there are several which will tip the beam at 3, $2\frac{3}{4}$, and 2 pounds. They were caught in the running water, near the head of the lake. The fish are genuine brook trout, and are richly colored and beautifully spotted. The fish are on exhibition to-day at the store of Hugh Glenn & Co., and were visited by numbers of prominent fishermen, all of whom were enthusiastic over the beauties.

The number of fisherwomen visiting the lakes the past year or two seems to be decidedly on the increase, and some of them have a strong penchant for the gentle sport.

Mrs. J. P. Whitney, of Camp Whitney, is one of the most enthusiastic and successful anglers who visit the lakes, and can handle a rod, cast a fly, or land a five-pound trout, with as much ease and grace as any of the men.

That the fishing of some of the ladies who visit the Androscoggin Lakes will compare favorably with that of the gentlemen is proven by the fact that on the first day of June, 1886, Mrs. C. F. Cheney, of New London, Conn., who was stopping at the Angler's Retreat, caught a trout that weighed 6 pounds. The length of the fish was $22\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

During the spring fishing season of 1886, Major Lovejoy and wife of Bethel, made a trip to the Androscoggin Lakes, and during a short stay, captured 10 trout, weighing 51 lbs., and six fish, weighing 32 lbs., besides a large number of lighter weight. The largest trout taken during their stay

RICHARDSON LAKES SPOTTED BROOK TROUT.



Weight, 11 lbs. Length, 27½ inches. Depth, 8 inches. Width, 3 inches. Caught at Upper Dam, Sept. 29, 1880.

weighed 8 lbs., gross, and was caught by Mrs. Lovejoy. It is said to be the largest trout ever taken by a lady angler. Its length was $26\frac{1}{2}$ in., girth 21 in., thickness $2\frac{3}{4}$ in., and depth $7\frac{3}{4}$ in. It was taken on a split bamboo rod of $8\frac{1}{2}$ ounces weight. Most of these trout were caught near the Angler's Retreat, and in the Narrows.

The stock in the lakes is kept up by artificial hatching, and during the last two years six hundred thousand young trout have been turned into the water, besides some thirty thousand landlocked salmon. This year there is an addition of one hundred thousand landlocked salmon, and five hundred thousand trout. This season a large number of young landlocked salmon were placed in Lake Umbagog, and this is to be continued each year, until the lake is thoroughly stocked with that splendid fish.

The occupants of Birch Lodge, at the head of Lake Molechunkamunk, were startled one morning by discovering a deer swimming across the lake in front of the camp, about a quarter of a mile from shore.

Instantly all was excitement. Two of the guides started in one boat, and the cook, and two of the fishermen in another, each crew doing their best to reach the animal first. As the first boat neared him the deer turned in the direction of the second boat, and, seeing it, became confused, and began to swim around in a circle. The boats now closed in upon him, and after some difficulty a rope was thrown over his head, and he was towed to the shore. He was taken to the camp alive, and found to be a fine buck a year or more old.

The gentlemen had hoped to keep him alive, but he had been injured some way in the struggle on the lake, and it was found necessary to kill him. Had the animal swam straight to shore when he first saw the boats he would have escaped, as none of the party took fire-arms with them. The proprietor of Birch Lodge, had the head preserved and mounted as a souvenir of the adventure.

One morning as the steamer Molechunkamunk was making her trip to Birch Lodge, the captain sighted an animal, which afterwards proved to be a two-year-old caribou, feeding

on lily-pads at the mouth of Mill Brook. Instantly all was excitement. A double-barrelled spy-glass, something less than twenty feet long, was levelled at the innocent and hungry caribou, and the person who squinted through it saw the animal raise his head and look warily around. This increased the nervousness, if possible, of all on board, and a sportsman present, who was accompanied by a four-legged dog, offered the captain a five-dollar counterfeit note if he would get the steamer to the landing in time for him to get a shot. The captain pocketed the note, spit a few mild, briny oaths out of his mouth, that were interfering with his digestion, then, seizing the speaking-trumpet, yelled to the engineer to let her go. The engineer declared he was not hindering her. Then three reefs were shook out of the spoke-stack and the anchor hove overboard, which considerably accelerated the boat's speed. Then the captain rubbed salt pork all around the outside of the boat along the water-line, and the way that steamer went through the water was a caution to snakes. The log was hove and the mate reported the speed at thirty knots. When the captain heard it his hair stood on end so quickly that it shot his hat up through the hurricane deck and it sailed away into infinite space. "Great Cæsar's Ghost!" he exclaimed, "I shall lose my money at this rate. Tie ten knots more in that log-line and throw it over again;" and at a speed of forty knots a minute the steamer tore through the water and landed high and dry on the beach. All hands immediately made tracks for the caribou, the sportsman and his dog taking the lead, covering twenty feet of ground at a stride. The entire crew of the steamer followed, the engineer armed with a double-barrelled gun,—one barrel straight and the other crooked, so he could shoot easily around corners,—the rest of the crew frantically waving hand-spikes, belaying-pins, and feather-dusters. They were joined in their flight by several from the camp, and in a few moments reached Mill Brook, and, oh, joy! there beheld the caribou. The sportsman, with his rifle, and the engineer with his peculiar gun, both blazed away. The caribou was not hit, although the distance was only twenty-

five yards; but the bullet from the crooked barrel of the engineer's gun did good execution, as it circled around to the west shore of the lake and went through the brain of an elephant that was in the act of climbing a tall maple to gather spruce-gum. Then the party, with a lofty disdain of the danger they incurred, waded Mill Brook, which at this time was a raging torrent two inches deep, and charged on the caribou. This was more than any well-trained animal could stand; so he bowed to his would-be captors, and trotted leisurely into the woods. At this the party divided, half following the animal into the woods, the rest remaining on the beach. Soon the caribou appeared again, further along on the beach, and one of the thirsters for blood walked up to within ten feet of the animal. The party in the woods now obtained a squint at him, and, crawling through the underbrush towards the beach, they stopped six feet from the caribou, and, resting their rifles carefully over a stump, pulled trigger and *missed*. The caribou, with a taunting laugh, and a parting bow, said "*Good day!*" and was off like the wind. The same day he was tracked to the first Richardson pond, and shot.



CHAPTER X.

From the Upper Dam to Bemis Stream, Bains' Landing, Cupsuptic Lake, and Indian Rock.



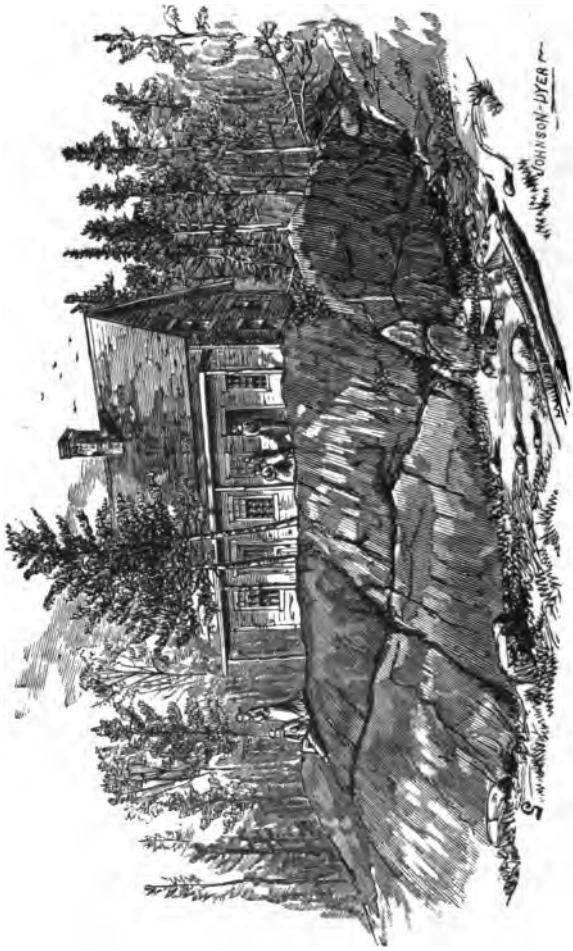
CAPT. Barker's steamer *Metalluc* leaves the Upper Dam Landing twice a day, on arrival of the steamers from the South Arm, at about ten o'clock in the forenoon, and three o'clock in the afternoon.

At high water she sails from the Upper Dam, quite near the hotel; at low water from Scow Landing, at Trout Cove, a few minutes' walk from the house.

Gliding out of the cove, the steamer skirts the rock-bound, forest-girt shore, passing several eligible places for camping, on the right-hand side of the lake, where wood and water are plenty, and not a great way from good fishing-ground. Before reaching Toothaker's Island, the view opens on the left, disclosing a fine view of the lake, which sweeps away to the north until it finally unites with Cupsuptic. Passing to the right of the island you enter a broad bay, and after a run of seven miles arrive at the landing near the Bemis Camps. At the foot of the bay the Bemis Stream empties into the lake, and here is a splendid sand beach, semicircular in shape, and over a mile in extent.

The clearing here was made and the log-cabins built by the Oquossoc Angling Association about ten years ago, and for several years some of the members visited the place every summer. At one time there was a hatching-house three miles up the stream, and a large number of trout were artificially propagated each season. This business, however, is now done at the foot of Oquossoc Lake.

The camps and land at Bemis Stream are now leased by



CAMP ALBERTON, BUGLE COVE, LAKE MOOSELUCMAGUNTIC.

Capt. Fred C. Barker. The buildings include nine log-cabins, and a new frame house containing six rooms. Each building has an open fire-place, and the rooms are all well and comfortably furnished. These camps are now used as a hotel by Capt. Barker, who has good accommodations for thirty people. His terms are \$2.00 per day, and he sets a very good table. Parties wishing row-boats can hire them of Capt. Barker, who has some good ones.

The camps are pleasantly situated, standing a few rods from the lake, facing west, and command a fine landscape view. A new building that is used for the office and dining room of the establishment, is called "Cleft Rock Hall," appropriately named from a huge boulder in front of the building, split in two by some convulsion of Nature, which has long been called "Cleft Rock." Away to the right Bald Mountain is just visible in the distance, its crest appearing above several lower hills that intervene. On the left the Bemis Mountain Range stretches away for miles, and directly in front is the vast expanse of water, with Toothaker's Island and Student Island prominent, and far beyond are the mountains that lie along the Magalloway River.

The land through which the Bemis Stream flows is flat for some little distance back from the lake, and in the spring, when the gates are down at the Upper Dam, the water flows back a long way, and the mouth of the stream and the sand beach are completely covered.

During the spring and fall the fishing is good at Bemis; but there is no part of the summer when you cannot catch fish enough to eat. The time for the appearance of the trout varies; some years they come several weeks earlier than others.

Leaving Bemis Stream the boat heads north-west, and we soon reach Toothaker's Island, or the Big Island, as it is sometimes called, which is over a mile long, and on whose soil some immense trees have grown. A few years ago a large gang logged on this island all winter, and some of the largest logs were cut that ever grew in the State. There has

also been considerable logging done at different times on Student Island which contains about ninety acres. On the east shore of the bay, opposite Toothaker's Island, there is an immense rock, in which is quite a cave, making it worth a visit from the curious.

A mile further on we turn into the Gut, with Student Island on your left. Sailing through this strait, which is thickly sprinkled with rocks, you reach the broadest part of the lake, and shortly pass Long Point, or the cape on the right, with Bald Mountain directly ahead. Continuing on up the lake, a few miles' run brings us to Bugle Cove, twelve miles distant from Bemis Stream.

From Bugle Cove to Brandy Point is the widest part of the lake, and is a distance of about five miles.

The late R. G. Allerton, Esq., of New York City, built a camp at this place known as Allerton Lodge. It was built in 1875, and is one of the prettiest buildings in the lake region. Its situation is most romantic, setting as it does on a huge rock which towers above the water to a height of fifty feet, commanding a fine view of the widest part of the lake. Directly behind it Bald Mountain rears its thickly wooded and precipitous side to a height of 1,000 feet. From the piazza of the house a fine view is obtained of the Bemis Mountain Range, the Elephant's Hump being one of the prominent landmarks. This range of mountains is about twelve miles south-east from the Lodge. Looking westerly across the lake, the frowning peak of Azischoos is seen towering above the other mountains by several hundred feet. From its summit may be obtained the most extensive view to be found in the lake country.

The present owners of Allerton Lodge are R. M. Pulsifer, E. B. Haskell, and C. H. Andrews, proprietors of the well-known "Boston Herald," and associated with them are Col. H. T. Rockwell, and H. A. Priest, also of Boston. These gentlemen with their families visit the camp each summer, and enjoy the sports of the woods and waters, and the beautiful scenery. Fortunate are those of their friends who get an invitation to visit them at this earthly paradise.

The ascent of Bald Mountain may be easily made from Allerton Lodge, the distance to the top being a little short of a mile. An observatory on the summit adds to its attractiveness for visitors. Mr. Ellis, who formerly had charge of the house, bushed out and cleared up a path that is not at all difficult to follow. At the same time he cut away the trees and underbrush in four different places on top of the mountain, furnishing some very charming landscapes. The first commands the lower end of Lake Mooselucmagentic, including Bema Bay, Student and Toothaker's Islands, part of the lower Androscoggin Lakes, part of the town of Cambridge, the distant peaks of the White Mountains, and a bit of Lake Umbagog. Following Mr. Ellis' trail, we move along the top of the mountain, bearing to the east, and reach the second cut-out. This gives us a view of Bema Bay and Stream, and the camps there. Then, turning a little to the left, we see a part of Oquossoc Lake, including South Cove and South Bog Island; the farms along its shores also look very pretty from this point. The Saddleback Range and Mount Bigelow, seen in the distance, also add to the beauty of this picture. Another short walk brings us to the third place, where Mr. Ellis so judiciously wielded an axe in the interests of tourists, and discloses nearly the whole of Oquossoc Lake with Rangeley Village and adjacent farms. Far away, looming up against the blue sky, are East and West Kennebago Mountains. Oquossoc Outlet, and the hotel at the foot of the lake, lie just below us, the hotel being diminished to Lilliputian size. Turning westward, another short walk brings us to the fourth and last of these vistas. This final picture is perhaps the prettiest of the whole, as it commands an extensive view of the northern wilderness stretching away to Canada; the upper part of Mooselucmagentic Lake, with its cluster of islands, Cupsuptic Narrows, Haines' Landing, with the Mooselucmagentic House, Frye's Camp, Eagle Point just above, the whole of Cupsuptic Lake, Birch Island, the clearing at Indian Rock, with Camp Kennebago nestled amid the woods, West Kennebago, and several of the Boundary Mountains, the line between American and Brit-



LAKE MOOSELUOMAGUNTIC AND BERNIS MOUNTAINS FROM BUGLE COVE.

ish possessions. Observatory Mountain, and the giant peaks of Aziscohos, the monarch of the hills in this region, are also brought within range of vision from this point of observation. From here a walk of fifteen or twenty minutes brings you to Allerton Lodge. Many ladies make the ascent of the mountain from the Lodge, and it is not at all tiresome.

Leaving Bugle Cove, and coasting along the shore, we pass two private camps, cosily nestled among the woods on the east side of the lake. The first of these is Camp Haverhill, and the second, Camp Houghton. Just beyond these the steamer makes her customary stop at Haines' Landing.

The Mooselucmeguntic House is a large, two-story building of comparatively modern architecture, with wide piazzas on the west and south sides, and stands a few rods from the water. The steamer touches here several times a day, making it a very convenient place to stop at. A carry road leads from this house to Oquossoc Outlet,—a distance of two miles,—where connection is made with the steamer on Oquossoc Lake. A team is run on the carry for the transportation of baggage and small boats.

The buildings contain forty sleeping rooms tastily finished, and comfortably furnished, giving accommodations for about fifty people. A large office, parlor, and dining room, the two former having brick fire places, are pleasant and necessary features of the establishment. A large fleet of comfortable row-boats belong to the establishment and may be hired at reasonable prices. The terms at this house are \$2.00 per day. Messrs. Crosby and Twombly are the present proprietors.

The view from the piazza of the hotel is one of the finest in the upper section of the lake region, and commands an unobstructed view of the largest part of the lake, the sheet of water in sight being about eight miles long and two wide. All the mountain ranges southward stand out prominent, and the sunsets from this spot are beautiful.

Large trout are plenty in Mooselucmaguntic and many are taken with bait by trolling and deep fishing, from the time the ice goes out to about the middle of August. There is

also good fly-fishing for three or four weeks from the middle of June, and through September.

Leaving Haines' Landing the steamer soon passes Pine Point, on which the Buckfield camp is located, owned by an association of gentlemen from Buckfield, Me. In high water the boat runs up the east side of the lake, crossing the bar, and enters the river, the outlet of Oquossoc and Kennebago Lakes. Continuing on for two miles you reach the junction of the Kennebago and Rangeley Streams, and land opposite Indian Rock.

The generally traveled route between the Upper Dam and Indian Rock is shorter and more direct than the one just described, the distance being only ten miles.

By the more direct route, the steamer, after clearing Trout Cove, takes a north east course, passing Sandy Cove and Brandy Point on the left, good fishing-ground in this vicinity, and running between Brandy Point and Student Island. Capt. Barker's new cottage is seen to advantage from the steamer, and it commands a fine outlook across the lake. It was erected during the summer of 1886, and contains eleven comfortably furnished rooms. The sitting room is ornamented by a brick fire place, and there are other fittings and furnishings calculated to please the eye and add to the comforts of the tourists and sportsmen who favor him with their patronage. As you emerge from Trout Cove the view looking east is very fine. There is a large number of mountains in that direction, the Bigelow Twin Peaks being the most conspicuous.

Above Brandy Point the lake makes a curve to the left, forming a bay that is filled with small islands, known locally as "Stony Batter,," adding materially to the beauty of that locality. In front of you the hotel at Haines' Landing looms up prominently against the dark background of forest. Beyond may be seen the Kennebago, Spotted, and other mountains that overlook the lake in that direction. Following the west side of the lake, this time, we soon reach Cup-suptic Narrows, through which the steamer runs at low water, passing on the left Frye's Camp,—a picturesque log

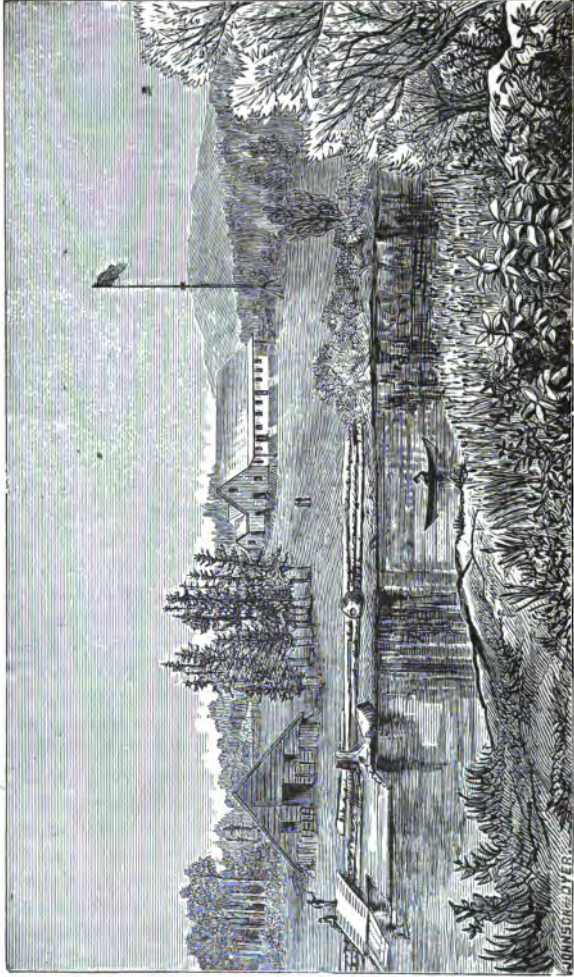
camp, standing on a high rock that rises abruptly from the water near Eagle Point. It is the property of Hon. William P. Frye, of Lewiston, Me., the distinguished member of Congress representing the district of which Franklin County forms a part; he is also one of the Executive Committee of the Oquossoc Angling Association. Crossing the foot of the lake we enter the river, and are soon at Indian Rock, which is nothing but a flat ledge on the opposite side of the river from the association's camp.

There is no "carry" between Cupsuptic and Mooselucmaguntic Lake, the two sheets of water being connected by a strip of "narrows"; and thus you have one unbroken expanse of water for a distance of fifteen miles, situated in the midst of a vast wilderness, and surrounded on all sides by hills and mountains, many of which are grand and picturesque.

A local tradition explains the elongated name of this lake as follows: A hunter who was out after moose, met with such poor success that he almost famished. He said, "I had been four days without game, and naturally without anything to eat, except pine cones and green chestnuts. There was no game in the forest. The trout would not bite, for I had no tackle or hook. I was starving. I sat down, and rested my trusty but futile rifle against a fallen tree. Suddenly I heard a tread, turned my head, saw a moose,—took—my—gun—tick! he was dead. I was saved. I feasted, and in gratitude named the lake Moosetookmyguntick." The name has undergone some modifications since its origin; but it cannot be misunderstood.

At the foot of Cupsuptic Lake, in the vicinity of the narrows and the mouth of the river, is excellent fishing-ground, furnishing good sport to those stopping at Indian Rock or Haines' Landing.

Cupsuptic Lake is 1,486 feet above tide-water, and is the most northerly of the chain. Capt. Barker runs a small open steam launch, the Mollalocket, Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, from Haines' Landing and Indian Rock to Cupsuptic Falls, stopping either way at Pleasant Island camps, when de-



INDIAN ROCK AND RANGELEY STREAM.

sired. Fare \$1.00 each way. Leaving Indian Rock about eight o'clock in the morning, we run down to the mouth of the river, and a turn to the right brings us into the lower part of the lake; and running northward we pass Eagle Point on the right, a barren ledge, showing well-defined traces of many a camp-fire. Bald Mountain, omnipresent in this part of the region, towers up behind the southern bank of the river. The passage between Eagle Point and the western shore of the lake is narrow; an inward sweep of the shore from the mouth of the river to Eagle Point makes a large cove or bay, whose shores are dotted with boulders, and fringed with a dense forest, continuing back as far as the eye can see. The peninsular known as Eagle Point is an island during high water. West Kennebago Mountain, a sharp, symmetrical peak, which has been in sight on our right, disappears from view as we round Eagle Point.

Passing the point, the entire length of the lake is seen, with Pine and Birch Islands, the larger of the two in the distance. Above Eagle Point, on the east side, a deep indentation in the shore, known as Toothaker Cove, attracts attention from its picturesque setting. From the deepest part of the cove, across the wood to Kennebago Lake, is only six miles, in an air-line, that would end near Kennebago Outlet. If a trail were cut across here this would by all means be the quickest and most direct route to Kennebago Lake, and, before another season opens, a carry between Cupsuptic and Kennebago will undoubtedly be made.

Pleasant Island juts out from the shore at the head of the lake, and on it is located several log cabins, known as Pleasant Island camps, of which Wm. Soule is the proprietor. This hotel is pleasantly situated in the midst of good fishing and hunting. Terms \$2.00 per day.

Cupsuptic, although the smallest of the Androscoggin Lakes, is one of the prettiest, surrounded as it is by shapely hills, gradually sweeping up to mountain heights, covered to their summits with a dense and unbroken forest of hard and soft timber. Cupsuptic River empties into the head of the lake, and is navigable for the steamer at high water as far as the falls.

The mouth of the river is somewhat difficult to find, and is close in by the western shore of the lake. From here it twists and turns for several miles, through a meadow or swamp, dotted with dead trees, and covered with tall, rank grass, and various kinds of bushes, which are under water part of the year. This was once a favorite feeding-ground for moose, and they are still occasionally met with in the vicinity.

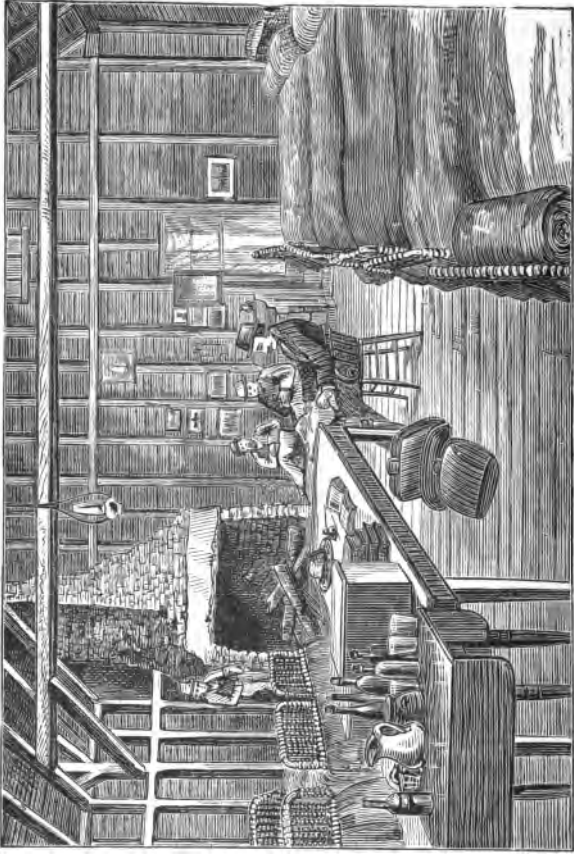
Nothing can be more romantic or picturesque than a sail on this winding and crooked river. A mile or more from the lake dead trees are scattered sparsely along either bank. These increase for a while as you go up the river, until live ones begin to mingle with them. As you sail farther up the stream, a live forest appears, a pleasant change from the dead growth; and the banks of the river rise gradually, until they reach a height of six or eight feet. "Camp Lucky," a private house stands on the right bank of the river as you go up.

The distance from Indian Rock to Cuspsuptic Falls is nine miles; four from the rock to the mouth of the river, and five up the river to the falls; dead water all the way. The carry around the rapids is a good half mile; it leaves the stream on the left bank, following an old "tote" road. The walking is good. Above the rapids you take a row boat, and continue on eight miles to the Parmachenee carry. The river is swift, crooked, shallow and very narrow the entire distance. In many places one cannot row a boat even where the water is deep enough without fouling their oars each side; the greater part of the way you will have to use a setting-pole, but occasionally you can row. There are also many places where you will have to get out and drag your boat, the water is so shallow.

The Parmachenee carry begins on the west bank of the river, at a small camp which Danforth has erected for the accommodation of travelers. It extends across the range of mountains lying between the Cuspsuptic and Magalloway Rivers; at the latter river it ends near the mouth of Black Cat Brook. There is boating on the river and lake up to

Danforth's Camp, on Treat's Island, in Parmachenee,—a distance of three miles. The length of the carry is variously estimated, interested parties calling the distance five miles, while some of the sportsmen claim it is ten. From hearing various opinjons and after a personal trial, we should judge that it was about eight miles. It is up hill and down, quite steep in many places, and dangerous in some from the rough footing. In fact I came very near spraining my ankle the last time I crossed it, which would have been anything but a pleasant incident. Fred Barker will furnish guides from Indian Rock to Parmachenee, when he cannot act in that capacity himself. In summer the mail is carried three times a week, each way between Camp Caribou (Danforth's) and Camp Kennebago, Indian Rock.

In some places the pathway has been made smoother by means of cedar splits. Ladies are transported across this carry in chairs, and we should think they would have to be, if many visit the lake this way. It takes a woman of very robust physique to stand such a jaunt, for scarcely one in a dozen would be capable of taking this walk. When Mr. Danforth had his family visit him at Camp Caribou last summer he took them to the lake by the way of the Magalloway River. Comment is unnecessary.



INTERIOR OF CAMP KENNEBAGO.

CHAPTER XI.

From Indian Rock to Oquossoc Outlet,
Rangeley Village, Greenville, and the head of
Oquossoc Lake.



BEFORE leaving Indian Rock some information in regard to the club who have their headquarters here will not come amiss.

Camp Kennebago, the head-quarters of the Oquossoc Angling Association, is situated on rising ground, a few rods from the junction of the Kennebago and Rangeley streams. This

camp is kept open from May 15th to October 1st.

Many years ago an old hermit, by the name of Smith, camped at Indian Rock, and cleared up a small space of land. He afterwards sold out his interest in the place to Mr. Richardson, who built a rough camp by the river-side for the accommodation of fishermen, which was burned down, and a handsome and commodious boat-house was erected on the site. Mr. Richardson, after some years, disposed of his interest in the place to the Oquossoc Angling Association, who built a fine camp, now used by the members, and made many valuable improvements on the ground. Mr. Richardson was engaged by the club as superintendent, which position he yet holds, and he is emphatically the right man in the right place.

The Oquossoc Angling Association was incorporated Feb. 5th, 1870, and now numbers one hundred members. The value of their property and improvements at Camp Kennebago is about \$25,000. The Association own several buildings besides their large camp, which is a building 40 x 100 feet; they also own a fleet of thirty boats. The meetings of the Association are held at camp Kennebago, in June of each year. A. D. Lockwood, President; Weston Lewis, Vice-President; and James A. Williamson, Secretary and Treasurer.

All fishing and shooting by members of the Association is conducted strictly in accordance with the game and fish laws of Maine, and the Association has been largely instrumental since its organization in preventing the breaking of the fish laws by wandering fishermen and others who have no regard for the preservation of the fishing.

The Oquossoc Angling Association, assisted by others of the visiting sportsmen, who, although not members of the club, have generally camps of their own, during the past five years have stocked the water in the immediate vicinity of the club-house with many thousands of the famous land-locked salmon, and they are now being captured; one was taken near Camp Kennebago, weighing *two pounds*; another, of about the same weight, was also caught by one of the Andover guides at the Upper Dam; and a third one was caught in the Oquossoc Lake by a gentleman from Boston. Each season some of these fish are captured, showing that they are on the increase, and the last that I heard of weighed, according to report, four and a half and six pounds. Quite a number were also taken in the vicinity of the Middle Dam and Rapid River last year.

The Association Camp is not open to the general public; but persons who are sufficiently well acquainted with the members can obtain permission to stop there during July and August; for the months of June and September it is reserved for members.

There are good accommodations for ladies at Camp Kennebago during the months of July and August, as at that time there are very few members of the Association in camp.

A new building designed to give better accommodations to ladies, was built during the winter of 1878. It stands on the old site of the Bald Eagle Camp, the latter having been moved farther to the west. The building is 30 x 56 feet on the ground, two stories high, and contains eighteen sleeping-rooms, besides a large sitting-room. The rooms are ceiled with matched boards, and comfortably furnished.

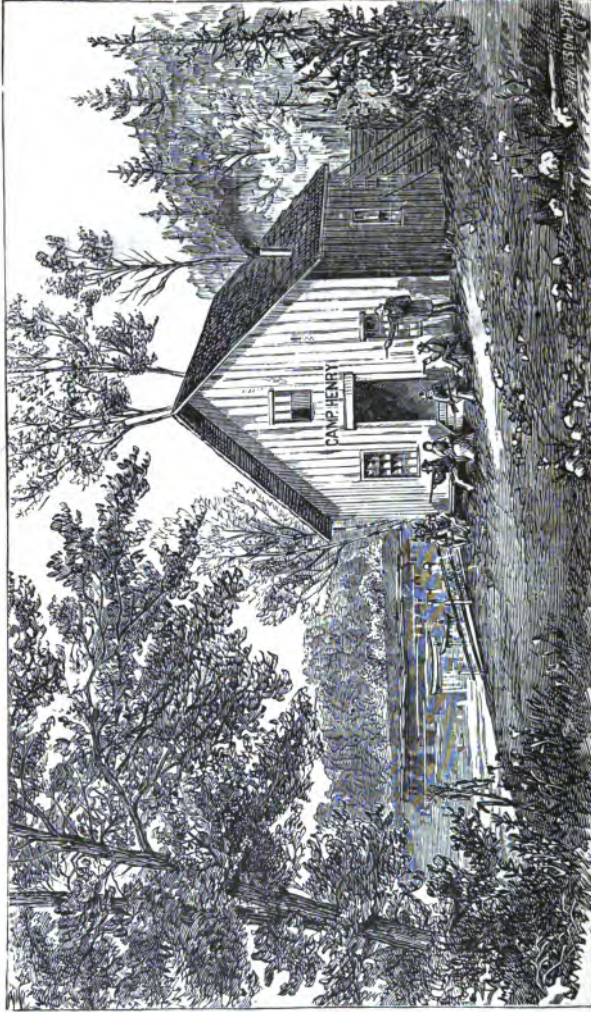
The dining-room in the main camp has been enlarged, and most of the beds in the large room have been removed, and that is now used as a common sitting-room. Other improvements have been made which add to the attractions and comforts of this beautiful place.

The regular rate of board in the camp is \$2.00 per day. Guides' board (which is always paid by the party engaging the guide), \$1.00 per day. The Superintendent will furnish guides at \$2.00 per day, and boats at 50 cents per day.

The managers of the Oquossoc Angling Association have retained all the charming semi-aboriginal character in their camps, grounds, and appointments. While the furniture is sufficiently comfortable to suit the most fastidious, yet the contrast between Camp Kennebago and the hotels is everything that the two terms indicate. The true idea of a "lodge in the vast wilderness" is here seen and enjoyed. The members are not confined to Camp Kennebago alone. The Association own camps on Birch Island, near the mouth of Cupsuptic Stream; on Kennebago Stream, seven miles from the main camp; and on Little Kennabago Pond. Among the highly appreciated but unusual adjuncts of a camp in the wild woods are two cows, a horse, poultry, etc., a fine vegetable and fruit garden, ice-house, and bath-room.

Parties going through the lakes should by all means visit Camp Kennebago, and inspect the buildings and premises. The Superintendent is courteous and pleasant, and will give you any information required.

We present our readers with two views of Camp Kennebago. The first is made from the "Rock," showing the camp in the distance. The second is an interior, showing the main apartment of the building, which is used for a sleeping-room



CAMP HENRY, RANGLELEY OUTLET. (1876.)

and sitting-room. This is a very comfortable room, with a row of beds on each side, a long table in the middle, and an immense fireplace in one corner, which is capable of holding half a cord of wood at a time, and is itself quite a curiosity. Books, papers, and a cabinet organ, help the members while away the time in unpleasant weather. The dining room opens out of the large room, and tables can be set for about forty people at once.

We would speak also of the famous brook trout, captured in 1867 at the outlet of Rangeley Lake, retained a captive for three weeks, *transported alive* in a large tank of water, lined with sponge, and supplied with fresh air by an air-pump, to the pond of George Shepard Page, Stanley, N. J. The tank also contained a female brook trout weighing eight and one quarter pounds. These trout have both died. *The former weighed ten pounds after his death.* It is a matter of regret that his weight when captured was not taken. Professor Agassiz and Professor Baird have stated that he must have weighed eleven and a half pounds. But, at the weight of ten pounds, he challenges the admiration of anglers as being one of the largest brook trout on record. His stuffed skin forms a prominent ornament of the office of Mr. Page in New York.

From Indian Rock to Oquossoc Outlet is a distance of two miles through the forest. This carry you will have to walk, but you can have your baggage transported by team. The river in front of the camp is crossed by the means of a rope ferry. Arriving at the lake you can cross over to the Mountain View House, which is but a short distance from the wharf, by row-boat or steamer, passing on your way Lake Point Cottage, built by Theodore Page, but now the property of R. A. Tuttle, Esq., of Jamaica Plain, Mass. It is very prettily situated on a little point that makes into the lake near the outlet.

A new hatching-house for the propagation of trout has been built by several parties interested in the preservation of the fishing at Oquossoc Outlet, is now in successful operation. About one million of the spotted brook trout are hatched at this house each winter, and distributed among the different

lakes in the Androscoggin chain. For several years past from two to five hundred thousand landlocked salmon eggs have been hatched here each winter, and this last winter one hundred thousand white-fish eggs have been hatched. This hatching-house is supported and kept running by subscriptions from the fishermen who frequent the lakes. The house is taken care of, and the hatching carried on by Mr. Frank Hewey, one of the oldest guides in the region.

The Mountain View House was built at Oquossoc Outlet, on the old site of Soule's "Camp Henry," during the winter of 1875, by Henry T. Kimball, for the accommodation of tourists and sportsmen. We present our readers with views of the old camp and the new house. Additions were made to the house during the winter of 1877, and will accommodate about seventy-five guests. The terms at this house are \$2.00 per day. A livery stable is connected with the house, and Mr. Kimball has some good horses and teams to let. It is only seven miles to Rangeley Village from the Outlet, and those wishing teams can have them at any time. A large number of row-boats are kept at the hotel, and may be hired at reasonable prices.

The Mountain View House is kept open from June 1 to Oct. 1.

Some of the best fishing places near the hotel are over to the South Bog, at the dam, and in the lake at the Outlet.

June and September are the two best months for fishing here, although trout may be found in July and August.

Bald Mountain, which stands directly opposite the Mountain View House, commands a fine view of the surrounding country. Its ascent is not very difficult, and the beautiful landscape it overlooks will repay anyone for the time and trouble spent in making it. A guide is not really necessary, although perhaps it would be well to take one with you.

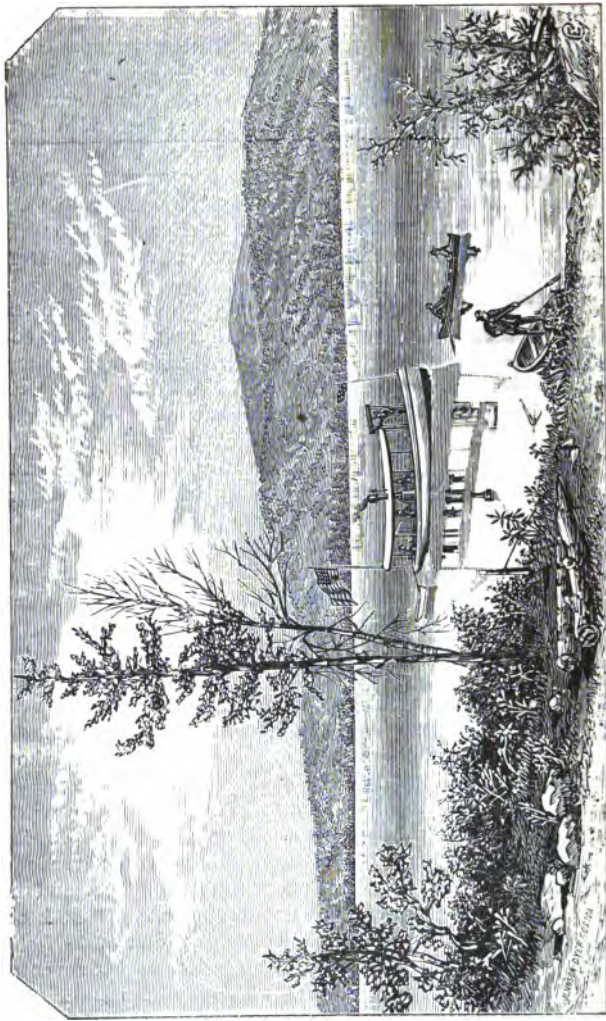
Embarking on the jaunty little steamer Molly—Chunkamunk (a corruption of the name of one of the lower lakes), you leave the outlet, and in a few minutes pass a pretty cottage on the left hand, the property of John R. Toothaker.

The distance to Greenvale, at the head of the lake, is nine miles. Passing out of the cove you discry South Bog Island

in the distance, and in its vicinity the fishing is good. Gradually the boat heads to the east, and you obtain a fine view of the Saddle-back, and other mountain ranges surrounding the lake. Nearly all the land on the northern side, and a large part of the southern side, of the Oquossoc Lake has been cleared up and put into farms; and while these are a pretty and quiet feature in the landscape, they detract from its wildness and romance, and the scenery is inferior to that on the lakes below, where are unbroken forests entirely free from farms.

The boat follows the northern shore of the lake, and a few miles from the outlet you pass on the left a pretty little cottage standing at the edge of the water, built for a summer residence, by a Mr. Ellis, of Gardiner, Me. Beyond on your right is Ram Island, containing several acres. There is good fishing near it. The distance to Rangeley Village, or the "City," as it has been nicknamed, is six miles, and the steamer lands at the head of a small cove, that heads northeast from the lake. Passengers who wish to stop here are met by teams and taken up to the hotels, there being two in the town. Both of the houses are but a few minutes' walk from the lake. The smallest, the Oquossoc House, was built by the late Abner Toothaker, and is a well-kept hotel, pleasantly located in the business part of the village. Whorff and Pierce are the present proprietors.

Rangeley is quite a village, it containing about thirty dwelling-houses, two stores, a post-office, a carriage-shop, two blacksmith's shops, a boat-builder's shop, a saw mill, shoe-shop, and the two hotels already mentioned, the Rangeley Lake House being the latest built. This new and spacious house contains about fifty rooms. There is a cupola on top of the main house, from which beautiful and extensive views of the lake and surrounding country can be obtained, and the broad piazzas furnish an excellent promenade. This hotel was built and newly furnished during the winter of 1877, by John A. Burke, Esq., and has accommodations for seventy-five guests. The terms are \$2.00 per day. John B. Marble is the present proprietor. The Phillips stage puts up at the



STEAMER MOLLY-CHUNKANUNK AT RANGELEY OUTLET.

house, and Mr. E. A. Rogers is the proprietor of the line. The distance from Rangeley to Phillips is twenty-one miles.

Returning to the steamer, we start for Greenvale, three miles distant. All the way along we have a fine view of the mountains towering up in every direction. As we approach the head, the lake decreases in width, forming a long, narrow arm, and at the end of this the steamer lands. The settlement here is small, consisting of the hotel, post-office, and a few other buildings. You walk up to the Greenvale House, a well-kept and comfortable hotel. Lewis E. Bowley & Co., are the present proprietors. You can procure a good dinner here for fifty cents, and if you are going to Phillips the stage will call here for you. The fishing in the spring is very good at the head of the lake, and the hotel at that time is generally well filled. The proprietors have a good livery-stable, and persons who wish to spend a few days here can obtain teams to take them in any direction. From a high hill, in a pasture near the hotel, a splendid view of Lake Oquossoc may be obtained, including some fine mountain scenery. The extensive and varied landscape spread out before you while standing on the top of this hill and overlooking the lake, will well repay for the tiresome climb to its summit.

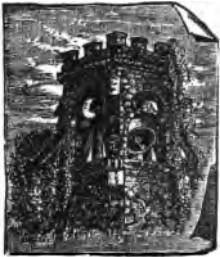
A short distance from the Greenvale house is a little mountain stream, not only noted for its excellent fishing, but also for its fine scenery. Follow it up for a quarter of a mile from the road, and you will come to a deep ravine cut out of the solid rock by the powerful action of water during the spring freshets. This ravine extends up the stream for quite a distance, the brook being broken all through it by rapids, cascades, and falls. Along its sides, where the water has washed out all the earth, huge crevices are found in the rocks, and from several of these, in the last of June, we took some splendid ice, many of the pieces being two or three pounds in weight. It is a wild and romantic place, and one which is eagerly sought after by lovers of nature. The dark rocks, the water flashing in the sunlight, the numerous natural bridges, caused by trees which have been uprooted by tempests and have fallen across the ravine, the roar of the cataract,

the grateful shade to be had under the old forest-trees, are all congenial to one who wishes to walk in nature's solitudes, and who can appreciate such a wild country. When visiting the Greenvale House, by all means spare half a day to visit this brook, as we are confident you will be satisfied with the time so spent. We publish several stereoscopic views which we made in this vicinity.



CHAPTER XII.

Rangeley Village, Kennebec Lake, and the Seven Ponds.



QUOSSOC Lake is the highest in the Androscoggin chain, and is 1,552 feet above tide-water. It is nine miles long, and from one and a half to three miles wide. The town of Rangeley nearly surrounds the lake, and is mostly on high land. Of its early history a writer says: "Rangeley perpetuates the name of an eccentric but thrifty English squire, who penetrated the wilderness thus far many years ago, and laid the foundation of the prosperous plantation which is his monument to-day. His story is a romantic and interesting one.

"Mr. Rangeley, for a time after coming to this country, was a merchant in Philadelphia, and later a land speculator in Virginia, with all parts of which State he was very familiar. He is described as having the substantial build and florid countenance of the traditional English squire, with a corresponding hearty manner, but an exceptional degree of politeness and polish for a man of his kind; he also dressed well, and was given to hospitality.

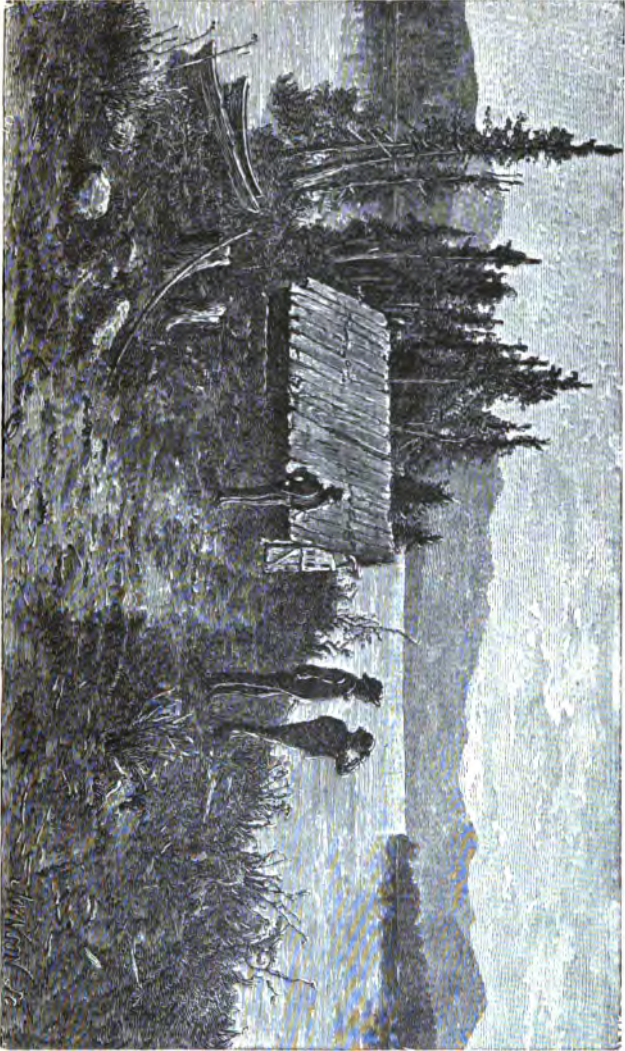
"To his early life he seldom referred; and what led him to this remote corner of the wilderness of Maine can only be conjectured. Perhaps it was the scent of mineral values, for he was known to claim the existence of gold ore upon his township; and he was a man who knew what iron pyrites were. The township, as he owned it, comprised somewhere from 65,000 to 70,000 acres, and he had large plans for its development. The present extensive and growing system of

navigation and lumber portage seems to have been a dream of his own, for he fully foresaw the resources and capabilities of his domain. He built various mills, some of which remain to this day. These were superintended by his sons, who had the look of huntsmen; and he lived with his wife and two daughters in what was then the only good house of the region. This house is believed to be still in existence, but in a decayed and squalid condition.

“Mr. Rangeley and his wife were reputed to possess between them a considerable fortune; but his plans were on so great a scale, and his ability to deal with the rude and the shrewd so limited, that he worked at no small disadvantage, at heavy cost, and finally with serious loss. This led him to sell his plantation for \$50,000; but financial disturbance so crippled the purchaser, who had made but part payment, that the property fell back into Mr. Rangeley's hands. Subsequently, with the return of better times he succeeded, however in disposing of it, and removed to Portland. He was there established as early as 1842, and there he died not later than 1862. Members of his family are said to be still living in Virginia.

“Mr. Rangeley had been followed into his forest paradise by a score or two of families, one after the other, and for their accommodation he built a small church or chapel, which, distinguished by its simple coat of red paint, had probably been preached in by some of the ‘ruling elders’ of the present time. It is in the record that the worthy English squire did not himself attend the services in this secluded house of prayer, but caused worship therein to be held after the manner of the Episcopal Church, for the sake of his wife, who is spoken of as a most kindly and benevolent person.

“Mr. Rangeley's greatest public work was a road constructed through ‘a grand and savage pass’ of the Saddleback range. Its cost was set down at \$30,000; but the road itself is now wholly obliterated. The new road is spoken of as ‘wholly uninteresting’ in comparison. The present writer can say nothing as to the location of this ancient highway, but repeats the tradition respecting it as received from a gentleman of Boston who personally knew Mr. Rangeley, and who



VIEW OF KENNAWAGO LAKE FROM SNOWMAN'S POINT.

visited him in his retreat several times prior to 1840—who is, indeed, the authority for all these interesting particulars concerning this really notable and agreeable character.”

Kennebago Lake.

A pleasant excursion may be made from Rangeley Village to Lake Kennebago, eleven miles distant, a buckboard running between the two places daily. Leaving the hotel you drive down below the village for perhaps a mile, then turning to the right drive two miles farther, the carriage-road ending on top of a high hill, from which you get a very extensive view. From this point you can see nearly the whole of Oquossoc Lake, Gull Pond, the west side of Mount Saddleback, and some twenty other prominent peaks which have not been christened. Beyond this point a rough road continues to the lake, passing through a short piece of open country before reaching the woods. On your way you pass several ponds on the left of the road, where good trout-fishing may be had in the fall. Three hours is considered the ordinary time in which to make the walk. The road is rough the whole of the way, and you will not care to do it, even if you can, much under that time. Arriving at the head of the lake you will find Grant and Richardson's Camp, known as the Forest Retreat House. It is two stories, with a piazza, and contains about twenty rooms. Transient board is \$2.00 per day. There is a daily mail in summer between Rangeley and Kennebago, the post-office being in the hotel. The camp is pleasantly located, commanding a fine view down the lake. They have also several other camps about Kennebago Lake, one at Little Kennebago, and a number at Seven Ponds.

The fishing is pretty fair here the entire season; but the fish do not run so large as in the lakes below. While we were stopping here one summer, Mr. L. T. Reed, of the Oquossoc Angling Association, caught, while trolling, a very pretty trout, that tipped the scales at four and a half pounds. This was an unusually large trout for this lake; but small fish, that weigh from a quarter of a pound to a pound and a half, are very plenty. Some of the best places for fishing at

Kennebago are at the Outlet, at the foot of the lake, and the Big Inlet on the opposite shore of the lake from Crosby's lower camp. About a mile above the Big Inlet, on the same side of the lake, is a good place for trolling. Blanchard and Flat Iron Ponds, within a short distance of the hotel, are well stocked with small trout, averaging from a quarter to a half pound each.

In going to Kennebago it is unnecessary to take a guide, as you can procure one after arrival, and if you have any baggage to carry you can get it hauled in by the buckboard, that now runs regularly each day in summer. If you do not object to getting well shaken, you can ride on the team; but a saddle horse is preferable. Also take our advice, and don't go until August or September. We were there the very last of June, and the black flies and mosquitoes were a perfect nuisance. We found them more troublesome at Kennebago than anywhere else in the lake region. Tar and oil were of no use, and nothing but smoke would clear them. We present our readers with two views of Kennebago Lake, one from the head, embracing Snowman's Point, the other from a spot at the foot of the lake near Crosby's old camp. The little steamer "Caribou," Captain Thomas, plies upon Kennebago Lake and takes parties out for sport or pleasure.

The Seven Ponds

lie about twelve miles north of Kennebago, but by the traveled road, the distance from the Forest Retreat House to the ponds is about twenty miles. Although difficult to reach, these ponds have been visited by quite a number of sportsmen. There is good fishing in all the ponds, and the surrounding locality is an excellent hunting-ground. Messrs. Grant and Richardson have a new camp at Beaver Pond, and there is also another camp that can be used at Big Island Pond. The easiest way to reach them is to go up the Kennebago Stream, and across Little Kennebago in a boat. Then a walk of about seven miles will bring you to the first pond, and from this it is easy to reach the others.

Shooting a Moose on the Magalloway.

On the morning of October 4, 1883, Messrs. William B. Garfield and William A. Caughey, of Waltham, Mass., who were on their tenth annual tour to Lake Umbagog, left the Lakeside Hotel, in Cambridge, for a trip up the Magalloway to Parmachenee Lake. Embarking on the fleet little steamer "Parmachenee," with their boat in tow, they were landed at the lower Magalloway settlement at noon. On their way across the lake and up the river they were fortunate enough to shoot ten black ducks, these water-fowl being very plenty, all of which, through the kindness of the captain, they were enabled to secure.

At the steamboat-landing at Magalloway a team met them and took their stores and baggage to the Upper Settlement, while the gentlemen paddled up the river in their boat. They reached Fred Flint's early that afternoon, and stopped at his house over night.

The next morning, having been joined by their guide, Mr. F. F. Mason, their boat and luggage were loaded on a double team, and, crossing the carry, they reached the dead water at ten o'clock.

Launching their boat their things were stowed in it to the best advantage, and a few moments later the boat, propelled by Mason's sinewy arms, was rapidly making her way up the river, and about the middle of the afternoon they reached the Lower Metallak Pond, and went into camp. Several days were spent here, the time being passed pleasantly in hunting and fishing excursions around the neighborhood, and with the best results, as the party did not return to camp a single time without either game or fish. One evening Garfield proposed that they start for Parmachenee the next day, and, his friend and guide being willing, arrangements were made for the trip.

The following morning, after an early breakfast, they started up the river. "Now, boys," cried the guide, as the boat rippled through the water, "have your guns in readiness; for we are liable to run across a deer, caribou, or moose, or some

other wild animal that we may be compelled to shoot in self-defence."

At this suggestive remark Garfield laid the forefinger of his left hand thoughtfully along the left side of his nose, rubbing that member slightly, while Caughey, turning a look of amazement upon the guide, wiggled his starboard ear. It is quite a trick to wiggle one of your ears without touching it; if you don't believe it, practise before a looking-glass.

What has that to do with the moose? Oh, nothing, nothing. I beg pardon; it is wholly irrelevant.

Placing their arms in readiness, they kept a sharp lookout for game, and about noon, as they were turning one of the sharp bends for which the Magalloway River is famous, they saw a large animal, at the water's edge, on the left bank of the stream, about two miles above the Upper Metallak Pond. It seemed to be feeding, and the sight almost paralyzed the sportsmen.

"Spruce tops and beaver dams!" whispered the guide, "If that ere aint a moose I'll never sight a rifle ag'in." Catching up their rifles, the gentlemen opened fire on the monarch of the Maine woods, and after standing five shots, the moose turned and rushed into the forest.

A few rapid strokes of the paddle sent the boat to the river's bank, and jumping on shore, the three sportsmen started on the trail, the guide in advance. As there were no blood-marks visible the doubt and excitement of the party were intense.

They followed the tracks a number of rods, and had about concluded they had shot wild, when Caughey, who now had the lead, gave a regular war-whoop, and leaped into the air some twenty feet more or less, and as he came down exclaimed, "Here he is, dead as a hammer!" A shot through the heart, and another through the lungs, had effectually terminated the career of this particular moose.

The party then proceeded to skin and cut up the animal. Some of the meat was taken up to the camp at Parmachenee, and what the gentlemen did not need themselves during their stay in the wilderness they gave to hunters and

trappers, and distributed among the people of the Magalloway settlements.


The head of the moose which was adorned by a fine pair of antlers, was taken home by Mr. Caughey, and, after being properly set up, was placed on exhibition at a Fair held in Waltham, by the Waltham Watch Factory Band, and now ornaments the dining-room in Mr. Caughey's house.

The estimated weight of this animal was from one thousand to fourteen hundred pounds, and the taxidermist who set up the head said it was one of the largest he had ever seen. We publish an engraving of the head, also an illustration of the shooting.

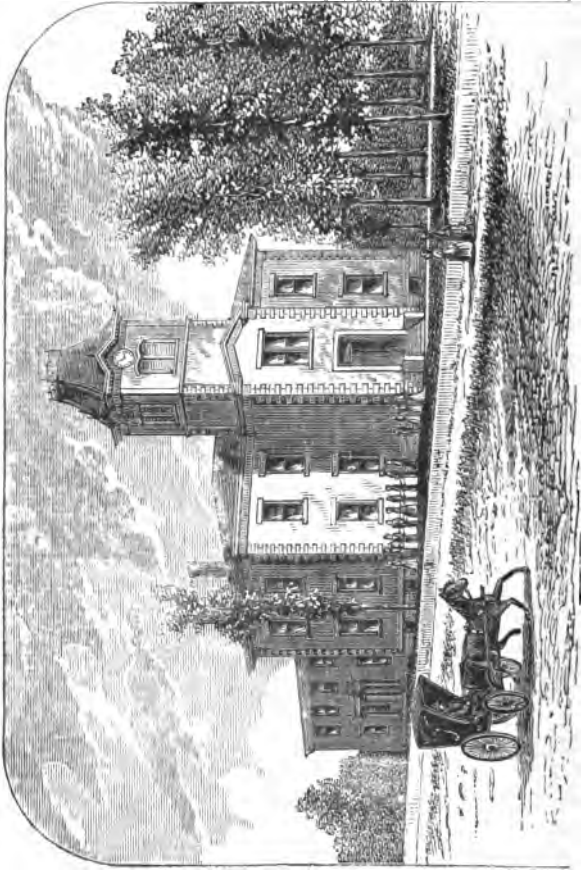


CHAPTER XIII.

The Phillips and Farmington Route. From Boston to Greenwald, Oquossoc Lake, and Rangeley Village.

AKE the cars in the morning at 8.30 over the Western, or at 9.00 over the Eastern Division of the Boston & Maine Railroad, and on arrival at Portland change to the Maine Central train. If you leave Boston on the Western Division you will leave the train in Portland at the Boston and Maine Transfer Station, just out of the city. If you go by the Eastern Railroad, you will change cars in the Union Depot in Portland. You will have ample time for dinner both ways. Or you may leave Boston at night by steamer, reaching Portland early next morning, and have half a day in the city.

The Maine Central train leaves Portland at 1.15 P. M., for Farmington, ninety miles distant. The cars stop a few moments at the Transfer Station, and those who came from Boston over the Western Division join the other passengers on the train. Woodford's, a thickly settled suburb of Portland, is the next station, and beyond this Westbrook, where connection is made with the Portland and Rochester Railroad. You are now fairly outside the city, having nearly circled it on the back side; the road runs through a comparatively level farming country, and you pass successively the stations of Falmouth, Cumberland, Walnut Hill, Gray, and New Gloucester. From this point the line of the road gradually draws near the Grand Trunk Railroad, crossing it at Danville Junction, twenty-nine miles from Portland. From here a short run of six miles brings you to the large manufacturing cities of Auburn and Lewiston. Stopping at the first-named a few moments, the train then crosses the Androscog-



STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, FARMINGTON, MAINE.

gin River, over a handsome and well-constructed iron bridge, from which you obtain very satisfactory views of the river, the falls, and the numerous mills, whose walls send forth a busy clamor from morn till night. Here you change cars, and have some fifteen minutes to wait. At 3.00 o'clock the Farmington train starts, and, turning north, passes the stations of Greene, Leeds Junction, Curtis's Corner, Leeds Centre, where there is a large pond. It lies off to the right of the railroad. A small excursion steamer runs on the pond in summer, visiting Winn Village, on the opposite shore, daily. North Leeds and Strickland's Ferry on the Androscoggin River are the next stopping-places. The distant mountains to the North now begin to grow bolder, and look larger with every mile that you ride. Between North Leeds and Jay Bridge, for the most of the way, the road follows the Androscoggin valley, the river being on your left, and in this vicinity the landscape is charming. With the sparkling river in the foreground, and the baretopped mountains in the distance, pretty pictures are formed with every curve of the road.

East Livermore is the next station beyond Strickland's Ferry, then come, in the order named, Livermore Falls, Jay Bridge, North Jay, Wilton, East Wilton, and West Farmington. While the cars are crossing the trestle-work over the river and intervale, you can see for miles up the Sandy River Valley, until the distant mountains shut off the view. The bridge and trestle-work connecting West Farmington and the "hill" is about thirty feet high, and curved to a half circle, as shown in our illustration.

You arrive at the Farmington depot at 5.15 P. M., and, if you are going through to Phillips the same night, change to the Sandy River Railroad, narrow gauge, whose cars are in waiting in the depot. The time between Farmington and Phillips by the narrow gauge is about an hour and twenty minutes, and the fare is one dollar.

If you prefer to stop over night in Farmington, and go up on the morning train, you will find good hotel accommodations.

Farmington is situated mostly on high land, pleasantly

located overlooking the Sandy River Valley, and the views from many parts of the town are beautiful. Its streets are hard, and free from superfluous dust, and nearly all of them can boast of a double row of shade-trees, thus combining beauty and comfort.

The fine drives in the vicinity will enable strangers to spend a few days to advantage, if they have the time to spare.

A fine landscape view may be obtained from the top of Court street, looking west. Powder House Hill also furnishes a magnificent view up and down the valley for miles. From a hill near the Elm House in West Farmington a fine view of the intervale, the railroad bridge, and the east part of the town, may be obtained.

The State Normal School at Farmington consists of two buildings, one of brick, the other of wood, located near the centre of the town, on the corner of Academy and Main Streets. There was formerly a young ladies' seminary here, known as the "Willows," but the school has become defunct, and the buildings are now empty. They are very eligibly situated, on an eminence near the centre of the village, commanding a broad south-west view of the intervale and country beyond. The willows in front of the school by that name originated in a peculiar manner. Many years ago an old gentleman by the name of Hiram Belcher, who had been to Augusta, cut some willow switches on the way home to touch up his horse with. When he arrived home he stuck them down in a row near his house, and they grew to be the trees from which the "Willow School" derived its name. There is a beautiful maple grove on the main street, where a band-stand is erected, and here the "band plays" on summer evenings.

Clear Water Pond.

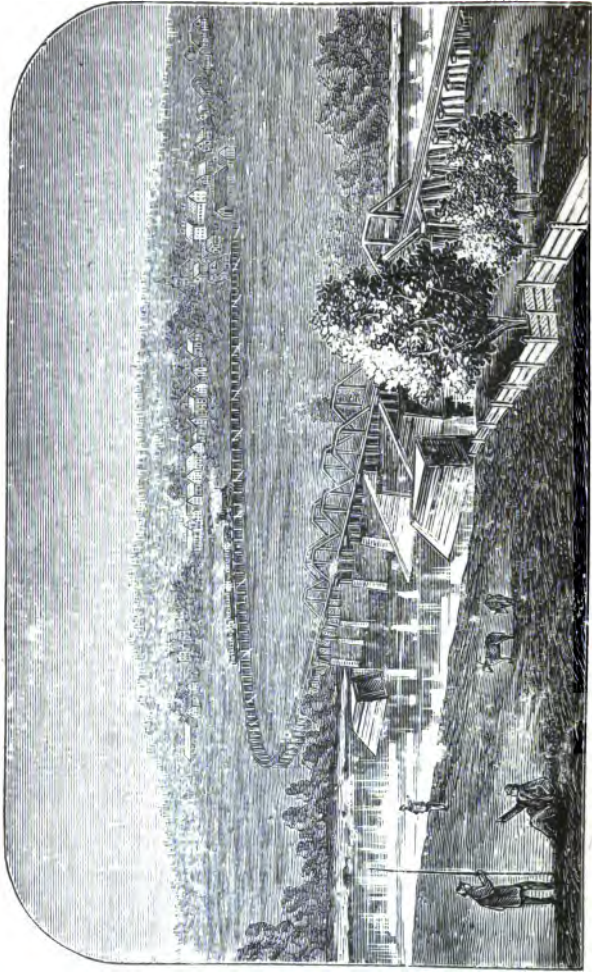
This beautiful sheet of water is situated in the town of Industry, about five miles from the village of Farmington. The pond is about a mile and a half long by half a mile wide, and is bordered by a heavy growth of forest on all sides, which forms splendid grounds for picnic parties. The western shore of the pond is a regular semicircle, while the

eastern shore is indented with several little bays, that add materially to the beauty of its outline. A fine view of the pond and the country beyond may be obtained from the road, near the outlet. But the best view of the pond is obtained from a high hill back of Mr. Tibbett's house, two miles from the outlet.

At this place you may not only get a perfect view of the beautiful sheet of water below you, but in the far distance, forming a fitting background for so romantic a picture, are some of the most commanding mountains in this section of the country; and Saddleback has the prominence over all the others. The drive to this pond is lovely, and if you wish to try your luck with a rod, we assure you that trout have been caught there weighing, the natives claim, from twelve to fifteen pounds; but it is not every fellow that can catch them. Boats for rowing or sailing are kept on the pond to let, and if you do not wish to exert yourself with their management a boatman will accompany you.

Rainbow Cascade

is situated on a small stream known as Hillman's Brook, about five miles from the Farmington hotels. The drive to the cascade is very pleasant. You follow the regular stage-road to Phillips, as far as Backus' Corner, then, turning to the right, take the New Vineyard road, and drive for about three miles, until you reach Mr. Hillman's house. Fasten your horse here, then walk down to the mill, which is in sight from the house, pass through it, and climb the hill beyond for a short distance, until you reach the woods, entering the wood from the left, and walking a few rods farther, you reach a cool and shady dell inviting you to repose. In the centre of this beautiful valley flows Hillman's Brook, and on this the cascade is situated. This cascade is one of the finest we have ever seen. The waters flow over a ledge fifty feet high. At the top it is about three feet across, and at the bottom about thirty feet wide. Over this rock the water pours, forming a sheet of silvery spray that widens every foot in its descent, until at the bottom it covers the whole face of the



MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD BRIDGE, FARMINGTON, ME.

ledge. As the water leaps from crag to crag, it shimmers in the sunlight, which struggles in through the forest trees by which the cascade is surrounded, and forms quite a well-defined rainbow. This is to be seen only on the right side of the cascade, looking up the stream. Below the cascade, for several feet, are semicircular walls of rock. At the top of the fall is a small rock, which divides the stream; it starts in two rivulets, and after a fall of a few feet these join, and the whole stream spreads out, like a silvery sheen, covering the rude ledge with a bridal veil. The seclusion of this lovely place, the rays of sunlight which filter in, the dark-green foliage of the birches and maples, the surrounding rocks, the deep gorges through which the waters flow after their gentle descent from the cliffs above,—all combine to make one of the most romantic places ever seen, and you should not fail to visit it. Reclining upon a mossy bank, and watching this beautiful cascade, a sense of rest and peace steal over you, as if you were shut out from the toils and troubles of the world, and you feel loath to leave this charming spot.

Little Blue, just outside the village of Farmington, the former home of Mr. Jacob Abbott, where the "Rollo Books," and other books for young people, were written, was, in 1844, made the seat of the widely known "Abbott Family School for Boys," by his brother, Rev. Samuel Phillips Abbott, under whose management it continued till 1849, when it passed into the hands of Mr. A. H. Abbott, the present proprietor.

You leave Farmington for Phillips *via* Sandy River Railroad. This is a narrow-gauge road, the rails being only two feet apart, and everything used in its construction, and all its rolling-stock, are correspondingly small and light. The rolling-stock and part of the rails were formerly the property of the Bedford & Billerica (Mass.) Narrow-gauge Railroad that went into bankruptcy through inefficient management. When the property was sold, the Sandy River Railroad Company bought it for a mere song, and this made a great difference in the cost of construction of their road.

From the Maine Central depot the road runs north-west, keeping well up on the hill-side, to avoid the heavy freshets

that the Sandy River occasionally indulges in. A mile from the station it crosses the old Phillips stage road, rising by frequent and short grades, sixty feet to the summit, two miles from the village, when a like succession of grades brings it back to the first level.

Fairbanks Mills is the first station of any importance, and is two miles and a half from Farmington Village, in the northern part of the town. This part of the road furnishes some fine mountain views. A mile or so beyond the Mills Village the road strikes the river, and follows it up, clinging to the side of the higher banks, and, crossing a large number of gullies, but with no heavy grades, it reaches South Strong. Leaving this station, the road commences an up grade to reach the high bluffs back from the river, the lower land being always in danger from high water. Here are the heaviest grades on the line, for half a mile reaching one hundred and five feet to the mile. Reaching this summit there is a half mile of nearly level road, and then it descends to Strong Village. This is the most important station between Farmington and Phillips, and furnishes a fair share of the business of the road. Strong Village contains quite a number of nice dwelling-houses, a hotel, excelsior manufactory, and other industries. It is one of the most thriving towns in Franklin County.

The Sandy River road connects at Stong with the Franklin and Megantic, running 15 miles north to Kingfield. This new road opens up the wilderness in the Dead River region, and has already proved a success. The gauge of this road is two feet, and the rolling stock the same size and kind as its neighbor. Samuel W. Sargeant of Boston is President, and Phillip H. Stubbs is General Manager of the Kingfield road.

Leaving Strong Village the road crosses the Porter Stream, over a bridge consisting of two lattice spans, of sixty feet each, approached by a trestle, making the whole bridge about eight hundred feet. The trestle-work is some fifty or sixty feet high. Beyond the bridge the road follows the curves of the hills, keeping high enough up to avoid danger from freshets, and, when within three-quarters of a mile of Phillips Vil-

lage, crosses the Sandy River, over a lattice bridge of one hundred and fifty feet span, there being trestles at each end, making the entire length two hundred and forty feet. The road then follows the west bank of the river to the station, which is conveniently located in the centre of the village, but a short distance from the main street, and near the Post and Telegraph office. There are two passenger trains a day over the road, leaving Farmington at 9.15 A. M., and 5.15 P. M. Returning, leave Phillips at 7.15 A. M., and 1.30 P. M.

Mr. C. E. Mansfield, formerly superintendent of the Sandy River Railroad, had charge of the construction of the road, and also designed the cars and locomotives that run on it. It is through his energetic and well-directed efforts that the road was successfully completed, and brought into good running shape. Mr. Nathaniel B. Beal is the President and Superintendent of the road, and has proved an efficient manager. This narrow-gauge railroad has proved a complete success, and Mr. Mansfield has since built another between Hiram on the Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad, and Bridgton, the distance being about twenty miles. These narrow-gauge roads furnish abundant means of transportation for thinly settled localities, and there is no doubt many more will be built in different parts of the State.

Phillips is a well-to-do farming town, situated in the midst of some fine scenery. It has post, telegraph, and express offices, about a dozen stores, two or three churches, three hotels, and several private boarding-houses. The Barden House, Samuel Farmer, proprietor, the Elmwood Hotel, Theo. L. Page, proprietor, and The Willows, M. H. Keniston, proprietor, are all good hotels, and are located but a short distance from the railroad depot, and offer the necessary accommodations to tourists and sportsmen.

Persons having leisure to spend a few days or weeks in Phillips will find many places of interest to attract their attention.

The Mammoth Rock is one of the curiosities of Phillips. It is situated on Daggett's Farm, about three and a half miles from the Barden House. The drive there is very pleasant,

and from the top of the hill, where you climb to see the rock, you will get some charming views of mountain and valley. This rock stands in a pasture, about one-eighth of a mile from the road, on the side of a hill. You can drive a team close up to the rock. This immense boulder has a split entirely through it, some thirty feet wide at the top and two feet wide at the bottom. The largest half, which is the lower side, has also been split, and there is a gap in it, about fifteen feet wide at the top and a foot at the bottom. A rude ladder, planted against the side, enables one to reach the top. One summer a fellow, who went on top of the rock, undertook to jump across the fifteen-foot space. He just managed to grasp the edge of the rock with his hands, and, after a severe struggle he reached the top. If his hold had given way he would have been carried home in a coffin. Liquor was the cause of this foolish and dangerous act. It is variously estimated that the rock is from thirty-five to fifty feet high, one hundred feet through, and two to three hundred feet around the base. How it came there is a mystery; but every person has his own theory in the matter, and some are quite amusing. We publish a stereoscopic view of this rock.

Sandy River Falls, in the town of Madrid, are well worth a visit. They are about eight miles from Phillips Village, and, as there is good fishing on the stream above and below the falls, it will pay you to take a fishing-rod when you go to visit them. On your way to and from the falls you will get some splendid views of the Mount Abram and Saddleback ranges. This is one of the most pleasant rides in the vicinity of Phillips, and the excursion will take a day. There are two streams, only a few rods apart, and each has a fine fall. An amusing incident in connection with this stream is told of a gentleman from Providence. He was fishing the Sandy River down one day, expecting to reach Madrid in time to stop over night; but darkness overtook him while he was fishing from a large rock in the middle of the stream, and at this place he was surrounded by woods. Being afraid of losing his way, or being attacked by wild beasts in the woods, he spent the night on the rock, a prey to mosquitoes, black flies, and a



VIEW OF RANGERT LAKE AND BAN ISLAND.

disordered mind, his imagination picturing a great many horrors that the morning light dispelled. He scarcely slept a wink all night, but when he reached the village the next day he had a good hearty laugh over his nocturnal adventure.

We publish a stereoscopic view of the falls on each stream.

A fine excursion, occupying a day, may be made from the hotels to Mount Blue. Taking a team you ride to within a mile of the top of the mountain, and then walk up by a good path through the woods. The view from this mountain is very extensive, embracing the whole country from Phillips to the ocean, and a trip to its summit will well repay the tourist for the time and expense of making it. There is a hotel at the base of the mountain where you can get dinner, and where you can have your team provided for also. We publish several stereoscopic views of Mount Blue.

There is a sulphur spring a short distance from the hotels, whose waters are taken by many people for a cure for rheumatism. The water contains both lime and sulphur, has many medicinal properties and is extremely disagreeable to the taste.

The brook-trout in the vicinity of Phillips is very good, and all necessary information in regard to the streams and ponds may be obtained from the proprietors of the hotels.

In the morning one of E. A. Rogers' mountain wagons leaves Phillips at half-past seven for Greenvale, eighteen miles distant. Fare, \$1.50. Parties who wish to go in a private team can procure one from the hotels or the stage proprietor at a reasonable price.

The road follows the Sandy River Valley the most of the way, and six miles from Phillips we pass through the little village of Madrid, crossing the river at this point. A few miles beyond, the road crosses a high range of land known as Beech Hill, which is one of the spurs of Mount Saddleback, and is about twelve hundred feet above Phillips. From the top of this hill a magnificent view of the surrounding country may be obtained, including the Sandy River Valley and Ponds, and numerous mountain peaks and ranges.

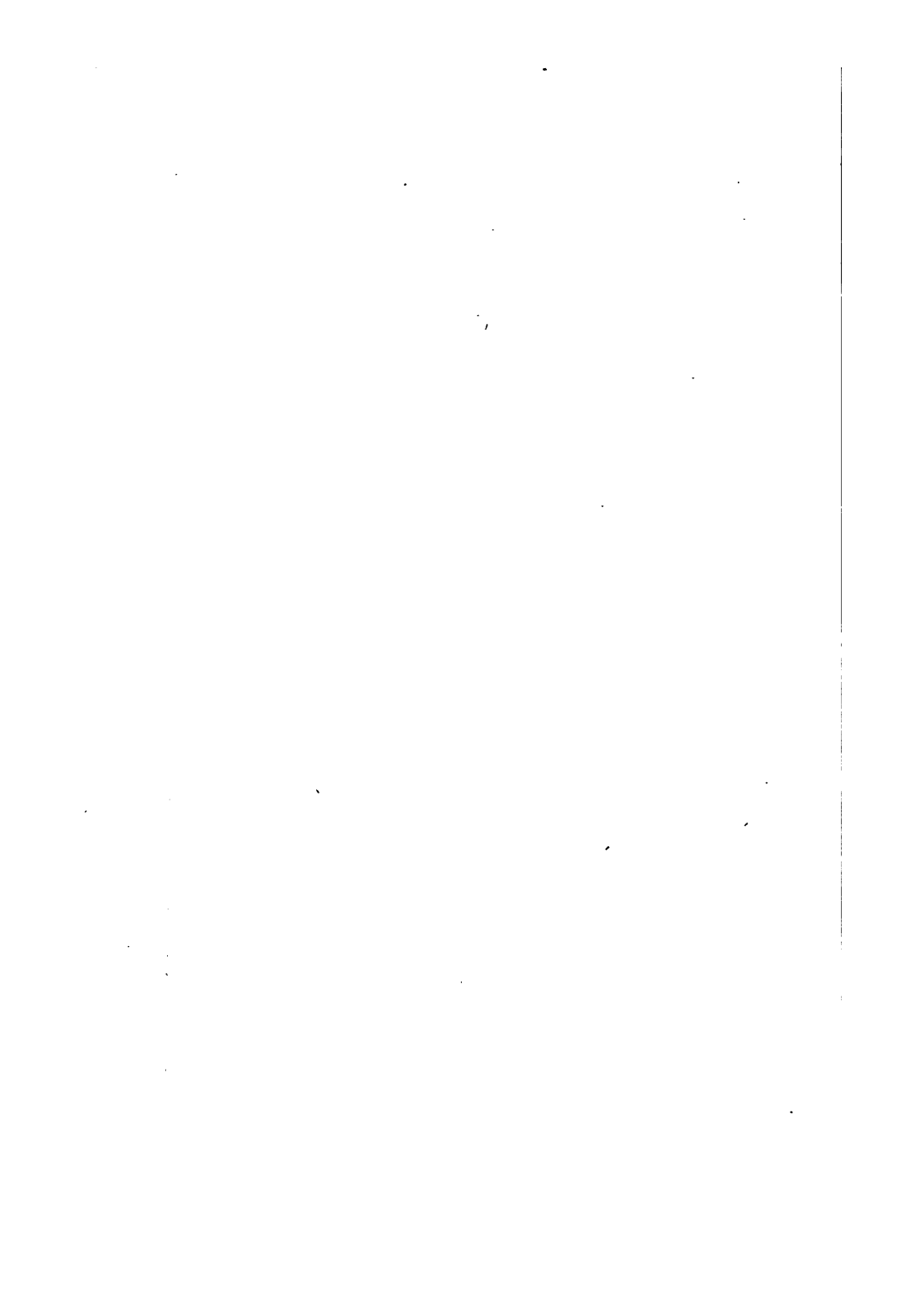
Descending the hill towards Greenvale, a short ride brings

you to the Sandy River Ponds, all lying near each other, on the right side of the road. Passing these you come to Long Pond, the source of the Androscoggin. It is only a stone's throw between Long Pond and Sandy River Ponds, and thus the Androscoggin and Kennebec Rivers come within an ace of being connected. In all of these ponds and streams along the road the trout-fishing is excellent, and one can stop if going by private conveyance, and catch a string of fish to take along with him.

Long Pond, the source of the Androscoggin, is a very pretty sheet of water, situated in the middle of the woods, and furnishes excellent trout-fishing. An arm of it extends to within a few feet of the stage-road, and it is only about two miles from Greenvale. If one wishes to make a business of fishing there, he will be obliged to take a boat with him, as there are none on the pond. We publish a fine stereoscopic view of this pond.

Continuing on, we reach Greenvale, at the head of Oquossoc Lake, after a ride of four hours, and parties who wish to take the steamer here are left at the hotel, and then the stage goes on to Rangeley Village, three miles farther, and will leave you at either of the hotels.





CHAPTER XIV.

From New York and Boston to Dixville Notch and the Androscoggin Lakes, via Boston and Lowell Railroad.



THIS ROUTE to Dixville Notch and the Androscoggin Lakes takes tourists through the heart of New England, and introduces them to some of the finest scenery in New Hampshire. Several different forms of Round Trip

Tickets are sold over this popular route, both from Boston and New York, and are fully described in Chapter XXIV. Between New York and Concord there are five routes, all occupying about the same time.

I. The steamers, "Massachusetts" and "Rhode Island," of the Providence Line, leave Pier 29, North River, at 5.00 P. M., arriving in Providence the following morning at 6.00 o'clock, connecting with the White Mountain Express over the Providence and Worcester Railroad *via* Worcester, Nashua, and Manchester, arriving at Concord in time to connect with the Boston and Lowell Railroad. Parlor cars accompany this train. Breakfast at Providence or Worcester.

II. The steamers "Stonington" and "Narragansett" of the Stonington Line leave Pier 36, North River, at 5.00., P. M. arriving at Stonington at 2.00 A. M., connecting with train arriving at Providence at 5.00 o'clock, making connections with trains over Providence and Worcester Railroad as above. Breakfast at Providence or Worcester. Or passengers may go direct from Providence to Boston, reaching the latter city at 6.00 A. M., by Stonington Line, and 7.00 A. M., by the Providence Line in ample season to connect with the through trains over the Boston and Maine and the Boston and Lowell Railroads. Breakfast in Boston.

III. The steamers "Old Colony," "Bristol," "Providence," and "Pilgrim" of the Fall River Line, leave Pier 28, North River, at 5.30 and 6.15 P. M., arriving at Fall River at 5.00 A. M., connecting with the trains on the Old Colony Railroad, reaching Boston at 7.00 o'clock, in time to connect with Northern trains over the Boston and Maine and Boston and Lowell Railroads. Breakfast in Boston.

Passengers who wish to proceed to the White Mountains direct, and without change of cars, will take an express train at Fall River (elegant parlor cars attached), and proceed over the Northern Division of the Old Colony Railroad *via* Taunton, Mansfield, Framingham, Lowell, Nashua, Manchester, and Concord; thence northward by early White Mountains and Montreal express.

IV. The steamers "City of Boston," "City of Lawrence," "City of New York," and "City of Worcester," leave Pier 40, North River, at 5.00 P. M., arriving at New London in season to connect with the 4.00 A. M. train on the New York and New England Railroad, arriving in Boston (breakfast) in season to connect with through trains over the Boston and Maine and Boston and Lowell Railroads. Or you may take the 4.00 A. M. train at New London and go directly to Concord, *via* Worcester, (breakfast) Ayer Junction, Nashua and Manchester, arriving at Concord in time to connect with the White Mountain Express over the Boston and Lowell Railroad. A parlor car accompanies the 4.00 A. M. train from New London *via* Worcester.

V. The Shore Line Express between New York and Boston leaves New York from the Grand Central Depot, 42d street daily, at 1.00 P. M. arriving in Boston, at 7 A. M., in time for breakfast and connection with Northern trains over Boston and Maine, and Boston and Lowell Railroads. Sleeping cars accompany this train. Passengers who wish can also leave this train at Providence, and take cars there for Concord as mentioned above.

Between Boston and Concord you have choice of two routes:—

I. Leave Boston from the Boston and Maine Depot in

Haymarket square, at 7.30 A. M., by Boston and Maine Railroad to Lawrence, Manchester and Lawrence Railroad to Manchester, and Concord Railroad to Concord, arriving at Concord in time to connect with the up-train on the Boston and Lowell Railroad. A through car accompanies this train from Boston.

II. Leave Boston from the Boston and Lowell Depot, Causeway street, at 9.30 A. M., by Boston and Lowell Railroad to Nashua, and Concord Railroad to Concord; thence north over the Boston and Lowell Railroad. Parlor cars accompany this train.

A second train leaves the Boston and Maine Depot at 12.30 P. M., and Boston and Lowell Depot, at 1.00 P. M., uniting at Concord, and running as far as Plymouth, where it arrives at 5.00 P. M., Wing Road, at 7.25 P. M., and Lancaster 8.00 P. M. Parlor cars accompany the train on the Boston and Lowell Railroad.

A third train leaves the Boston and Maine Depot at 5.00 P. M., and the Boston and Lowell Depot, at 7.00 P. M., uniting at Concord and running to Plymouth, reaching the latter place at 1.26 P. M. Passengers stop here over night and continue their journey the next morning.

One of the most pleasant features of the Boston and Lowell Route is the large number of streams and bodies of water along its way, among which are the Charles and Mystic Rivers; the Merrimack, in close continuity for many miles, and in whose praise our Quaker poet, Whittier, has sung some of his sweetest songs; the Suncook and Winnepesaukee Rivers; Lake Winnepesquam, Little Bay, Lake Winnepesaukee, Waukawan Lake, Long Pond, Penigewasset and Baker's Rivers; the beautiful Connecticut, the boundary line between New Hampshire's granite hills and the green peaks of Vermont; Wells and Ammonoosuc Rivers; and several other smaller streams and ponds.

At Lawrence or Lowell we strike the Merrimack, following it beyond Manchester and Concord, crossing it several times. Its waters are broken by turbulent rapids and picturesque falls, materially adding to its beauty as well as furnishing

a large amount of improved water-power. Among the heaviest and most striking of the falls are those of Lawrence, Lowell, Amoskeag, and Hooksett.

Lowell, Lawrence, Nashua, Manchester, and Hooksett, are all smart manufacturing places, prettily located, and having good railroad communications with all parts of New England.

Concord is the capital city of New Hampshire, and contains about 13,000 inhabitants. It is well laid out, and contains several fine public buildings, and a number of hotels, of which the Eagle and the Phoenix are the best. It has large granite quarries, furnishing an important industry, and makes a specialty of carriage manufacturing. The popular stages known as Concord coaches first saw the light of day in this enterprising city. Concord is also quite an important railroad centre, some half-dozen railroads coming together at this point.

The White Mountain Express, over the Boston, Concord, and Montreal Railroad, is made up of its own cars and those of the different roads from Boston, Providence, Fall River, New London, and Worcester, and leaves Concord at 1.42 A. M. With this we start.

A short distance from Concord, the train crosses the Merrimack River for the last time and in this vicinity we obtain a fine view of Mount Kearsarge, about a dozen miles distant. Soon after leaving Concord the road bears away toward Lake Winnepesaukee. The first place of any importance reached is Tilton, the seat of the Methodist Seminary. The town possesses an excellent water-power, and some manufacturing is done here. The river which runs through the place is the outlet of Winnepesaukee Lake. Tilton, and other neighboring towns are fast acquiring a notoriety as pleasant summer resorts.

Soon after leaving Tilton, we pass Lake Winnesquam, the road skirting its eastern shore. It is a lovely sheet of water and is seen to the left from the cars. The next station is East Tilton, and passing this we reach Laconia, a lively and enterprising town twenty-seven miles from Concord. The Belknap Mills, and the extensive works of the Ranlet Car

Company, are located here. There is a stage line between this place and Alton Bay.

Lake Village, an important manufacturing place, is the next station reached. The construction and repair shops of the Boston and Lowell Railroad, as well as many other manufactories and mills, form a part of the business of this little village and give employment to a large number of people. The principal hotel, the Mount Belknap House, is situated near the railroad station. Mount Belknap, from whose barren summit a fine landscape view may be had, is easily accessible over a good road, and is but a few miles from the village.

From Lake Village the railroad follows the western shore of Long Bay, seen to the right, a part of Lake Winnepesaukee. At Weirs we stop to enable passengers to take the steamer "Lady of the Lake," which runs from this point to Centre Harbor and Wolfboro'. At this station also are the camp-grounds of the New England Methodists, and the New Hampshire Veteran Association, charmingly laid out, and containing many handsome cottages, scattered throughout the beautiful grove on the border of the lake. The Hotel Weirs, the Lakeside House, and the Winnecoette House offer homes to those who wish to spend a few days in this vicinity, presenting many attractions to tourists.

From Weirs' Landing the road follows the shore of the lake, introducing many fine pictures, pleasant to the eye of the traveler. The next stop is at Meredith, a small manufacturing town, and a favorite resort in summer. Passing this station we bid adieu to Winnepesaukee, and soon reach Waukawan Lake, following the south shore for four miles. Long Pond, on the right, is the next body of water passed, and the cars glide swiftly around the base of Ragged Mountain, whose rocky sides have been leveled by blasting to allow the passage of trains. The mountain is on the left of the road. Near here the Pemigewasset and Squam Rivers unite, furnishing many artistic bits of landscape. The latter river rises in one of the Squam Lakes, of which there are three, three miles above. The lakes furnish good fishing, and there are numerous trout brooks in their vicinity.

The Asquam House offers entertainment to those wishing to visit these pretty sheets of water.

Ashland, the next station on the railroad, was formerly known as Holderness. It has some importance as a manufacturing town. Above Ashland we enter the lovely valley of the Pemigewasset, following it to Plymouth.

The approach to Plymouth is striking and beautiful. The course of the road is near the banks of the river, which flows, with many a crook and turn, through green meadows, shaded in many places by graceful and wide-spread elms.

On either side high-wooded hills sweep by a gentle grade down to the valley below; thirty miles away the Franconia Mountains tower towards the sky, effectually closing the view in that direction. As the train rapidly enters the town, the Pemigewasset House rises before you, a large and well constructed hotel, pleasantly situated on the banks of the Pemigewasset, near its confluence with Baker's River, and in close proximity to the business part of the town. The railroad station is in the hotel building, and you are consequently landed at the very door of this hospitable home for the traveler. A short flight of broad stairs leads to the office and dining-room above, and here you are furnished with a good dinner, and allowed ample time to eat it in comfort.

Plymouth is a popular summer resort, and annually entertains thousands of visitors, many of whom find a home during the season at the Pemigewasset House, one of the best conducted hotels in New England. Mr. P. E. Wheeler, the well-known manager, has been connected with the house for a number of years. During the summer season music is furnished by a quardrille band.

Among the pleasant drives and places of interest in the vicinity of Plymouth are Smith's Bridge, six miles; Livermore Falls, two miles; Plymouth Mountain, ten miles; Loon Pond, five miles; Squam Lakes, six miles; Mount Prospect, four miles; Centre Harbor, twelve miles. Mount Prospect, has an elevation of over 2,900 feet, and a carriage-road reaches nearly to its summit. The view from the top will well repay the trouble of a visit.

The route from Plymouth to the Franconia Mountains is one of the finest in the whole White Mountain district. The "Pemigewasset Valley Railroad" follows closely the banks of the river through the towns of Campton, Thornton, and Woodstock. The distance to the Flume House is six miles, and to the Profile House ten and one half miles above the terminus of the railroad in North Woodstock. This ride makes a very interesting side trip to those who can spare the time for it.

Leaving Plymouth after dinner, the train for twenty miles follows the valley of Baker's River, passing Quincy's Station, Rumney, West Rumney, and Wentworth, reaching Warren, eighteen miles above Plymouth, a beautiful and picturesque town, situated in a romantic and mountainous region. Moosilauke Mountain, 4,800 feet in height, in the neighboring town of Benton, is five miles from the station. A good carriage-road leads to the summit, and stages run between the railroad and the mountain. A fine view of Moosilauke may be obtained from the right of the train while going northward, and Mounts Car, Waternomee, and Kineo are visible from the same side. Mounts Mist and Webster's Slide can be seen to the left. A few miles above Warren is a high, barren cliff called Owl's Head, lying off to the right.

From Warren the road runs through some of the finest scenery in the Granite State, and swings toward the Connecticut River, as we approach the town of Haverhill. The next station above is Woodsville, and on the opposite side of the Connecticut in Vermont, Wells River, where connections are made with the Passumpsic Railroad for Newport, Lake Memphremagog, and Montreal, and the Montpelier and Wells River Railroad for Montpelier, Burlington, and Lake Champlain. All trains, except the Through Fast Express, cross and recross the Connecticut between Woodsville and Wells River.

The next stations above are Bath, Lisbon, and North Lisbon, pleasant and attractive villages, lying along the Ammonoosuc River; and, leaving them without especial remark, the train soon stops at Littleton, the largest and most populous village in this section of the State. The scenery at Littleton is most

enjoyable, and from the upper part of the town an excellent view of the White and Franconia Mountains may be obtained. There are many hotels and boarding-houses in Littleton, Thayer's Hotel and the Oak Hill House being the most popular known.

Seven miles beyond Littleton, we reach Wing Road, and from this point a fine view of Mount Lafayette and the Twin Mountains may be had. From here the Mount Washington Branch of the Boston and Lowell Railroad curves to the right from the main line, and continues past Bethlehem Junction, Twin Mountain House, White Mountain House, and Fabyan's, to the base of Mount Washington, connecting there with the Mount Washington Railway for the summit.

At Fabyan's connection is made with the Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad for the Mount Pleasant House, Crawford House, Crawford Notch, North Conway, Sebago Lake, and Portland.

Whitefield, the next stopping-place on the main line, is an important lumbering town, the head quarters of the Brown Lumber Company, whose extensive mills may be seen near the station. A short branch, the Whitefield and Jefferson Railroad, runs from Whitefield to Jefferson, ten miles distant. The scenery in the vicinity of Whitefield is very fine, and it is something of a summer resort.

Between Whitefield and Dalton, the Vermont Division of the Boston and Lowell Railroad leaves the main line and runs to Maquan Bay, and thence to Ogdensburg. St. Johnsbury, Vt., where the Passumpsic River Railroad is crossed, and other places of lesser note are situated along this line. At Cambridge Junction connection is made with the Burlington and Lamoille Railroad for Essex and Burlington, and at Swanton, connection is made with the Central Vermont Railroad for Montreal and other places in Canada.

Dalton, South Lancaster, and Lancaster, are the next three stations on the line, the latter quite a thriving and busy place, and one of the prettiest villages in New Hampshire. A stage route connects this place with Jefferson, eight miles distant. Lancaster has a large number of visitors each season, it hav-

ing been a popular summer resort for a number of years.

It is the shire town of Coos county, and is a busy place at any time. Coos is an Indian name signifying crooked, and was originally applied to that part of the Connecticut River upon which Lancaster and the towns north of it are situated. Israel's River passes through, and the Connecticut near, the town. The drives in the vicinity are very fine, and the roads excellent. On the opposite side of the river is Lunenburg, Vt. The view from Lunenburg Hills is one of the best to be obtained in this section.

The express arrives at Lancaster at 4.40 P. M., and runs no farther. From this point we continue our journey on the mail train, which does not leave until 6.15, giving us a little rest, and ample time for supper. If you neglect to get supper here, you do not have another chance until you reach North Stratford, at eight o'clock. From Lancaster a short run brings us to Guildhall, a farming and lumbering town pleasantly situated near the Connecticut River.

The next station is Groveton Junction from where you obtain a fine view of the mountains. This is the present terminus of the road, and here connection is made with the Grand Trunk Railway.

The village of Groveton is half a mile below, on the Grand Trunk Railway, and is spoken of more particularly in Chapter XVI.

The Boston and Lowell Railroad Company have a charter to build their road to Colebrook, N. H., and we suppose that some time in the future this extension will be made.

At 7.15 P. M. we leave Groveton Junction, on the Grand Trunk Railway, and passing rapidly along, soon reach Stratford Hollow. A moment's stop here, and also at Beattie's, a few miles distant, and we draw up at North Stratford, twelve miles from Groveton Junction, arriving at 7.45 P. M. Here we leave the railroad for the stage-coach. The Percy House and the Willard House, both near the depot, stand hospitably open to those who wish to procure supper, or to stop over night, as some do, and go on to Colebrook the next morning.

North Stratford, two hundred and thirty-one miles from Boston, *via* the Boston, Concord, and Montreal Railroad, is pleasantly situated on the eastern bank of the Connecticut River, which at this place is an attractive stream, white with rapids and falls. The town has important lumbering interests, and a large amount of business is done here. The place contains two churches, a number of stores, two hotels, and several mills. It was at North Stratford that Paul Boyton, the celebrated swimmer, took to the water, when he floated down the Connecticut.

On the Vermont bank of the Connecticut River, a short distance from North Stratford, are the Brunswick Springs. A new hotel has been recently erected here, and offers superior accommodations to those seeking rest or pleasure. The scenery in the vicinity of this house is charming, and many beautiful drives and inviting walks are to be found in the neighborhood.

Maidstone Lake, in Vermont, only seven miles from the village of North Stratford, offers splendid lunge fishing. Camp Willard has a slight elevation on the shore of the Lake, and offers good accommodations to tourists and sportsmen. The proprietor has boats to let and will try and make it pleasant for those who give him a call.

During the season of summer travel the stage runs twice, daily, between North Stratford and Colebrook, thirteen miles, connecting with both up-trains on the Grand Trunk Railway. The night stage leaves North Stratford shortly after the arrival of the train, and runs to Colebrook, thence on to Canaan the next morning. Our route lies along the right bank of the Connecticut River all the way; never far from it, and sometimes so near that one could jump from the coach into the hurrying stream with ease. Five miles above the railroad we pass through Columbia, a farming town of no special importance. The road is smooth, with but a very few hills, although there are mountains in sight all the time. The stage reaches Colebrook, at eleven P. M., and we gladly leave it for a sheltering roof and a comfortable bed at one of the hotels.

Colebrook is pleasantly situated on the eastern bank of the Connecticut River, with Mount Monadnock directly opposite in the adjoining State of Vermont. It is a thriving little town, and a good deal of lumbering and other business is done in it. A daily mail, telegraph, and line of stages connect it with other towns and cities. The buildings are neat, well-constructed, and kept in good repair; there are two printing offices, —a Republican and Democratic newspaper, both weekly—and a large number of stores, representing every variety of trade. There are two churches, a public hall and two hotels. It is in the centre of some fine drives over excellent roads, North Stratford, Canaan, Columbia, Beaver Falls, Dixville Notch, Connecticut Lake,—a beautiful sheet of water,—Errol Dam, Diamond Pond,—a great place for successful trout-fishing,—being all within easy driving distance. A very pleasant ride may also be had by driving down the river four miles, crossing at that point, and driving back on the Vermont side, recrossing the river a short distance from the Parsons House.

Among the points of interest in the vicinity of Colebrook are Mount Monadnock, Beaver Falls, Diamond Pond, and Dixville Notch. Simm's Stream, two miles from the village, and Mohawk River running directly through the village, and Tallant's Stream on the opposite side of the river, in Vermont, furnish excellent trout-fishing. Diamond Pond is ten miles from Colebrook. It is well stocked with trout, and offers good fly-fishing. The hotels will furnish guides for \$1.50 to \$2.00 per day, who are well acquainted with all the trout-streams in the vicinity of Colebrook.

There is a new and well-furnished camp at the Diamond Ponds, that offers suitable accommodations for small parties of ladies and gentlemen. You can drive the entire distance from Colebrook to the camp, there being a good road all the way.

Nearly every summer visitor to Colebrook makes a point of ascending Mount Monadnock. From the village to the summit is about three miles. Leaving the main street a short walk brings you to the river, spanned by a covered bridge.

Crossing this you strike across the field directly opposite, and at the edge of the woods you will find an old logging road. You follow this as far as it goes, and then continue by a path that has been bushed out to the top of the mountain. The road, although tiresome is neither difficult nor dangerous. The best lookout is obtained from a barren ledge near the summit. The view from this peak is picturesque, wild, and extensive, and will well repay one for the time spent in the trip.

At 7.00 A. M. you leave Colebrook for Dixville Notch, ten miles distant, and Errol Dam, twenty-one miles, on Davis' stage. The road is first-rate the entire distance, the part through the Notch being kept in repair at the expense of the State. If you wish to connect with the morning boat, and make the trip up the Magalloway River, you make no stop at Dixville Notch, but go directly to Errol Dam, where connection is made with the new steamer "Parmachenee" for all points on Lake Umbagog. The steamer arrives from Cambridge and Sunday Cove, Middle Dam Carry, at 10.30, and leaves the Dam at 11.00 A. M., runs up the Androscoggin and Magalloway Rivers, stops one hour at Flint's landing allowing time for dinner at the Berlin Mills House. When the water is low the steamer stops at the "Lower Landing," six miles below the hotel by river, and two by road, and passengers are met by a team and carried to the hotel by land. The steamers run up the Magalloway River daily, except Sunday. Teams connect daily with the steamer at Magalloway for Flint's Hotel, and Aziscohos Falls, connecting there with the new steamer Magalloway for points on the upper Magalloway and Parmachenee Lake. At 1.00 P. M. the boat leaves the Berlin Mills House, and retraces her course to Errol Dam. On arrival of the steamer the stage leaves for Dixville Notch and Colebrook, reaching the latter place at 7.00 o'clock. The steamer leaves Errol Dam at 3.30 P. M. for Sunday Cove, Middle Dam Carry, ten miles distant, where connection is made with teams for the Middle Dam, arriving at the Dam at 6.00 P. M., and connecting next morning with steamers "Welokennebacook" or "Molechunkamunk," on Lake Welokennebacook,

for Upper Dam and Indian Rock. At 4.45 P. M. the steamer leaves Sunday Cove, arriving at Lakeside, Cambridge, twelve miles distant, at 6.15, where she stops over night. There is a first-class stage line between Cambridge and Bethel on the Grand Trunk Railway. (See Chapter III.)

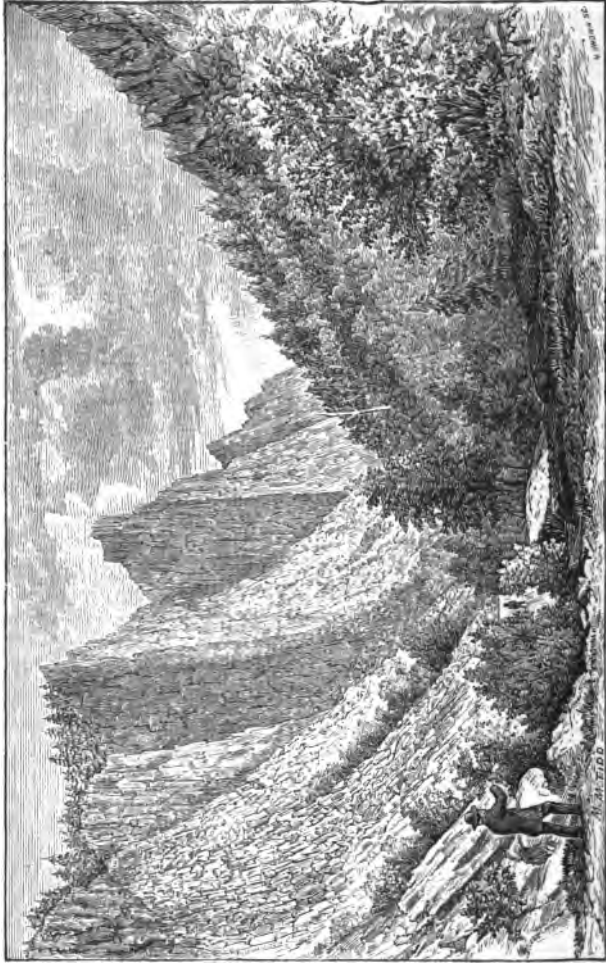
The morning stage from Colebrook reaches Dixville Notch at 10.30. If you would see the beauties of this celebrated mountain pass, the most wild and romantic of any in New England, you leave the stage, and stop over until the next morning. In a day you can visit all the points of interest in this vicinity.

The mail-stage line is owned by Mr. Volney Davis, and his teams leave Colebrook every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday for Dixville Notch and Errol Dam, at 9.00 A. M., and return every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday from Errol Dam, at 11.00 A. M.

Whether you stop a day or longer you will find good accommodations at the Dix House, pleasantly located at the western entrance of the Notch. Mr. George Parsons is the proprietor of the hotel, and will furnish guides for this locality to those who wish them.

Nathan's Pond, the Diamond Ponds, Clear Stream, and several other bodies of water, within easy walking distance of the Notch, furnish excellent trout fishing to the disciples of Walton.

Among the many objects of interest in and around the Notch may be mentioned the Silver Cascade, Flume, Profile, Pulpit Rock, Columnar Heights, Jacob's Ladder, Snow Cave, and Table Rock. In Chapters XV. and XVI. the reader will find a more particular description of Dixville Notch.



GENERAL VIEW OF DIXVILLE NOTCH, N. H.

CHAPTER XV.

From the Glen House, and Fabyan's, White Mountains, to the Androscoggin Lakes Region, via Bethel, Me., and Lakeside, Cambridge, N. H.



LEAVING the Glen House, at the foot of Mount Washington, at 7.30 A. M., a beautiful stage-ride of eight miles brings you to Gorham, where you connect with the mail train for Portland. The fare from the Glen to Gorham is \$1.50.

Taking the cars you pass rapidly through Shelburne, Gilead, and West Bethel, arriving at Bethel about ten o'clock. Here you have a wait of about two hours, for the arrival of the morning train from Portland, and then the stage starts. You procure dinner on the route, about half way to Cambridge, and arrive at Lakeside in time for supper.

Or you may leave the Glen House in the afternoon, connecting at Gorham with the afternoon train for Portland, by which you arrive at Bethel about four o'clock, in season to connect with the night stage for Cambridge, arriving at the Lakeside Hotel at ten o'clock. Or if you prefer the day ride to Cambridge, which is far more pleasant, stop in Bethel over night, and take the stage the next morning.

The most direct route from Fabyan's, or the Crawford House, to the Androscoggin Lakes, or Dixville Notch, is to cross Mount Washington to the Glen House, and then proceed as above. A trip to the Mountains is not complete without a run through the Lake Region of the Androscoggin. For routes beyond Cambridge see chapters IV. and XVII.

Dixville Notch.

Dixville Notch is, and will always remain, one of the wonderful attractions in Northern New England for tourists, of

whom, constantly increasing numbers visit the place each year.

The hotel is located a few rods beyond the western gateway of the Notch, and furnishes excellent accommodations at \$2.00 per day. The house is kept by Mr. George Parsons. It has a good livery stable connected with it and contains about fifty rooms.

The Dix house was formally opened to the travelling public on Wednesday, July 4, 1875. The township in which the building is located was formerly owned by the father of Ex-Governor Dix of New York. At the opening several distinguished gentlemen were present as guests of the proprietor, among them Ex-Governor Dix, in whose honor the house was named.

Lovers of the gun and rod will find excellent sport in this vicinity, while the pleasure-seeker and tourist will be delighted with the scenery by which the house is surrounded. Raspberries grow in luxurious profusion near the hotel, and in their season one can always procure plenty of this delicious fruit.

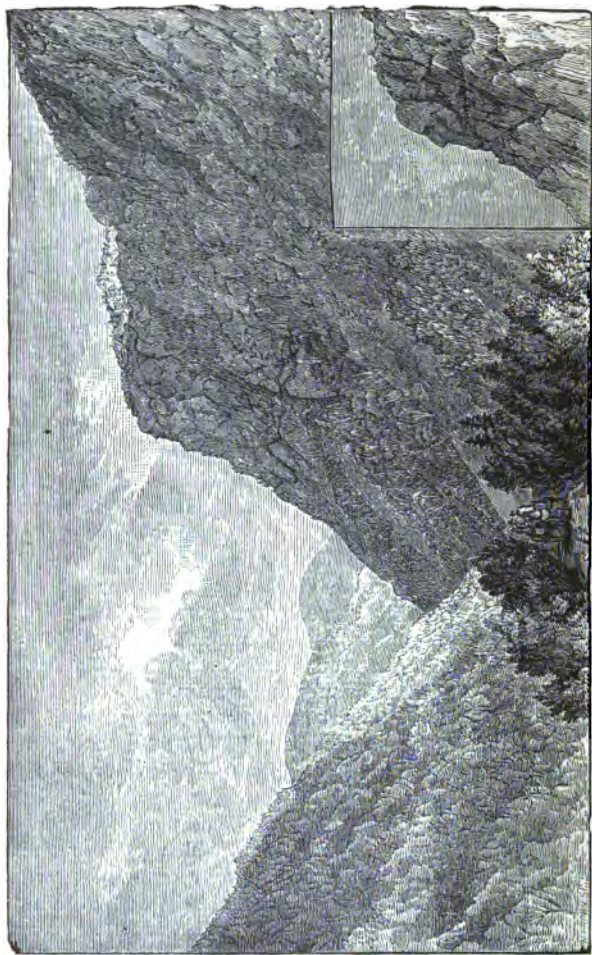
Dixville Notch is an immense chasm dividing the mountain range down to its foundation, whose precipitous ridges rival in wildness and sublimity the White Mountain Notch. The serrated cliffs of mica-slate on either hand shoot upward, in clean and sharply defined pinnacles and lances, to the height of a thousand feet, reminding one of the turrets and minarets of Saracenic palaces. Here and there along its walls, on some knotty spur, or in some deep fissure, cluster a few spruces and white birches, forlorn hopes of vegetation, as it were, struggling against the sliding avalanche and almost invulnerable sterility; and the bottom of the defile is encumbered with shattered rocks and the *debris* from the bristling crags above. The locality is indeed a second Arabia Petræ, where solitude has an abiding-place. A never-ceasing gale howls its mournful anthems among its sharp ledges, and tortured fountains winding through secret glens send out a gurgle that seems ominous of evil. Occasionally some huge fragment of rock, loosened from the mountain by the frost or

storm, comes tearing down to the bottom of the abyss, awakening solemn echoes that sound like the wail of some lost spirit. Passing through the Notch from Erroll Dam, the celebrated profile of the "Old Man" is on the left and Pulpit Rock on the right. From the steamboat landing at Erroll Dam the road lies over the Clear Stream meadows, and is level and free from stones the rest of the distance, eleven miles, to the Notch.

Of Dixville Notch, the author of Eastman's White Mountain Guide says:—

"The first view is very impressive; it opens like a Titanic gateway to some region of vast, mysterious desolation. The pass is much narrower than either of those in the White Mountains, and through its whole extent of a mile and a quarter has more the character of a notch. One cannot but feel that the mountain was rent apart by some volcanic convulsion, and the two sides left to tell the story by their correspondence and the naked dreariness of the pillars of rotting rock that face each other. So narrow is the ravine (it can hardly be called a pass) that a rough and precarious roadway for a single carriage could only be constructed by building up against the mountain's side a substructure of rude masonry, while the walls slope upward so sharply on either hand that a considerable outlay is demanded of the State every year to clear it of the stones and earth which the frosts and rain roll into it every winter and spring.

"No description can impart an adequate conception of the mournful grandeur of the decaying cliffs of mica slate which overhang the way. They shoot up in most singular and fantastic shapes, and vary in height from four hundred to eight hundred feet. A few centuries ago the pass must have been very wild; but the pinnacles of rock, which gave the scenery such an Alpine character, are rapidly crumbling away. Some have decayed to half their original height; and the side walls of the Notch are strewn with *debris*, which the ice and storms have pried and gnawed from the decrepit cliffs. The whole aspect is one of ruin and wreck. The creative forces seem to have retreated from the spot, and abandoned it to the



OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN, DEVILS NOTCH, N.H.

sport of the destructive elements. One might entertain the thought that some awful crime had been committed there, for which the region was blasted by a lasting curse.

“One should climb the highest pinnacle, called Table Rock, which juts out from the southerly wall of the pass, and stands about eight hundred feet above the road. It is no easy task to keep the footing in the steep ascent over the loose and treacherous ruins of slate that strew the way. Hands and feet are necessary. Table Rock is a narrow, projecting ledge, only some six or eight feet wide at the summit, and about a hundred and fifty feet long, rising in almost unbroken precipice on each side for several hundred feet. The descent is even more arduous than the ascent. It will be found, however, that the view from the summit repays the toil of the scramble. It is no small trial for weak nerves to walk out upon the side of the Notch upon this cliff, not more than six feet wide, and eight hundred feet sheer down. No part of the ride up Mt. Washington makes the head swim so giddily. From it one can easily see into Maine, Vermont, and Canada. Only a few miles east lies Lake Umbagog, where the moose congregate in the evening to stand up to their necks in water and ‘fight flies,’ as the guides express it. A tourist might spend a few days very profitably in exploring the novelties of the districts that lie around the Notch. On the face of this cliff, seen from below, some locate the usual Profile, without which a mountain pass is regarded as incomplete.

“After about an hour’s stay upon the pinnacle one should descend and ride through the pass to a flume just before the eastern gateway is reached. Nearly opposite the entrance to the flume will be found a remarkably cold spring. On the opposite side of the road, in the woods, just beyond the Notch, there is a series of beautiful cascades, extending nearly a mile, surpassed in beauty and volume by none in the whole White Mountain region.

“The grand distinctive features of Dixville Notch are desolation and decay. How charming, then, the surprise, in passing through the Notch eastward, to ride out from its spiky teeth of slate into the most lovely plain, called ‘The Clear

Stream Meadows,' embosomed in mountains, luxuriantly wooded to the crown. It is something like descending from the desolation of the Alps into the foliage and beauty of Italy. The only house near was accidentally burned a few years since. The graves of the earliest settler and his wife are there, fenced off rudely, and overgrown with tall weeds, which nature wears for them. How many of the great and wealthy of our land will find such a cemetery? A mountain range for a monument; a luxuriant valley for a grave; such silence to sleep in as no Mt. Auburn can assure, and their story told to visitants from far-off portions of the land!"



CHAPTER XVI.

From Boston to the Androscoggin Lakes, via
North Stratford, Colebrook, Dixville
Notch, and Errol Dam.



TO PORTLAND by boat or cars, as already described; thence by Grand Trunk Railroad to North Stratford; thence to Colebrook, Dixville Notch, and Errol Dam, by stage; thence by Steamer Parmachenee across Lake Umbagog to the Middle Dam Carry; then team across the carry, five miles, to the Middle Dam. Time, two days from Boston.

Leaving Portland from the Grand Trunk Railroad Station, at the foot of India street, on the 1.30 train, we pass swiftly across the bridge and through the deep rock-cutting at Fish Point. Casco Bay then opens to view, and for a mile or more, while passing around the Neck and over the bridge that crosses to Westbrook, the broad bay is seen, dotted with numerous islands, receding to the dim shores of Brunswick and Harpswell,—a distance of twenty miles.

The train sweeps rapidly through the easterly portion of Westbrook, a distance of nearly two miles, presenting some pleasant views of land and water, then crosses the Presumpscot River, over a substantial bridge three hundred feet in length, and a mile and a half farther on reaches the depot at Falmouth, five miles from Portland. This is a farming town, although on the eastern side some ship-building is carried on. Leaving here, we pass through an undulating farming country, pleasant to look out on but of no especial interest, and stop for a moment at Cumberland, nine miles from Portland.

This place is similar in character to Falmouth. Moving again, obtaining occasional glimpses of the land-locked bay, a few minutes' ride brings us to the flourishing seaport of Yarmouth, eleven miles from Portland, a very pleasant old town, where formerly considerable ship-building was carried on. A mile above this station the Grand Trunk Railroad crosses a branch of the Maine Central, formerly the Portland and Kennebec road. This crossing is known as Yarmouth Junction, and both of the roads have depots here. This branch of the Maine Central runs from Portland to Augusta; from Brunswick, a station on the road, another branch diverges to Bath.

Leaving the junction we rattle northward once more through an agricultural country devoid of any striking features, and halt for a moment at North Yarmouth, fifteen miles from Portland. Business attended to, again we move, and, after making a short run, reach Pownal, nineteen miles from Portland. A few minutes here suffice, and on we go, the country becoming more undulating, presenting many charming views to the eyes of the tourist, and soon slack up at New Gloucester, twenty-two miles from Portland, one of the best farming-towns in the State; the village lies west of the station, on elevated land, and looks very pretty from the cars. After a short stop the whistle is heard again, and on we go to Danville Junction, twenty-eight miles from Portland. At this point the Grand Trunk crosses the Maine Central Railroad, running from Portland to Auburn, Lewiston, Farmington, Waterville, Skowhegan, and Bangor.

Leaving the "crossing," a few moments' ride brings us to Lewiston Junction. Here a short but important branch of the Grand Trunk diverges to the two great manufacturing places of Maine, Lewiston and Auburn. Stages also run from this station to the celebrated Poland Springs.

Again in motion and flying along, passing cultivated fields and green pastures, with an occasional strip of woodland, we reach the Empire Road station, in the town of Poland, thirty-two miles from Portland. This is an agricultural country, and, requiring no further notice, we leave it as the steam-

whistle again sends forth its warning note, and, speeding merrily away we get one stage farther on our journey, slowing down this time at the flourishing village of Mechanic Falls, situated on the Little Androscoggin river, and thirty-six miles from Portland. The stream mentioned above furnishes ample water-power, and a large amount of manufacturing is done here. This is one of the live places in Oxford County, and is growing very fast. The "Rumford Falls and Buckfield Railroad" connects here with the Grand Trunk. It runs through Mechanic Falls, Minot, Hebron, Buckfield, and Sumner, to Canton, its present terminus, on the Androscoggin River. At Canton stages connect daily for Dixfield, Mexico, Roxbury, and Byron.

Returning to the train, we again move onward, following up the valley of the Little Androscoggin River,—which stream we cross several times,—and put on the brakes at Oxford, forty miles from Portland. Here our stop is but momentary, and at the signal from the conductor, who shouts "All aboard!" we rattle on once more. From this point the landscape improves with every mile, and the tourist notes with pleasure the beautiful and romantic views,—a rolling meadow, where browsing kine are moving slowly, looking up with wonder at the fiery monster rushing by them; a tranquil bend in the river, overhung with drooping elms and graceful maples; a trout-fisher standing on some lone rock or fallen tree, watching anxiously for the onset of some spotted beauty; distant mountains, whose peaks are sharply outlined against the ethereal blue,—all lend a charm to the ride, and you scarcely notice the approach to the next station, which proves to be South Paris, forty-eight miles from Portland. The village, which is large and flourishing, lies to the northward of the station. Paris hill, so called, is about two miles beyond, and is thickly settled. The court-house is located here, Paris being the shire-town of Oxford County. A branch of the Grand Trunk Railway runs from South Paris to Norway, a mile and a half distant. Our iron steed, having taken his regular rations of fuel and water, is once more hurrying onward. Off to the right we catch a passing glimpse of the

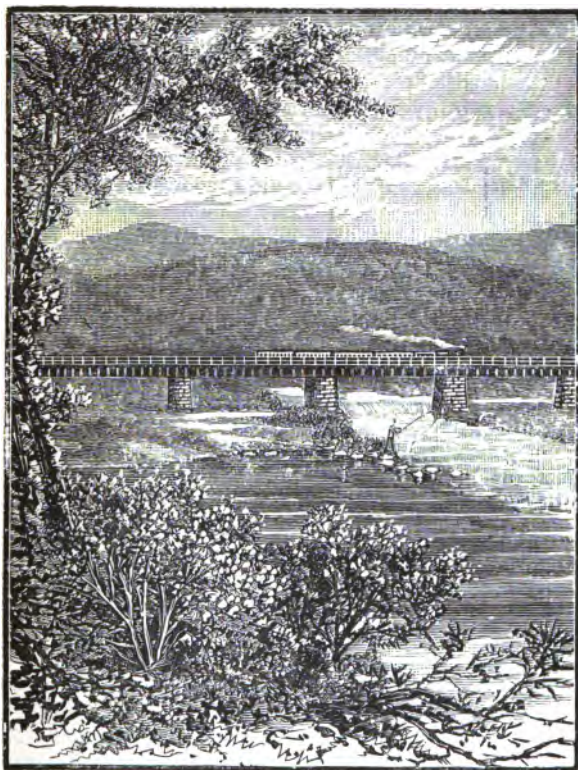
buildings on Paris Hill, with the farms and orchards mapping its southern slope. The grade now rises fast, the surrounding hills assume loftier proportions, and the scenery begins to be more diversified in character. While you are noticing the gradual change in the landscape, the engineer whistles "Down brakes!" and in a moment more the train comes to a halt in front of the West Paris station, fifty-five miles from Portland. You have scarcely time to take a look about you here before the train is again in motion. Four miles from this station commences the heaviest grade on the whole road, being a rise of sixty feet to the mile. This continues until you arrive at the Bryant's Pond station, in the town of Woodstock, a distance of sixty-two miles from Portland. The track has now attained an elevation of seven hundred feet, and you begin to realize that you are getting up in the world. A granite quarry that is owned and worked by the railroad company is passed just before reaching the station. While on the train one day in June, several years ago, the writer witnessed a singular occurrence. We were between West Paris and Bryant's Pond, and had just reached the steepest part of the grade. All at once, without any warning, the speed of the train began to slacken, and it finally came to a stand-still. The passengers left the cars to ascertain the cause of this sudden stop, and, to their wonder and surprise, found both the tracks and road-bed covered with millions of caterpillars, who were travelling to greener fields and pastures new. So many of these disgusting insects had been crushed under the wheels that the track was covered with slime and grease, and the wheels of the engine refused to turn. The train was backed a short distance, while the railroad employes on the train took brooms and cleared the tracks ahead, which were then covered with sand. This furnished our iron steed a foothold, and making a renewed and vigorous start, we passed the crawling, wriggling mass of insect life, and reached the station. It reminded us of Western stories that tell of trains being frequently stopped on the plains by the flights of grasshoppers. We had never taken much stock in these yarns; but, after being an eye-

witness to the caterpillar incident, we were prepared to believe they might be true. The village of Bryant's Pond is very prettily situated, and derives its name from the beautiful and romantic sheet of water in sight of the station. On the opposite side of the pond a bold and rugged highland, thickly wooded, rises from the water to a height of a thousand feet. It is called Mount Christopher, taking its name from an early settler of this region, one Christopher Bryant, the miniature lake retaining his family appellation. This mountain is easily ascended from its western side, and the extensive view its summit commands will amply recompense the tourist for the time and labor of the ascent. Goose-eye mountain, in Newry, and White Cap, near Andover, in all their sterile and rugged grandeur, may be seen to the north-east from the right-hand side of the cars as you approach the Bryant's Pond station. At this place passengers who are intending to visit the Androscoggin Lakes, the paradise of sportsmen and tourists, the greatest hunting and fishing district east of the Rocky Mountains, or the new summer resort, the pleasant village of Andover, leave the cars here and go over the Great Central Route to these places. The easy and commodious four-horse Concord coaches of Messrs. Tuttle and Son will be found at the depot in waiting to convey travelers.

It may not be generally known that this whole region was surveyed by the railroad company before the railroad was built, in hopes of finding a feasible route farther north than the present one, but without success. A passable route to the Lake Basin, by following the Ellis River from Andover through Dunn's Notch, was reconnoitered, departing from the present line at Bryant's pond; but insurmountable obstacles interposed between the lakes and the Connecticut River, the only depression between these points showing any chance of a route, that of the famous Dixville Notch, being 1,968 feet above tide-water, and the topography of the region thence being of such a character as to require a grade of eighty feet per mile for over ten miles; while by the present route of the road, the greatest elevation east of the Connecticut is but 1,062 feet, the passage of the general summit, at

Island Pond, 1,176 feet, and the heaviest grade but sixty feet to the mile. The axis of the elevation of the whole peninsula east of Lake Champlain is in fact north of the Umbagog Basin, in which general summit the Connecticut, the Androscoggin, the Kennebec, the Penobscot, the Chaudiere, and the St. Francis Rivers take their rise. The general level of this region is between 2,000 and 3,000 feet above the ocean, and its dominant peaks of the Camel's Rump and Aziscohos Mountains vie in their winter dress with the white summit of their more southern neighbor, Mount Washington.

Leaving Bryant's Pond, we soon strike the Alder Stream, following it down to the main Androscoggin River, a distance of eight miles, nature unrolling for our delight a panorama of mountain scenery that holds our close attention, until our arrival at Locke's Mills, sixty-five miles from Portland, a village possessing no particular interest. High hills and lofty ridges surround us as we leave the station; but in a short time we emerge from the rugged heights so close at hand, coming out on a lovely interval of the Androscoggin, presenting some of the finest landscape views the road commands, and stop at Bethel, seventy miles from Portland, the favorite point of departure for the celebrated Androscoggin Lakes, and the most direct route to Dixville Notch, the Magalloway River and Parmachenee Lake. Bethel is also well known as a beautiful and popular summer resort. A first-class stage route is operated between Bethel and the new Lakeside House, at the foot of Lake Umbagog, in Cambridge, N. H., by the Androscoggin Lakes Transportation Company, daily, excepting Sunday, connecting with the morning and afternoon trains. The road runs through the celebrated Grafton Notch, introducing the tourist to some of the wildest mountain scenery in New England. Connection is made at Lake Umbagog with steamer Parmachenee, and parties visiting the Magalloway River and Parmachenee Lake always go by this line. A full description of this route is given in Chapter III. Bethel is a very attractive place in summer, and is annually visited by a large number of strangers. The village known as "Bethel Hill" sits on a commanding height



WILD RIVER BRIDGE, GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

west of the railroad depot. It has several hotels, the Bethel House being the largest, and the Elms second in size.

Again we are speeding up the Androscoggin Valley, scenes of wild grandeur and romantic beauty meeting the eye on every side, a short ride bringing us to West Bethel, a station of but little importance, seventy-four miles from Portland. A short distance beyond here the train passes over Pleasant River bridge, and about a mile farther on you obtain a fine view, far up the valley, of Mounts Jefferson and Adams, lifting their conical summits over the shadowy ridges of Mount Moriah. Five miles from West Bethel we cross Wild River, over a bridge two hundred and fifty feet in length. From an old handbook of travel we quote :—

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

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

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

proved the death-note of his friend, who, taking the path designated, was followed back by the savages and shot dead. The mutilated body of poor Pettingill was subsequently found, and buried on the bank of the Wild River, just by the bridge."

Beyond the bridge the railroad is almost closed in on either hand by rude cliffs towering many feet heavenwards. The Androscoggin River is still to be seen on our right, turning and twisting through the narrow strip of intervalle between the railroad and base of the mountains. This land, although subject to overflow by the spring freshets, is all cultivated, and yields good crops. We now reach Gilead, eighty miles from Portland, and with but a moment's halt dash on. A mile or more above this station the track crosses the boundary between Maine and New Hampshire. Here, bidding farewell to the Pine Tree State, we soon find ourselves at Shelburne, eighty-six miles from Portland. Just beyond the depot, to the left of the railroad, may be seen the beautiful summer residence of W. K. Aston, a wealthy New Yorker, who, with his family, spends the greater part of each summer at his charming cottage. And now the mountains grow higher and still more rugged, and a short ride brings us within view of the lofty summits of Mounts Washington, Jefferson, and Adams, that burst upon our sight from behind a wooded ridge of Mount Moriah. For the next few miles, till we arrive within a short distance of the depot at Gorham, these mighty peaks remain constantly in view. Just after leaving the Shelburne station, the cars pass near a high bluff, called Granny Starbird's Ledge. An immense granite boulder, many thousand tons in weight, a great portion of which has been blown to pieces and used in the construction of the railroad, formerly rested on a shelf of the ledge. Under this rock, it is said, an aged matron, named Starbird, who supplied the place of physician to the section, long time ago, found refuge during one of the wildest storms that ever smote the mountains. She was on her way on horseback, alone, to visit a patient, where her presence was thought to be indispensable, (so the story goes), when night and storm

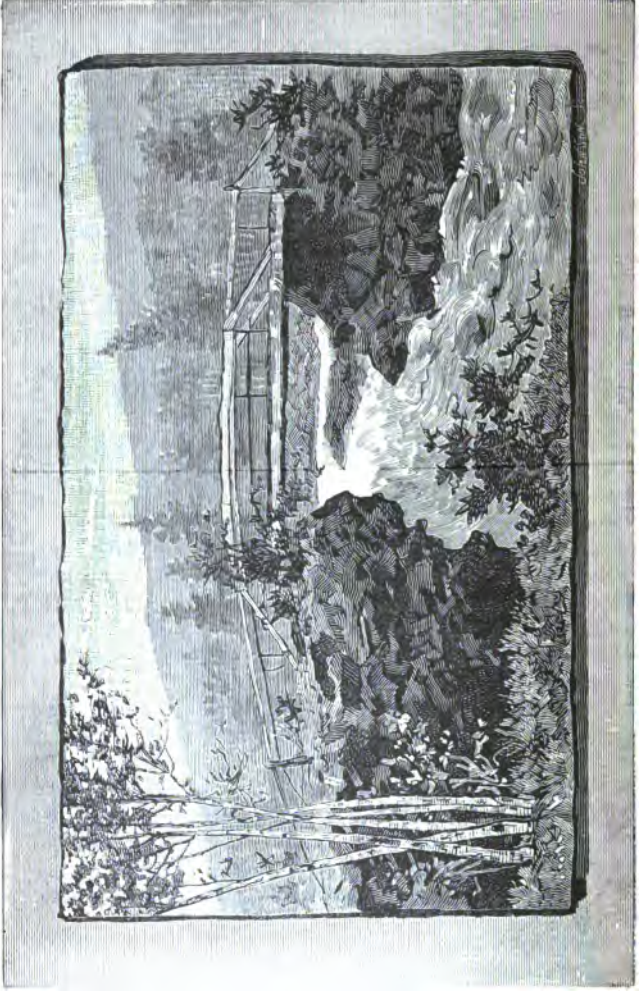
overtook her; bewildered by the pelting rain, she was glad to avail herself of such shelter as the rock could afford. House there was none for miles, and here she remained cowering all the long night with a fearful chorus confusing her ear,—the rushing of the great rain through the darkness, the voice of the countless streams that flooded every cliff and ravine, the wail of the great trees on the ridges as they writhed and struggled and swayed in the merciless grasp of the gale, and the oft-repeated howl of the shivering wolf driven from his lair by the incursions of the storm, commingled with the hoarse boom of the swollen river that made the very earth tremble. The laggard morning broke at last above the hills, but it brought no cheer to that “weary auld matron.” Many a noble forest-giant lay shattered on the acclivities about her; the torrents still poured their turbid floods, and, filling the whole valley like a sea, the river swept onward, grinding and crashing, noisy and tumultuous, with its *debris* of trees and timber, gravel and rocks; nor was it till noon, when the clouds retired to the higher peaks, the sun shone out, and the streams began to fall as suddenly as they had risen, that she was able to resume her journey.

Skirting the base of Mount Moriah, with the silvery river on our right, a curve in the road suddenly brings us in sight of the station, and the train stops at Gorham, ninety-one miles from Portland. At this place passengers *en route* for the White Mountains leave the train, and proceed by stage to the Glen House, eight miles distant, at the foot of Mount Washington. A fine new hotel, the Alpine House, was built during 1878 by the Grand Trunk Railway Company, directly opposite the depot. It will accommodate about one hundred people comfortably, and the rooms are all very pleasant. The table in summer is furnished with all the delicacies of the season. It occupies the same site as the old hotel of that name which was destroyed by fire a few years ago. The new house is a great improvement over the old one, as will be seen by our engraving. Gorham, situated as it is in the heart of the mountains, is a delightful place to spend the summer in, and there are many attractive places of interest

and fine drives in its vicinity. A well-stocked stable is connected with the Alpine, and parties can procure teams at any time. Mount Hayes, on the right of the railroad, is one of the finest mountains in the vicinity of Gorham, and its ascent from the village is comparatively easy. A fine view of Mount Carter, the Imp, and Mount Moriah is to be obtained from Gorham. The "Mascot" silver mine, located on the side of Mount Hayes, is one of the attractions for summer tourists, most of whom pay it a visit. The main entrance is in sight from the right-hand side of the train.

Leaving the depot, the road crosses Moose River, about a mile above, and soon after commences the long grade, overcoming the summit between the Androscoggin and Connecticut Rivers. In the region of Berlin Falls the river descends two hundred and thirty feet in a distance of two miles. At this point the Androscoggin River could be easily turned into the Connecticut, the Upper Ammonoosuc, an important tributary of that river, taking its rise within a short distance of the Androscoggin, and descending thence over one hundred and ninety feet into the Connecticut Valley at Groveton. Reaching the Berlin Falls station, ninety-seven miles from Portland the train stops again. This is a lumbering village of considerable importance and rapid growth; the mills of the Berlin Mills Company of Portland are situated on the bank of the Androscoggin River, a mile or more from the depot. A branch track runs from the road near the station directly to their mills, necessitated by the enormous quantity of lumber that they annually send over the road to their wharves in Portland, twenty car-loads per day being the average number for each day except Sundays. Sawed and planed lumber of every description is manufactured here, and in the busy season the mills are run night and day, two gangs of men being employed. This industry furnishes labor to a large number of men, and the Company have a store and boarding-house of their own near the mills.

The village is a charming place to stop in summer, and one of the finest views of the White Mountains to be obtained in any direction may be had from the road near the Berlin



BERLIN FALLS, ANDROSCOGGIN RIVER, N. H.

Company's store. During the last few years, several large mills have been erected here for the manufacture of paper pulp, from poplar, spruce, etc., and they are doing a large business. The process of manufacturing the pulp is a very interesting one; but we cannot take space here to describe it.

A short distance below the mills are the picturesque rapids known as the Berlin Falls. Here the entire volume of the Androscoggin River pours through a rocky defile about fifty feet in width,—descending in the space of a hundred yards nearly twice as many feet. In its passage from the lakes it receives the waters of the Diamond, Magalloway, and Clear Rivers, besides several streams of minor importance, so that at this point it is scarcely inferior in volume to the Connecticut at Groveton. Seething and plunging, and torturing into billows of snowy foam, it rushes down the narrow race,—

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

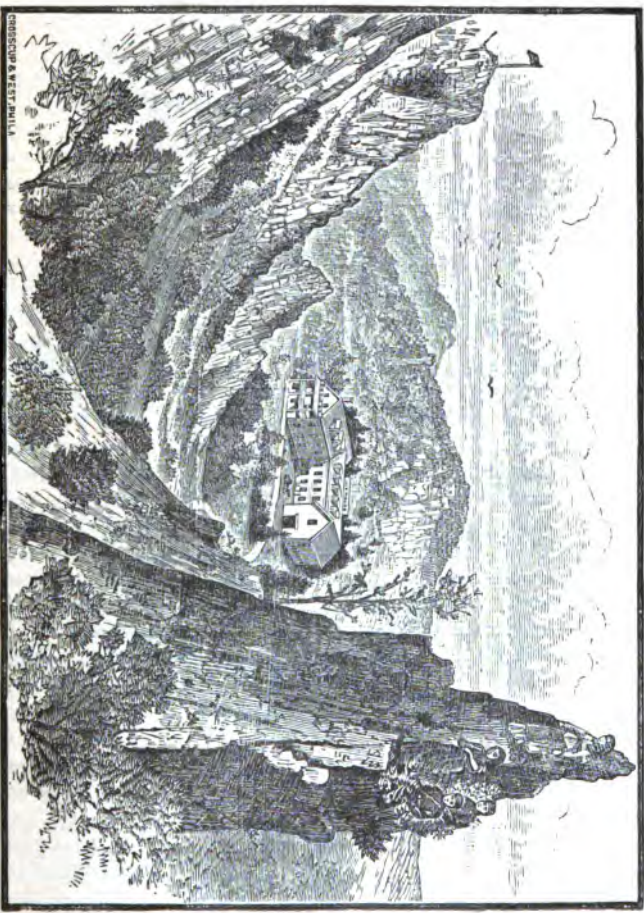
presenting a picture at once grand and romantic, and on which the eye of an artist would love to linger. From the wooden bridge across the chasm one may obtain a fine view, not only of the falls, but up and down the river.

Persons lingering in this vicinity will find the Cascade House, under the charge of Mr. H. F. Marston, an agreeable place to stop at. The trout-fishing about the village is also very good. The Alpine Cascade, the Jasper Cave, and the summit of Mount Forest, are usually visited by tourists stopping at Berlin. No more pleasant drive can be taken in New England than from the village of Berlin Falls to Gorham, a distance of six miles, the road following the river the whole way.

Again in motion, we find that a short distance above Berlin Falls station the road skirts Dead River Pond, then striking the valley of the Upper Ammonoosuc, follows it down (frequently crossing that erratic stream) to the Connecticut. The next stopping-place is Milan, one hundred and four miles from Portland. There is nothing of special

attraction here, and we rattle on to West Milan, another unimportant station, one hundred and nine miles from Portland, and Stark, one hundred and fifteen miles from Portland. A mile or so from here we pass by a tremendous circular precipice, called the Devil's Slide, whose perpendicular walls, shattered and torn apparently with some mighty convulsion, rise to the height of five or six hundred feet. The Indians, in their mythology, peopled all these mountain regions with invisible spirits, who controlled the winds and storms, and in their quarrels hurled the gleaming thunderbolts at each other, the effects of which were seen in the splintered trees and shivered rocks; and they have a tradition that in a remote age a huge mountain barred the valley where now the railroad passes, and that on a time when the heavens were convulsed, the earth reeling, and the atmosphere blazing with the terrible warfare of these invisible powers, one half of the mountain sank down into the bowels of the earth, leaving the precipitous sides of the other bare and shattered, as they have remained to the present day. Just beyond this locality you open on a fine view, off to the right, of those remarkable twin mountains, the Stratford Peaks,—generally considered to be the most symmetrical elevations of the whole mountain region. Standing aside from the dark mountain ridges which swing away northerly, their white cones clearly defined, the tourist cannot mistake them, from whatever point viewed; they are the admiration of all who behold them. Having these peaks in sight almost constantly for six miles, we next find ourselves at Groveton, one hundred and twenty-two miles from Portland. This is quite a pretty village, and opposite the railroad depot will be found a good hotel. The scenery in the vicinity is very fine, and teams may be hired at the hotel by those who wish to enjoy the beautiful drives. Half a mile above here is a station known as Groveton Junction, the terminus in this direction of the Boston and Lowell Railroad, whose trains connect with those of the Grand Trunk. A very fine view of the mountains is to be had from this point.

Leaving the junction we move onward again, the scenery



Dix House, Dixville Notch, N.H.

still occupying our attention, and make short stops at two unimportant stations, accommodating the farmers in the vicinity. The first of these, Stratford Hollow, is one hundred and twenty-seven miles from Portland; and the second, Beattie's, one hundred and thirty miles from Portland. Passing on from the last-named, a short ride brings us to North Stratford, one hundred and thirty-four miles from Portland, lying on the eastern bank of the Connecticut River; and here we leave the railroad and continue our journey by stage. There are two hotels near the depot, where the tourist can procure a good supper, the Willard House, opposite the railroad, and the Percy House on the left-hand side, just beyond the depot. The stage leaves for Colebrook, thirteen miles distant, as soon as the mails and passengers are ready, but tourists and sportsmen will find it much more to their liking to obtain a private conveyance at one of the hotels. The road follows the east side of the Connecticut River the entire distance, the stream favoring us with many charming views, as it is in sight most of the way. As we ride up the valley our attention is claimed by a lofty peak some distance ahead, which pops into view every now and then as the stage follows the twists and turns of the road. This is Mount Monadnock, situated on the Vermont side of the river, directly opposite Colebrook, whose summit commands views both up and down the valley of the Connecticut for many miles. Every visitor to Colebrook should be sure to make its ascent. Arriving at Colebrook the stage will leave you at either the Monadnock or Parsons' House, as you prefer, where you stop over night.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Lower Magalloway and the Diamond Rivers, Parmachenee Lake and the Upper Magalloway.

Routes from Boston, Expense, Scenery, Fishing, Hunting, etc.



PORTSMEN visiting the Lower Magalloway, the Diamond Rivers, Parmachenee Lake, or the Upper Magalloway, have a choice of routes during the first half of the trip. From Boston to Portland by either route previously described. At Portland take the cars on the Grand Trunk Railway to Bryant's Pond; thence *via* Andover by stage, buckboard, and boat to the Middle Dam; buckboard across the "carry" to Sunday Cove, where you take the steamer; thence across Lake Umbagog, down the Androscoggin, and up the Magalloway River.

Second Route. This is the more direct, and three-quarters of the visitors to Parmachenee go this way. Leave the Grand Trunk Railway at Bethel; thence by stage through Grafton Notch to the Lakeside Hotel, at the foot of Umbagog Lake, in Cambridge, N. H.; then by steamer across Lake Umbagog, down the Androscoggin, and up the Magalloway River.

Third Route. Leave the railroad at North Stratford, and proceed to Errol Dam *via* Colebrook and Dixville Notch. At the dam connection is made with steamer Parmachenee for all points above.

The distance from Lakeside, Cambridge, N. H., at the foot of Umbagog Lake, to Parmachenee Lake, as traveled is about sixty miles, and the steamer will carry you to the Lower

Landing, or Upper Landing. The fine steamers of the Androscoggin Lakes Transportation Company, run up the Magalloway River, *daily* except Sunday, from the time the ice goes out, which is generally about the middle of May, to about the middle of October, except occasionally a day or two in May or June, when navigation is obstructed by logs in the river. On those rare occasions passengers are forwarded by team. As the scenery going up Umbagog Lake has been described in the trip to the Middle Dam, we will commence at Sunday Cove, and continue from that point. The distance from the head of Sunday Cove to Errol Dam is ten miles. Leaving the cove you have a fine view of Mt. Dustan, and other peaks along the Magalloway River. Passing Eagle Point you enter the lake and head south. From here until you enter the river you have a fine view of mountain towering above mountain, the lake being entirely surrounded by them. Saddleback, Speckled, and the White Mountains are the most conspicuous, the two first lying off to the south-east, the latter in the southwest.

If the water is high the steamer runs across what is known as the "Richardson Carry," on meadow land, bare at low water. When the gates are shut at Errol Dam there are about seven feet of water on this carry. If the water is low the boat continues down the lake until opposite "Glassby Cove," when it enters the river through the regular outlet. The view from the outlet looking south-east is one of the finest in the State, Saddleback and Speckled Mountains appearing at their best from this point. The farms at the foot of the lake, and East B Hill, also lie spread out before you. To the south the Hampshire Hills and the town of Cambridge are seen. West lies Errol Mountain, and other slightly peaks, and to the north, Mounts Dustan and Aziscohos. The land about the outlet is very low, and was once thickly wooded; but the rise of the water has destroyed all the forest, and only a few old stumps and picturesque dead trees remain. The entrance to the river is very blind, and strangers might hunt for hours, as indeed they often have, without finding it. This is a great locality for ducks, and through September and

October a large number are shot here. The most common kinds are the black, coot, wood, whistler, and sheldrake; eagles and fish-hawks, and several varieties of marsh birds, are also found here, and musk-rat, mink, and otter, are plenty.

Following the crooked channel of the river, which in the six miles between the lake and the dam makes about thirty distinct turns, you have, as the steamer twists about, views from all points of the compass. From about the middle of July to the first of October the sides of the river are carpeted with water-lilies, that present a beautiful sight, and fill the air with their delightful odor. The captain of the steamer is accommodating, and often stops to gather them for lady passengers, and thus thousands are carried away each year; but the next only sees them more abundant.

A little over a mile from the lake you reach the turn where the steamer enters the river from the "Richardson Carry," and rounding this the banks of the river gradually rise in height, and you are in the midst of a forest, made up of nearly all the trees indigenous to New England. When you first approach the live forest, on the right-hand side of the river, you pass Leonard Pond, a good fishing ground. A half mile below the pond you pass "Moll's Carry," on the left-hand side of the river. The steamer cuts across this at high water when going directly down the lake, and saves several miles of navigation. A short distance farther down you pass the mouth of the Magalloway, which enters the Androscoggin on the right. It is two miles from the lake. Nothing can be more beautiful than the sail on the Androscoggin and Magalloway Rivers, the banks on each side heavily wooded, and many of the trees bending gracefully over the water, the dark green of the fir and spruce intermingled with the lighter tints of the birch, maple, and elm. Many of the firs are covered with long trailing moss, giving them a decidedly romantic appearance. Dead trees, veritable monarchs of the forest, are met with at intervals standing boldly out from the green woods, presenting, with their scaggy limbs and bare trunks, a bit of the picturesque that would quickly cause an artist to bring forth his sketch-book.



STEAMER DIAMOND ON CAMBRIDGE RIVER, LAKE UMBAGOG.

Half a mile below the Magalloway an abrupt turn takes you around "Quick Water Point," on the right-hand side of the stream. The river here is very shoal and somewhat rocky, and at low water, as a matter of precaution, steam is shut partially off for a short distance, and the captain takes extra care to keep in the narrow channel. This is the only bad piece of navigation between the lake and the dam, although a lookout is always kept for "snags" and "sawyers," that are more or less plenty in all fresh-water rivers. While there is a strong current in the river, the water is so deep that it is not perceptible on the surface, except at "Quick Water Point." Both of the rivers preserve a nearly uniform width of from thirty to fifty yards, the Magalloway being not only the narrowest, but the most serpentine.

A short distance below the point, on the left-hand side of the river, we pass a shallow pond, of considerable size, considered by guides a good place to float for deer, and many have been shot there. Still farther down on the right-hand, is the "Big Meadow," so called, and at the mouth of the inlet near the head is a first-rate place for pickerel. A mile below the meadow you reach the dam, which does not show until you are a few rods from it. The steamer lands at her wharf, beside the road, on the right bank of the river, a short distance above the dam. The boat arrives here at half-past ten, and leaves at eleven. It is met each day by the Androscoggin Lakes Transportation Company's team to convey parties to Dixville Notch.

There are several buildings around the dam, all belonging to the Union Water Power Company, of Lewiston, Me., consisting of a nice two story and a half dwelling-house, barn, storehouse, blacksmith-shop, grist-mill, and boat-house. In the half hour you stop here you will have time to inspect the dam and buildings if you wish. Some trout are taken in the quick water below the dam, and down the river as far as the bridge.

At eleven o'clock the steamer whistles, and, casting off, you are soon running up the Androscoggin, retracing your course as far as the Magalloway, and a turn of the wheel to

port, carries you into the river. A run of a quarter of a mile in a straight line, and then "Hard a starboard!" and you whisk around a sharp angle to the right, and from this point until you land it is a steady twist and turn. The scenery of this river is unsurpassed by any in New England, and I have been told, by people who have done Florida thoroughly, that it is superior to any in that State. As the stream narrows in some places the trees almost meet overhead, and one can reach out and touch them as the steamer passes swiftly along. For the first ten miles from the dam not a sign of civilization intrudes upon you, and gazing at the heavily timbered forest where an occasional giant pine rears its lofty head far above the other trees, you exclaim with Longfellow,—

"This is the forest primeval."

On your sail you will see the brown and bald eagles,—the latter the typical American bird,—spreading their huge wings, in pursuit of some unlucky fish-hawk, who, having worked hard to procure a meal, is now destined to lose it. The bald-headed eagles in this country are the largest I have ever seen, and they have been shot and measured nine feet from tip to tip of wing. There are many small ponds lying contiguous to the river on both sides, and connected with it by short streams, that are often filled with ducks, with blue herons stalking near them. Deer, bear, caribou, and moose, are occasionally caught sight of along the river, as, frightened by the steamer, they plunge into the leafy cover of the woods. The banks of the stream vary in height from two to eight feet according to the number of gates open at the dam, and a good camping-spot may be found readily.

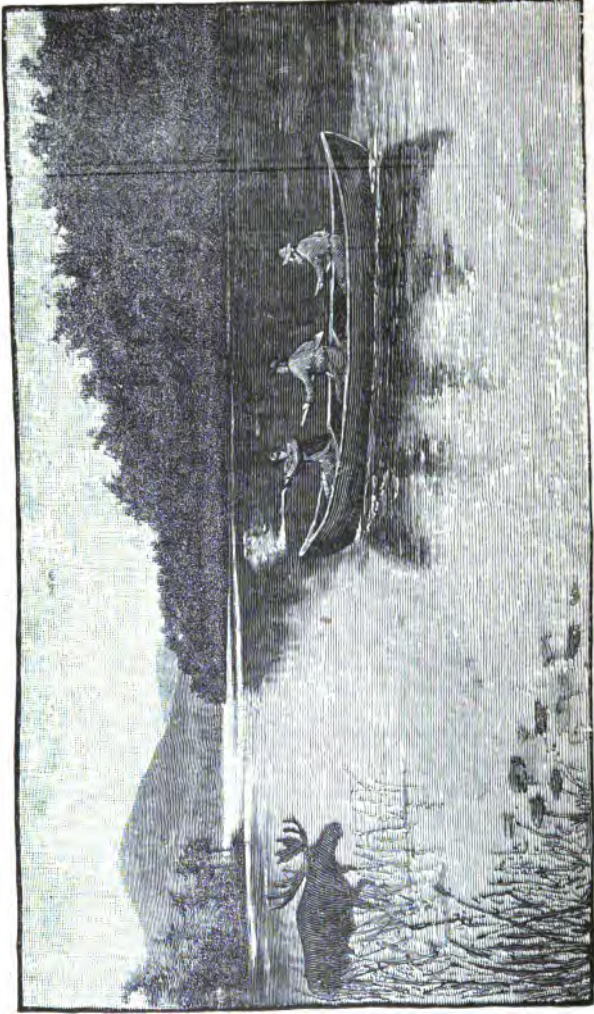
About four miles up the Magalloway you pass some rocks on the left side, then make a sharp turn to the right. Looking back as you make this turn you obtain the most romantic and picturesque view on the river. About half a mile of the stream can be seen, in some places the trees almost meeting overhead, and the silvery lane of water through this vista of living green presents a picture that you will not soon

forget. The country people who go up and down this beautiful throughfare seem generally to care nothing about the scenery; but one day, when coming down the river, as we turned this bend, an old fellow on the boat who had caught the view just at the right moment was for an instant brought to a realizing sense of the beauties of nature, and looking at me, said, "I snum now, Mister, if that aint the purtiest sight I ever saw."

A mile above here you pass Pulpit Rock, or the "Devil's Pulpit," as some of the lumbermen call it, a large boulder rising abruptly from the water's edge, on the right-hand side of the river. Nearly opposite this, in the middle of the stream, is a large flat ledge, that the steamer is obliged to give a wide berth to, as the rock is covered by water part of the time. The ground beside Pulpit Rock is a favorite camping-place, and there are but few weeks throughout the summer season when there are not one or more tents pitched there. There is a good spring a few rods back in the woods, and plenty of fuel handy.

About a mile above here the river makes a complete turn in the shape of a letter U, and across the narrow neck of land a canal has been cut, through which we pass, making a saving of many rods in distance, and a few minutes in time. Beyond this you pass Bear Brook, on the left, spanned by a wooden bridge,—the first signs of civilization you have met since leaving the dam. A short distance above, you pass Bottle Brook, also on the left. There are several rocks at the mouth of this brook, and the steamer hugs closely to the right bank of the stream. A primitive log house stands by the bank of the brook, the first dwelling seen. It was built for, and inhabited by, an Indian Squaw for several years, who made her living by peddling home-made baskets and medicines. A white family occupies it now.

A mile above you reach the lower landing, known as "Little-hale's" on the right-hand side of the river, in Wentworth's Location, N. II. The lower Magalloway Settlement extends from Bottle Brook to about two miles above the lower landing. From here a good road follows the right bank of the



MOOSE SHOOTING ON THE MAGALLOWAY RIVER.

Magalloway to the Upper Settlement, and from thence to the head of Aziscohos Falls, ending a few rods above. From the top of a high hill on Littlehale's farm, near the steamboat landing an extensive view is obtained of the valley both up and down the river. Mount Dustan, which we have seen so many times on our way up, has been run to earth at last, and is now directly opposite of us in the west. Some distance north, old Aziscohos still frowns down upon us, and it will be a long time before we altogether lose sight of this gigantic peak. Nine miles above Littlehale's is the head of Aziscohos Falls, where you connect with the new steamer "Magalloway," for points higher up the river and Parmachenee Lake. The Androscoggin Lakes Transportation Company runs a daily team between the two boats, leaving those who wish to stop at either the Berlin Mills House, at the Lower Settlement, or Flint's Hotel in the Upper Settlement.

Leaving Littlehale's Landing, the boat steams on up the river, the scenery increasing in beauty and sublimity as the valley narrows. Mounts Dustan and Aziscohos are dodging around you continually now, first on one side and then on the other, while the peculiarly shaped Diamond Peaks, some miles above, occasionally put in an appearance. In making this last six miles there is one part of the stream so crooked that by making a canal across a narrow neck of land but a few rods wide, two miles of navigation might be saved. After a half hour's sail, which to my mind is the prettiest part of the route, the steamer glides in to the bank on the left-hand side of the river, and ties up at what is known as "Flint's Landing," in Wentworth's Location, N. H. The baggage is unloaded and with the passengers is transferred to the team, which leaves immediately for the head of the falls. Some days the boat runs a mile or more above to the Brown Farm. Taking the down-river passengers on board, the steamer salutes you with a whistle, and is off, reaching Errol Dam at half-past three, Sunday Cove at half-past four, and Lakeside, Cambridge, at the foot of the lake, at six o'clock.

The hotel in the Lower Settlement is situated on what is

called the Brown Farm, in Township 5, Range 1, Maine, and is but a short distance from the landing. It is owned by the Berlin Mills Company, and stands on high land, overlooking the Magalloway River and valley for several miles. It has accommodations for about twenty people. The terms are \$2.00 per day. The fishing in the vicinity is first-rate, there being plenty of both trout and pickerel. The pickerel are caught on the Magalloway, a few miles down the river. The trout are caught on the Diamond Rivers, emptying into the Magalloway about a mile above the hotel. Sturtevant Pond, but a short distance from the hotel, contains trout, and a small pond beyond, emptying into Sturtevant, is full of the smaller brook trout. Trout Pond and the Diamond Ponds, near the head of the Swift Diamond River, are well supplied with trout.

Parties who are bound for Ward's Camp, procure a conveyance at the Brown Farm to carry them as far as the Forks, at the mouth of the Dead Diamond. Here Mr. Ward, or one of his guides meets the party with canoes, and paddles them up the river twenty miles to what is known as "Hell Gate Falls." At this point, Amasa Ward, who is one of the best and most reliable hunters, trappers, and guides, in this region, has built a substantial log camp, which is divided into two apartments, one of which is used for a kitchen, and the other for a sitting-room and sleeping apartment combined. This house is neat and comfortable, and Mr. Ward has a cook who understands his business.

It is a very pleasant trip from the Berlin Mills House to Ward's Camp, the route lying along the Diamond River, under the shadow of the peculiar-shaped mountain peaks of the same name, until the mouth of the Dead Diamond is reached. From the settlement to this point, a distance of three miles, you will prefer walking to riding, as the road is very rough.

Embarking in the canoe, the guide paddles you up the beautiful, but crooked river, which is not so "dead" as its name would indicate, there being more or less current all the way. The river is about one hundred feet wide the en-

tire distance and flows through a fine piece of meadow land, until it reaches the hilly district where occasional ledges creep out, and finally culminate in Hell Gate Falls, your objective point. The scenery is fine the entire twenty miles, and would alone repay you for the trip, but you will find plenty of fish and game in the vicinity of Mr. Ward's camp. Of the scenery, fishing, and hunting, around this part of the Diamond River, a gentleman who has been a guest of Amasa says:—

“Few, comparatively, among the thousands of summer tourists who annually visit “the Switzerland of America,” in quest of health or the sport to be derived from fishing or the chase, are aware that their object might be best obtained north of the mountains in the Upper Coos country, as it is called, along the head-waters of the Connecticut and the Androscoggin.

“Dead Diamond river is a tributary of the Magalloway, and enters that river about twelve miles from the junction of the Magalloway with the Androscoggin, which latter point is about four miles from Errol Dam, N. H. It is my purpose to describe the Dead Diamond River, its adjacent meadows of wonderful fertility, the hills and mountains in the distance crowned with dense forests of wood and timber, together with the remarkable trout-fishing to be found within its shady pools, and picture to the sportsman the home of the game that to-day roams its banks comparatively unmolested, as it has done from the earliest times.

“In the first place I would like to change the name of the river to that of “Beautiful river,” for to my mind if there is a river in this northern country or elsewhere deserving of that title this is it, and beside “Dead Diamond” is sure to convey a wrong impression to the mind of the stranger, at least it gave me a wrong impression. This name was given it to distinguish it from the “Swift Diamond,” a tributary of this, which runs through a more hilly, mountainous region, but while this is not so rapid as its neighbor it is by no means a dead or sluggish stream; on the contrary its waters move along its banks with sufficient rapidity to prevent the forma-

tion of any stagnant pools or soft, marshy lands, and its broad meadows have the appearance of being thoroughly drained.

"Its general course is northwesterly and southeasterly, or what would be nearer the truth, going up river north 20° west, but it is very serpentine, in short it is a continuation of beautiful bends and curves that partially enclose broad meadows of exceedingly fertile land, varying in extent from 100 to 500 acres each, extending back to the hills on either hand, whose sides are also rich and fertile, as is plainly shown by the heavy growth of spruce, pine, yellow birch, and rock maple, that covers them completely.

"It would seem that nature had peculiarly fitted this lovely valley with a special design for its habitation by man, for its meadows of rich loam, the alluvial deposit of centuries, would produce the grasses in abundance,—in fact they grow here to-day wherever there happens to be a small clearing on or near the river bank, or across the extremity of the small peninsulas formed by the sharp bends in the river. On several of these we passed through blue joint grass taller than our shoulders, and so thick that it formed quite an obstruction to our progress; one of the tallest of these spears of blue joint I cut, and found it to measure six feet, seven inches.

"Under proper cultivation these meadows might produce the hay and grain, and the hillsides the pasturage that would support large herds of cattle, sheep and horses, and other domestic animals.

"Upon these small peninsulas grow stately elms and beautiful silver maples, and if the dense undergrowth of grass, wild weeds, elder bushes and the like were cut away they would be changed at once to beautiful miniature parks. The land, especially the meadows, would be very easy of cultivation, as there are no stones except such as are seen in huge ledges that occasionally adorn the hillsides, and seem to be placed there to be used as foundation stones for the future homes of those who shall some time settle in and open up this beautiful valley.

"Until within the past two or three years this region has been comparatively unknown, except to a few lumber men who, several winters ago, lumbered along this river, and a much less number of hunters who occasionally followed the trail of a buck or a moose into the wilderness till they reached their natural feeding grounds, the meadows of this river and its tributaries.

"About two years ago one of these men, Amasa Ward, a veteran hunter, trapper and guide, having learned the fact during his repeated excursions here that the moose, caribou and deer, owing to the rich pasturage upon these fertile meadows, were more plentiful here than on the Magalloway or elsewhere in this region, whither he had pursued them, determined to establish a camp at Hell Gate Falls, on the Dead Diamond, about 20 miles from its mouth, as the river runs.

"The first camp built was small, and afforded but scanty accommodation to a party of four or five persons; later on Amasa built a very substantial log house 32 feet in height by 20 feet in width, divided into two apartments, one of which is used for a kitchen and the other for a sitting-room and sleeping apartment combined. One is not a little surprised to find that with the meagre supply of materials and so few tools, chiefly an axe, a saw and a hunting knife, so comfortable quarters could have been constructed. But Amasa is a mechanic as well as a hunter, and his necessities during many seasons' experience in the woods, have compelled him to seek out many inventions.

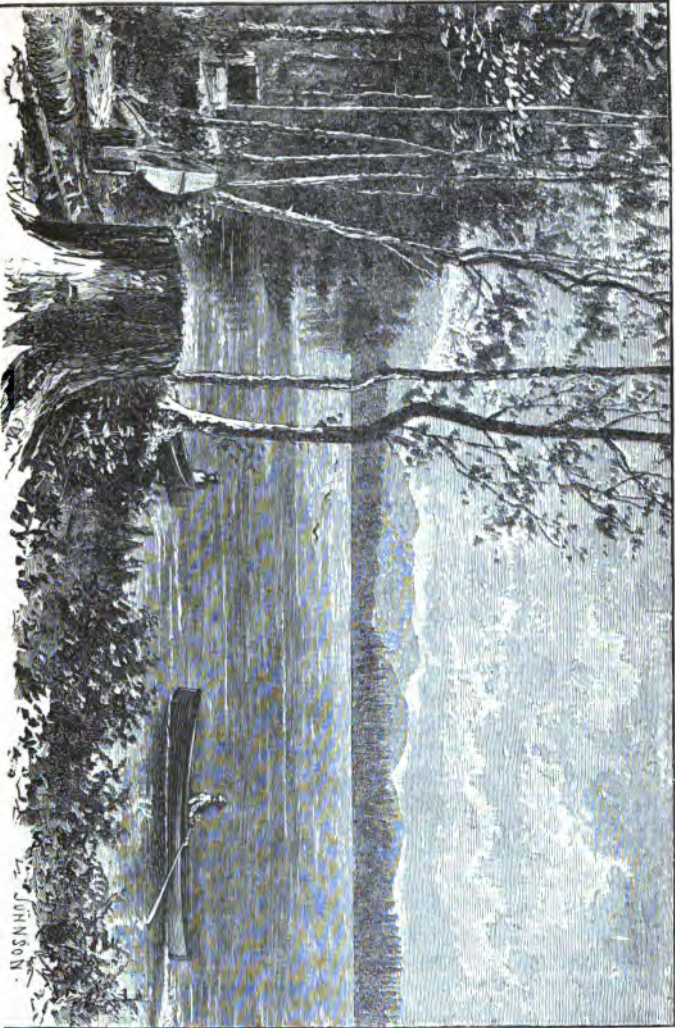
"The logs on the inside of the house are all hewn and the floors are made of planks hewn from solid spruce logs, and their surfaces are so smooth and their joints so closely fitted that they would do credit to more pretentious buildings inside the pale of civilization. The roof is covered with spruce bark, nicely fitted, the inside laid upon the rafters so that with the hewn walls the interior of the cabin presents a cleanly and inviting appearance.

"The beds are made with the tip ends of balsam boughs, which shed an agreeable fragrance, laid carefully upon each

other to the depth of a foot or more over which are spread clean wool blankets, and within these one obtains a more refreshing night's repose than in the rooms of many so-called first-class hotels. The table is a surprise, being supplied at all times with brook trout in abundance, broiled partridges occasionally, and venison in its season. Tom Bennet, the cook, understands his profession, and the savory meals that he prepares would tempt the appetite of an epicure.

"Hell-Gate Falls, so called by the lumbermen on account of the difficulty and at times great danger in running logs through or over them, deserves a passing notice. At this point the hills come down on one side close to the river, where a ledge of immense proportions forms the river bed and its sides. The action of the water during centuries has cut a remarkable flume or channel through it about thirty feet in width and about twenty-five rods in length, as straight as an arrow, and so smooth and regular are its walls on either side that, at first sight, it seems the work of the engineer rather than nature's handiwork. We soon discover, however, it is grander work than was e'er designed by mortal man. Passing through this flume, the water falls forty or fifty feet in going ten to fifteen rods farther, over a solid stone apron, then shoots another ledge, and descends into a basin almost circular in form and about two hundred feet in diameter, the bottom of which is very difficult to find, so deep is the water. This natural basin is Amasa's trout preserve, and from it his table is daily supplied.

"Above and below the falls are other pools and eddies at short intervals that fairly swarm with trout. We visited one of these pools a mile below the falls one day, after there had been a light rain during the night, and such fly-fishing as we enjoyed during more than two hours is seldom seen. The moment the "leader" fell upon the water, one, two, and in some instances even three trout broke water for the flies, and in several cases we succeeded in landing two fish at a single cast. The trout were not large, averaging fully a quarter of a pound, some half, and a few three-quarters of a pound, by actual weight on scales, not by the average fisher-



FOOT OF KENNEBAGO LAKE.

man's guesswork, but they were very gamey, thus adding zest to the sport; and fat and plump as mackerel, which made them delicious when served at the table.

"There are large fish here, but at this season of the year they lie dormant at the bottom of dark, secluded pools, and it is next to impossible to induce them to rise. In June last, Amasa took at four successive casts four trout, one weighing two and a half pounds, and the others one and a half pounds each; but every sportsman knows that fishing of this description is a rare occurrence anywhere or at any time. We hooked one and lost him that we judged would weigh two and a half pounds; and here, perhaps, it would be well to add that the average weight this year of trout that are lost in these waters is about three pounds.

"Above the flume we come again on broad, fertile meadows, hundreds of acres in extent, lying along this river and three or four tributaries that enter it within a distance of four or five miles, and here upon these meadows is the real feeding ground of the caribou, moose and deer, where hundreds of the latter roam in almost perfect freedom and security.

"About six miles up river is what hunters call a "deer lick;" saltish water oozes from a spot of earth of perhaps one quarter of an acre in extent, to which the deer come daily and remain perhaps for hours to "lick" the saline water from the muddy pool.

"Approaching this pool with caution one may see almost any day, or any hour of the day, one, two, half dozen, and sometimes even a dozen deer standing in and around it.

"It requires considerable nerve to stand with a Winchester repeating rifle in your hand, peering through the leaves and bushes into the dark brown, lustrous eyes of a full-grown buck with an endeavor to look him out of countenance and not offer to shoot; but there are men who are said to have accomplished this feat—in fact, it has to be done at the present time, for it is the "close" season for such game in this State, and the laws must be obeyed.

"There are also two or three ponds in this vicinity that are much frequented by deer, upon which hunters "float" by

night during the open season and shoot deer under the glare of jack-lights. Under no circumstances will Amasa allow them to be hunted with hounds, as this scatters them, makes them wild and would finally drive them to "other fields and pastures new."

The approaches to this delightful country are by nature's grand highway up this beautiful river (whose banks are certainly one hundred feet apart, holding this width up to the falls, or twenty miles) by canoes and batteaux, of which Amasa owns a fleet of fifteen to twenty all in good condition, recently built by himself after the most approved models.

The canoes are designed with special reference to the rapids in this river, and are models of strength, lightness, and safety combined, which it would seem difficult for even a naval constructor to improve upon. With one or more of these canoes Amasa will meet parties at the mouth of Dead Diamond, convey them to the camp, and furnish experienced guides who will conduct them to the secret abode of sylvan game.

Mr. Louis Higginson with his two sons, of the Charlestown District, Boston, came to the camp while we were there, and remained three weeks. Mr. H. is a veteran in the pursuit of sylvan game, having spent many seasons in this northern wilderness, and he declared that nowhere had he found fish and game so plentiful as in the Dead Diamond region.

The shortest and most direct route to this section is via Grand Trunk Railway to Bethel, thence by stage twenty-seven miles, passing through Grafton Notch, whose grandeur, to say the least, rivals that of either of the notches in the White or Franconia mountains, to Lakeside on Lake Umbagog, thence steamer across the lake forty miles to the mouth of Dead Diamond. We came by this route, and can recommend it on account of the beautiful scenery up the valley of the Bear River, and the excellent accommodations to be found at the Lakeside Hotel, in Cambridge, at the foot of Umbagog Lake, where connection is made with the steamer for Magalloway.

Those who have time and leisure, and taste for the enjoy-

ment of nature in her wildest loveliness, and would feel their blood tingle at the hum of the silken line or the bound of the dark brown doe, will never regret a trip of a few weeks spent in the delightful region contiguous to Dead Diamond river.

This locality brings to mind an old story of a tragedy that occurred many years ago in the Androscoggin Lakes Region, and we give it here, knowing that it will be of interest to most of our readers.

"Where the Diamond glances down from the forests of College Grant, entering the Magalloway under the shadow of Mount Dustan, is a farm originally cleared by a hunter named Robbins. He was a stern, vindictive man, and wild stories were early abroad concerning his deeds. In the fall of 1826, in company with several companions—Hines, Cloutman and Hayes,—all hunters by profession, he went upon the Androscoggin waters to trap sable. The party continued their hunt successfully until the first snows fell, when, leaving Robbins in care of the property, his comrades started on a last visit to the traps, extending over a line of twenty miles. On their return the camp was found burned and Robbins and the furs gone. They were without provisions and sixty miles from inhabitants; but with great privations and suffering they were able to make their way into the settlements. On their return they instituted a suit in the courts of Coos county against Robbins, which was carried to a successful conclusion and execution was issued. Spring again came around, when Robbins proposed to Hines to hunt once more, promising to turn his share of the proceeds towards the extinguishment of the adjudged debt. Hines consented, and taking with him his son of fifteen years, proceeded to the hunting grounds around Parmachenee lake. Again they were successful, when one day as Hines was returning to camp, he was met by Robbins and shot. The boy was killed by a blow from a hatchet and Robbins was left with the bloody spoil. The bodies were found and a search instituted. Robbins was arrested in the woods by Lewis Loomis and Hezekiah Parsons of Colebrook, after a desperate resist-



PARACHENE E LAKE, LOOKING NORTH.

ance, and lodged in Lancaster jail. Having some confederate, he obtained tools and commenced preparations for his escape. Working diligently at the window of his room in the old Elm Tree jail, he succeeded in loosening the gratings, each day concealing his work by hanging over it his blanket, under the pretext that the room was cold, and the window admitted air. When all was in readiness he made his exit, and the night before his trial was to have commenced he was missing, nor was any search successful. Public opinion was strongly against the jailer, as being in league with the prisoner, and was near manifesting itself in a rude manner. Strange rumors were afloat for years concerning his whereabouts and career, but nothing definite was known by the public of his subsequent life or final decease.

Between the mouth of the Diamond and the head of Azischoos Falls is a strong current, there being rapids most of the way. There is good trout-fishing on the Falls. There is good partridge-shooting on the Brown Farm, and larger game near by, several deer having been shot in and around Sturtevant Pond the last year or two.

Mount Dustan, before spoken of, is a prominent landmark from the piazza of the hotel, its sloping sides covered with a growth of dark spruce, giving it a sombre appearance. Its altitude is 2,575 feet above the sea level. The wild and irregular Diamond Peaks, above Mount Dustan, on the same side of the river, also make a fine appearance from the house.

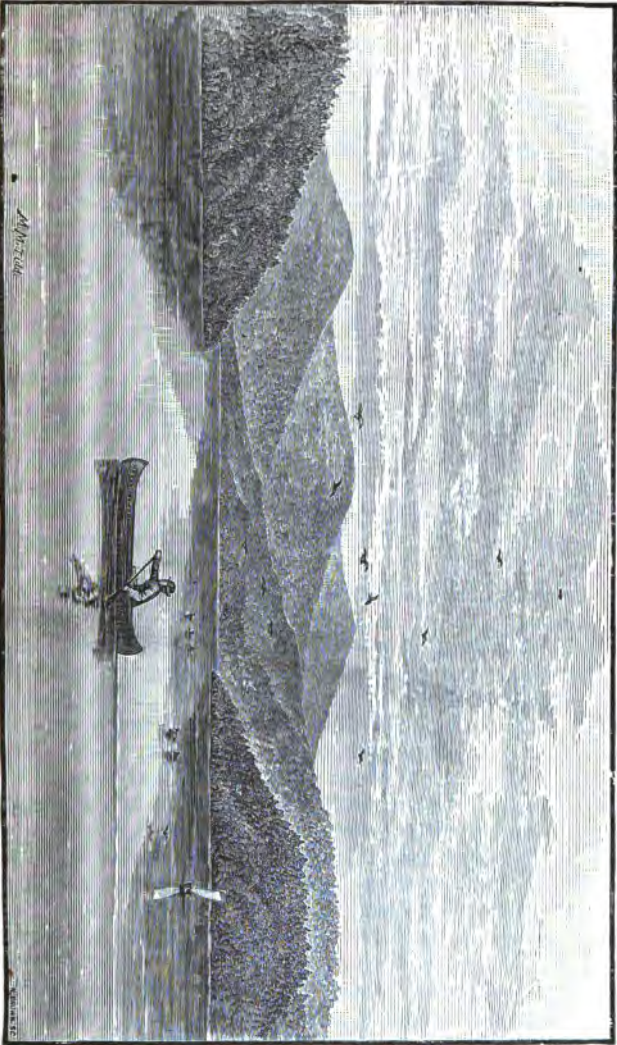
Due north the great white peaks of Azischoos—the highest mountain in this vicinity, and one of the highest in Maine—rises almost to the snow line. We have before spoken of it as furnishing a magnificent view of the entire lake region, and some tourists think the view from its summit superior to that from Mount Washington. Its ascent from the hotel is quite easy, and you can now ride within two miles of the top. From its summit over one hundred sheets of water may be counted. Ladies often ascend this mountain, the paths having been much improved within the past two years. You should take about a day for the excursion, the team taking you to the foot of the mountain in the morning, and

calling for you in the afternoon. Take provisions from the hotel, and have a picnic dinner on the summit, and I will guarantee that you cannot pass a pleasant day more agreeably.

There are two peaks to Aziscohos, but the southern is lower than the northern, and is overgrown with scrub spruce. It does not offer as fine views, and is harder of access; unless a person possesses more curiosity than sense, they will not be likely to visit it. The distance between the two peaks is over half a mile, and the walking difficult. On the highest peak under a small cairn of stones, a covered tin box is placed, containing records left by parties who ascend the mountain. Nearly every visitor contributes to this journal, and it forms interesting reading for each new comer. We quote here from a private journal, giving a good idea of the time and labor spent in reaching its summit. The writer says:—

“We went up through the settlement and turned off from the road to the east, passing through the pastures; about two miles from camp we entered the forest and commenced the ascent of the mountain. The path, if it can be called such, is made by spotting the trees (hewing small places on their trunks to guide travelers on their way); but even this was so obscure that it was with considerable difficulty that we could keep the trail. The distance from the commencement of the ascent to the summit is two miles, much of it being very steep, making the task of climbing it by no means an easy one. After toiling up the steep path awhile, the light suddenly came streaming through the thick forest, and we soon came out from among the trees over beautiful beds of thick green moss, covering huge square masses of granite of which this mountain is composed. Many of the blocks were as square and as straight as though split by art. The quality is rather coarse, and the color almost white. There were also large quantities of the little snow-white cranberries, which grow so plentifully in these northern latitudes among the moss. They were covered with fruit just ripe and of delicious flavor. Passing these we soon reached the

easterly summit, which is the highest. The mountain is covered with forest, all but about one thousand acres of the summit, which has been burned over, and is one immense blueberry field, except a few acres of the top, which is bare and rugged granite. The view from the top amply repaid us for the labor of the ascent, and is, I think the finest I ever saw, *not even excepting that seen from Mount Washington*. Standing on the extreme peak the eye takes in the whole horizon. Away in the south lies Umbagog Lake; a little farther east, Welokennebacook and Molechunkamunk Lakes; over beyond, and connecting with them, is the Mooselucmagantic Lake, with two large and densely wooded islands in the centre. Still farther in the north-east is Oquossoc Lake, with the little town of Rangeley lying on the hill-side beyond, and there were others whose names I could not ascertain. In the south could be traced the course of the beautiful Magalloway, which sparkled in the sunlight, a silver ribbon, as it wound its circuitous course up through the forest-clad country until lost to view under the mountain. Over it could be seen Mount Washington, and the whole chain of the White Mountains, towering up against the southern sky like a gigantic barrier between us and the country beyond them. In the east Katahdin lifted his lofty peak, far away in the distance, the noble rival of Mount Washington, and but five hundred feet lower. Between us and that could be seen the great basin of Moosehead Lake, but we were not high enough to see the water. From this point around to the north and west is one vast forest, extending as far as the eye can reach, the horizon being bounded by mountains. The blueberries were just in their prime, and we feasted upon them until we could eat no longer. They were of very large size, and the ground was blue with them. I had the curiosity to measure one, and found it to be one inch and three-fourths in circumference, and I counted twenty-seven large and fully ripe berries in one cluster. The wind was very strong and high on the summit, and we built a large fire in order to keep comfortable. We stopped on the summit over an hour, and returned to camp about



PARMACHENESE LAKE, LOOKING WEST.

five o'clock, exceedingly pleased with our first, but by no means last, excursion to the summit of Aziscohos."

The hotel in the Upper Settlement is kept by Fred. Flint, whose terms are \$2.00 per day. It accommodates about thirty people. It stands on level ground, with the Magalloway River behind it, and Aziscohos Mountain in front. The ride from the steamboat landing up to Flint's is very pleasant, the road being excellent the entire distance. The river, valley, and mountains engross your attention and you obtain many charming views.

A short distance above Flint's, the road turns east and runs across Clark's farm, then enters the woods. Passing Clark's house, which is the last frame building you see, you have only the great wilderness before you, dotted with an occasional camp. His farm is the extreme limit of the cleared land on the river. At this place the Magalloway falls over a long succession of ledges down the ravine between Aziscohos and Parker Hill, so called. The entire length of the fall is variously estimated at from two hundred to three hundred feet.

As you go up across the farm there is a good view of the river valley below, and of a great semicircular mountain to the west of it called the Half-Moon. Beyond Clark's farm, the road crosses a sparkling mountain brook, and then climbs a steep hill. Bear, caribou, and deer are quite commonly met with on this road, and some ten or twelve were seen there at different times last summer, (1886.) Before reaching the dam you pass on the right-hand side of the road what was formerly known as Flint's Camp. It is not inhabited now, and is fast being torn to pieces by some persons who seem to have no respect for property, nor no fear of the law. The upper end of the falls where you come out of the carry road is a very wild-looking place.

The stream, black as ink, and overhung with straggling spruce, rolls tumultuously down over huge stones. The roar is heavy and continuous. Some of the "pitches," show a perpendicular fall of twenty feet or more. In one of these, some years ago, a lumberman was drowned. His name

(*Jack Abram*) is cut in a spruce trunk at the foot of the pitch. Whether his spirit wanders about the spot at midnight we know not, although strange sights and sounds are sometimes seen and heard there. The "big pitch" seems to be a fatal place for lumbermen, as several have met death there since poor Jack, the last unfortunate having lost his life in July, 1886.

At the head of the Falls, a few rods above the dam, is the steamboat landing, and from here the boat makes daily trips up the river.

From the head of the Falls to the Little Magalloway is thirty-three miles. Parties who wish to ascend the river leisurely, and fish or hunt on the way, will find logging camps along the river bank every few miles, where they can camp out comfortably. These camps are not in use by the lumbermen between the first of May and the first of November, and the owners do not object to sportsmen using them, providing they respect the rights of property, and leave the buildings and contents in as good shape as they find them. Where parties use these camps, especial care should be taken to extinguish all fires upon leaving.

Above the Falls there is smooth water to the Narrows, ten miles; the river averages from six to ten rods in width. It is deep and black, an aspect enhanced by the fir forest on either bank, dark green, sombre, and profoundly quiet. The most noticeable feature about the stream is its silence. The current creeps on steadily, and in some places is so swift as to moderate the speed of the steamer. The crooks and bends are numerous. The peaks of moderately high mountains on both sides of the river valley are from time to time to be seen over the fir-tops. Aziscohos is now before you, and then behind, according to the crooks and turns of the river; then to the left and right. A tall, dark hill, known as Emery's Misery, plays similar tricks. Beaver Hill, a pine-clad ridge to the east of the valley, is also noticeable.

There are many excellent camping-places to be met with along the banks of the river, and one can make a choice.

Wood and water, the great requisites for camp life, are plenty at every point.

Ducks, partridges, and other game are to be met with along the river, and, taken in addition to the trout, will keep the larder well supplied.

Two miles above the Falls you pass Beaver Brook on your right,—a good fishing point. A half hour spent here will give you a good mess of trout. The next fishing-places are Parker Hill Pond Eddy, four miles from the Falls, and Bog Brook, which comes in on the left, five miles. The Narrows is also a good point for fishing. The current in the Narrows is very swift, but the steamer has no trouble in stemming it. The stream here is not more than twenty feet wide, with a high ledge on each side, and through this narrow channel the current runs like a mill-sluice.

Five miles above the Narrows you reach Hunter's Camp, a good fishing-point, and a mile beyond this you pass the Lower Metallak Pond, a pretty little expanse opening into the Magalloway by a broad outlet on the west side. There are two Metallak Ponds. The upper one is on the east side of the river, and is not in sight from it.

Four miles farther up, and you emerge from the evergreen forest, and reach the Meadows, which extend for twelve miles along the banks, and are of themselves worth a visit. Scattered over this land are some of the finest elm-trees you ever saw. Through the Meadows the current is very swift, and the stream more crooked, if possible, than below. Round wood-berries are very thick in this locality, and it is asserted by men who have logged in this region that robins often pass the winter here, living on the berries. The Upper Metallak Pond is about half way through the Meadows. A short distance below the Upper Metallak Pond are some lumbermen's camps which are frequently used by parties camping out. There is good fishing near both the ponds, and at each end of the Narrows.

Lincoln Pond, two miles long and one mile wide, is a fine sheet of water some three miles from the river. It is surrounded entirely by heavy forests, and the locality is one of

the prettiest throughout the length and breadth of the State, and is very attractive to either tourists or sportsmen. The pond is well stocked with the spotted brook trout, running in weight from a few ounces to several pounds; bait-fishing is good here in May and June, and fly-fishing the balance of the season. Most kinds of game that inhabit the northern woods can be met with in the vicinity of Lincoln Pond, and the larger animals, such as deer, moose, and caribou, are frequently shot each year upon its shores. There is a camp at the pond that sportsmen can use, but if you want a boat, and you will find one very handy there, you will have to carry one in. If you carry a tent, and prefer living in it to living in a log hut, you will find plenty of very pleasant camping sites all around the shores of this lovely little sheet of water. A spotted trail runs from the Upper Metallak directly to Lincoln Pond.

Leaving the Meadows behind the steamer once more enters the fir woods and shortly arrives at the Grass Eddy, the end of steamboat navigation. From this point a new road is to be cut a short distance to intersect with the old carry road near the Forks.

The road runs from Parmachenee Landing, on the main river, a short distance above the Forks, to Lake Parmachenee, which is three miles distant. It passes near Flint's old camp, which having been deserted for several years, is fast becoming a ruin, and Sunday Pond, lying back of it. Going towards Parmachenee, the road is quite steep part of the way. It terminates at the foot of the Lake, near the outlet, in plain sight of Danforth's Camp. A cross-road from the main carry turns off to the right and ends at the dam; and here you begin your trip on the lake.

Leaving the gorge, you pull up the outlet above the dam, passing Black Cat Brook, that empties into the main stream from between two hills on the east side. It is said there are beaver in this stream, but we cannot vouch for them. From the dam to the lake proper, at Loon Point, is about a mile.

On the east side of the outlet, a forest fire has killed the

growth far up the ridge, and the dead trunks have fallen in every direction.

Near the lake the outlet bends sharply to the west, around a bushy point. Doubling this, the lake in all its beauty lies spread out before you, and it certainly is one of the most beautiful sheets of water I have ever seen.

It is not so large as Mooselucmagantic, Umbagog, or perhaps a score of others; but it is prettier than them all. Its entire length is not more than three miles; and its greatest breadth, from the mouth of Moose Brook on the east shore, to the foot of Bose-Buck Cove at the southwest corner, is not over two miles.

Most of the main lakes are long and narrow; Parmachenee is an exception. It fills a natural basin, walled about by high-wooded hills, some of which are mountains of note. Bose-Buck, at the foot of the cove of the same name, is one of the finest cone-shaped peaks in New England.

Two hunters, with their dog Bose, were skirting the lake, —as the story runs. For some days they had shot nothing, and were suffering for food. As they passed the foot of the cove, Bose started a buck, which ran directly up the side of the mountain, till the dog overtook and pulled it down. So they named the peak *Bose's Buck*.

In the north-east, too, a very high blue mountain is visible over the nearer peaks. This is one of the Boundary Mountains. Over all the hills which border the lake shores a heavy mixed growth comes down to the water's edge.

On the west side, above the cove, there is a gradual slope leading up from the shore for a mile to the height of land.

There are no islands in the lower part of the lake. Towards the northern end, and above Indian Field Point, there is a chain of three wooded islets extending down in a line; and above these there are numerous curious floating islands, some of an acre in extent, which rise and fall with the lake surface.

An hour's rowing will bring you up to Indian Point, which from the south side seems a part of the north shore, but which in reality separates the lake from a roomy expanse of a square mile or more, known as Indian Cove.



Passing between the second and third of the wooded islands, you enter the inlet where the Magalloway enters the lake. Following the Magalloway for a quarter of a mile, you reach the site of Cleveland's lower camp, of which there are only a few ruins. This is a good place to establish your head-quarters, although of course there are plenty of other places where you may camp if you choose. A mile and a half above here are Little Boy's Falls.

Although most of the ponds in the vicinity of Little Boy's Falls furnish good sport to anglers, we would speak particularly of Duck Pond and Rump Pond. The latter is five miles above the falls, while Duck Pond is still nearer. Small trout are also very plenty in all the ponds throughout this section. A spotted trail over an old "tote road" runs from near Little Boy's Falls across the forest to the Second Connecticut Lake, a distance of eight miles, the road being plain enough for any person to follow. A small camp has been built on this carry, about half-way across, and may be used by parties wishing to stop on the road over night. It is simply a shelter, and those availing themselves of its protection will have to find their own supplies and do their own cooking.

Camp Caribou is located on Treat's Island, near the head of Parmachenee Lake. The proprietor, John Danforth, is one of the best guides in the region. As Mr. Danforth is away from the camp the most of the time, guiding different parties, he employs able assistants to manage the establishment, which they do to the satisfaction of all who stop with them.

The hotel consists of four buildings, one being four stories high. The different camps contain a kitchen, dining-room, ladies' sitting-room, gentleman's sitting and smoking-room, single and double sleeping-rooms, etc. All the buildings were constructed by Mr. Danforth, as well as the furniture used in them, and are as neat specimens of wood-work as you will find anywhere; they stand there in the northern wilderness, miles from civilization, a monument of his energy, perseverance, and skill. Mr. Danforth has an embryo museum, containing already quite a large number of curiosi-

ties, in one of his camps, that is always open for the inspection of guests. Additions are constantly being made to it.

Camp Caribou has good accommodations for fifty guests. The terms for sportsmen are \$2.00 per day, and \$1.50 for guides.

As Mr. Danforth makes his home at his camp all the year round, he has spent some of his leisure time in winter in building a number of small camps, now numbering eight, on different ponds and streams, in the vicinity of Parmachenee, and the head-waters of the Magalloway. Some of them are within a few hours' travel of this hotel; others, a day's tramp or more away. They are all furnished with an ordinary camp kit, and are for the exclusive use of Mr. Danforth's guests. John keeps a large and varied quantity of supplies at Camp Caribou, and can furnish stores and blankets to camping-parties who need them. He also furnishes boats and guides.

The following are the distances from Camp Caribou to some of the hunting-grounds and fishing-points in the vicinity: Moose Brook, $\frac{1}{4}$ mile; Otter Pond, 2 miles; Long Pond, 2 miles; Big Eddy, $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles; Little Magalloway, 4 miles; Little Boy's Falls, 2 miles; Otter Creek, 3 miles; Outlet, 1 mile; Inlet, $\frac{3}{4}$ mile; Hardscrabble, $\frac{3}{4}$ mile; Rump Pond, 8 miles; Arnold's Bog, 12 miles.

September is the best time to visit this lake, as then the trout-fishing is excellent. Game of all kinds is plenty here, and it is not promising our readers too much to say, that if they are ordinary good hunters they may bring back a deer, and even a moose.

A party composed of four persons and a guide, which is as large as any party should be, can make the trip from Boston to Parmachenee and return, being absent from the city three weeks, at an expense of \$50.00 each. This would be sufficient to cover the cost of the guide's services, \$2.50 per day.

The altitude of Parmachenee Lake is not far from 2,500 feet; the air is clear and bracing, and will give a dyspeptic individual an appetite that will astonish him, and he can satisfy the craving of his stomach without fear of paying a

penalty afterwards, for the exercise about the woods will keep his digestive organs in good order. Life in a tent for three weeks on the romantic shores of Parmachenee will do more good for him than all the doctors in Boston could in three years. Nature is a skilful physician, and to the over-worked business man, and all others who feel a restless longing for change, we say, start for the Maine woods, leaving all care behind you, and, our word for it, you will come back to the city a healthier and better man. The "proof of the pudding is in the eating," and, if you don't believe us, try it.



CHAPTER XVIII.

Andover, Quinz, as a Summer Resort.



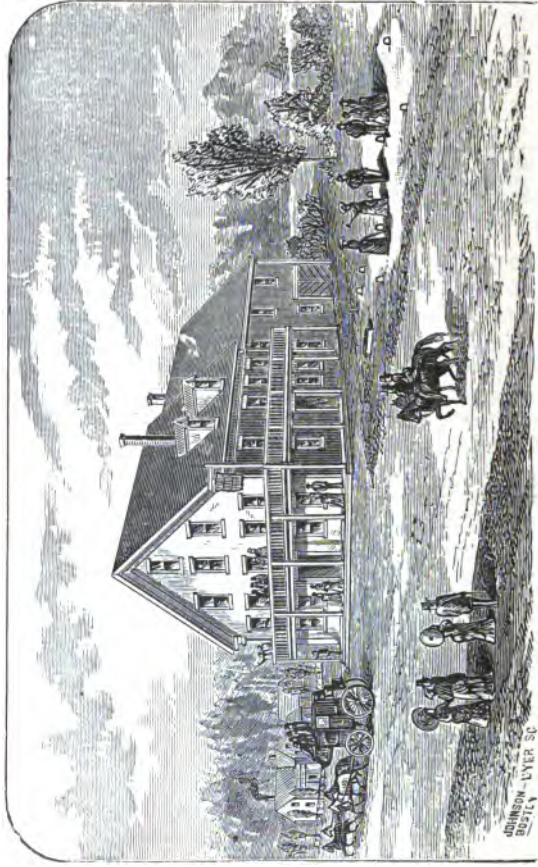
THE village of Andover, Maine, one of the loveliest in New England, although comparatively unknown until within a few years, to the great mass of tourists and pleasure-seekers, is now universally conceded to be one of the most desirable places east of the Rocky Mountains in which to spend the summer. It is situated in Oxford County, twenty-one miles from Bryant's Pond, a station on the Grand Trunk Railway, with which place it is connected by a first-class line of daily stages, owned by A. S. Tuttle & Son.

Its altitude, some 500-feet above the sea, is about the same as that of North Conway, N. H., to which place it bears a strong resemblance. Indeed, so near alike is the general appearance of the two places, that the traveler who is familiar with the landscape of North Conway will at once, upon first visiting Andover, remark upon the strong likeness between the two villages. We present our readers with an engraving showing the village from a hill on the Lake Road, on the east side of the Ellis River.

Like North Conway, Andover is surrounded by mountain ranges, among which are some of the highest peaks of the State. But at Andover one is more likely to be impressed with the mountain scenery than at North Conway, from the fact that the mountains lie a little farther away; thus adding to the delicate beauty of their outline, and concealing in part that rugged grandeur which a nearer approach reveals.

"Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,"

and the mountains are just far enough away to impress one favorably with their height and general appearance, while



ANDOVER HOUSE, ANDOVER, MAINE.

giving you a longing desire to become more intimately acquainted with their beauties.

The Ellis River is to Andover what the Saco is to North Conway, and adds largely to the beauty of the landscape, as it flows through a charming intervale, twisting and turning, its clear and laughing waters flashing like silver in the sunlight, now dancing merrily through some broad meadow, and anon quietly creeping through some sequestered nook, until at length it is lost in the more turbid waters of the Androscoggin, into which stream it empties near the ferry at Rumford.

Andover is easily accessible from Boston, it being but ten hours' travel by rail and stage between the two places. The stage ride from Bryant's Pond to Andover is a pleasing experience, long to be remembered, as the road, instead of being a succession of hills, as in the White Mountain region, is level the entire distance, and follows the valleys of the Androscoggin and Ellis Rivers the whole way, presenting to the traveler some of the most charming views to be met with in New England. Andover is connected with the outside world by both mail and telephone. The telephone office is but a few steps from the hotels. The post-office is in the same building. Letters mailed in Andover in the morning reach Boston on the evening of the same day, and New York the next morning.

There are two excellent hotels in the village, known as the Andover House and French's Hotel, with accommodations for about one hundred and fifty guests.

A good stable is connected with each of the hotels, where one can obtain teams at very reasonable prices. In this connection we must speak of the Buckboards, or Springboards, which are an institution in this place, and which are the easiest and most comfortable teams for mountain riding that the writer has ever met with. This vehicle is a universal favorite with the ladies, who, after giving it one trial, can scarcely be persuaded to ride in anything else.

There are several private boarding-houses in Andover, with accommodations for from twelve to thirty persons. Among

those best known are Cushman's, with accommodations for thirty; Clark's, twelve; Poor's, twenty.

There is an apothecary, dry and fancy goods, millinery, and several grocery stores in the place, also carriage and blacksmith shops, as well as several starch, grist, and lumber mills. The Andover Trotting Park is one of the institutions of the village, and several very fine races have been trotted there. It is situated near the main street a short distance from the hotels, and has a half-mile track.

The educational facilities for such a place as this are unusually good, there being four school districts, with five school-houses, which are kept open for school nine months in the year.

There are two religious societies, both occupying comfortable churches, the Congregationalist and Methodist.

A Town Hall, capable of seating three hundred people, is used for political meetings and social entertainments. The churches, stores, post and telephone offices and hall, are within a stone's throw of the hotels, making it very convenient for guests to visit them whether the weather be clear or stormy.

Within the last three years several gentlemen, who have long been visitors to Andover, have built very pretty modern cottages near the centre of the village, and now spend the summer in this quiet town among the mountains. Their example will no doubt be followed by others, until Andover will have during the summer quite a community of cottagers.

Besides being a most delightful retreat for a person to spend a vacation, or to linger through a summer, Andover is one of the most favorable places for a person to stop who is any way afflicted with catarrhal complaints. Its invigorating and health-giving mountain air is a sure and speedy cure for

Rose Cold and Hay Fever,

and the ordinary catarrh yields readily to its influences. The writer is acquainted with several who visit this place every

summer, for the relief afforded them from the above complaints.

In the number of its beautiful drives Andover far surpasses many of the older summer resorts, and we think it can favorably compare with any other town in the mountains for the number of its places of interest. Of these we shall now speak, commencing with those easily reached from the hotels at the "Corner."





MT. SAWYER, AND SLUICE DAM, BLACK BROOK NOTCH, ANDOVER ME.

CHAPTER XIX.

Drives Around Andover.



To Roxbury Pond, Black Brook Notch,
White Cap Mountain, and
Farmer's Hill.

Do not doubt if in New England there is a more beautiful expanse of water than this lovely pond. It is situated in the town of Roxbury, five miles distant from the village of Andover, on the road leading to Mexico and Dixfield, on the east side of the Ellis River. It is a mile and a half long, by a mile wide, and contains two islands, the largest of which is about four acres in extent, and is known as I. C. Island. Mr. John A. French, of Andover has built a small summer house on the Island, for the entertainment of visitors, and placed several boats on the pond, which may be hired at low prices. About a third of the shore around the pond consists of a splendid beach of hard and white sand, furnishing fine facilities for bathing. The pond is noted for its pickerel fishing, and some of the largest specimens of this fish we have ever seen have been caught in its waters. Mr. French has also stocked it with black bass, which will add to its value with those fond of fishing. In several parts of it water-lilies grow luxuriantly. The pond is surrounded by high wooded hills, with farms on the cleared slopes, and is as pretty a sheet of water as one would wish to see. Half a day is sufficient to visit the pond, although we are confident that you will not be contented with one drive in that direction.

Black Brook Notch

is on the lake road, nine miles from Andover Corner and four

from Smith's Mill. Here the Sawyer Mountain and Blue Mountain meet, leaving a passage just wide enough between their granite sides for one team to pass through. It is a wild-looking place, and numerous slides that have occurred here show how the rugged mountain has succumbed to the action of the frost-king. To add to the desolation of the place, a fire run through here a few years ago, leaving the bleached rocks bare, and the blackened trunks of the trees standing like statues in armor in some deserted castle. Many of the trees have fallen, and lay piled in all shapes and directions, forming an almost impassable barrier to any one attempting to leave the road. From the top of Cedar Hill the best view of the Notch is obtained. A large cliff on the side of Sawyer Mountain is pointed out to you as a place where bears are frequently seen. Through this deep mountain gorge the waters of Black Brook roar and tumble, for miles beyond. Across the brook at this place a sluice dam has been built, to hold back the water in spring so that logs may be run down the stream. Up and down the brook, for several miles in this vicinity, the trout-fishing is excellent, a catch of five hundred not being considered an unusual day's work. There was one week in June, 1877, when it was estimated that a thousand trout a day were taken out of this stream, and still there were plenty left.

White Cap.

This mountain is one of the prominent features of the landscape about Andover, and is seven miles south-east from the village. There is a good carriage road to within a mile of the top, and the drive hither is very pleasant; its summits afford some excellent views of the surrounding country, that up and down the Ellis River Valley, being unusually fine. Portland is visible from it on a fair day, there being no high hills intervening to obstruct the view. It is largely resorted to in the fall, by people living in the vicinity, to gather blueberries, which fruit grows in astonishing quantities on its bare, round summit.

Farmer's Hill,

another sightly elevation, lies north-east from Andover Cor-

ner, a distance of four miles. The road runs through a pleasant farming country, and the view to be obtained from its top is thought by some to be equal to that from White Cap. The whole valley of the Ellis River, and the village of Andover lie spread out like a map to the west, while in the east a startling array of mountains, some of great height, rise before you, forming a pleasing landscape for the eye to linger on. The excursion may be easily made in half a day.

A great many hops are raised yearly in this vicinity, and during the picking season the fields are alive with girls, whose nimble fingers transfer the hops from the poles to the baskets. During the hop-picking there is at least one dance a week, in some farmer's barn, and the lads and lasses have gay times. A hop-picking without an occasional dance would be decidedly unfashionable.

Sawyer's Notch

is another gap in the mountains, similar in character to Black Brook Notch, although perhaps not so well worth a visit as the latter place. Still the scenery here is far from being tame, and the Sawyer Brook, which runs through the gorge, is an excellent place for trout, and is annually resorted to by fishermen who have become acquainted with its merits. A colony of beavers located here a few years ago, and built a dam across the stream, which is quite a curiosity. It is six miles from the hotels, over a good road, and can be easily visited in the forenoon or afternoon.

A path starts from near the head of the Notch, that leads to C Pond, about four miles beyond. This sheet of water, although not very large, is well stocked with trout, and is charmingly located at the foot of the mountain. It is the head waters of the Dead Cambridge River. The scenery about it is wild and romantic. "C Pond Bluff," so called, is an immense ledge of rock, that overhangs the upper end of this miniature lake. It is about three miles from Lakeview Cottage at the South Arm of Lake Welokennebacook to this pond.



UPPER FALL, CATARACT BROOK, ANDOVER, ME.

CHAPTER XX.

Waterfalls and Cascades.

The Cataracts, Upper and Lower Falls, Cascade, Basin and Flume.



VERY pleasant ride is the "DRIVE AROUND THE SQUARE,"—a distance of about eight miles. Leaving the hotels, you drive down the stage road, which is the principal street in the village, and some eighty feet wide, to South Andover; and, turning to the left, you cross the Ellis River, by a covered bridge, obtaining a magnificent view of the broad meadows, which stretch north for several miles, and again turning to the left, follow the Ellis up, driving as far as the covered bridge, at the "Corner," where you again cross the river, and return to the hotels.

Between eight and ten in the morning, while the early freshness of the day is upon the hills and valleys, or after four in the afternoon, when the sun is beginning slowly to decline, and the shadows to fall softly on the mountains, is by far the prettiest time to take this drive.

Five miles from the village, on the lake road, are the Devil's Den, Hermit Falls, and Silver Ripple Cascade, which we have given a full description of in Chapter VI.; it is therefore unnecessary to repeat it here. Suffice it to say that there is no more beautiful excursion to be made in the vicinity of Andover than this, and an entire day should be devoted to it, which can easily be done by making a picnic dinner one of the features of the excursion.

We will now speak of

The Cataracts,

a most charming series of falls and cascades, whose beauties cannot be too highly praised. They are situated on Frye's

Brook, or the Cataract Brook, as it is sometimes called, about five miles from the "Corner." The road follows Old Maid Brook for most of the way, and runs through woods that furnish a most agreeable shade from the hot rays of the sun. After leaving the village the houses are few and far between, and the road is very quiet. The ride is not surpassed by any in the vicinity of Andover, and is a favorite one with all visitors to the place.

Turning from the road we enter a clearing, where the team is left, and a lovely walk of half a mile up the mountain side, which is covered with a varied growth of hard and soft wood, brings you to the first or

Lower Fall.

This partakes somewhat of the character of "Artist's Fall" at North Conway, but is far prettier. The volume of water at any season of the year is also larger. The water flows over a dark cliff, and the sides of the brook, being semicircular in shape, furnish the visitor with a good view from any direction.

A few rods above is the

Upper Fall,

an engraving of which we present to our readers. The water here comes down in two falls, the whole height being about sixty feet. The entire bed of the stream where the water makes its first leap is solid rock, and at the bottom of the first half of the fall is a round basin in the rock, of unfathomable depth, according to local tradition. The water and frost have played sad havoc with the granite walls of the stream at this place, and immense boulders have fallen off from the upper part of the cliff, and lie in the stream at the base of the second fall.

There are thick woods here on each side, and the place has an indescribable charm, that will cause one to linger as if unable to tear himself away from its beautiful scenery. It would furnish a fitting abode for a sylvan goddess, and we can almost imagine some Diana to appear and welcome us.

Leaving this sequestered retreat, we follow the stream up



STYVAN CASCADE, CATARACT BROOK, ANDOVER, ME.

the mountain side for half a mile farther, the bare and scarred summit of Old Bald Pate frowning down upon us, as if questioning our right to invade his domain, and reach one of the most lovely places to be found on this most beautiful stream. Here the mountain torrent pours over the whitest of granite rock, worn smooth as glass from the action of the water, forming a series of delightful cascades, known as the

Sylvan Cascades.

Here the sunlight streams in, causing the water to sparkle like diamonds, and furnishing a strong comparison to the darkness of the Flume above. There are basins worn in the solid rock here, that for beauty of shape and finish would put to shame any work of art. One can sit here for hours feasting the eye on the exquisite beauties of the place, the ear enchanted by the gentle murmur of the rippling waters.

If one is inclined to solitude no more beautiful spot could be found in which to indulge in pensive mood, for here you are entirely surrounded by nature. The murmuring stream, the granite rocks, the dark forest, lit up a little by the delicate birch and silver maple,—below, the valley to which the torrent hastens,—above, the frowning peaks of mountains, and over all the clear blue sky,—majestic canopy of earth.

We present our readers with an engraving made from a photograph taken at this spot.

Less than an eighth of a mile above is quite a wonder of nature, known as

The Flume.

Here, for several hundred feet on both sides of the brook, the rocks rise to a height of from twenty to sixty feet, the stream flowing along the bottom. A tree has been felled so as to fall across the chasm, affording an insecure bridge by which to cross. The width varies from ten to twenty feet. A thick growth of fir and pine has obtained a foothold on each side of the cliff, shutting out the sun, except perhaps for a few moments at noon, when it is directly overhead. The darkness adds to the solemn appearance of the place,

and you gaze with feelings of awe along the cavernous sides of the frightful-looking ravine before you,—

“Through the narrow rift
Of the vast rocks, against whose rugged feet
Beats the mad torrent with perpetual roar,
Where noonday is as twilight, and the winds
Come burdened with the everlasting moan
Of forests and of far-off waterfalls.”

We present our readers with a capital engraving of the Flume on the following page.

One summer, the writer, with another gentleman from Boston, followed this stream nearly to its source, and the places mentioned in this book are only a few of the many that are to be found along its banks. It is, in fact, the finest mountain stream we have ever seen, and we have visited a large number. Your interest is enhanced, and new beauties are unfolded at every step of your advance, and an entire day may be most profitably and agreeably spent in exploring its hidden mysteries. Any lady who is a good mountain-climber can visit all the special places of interest on this stream in one day, if pressed for time; but of course more pleasure could be derived from a slower examination.

A few years ago a gentleman narrowly escaped from a serious accident at this place. He was crossing the flume by means of the tree that spanned the chasm, and had reached the middle when his feet slipped and down he came. By good luck he caught at the tree, and held on until his companion rescued him from his perilous situation. At either end of the flume one can cross the stream without danger.

It is comparatively easy to make the ascent of Bald Pate Mountain by following up the stream and branches, as they rise very near the summit. If this route does not present as smooth walking as the path through the woods, it has the advantage of being more direct, and, consequently, shorter, enabling one to make the same time as by the woodland path. In following up the stream keep to the right-hand side. Before you reach the head, you cross three branches that empty in from the right.



THE FLUME, CATARACT BROOK, ANDOVER, ME.

CHAPTER XXI.

Bald Patz Mountain.

The Ascent, and View from its Summit.



THIS lofty peak is one of several mountains that lie west of the village of Andover, and is reached from the same place as the "Cataracts." From the hotels in the village to the summit it is nine miles, of which five can be done in a team. Leaving the road at the Cataract path, you commence the ascent of the mountain, the base being thickly covered with woods. A "blazed" path leads to the top, but it is very blind, and if you have not had considerable experience in woodcraft, the chances are ten to one that you will lose it before reaching the summit. It is safer, and therefore, more preferable, to take a guide with you. But, if you "go it alone," and lose your way, climb a tree, as the summit is visible from the top of any reasonably high tree for miles around.

Before reaching the bare ground, you go through a thicket of scrub spruce that is evidently placed there to try a man's patience. If you don't lose it before you struggle through this wicked net-work of shrubbery, you must be a saint. For the last three-quarters of a mile the mountain is bare of trees, but is covered until within a few hundred yards of the top with mountain-cranberries. The singular bleak and bare appearance of the top of this mountain is no doubt what suggested its name, to those who live on the east side of it. Although it is a double-peaked mountain, of the saddle-back shape, but one peak is visible, the northern, from Andover. When viewed from the west, however, anywhere between Bethel and Lake Umbagog, it shows two peaks, and is known to all the people living on its west side as "Saddleback."

Strangers are often confounded by the two names. Its western slopes form one of the walls of Grafton Notch. Near the northern end there is a crevice running nearly across the mountain, from one to four feet wide, and from ten to fifty feet deep. The summit commands a fine view in every direction, and on a fair day many of the lakes are plainly to be seen. This is the fourth highest mountain in Maine, and cannot be far from three thousand feet above the sea level. Like Mount Washington, it is frequently enveloped in clouds, and snow remains on it some seasons until late in July. It is a hard mountain to climb, but, once on top, the prospect amply repays you for your labor in reaching it. It will take about two hours to make the ascent, and one will need the better part of the day to make the trip easily.

One summer, the writer, accompanied by a gentleman who was a fellow-boarder in the hotel, made the ascent under somewhat unfavorable circumstances.

Learning at the hotel that there was a very fine view to be obtained from its summit, we started one day after dinner to climb Old Bald Pate. We reached the clearing at the base of the mountain about two o'clock, and after fastening our horse, started up. Taking the cataract path, we went up for nearly a mile without difficulty. Here the path ended, and we began to look for the blazed trees. We missed them, but found a blazing sun that was rather warm for mountain-climbing. After a half hour spent in useless search, we concluded to go on, and travel by the sun. After an hour of weary climbing we had reached the summit of the mountain we were on, and found we had lost our way. My companion climbed a spruce tree,—he was a real spruce young fellow,—to learn our position, and, upon descending, said that Bald Pate lay a mile or more to the left of us. So we tramped on, down the back side of the mountain that we were then on, and finally saw Bald Pate towering a mile or two above and beyond us. Taking a careful look around to get the lay of the land, we started up again. The woods were thick and the underbrush troublesome, but we persevered, and finally worked our way up and through the lower belt of forest,

and came out amid a growth of scrub trees and bushes, with dead cedars and pines, killed by some forest fire, strewn about us in a perfect tangle. The hard old granite face of Bald Pate was now clearly in sight of us, but still a long way off. We were tired and thirsty, but we had left the hotel, contrary to the wishes of our friends, without a guide, intending to stand upon the top of Old Bald Pate without any help, and we meant to do it. So upwards we struggled. It was with a feeling of thanksgiving that we cleared the fallen trees, and stepped out on the barren rocks, where, if locomotion was still difficult, we were not compelled to climb or jump over a prostrate tree every three or four feet. A strong wind was blowing across the mountain, which felt very refreshing to our heated faces, but it cooled our bodies so rapidly that we were soon glad to put on our overcoats. We were now really suffering from thirst, and upon reaching the extreme summit we were overjoyed to find cool, clear water in the hollows of the ledge, which at that moment appeared like nectar to us. Lying flat upon the granite ledge, we drank and drank, until at last our thirst was satisfied. Not until then did we begin to feast our eyes upon the glorious view which was spread out before us in every direction.

In the north Half-Moon Mountain, Moose Mountain, and old Azischoos, stood out against the sky. To the north-west lay Umbagog and the Magalloway River, Mount Dustan and the Diamond Peaks, and the summits east of Dixville Notch. North-east the remainder of the Androscoggin Lakes were plainly discernible, their waters shining like gold in the last rays of the setting sun. The Ellis Valley and the village of Andover formed a beautiful picture in the east, and south-east and south-west rose the peaks of Grafton and Bear River Notch, hiding the fair village of Bethel from our view. From the highest point of the mountain we counted nearly a hundred other peaks surrounding us in different directions. On the extreme height of the summit we found a monument of stones, built by those who had made the ascent before us, and we added a few to the pile. The southern peak, the

lower of the two, about a mile distant, we did not visit. The presidential range of the White Mountains cannot be seen from Bald Pate. Speckled Mountain forming the western wall of Grafton Notch looms up some five hundred feet above it, and shuts out the view of the White Hills.

In blueberry time this mountain is a popular resort for bears, several having been shot here; but, fortunately for us, we did not run across any. As we were both unarmed, the bears would certainly have had the advantage in case they chose to attack us.

The clouds had now begun to envelop the mountain, and the chilliness of air had increased to such an extent as to be disagreeable, even with our overcoats on. It was seven o'clock, and high time we should be moving. So we started down, and as soon as we had reached the belt of timber began to look for the blazed path. We were fortunate enough to find it. A little way down we stopped at an immense spring, which is quite a curiosity in itself, and had a drink of its cool and sparkling waters. We had been told of this spring at the hotel, but had not found it on our way up. Our thirst satisfied, we continued on down the mountain, following the path until it became so dark we could not see the marks on the trees, and then we went at random.

Becoming alarmed, lest we should go too far out of our way, we struck for Cataract Brook, knowing in which direction it lay, and soon reached it. Following the bed of the stream we made better progress, because the rocks had been washed white by the freshets, and we could see where to step. Reaching the Upper Cataract Fall, we were compelled to take to the woods again. And now the trouble commenced; for by this time it had grown so dark that you could not see your hand before you, and the trees grew so thick together that we could not see the sky. Guided by the sound of the brook, we worked our way along, groping and stumbling, now uttering an exclamation of disgust, and then laughing heartily as the ludicrousness of the situation forced itself upon us. Finally, in climbing over a tree I disturbed a wasp's nest, and for a moment after I felt as if somebody

was using me for a pin-cushion. We moved away from that particular spot in a hurry, although at the imminent risk of breaking our necks as we tumbled over stumps, loose rocks and fallen trees, and when we had reached a safe distance we sat down for a few moments' rest and consultation. We knew we were within a quarter of a mile of the road, and very near the cataract path, and, that once found, a few moments' walk would place us beside our team; but to find the path was the difficulty, in the profound darkness by which we were enveloped. Striking a match we started a fire, and had just got it well blazing when we heard a team in the road. A few moments later we were joined by two men with lanterns, who had been sent out as a rescuing party, by our anxious friends from the hotel. By the aid of the lanterns we descended to the road in a few minutes; and reached the hotel at about eleven o'clock. We had been seven hours in making the ascent and descent of the mountain; but my companion agreed with me in thinking that we could do better another time.





SILVER RIPPLE CASCADE, BLACK BROOK, ANDOVER, ME.

CHAPTER XXII.

Excursions to Dunn's Notch and East B Hill.



AMONG other beautiful excursions in the vicinity of Andover, perhaps there is none from which one will derive a greater amount of pleasure than a visit to this wonderful work of nature. It is situated seven miles from Andover Corner, a short distance from the road leading to Umbagog Lake.

It is the same road that you have driven over to the "Cataracts," but you continue on two miles farther, stopping at the foot of a high hill.

Leaving the carriage-road, a walk of half a mile brings you to these walls of solid rock, so grand and impressive. The mountains here come together at a height of about 1,500 feet above the sea, leaving a passage scarcely ten feet wide between them.

The path to the Notch starts from the left-hand side of the road, and runs across a meadow, where grow in exhaustless numbers the most delicious wild strawberries. Then crossing the west branch of the Ellis, which rises in the hills above, you continue on through a dense forest, that furnishes a comfortable shade, and climb slowly up the mountain side. The path you follow was formerly a stage road, which, by passing through the Notch, cut off several miles of the distance between Andover and Umbagog Lake. For several years, however, it has not been used, owing to a bad wash-out, that carried a part of the road into a deep ravine. This occurred near the Notch, and the damage was so great that it was thought inexpedient to repair it, on account of the expense, and another road was accordingly built around it. The road has become somewhat overgrown with underbrush, but through this you can easily pick your way. The ascent

is steep, and you will be glad to rest occasionally before reaching the top. There has been some talk lately of having the County Commissioners lay out the road again, the State to make an appropriation of one thousand dollars to put it in repair.

As you climb up the side of the mountain there are occasional openings, from which you can get views of the farther side of the gorge, and of the picturesque stream which sings noisily far below you. On reaching the top, the awful grandeur of the scene is at once apparent; two large walls of rock, rising to a height of more than a thousand feet confront you, their sides rugged and scarred from long battle with the storm-king's forces. One immense mass of ledge, at the very head of the Notch, towers like a huge pinnacle far above all others. To the summit of this the adventurous tourist may clamber, not, however, without some little risk to his neck, and, seated on the top, command a magnificent view, extending down through the Notch for miles. The wild and weird character of the place is more forcibly brought to your mind here than from any other point, and this view alone will amply recompense you for the toil and time in visiting this charming spot. To gain a proper idea of the height, however, one should descend into the ravine, and gaze up at the huge pillar of stone which towers so far above. The stream, too, is seen falling like a silver thread, and flashing in the sunlight, now making a leap of several feet, and then flowing swiftly over the face of the rock, until it reaches the bottom of the ravine, through which it flows, emptying into the Ellis some miles below. A whole day should be taken for this excursion, as one needs at least four hours at the Notch.

East B Hill.

This slightly eminence is distant from the village of Andover about ten miles. It is a very pleasant excursion, and can easily be made in a day. The route lies over the same road as to Dunn's Notch; but, after reaching the point where you diverge to visit the Notch, the road rapidly rises, and you

have a long, tiresome climb up the side of a hill, that so far as height is concerned, might well be called a mountain, passing through a piece of woodland, which in the fall is an excellent place for partridges. At the top of this mountain there is a level plateau of a mile or more, across which you drive, and then descend to another valley, cross this, and up another long ascent, and you reach B Hill. From the Dunn's Notch path to the summit of B Hill there is not a house to be seen, and the ride through this lovely stretch of forest is a poem in itself.

The road is so narrow that the trees meet in many places, effectually protecting you from Old Sol's fiery glances. This is the most hilly of any of the drives in the vicinity of Andover; but the road is good, and the "buck board" makes easy travelling. Arriving at the top of the hill, which is over two thousand feet above the sea, you have a view, fully as fine as may be obtained from many mountains.

From north-west to north-east are to be seen Umbagog and the other Androscoggin Lakes, sandwiched in between the vast forests by which they are surrounded, appearing like silver gems against their dark green setting; to the south Old Bald Pate rears his frosty head, and in the west may be seen several of the White Mountain peaks,—Mount Washington, whose lofty summit kisses the clouds, and looks down upon the others. With a fair opera or field glass one is easily enabled to make out the different buildings. We publish a variety of fine photographic views of the places of interest mentioned in this chapter.



ON A BACKBOARD.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Excursions to Lake Umbagog, Magalloway River, and Dixville Notch.



PERSONS fond of natural scenery will find this one of the most enjoyable excursions that can be made from Andover, and it will occupy from a day and a half to two days. Start some fine day the first thing after dinner, accompanied by a few friends, and drive to Cambridge, N. H., at the foot of Lake Umbagog, a distance of seventeen miles, and put up for the night at the Lakeside Hotel, where you are sure of the best of accommodations.

The next morning, leaving the teams and driver to await your return, and accompanied by a well-filled lunch-basket,—don't forget that if you wish to keep good-natured,—take the steamer Parmachenee, and make the round trip of the lake and rivers, a distance of some seventy miles. The course lies up the Umbagog Lake, the route across which has been already fully described in Chapter IV., to Sunday Cove, thence back across the lake, and down the Androscoggin River to Errol Dam Landing, where a stop is made long enough for you to inspect the Dam, which is 'worth a visit; thence retrace the route four miles towards the lake, and enter the Magalloway River, up which serpentine stream you sail for eight or fourteen miles, according to the height of water in the river, stopping at the lower landing, (Littlehale's), during low water; from a high hill in this vicinity you will obtain several fine views of the surrounding country. In high water the steamer runs up the river six miles above Littlehale's Landing, stopping at the Upper Landing, (Flint's), and but a short distance from the hotel.

The steamer stops at either landing one hour, and you have ample time for a lunch on board and a stroll on shore, or a dinner at the hotel, before the whistle sounds the return. If at the lower landing you may visit the Berlin Mills House, two miles distant, by land, and obtain a good dinner for fifty cents. A team will take you to and from the boat free of expense, and during the ride you will obtain some charming views of the mountains that lie along the valley.

At two o'clock you "start down the river," and reaching the Androscoggin, again visit Errol Dam; thence retrace your course, crossing the lake to Sunday Cove; from there you are "homeward bound," and once more crossing the lake, at the most beautiful time of day for a sail, you reach Cambridge and the cosey Lakeside, about six o'clock. If you have taken the precaution to order supper to be ready on the arrival of the boat, you can at once satisfy the demands of hunger; and, starting immediately after supper, you will reach Andover about half past ten o'clock that night. If there is a moon nothing can be more lovely than this evening ride from Umbagog Lake to Andover. Or you can stop over night at the Lakeside Hotel, at Cambridge, and return to Andover the next morning after breakfast.

On all excursions where you are liable to be out after dark, proper care should be taken to dress warm, as the night air among the mountains is cool and sharp. Plenty of shawls and water-proofs for the ladies and overcoats and blankets for the gentlemen, are never amiss.

The above trip is a most enjoyable one, and is not so very expensive; and the larger the number the less the expense to each. The fare on the steamer will be \$2.00 each.

Dixville Notch.

To those who have never visited Dixville Notch a trip to this wild and romantic region is a pleasure long to be thought of. It is easily reached from Andover, and the trip can be readily made in two days, although three are preferable. The writer and a party of friends made the trip one summer, it occupying two days, and were enabled to see all the ob-

jects of interest, although they did not spend as much time in the vicinity of the Notch as they would have liked. The distance from the village to the Dix House is thirty-five miles,—just a pleasant day's ride, and not at all tiresome when done on a "buckboard."

Leaving the hotels early in the morning you drive half of the distance to the Lakeside hotel where you can procure a good dinner and have an hour's rest. An after dinner chat and cigar, on the broad piazza, with the lake spread out before you, backed by the mountains, is not a bad idea, *en passant*. By this time the horses will have been fed and rested, and you resume your seats, and ride the remaining distance, reaching the Notch about seven o'clock. The next day can be spent in climbing Jacob's Ladder, and viewing the country from Table Rock, visiting the Ice Cave, staring at the Profile, and going into ecstasies over the Flume and Cascades on the eastern side of the Notch,—for you are sure to do it. A visit to Columnar Rock, and a stroll along that side of the Notch, is also desirable. If piscatorially inclined and you have had the forethought to bring your rod and book of flies, you may stroll a short distance from the hotel and catch a good mess of trout for supper.

For the entire distance between the two places the scenery is charming, and the ride delightful. The road is first-rate, with the exception of a short distance in the heart of the Notch, and that is not at all dangerous. Some very pretty views of the Androscoggin River may be obtained at Errol, at which place you cross the stream by means of a covered bridge. For a more particular description of the scenery about Dixville Notch we refer you to former chapters of the book.

The Lake Umbagog and Dixville Notch trips may be combined in the following manner,—and this is by far the most satisfactory way to make the trip:—

Leave Andover early in the afternoon, and drive to the Lakeside Hotel in Cambridge, which you reach in time for supper, and where you will stop over night. The next morning take passage on the steamer, and enjoy the sail on



THE FLUME, DIXVILLE NOTCH, N.H.

the lake and rivers, touching at the places mentioned above, and leave the boat in the afternoon at Errol Dam. Have your teams leave the Lakeside, in Cambridge, about one o'clock in the afternoon and drive around to Errol Dam, which place they will reach about half past two or three, making sharp connection with the steamer. Then exchanging the boat for your buckboard, a drive of two hours will bring you to the Dix House on the western side of the Notch where you stop over night. Spend the next forenoon there, which will give you abundant time to see all of interest; order a twelve-o'clock dinner, and leave the Notch at one o'clock, sharp, arriving at Errol Dam at three P. M., in time to connect with the steamer. As the boat runs to Sunday Cove before going down the lake to Cambridge, you will have a delightful sail of twenty-two miles, and your teams will reach the Lakeside as soon as you do. After supper you can drive to Andover, or stop at the Lakeside over night, and leave the next morning after breakfast, reaching Andover at noon.

The two trips may be made in this manner in three or four days, and the expense will be less than if they are made separately.

Rumford Falls.

These celebrated falls, the highest in New England, are situated south-east from the village of Andover. The road is excellent the whole distance, and the drive very pleasant. You are in sight of the Ellis or Androscoggin Rivers the most of the way, and the falls are six miles below the Rumford ferry. The full tide of the Androscoggin makes a descent at the falls of one hundred and sixty feet in three pitches, and within the space of a quarter of a mile. There is one sheer descent of seventy feet. In the spring when the logs are going down the river it is an inspiring sight to see them leap the falls.

Still another way to reach these falls from Andover is to cross the Ellis River, and drive over the road to Mexico, going through Roxbury Notch, a locality of no mean pre-

tensions, and afterwards follow the road on the east side of the Androscoggin until you reach the falls. The distance this way is but nine miles, and would be preferable to some on that account. Our idea of this drive is to go by the way of Roxbury Notch, and come back by the other road, thus giving greater variety to the excursion.

Ten miles from Rumford Falls is

Mount Zircon,

a very prominent peak, and one which is well worth visiting. Some of the finest views in New England may be seen from its summit. Several years ago a large hotel stood on the top of the mountain, but it was destroyed by fire. At the base of the mountain is the famous Mount Zircon Mineral Spring, whose waters have performed some remarkable cures. The water is free to drink to parties visiting the spring. It may be obtained by the barrel from F. T. Stevens, Bryant's Pond, Me. The mountain can easily be visited in one day from Andover, returning the next day, and stopping at Rumford Falls on the way back.



CHAPTER XXIV.

Trout Fishing.



MOST of the streams about Andover abound in trout. Among those which we call special attention to, having found from practical experience that they are favorite resorts of the spotted beauties, are Black Brook, Sawyer's Brook, Old Maid Brook, Frye's Brook, and Burroughs' Brook. Trout may be found in all these waters at any time during the year, the fish averaging from one-fourth to two pounds in weight.

These streams are all within easy walking or riding distance from the hotel, and are fished without difficulty, a pair of long-legged rubber boots being the only requisite beside proper fishing-tackle.

Apropos of brook trout-fishing, the following, from Scott's "Fishing in American Waters," is worth reading:—

"Questions in relation to fishing *up* or *down* a stream should be decided by the condition of the stream and its borders. While casting from the shore it makes very little difference which way the stream is fished; but in wading it is best to fish up stream because it does not roil the water, and there is not so great liability to alarm the fish. In making a cast it is always best to draw the flies across the current, for then the drop-flies will play clear of the casting-line. This is the opinion of most good fly-fishers. First, cast up stream along the shore, and, if the stream be not too wide, cast to the farther shore, drawing your flies across the stream, but not too fast, lest the trout become suspicious. In striking, you cannot be too quick when fishing up a stream. Cast first near the shore; then a yard or two farther off; next,

across the stream. If you get not a rise, take a step or two up the stream and repeat. Continue doing so, until a doubt arises as to whether the trout admire your cast; then replace one fly by another of different color from any on your cast. If that does not take, after presenting it several times, take it off and try another extreme in color. Keep changing until you hit the fancy of the trout. When you have found the fly that the trout admire, change your other flies (if you fish with three) to those of colors in slight relief to the taking one; that is, put on one a trifle darker and the other a little lighter in shade. Anglers are not so high a remove above the rest of mankind as not to be susceptible to a slight influence from the baser sentiments of humanity; but I have actually seen a man so self-willed as to fish all day without a rise, 'because', as he said, 'he was determined to bring the trout to his terms.'

"All kinds of angling call for the exercise of patience; but fly-fishing requires the gift of genius. Do not fish with too long a cast. In fishing a creek up stream, thirty to forty-five feet are quite sufficient. In striking let it be with sufficient force to fasten the hook in his jaw; but play your fish most gingerly, and even tenderly, but not so as to give him slack line, or he will disgorge the hook. One of the principal causes of losing large fish is the being in too great a hurry to land them. If the hook is well fastened, the more delicately your fish is played the better; for snubbing a fish hard at all points wears an orifice in its jaw from which the hook falls by the mere turning of the fish. It is true that the trout has a good mouth to hold the hook; but the hook must first be well-fastened to hold, and then the orifice made in hooking should not be made larger in playing, if possible to avoid it."

Another writer says:—

"To follow trout-fishing with success requires on the part of the angler much care and study as well as natural aptitude for the business. The trout is not a fish to be trifled with. He must be approached cautiously and deceived with deliberation. Although possessed of a shark-like appetite,



AN OBSTACLE.

he is a stickler for form, and objects to unseasonable food with the pertinacity of a religious devotee. When he wants flies the plumpest of angle-worms may be dragged before his very nose without quickening the play of his pectoral fins, or the easy sway of his tail, and when it is no longer fly-time with him, the very king of gray hackles might flutter and flap untouched within a finger's length of the lily-pod which serves as his shelter. But there is one dainty he never rejects. Be it chub, or shiner, or even the small fry of his own species, this handsome cannibal, like the pelican that he is, makes haste to take it in whenever opportunity offers. It is rare, indeed, when a big trout's stomach fails to yield his captor evidence of a fish dinner. This weakness of the trout is often turned to good account by parties who bait strong hooks with live fish, and leave them 'set' in the water over night. Such fishing is condemned, however, as un-sportsmanlike, and no reputable fisherman likes to be known as practising it. For that matter, too, trolling is looked upon as not exactly the square thing, the rule of fishcraft being that the fly ranks first in honor, then rod-fishing with a single hook. Both of these styles call for judgment, patience, and some skill, whereas trolling, and worse still, the use of gang-hooks gives the fish no chance for his life.

The trout naturally runs to salt water in winter, and this is what gives the Sandwich fish and those of Nova Scotia their exquisite flavor; while the greater abundance of food they find there keeps them plump and well-flavored. In inland places the fish pass the cold months in the deepest water they can find, and with the opening of spring may be found at the mouths of streams, where bugs and worms are likely to be more plentiful than farther out in the pond or lake as the case may be. As the season advances and the water grows warmer they run up the streams; but in the hot and sultry days of July and August they fall back to deep, cool pools. They can't live long in water as warm as seventy degrees.

The spawning season is in October, and the water is then somewhat cooler than in mid-summer, and they run into the

sandy shallows of their favorite breeding grounds without inconvenience from the heat. The generally recognized fishing season extends from May 1st to October 1st, but it is not until about the middle of May that the fish bite very freely. During the whole of this month bait-fishing is in order, the fish being as a rule reluctant to rise to a fly. June is the best month of the year for trout-fishing, and then it is that the deluded creatures snap at imitation millers and what-nots, as the manufacturer's skill produces them, and soon find themselves weak and bleeding, enclosed by the relentless meshes of the landing-net, and then are left to gasp their lives away on a sun-scorched raft or in the dungeon of a fish-basket.

In July the festive fisher chases the still more festive grasshopper, and finds him good bait when caught. But the hopper is rather a dweller among the hay-fields of the cultivated land than a sipper of dew in the wilderness, and it is, after all, the careless swain who follows the winding brook through grassy meadows who turns the song of insect glee to sighing. Piscatorial poetry requires a meadow as a background. There are the primroses, the violets, the buttercups, the tiger lilies, the ox-eye daisies (pretty to talk about, but the farmer's pest), the grassy banks, and all the gorgeous livery of nature shorn of her wildness, but, as a rule, no trout. He is a fish of the shade, and the wilder the rush of water the happier he is."

We do not know of any greater pleasure than to start some fine morning from the hotel, and ride to one of these brooks. Leaving the team and carrying your fishing-tackle and lunch-basket, you strike the stream, where the eddies curl around the roots of some old tree. Obtaining a good position, you make a cast, your fly strikes the water, dances for a moment on the surface of the swiftly flowing stream, and, *presto!* you see a spotted beauty dart like a flash, and off he goes with your hook in his mouth. A few moments of anxious suspense, and he lies quivering in your basket, doomed to the ignoble end of sizzling in a frying-pan. Many more such scenes as this, and then a withdrawal to some unobtrusive shade, where beneath the sheltering branches of a

fine old tree, you go through your lunch-basket, with appetite heightened by the morning's sport. Lighting a cigar, after every crumb of food has disappeared, you indulge in *dolce far niente*, and watch the clouds as they sail lazily through the sky, or build air-castles in the smoke of your Havana, as it curls gracefully above your head, and is wafted into dim distance by the sweet breath of the summer zephyrs.

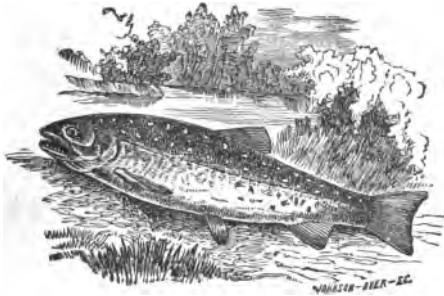
But, lunch over, you again take to the brook, and try every pool and rapid that has before escaped your notice, and, after a repetition of the morning's sport, with your basket well filled with the sweetest of all fish, the spotted brook-trout, you tramp wearily back and wait by the side of the road, the return of the team to take you back to the hotel, which never looks more inviting than at the close of a hard day's fishing, where, once arrived, you recount the incidents of the day to a crowd of sympathetic listeners, who are held spellbound until the welcome call to supper dissolves the charm.

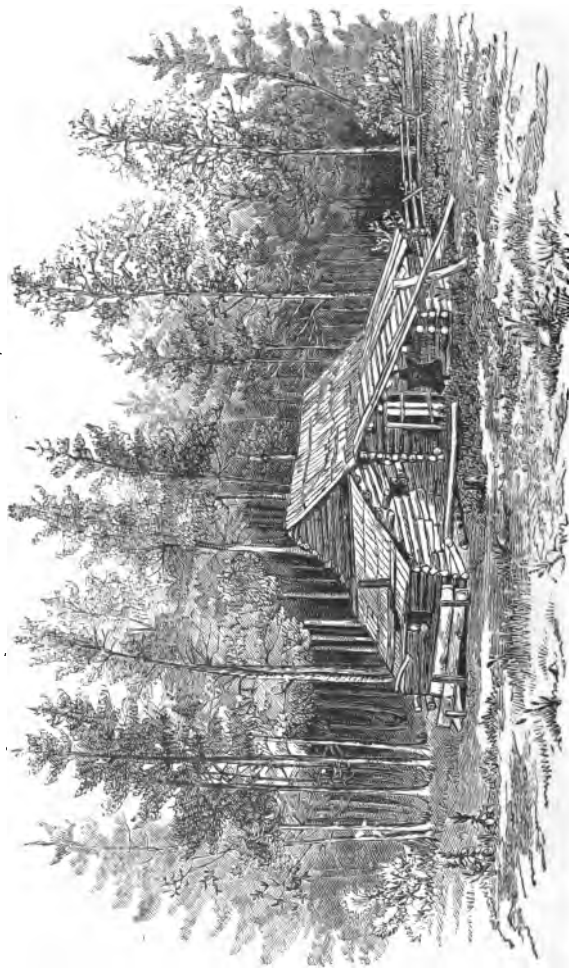
"Where, in many straggling group,
Gnarled and crooked willows
By a chaffing streamlet stoop,
And their yellow branches droop,
Tow'rd its tiny billows;
Near the banks are little whirls,—
Whirls of fretted water,—
And beneath those rings of pearls
Trout delicious caught are."

But, although trout are plenty in all these brooks, they are not always to be caught, for, as one of the natives say, "drefful notional critturs traout be, olluz bitin' at whodger haint got. Orful contrary critturs—just like fimmels. Yer can cotch a fimmel with a feather, if she's ter be cotched; if she haänt ter be cotched, yer may scoop ther hul world dry and yer haänt got her. Jess so traout."

The trout-fishing at the lakes is of course more exciting than brook-fishing. For instance, below the Middle Dam you throw your fly on top of the white water, and have it seized by a ten-pounder instead of a baby trout six inches

long; you strike hard, and the fish darts away, while fathom after fathom of your line unreels, and you begin to tremble for fear he will never stop; he turns, and you begin to reel in, carefully and watchfully, keeping his head well up to the surface, and after many moments of exciting anxiety you get him near enough to successfully use your net. It is no small job, to take an eight or ten-pound trout out of swift water, with a light rod and not break your rod or lose your line. It requires skill, patience, and practice to do it, but isn't it sport? How your eyes sparkle, your cheeks flush, and how you quiver with the excitement of the moment, while battling with one of these gigantic specimens; and what a look of disgust quickly steals across your face, if, after all your best efforts, you lose your fish! Certainly, it is provoking, and then you know the fish you lose are always the largest. (?)





LOG HUT INHABITED BY DUBIER FAMILY, RANGELEY, ME.

CHAPTER XXV.

Game Laws of Maine.

CHAPTER L.

The Game and Fish Laws in this Book have been corrected up to date, and include all the changes made by the Legislature of 1887.

AN ACT for the protection of Game and Birds: Moose, Deer, and Caribou.

Be it enacted, etc., as follows:—

SECT. 3. No person shall hunt, kill, or destroy with dogs any moose within this state, under a penalty of one hundred dollars for every moose so hunted, killed, or destroyed; and no person shall between the first day of January and the first day of October in each year, in any manner, hunt, kill, or destroy any moose under the same penalty. [Laws of 1887.]

SECT. 4. No person shall hunt, kill, or destroy with dogs any deer or caribou within this state, under a penalty of forty dollars for every such deer or caribou so hunted, killed, or destroyed; and no person shall between the first day of January and the first day of October in any manner hunt, kill, or destroy any deer or caribou, under the same penalty as above provided. Any person may lawfully kill any dog found hunting moose, deer, or caribou. [Laws of 1887.]

SECT. 5. If any person has in his possession the carcass or hide, or any part thereof, of any such animal, between the first day of January and the first day of October, he shall be deemed to have hunted and killed the same contrary to law, and be liable to the penalties aforesaid; but he shall not be precluded from producing proof in defence.

SECT. 6. No person shall carry or transport from place to place in this State, the carcass or hide, or any part thereof, of any such animal, during the period of time in which the killing of such animals is prohibited, under a penalty of forty dollars.

SECT. 7. The governor, with the advice of council, shall appoint one county moose and game warden for each county in the state, to hold his office for the term of four years, unless sooner removed, each of whom may appoint in writing one or more deputies under him, and require of them suitable bonds for the faithful performance of their duties, and the payment to him of his fees; and said wardens and their deputies in their several counties, shall faithfully enforce the provisions of this act. Each of the deputies shall annually, on or before the first day of December, render to his principal an account under oath of all the penalties by him enforced for the preceding year, and shall pay to him one-tenth part of the net proceeds thereof. Each county warden shall annually, in January, render to the secretary of state an account on oath of all the penalties enforced by himself, or returned to him by his deputies, for the year ending on the first day of December. The penalty for neglecting to do so shall be for a warden fifty dollars, and a deputy twenty-five dollars; and the warden shall immediately give notice to the county attorney of every county of such neglect of his deputy, and the secretary of state shall notify such county attorney of every such neglect of the warden; and the county attorney shall prosecute for every such neglect of which he has notice; and the penalties so recovered shall be for the use of the county. In such prosecution the certificate of the secretary of state shall be sufficient evidence of the fact of such neglect to make return to him.

SECT. 8. The municipal officers of any town may insert in the warrant for their annual meeting an article for the choice of a town moose and game warden, who, in his town and anywhere within the distance of twelve miles from the exterior bounds thereof, shall have concurrent jurisdiction with, and the same powers and rights, as the county moose warden and his deputies; and he shall make a like return to the secretary of state under a penalty of twenty-five dollars, to be proved, recovered, and appropriated in the same way. Each of said officers shall have the same authority to require aid in the execution of his office as sheriffs and their deputies have.

SECT. 9. The county wardens, their deputies or town wardens, may recover the penalties for unlawfully hunting and killing moose, deer, and caribou, in an action on the case in their own names, or by complaint or indictment in the name of the state; and such officers may be competent witnesses, and the sums recovered shall be paid, one-half to the warden or deputy warden, and the other to the county or town, as the case may be. Any person may prosecute by action, complaint or indictment for any of the acts herein forbidden, provided no such warden or deputy, within fourteen days after the offence is committed, prosecutes therefor, and the sums recovered shall be paid, one-half to the prosecutor, and the other to the county, and such action, complaint or indictment may be commenced in any county in which such animal is killed or hunted, or into which its carcass or hide, or any portion thereof may be carried.

SECT. 10. The secretary of state is to communicate to the legislature, in each month of January, what has been done in execution of the preceding sections of this chapter as appears by the returns received.

FUR-BEARING ANIMALS.

SECT. 11. No person shall in any way destroy, between the first day of May and the fifteenth day of October of each year, any mink, beaver, sable, otter, or fisher, under penalty of ten dollars for each animal so destroyed, to be recovered on complaint, one-half thereof to the use of the county where the offence is committed, and one-half to the prosecutor.

BIRDS.

Whoever kills or has in his possession, except alive, or exposes for sale, any wood duck, dusky duck, commonly called black duck, or other sea duck, between the first days of May and September, or kills, sells, or has in possession, except alive, any ruffed grouse, commonly called partridge or woodcock, between the first days of December and September following, or kills, sells, or has in possession, except alive, any quail between the first day of December and the first day of October following, or pinnated grouse, commonly called prairie chicken, between the first days of January and September, or plover, between the first days of May and August, forfeits not less than five nor more than ten dollars, for each bird so killed, had in possession, or exposed for sale. And no person shall kill, expose for sale, or have in possession, except alive, any woodcock or ruffed grouse, or partridge during September, October or November, or any quail except during the months of October and November, or plover during the months of August, September, October or November, except for consumption as food within this state under the same penalty. (Approved March 11, 1887.)

SECT. 13. No person shall at any time, or in any place within this State with any trap, net, snare, device, or contrivance, other than the usual method of sporting with firearms, take any wild duck of any variety, quail, grouse, partridge, or woodcock, under a penalty of five dollars for each bird so taken.

SECT. 14. No person shall kill or have in his possession, except alive, any of the birds commonly known as larks, robins, swallows, sparrows,

or orioles, or other insectivorous birds, crows and hawks excepted, under a penalty of not less than one dollar nor more than five dollars for each of said birds killed, and the possession by any person of such dead bird shall be *prima facie* evidence that such person killed such bird.

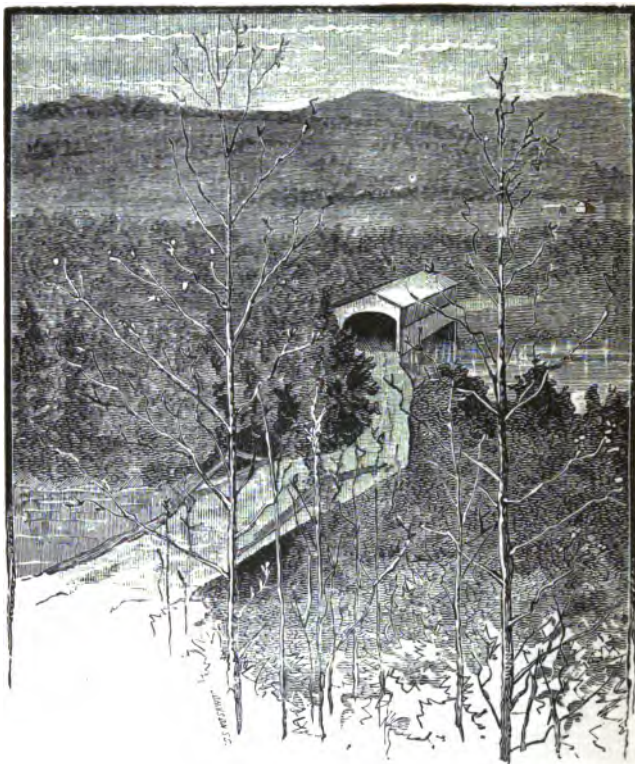
SECT. 15. No person shall at any time wantonly take or destroy the nest, eggs, or unfledged young of any wild bird of any kind, except crows, hawks, and owls, or take any eggs or young from such nests, except for preserving the same as specimens, or of rearing said young alive, under a penalty of not less than one nor more than ten dollars for each nest, egg, or young so taken or destroyed.

SECT. 16. No person shall carry or transport from place to place, in this State, any of the birds named herein, during the period in which the killing of such birds is prohibited, under a penalty of five dollars for each bird so carried or transported.

SECT. 18. All penalties imposed by the seven preceding sections may be recovered by an action of debt, or by complaint or indictment in the name of the State, by any warden or his deputies, or any other person, before any court having jurisdiction thereof, in any county in which such offence may be committed or the accused resides; and in all actions therefor in the supreme judicial court, or any superior court for the county of Cumberland, if the plaintiff recovers, he shall recover full costs without regard to the amount of such recovery. Such penalties, when collected, shall be paid, one-half to the prosecutor, and the other to the overseers of the poor for the use of the poor of the city or town where such prosecutor resides.

SECT. 19. This act shall not apply to the shooting of ducks on the sea-coast.

SECT. 20. Chapter one hundred and six, and section two of chapter ninety-eight of the public laws of eighteen hundred and seventy-two, together with all acts and parts of acts inconsistent with this act, are hereby repealed; saving all actions, complaints, and indictments now pending, or which may hereafter be commenced for the violation of any such act before this act takes effect.—[Approved Feb. 19, 1873.]



LEAD-MINE BRIDGE, SHELBURNE, N.H.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Game-Fish Laws of Maine.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

AN ACT to regulate and protect Fisheries and the Propagation of Fish.

Be it enacted, etc., as follows:—

SECTION 1. The governor, with the advice of the council, shall appoint one or two persons, as they may think best, to be commissioners of fisheries, who shall hold office for three years unless sooner removed, and have a general supervision of the fisheries, regulated by the following sections. He or they shall examine dams and all other obstructions existing in all rivers and streams in the state, and determine the necessity of fish-ways and the location, form, and capacity thereof; shall visit those sections where fisheries regulated by this act are carried on, and examine into the working of the laws; shall introduce and disseminate valuable species of fish into the waters of this state where they do not exist, and perform all other duties prescribed by law. He or they shall report annually on or before the thirty-first day of December, to the governor, who shall cause three thousand copies to be printed. He or they shall receive one thousand dollars and traveling and other expenses necessarily incurred in connection with his or their duties, which shall be audited by the governor and council, and it shall be his or their duty to see that all violations of the fish laws of the state are duly prosecuted.

SECT. 2. The owner or occupant of every dam or other artificial obstruction in any river or stream naturally frequented by salmon, shad, ale-wives or land-locked salmon, shall provide the same with a durable and efficient fish-way, of such form and capacity, and in such location as may, after notice in writing to one or more of said owners or occupants and a hearing thereon, be determined by the commissioners of fisheries, by writen notice to some owner or occupant, specifying the location, form, and capacity of the required fish-way, and the time within which it shall be built; and said owner or occupant shall keep said fish-way in repair, and open and free from obstruction for the passage of fish, during such times as are prescribed by law: provided, however, that in case of disagreement between the commissioners of fisheries and the owner or occupant of any dam, as to the propriety and safety of the plan submitted to the owner or occupant of such dam for the location and construction of the fish-way such owner or occupant may appeal to the county commissioners of the county where the dam is located, within twenty days after notice of the determination, to the fishery commissioners, by giving to the fishery commissioners notice in writing of such appeal within that time, stating therein the reasons therefor, and at the request of the appellant or the fishery commissioners, the senior commissioners in office of any two adjoining counties shall be associated with them, who shall appoint a time to view the premises and hear the parties, and give due notice thereof, and after such hearing they shall decide the question submitted, and cause record to be made thereof, and their decision shall be final as to the plan and location appealed from. If the requirements of the fishery commissioners are affirmed, the appellant shall be liable for the costs arising after the appeal, otherwise they shall be paid by the county. [App. Feb. 23, 1887.]

SECT. 3. If a fish-way thus required to be built is not completed to the satisfaction of the commissioners within the time specified, any owner or occupant shall forfeit not more than one hundred nor less than twenty dollars for every day between the first day of May and the first day of November, during which such neglect continues.

SECT. 4. On the completion of any fish-way to the satisfaction of the commissioners, or at any subsequent time, they shall prescribe in writing the time during which the same shall be kept open and free from obstruction to the passage of fish each year, and a copy thereof shall be served on the owner or occupant of the dam. The commissioners may change the time as they see fit. Unless otherwise provided, a fish-way shall be kept open and unobstructed from the first day of May to the fifteenth day of July of each year. The penalty for neglecting to comply with the provisions of this section, or any regulations made in accordance herewith, shall be not less than twenty nor more than one hundred dollars for every day such neglect continues.

SECT. 5. In case the commissioners find any fish-way out of repair or needing alterations, they may, as in case of new fish-ways, require the owner or occupant to make such repairs or alterations; and all the proceedings in such cases, and the penalty for neglect, shall be as provided in the second, third, and fourth sections, without right of appeal.

SECT. 6. In case the dam is owned or occupied by more than one person, each shall be liable for the cost of erecting and maintaining such fish-way, in proportion to his interest in the dam, and if any owner or occupant shall neglect or refuse to join with the others in erecting or maintaining such fish-way, the other owner or owners or occupants shall erect or repair the same, and shall have an action of case against such delinquent owner or occupant for his share of the expenses thereof.

SECT. 7. If the owner or occupant of such dam resides out of the state, said penalties may be recovered by a libel against the dam and land on which it stands, to be filed in the supreme judicial court in the county where the same is located, in the name of the commissioners of fisheries or any fish warden, who shall give to the owner or occupant of the dam, and all persons interested therein, such notice as the court, or any justice thereof in vacation, shall order, and the court may render judgment therein against said dam and lands for said penalties and costs, and order a sale thereof to satisfy such judgment and costs of sale, subject, however, to all said requirements for the erection, maintenance, or repair of said fish-way.

SECT. 8. The governor, with the advice of the council, shall appoint fish wardens where the same may be necessary, who shall enforce the provisions of all public laws relating to fisheries, prosecute all offences that come to their knowledge, and shall have the same power as sheriffs and deputy sheriffs to serve all criminal process for the violation of any of the provisions of this act; and they shall have a right, at all times, to visit any dam or any weir or other apparatus for taking fish, and in the exercise of their duties shall have the same right to require aid that sheriffs and their deputies have in executing the duties of their office, and any person neglecting to render it when required shall forfeit ten dollars. Each person so appointed shall hold office three years, and council sooner removed, and his pay shall be fixed by the governor and council, who shall audit his accounts and cause the same to be paid from the state treasury, provided that the whole amount paid to all wardens shall not exceed fifteen hundred dollars annually.

SECT. 9. No salmon, shad, or other migratory fish, shall be taken or fished for within five hundred yards of any fish-way, dam or mill-race; nor in the Penobscot river between the mouth of the Kenduskeag stream and the water works dam at Treat's Falls, on said river, nor between the Augusta highway bridge, over the Kennebec river, and the Augusta dam, between the first days of April and November, except by the ordinary mode of angling with single hook and line, or artificial flies; nor shall hook and line or artificial flies be used at any time within one hundred yards of any fish-way, dam or mill-race; but this section shall not apply to the taking of alewives by the town of Warren in the Georges river, and by the town of Waldoboro in the Medomak river, under the authority granted said towns by the private and special laws of Massachusetts,

passed March six, eighteen hundred and two, and amendments thereto passed by the legislature of this state. The penalty for violation of this section is a fine of not more than fifty nor less than ten dollars for each offence, and a farther fine of ten dollars for each salmon, and one dollar for each shad so taken. [Approved March 7, 1887.]

SECT. 10. There shall be a close-time for salmon from the fifteenth day of July of each year to the first day of April following, during which no salmon shall be taken or killed in any manner, under a penalty of not more than fifty nor less than ten dollars, and a further penalty of ten dollars for each salmon so taken or killed. Provided, however, that from the said fifteenth day of July until the fifteenth day of September following, it shall be lawful to fish for and take salmon by the ordinary mode, with rod and single line, but not otherwise. [Approved February 28, 1880.]

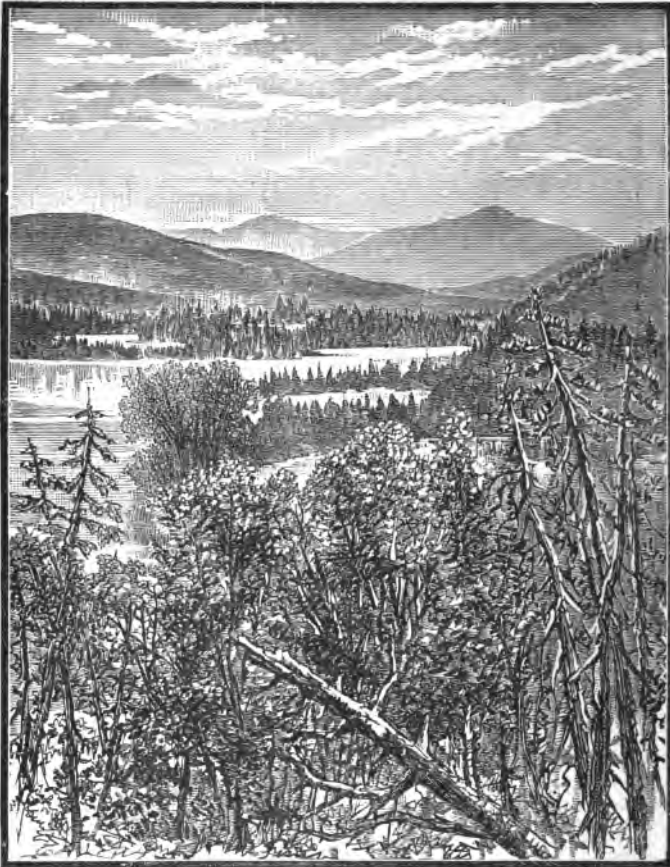
SECT. 11. No smelts shall be taken or fished for in tidal waters, except by hook and line between the first days of April and October, under a penalty of not less than ten, nor more than thirty dollars for each offence, and a further penalty of twenty cents for each smelt so taken, and all weirs for the capture of smelts shall be opened, and so remain, and all nets used in the smelt and tom-cod fishery, shall be taken from the water on or before the first day of April, under a penalty of not less than twenty nor more than fifty dollars, and a further fine of five dollars for each day that any such weir or net remains in violation of law, but weirs with catch pounds covered with net, the meshes of which are one inch square in the clear, or greater, are not subject to this section. But no smelts caught in such weirs after the first day of April, shall be sold or offered for sale in this state, nor shall smelts caught in any manner between the first day of April and the first day of October following, be offered for sale, sold, or shipped from the state under a penalty of twenty-five dollars for each offence; provided, however, that dip nets may be used between the first and twenty-fifth days of April; provided, further, that this section does not apply to smelts taken in the Androscoggin river, above the Merry Meeting bay bridge, between the first days of October and November, nor to smelts taken in the Penobscot river and its tributaries, between the first and fifteenth days of April.

SECT. 2. This act shall take effect when approved. [Approved March 16, 1887.]

SECT. 12. Any inhabitant of this State, by obtaining the consent of the adjacent riparian proprietors, may plant oysters below low-water mark in any of the navigable waters of the State, in places where there is no natural oyster-bed, enclose such grounds with stakes, set at suitable distances and extending at least two feet above high-water mark, but so as not to obstruct the free navigation of such waters, and have the exclusive right of taking such oysters; and if any person trespasses on such enclosure, or in any way injures such oyster-beds, he shall be liable in an action of trespass for all the damage; or if he takes any oysters there-in without the consent of the owner, he shall forfeit not less than twenty nor more than fifty dollars, or be confined in jail not exceeding three months.

SECT. 13. There shall be an annual close time for land-locked salmon, commonly so called, trout, togue, black bass, Oswego bass, and white perch, in the waters of this State, as follows, viz.: For land-locked salmon, trout and togue, from the first day of October to the first day of May following, excepting on the St. Croix river and its tributaries, and all the waters in Kennebec county, in which the close time shall be from the fifteenth day of September to the first day of May following; and for black bass, Oswego bass, and white perch, from the first day of April to the first day of July following.

SECT. 14. No person shall at any time catch, take, kill, or fish for any land-locked salmon, trout, togue, black bass, Oswego bass, or white



**Mts. WASHINGTON AND MADISON, FROM LEAD MINE BRIDGE,
SHELBURNE, N. H.**

perch, by means of any grapnel, spear, trawl, weir, net, seine, trap, spoon, set-line, or with any device or in any other way than by the ordinary way of angling with a single baited hook and line, or with artificial flies, under a penalty of not less than ten dollars nor more than thirty dollars for each offence, and a further fine of one dollar for each fish so caught, taken, or killed. And all set-lines, grappnels, spears, trawls, weirs, nets, seines, traps, spoons, and devices other than fair angling as aforesaid, are hereby prohibited on the fresh-water lakes, ponds, and streams of this State; and when found in use or operation on said lakes, ponds, or streams, they are hereby declared forfeit and contraband, and any person finding them in use in said waters is hereby authorized to destroy the same.

SECT. 15. No person shall take, catch, kill, or fish for, in any manner any land-locked salmon, trout, or togue, in any of the waters aforesaid between said first days of October and the following May, nor in the Saint Croix river and its tributaries, between the fifteenth day of September and the first day of the following May; or black bass, Oswego bass, or white perch, between the first days of April and July, under a penalty of not less than ten nor more than thirty dollars, and a further fine of one dollar for each fish thus caught, taken or killed; provided, however, that during February, March and April, citizens of the state may fish for and take land-locked salmon, trout and togue, and convey the same to their own homes, but not otherwise; provided, further, that the provisions of this and the preceding and two succeeding sections, shall not apply to the taking of black bass from any waters which have been stocked therewith for a period of five years. [Approved Mar. 1, 1887.]

SECT. 16. No person shall sell, expose for sale, or have in possession with intent to sell, or transport from place to place in this State, any land-locked salmon, trout, or togue, between the first day of October and the first day of May following, or any black bass, Oswego bass, or white perch, between the first day of April and the first day of July following, under a penalty of not less than ten dollars nor more than fifty dollars for each offence.

SECT. 17. Any person, or persons having in possession, except alive, any land-locked salmon, trout, or togue, between the first day of October and the first day of May following, or any black bass, Oswego bass, or white perch, between the first day of April and the first day of July following, or who shall transport from place to place within this State, any land-locked salmon, trout, or togue, between the first day of October and the first day of May following, or black bass, Oswego bass, or white perch, between the first day of April and the first day of July following, shall be deemed to have killed, caught, or transported the same contrary to law, and be liable to the penalties aforesaid.

SECT. 18. The provisions of this act shall not apply to white perch taken in any of the tide waters of this State.

SECT. 19. No person shall introduce fish of any kind, except trout, fresh and salt water salmon, fresh-water smelts, blue-back trout, and minnows, by means of the live fish or otherwise, to any waters now frequented by trout or salmon, except as hereinafter provided, under a penalty of not less than fifty dollars nor more than five hundred dollars.

SECT. 20. The commissioners of fisheries may take fish of any kind at such time and place as they may choose, and in such manner, for the purposes of science, and of cultivation and dissemination, and they may grant written permits to other persons to take fish for the same purposes, and they may introduce or permit to be introduced, any kind of fish to any waters they may see fit.

SECT. 21. The commissioners of fisheries may set apart any waters for the purpose of cultivation of fish, and after notice published three weeks successively in some newspaper published in the county where such waters are located, no person shall take, kill, or fish for any fish

therein, under a penalty of not less than ten, nor more than one hundred dollars, and a further penalty of one dollar for each fish so taken or killed.

SECT. 22. Any person legally engaged in the artificial culture and maintenance of fishes, may take them in his own enclosed waters where-in the same are so cultivated and maintained, as and when he pleases, and may at all times sell them for the purpose of cultivation and propagation, but shall not sell them for food at seasons when the taking of such fish is prohibited by law, under a penalty of not less than ten nor more than one hundred dollars, and a further penalty of not less than one dollar for each fish so sold.

SECT. 23. Any person engaged in the artificial propagation of fish known as trout, fresh and salt water salmon, on any water in this State, when the parent fish are taken from public waters in this State, shall retain not less than twenty-five per cent. of all eggs taken from said parent fish and cause the same to be properly cared for and hatched, and when hatched and in proper condition, to be returned to a suitable place for such young fish in the original waters from which the parent fish were taken, and to cause said parent fish to be returned to safe locations in the waters from which they were taken, under a penalty of not less than fifty nor more than five hundred dollars for each offence. But the provisions of this section shall not apply to cases in which the parent fish are taken in the manner and at the time and place permitted by law for the capture of such fish for food; nor shall it apply to any operations in fish-culture conducted for public purposes by permission of the commissioners of fisheries of this State, who may affix such conditions to their permits as they may see fit, but requiring in no case less than twenty-five per cent. of the young fish to be returned, as provided in this section.

SECT. 24. No person shall fish in that portion of a pond or other water in which fish are artificially cultivated or maintained, by the written permission of the fish commissioners, without the permission of the proprietor, under a penalty of not less than ten nor more than one hundred dollars, and an additional penalty of two dollars for each fish so taken or killed.

SECT. 25. It shall be the duty of all sheriffs, deputy-sheriffs, constables, and police-officers, as well as fish-wardens and their deputies, to cause any person or persons violating any of the provisions of this chapter to be promptly prosecuted for said offence, either by making complaint before some trial justice, municipal or police judge, or by giving information to the county attorney of the county in which the offence is committed. Said sheriffs, deputy-sheriffs, constables, fish-wardens, deputy fish-wardens, and police-officers, shall be allowed for said services the same fees as are now prescribed by law for sheriffs and their deputies.

SECT. 26. All fines and penalties provided for in this act, unless otherwise provided, may be recovered before any competent tribunal by complaint, indictment, or action of debt; and in all actions of debt commenced in the supreme judicial court, or in the superior court for the county of Cumberland, the plaintiff recovering shall recover full cost, without regard to amount recovered. Judges of municipal and police courts, and trial justices, shall have concurrent jurisdiction of all offences described in this act, when the penalty for the offence complained of does not exceed thirty dollars. In cases where the offence described in this act, is alleged to have been committed in any river, stream, pond, or lake forming a boundary between two counties, or where the fish are caught in one county and carried to another county, the action, complaint, or indictment may be commenced and prosecuted in either county. One-half of all fines and penalties recovered or imposed, when not otherwise provided, shall be for the benefit of the party prosecuting or making complaint, and the other half to the county in which the proceedings are commenced and prosecuted.

SECT. 27. The provisions of this act shall not apply to the taking of blue-back trout.

SECT. 28. All acts and parts of acts inconsistent with this act are hereby repealed; provided, however, that nothing in this section shall repeal the laws relating to the St. Croix, Denny, Pemmaqum, Cobscook, East Machias, and Narraguagus rivers. And this act shall not apply to fish taken in the weirs on St Croix river.

SECT. 29. This act shall take effect when approved.—[Approved Feb. 21, 1879.]

CHAPTER 77.

AN ACT relating to Fish-Ways.

Be it enacted, &c., as follows:—

SECT. 31. The following waters and their tributaries are exempt from provisions relating to migratory fishes, and the supervision of fish-ways by the commissioners, that is to say: Rowall's river in North Yarmouth; Sewall's pond, or its outlet, in Arrowsic, Nequasset stream in Woodwich, so much of the waters of the Damariscotta river as are west of the railroad bridge, near Damariscotta Mills; the eastern Penobscot river in Orland; Winslow's and Leach's streams in Penobscot, all waters in Vinahaven, Bluehill, Tremont, Mount Desert, Eden, Franklin and Sullivan, Tunk river in Steuben, Pleasant river in Washington county, East Machias river and Cobscook or Orange river in Whiting. Approved March 8, 1887.

Additional Game and Game-Fish Laws passed during the winter of 1880.

CHAPTER 180. AN ACT for the protection of Blue-Back Trout.

Be it enacted, &c., as follows:—

SECTION 1. No person shall fish for, catch, take, kill or destroy any blue-back trout in any of the waters of this state, with any net, seine, weir, or trap.

SECT. 2. Any person who shall violate the provisions of this act shall forfeit and pay the sum of five dollars for the attempt, and one dollar for each and every blue-back trout so taken, caught, killed or destroyed, to be recovered by complaint before any trial justice, one-half to the complainant and the other half to the town where the complaint is made.

SECT. 3. This act shall take effect when approved. [Approved February 23, 1880.]

CHAPTER 189. AN ACT to protect Quails.

Be it enacted, &c., as follows:—

No quail shall be killed, nor had in possession except alive, at any time previous to September first, eighteen hundred and eighty-three, under penalty of twenty five dollars for every offence, and one dollar additional for each quail killed or had in possession except alive. [Approved February 28, 1880.]

CHAPTER 208. AN ACT to enlarge the powers and duties of the Commissioners of Fisheries and Wardens.

Be it enacted, &c., as follows:—

SECTION 1. The powers and duties of the commissioners of fisheries, and wardens, shall extend to all matters pertaining to game, and they shall have the same powers to enforce all laws pertaining to game as they now have in enforcing the laws relating to the fisheries.

SECT. 2. The governor is hereby authorized, with the advice and consent of the council, to appoint wardens, whose duty it shall be to enforce the provisions of all laws relating to game and the fisheries, arrest any person violating such laws, and prosecute for all offences against the same that may come to their knowledge; and shall have the same power as sheriffs, and deputy sheriffs, to serve all criminal processes for violations of the provisions of any law pertaining to game and the fisheries, and shall be allowed for said services the same fees as are prescribed by law for sheriffs and their deputies for like services; and in the execution of their duties they shall have the same right to require aid that sheriffs and their deputies have in executing the duties of their office; and any person refusing or neglecting to render such aid when required, shall forfeit ten dollars, to be recovered upon complaint before any trial justice or municipal court.

SECT. 3. This act shall take effect when approved. [Approved March 9, 1880.]

NEW LAWS OF 1882-83.

AN ACT for the protection of moose, caribou, and deer.

Be it enacted, &c., as follows:—

SECTION 1. No person shall kill, destroy, or have in possession from the first day of October to the first day of January in each year, more than one moose, two caribou, or three deer, under a penalty of one hundred dollars for every moose, and forty dollars for every caribou or deer killed, destroyed, or in possession in excess of the said number, and in case of conviction all such moose, caribou or deer, or the carcasses or parts thereof, shall be decreed by the court forfeited to the use of the party prosecuting. Any person having in possession more than the aforesaid number of moose, caribou, or deer, or the carcasses or parts thereof, shall be deemed to have killed or destroyed them in violation of this act.

SECT. 2. Any person owning or having in possession dogs for the purpose of hunting moose, caribou, or deer, or that are used for such hunting, shall be liable to a penalty of not less than ten nor more than one hundred dollars.

SECT. 3. The penalties prescribed in this act may be recovered in the manner provided by section twenty-five of chapter forty of the public laws of eighteen hundred and seventy-eight.

AN ACT making Sunday a close time for game and birds of all kinds.

Be it enacted, &c., as follows:—

SECTION 1. Sunday is hereby made a close time, on which day it shall not be lawful for any person to hunt, kill, or destroy game or birds of any kind, under the penalties imposed for the hunting, killing, or destroying the same, during any close time now established by law.

SECT. 2. This act shall not be construed to repeal or diminish the penalties already imposed for any violation of the Sunday laws.

AN ACT relating to seizure of fish and game under the fish and game laws.

Be it enacted, &c., as follows:—

Any person whose fish or game has been seized for violation of any fish or game law, shall have such fish or game, so seized, returned to him on giving to the officer a bond with sufficient sureties, residents of this state, in double the amount of the fine for such violation; conditioned, that if the final judgment for such alleged violation shall be guilty, he will within thirty days thereafter pay such fine and costs. If such person neglects or refuses to give such bond and take the fish or game, so seized, he shall have no action against the officer for such seizure or loss thereof.

AN ACT for the protection of game-fish.

Be it enacted, &c., as follows:—

SECTION 1. No person shall fish for, take, catch, kill, or destroy any fish in any waters, except tide waters, with any net, seine, weir, or trap, under a penalty of fifty dollars for the offence and ten dollars for each salmon or landlocked salmon, so taken, caught, killed or destroyed.

SECT. 2. No person shall kill or destroy any landlocked salmon less than nine inches in length, or any trout less than five inches in length, under a penalty of five dollars for the offence and fifty cents for each and every landlocked salmon or trout so killed or destroyed. Any person having in possession any landlocked salmon or trout of less than the above dimensions shall be deemed to have killed or destroyed them in violation of the provisions of this section.

SECT. 3. No person shall take, catch, kill, or have in possession at any one time for the purpose of transportation more than fifty pounds in weight of landlocked salmon or trout, or of both together, nor shall any such be transported except in the possession of the owner thereof, under a penalty of fifty dollars for the offence, and five dollars for each and every pound of landlocked salmon or trout, or both together, so taken, caught, killed, in possession or being transported in excess of fifty pounds in weight; and all such fish transported in violation of the provisions of this section shall be liable to seizure, on complaint, and shall be decreed by the court forfeited to the use of the party prosecuting. Any person having in possession more than fifty pounds in weight of the fish aforesaid, shall be deemed to have taken them in violation of this section.

SECT. 4. All penalties imposed by any of the sections of this act may be recovered in the manner provided by section twenty-six, chapter seventy-five of the public laws of 1878.

AN ACT relating to the disposition of fines and penalties recovered for the violation of the fish laws.

Be it enacted, &c., as follows:—

SECTION 1. All fines and penalties hereafter recovered for the violation of chapters fifty and seventy-five of the public laws of eighteen hundred and seventy-eight and all acts amendatory thereof and of all laws now in force in this state for the protection of fish and game, shall be paid one-half to the complainant and one-half to any game and fish protective society or other sportsmen's association which shall have been organized under the laws of Maine, and which may be located in the county where the said fines and penalties are recovered; *provided*, the said society or association shall expend the same in the propagation and cultivation of trout and salmon for the fresh-water lakes and ponds of Maine, to be done under the direction and supervision of the fish commissioners. In case there may be more than one such society or associa-

tion located in the county where said fines and penalties are recovered, the fish commissioners shall designate which society the money shall be paid to, or they may cause the same to be divided between them. If there is no such society or association in the county where such fines and penalties are recovered, then such fines and penalties shall be paid to the state fish commissioners, who shall appropriate the same as they may deem proper.

SECT. 2. All acts or parts of acts inconsistent with this act are hereby repealed.

SECT. 3. This act shall take effect when approved.

Sheriffs, deputy sheriffs, police officers, and constables are hereby vested with all the powers conferred by law upon game wardens and their deputies, and shall be allowed for their services the same fees as are now prescribed for sheriffs and their deputies.



CHAPTER XXVII.

Rates of Hurr and Round Trip Recursion
Tickets.

Philadelphia to New York, rail	\$2.50
“ Boston (steamer), state-room and meals included	8.00
New York to Boston, all rail	5.00
“ “ boat and cars	4.00
“ to Portland, steamer, includes state-room, meals extra	4.00
Boston to Portland, boat	1.00
“ “ cars, \$3.00; limited ticket	2.50
“ Bryant’s Pond	4.80
“ Bethel	5.15
“ Gorham	5.80
“ Groveton	6.80
“ North Stratford	7.50
“ Farmington	5.25
“ Phillips	6.00
“ Greenvale	8.75
“ Rangeley Outlet	9.75
“ Andover	6.30
“ Middle Dam, <i>via</i> Bethel and Cambridge	10.00
“ Upper Dam, <i>via</i> “ “	10.75
“ Indian Rock, <i>via</i> “ “	11.75
“ Dixville Notch, <i>via</i> Bethel and Cambridge,	10.00
North Stratford to Colebrook	1.00
Colebrook to Dixville Notch	1.50
“ Errol Dam	2.50
Dixville Notch to Errol Dam	1.50
Bethel to Lakeside, Cambridge, N. H., stage	3.00
Lakeside, Cambridge, N. H., to Sunday Cove, Mid- dle Dam Carry, steamer	1.00
Lakeside, Cambridge, N. H., to Errol Dam, steamer	1.50

Lakeside, Cambridge, N. H., to Magalloway River, Steamboat Landing	2.00
Wentworth's Location to Aziscohos Falls, stage	1.50
Aziscohos Falls to Narrows, steamer	1.00
“ “ Lower Metallak Pond, steamer	1.50
“ “ Meadows, steamer	2.00
“ “ Upper Metallak Pond, steamer	2.50
“ “ Grass Eddy, steamer	3.00
Grass Eddy to Parmachenee Lake, team	2.00
Errol Dam to Sunday Cove, Middle Dam Carry, steamer,	1.00
Errol Dam to Magalloway River, Steamboat Land- ing	1.00
Steamboat Landing, Magalloway River to Sunday Cove, Middle Dam Carry	1.50
Crossing Middle Dam Carry on buckboard	1.00
Bryant's Pond to Andover, stage	1.50
Andover to South Arm, buckboard	1.50
South Arm to Middle Dam, steamer50
“ Upper Dam, steamer	1.00
“ Mill Brook, steamer	1.50
Middle Dam to Upper Dam, steamer75
“ Mill Brook, steamer	1.00
Farmington to Phillips, cars	1.00
Phillips to Greenvale, stage	1.50
Greenvale to Oquossoc Outlet, steamer	1.00
Indian Rock to Upper Dam, steamer	1.00
Glen House (White Mountains) to Andover. Stage to Gorham, rail to Bryant's Pond, stage to And- over	3.50
Glen House (White Mountains) to Cambridge, Lake Umbagog. Stage to Gorham, rail to Bethel, stage to Cambridge	4.75
Glen House (White Mountains) to Dixville Notch. Stage to Gorham, rail to Bethel, stage to Cam- bridge, Lake Umbagog, steamer to Errol Dam, Concord wagon to Notch	6.75

List of Round Trip Excursion Tickets Issued by the different Railroad Companies, between Boston and the Androscoggin Lakes, Andover, Cambridge, N. H., Lake Umbagog, Dixville Notch, Parmachenee Lake, and other prominent points.

The Androscoggin Lakes Transportation Company have made arrangements with the different railroad companies for the issue of the following excursion tickets for the season of 1887, at reduced rates of fare. These tickets are good from the time of their purchase to October 1st, and persons buying them can stop over at any point mentioned on the ticket without extra expense.

The return tickets will also be taken on the steamers up to the time they stop running, which is usually about November 1st. But during the month of October they run irregularly, and travelers will have to find out the days the boats run, which they can easily do, and govern themselves accordingly. The stages will also take the tickets until November 1st, on their regular days of running. The time given as necessary to make one of the following excursions is the quickest time it can be done in, traveling by regular conveyances, and in the easiest manner. If one chooses to turn a pleasant excursion into hard work, and travel at unreasonable hours, and by irregular conveyances, most of the trips can be made quicker. On the other hand, if persons stop over at different points on the routes, as the tickets allow them to do, the time will be lengthened. The author has been over every route mentioned in this chapter, and there is not one but offers inducements to persons to "stop over" at different places if they have the time at their disposal.

No. 1.—Boston to Andover, Me., and return.

Distance, 332 miles; time, 2 days; cost, \$10.50.

Boston to Portland, Boston & Maine Railroad.

Portland to Bryant's Pond, Grand Trunk Railway.

Bryant's Pond to Andover, Tuttle's stage.

Return same way.

No. 2.—Boston to Lakeview Cottage, South Arm, Me., *via* Bryant's Pond and Andover, and return.

Distance, 406 miles; time, 3 days; cost, \$12.50.

Boston to Portland, Boston & Maine Railroad.
 Portland to Bryant's Pond, Grand Trunk Railway.
 Bryant's Pond to Andover, Tuttle's stage.
 Andover to Lakeview Cottage, South Arm, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.

Return same way.

No. 3.—Boston to Middle Dam, Lake Welokennebacook, Me., *via* Bryant's Pond and Andover, and return.

Distance, 414 miles; time, 4 days; cost, \$12.50.

Boston to Portland, Boston & Maine Railroad
 Portland to Bryant's Pond, Grand Trunk Railway.
 Bryant's Pond to Andover, Tuttle's stage.
 Andover to South Arm, Lake Welokennebacook, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.
 South Arm to Middle Dam, A. L. T. Co.'s steamers.

Return same way.

No. 4.—Boston to Middle Dam, Me., *via* Bethel and Cambridge, N. H., Lake Umbagog, and return.

Distance, 450 miles; time, 3 days; cost, \$13.50.

Boston to Portland, Boston & Maine Railroad.
 Portland to Bethel, Grand Trunk Railway.
 Bethel to Cambridge, Lake Umbagog, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.
 Lakeside, Cambridge, to Sunday Cove, A. L. T. Co.'s steamers.
 Sunday Cove, to Middle Dam, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.

Return same way.

No. 5.—Boston to Middle Dam, Me., *via* Bethel and Cambridge, Lake Umbagog. Return *via* Andover and Bryant's Pond.

Distance, 436 miles; time, 3 days; cost, \$13.25.

Boston to Portland, Boston & Maine Railroad.
 Portland to Bethel, Grand Trunk Railway.
 Bethel to Cambridge, Lake Umbagog, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.
 Lakeside, Cambridge, to Sunday Cove, A. L. T. Co.'s steamers.
 Sunday Cove to Middle Dam, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.
 Middle Dam to South Arm, A. L. T. Co.'s steamers.
 South Arm to Andover, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.
 Andover to Bryant's Pond, Tuttle's stage.
 Bryant's Pond to Portland, Grand Trunk Railway.
 Portland to Boston, Boston & Maine Railroad.

No. 6.—Reverse of No. 5; cost, \$13.25.

No. 7.—Boston to Middle Dam, Androscoggin Lakes, Me., *via* Andover. Return *via* Dixville Notch, N. H.

Distance, 513 miles; time 4 days; cost \$17.50.

Boston to Portland, Boston & Maine Railroad.
 Portland to Bryant's Pond, Grand Trunk Railway.
 Bryant's Pond to Andover, Tuttle's stage.
 Andover to South Arm, Lake Welokennebacook, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.
 South Arm to Upper Dam Landing, A. L. T. Co.'s steamers.
 Upper Dam Landing to Middle Dam, A. L. T. Co.'s steamers.
 Middle Dam to Sunday Cove, Lake Umbagog, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.
 Sunday Cove to Errol Dam, A. L. T. Co.'s steamers.
 Errol Dam to Colebrook (through Dixville Notch) A. L. T. Co.'s stage.
 Colebrook to North Stratford, stage.
 North Stratford to Portland, Grand Trunk Railway.
 Portland to Boston, Boston & Maine Railroad.

No. 8.—Reverse of No. 7; cost \$17.50.

No. 9.—Boston to Middle Dam, Androscoggin Lakes, Me., *via* Andover. Return *via* Dixville Notch and Concord, N. H.

Distance, 506 miles; time, 4 days; cost, \$17.50.

Boston to Portland, Boston & Maine Railroad.
 Portland to Bryant's Pond, Grand Trunk Railway.
 Bryant's Pond to Andover, Tuttle's stage.
 Andover to South Arm, Lake Welokennebacock, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.
 South Arm to Upper Dam Landing, A. L. T. Co.'s steamers.
 Upper Dam Landing to Middle Dam, A. L. T. Co.'s steamers.
 Middle Dam to Sunday Cove, Lake Umbagog, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.
 Sunday Cove to Errol Dam, A. L. T. Co.'s steamers.
 Errol Dam (through Dixville Notch) to Colebrook, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.
 Colebrook to North Stratford, stage.
 North Stratford to Groveton Junction, Grand Trunk Railway.
 Concord to Boston, Boston, Lowell & Concord Railroad.

No. 10.—Reverse of No. 9; cost \$17.50.

No. 11.—Boston to Middle Dam, Androscoggin Lakes, Me., *via* Andover. Return *via* Dixville Notch and Concord, N. H.

Distance, 404 miles; time, 4 days; cost, \$17.50.

Boston to Portland, Boston & Maine Railroad.
 Portland to Bryant's Pond, Grand Trunk Railway.
 Bryant's Pond to Andover, Tuttle's stage.
 Andover to South Arm, Lake Welokennebacock, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.
 South Arm to Upper Dam Landing, Lake Welokennebacock, A. L. T. Co.'s steamers.
 Upper Dam Landing to Middle Dam, A. L. T. Co.'s steamers.
 Middle Dam to Sunday Cove, Lake Umbagog, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.
 Sunday Cove to Errol Dam, A. L. T. Co.'s steamers.
 Errol Dam (through Dixville Notch) to Colebrook, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.
 Colebrook to North Stratford, stage.
 North Stratford to Groveton Junction, Grand Trunk Railway.
 Groveton Junction to Concord, N. H., Boston, Concord & Montreal Railroad.

Concord to Lawrence, Concord Railroad.
 Lawrence to Boston, Boston & Maine Railroad.

No. 12.—Reverse of No. 11; cost \$17.50.

No. 13.—Boston to Middle Dam, Androscoggin Lakes, Me., *via* Boston, Concord & Montreal Railroad, and Dixville Notch. Return *via* Lake Umbagog, Cambridge, and Bethel.

Distance 524 miles; time, 4 days; cost \$19.50.

Boston to Concord, Boston, Lowell & Concord Railroad.
 Concord to Groveton Junction, Boston, Concord & Montreal Railroad.
 Groveton Junction to North Stratford, Grand Trunk Railway.
 North Stratford to Colebrook, stage.
 Colebrook (through Dixville Notch) to Errol Dam, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.
 Errol Dam to Sunday Cove, A. L. T. Co.'s steamers.
 Sunday Cove to Middle Dam, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.
 Middle Dam to Upper Dam Landing, A. L. T. Co.'s steamers.
 Upper Dam Landing to Middle Dam, A. L. T. Co.'s steamers.
 Middle Dam to Sunday Cove, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.
 Sunday Cove, to Lakeside, Cambridge, A. L. T. Co.'s steamers.
 Cambridge, Lake Umbagog, to Bethel, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.
 Bethel to Portland, Grand Trunk Railway.
 Portland to Boston, Boston & Maine Railroad.

No. 14.—Boston to Middle Dam, Androscoggin Lakes, Me., *via* Bethel and Cambridge, Lake Umbagog. Return *via* Dixville Notch and the White Mountains.

Distance, 561 miles; time, 4 days; cost, \$20.10.

Boston to Portland, Boston & Maine Railroad.
 Portland to Bethel, Grand Trunk Railway.
 Bethel to Cambridge, Lake Umbagog, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.

Lakeside, Cambridge, to Sunday Cove, A. L. T. Co.'s steamers.
 Sunday Cove to Middle Dam, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.
 Middle Dam to Upper Dam Landing, A. L. T. Co.'s steamers.
 Upper Dam Landing to Middle Dam, A. L. T. Co.'s steamers.
 Middle Dam to Sunday Cove, Lake Umbagog, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.
 Sunday Cove to Errol Dam, A. L. T. Co.'s steamers.
 Errol Dam to Colebrook (through Dixville Notch) A. L. T. Co.'s stage.
 Colebrook to North Stratford, stage.
 North Stratford to Groveton Junction, Grand Trunk Railway.
 Groveton Junction to Fabyan's, Boston, Concord & Montreal Railroad.
 Fabyan's to Portland, Portland & Ogdensburg Railroad.
 Portland to Boston, Boston & Maine Railroad.

No. 15.—Reverse of No. 14; cost, \$20.10.

No. 16.—Boston to Middle Dam, Androscoggin Lakes, Me., *via* Concord and Dixville Notch, N. H., and return.

Distance, 574 miles; time, 4 days; cost, \$22.00.

Boston to Concord, Boston, Lowell & Concord Railroad.
 Concord to Groveton Junction, Boston, Concord & Montreal Railroad.
 Groveton Junction to North Stratford, Grand Trunk Railway.
 North Stratford to Colebrook, stage.
 Colebrook (through Dixville Notch) to Errol Dam, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.
 Errol Dam to Sunday Cove, Lake Umbagog, A. L. T. Co.'s steamers.
 Sunday Cove to Middle Dam, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.
 Middle Dam to Upper Dam Landing, A. L. T. Co.'s steamers.

Return same way.

No. 17.—Boston to Upper Dam, Lake Molechunkamunk, Me., *via* Bryant's Pond and Andover, and return.

Distance, 430 miles; time, 4 days; cost, \$18.50.

Boston to Portland, Boston & Maine Railroad.
 Portland to Bryant's Pond, Grand Trunk Railway.
 Bryant's Pond to Andover, Tuttle's stage.
 Andover to South Arm, Lake Wolokennebacook, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.
 South Arm to Upper Dam Landing, A. L. T. Co.'s steamers.

Return same way.

No. 18.—Boston to Upper Dam, Androscoggin Lakes, Me., *via* Bethel and Cambridge, and return.

Distance, 464 miles; time, 4 days; cost \$15.50.

Boston to Portland, Boston & Maine Railroad.
 Portland to Bethel, Grand Trunk Railway.
 Bethel to Lakeside, Cambridge, Lake Umbagog, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.
 Lakeside, Cambridge, to Sunday Cove, A. L. T. Co.'s steamers.
 Sunday Cove to Middle Dam, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.
 Middle Dam to Upper Dam Landing, A. L. T. Co.'s steamers.

Return same way

No. 19.—Boston to Upper Dam, Androscoggin Lakes, Me., *via* Andover. Return *via* Cambridge and Bethel.

Distance, 453 miles; time, 4 days; cost, \$14.50.

Boston to Portland, Boston & Maine Railroad.
 Portland to Bryant's Pond, Grand Trunk Railway.
 Bryant's Pond to Andover, Tuttle's stage.
 Andover to South Arm, Lake Wolokennebacook, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.
 South Arm to Upper Dam Landing, A. L. T. Co.'s steamers.
 Upper Dam Landing to Middle Dam, A. L. T. Co.'s steamers.
 Middle Dam to Sunday Cove, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.
 Sunday Cove to Cambridge, Lake Umbagog, A. L. T. Co.'s steamers.
 Lakeside, Cambridge, to Bethel, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.
 Bethel to Portland, Grand Trunk Railway.
 Portland to Boston, Boston & Maine Railroad.

No. 20.—Reverse of No. 19; cost \$14.50.

No. 21.—Boston to Upper Dam, Androscoggin Lakes, Me., and Dixville Notch, *via* Andover, and return.

Distance, 496 miles; time, 5 days; cost, \$19.50.

Boston to Portland, Boston & Maine Railroad.

Portland to Bryant's Pond, Grand Trunk Railway.

Bryant's Pond to Andover, Tuttle's stage.

Andover to South Arm, Lake Welokennebacock, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.

South Arm to Upper Dam Landing, A. L. T. Co.'s steamers.

Upper Dam Landing to Middle Dam, A. L. T. Co.'s steamers.

Middle Dam to Sunday Cove, Lake Umbagog, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.

Sunday Cove to Errol Dam, A. L. T. Co.'s steamers.

Errol Dam to Dixville Notch, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.

Return same way.

No. 22.—Boston to Indian Rock, Me., *via* Bryant's Pond and Andover, and return.

Distance, 450 miles; time, 4 days; cost, \$14.50.

Boston to Portland, Boston & Maine Railroad.

Portland to Bryant's Pond, Grand Trunk Railway.

Bryant's Pond to Andover, Tuttle's stage.

Andover to South Arm, Lake Welokennebacock, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.

South Arm to Upper Dam Landing, A. L. T. Co.'s steamers.

One-eighth mile walk between steamers. Extra expense for transporting baggage.

Upper Dam to Indian Rock, steamer.

Return same way.

No. 23.—Boston to Indian Rock, Me., *via* Andover. Return *via* Phillips.

Distance, 472 miles; time, 4 days; cost, \$15.50.

Boston to Portland, Boston & Maine Railroad.

Portland to Bryant's Pond, Grand Trunk Railway.

Bryant's Pond to Andover, Tuttle's stage.

Andover to South Arm, Lake Welokennebacock, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.

South Arm to Upper Dam Landing, A. L. T. Co.'s steamers.

One-eighth mile walk between steamers. Extra expense for transporting baggage.

Upper Dam to Indian Rock, steamer.

Walk across carry two miles from Oquossoc Lake.

Oquossoc Outlet to Rangely or Greenvale, steamer.

Rangely or Greenvale to Phillips, stage.

Phillips to Farmington, Sandy River Railroad.

Farmington to Portland, Maine Central Railroad.

Portland to Boston, Boston and Maine Railroad.

No. 24.—Reverse of No. 23; cost, \$15.50.

No. 25.—Boston to Indian Rock, Me., *via* Bethel and Cambridge, Lake Umbagog.

Distance, 486 miles; time 4 days; cost, \$17.00.

Boston to Portland, Boston and Maine Railroad.

Portland to Bethel, Grand Trunk Railway.

Bethel to Cambridge, Lake Umbagog, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.

Lakeside, Cambridge, to Sunday Cove, A. L. T. Co.'s steamers.

Sunday Cove to Middle Dam, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.

Middle Dam to Upper Dam Landing, A. L. T. Co.'s steamers.

One-eighth mile walk between steamers. Extra expense for transporting baggage.

Upper Dam Landing to Indian Rock, steamer.

Return same way.

No. 26.—Boston to Indian Rock, Me., *via* Bethel and Cambridge, Lake Umbagog. Return *via* Andover and Bryant's Pond.

Distance, 473 miles; time 4 days; cost, \$16.25.

Boston to Portland, Boston and Maine Railroad.

Portland to Bethel, Grand Trunk Railway.

Bethel to Cambridge, Lake Umbagog, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.

Lakeside, Cambridge, to Sunday Cove, A. L. T. Co.'s steamers.

Sunday Cove to Middle Dam, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.

Middle Dam to Upper Dam Landing, A. L. T. Co.'s steamers.

One-eighth mile walk between steamers. Extra expense for transporting baggage.

Upper Dam Landing to Indian Rock, steamer.

Indian Rock to Upper Dam Landing, steamer.

One-eighth mile walk between steamers. Extra expense for transporting baggage.

Upper Dam Landing to South Arm, A. L. T. Co.'s steamers.

South Arm to Andover, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.

Andover to Bryant's Pond, Tuttle's stage.

Bryant's Pond to Portland Grand Trunk Railway.

Portland to Boston, Boston and Maine Railroad.

No. 27.—Reverse of No. 26; cost, \$16.25.

No. 28.—Boston to Bemis Stream, Me., *via* Bryant's Pond, Andover, and Upper Dam and return.

Distance, 444 miles; time 4 days; cost, \$14.50.

Boston to Portland, Boston and Maine Railroad.

Portland to Bryant's Pond, Grand Trunk Railway.

Bryant's Pond to Andover, Tuttle's stage.

Andover to South Arm, Lake Welokennebacock, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.

South Arm to Upper Dam Landing, A. L. T. Co.'s steamers.

One-eighth mile walk between steamers. Extra expense for transporting baggage.

Upper Dam Landing to Bemis Stream, steamer.

Return same way.

No. 29.—Boston to Bemis Stream, Me., *via* Bethel, Cambridge, Lake Umbagog, Middle Dam, Upper Dam, and return.

Distance, 472 miles; time, 4 days; cost, \$17.00.

Boston to Portland, Boston and Maine Railroad.

Portland to Bethel, Grand Trunk Railway.

Bethel to Cambridge, Lake Umbagog, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.

Lakeside, Cambridge, to Sunday Cove, A. L. T. Co.'s steamers.

Sunday Cove to Middle Dam, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.

Middle Dam to Upper Dam Landing, A. L. T. Co.'s steamers.

One-eighth mile walk between steamers. Extra expense for transporting baggage.

Upper Dam Landing to Bemis Stream, steamer.

Return same way.

No. 30.—Boston to Bemis Stream, Me., *via* Bryant's Pond, Andover, and Upper Dam. Return *via* Upper Dam, Middle Dam, Lake Umbagog, Cambridge, and Bethel.

Distance, 467 miles; time, 4 days; cost, \$16.25.

Boston to Portland, Boston and Maine Railroad.

Portland to Bryant's Pond, Grand Trunk Railway.

Bryant's Pond to Andover, Tuttle's stage.

Andover to South Arm, Lake Welokennebacock, stage.

South Arm to Upper Dam Landing, A. L. T. Co.'s steamers.

One-eighth mile walk between steamers. Extra expense for transporting baggage.

Upper Dam Landing to Bemis Stream steamer.

Bemis Stream to Upper Dam Landing, steamer.

One-eighth mile walk between steamers. Extra expense for transporting baggage.

Upper Dam Landing to Middle Dam, A. L. T. Co.'s steamers.

Middle Dam to Sunday Cove, Lake Umbagog, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.

Sunday Cove to Lakeside, Cambridge, A. L. T. Co.'s steamers.

Cambridge, Lake Umbagog to Bethel, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.

Bethel to Portland Grand Trunk Railway.

Portland to Boston, Boston and Maine Railroad.

No. 31.—Reverse of No. 30; cost, \$16.25.

No. 32.—Boston to Lakeside, Cambridge, Lake Umbagog, and return.

Distance, 416 miles; time, 2 days; cost, \$12.00.

Boston to Portland, Boston and Maine Railroad.

Portland to Bethel, Grand Trunk Railway.

Bethel to Lakeside, Cambridge, Lake Umbagog, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.

Return same way.

No. 33.—Boston to Errol Dam, Lake Umbagog, and return.

Distance, 532 miles; time, 3 days; cost, \$19.00.

Boston to Concord, Boston, Lowell & Concord Railroad.

Concord to Groveton Junction, Boston, Concord & Montreal Railroad.

Groveton Junction to North Stratford, Grand Trunk Railway.

North Stratford to Colebrook, stage.

Colebrook to Errol Dam, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.

Return same way.

No. 34.—Boston to Magalloway (Wentworth's Location) and return, via Bethel and Cambridge, Lake Umbagog.

Distance, 466 miles; time, 3 days; cost, \$14.50.

Boston to Portland, Boston and Maine Railroad.

Portland to Bethel, Grand Trunk Railway.

Bethel to Lakeside, Cambridge, Lake Umbagog, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.

Lakeside, Cambridge to Magalloway, A. L. T. Co.'s steamers.

Return same way.

No. 35.—Boston to Magalloway, (Wentworth's Location) and return, via Bryant's Pond and Andover.

Distance, 458 miles; time, 4 days; cost, \$16.50.

Boston to Portland, Boston and Maine Railroad.

Portland to Bryant's Pond, Grand Trunk Railway.

Bryant's Pond to Andover, Tuttle's stage.

Andover to South Arm Lake Welokennebecook, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.

South Arm to Middle Dam, A. L. T. Co.'s steamers.

Middle Dam to Sunday Cove, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.

Sunday Cove to Magalloway, A. L. T. Co.'s steamers.

Return same way.

No. 36.—Boston to Magalloway (Wentworth's Location), via Bryant's Pond and Andover. Return via Lakeside, Cambridge and Bethel.

Distance, 488 miles; time, 4 days; cost, \$17.25.

Boston to Portland, Boston and Maine Railroad.

Portland to Bryant's Pond, Grand Trunk Railway.

Bryant's Pond to Andover, Tuttle's stage.

Andover to South Arm Lake Welokennebecook, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.

South Arm to Middle Dam, A. L. T. Co.'s steamers.

Middle Dam to Sunday Cove, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.

Sunday Cove to Magalloway, A. L. T. Co.'s steamers.

Magalloway to Lakeside, Cambridge, A. L. T. Co.'s steamers.

Lakeside, Cambridge, N. H., to Bethel, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.

Bethel to Portland, Grand Trunk Railway.

Portland to Boston, Boston and Maine Railroad.

No. 37.—Boston to Magalloway (Wentworth's Location), *via* North Stratford and Colebrook, and return.

Distance, 588 miles; time, 3 days; cost, \$16.50.

Boston to Portland, Boston and Maine Railroad.

Portland to North Stratford, Grand Trunk Railway.

North Stratford to Colebrook, stage.

Colebrook (through Dixville Notch) to Errol Dam, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.

Errol Dam to Magalloway River Landing, A. L. T. Co.'s steamers.

Return same way.

No. 38.—Boston to Magalloway (Wentworth's Location), *via* Boston Concord & Montreal Railroad, and Dixville Notch. Return *via* Lake Umbagog, Cambridge, Bethel, and Grand Trunk Railway.

Distance, 518 miles; time, 4 days; cost \$19.00.

Boston to Concord, Boston, Lowell & Concord Railroad.

Concord to Groveton Junction, Boston, Concord & Montreal Railroad.

Groveton Junction to North Stratford, Grand Trunk Railway.

North Stratford to Colebrook, stage.

Colebrook (through Dixville Notch) to Errol Dam, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.

Errol Dam to Magalloway River Landing, A. L. T. Co.'s steamers.

Magalloway River Landing to Lakeside, Cambridge, A. L. T. Co.'s steamers.

Cambridge, Lake Umbagog, to Bethel, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.

Bethel to Portland, Grand Trunk Railway.

Portland to Boston, Boston & Maine Railroad.

No. 39.—Boston to Azischohos Falls and return, *via* Bethel, Me., and Lakeside, Cambridge, N. H.

Distance, 484 miles; time, 3 days; cost, \$17.50.

Boston to Portland, Boston and Maine Railroad.

Portland to Bethel, Grand Trunk Railway.

Bethel to Lakeside, Cambridge, N. H., A. L. T. Co.'s stage.

Lakeside, Cambridge, to Magalloway River Landing, A. L. T. Co.'s steamer.

Magalloway River Landing to Azischohos Falls, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.

Return same way.

No. 40.—Boston to Colebrook, N. H., *via* Bethel, Cambridge, Lake Umbagog, Dixville Notch, and return.

Distance 496 miles; time, 4 days; cost, \$17.50.

Boston to Portland, Boston and Maine Railroad.

Portland to Bethel, Grand Trunk Railway.

Bethel to Cambridge, Lake Umbagog, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.

Lakeside, Cambridge, to Errol Dam, A. L. T. Co.'s steamers.

Errol Dam to Colebrook (through Dixville Notch) A. L. T. Co.'s stage.

Return same way.

No. 41.—Boston to Dixville Notch, N. H., *via* Bethel and Cambridge, Lake Umbagog. Return *via* Colebrook.

Distance, 504 miles; time, 4 days; cost, \$17.00.

Boston to Portland, Boston and Maine Railroad.

Portland to Bethel, Grand Trunk Railway.

Bethel to Cambridge, Lake Umbagog, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.

Lakeside, Cambridge, to Errol Dam, A. L. T. Co.'s steamers.

Errol Dam, (through Dixville Notch) to Colebrook, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.

Colebrook to North Stratford, stage.

North Stratford to Portland, Grand Trunk Railway.

Portland to Boston, Boston and Maine Railroad.

No. 42.—Reverse of No. 41, cost \$17.00.

No. 43.—Boston to Dixville Notch, N. H., and return, *via* Bethel and Cambridge, Lake Umbagog.

Distance, 470 miles; time, 4 days; cost, \$15.00.

Boston to Portland, Boston and Maine Railroad.

Portland to Bethel, Grand Trunk Railway.

Bethel to Lakeside, Cambridge, Lake Umbagog, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.

Cambridge, Lake Umbagog, to Errol Dam, A. L. T. Co.'s steamers.

Errol Dam to Dixville Notch, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.

Return same way.

No. 44.—Boston to Dixville Notch, N. H., *via* Boston, Concord & Montreal Railroad. Return *via* Lake Umbagog, Cambridge and Bethel.

Distance, 494 miles; time 4 days; cost, \$17.50.

Boston to Concord, Boston, Lowell & Concord Railroad.

Concord to Groveton Junction, Boston, Concord & Montreal Railroad.

Groveton Junction to North Stratford, Grand Trunk Railway.

North Stratford to Colebrook, stage.

Colebrook to Dixville Notch, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.

Dixville Notch to Errol Dam, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.

Errol Dam to Lakeside, Cambridge, A. L. T. Co.'s steamers.

Cambridge, Lake Umbagog to Bethel, A. L. T. Co.'s stage.

Bethel to Portland, Grand Trunk Railway.

Portland to Boston, Boston and Maine Railroad.

Tickets for Excursions Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 29, 30, 31, 32, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43 and 44, are issued by the GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY, and may be obtained in Boston at the New England Office, 280 Washington street. Persons purchasing tickets of the Grand Trunk issue have the privilege of travelling between BOSTON and PORTLAND on either the Boston and Maine Railroad, or Portland steamers. When persons travel by steamer *each way* between Boston and Portland, the ticket costs \$1.00 less than printed rate. The same tickets are also issued from Portland; rates \$5.00 less than from Boston. Ticket offices in Portland on Exchange street, and at depot, foot of India street. From Lewiston \$4.00 less than from Boston. Ticket office in Lewiston at Grand Trunk Railway Depot.

Excursion tickets Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 41, 42, 43, and 44 are issued by the BOSTON & MAINE RAILROAD, and may be obtained at either of the depots, Haymarket square, head of Washington street; also at the depots of the company in Lowell, Lawrence, Haverhill, Newmarket Junction, Exeter, Dover, and at the up-town office, 308 Washington street, and at the depot on Causeway street, opposite Friend; Lynn, Salem, Newburyport, and Portsmouth; also at Union depot, Worcester, and at depots in Nashua and Rochester. Rates from Worcester \$1.50 more than from Boston.

Excursion tickets Nos. 13, 14, 22, 26, 27, 28 and 40, are issued by the BOSTON & LOWELL RAILROAD, and may be obtained in Boston at the company's office, No. 218 Washington street, and at the Boston & Lowell Railroad depot, Causeway street; also at the depots of the company at Concord, Plymouth, Fabyan's, Profile House and Lancaster.

Excursion tickets Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, and 44, are issued by the PROVIDENCE & WORCESTER RAILROAD COMPANY, from Providence and are for sale at the depots and offices of the company in Providence. Rates from Providence \$1.50 more than from Boston.

Excursion tickets Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, and 44, are issued by the PORTLAND STEAM-PACKET COMPANY, and are for sale in Boston at Grand Trunk Railway Office, 280 Washington street, and on board the company's steamers at India Wharf.

Excursion tickets Nos. 23 and 24 are issued by the MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD from Portland, Lewiston, Brunswick, Bath, Augusta, Waterville, and Bangor, and are for sale at the company's offices in those places.

THE NORWICH AND NEW YORK TRANSPORTATION COMPANY also sell Excursion Tickets to the Rangeley Lakes region from New York City, over the "Norwich Line," and the NEW YORK & NEW ENGLAND RAILROAD, who have tickets on sale at Waterbury, Hartford, Norwich, Putnam, Webster, Willimantic, Bristol, New Britain, Rockville, Danbury, and Southbridge. Round-trip tickets are also sold over the NEW YORK & NEW ENGLAND ALL-RAIL ROUTE, from Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York.

THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY issue nearly all the Excursion Ticket Forms given in this chapter to Andover, Bethel, Cambridge, Lake Umbagog, the Magalloway, Dixville Notch, and the Androscoggin Lakes, from all the principal cities touched by their road, as well as the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore, and Baltimore & Potomac Railroads. Persons purchasing these tickets have a choice of routes between New York and the Lake Region. See list of tickets in the Pennsylvania Railroad Excursion Book for the current season.

THE PHILADELPHIA & READING RAILROAD COMPANY issue Round Trip Excursion Tickets from Philadelphia and other cities touched by their road, to the Lakes, and they may be obtained at any ticket-office of the company.

THE PROVIDENCE, STONINGTON, and FALL RIVER SOUND LINES all sell Excursion Tickets from New York to the Lake Region, and most of the Forms mentioned in this chapter can be obtained at any of their ticket-offices.

MESSRS. THOMAS COOK & SON, 261 Broadway, New York City, have for sale all the Excursion Tickets mentioned in this chapter at regular rates.

THE WORLD TRAVEL COMPANY, 207 Broadway, New York City, have for sale all the Excursion Tickets mentioned in this chapter at regular rates.

CHAPTER XXV.

Game and Game-Fish Laws of the State of New Hampshire.

CHAPTER 1.

FISH AND GAME COMMISSIONERS AND WARDENS, AND THEIR DUTIES.

SECTION 1. The governor, with the advice of the council, shall appoint a board of commissioners on fish and game, not exceeding three in number, who shall hold their offices for five years from the date of their appointment (unless sooner removed), for the purpose of restocking such of our waters with salmon, shad, and alewives as were formerly frequented by those fish, and introducing the land-locked salmon, so called, black bass, pike perch, white perch, white fish, or any other desirable fish into our inland waters, and enforcing the laws relating to fish and game; and said board of commissioners is hereby authorized to cooperate with the commissioners of other States, having joint interests with this State, for the purpose of restocking the rivers, streams, and other waters with salmon, shad, and other desirable fish. The board of fish commissioners, as now constituted, is hereby continued, and invested with all the powers and charged with all the duties of fish and game commissioners under the general laws.

SECT. 2. They shall examine the principal inland waters of the State, and determine what new varieties of fish shall be introduced into the several waters. They may take fish of any kind, at any time or in any manner they may choose, for the purposes of science, cultivation, and dissemination, and may permit other persons to take fish at any time and in any manner for the same purposes, anything in this or any other chapter to the contrary notwithstanding.

SECT. 3. Each of said commissioners may personally, or by deputy appointed in writing under his hand, enforce all laws relating to inland fisheries, and may seize and remove, summarily, if need be, all obstructions to the passage of migratory fish illegally used, except dams, mills, or machinery, at the expense of the person using or maintaining the same.

SECT. 4. Every town or city council in this State shall, at some regular meeting, choose one or more fish and game wardens, whose duty it shall be to see that the laws for the preservation of fish in the waters within the limits of such town or city or upon which it may border, and also the laws for the preservation of game within such limits, are duly observed, and such wardens shall be sworn to the faithful performance of their duties.

SECT. 5. It shall be the duty of the fish and game commissioners to appoint one or more fish and game wardens in each town or city of this State including or bordering upon any body of water in which trout or other fish are prohibited from being taken during any specified time or times, whenever such wardens have not been elected in such towns or cities; said wardens to hold their said appointments until such town or city shall elect such wardens, or during the pleasure of the commissioners. Such wardens, so appointed, shall receive a warrant from said commissioners, and shall be sworn to the faithful performance of their duties.

SECT. 6. It shall be the duty of said wardens to observe and examine, and to make complaint before some justice of the peace of all infringements of laws made for the preservation of fish or game in their respective towns or cities, and to prosecute the same to final judgment.

SECT. 7. Said commissioners are hereby empowered to appoint, in writing under their hands, special detectives, not exceeding five in number, for the purpose of securing the enforcement of the fish and game laws of the State, at such times as in their judgment they may deem necessary; the expense of said detectives not to exceed two hundred and fifty dollars per annum. The fish and game commissioners, and their deputies and detectives, and the wardens shall have all the powers in enforcing the fish and game laws of the State, and all laws relating to fisheries, that are now vested in police officers and constables of this State.

SECT. 8. It shall be the duty of the fish commissioners to examine from time to time all waters in this State in which salmon or other fish have heretofore been or may hereafter be placed, and they are hereby empowered, by an order in writing duly published and posted, to close any such waters against all fishing of every kind for such time as the preservation of the fish so placed in such waters may require, not exceeding three years. A copy of such order shall be published in some newspaper printed in the county, if any, otherwise in some adjoining county, and posted in two or more public places, as near said waters as may be, in each town in which said waters or any part thereof are located, at least one week before such order shall be enforced; and this shall be sufficient notice in all cases. Any person violating this law, or any order made under it by said commissioners, shall be fined not exceeding twenty dollars, or imprisoned not exceeding sixty days, or both, for each offence. And the having in possession any fish, or any fishing tackle or apparatus, by any person in the immediate vicinity of such waters, after such order takes effect, shall be *prima-facie* evidence of a violation by such person of this law and of such order made by said commissioners.

SECT. 9. Any town or city in this State may, at any meeting duly notified and holden for that purpose, by major vote of such town or of the city government of such city, prohibit fishing in any waters exclusively in such town or city, for any period not exceeding three years, for the purpose of stocking said waters with any kind of desirable fish; and any violation of such prohibition by any person shall be prosecuted by the warden, and, if proved to the satisfaction of the magistrate, shall be punished in the same way as is provided in the preceding section.

SECT. 10. All persons are hereby forbidden to take, catch, or fish for any fish in any way upon the Pemigewasset river, near the State hatching-house in Holderness, anywhere between the abutments of the upper dam on Livermore Falls, so called, in Cumpson, and a point on said river half a mile below said abutments, southerly, measuring by an air line. Any person violating the provisions of this section shall pay a fine not exceeding twenty dollars, or be imprisoned not exceeding sixty days, or both, for every such violation.

SECT. 11. All fines paid under the provisions of this chapter shall be one-half for the use of the prosecutor and the other half for the use of the town, city, or county.

SECT. 12. Said commissioners shall make a full annual report to the governor and council of all their doings, together with a statement of all expenses, on or before the tenth day of June of each year. They shall be entitled to receive their travelling and other expenses necessarily connected with the discharge of their duties, and such compensation for their services as may be determined and allowed by the governor and council, who shall audit their accounts.

SECT. 13. Said fish commissioners shall have full power and control of all fishways in this State, and shall direct when and for how many months in each year said fishways shall be kept open.

CHAPTER II.

GAME LAWS, — BIRDS.

SECTION 1. If any person shall, at any season of the year, take, kill, or destroy any of the birds called robins, thrushes, larks, bluebirds, sparrows, finches, buntings, martins, orioles, swallows, fly-catchers, warblers, tanagers, bobolinks, vireos, nut-hatches, creepers, wood-peckers, humming-birds, or any other of the song birds or insectivorous birds, he shall be punished by a fine of five dollars for each and every such bird so taken, killed, or destroyed, or by imprisonment not exceeding thirty days, or both; but this section shall not apply to any one collecting specimens for the purpose of illustrating natural history in any educational institution which supports a cabinet for that purpose, in charge of a curator, under whose direction only such birds may be taken, killed, or destroyed. Any resident of the State, over eighteen years of age, with the sole purpose of furnishing specimens for a cabinet, may receive from the secretary of the board of agriculture a permit for that purpose only, revocable for good cause, exempting him from the provisions of this section: *Provided* he shall furnish from the selectmen of the town or mayor of the city in which he resides, a certificate, indorsed by one of the fish and game commissioners, or a member of the board of agriculture that he is a proper person to receive such a permit.

SECT. 2. If any person shall, between the first day of February and the first day of August of each year, take, kill, or destroy any of the birds called plover, yellow-legs, sandpipers, woodcock, ducks, or rails, or shall, between the first day of February and the first day of September of each year, take, kill, or destroy any ruffed grouse, partridges, or quails, or shall, within the respective times aforesaid, sell, buy, or have in possession any of said birds, he shall be punished by a fine of ten dollars for each bird so taken, killed, or destroyed, bought, sold, or had in possession, or by imprisonment not exceeding sixty days, or both.

SECT. 3. No person shall, at any time or place within this State, take any grouse, partridge, or quail, with any trap or snare; and any person so offending shall be punished by a fine of ten dollars for each bird so taken, or by imprisonment not exceeding sixty days, or both. The penalties provided in this and the two preceding sections shall be one-half for the use of the prosecutor and the other half for the town, city, or county.

SECT. 4. Any person or persons, corporation or company, owning or occupying land, may forbid the destruction of birds on the same, at any season of the year, by posting a printed or written notice to that effect, in two public places in the town, and also on the lands; and any person taking or destroying birds on such land, in defiance of said prohibition, shall be subject to a penalty, for the use of the owner or occupier of such land, of one dollar for each bird so destroyed, in addition to the penalties named in the preceding sections, which may be recovered in the same proceeding in which the fine is assessed.

SECT. 5. If any person shall designedly take from the nest and destroy the eggs or young of any of the birds called robins, thrushes, larks, bluebirds, sparrows, martins, woodpeckers, bobolinks, yellow-birds, linnets, fly-catchers, or warblers, snipes, woodcock, plover, rails, yellow-legs, or sandpipers, partridges, grouse, quails, or wild pigeons, he shall forfeit and pay for every egg or young of any of said birds so taken and destroyed, the sum of two dollars, to the use of the prosecutor.

CHAPTER III.

GAME LAWS, — ANIMALS.

SECTION 1. If any person shall, between the first day of December of each year and the first day of September in the year following, by shooting, trapping, or otherwise, capture, kill, or destroy any deer, moose, or caribou within the limits of this State, he shall be punished by a fine of not less than twenty-five dollars nor more than fifty dollars for every such animal so captured, killed, or destroyed, or by imprisonment not exceeding six months, or both.

SECT. 2. If any person shall, in any way, between the first day of April and the fifteenth day of October, in any year, kill or destroy any mink, beaver, sable, otter, or fisher, he shall be punished by a fine of twenty-five dollars for each animal so killed or destroyed, or by imprisonment not exceeding sixty days, or both.

SECT. 3. If any person shall, between the first day of January and the first day of September, in any year, take, kill or destroy any raccoon or coon, or grey squirrel, he shall be punished by a fine of five dollars for each animal so killed or destroyed, or by imprisonment not exceeding thirty days, or both.

SECT. 4. If any person shall in any way, kill or destroy any of the animals known as hares, rabbits, or muskrats, between the first day of April and the first day of September, in each year he shall be punished by a fine of five dollars for every such offence, or by imprisonment not exceeding thirty days, or both.

SECT. 5. If any person shall expose poison for the purpose of destroying any animals, except rats or other vermin, in his own buildings, or on his potato crops, he shall be punished by a fine of fifty dollars for every such offence, or by imprisonment not exceeding six months, or both.

SECT. 6. If any person has or shall have in his possession the carcass or hide, or any part thereof, of any such animal, between the times in which the killing of such animals is prohibited, it shall be *prima-facie* evidence that he has hunted and killed the same contrary to law.

SECT. 7. If any railroad or express company, or other common carrier in this State, or any of their servants or agents, while in their employ, shall have in their possession, for transportation or any other purpose, any of the birds mentioned in section two of the preceding chapter, or any of the animals mentioned in section one of this chapter, during the period while such birds or animals are protected by law, said railroad or express company or other common carrier shall be punished by a fine not exceeding one hundred dollars for each offence. But such company or common-carrier may show in defence that such birds or animals came in the regular course of business into their possession for transit through this State, from some place without the State, where the killing of the same was lawful.

SECT. 8. All fines, forfeitures, and penalties prescribed in this chapter shall be one-half to the use of the prosecutor, and the residue to the town, city, or county where the trial and conviction are had.

CHAPTER IV.

FISH LAWS, VIOLATIONS AND PENALTIES.

SECTION 1. If any person shall, at any time, catch, kill, or destroy in any manner any fish in any pond, reservoir, or spring prepared or used for the purpose of breeding, growing, or preserving the same, or from any brook or stream running through or supplying such pond or reservoir on land owned or leased for the purpose aforesaid, or shall break down any dam or embankment of the same, or shall in any way poison or pollute such water, or shall place therein any fish, or the roe, spawn, or fry of the same without permission of the owner or lessee of the land upon or through which such waters stand or flow, he shall for every such offence be fined not exceeding fifty dollars, or be imprisoned not exceeding six months, or both; *provided*, that said owners or lessees shall post in at least two conspicuous places on said land a notice, with the words, "reserved for fish culture or preservation; trespass forbidden," plainly painted, printed, or written thereon, and keep the same thus posted. This section shall be interpreted to apply only to such ponds, streams, or springs as are wholly within the control of some person owning the land around the same, who has made some improvement or expended money or labor in stocking the same with fish for his own use.

SECT. 2. If any person shall, at any time, take, catch, kill, destroy, or fish for any salmon, trout, lake-trout, land-locked or fresh-water salmon, grayling, bass, striped bass, pike, pike perch, white perch, pickerel, muskallonge, or smelts in any of the waters of this State, in any other manner or with any other device than the ordinary way of angling with a single hook and line, with bait, artificial fly or spoon, he shall be punished by a fine not exceeding thirty dollars for each offence, or by imprisonment not less than thirty days, or both, and a further penalty of not less than one dollar for each fish so caught, taken, or killed.

SECT. 3. All boats, nets, seines, trawls, spears, fishing-tackle, or other implements used in taking or catching fish in violation of law, shall be forfeited, and may be seized by any fish-warden, constable, police officer, or selectman, and shall be held, proceeded with, and disposed of as provided by law in other cases of forfeiture of goods, except that all spears and trawls shall be immediately destroyed by the person seizing the same.

SECT. 4. It shall not be lawful for any person to take, catch, kill, or have in his possession any land-locked or fresh-water salmon, lake-trout, brook or speckled trout, in or from any of the waters of this State, from the thirtieth day of September of any year to the thirtieth day of April next following (*except* that lake-trout may be taken, with single hook and line only, during the months of January, February, March, and April; and any person so offending shall be fined not more than fifty dollars for each fish so taken or had in possession, or imprisoned not more than six months, or both).

SECT. 5. If any person shall take, catch, kill, or destroy any pike, perch, or white perch, in any of the waters of this State during the months of May and June, or shall take, catch, kill, or destroy any black bass between the thirtieth day of April and the fifteenth day of June, in any year, he shall forfeit and pay the sum of ten dollars for each fish so caught, killed, taken, or had in possession, or be imprisoned not more than ninety days, or both.

SECT. 6. It shall not be lawful for any person to catch, take, kill, or destroy any muskallonge, pickerel, pike, or grayling in any of the waters of this State, during the months of April and May of any year, and any person so offending shall pay a fine of not more than twenty dollars for each fish so caught, taken, killed, or had in possession, or be imprisoned not more than sixty days, or both.

SECT. 7. If any person, within five years from the fourteenth of June, eighteen hundred and seventy-seven, shall catch or kill any salmon or young salmon, known as parr, smolts, or grise, or any shad, in the waters of the Merrimac or Connecticut rivers, or any tributary of either of said rivers, he shall be fined fifty dollars for each fish so caught or killed, or be imprisoned not more than six months, or both. Nor shall young salmon, known as parr, smolts, or grise, be caught or killed in any of the waters of the State after the expiration of said time, under the penalty herein provided.

SECT. 8. The taking or catching of any alewives or lamp-eels, in the said waters, is also prohibited during the same period, under a penalty of ten dollars for each fish or eel so caught or killed.

SECT. 9. If any person shall take, catch, kill, or destroy any white fish, black bass, land-locked or fresh-water salmon, grayling, pike, perch, or any other variety of fish which have been or may be introduced by the fish commissioners, their agents, or any person authorized by them, in any of the waters of this State, within five years from their introduction into the said several waters, he shall forfeit and pay for each fish taken, caught, killed, or destroyed, the sum of ten dollars, or be imprisoned not more than ninety days, or both.

SECT. 10. Any person who shall take, catch, kill, or destroy any fish in any of the waters of this State, by the use of any poisonous, deleterious, or explosive substances, shall be fined not more than fifty dollars for each offence, or be imprisoned not more than ninety days, or both.

SECT. 11. If any person shall erect or maintain any dam or weir upon the Connecticut, Merrimack, Pemigewasset, Ammonoosuc, Winnepesaukee, or Baker's rivers, or any tributary of said rivers, without providing a suitable fish-way, to be approved by the fish commissioners, or shall not keep open said fish-way at any and all times, and for so many mouths in each year as said

fish commissioners shall direct, he shall be fined fifty dollars for each day's continuance of such dam or weir, or neglect to keep open such fishway; *provided*, that the commissioners on fisheries for this State shall have given notice, in writing, to the owners or lessees of dams on said rivers and their tributaries, that in their opinion the public good requires the establishment and immediate building of suitable fishways, and the owners of dams shall be allowed six months from the date of the notice of the commissioners on fisheries in which to erect and complete such fishways, before they shall be liable to any fine or action for neglect to build or keep open such fishways.

SECT. 12. The approval of the fish commissioners of fishways over any dam in this State, shall not be construed to exonerate the owners of such fishways from the obligation to modify those so approved, or to build others when necessary to make them suitable, when required by such commissioners.

SECT. 13. All fishing whatever within four hundred yards of any such fishway, is strictly prohibited under a penalty of ten dollars for each offence, or imprisonment for not more than ninety days, or both.

SECT. 14. The possessor of any fish during the time in which their capture is prohibited by law, whether by hotel-keepers, express companies, or any other persons, shall be deemed *prima-facie* evidence of violation of the law, and such fish may be seized by any commissioner, fish-warden, or constable, and the companies or persons in whose possession such fish may be found shall be liable to all the penalties heretofore provided for such violations in their respective sections.

SECT. 15. No person shall put any of the fish called pickerel or p'ke, or the roe, fry, or spawn of the same, into any of the public waters of this State now containing trout, and free from pike and pickerel, and any person violating this section shall be fined one hundred dollars for each offence.

SECT. 16. No person shall catch, preserve, sell, or expose for sale, within the limits of the State of New Hampshire, any lobster between the fifteenth day of August and the fifteenth day of October of each year; and from the said fifteenth day of October to the fifteenth day of August next following of each year no lobster shall be caught, preserved, sold, or exposed for sale, under eleven inches in length, measuring from one extreme of the body to the other, exclusive of claws or feelers, nor shall any female lobster be killed or destroyed while carrying her spawn or hatching her young; and any person violating any provision of this section shall be punished by a fine of ten dollars for every lobster so caught, used, sold, or exposed for sale, as aforesaid.

SECT. 17. No person shall take oysters from Great Bay, in the county of Rockingham, or any of its tributaries, during the months of June, July, and August, nor shall any person dredge for oysters through holes cut in the ice during any month in the year, unless said oysters have been bedded in said bay, or its tributaries, by the person so taking or dredging for them; and any person violating the provisions of this section shall be fined not more than one hundred dollars for each offence.

SECT. 18. No person, not a citizen of this State and resident therein, shall take by seine or net any fish called herring or hardheads, or mackerel, in any waters within the jurisdiction of this State, for the purpose of salting or barreling the same.

SECT. 19. Any person who shall violate the provisions of the preceding section shall forfeit for each offence a sum not exceeding forty dollars.

SECT. 20. Any net or seine, set or used for the purpose of taking such fish, shall be forfeited to any person who may take or sue for the same.

SECT. 21. All weirs, pounds, stake or set nets, which may be erected or maintained for the purpose of taking or trapping fish, in the waters of the Piscataqua river and its tributaries, including the Great Bay, so called, shall be one mile or upwards from each other, the distance to be measured from the head of tide water, by the main channel of said rivers, and shall be kept open from the fifteenth of July to the first of April in the succeeding year, and from sunrise on Friday morning till sunrise on Monday morning of each week be-

tween the first of April and the fifteenth of July of each year; and any person or persons guilty of violating the provisions of this section shall be fined not more than fifty dollars, or be imprisoned not more than ninety days, or both.

SECT. 22. It shall not be lawful for any person to catch, kill, keep, or have in his possession any brook or speckled trout, from any of the waters of this State, of a length less than four inches, or any striped bass of a length less than fifteen inches, under a penalty of five dollars for each fish so taken, kept, or had in possession.

SECT. 23. It shall not be lawful for any person to take, catch, or kill any of the fish known as fresh-water or salt-water smelts, for the purpose of manuring land, under a penalty of five dollars for each fish so taken or used.

SECT. 24. Nothing in this chapter shall prohibit the owners of private waters from taking fish for purposes of propagation, dissemination, or science, from such private waters at such times and in such manner as may be most convenient; but they shall not be taken, used, or sold for purposes of food during the time when such capture is prohibited by law.

SECT. 25. All fines, penalties, and forfeitures, imposed and incurred under the provisions of this chapter, shall go one-half to the use of the complainant. The proceedings for the punishment of any violation of said provisions and for the recovery of any penalty or forfeiture shall be the same as provided by law for other cases; but there may be embraced in one action, complaint, indictment, or information, several offences committed by the same person in taking, catching, killing, or destroying fish.

ESTABLISHED HACK-FARES IN BOSTON.

For one or more adult passengers within the City Proper, or from one place to another within the limits of South Boston or of East Boston, Fifty Cents each.

Between the hours of 11 P.M. and 7 A.M., the fare for one adult passenger shall be One Dollar.

For two or more such passengers, Fifty Cents each.

For one adult passenger, from any part of the City Proper, to either South Boston or East Boston, or from East Boston or South Boston to the City Proper, One Dollar.

For two or more such passengers, between such points, Seventy-Five Cents each.

For children, between four and twelve years of age, when accompanied by one adult, one-half of the above sums; and for children under four years of age, when accompanied by an adult, no charge is to be made.

By order of the Board of Aldermen,
S. F. McCLEARY,
City Clerk.

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HORSE-CAR CONVEYANCE.—Persons who travel light, *i. e.*, with little baggage, can save Hack-Fare in Boston by taking the Horse-Cars, which now run to all the depots, and to the wharf of the Portland steamers.

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Gen. Traffic Manager.

GEO. W. STORER,
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SPECIAL NOTICES.

ANDROSCOGGIN LAKES TRANSPORTATION COMPANY.
 Summer Season, 1887.
**STEAMBOAT SERVICE ON LAKES WELOKENNEBACOOK
 AND MOLECHUNKAMUNK.**

One of the favorite steamers, **WELOKENNEBACOOK** or **MOLECHUNKAMUNK**, will begin regular trips on the Androscoggin Lakes as soon as the ice breaks up, connecting at South Arm with the teams from and to Andover; at Middle Dam with team from and to Steamer Parmachenee, running to all points on Umbagog Lake, and the Androscoggin and Magalloway Rivers; at Upper Dam with Steamer Metalluc from and to Bemis Stream, Haines' Landing, Indian Rock, and all points on Oquossoc Lake.

TIME-TABLE.—Leave South Arm at 7.00 A. M. and 1.00 P. M. for Middle Dam, Metallak Point, Mosquito Brook, and Upper Dam. Returning, leave Upper Dam at 10.00 A. M., and 3.00 P. M., for all points below, as far as South Arm.

RATES OF FARE.

South Arm to Middle Dam Landing	\$0.50
“ “ “ Metallak Point75
“ “ “ Mosquito Brook	1.00
“ “ “ Upper Dam Landing	1.00
“ “ “ Head of Lake Molechunkamunk	1.50
Middle Dam to Foot of Narrows25
“ “ “ Metallak Point50
“ “ “ Mosquito Brook75
“ “ “ Upper Dam Landing75
“ “ “ Head of Lake Molechunkamunk	1.00

Steamers run on Sunday only during the months of June and September, and after October 1 make only one trip a day until close of navigation.

**STEAMBOAT SERVICE ON LAKE UMBAGOG AND
 THE ANDROSCOGGIN AND MAGALLOWAY RIVERS.**

The new and fast steamer **PARMACHENEE** will commence running regular trips on Lake Umbagog, and the Androscoggin and Magalloway Rivers, as soon as the lake opens, connecting with stages at Lakeside, Cambridge, to and from Bethel; with team at Sunday Cove, to and from Middle Dam, connecting there with Steamers Welokennebacook and Molechunkamunk for South Arm and all points above; with stages at Magalloway River Landing, to and from Azischoos Falls, connecting there with new steamer Magalloway, for all points on the Upper Magalloway and Parmachenee Lake, and with stages at Errol Dam, to and from Dixville Notch.

TIME-TABLE.—Daily, excepting Sunday, leave Lakeside, Cambridge, foot of Lake Umbagog at 7.30 A. M.; Sunday Cove at 9.00 A. M., arriving at Errol Dam at 10.30 A. M. Leave Errol Dam at 10.45 A. M., arriving at Magalloway River Landing at 12.30 P. M. Leave Magalloway River Landing at 1.00 P. M., arriving at Errol Dam at 2.45 P. M. Leave Errol Dam at 3.00 P. M.; Sunday Cove at 4.30 P. M., arriving at Lakeside, Cambridge, foot of Umbagog Lake, at 5.45 P. M.

RATES OF FARE.

Lakeside, Cambridge, to Sunday Cove	\$1.00
Lakeside, Cambridge, to Errol Dam	1.50
Lakeside, Cambridge, to Magalloway River Landing	2.00
Sunday Cove to Errol Dam	1.00
Sunday Cove to Magalloway River Landing	1.50
Errol Dam to Magalloway River Landing	1.00

CHAS. A. J. FARRAR,
General Manager.

ELWYN W. LOVEJOY,
President, A. L. T. Co.

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Pullman Sleepers run through.

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6.50 A. M.; Washington, 10.50 A. M.

Leave Washington 2 P. M.; Philadelphia, 6.30 P. M.
Due Boston, 7.50 A. M.

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The company has never paid less than a 6 per cent. dividend, and the stock offers a safe, reliable, and paying investment to those having spare funds.

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For further particulars address either of the officials below.

ELWYN W. LOVEJOY, PRESIDENT, Lowell, Mass.

STEPHEN H. JONES, VICE-PRESIDENT, Lowell, Mass.

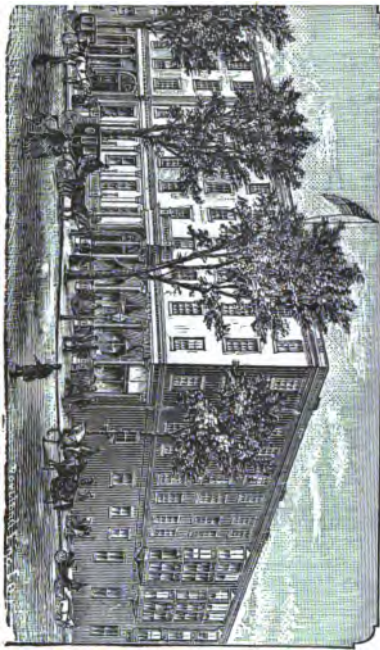
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PREBLE HOUSE,



❁ PORTLAND, ❁ MAINE. ❁

Enlarged from the ancient mansion of

COMMODORE PREBLE,

of naval fame, and now known as one of the

BEST HOTELS IN THE CITY.

BOSTON & MAINE RAILROAD,
THE DIRECT ROUTE FROM
BOSTON AND WORCESTER
TO THE
FISHING AND HUNTING RESORTS
OF
NORTHERN NEW HAMPSHIRE AND MAINE,
THE
RANGELEY AND MOOSEHEAD LAKES.

Send for Illustrated Folder, giving latest map and excursion rates to all

FISHING AND HUNTING RESORTS.

THE BOSTON & MAINE R. R.
ALSO FORMS
THE DIRECT SHORT ROUTE
TO ALL
WHITE MOUNTAIN POINTS.
DOWN EAST LATCH STRINGS,
OR
SEASHORE, LAKES AND MOUNTAINS

BY THE
BOSTON AND MAINE.

A description of a trip through the

TOURIST REGION OF NEW ENGLAND,

By **EARNEST INGERSOLL.**

Amplly Illustrated by **H. B. COLBY,** and **F. H. TAYLOR.**

Sent on receipt of 15 cents in stamps

By **PASSENGER DEPT. BOSTON and MAINE R. R.**

BOSTON, MASS.

Through tickets can be obtained at all principal ticket offices throughout the country.

JAS. T. FURBER,
General Manager.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger Agent.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

THE MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD,

operating a system of 535 miles, extends from Portland to and beyond Bangor to the boundary line between the State of Maine and the Province of New Brunswick, and unites the railroads of the United States and Maritime Provinces. In connection with its Mt. Desert Branch from Bangor to Bar Harbor, it forms, with its own lines, branches, and connections, the only rail route to and from Mt. Desert, and all parts of Maine east of Portland, and the provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, and Prince Edward Island, and is also the best route to Moosehead and the Rangeley Lakes and all of the noted hunting and fishing resorts of northern Maine and New Brunswick.

This company also operate the steamers running on the Portland, Mt. Desert, and Machias line, the inside route between Boston, Portland, Bar Harbor, and points on the Eastern Maine coast, giving passengers their choice of trip by land or water.

The Maine Central is the only route whereby Moosehead Lake can surely be reached the day following departure from Boston, and for the Rangeley Lakes is the only route connecting with the celebrated two-foot gauge Sandy River Railroad, running from Farmington to Phillips, only 18 miles from the lakes, and by which 15 miles of staging and 12 of steamer are saved to passengers for Indian Rock and Mooselucmaguntic House and Lake, over any other route, and connecting at Strong with the Franklin and Megantic R. R. for Kingfield, from whence stages run to Eustis and Smith's Farm, where a comparatively unexplored country for hunting and fishing is to be found.

Besides being the best route to the resorts mentioned, this line runs through or near numbers of picturesque cities and towns along the sea-coast and in the interior, which, with their attractive scenery and invigorating atmosphere, are rapidly and widely becoming known and appreciated, and drawing increased numbers of visitors each year.

Fares for round trip from Boston: Bar Harbor, \$14.00; Bar Harbor, continuous passage in both directions, \$11.50; Rangeley Lakes, \$12.50; Indian Rock, \$13.75; Eustis, \$13.00; Moosehead Lake, \$15.00; Aroostook, \$18.00. From Portland \$3.00 less.

Send for Time-Tables and Rates of Fare covering all Excursion points.

PAYSON TUCKER,

General Manager.

F. E. BOOTHBY,

Gen. Pass. Agent, Portland, Me.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

FURNITURE
OF ALL KINDS
MANUFACTURED BY US.

PARLOR SETS, CHAMBER SETS,

DINING

SETS,

HALL

Specialties,

Finest Stock

in all

New

England.



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Book Cases,

Parlor

and

Office

DESKS.

ONLY THE MANUFACTURERS PROFIT,

Consequently we defy competition.

F. M. Holmes Furniture Co.,

116 Tremont St., - Boston.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Round-trip tickets from Portland and Lewiston to the Richardson (Rangeley) Lakes, *via* Bryant's Pond and Andover, are sold by the

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY COMPANY

at the following prices from Portland:—

To Andover and return	\$8.00
To Middle Dam and return	9.00
To Upper Dam and return	10.00
To Indian Rock and return	11.00
To Indian Rock <i>via</i> Andover, return <i>via</i> Farmington	12.25
To Berlin Mills House, Magalloway River, and return	13.00
To Upper Dam and Dixville Notch, and return	16.50
To Upper Dam <i>via</i> Andover, return <i>via</i> Bethel	11.50
To Upper Dam <i>via</i> Andover, return <i>via</i> Dixville Notch	13.00

Ticket-offices in Portland on Exchange Street, and at depot, foot of India Street.

From Lewiston the above tickets are sold at *one dollar less* than from Portland.

Ticket-office in Lewiston at Grand Trunk Railway depot.

ANGLER'S RETREAT,

(New Middle Dam Camp,)

MIDDLE DAM, LAKE WELOKENNEBACOOK.

ANDROSCOGGIN LAKES TRANSPORTATION CO., PROPRIETORS.

Terms, \$2.00 per day.

The ANGLER'S RETREAT occupies a lovely site on the west shore of Lake Welokennebacook, but a few rods from the Middle Dam and Rapid River. The hotel fronts the lake, and commands an unrivalled view of lake, forest, and mountain scenery. It stands but a few steps from the water, and a plank walk connects it with the steamboat wharf. The house contains sleeping accommodations for forty people, the rooms being furnished with handsome bedsteads, woven wire springs, and 40-lb. hair mattresses. The ladies' sitting-room, dining-room, office, etc., are conveniently located on the first floor, and long, roomy piazzas, overlooking the lake, offer a pleasant retreat for the idlers.

The steamers of the Company make two trips daily between the South Arm and Upper Dam, touching at the Middle Dam Landing each way. The road between the Middle Dam Landing and Umbagog Lake has been much improved of late, and a two-horse buckboard makes daily trips between the two lines of steamers. Parties who think of visiting the lake region the present season, and who wish for pleasant rooms and comfortable quarters, will do well to give the Angler's Retreat a trial. This is one of the most healthy places in the world, being located 1,500 feet above the sea, surrounded by pure mountain air, and in the midst of fir, spruce, and pine forests, whose balsamic odors carry life and health to all around them. Spotted brook-trout and landlocked salmon abound in the waters in the immediate vicinity of the hotel, the fish running in weight from half a pound to eleven pounds. Many of the most renowned fishing localities of the entire lake region are within a circle of two miles of the Angler's Retreat. There are also charming walks and fine facilities for boating and bathing in the immediate vicinity of the hotel. Boats may be hired for 50 cents per day, and guides and camping outfits may be obtained from the hotel manager. The quickest route from Boston to the Angler's Retreat is *via* Portland, Bethel, Lakeside, Cambridge, and Lake Umbagog. For further information in regard to board or rooms, address Androscoggin Lakes Transportation Company, Middle Dam, Oxford Co., Maine, *via* Bethel.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

TELEPHONE LINE FROM BRYANT'S POND TO ANDOVER.

**BRYANT'S POND, RUMFORD,
ANDOVER,
RICHARDSON AND RANGELEY LAKES.**

A Daily Line of First-Class Stages

Make daily connections with trains on Grand Trunk Railroad, between Bryant's Pond and Andover. This is an old established line, and has been in charge of the present proprietors, Messrs. Tuttle and Son, for many years. Fine coaches, good horses, and experienced drivers, are to be found on this line, which is one of the most pleasant stage-routes in this country. The stage leaves the Grand Trunk Railroad Depot daily, on the arrival of train from Boston, which is due at 4.15 P. M., for Andover. At Rumford three-quarters of an hour is given for supper. The time between Bryant's Pond and Andover is four hours.

Fare from Bryant's Pond to Rumford, 75 cents.

From Bryant's Pond to Andover, \$1.50.

Returning, the stage leaves the ANDOVER HOUSE each morning, arriving at Bryant's Pond in time to connect with through trains for Boston.

**Bryant's Pond, Rumford Centre, E. Rumford,
Mexico and Dixfield.**

Stage leaves Railroad Depot at Bryant's Pond, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY, on arrival of train from Boston, for the above places, returning every TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, reaching Bryant's Pond in time to connect with through train for Boston. Stage connects at Mexico with stages for ROXBURY and BYRON.

Fare from Bryant's Pond to	Rumford Centre	. . .	\$.75
"	"	East Rumford 1.00
"	"	Mexico 1.25
"	"	Dixfield 1.50

A. S. TUTTLE & SON, Proprietors.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

THROUGH BY DAYLIGHT!

The nearest, cheapest, and most direct route to Richardson (Rangeley) Lakes, Middle Dam, Upper Dam, and Indian Rock, is *via* Andover, Maine.

Miles of travel and several dollars saved by purchasing tickets at Grand Trunk Railway Office, 280 Washington Street, Boston.

TABLE OF DISTANCES.

ANDOVER ROUTE.

Portland to Bryant's Pond	62 miles.
Bryant's Pond to Andover	21 "
Andover to Lakes	12 "
South Arm to Upper Dam	11 "
Upper Dam to Indian Rock	10 "
Total	117 miles.

FARMINGTON ROUTE.

Portland to Farmington	90 miles.
Farmington to head of Rangeley Lake	36 "
Head of Lake to Outlet	10 "
Carry to Indian Rock	2 "
Total	138 miles.

By reading the above table, it will be seen that the Farmington route to Indian Rock is twenty miles more than the Andover route, and to the Upper Dam, thirty-one miles more than the Andover route.

Passengers who go to Indian Rock *via* Farmington, Phillips, and Rangeley, are landed in the woods, two miles from the hotel, at Indian Rock, and have to walk that distance, and have their baggage hauled across the Carry.

Those who visit Indian Rock *via* Bryant's Pond, Andover, and the Richardson Lakes, are landed within a few yards of the hotel, directly in front of it, and their baggage is carried to the hotel free of expense.

Always purchase tickets for all points in the Richardson (Rangeley) Lakes Region by way of Grand Trunk Railway.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

In connection with the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co., is the great pleasure route; and they now offer a choice selection of popular excursion routes, *via* Niagara Falls, Toronto, River St. Lawrence (with its Thousand Islands and rapids), Montreal, Quebec, River Saguenay, Lakes Champlain and George, Saratoga, etc.

The Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company's steamers, and the "New American line" of steamers, forming two first-class lines, which, for speed, safety, and comfort, cannot be surpassed. They are the only lines now offering tourists an opportunity to view the magnificent scenery of the Thousand Islands and Rapids of the St. Lawrence, also the far-famed River Saguenay. This route possesses peculiar advantages over any other, as by it parties have their choice of either side of Lake Ontario and River St. Lawrence between Niagara Falls and Quebec, and the tickets are also valid by rail or steamer between Niagara Falls and Quebec. The Grand Trunk Railway (*via* Gorham and the Glen House) is the only route by which parties can ascend the far-famed Mt. Washington by carriage road.

Tickets and information may be obtained at the principal ticket offices.

Boston office, No. 280 Washington street.

W. C. TALLMAN,
N. E. Agent.

WM. EDGAR,
General Pass. Agent, G. T. Railway,
Montreal.

ALEX. MILLOY,
Traffic Manager, Richelieu & Ontario, Nav. Co.,
228 St. Paul st., Montreal.

N. J. GRACE,
Travelling Agent.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

ANDOVER HOUSE,

ANDOVER, MAINE. ALBERT W. THOMAS & Co., Proprietors.

Only 12 miles from the Richardson Lakes, and the most direct route to the Middle and Upper Dams, the two best places for trout-fishing in the entire Lake Region.

This popular hotel is now open for the summer travel, and is capable of giving good accommodations to fifty guests. It is most desirably situated in the charming village of Andover, 21 miles from Bryant's Pond, a station on the Grand Trunk road, with which it is connected by a first-class line of stages. Only 12 hours from Boston.

The house commands a very fine view of the mountains, by which it is entirely surrounded. There are many beautiful walks and drives in the vicinity, and very pleasant excursions may be made, by means of private teams, to various places within a radius of five to twenty miles.

The hotel is located in the centre of the village, and near post-office and telegraph-office, churches, stores, etc.

The trout brooks about Andover are all within easy walking or riding distance of the hotel, and furnish excellent sport.

Terms, \$2.00 per day. \$7 to 10 by the week.

Parties going to the Richardson or Rangeley Lakes will be furnished with teams, guides, and boats, by Mr. Thomas, at reasonable prices.

Any further information in regard to Andover or the Lakes will be cheerfully furnished by Mr. Thomas.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

**ANDROSCOGGIN LAKES TRANSPORTATION
COMPANY.**

**NEW STEAMBOAT LINE
ON THE**

Upper Magalloway River.

SUMMER SEASON 1887.

The new steamer Magalloway will commence her regular trips on Monday, June 27, 1887, or sooner, if the river is clear of logs, running between Azischohos Falls and points up the river. If possible the river will be so improved as to enable the steamer to run as far as the "Grass Eddy," leaving a carry of only five miles to Parmachenee Lake.

The steamer is first-class in every respect, and licensed to carry fifty passengers.

A first-class team will be run between the two steamers, making close connection. The boat will run daily, excepting Sunday, and through October if the business will warrant. This line offers the easiest and most expeditious route to

PARMACHENEE LAKE.

Excursion Tickets will be on sale from Boston and other large cities as far as the head of Azischohos Falls.

Tourists and Sportsmen may rest assured that all will be done by the management possible to make this in the future as it has been in the past, the favorite route to Parmachenee Lake. Parties who intend visiting Parmachenee this season are invited to give the Magalloway Route a trial, and we know that they will be satisfied.

When the Company's plans are fully completed parties will be able to leave Boston in the morning, *via* Portland and Bethel, and reach the Lakeside Hotel, Cambridge, in the evening; leave Lakeside Hotel the next morning at 7.30, and arrive at Danforth's Camp, Parmachenee Lake, at 6.30, in season for supper at a reasonable hour,—making only two days' travel from Boston to Parmachenee Lake. No other route can offer sportsmen or tourists the same advantages.

For further particulars address either of the Company's hotels, as advertised in this book.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

A New Book on the Wilderness

FROM LAKE TO LAKE.

A TRIP ACROSS COUNTRY.

An interesting story of the Androscoggin Lakes Region.

By CAPT. CHARLES A. J. FARRAR, author of "Androscoggin Lakes, Illustrated," "Camp Life in the Wilderness," "The Lake and Forest Series," "Moosehead Lake and the North Maine Wilderness," Illustrated, etc., etc.

224 pages. 30 Illustrations. Price \$1.00.

Can be obtained at any Bookstore, or will be sent by mail, postpaid on receipt of price, by JAMAICA PUBLISHING COMPANY, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Second Edition.

CAMP LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS.

A story of sporting and adventures at the Rangeley Lakes, by CAPT. CHARLES A. J. FARRAR, 224 pages, paper cover, 12 illustrations. Price, paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00.

This is a delightful story of life in the woods, and has all the breezy freshness of an out-door narrative. The author is perfectly familiar with all the places and incidents mentioned in the book, and a twelve years' experience in the Lake Country gives an additional interest to Capt. Farrar's writings.

A few notices of the press are appended below:—

"Mr. Farrar has been a frequent contributor to the *Forest and Stream*, and our readers are already familiar with his pleasant style of narrating woodland adventures. The pages will recall to those visiting the Rangeley Lakes many pleasant days spent there, and those who contemplate visiting the wilds will find in Mr. Farrar's book much practical and useful information."
—*Forest and Stream*.

"The book takes the form of a narrative, describing the actual experience of a party of pleasure-seekers, with numerous illustrations—sure to whet the appetite for the text. The Richardson Lakes region is fast becoming popular as a wilderness resort—and has all the advantages of the Adirondacks, with the added one of being much more accessible."
—*Springfield Daily Union*.

Can be obtained at any bookstore, or will be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price, by JAMAICA PUBLISHING COMPANY, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

TRAVELERS'
OFFICIAL RAILWAY GUIDE
OF THE
RAILWAY AND STEAM NAVIGATION LINES OF THE UNITED
STATES AND THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

The most complete Railway Guide in the world.

The time-tables are carefully corrected for each issue from information furnished by the officials of each road.

The afternoon trains are distinguished from morning trains by being printed in dark type.

Full list of railway officials in all principal departments. Notices of changes and appointments published monthly.

Also a large Sectional Railroad Map of the United States, with map of New England and the Middle States upon a large scale and cut into pages for facility of reference.

Also a list of names by which various roads were formerly known, with their present titles.

Also, a Standard Time Map and Table of Standards used by the various railway companies, and by the cities at dividing points between the sections.

Published under the auspices of the General Ticket and Passenger Agents' Associations. Price \$4.00 per annum; 50 cents per copy.

National Railway Publication Company,

46 Bond Street, New York; 229 and 231 South Fifth Street, Philadelphia, Penn.; 128 Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

FOR THE GREAT WEST,

**THE RAND-McNALLY GUIDE AND
TRAVELER'S HANDBOOK.**

A Pocket Railway Guide (size, 5 x 7 inches).

States population of the several cities and towns, shows distances, ticket fares, etc. Illustrated with numerous sectional maps, and contains a fine General Railway Map, handsomely colored.

A description of the prominent features of scenery, etc., on the principal routes, especially compiled for this work, has recently been added to its pages, and will be found both valuable and interesting to travelers and tourists.

The Handbook describes the principal business interests of the larger towns and cities, the location of the railroad depots, and the names of the principal hotels and public halls.

Issued monthly. Price, 25 cents per copy.

American Railway Guide Company.

148 Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

LAKEVIEW COTTAGE.

South Arm, Lake Welokennebacook, Me., is a new hotel, erected by the Androscoggin Lakes Transportation Company, for the accommodation of its stockholders and the public.

The house is pleasantly located on the side of a mountain, near the water, overlooking the lake for several miles. It is near good brook and lake fishing, hunting, boating, and bathing.

It receives a daily mail, and has daily connection with Andover by team.

The LAKEVIEW is comfortably furnished, a good table is set, and an effort is made by those in charge of the house to make the stay of guests pleasant and agreeable.

Steamers make two trips daily between the hotel and the Middle and Upper Dams, giving guests a chance to visit either of those well-known fishing resorts, and return the same evening. Row-boats are also kept to let at the hotel at 50 cents per day.

The house has broad piazzas entirely surrounding it, making a delightful place to sit or promenade.

Terms, \$2.00 per day. Address,

ANDROSCOGGIN LAKES TRANSPORTATION CO.,

"South Arm."

ANDOVER, OXFORD COUNTY, MAINE.

LAKESIDE HOTEL,
LAKESIDE, CAMBRIDGE, N. H., FOOT OF UMBAGOG
LAKE.

This new and pleasant hotel is charmingly located on a high plateau, overlooking the lower part of Umbagog Lake, on the main road between Bethel and Dixville Notch. But a few rods from a beautiful point extending into Lake Umbagog it offers unsurpassed facilities for bathing and boating. Neat and safe row-boats may be hired from the hotel for 50 cents per day.

The LAKESIDE is nicely furnished, and has a cosy home look that strikes a stranger pleasantly. All the rooms are desirable, and command fine views of the lake and mountains. It has broad piazzas, furnishing a delightful lounging-place. Croquet and lawn-tennis sets are kept at the house for the use of guests.

A large open fireplace and first-class piano are two very different, but pleasant, features of the ladies' parlor.

Special attention is paid to the table, which is supplied with the best the local market affords, and the beds — a point on which most travellers are very particular — are equal to any in the best New York hotels.

Fresh milk, eggs, butter, and poultry, and part of the meats and vegetables, are raised on the hotel farm.

Hay-fever and all catarrhal complaints yield readily to the purity of the air in this locality, and persons wishing a pleasant, quiet, healthy retreat in which to spend the summer months will find the LAKESIDE the place best suited to their needs.

There is good fishing (trout, land-locked salmon, and pickerel) and shooting (partridges, woodcock, ducks, and large game) within a few miles, and all kinds of berries are plentiful in the immediate vicinity of the house.

Steamer "Farmachenee" leaves LAKESIDE daily each morning, excepting Sunday, for Magalloway, returning in the afternoon, giving guests a chance to take the most beautiful steamboat ride in New England, some 80 miles, any fair day. This hotel has been built and furnished by the Androscoggin Lakes Transportation Company, who have done all in their power to make it a pleasant resort for the travelling public. It will be kept open throughout the year. The company also keep horses and teams and carry parties between the hotel and Bethel at regular stage fare. Terms, \$2.00 per day, with reduction by the month. Address,

ANDROSCOGGIN LAKES TRANSPORTATION CO.,

Proprietors,

Lakeside P. O., Coos Co., N. H.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

SEASON OF 1887.

STAGE SERVICE

BETWEEN

BETHEL AND LAKE UMBAGOG.

THE ANDROSCOGGIN LAKES TRANSPORTATION COMPANY would call the attention of Tourists and Sportsmen to the fact that they have bought and placed upon the line between

BETHEL AND THE LAKESIDE HOTEL,

AT THE FOOT OF UMBAGOG LAKE, IN CAMBRIDGE, N. H.,

A FIRST-CLASS TEAM,

consisting of a nine-seat covered passenger wagon, with rack for baggage, built new for them by the celebrated coach-makers, the Abbot-Downing Co., of Concord, N. H. Also strong and fast horses, new harnesses, etc., and it is hoped to reduce the time between Bethel and Lakeside to Five hours. This team will be in charge of a capable and gentlemanly driver, who will use his best endeavors to make the ride a pleasant one to all who favor him with their company.

The team will run daily, in each direction, and arrangements will be made, by which parties coming on any train, who are bound for the lake, will be forwarded to their destinations at once.

This coach will seat eight persons comfortably, besides the driver, and carry a reasonable amount of baggage for a party of that size.

Coupons of all excursion tickets between Bethel and Cambridge will be accepted by the driver for passage, and where passengers do not hold tickets, *only the regular stage fare will be charged.*

The team will be ready as soon as the ice goes out of Umbagog Lake, which is generally about the 10th of May.

LAKESIDE, CAMBRIDGE, N. H., May 7, 1887.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

TRAVELERS' READY-REFERENCE GUIDE.

CONSOLIDATION OF THE

Knickerbocker Guide and Appleton's Railway and Steam Navigation Guide.

Containing Official Time Tables of all Railroads and leading Steamboat Lines, compiled at the office of the Travelers' Official Guide, with especial attention to detail in the Eastern, Middle, Central, and Southern States.

Also, a large Railroad Map, printed in colors, showing Standard Time.

Also an Alphabetical index of all stations in the book giving the pages on which such stations are shown in the time-tables and the population of principal towns.

READY-REFERENCE INDEX,

A feature of especial convenience to the traveler, showing at a glance the routes between the principal cities and the pages to be consulted for the Time-Table of each route, with the rates of fare from New York City to all principal points.

Also, a list of American and Foreign Gold, Silver, and Bank Notes and the popular department of

ANECDOTES AND INCIDENTS.

An Extensive List of Hotels in the principal cities and at Summer and Winter Resorts.

All information compiled with great care from official sources.

Published monthly.

25 cents per copy. \$2.50 per annum.

KNICKERBOCKER GUIDE CO.,

46 Bond Street, New York.

NEW ILLUSTRATED SERIES.**THE "LAKE AND FOREST SERIES,"**

By Capt. CHARLES A. J. FARRAR, author of "Camp Life in the Wilderness," "Moosehead Lake and the North Maine Wilderness, Illustrated," "The Androscoggin Lakes, Illustrated," etc., etc.

The first volume of this fascinating series of Forest and Lake Adventures, entitled "EASTWARD HO! or, ADVENTURES AT RANGELEY LAKES," is now in its second edition. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; Chas. T. Dillingham, New York, and can be procured from any bookseller in the United States or Canada, or will be sent by mail post paid, by addressing JAMAICA PUBLISHING COMPANY, Jamaica Plain, Mass. Price, \$1.25.

The second volume, entitled "WILD WOODS LIFE; or, A TRIP TO PARMACHENEE," uniform in size and style with "Eastward Ho!" is selling equally well. Price, \$1.25.

The third volume, entitled "DOWN THE WEST BRANCH; or, CAMPS AND TRAMPS AROUND KATAHDIN," uniform in size and style with the others, is now ready. Price, \$1.25.

Paper Edition, 50 Cents.

Cloth Edition, \$1.00.

FARRAR'S
Illustrated Guide
TO
MOOSEHEAD LAKE
AND THE
North Maine Wilderness,
ALSO, THE
KATAHDIN IRON-WORKS AND THE
GULF, THE MONSON PONDS,
LAKE ONAWAY, SEBEC
LAKE, &c.

A thorough and exhaustive guide to the sporting resorts of Northern Maine. The country around Greenville, and Moosehead, and Sebec Lakes, Katahdin Iron-Works, the tours of the **KENNEBEC, PENOBSCOT, and ST. JOHN RIVERS,** Ascent of Katahdin, etc., are plainly treated. Contains the latest revised Game and Fish Laws of Maine, besides a large amount of other valuable information, and a large and correct map of the northern half of Maine, comprising about all of the wild lands.

256 pages. 36 illustrations.

May be obtained at any bookstore, or will be sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of price, by

JAMAICA PUBLISHING COMPANY,

Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Amateur and Professional Stage Life;
OR, THE
ADVENTURES OF BILLY SHAKESPOKE,
BEFORE AND BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

BY ONE WHO HAS BEEN THERE.

Paper cover, 50 cents. Cloth, \$1.

224 PAGES, 6 FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS,

Designed and Drawn by Reed, and Engraved by Johnson.

UNIFORM IN SIZE WITH

CAMP LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS.

This is a humorous sketch of life on the stage, and will make you laugh heartily. Every person who has ever had any connection with the stage, either as an amateur or professional, should read this book. It interests every one, young or old.

Sent by mail, post-paid, to any address, on receipt of price.

Jamaica Publishing Company,

JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELLERS

—○BETWEEN○—
BOSTON AND NEW YORK
—VIA—

STONINGTON LINE.

—○‡○—
A NEW TRAIN OF CARS,

WITH NEW RECLINING CHAIRS,

WILL RUN BETWEEN

BOSTON AND STEAMER'S LANDING:

NO EXTRA CHARGE *FOR* passengers holding **1st CLASS TICKETS.**

THIS IS THE INSIDE ROUTE

BETWEEN

*RANGELEY LAKES, MOOSEHEAD LAKE,
BAR HARBOR, WHITE MOUNTAINS,
and all New England points,*

AND

NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE, WASHINGTON,

AND ALL POINTS

West, South, and South-West.

TRAIN leaves Boston & Providence R. R. Station 6.30 P. M., daily, except Sundays (Reclining Chair cars without charge), connecting with steamers arriving in New York next morning in time for all connections.

BOAT leaves New Pier 36 N. R., New York, at 5 P. M., daily, except Sundays, connecting with train arriving in Boston ahead of any other Sound line (Reclining Chair Cars without charge).

FARE AS LOW AS via ANY OTHER LINE.

STATEROOMS ONE DOLLAR } **WILL ACCOMODATE TWO PERSONS.**
NO CHARGE FOR BERTHS.

Staterooms can be secured by sending telegram to

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J. W. RICHARDSON, *Agent,*

FROM NEW YORK:

214 Washington St., Boston.

W. R. BABCOCK, *Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt.*

New Pier 36 N.R., N.Y.

A. A. FOLSOM,

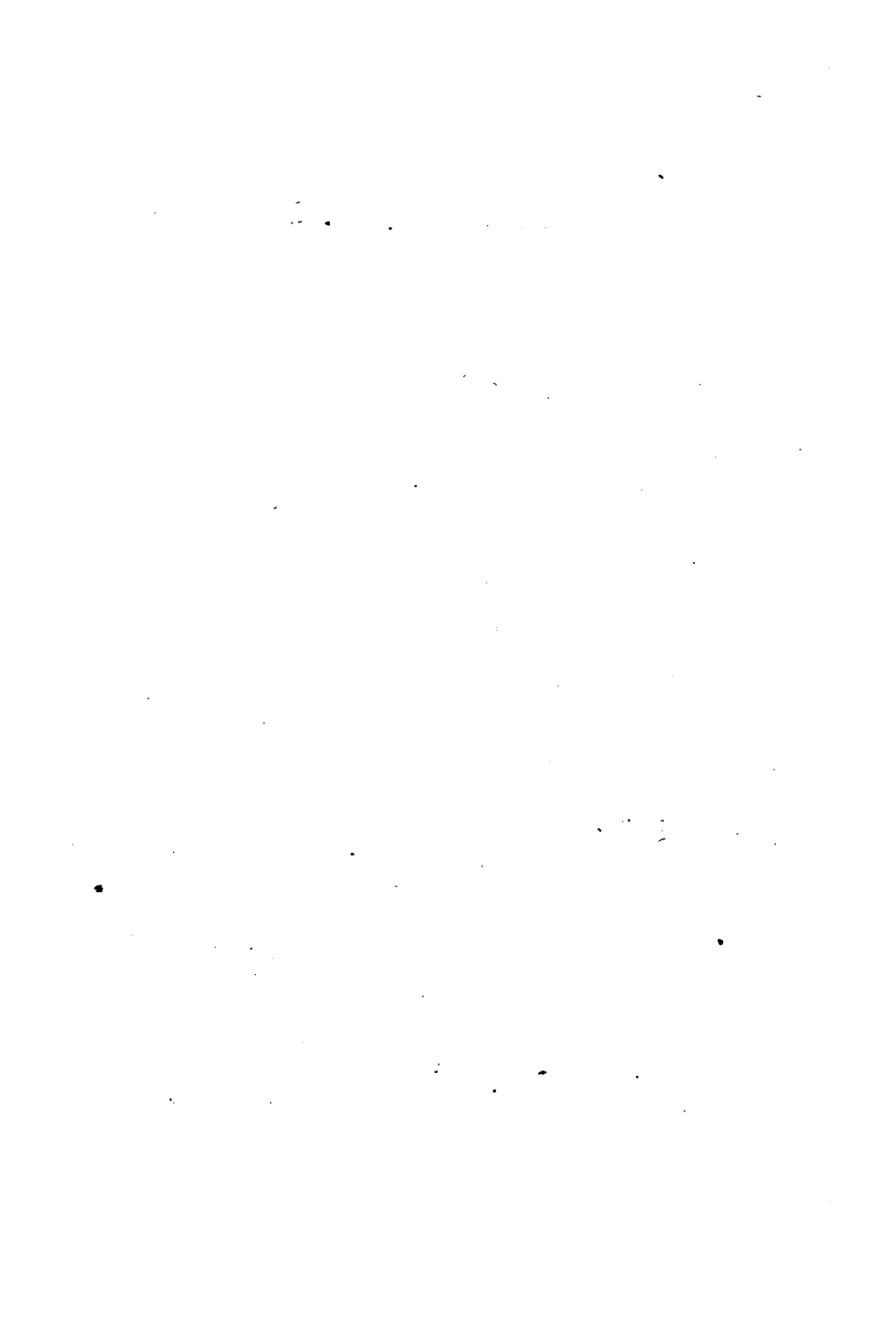
Supt. Boston & Prov. R.R.

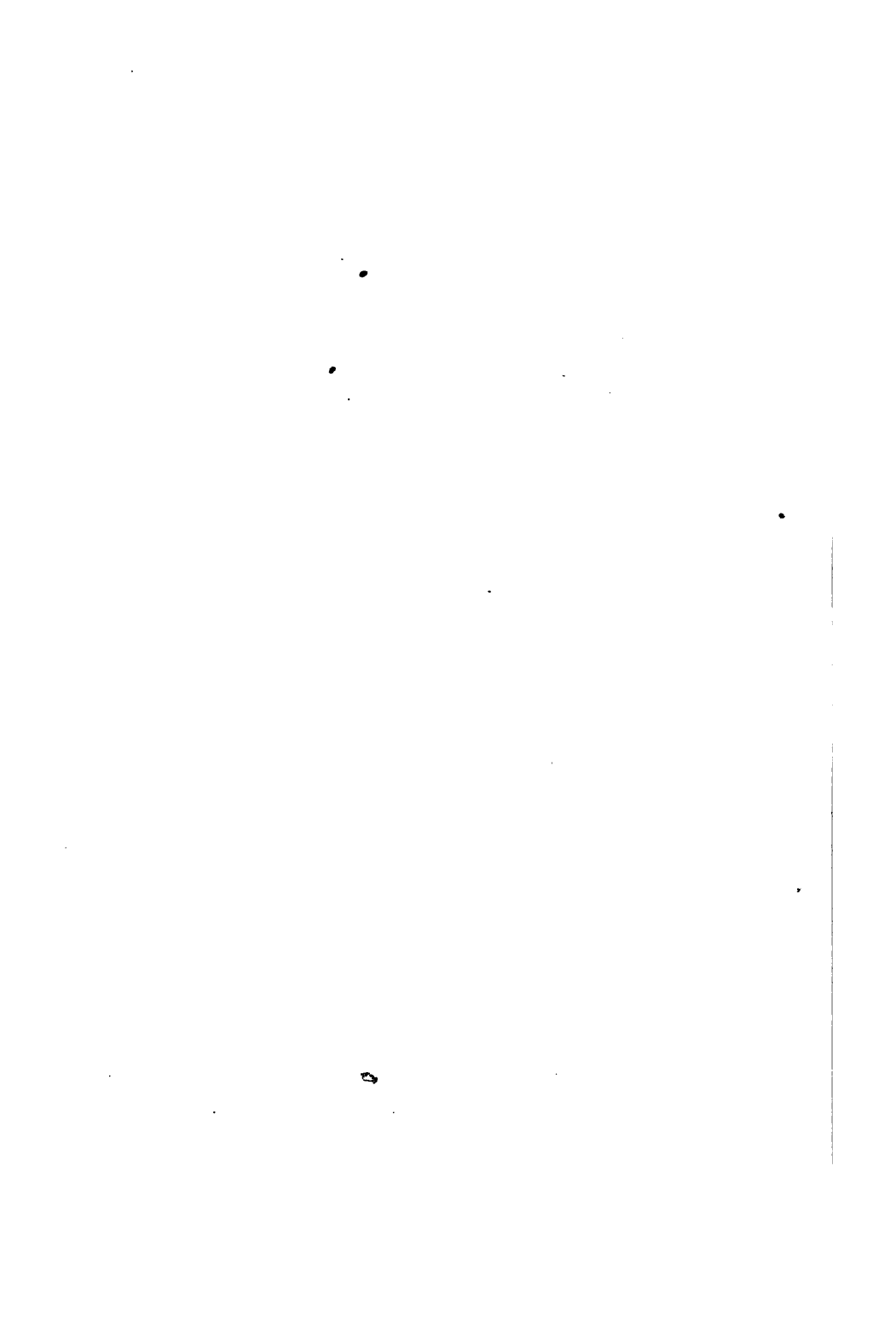
J. W. MILLER,

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