

ed successively under the rule of the Vandals, Greeks, Saracens, and Arabs. In 1471, Tangier fell into the possession of the Portuguese, who, in 1662, ceded it to England as a portion of the dower of the Infanta Catherine of Braganza, queen of Charles II. The English, finding that the occupation was not worth the cost, abandoned the place in 1684, after demolishing the mole. Here a quaint and incongruous figure appears for an instant on the scene—the figure of Mr. Samuel Pepys. I think it was a conception of high humor on the part of Charles II. to send Mr. Pepys among the Moors, for it was by the king's order that he accompanied Lord Dartmouth with the fleet dispatched to destroy the sea-wall. This precautionary piece of engineering left the bay of Tangier in such plight as to render the town impossible of approach by large vessels, except in the rarest weather. The ruins of the old mole are still visible at low tide, ragged, honey-combed blocks of masonry, looking, when seen through the transparent emerald of the Mediterranean, like ledges of silver.

The water in the harbor is so shallow that until the present emperor projected a landing for small boats, the visitor arriving there by sea was forced to go ashore on the back of a native. This has been the emperor's sole concession to the spirit of modern progress. During the last hundred years— But my strong interest in the historic part of Tangier ends with Mr. Pepys.

From any point of view the hoary little town is vastly interesting: the remoteness and obscurity of its origin, the sieges, pestilences, and massacres it has undergone, and the tenacity with which it clings to primitive customs and beliefs, are so many charms. To walk its streets is to breathe the air of Scriptural times. There, to-day, fishermen costumed like Peter are dragging their nets on the sandy shingle outside the gates; at the fountain stands Rebekah with her water-jar poised on her head, and a hand's-breadth of brown bosom lying bare between the green and yellow folds of her robe. To-day, as eighteen hundred years ago, a pallid, hook-nosed man shuffles by counting some coins in his palm—the veritable thirty pieces of silver, perhaps. If it be not Judas Iscariot himself, then it is a descendant, and a striking family likeness. In brief, Tangier is a colossal piece of bric-à-brac which one would like to own.

A countryman of ours, a New-Yorker if I remember, once proposed to purchase Shakspeare's house at Stratford, and transport it bodily to Central Park. I had a like impulse touching Tangier. Perhaps I may be permitted to say that in a certain sense I *have* brought it home with me, and set it up in Franklin Square.

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

PART III.

A SON of Erin is said to have exclaimed, on seeing the White Mountains for the first time, "Bedad, there is, then, so much waste land in America that they have to stack it!" Could these mountains be levelled, and the materials they contain be spread out, a vast area would be gained, at the price of reducing New England to a desert. We are therefore content that there is not enough faith in the world, at least since the day of the apostles, to say unto these mountains, "Remove!"

In the language of the great French poet, and without more ceremony, once more,

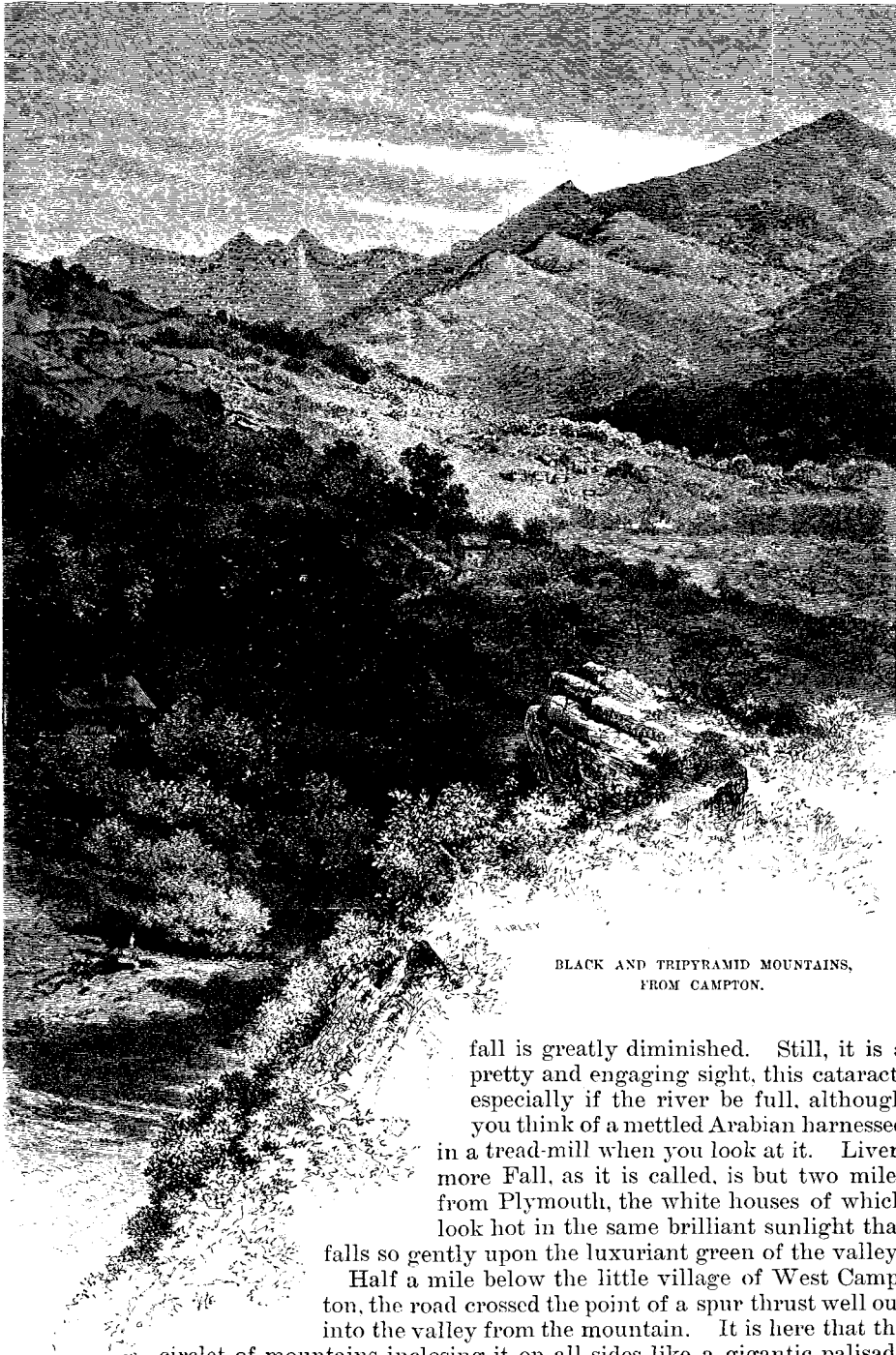
"Levons les yeux vers les saintes montagnes."

Plymouth, in New Hampshire, lies at the entrance to the Pemigewasset Valley like an encampment pitched to dispute its passage. At present its design is to facilitate the ingress of tourists. A single glance at the map will suffice to show its strategic importance.

Perhaps it is scarcely remembered that Nathaniel Hawthorne breathed his last in this village on the night of May 18, 1864. He who was born in sight of these mountains had come among them to die.

At three in the afternoon I set out for Campton, seven miles up the valley, which the carriage road soon enters upon, and which, by a few unregarded turnings, is presently as fast shut up as if its mountain gates had in reality swung noiselessly together behind you. Hardly had I recovered from the effect of the deception produced by seeing the same mountain first upon one side, then upon the other, when I saw, spanned by a high bridge, the river in violent commotion below me.

The Pemigewasset, confined here between narrow banks, has cut for itself two deep channels through its craggy and cavernous bed; but one of these being dammed for the purpose of deepening the other, the general picturesqueness of the

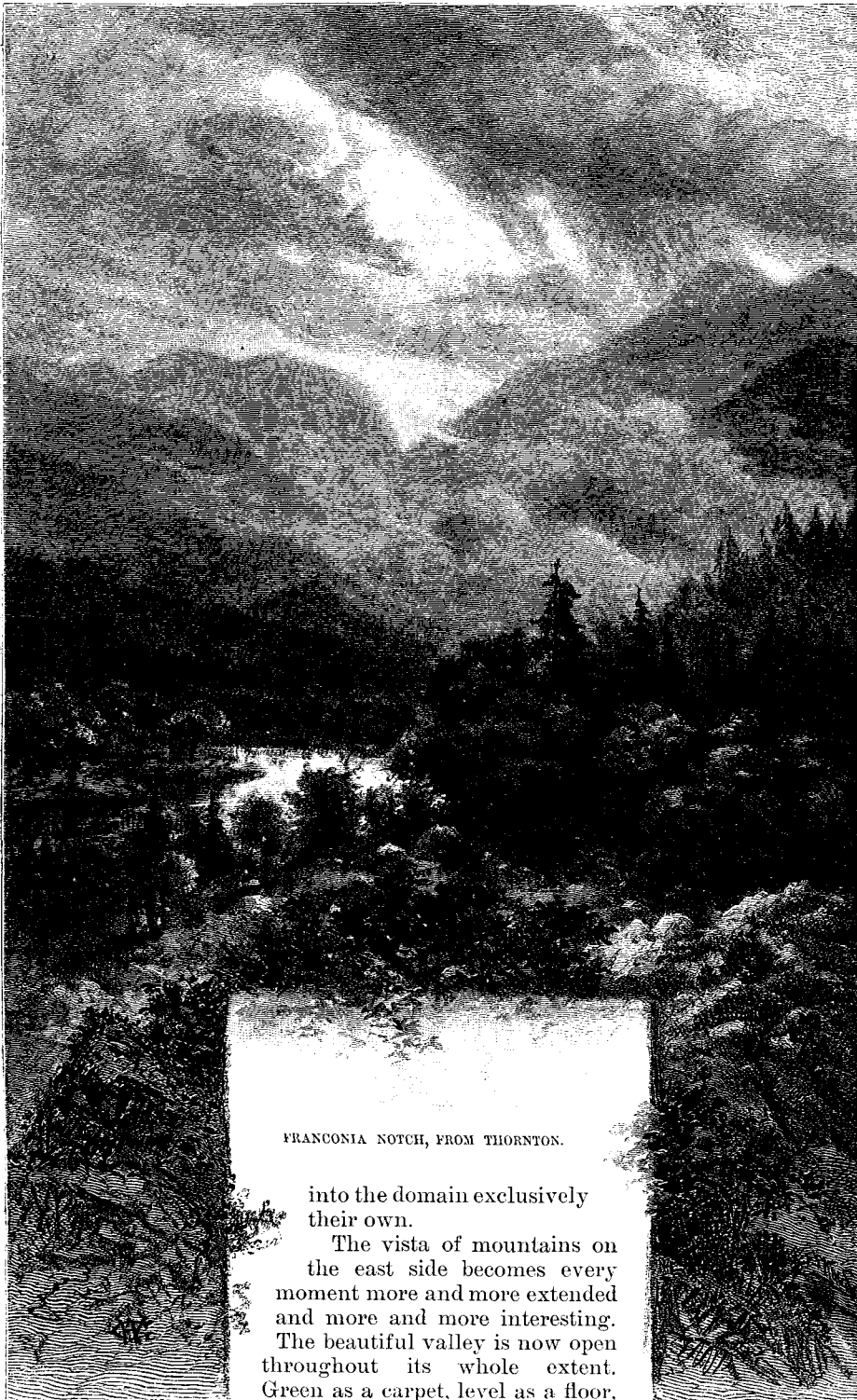


BLACK AND TRIPYRAMID MOUNTAINS,
FROM CAMPTON.

fall is greatly diminished. Still, it is a pretty and engaging sight, this cataract, especially if the river be full, although you think of a mettled Arabian harnessed in a tread-mill when you look at it. Livermore Fall, as it is called, is but two miles from Plymouth, the white houses of which look hot in the same brilliant sunlight that

falls so gently upon the luxuriant green of the valley.

Half a mile below the little village of West Campton, the road crossed the point of a spur thrust well out into the valley from the mountain. It is here that the circlet of mountains inclosing it on all sides like a gigantic palisade is first seen. Dimmed by distance, surrounded by an atmosphere deliciously tender, clothed with poetic feeling, we now see the great clump of granite spires, the family of grand peaks, dividing with Mount Washington and his distinguished compeers the honor of keeping watch and ward over New England. We salute these venerable towers from afar, before beginning a last pilgrimage



FRANCONIA NOTCH, FROM THORNTON.

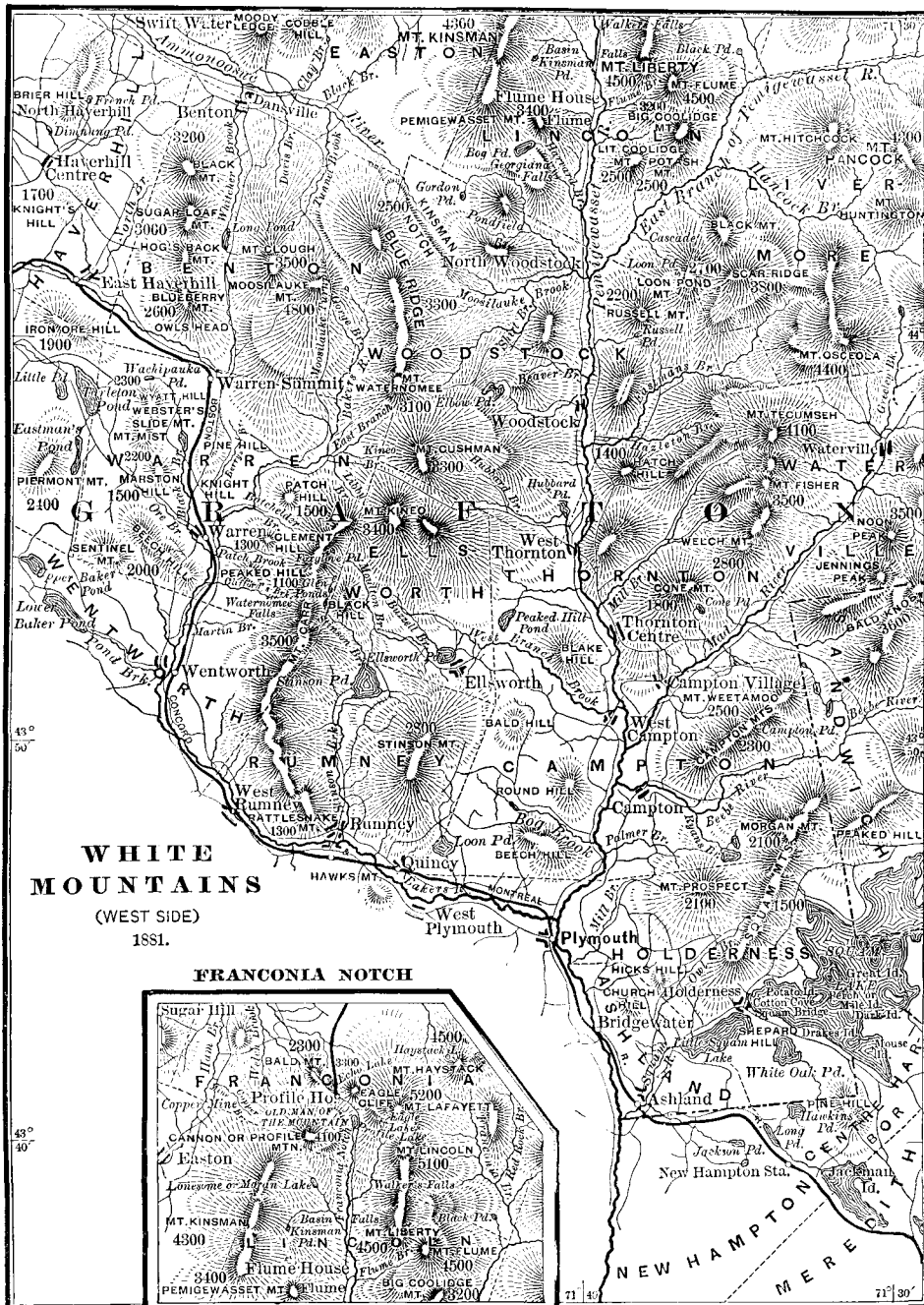
into the domain exclusively
their own.

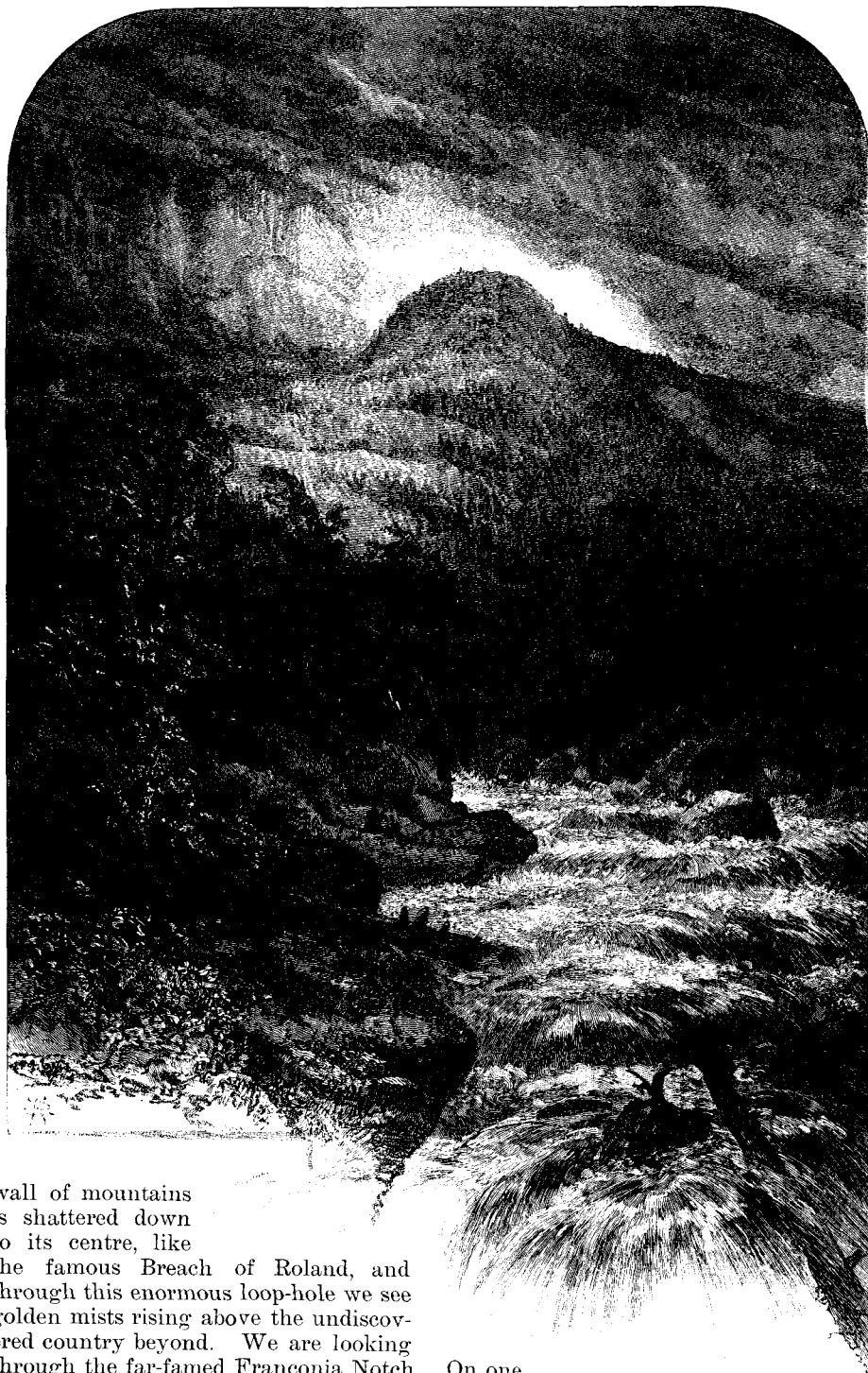
The vista of mountains on
the east side becomes every
moment more and more extended
and more and more interesting.
The beautiful valley is now open
throughout its whole extent.
Green as a carpet, level as a floor,

the valley, adorned with clumps of elms, groves of maples, strips of tilled land of a rich chocolate brown, makes altogether a picture which sets the eye fairly dancing. Even the daisies, the clover so plentifully spangling the green meadows, the buttercups gleaming like patches of sunshine,

seem far brighter and sweeter in this atmosphere, and nod a playful welcome as we pass them by. It is not clothed with a feeling of overpowering grandeur, this valley, but it is beautiful. It is not terrible, but bewitching.

In one place, far away to the north, the





wall of mountains is shattered down to its centre, like the famous Breach of Roland, and through this enormous loop-hole we see golden mists rising above the undiscovered country beyond. We are looking through the far-famed Franconia Notch. On one side the clustered peaks of Lafayette lift themselves serenely into the sky. On the left, a silvery light is playing on the ledges of Mount Cannon, soft-

WELCH MOUNTAIN, FROM MAD RIVER,
COMPTON.

ening all the asperities of this stern-visaged mountain. The two great groups stand fully and finely exposed, though the lower and nearer summits are blended with the higher by distance. Remark the difference of outline. A series of humps distinguishes the crest line of the group, culminating in the oblique wall of Cannon or Profile Mountain. On the contrary, that on the right, culminating in Lafayette, presents two beautiful and regular pyramids, older than Cheops, which sometimes in early morning exactly resemble two monuments springing alert and vigorous as the day which gilds them. This exquisite landscape seldom fails of producing a rapturous outburst from those who are making the journey for the first time.

Looking now across the valley, we distinguish the deep trough through which Mad River descends from the mountains of Waterville. Peering over the nearer elevations, surmounting its valley, the huge blue-black mass of Black Mountain flings two splendid peaks aloft.

Having dedicated one day to an exploration of the Mad River Valley, I can pronounce it well worth any tourist's while to tarry long enough in the vicinity for the purpose. Forging the river, and ascending the opposite slopes, we come at once upon one of those villages that seem retreating from civilization rather than illustrating its advance. Campton Village completely fills the artistic sense. The environment of mountains is so perfect that one might pass and re-pass the Pemigewasset Valley a hundred times without once suspecting its existence. The colossal mass of Black Mountain, a veritable black giant, with a nipple, a pyramid, and a flattened mound protruding from its summit, and greedily absorbing the sunlight, towers above us four thousand feet. For nearly ten miles its unbroken wall forms one side of the valley of Mad River, which is there far down below us, although we do not see it. Between this mountain and the next a rough and broken pass communicates with Sandwich and the upper lake region. In fact, this is the mountain which Professor Arnold Guyot calls Sandwich Dome.

The end of the valley was reached in two hours of very leisurely driving. The road now abruptly terminates among a handful of houses scattered about the bottom of a deep and narrow vale. This

glen, known to comparatively few by the name of Greeley's, is surrounded by peaks that for boldness, savage freedom, and power of statuesque expression challenge any that we can remember. They threaten while maintaining an attitude of lofty scorn for the saucy and intruding hamlet planted upon their big feet. Noon Peak—we are at length at the end of the almost endless Black Mountain—nods familiarly from the south. Tecumseh—a noble mountain—and Osceola rise to the north.

Our space is inadequate to further delineation of this little visited but most enticing mountain nook. To sum up the whole experience, the Mad River drive is a delightful episode. In the way of mountain valley there is nothing like it. Bold crag, lonely cabin, blue peak, deep hollows choked up with the densest foliage, and resounding with the roar of an unchained torrent, constitute its varied and ever-changing features.

The remainder of the route up the Pemigewasset Valley is more and more a revelation of the august summits that have so constantly met us since entering this lovely vestibule of the Franconia Mountains. Emerging one by one from the mass, they present themselves at every mile in new combinations. Through Thornton and Woodstock the view is scarcely interrupted. Gradually the finely pointed peaks of the Lafayette group deploy and advance toward us. Now they pitch sharply down into the valley of the East Branch; now the great shafts of stone are crusted with silvery light, or sprayed with the cataract; now the sun gilds the slides that furrow but do not deface them. Stay a moment at this rapid brook that comes from the west. It is an envoy from yonder great billowy mountain that lords it so proudly over

"many a nameless slide-scarred crest
And pine-dark gorge between."

That is Moosehillock, or Moosilauke, wrapped in imperturbable repose. Facing again the north, the road is soon swallowed up by the forest, and the forest by the mountains. A few poor cottages skirt the route. Still ascending, the miles grow longer and less interesting, until the white house, first seen from far below, suddenly stands uncovered at the left. We are at the Flume House, and before the gates of the Franconia Notch.



THE FLUME.

The Flume House is the proper tarrying-place for an investigation of the mountain gorge from which it derives both its custom and its name. It is also

the hardest marble with sand and water. Cliffs, traversed and cicatrized by cracks and rents, rise a hundred feet higher. The water is a glossy and lustrous sea-



THE BASIN.

placed *vis-à-vis* the Pool, another of the natural wonders with which the pass is crowded, and which tempt us at every step to turn aside from the travelled road.

This Pool is a caprice of the river, here hemmed in between steep-sided mountains. Imagine a cistern deeply sunk in granite receiving at one end a weary cascade which seems craving a moment's respite before hurrying on down the rocky pass. In the mystery and seclusion of ages, and with only the rude implements picked up by the way—a stray boulder and a little sand—the river has hollowed a basin a hundred feet wide and forty deep out of the stubborn rock. Without doubt nature thus first taught us how to cut

green, and of such marvellous transparency that you see the brilliant and variegated pebbles with which the bottom is paved, respond, as in the turn of a kaleidoscope, to the waves of light constantly moving across the surface,

gently agitated by the cascade. Overtopping trees lean timidly out, and peer down into the Pool, which coldly repulses their shadows. Only the colorless hue of the rocks is reflected, and the stranger, seeing an old man with a gray beard standing erect in a boat, has no other idea than that he has arrived on the borders and is to be accosted by the ferryman of Hades.

The Flume is a remarkable rock gallery driven several hundred feet into the heart of the mountain, through which an ice-cold brook rushes. The miracle of Moses seems repeated here sublimely. You approach over broad ledges of freckled granite, polished by the constant flow of a thin, pellucid sheet of water to slip-

perly smoothness. Proceeding a short distance up this natural esplanade, you enter a damp and gloomy fissure between perpendicular walls, rising seventy feet above the stream, and on lifting your eyes, suddenly espy an enormous boulder tightly wedged between the cliffs. Now try to imagine a force capable of grasping the solid rock, and dividing it in halves as easily as you would an apple with your two hands!

At sight of the suspended boulder, which seems like Paul Pry to have "just dropped in," I believe every visitor has

not omit to find a moral in this curiosity, which really looks to be on the eve of dropping, with a loud splash, into the torrent beneath. On top of the cliffs I picked up a visiting-card, on which some one with a poetic turn had written, "Does not this boulder remind you of the sword of Damocles?" To a civil question, civil reply: No; to me it looks like a nut in a cracker.

Over the gorge bends an arcade of interlaced foliage, shot through and through with sunlight; underneath, the swollen torrent storms along, dashing itself against



THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

his moment of hesitation, which he usually ends by passing underneath, paying as he goes with a tremor of the nerves, more or less, for his temerity. But there is no danger. It is seen that the deep crevice, into which the rock seems jammed with the special purpose of holding it asunder, hugs the intruder like a vise—so closely, indeed, that, according to every appearance, it must stay where it is until Doomsday, unless released by some passing earthquake. Sentimental tourists do

protruding boulders, or else passing them with a curl of disdain. The cold granite walls are constantly wet with tiny streams that do not run but glide unperceived down, furnishing sustenance to ferns, trailing vines, mosses, delicate flowers, that cling or droop along the craggy way. Nothing could be more cunning than to see these hardy little waifs thus extorting a subsistence from the rocks which nourish them in spite of themselves. The sight of the gorge with the torrent foam-

ing far below, the glitter of falling waters through the trees, the splendid light in the midst of deepest gloom, the solemn pines, the odorous forest, the wildness, and the coolness—impart an indescribable charm. Ladies ascend to the head of the gorge, and perform the feat of crossing on a fallen tree that makes a crazy bridge from cliff to cliff. One, I noticed, had left her pocket-handkerchief, with the scent fresh upon it, and her initials in a corner. I picked it up, and out hopped a toad.

I left the Flume House in company with a young-old man whom I met there, and in whom I hoped to find another and surer pair of eyes, for were he to have as many as Argus, the sight-seer would find employment for them all.

While gayly threading the greenwood, we came upon a miniature edition of the Pool, situated close to the highway, called the Basin. A basin, in fact, it is, and a bath fit for the gods. A cascade falls into it with hollow roar. It has been worn by the rotary motion of large pebbles, which the little cascade, pouring down into it from above, set and kept actively whirling and grinding, until what was at first a mere depression became as we now see it. Long and constant attrition only could have scooped this cavity out of the granite, which is here so clean, smooth, and white, and filled to the brim with a grayish emerald water, light, limpid, and incessantly replenished by the effervescent cascade. But the really curious feature of the Basin is a strip of granite projecting into it, which closely resembles a human leg and foot luxuriously cooling itself in the stream.

We are still advancing in this region of wonders. In our front soars an insuperable mass of forest-tufted rock. Behind it rises the absolutely regal Lafayette. Our footsteps are stayed by the glimmer of water through the trees. We have reached the summit of the pass.

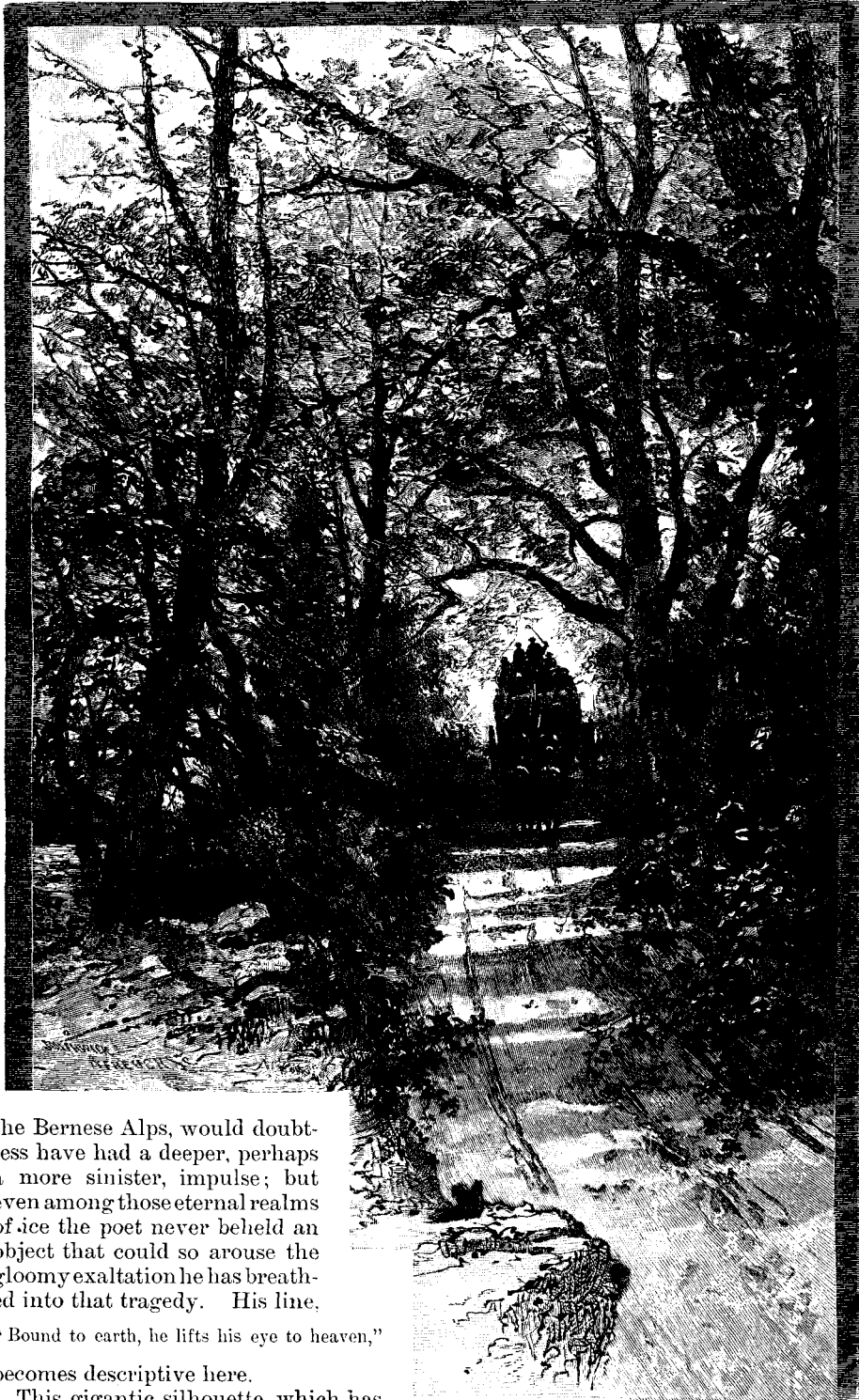
Six miles of continual ascent have brought us to Profile Lake. Although a pretty enough piece of water, it is not for itself this lake is resorted to by the thousand, or for the trout which you take for the reflection of birds on its burnished surface, but for the mountain rising high above, whose wooded slopes it so faithfully mirrors. Now lift the eyes to the bare summit. It is difficult to believe the evidence of the senses. Upon the high cliffs of this mountain is the remarkable and

celebrated natural rock-sculpture of a human head, which, from a height twelve hundred feet above the lake, has for uncounted ages looked with the same stony stare down the pass upon the windings of the river through its incomparable valley. The profile itself measures about forty feet from the tip of the chin to the flattened crown, which imparts to it such a peculiarly antique appearance. It is perfect, except that the forehead is concealed by something like the visor of a helmet. And all this illusion is produced by several projecting crags. It might be said to have been begotten by a thunder-bolt.

Taking a seat within a rustic arbor on the high shore of the lake, one is at liberty to peruse at leisure what, I dare say, is the most extraordinary sight of a lifetime. A slight change of position varies more or less the character of the expression, which is, after all, the marked peculiarity of this monstrous alto-relievo; for, let the spectator turn his gaze vacantly upon the more familiar objects at hand, as he inevitably will, to assure himself that he is not the victim of some strange hallucination, a fascination-born neither of admiration nor horror, but strongly partaking of both emotions, draws him irresistibly back to the Dantesque head stuck like a felon's on the highest battlements of the pass. The more you may have seen, the more your feelings are disciplined, the greater the confusion of ideas. The moment is come to acknowledge yourself vanquished. This is not merely a face, it is a portrait. That is not the work of some cunning chisel, but a cast from a living head. You feel and will always maintain that those features have had a living and breathing counterpart. Nothing more, nothing less.

But where and what was the original prototype? Not man; since ages before he was created the chisel of the Almighty wrought this sculpture upon the rock above us. No, not man; the face is too majestic, too nobly grand, for anything of mortal mould. One of the antique gods may, perhaps, have sat for this archetype of the coming man. And yet not man, we think, for the head will surely hold the same strange converse with futurity when man shall have vanished from the face of the earth.

Had Byron visited this place of awe and mystery, his "Manfred," the scene of which is laid among the mountains of



the Bernese Alps, would doubtless have had a deeper, perhaps a more sinister, impulse; but even among those eternal realms of ice the poet never beheld an object that could so arouse the gloomy exaltation he has breathed into that tragedy. His line,

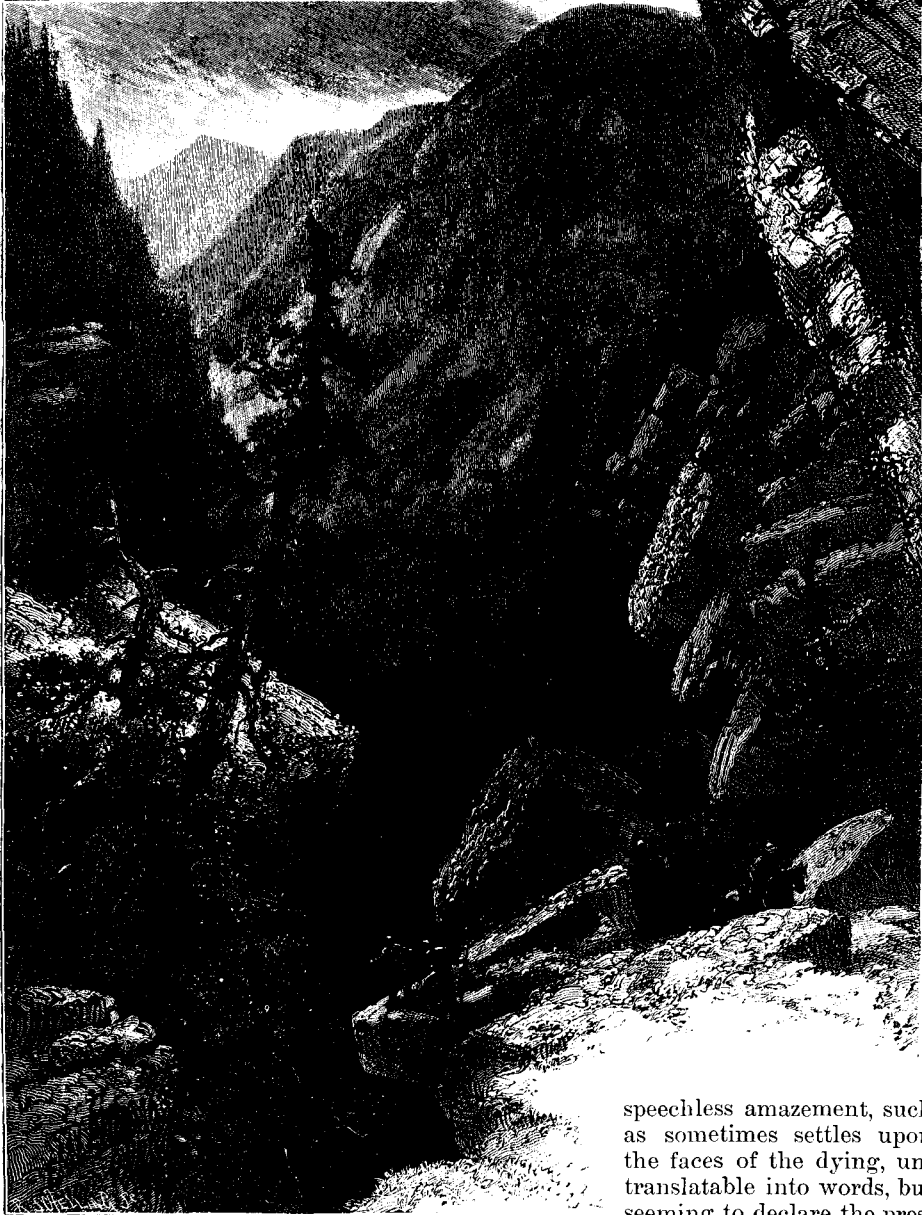
"Bound to earth, he lifts his eye to heaven,"

becomes descriptive here.

This gigantic silhouette, which has been christened the Old Man of the

ON THE PROFILE ROAD.

Mountain, is unquestionably the greatest curiosity of this or any other mountain region. It is unique. But it is not merely curious; nor is it more marvelous for the wonderful accuracy of outline than for the almost superhuman expression of frozen terror it eternally fixes on the vague and shadowy distance—a far-away look, an intense and



MOUNT CANNON, FROM EAGLE CLIFF

speechless amazement, such as sometimes settles upon the faces of the dying, untranslatable into words, but seeming to declare the presence of some unutterable



CLOUD EFFECT ON MOUNT LAFAYETTE.
FROM BRIDLE-PATH.

vision too bright and dazzling for mortal eyes to behold. The face puts the whole world behind it. It does everything but speak—nay, you are ready to swear that it is going to speak. And so this chance jumbling together of a few

stones has produced a sculpture before which Art hangs her head.

I renounce in dismay the idea of reproducing on the reader's mind the effect which this prodigy produced on my own. Impressions more pronounced, yet at the

same time more inexplicable, have never so effectually overcome that habitual self-command derived from many experiences of travel among strange and unaccustomed scenes. The face is so amazing that I have often tried to imagine the sensations of him who first discovered it peering from the mountain-top with such absorbed, open-mouthed wonder. Again, I see the tired Indian hunter, pausing to slake his thirst by the lake-side, start as his gaze suddenly encounters this terrific apparition. I fancy the half-uttered exclamation sticking in his throat. I behold him standing there, with bated breath, not daring to stir either hand or foot, his white lips parted, his scared eyes dilated, until his own swarthy features exactly reflect that unearthly, that intense amazement, stamped large and vivid upon the livid rock. And in this immovable human figure I see the living counterpart of the great stone face.

The novelist Hawthorne makes this Sphinx of the White Mountains the interpreter of a noble life. For him the Titanic countenance is radiant with majestic benignity. He endows it with a soul, surrounds the colossal brow with the halo of spiritual grandeur, and marshalling his train of phantoms, proceeds to pass inexorable judgment upon them one by one.

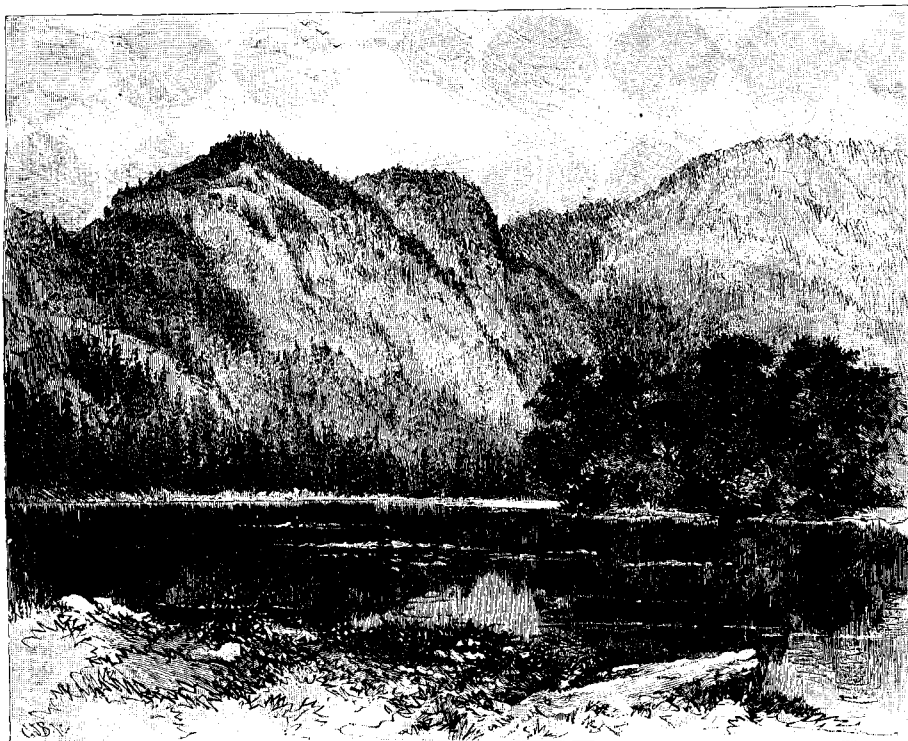
At noon we reached the spacious and inviting Profile House, which is hid away in a deep and narrow glen nearly two thousand feet above the sea. No situation could be more sequestered or more charming. The place seems stolen from the unkempt wilderness that shuts it in. An oval grassy plain, not extensive, but bright and smiling, spreads its green between a grisly precipice and a shaggy mountain. And there, if you will believe me, in front of the long white-columned hotel, like a Turkish rug on a carpet, was a pretty flower garden. Like those flowers, on the lawn were beauties sauntering up and down in exquisite morning toilets, coquetting with their bright-colored parasols, and now and then glancing up at the grim old mountains with that air of elegant disdain which is so redoubtable a weapon even in the mountains. Little children fluttered about the grass like beautiful butterflies, and as unmindful of the terrors that hovered over them so threateningly. Nurses in their stiff grenadier caps and white aprons,

lackeys in livery, cadets in uniform, elegant equipages, blooded horses, dainty shapes on horseback, cavaliers, and last, but not least, the resolute pedestrian or the gentlemen strollers up and down the shady road, made up a scene which, being where it is, first strikes us as odd in the extreme, but which we soon adapt ourselves to and are reconciled with, because we see that for each in his way it is good to be here. The rich man may enter the White Mountains.

Peals of laughter startle the solemn old woods. You hear them high up the mountain-side. There go a pair of lovers, the gentleman with his book, whose most telling passages he has carefully conned, the lady with some trifle of embroidery, over which she bends lower as he reads on. Ah, happy days! What is this youth which, having it, we are so eager to escape, and when it is gone we look back upon with such infinite longing?

The lofty crag opposite the hotel is Eagle Cliff—a name at once legitimate and satisfying, although it is no longer tenanted by the eagles formerly making their home in the security of its precipitous rocks. In simple parlance it is an advanced spur of Mount Lafayette. The high curving wall of this cliff incloses on one side the glen, while Mount Cannon forms the other. Bald Mountain is seen to the north. The precipices tower so far above the glen that large trees look like shrubs. Here and there, among thick-set evergreen trees, beech and birch and maples spread a drapery of rich green, and mottle it with softness. The purple rock bulges daringly out, forming a parapet of adamant. The black giant distends his enormous chest until we see the iron ribs, huge and gaunt, protruding.

The turf underneath the cliff was most beautifully and profusely spangled with the delicate pink anemone, the *fleur des fées*, that pale darling of our New England woods to which the arbutus resigns the sceptre of spring. It is a moving sight to see these little drooping flowerets, so shy and modest, yet so meek and trustful, growing at the foot of a bare and sterile rock. The face hardened looking up, grew soft looking down. "Don't tread on us! May not a flower look up at a mountain?" they seem to plead. Lightly fall the night dews upon your upturned faces, dear little flowers! Soft be the sunshine and gentle the winds that kiss



ECHO LAKE AND EAGLE CLIFF.

those sky-tinted cheeks! In thy sweet purity and innocence I see faces that are beneath the sod, flowers that have blossomed in paradise.

We see, also, from the hotel, the singular rock that occasioned the change of name from Profile to Cannon mountain. It really resembles a piece of artillery protruding threateningly from the parapet of a fortress.

Taking one of the well-worn paths conducting to the water-side—for another lovely mountain tarn is hidden by yonder fringe of trees—a short walk finds us standing by the shore of Echo Lake, with Eagle Cliff now rising grandly on our right.

Nowhere among the White Hills is there a fuller realization of a mountain lakelet. The high peak of Lafayette, covered with snow, looked down into it with freezing stare. Cannon Mountain now showed his retreating wall on the right. The huge castellated rampart of Eagle Cliff lifted on its borders precipices dripping with moisture, glistening in the sun like aerial casements. Light flaws frosted the lake with silver. Sharp keels

cut it as diamonds cut glass. The water is so transparent that you see fishes swimming or floating indolently about. Without the lake the whole aspect would be irredeemably savage and forbidding—a blind landscape; now it is instinct with a buoyant and vigorous life. In fact, it is like an eye of piercing brilliancy set deep and overhung by bushy, frowning brows. But it is not alone the eye, it is the soul of the landscape. It is dull or spirited, languid or vivacious, stern or mild, according to the varying moods of nature.

The echo adds its feats of ventriloquism. The marvel of the phonograph is but a mimicry of nature, the universal teacher. Now the man blows a strong clear blast upon a long Alpine horn, and like a bugle-call flying from camp to camp the martial signal is repeated, not once, but again and again, in waves of bewitching sweetness, and with the exquisite modulations of the wood-thrush's note. From covert to covert, now here, now there, it chants its rapturous melody. Once again it glides upon the entranced ear, and still we lean in breathless eagerness to catch

the last faint cadence sighing itself away upon the palpitating air.

A cannon was then fired. The report and echo came with the flash. In a moment more a deep and hollow rumbling sound, as if the mountains were splitting their huge sides with suppressed laughter, startled us.

The ascent of Mount Lafayette fittingly crowns the series of excursions through which we have passed since leaving Plymouth. This mountain, whose splendid crest is concealed from us at the Profile House, dominates the valleys north and south with undisputed sway. It is the King of Franconia.

The climber will not fail to notice the remarkable natural causeway connecting Eagle Cliff with the mountain itself, nor omit to observe the little lakes reposing between the principal and subordinate peaks. Even those who have little inclination for the long climb to the top of the mountain ought not to miss the first, for I do not recall anything like it on this side of the great Sierras so finely typical of a mountain defile. But to do justice to this ascension I should have a chapter, and I have only a penful of ink. The fascination of being on a mountain-top has yet to be explained. Perhaps, after all, it is not susceptible of explanation.

As we come down the long three-mile descent from Echo Lake to the village of Franconia, to the level of the valley, and to the northern base of the Notch Mountains, an eminence rises to the left. This is Sugar Hill. Half way up there is a hotel, occupying a well-chosen site, and on the high ridge another commands not only this valley, but those water-courses lying to the west. Opposite to us rise the green heights of Bethlehem, Mount Agassiz conspicuous by the observatory on its summit. Between these walls the long ellipse of fertile land beckons us to descend.

Distinguished by the beautiful groves of sugar-maple that adorn it, Sugar Hill is destined to grow more and more in popular esteem. It is certainly one of the finest sites among the mountains that I have seen. No traveller should pass it by. It is so admirably placed to command all the highest mountains in one magnificent *coup d'œil*. The days are not so breathless or so stifling as they are down in the valley, because it is lifted into sun and air by an eleva-

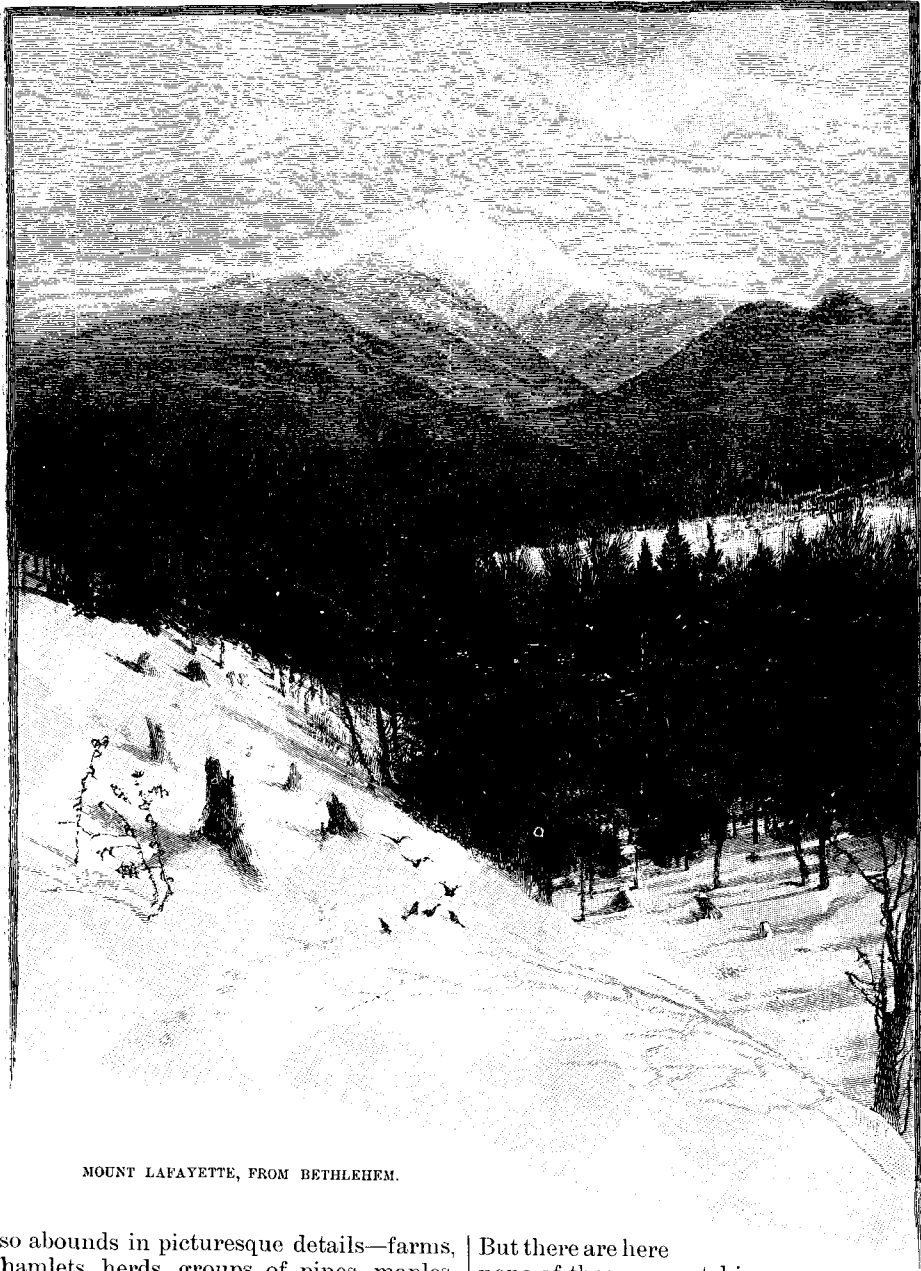
tion sufficient to reach the cooler upper currents. You look deep into the Franconia Notch, and watch the evening shadows creep up the great east wall. Extending beyond these nearer mountains the scarcely inferior Twin summits pose themselves like gigantic athletes. But better than all, grander than all, is that kingly coronet of great mountains set on the lustrous green cushion at the head of the valley. Nowhere, I venture to predict, will the felicity of the title, "Crown of New England," receive more unanimous acceptance than from this favored spot. Especially when a canopy of clouds overspreading permits the pointed peaks to reflect the illuminated fires of sunset does the crown seem blazing with jewels and precious stones.

The Bridal Veil Fall, discovered on the northern slope of Mount Kinsman, will by-and-by attract many visitors. At present access is difficult. The height of the fall is given at seventy-six feet, and the surroundings are said to be of the most romantic and picturesque character. The name is certainly entitled to respectful consideration from its long service in connection with water-falls and cascades the world over.

The reader who has thus far followed us patiently from point to point may now form some estimate of the relative attractions of the two principal groups with which most of the subordinate mountain chains are allied. Both have their admirers, their adherents even, who grow warm in praise of the locality of their predilection. The reason why this preference can not be explained is that there is no real difference at all.

From Littleton we will first make a rapid retrograde movement to the western border of the mountains, having now again reached the railway line by which we might have come directly from Plymouth, had we not, in a fortunate moment, decided in favor of first exploring the Pemigewasset Valley. The configuration of the country is such that this railway is compelled to make a long detour. We will now, therefore, run down the rail as far as Wells River. Here we behold that most noble and interesting entrance formed by the meeting of the Ammonoosuc with the Connecticut.

But we can not linger here, though tempted to do so. We proceed on our way up the Ammonoosuc Valley, which



MOUNT LAFAYETTE, FROM BETHLEHEM.

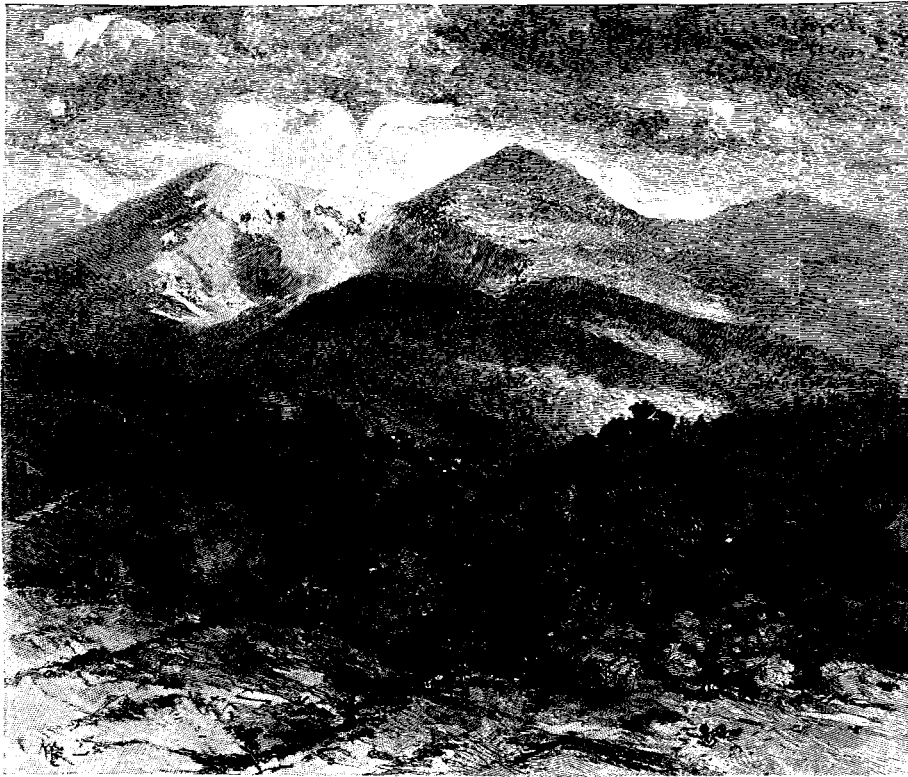
so abounds in picturesque details—farms, hamlets, herds, groups of pines, maples, torrents, roads feeling their way up the heights—to that anomaly of mountain towns, Bethlehem.

Bethlehem is ranged high up along the side of a mountain, like the best china in a cupboard. Mount Agassiz rises behind it. Below the village the ground descends rather abruptly to the Ammonoosuc, which winds through matted woods its way out of the mountains.

But there are here none of those eye-catching gleams of water which so agreeably diversify these interminable leagues of forest and mountain land.

In the valley of the Aar, at the head of the Aar Glacier, in Switzerland, is a peak named for Agassiz, who thus has two enduring monuments, one in his native, one in his adopted, land.

Bethlehem has arisen, almost by magic, at the point where the old highway up



VIEW FROM ETHAN CRAWFORD'S, JEFFERSON.

the Ammonoosuc is intersected by that coming from Plymouth. In time a small road-side hamlet clustered about the spot. Dr. Timothy Dwight, one of the earliest as well as one of the most observant travellers here, speaks of the appearance of Bethlehem in 1803. "There is," he says, "nothing in Bethlehem which merits notice except the patience, enterprise, and hardihood of the settlers, which have induced them to stay upon so forbidding a spot, a magnificent prospect of the White Mountains, and a splendid collection of other mountains in their neighborhood, particularly in the southwest." It was then reached by one wretched road, passing the Ammonoosuc by a dangerous ford. The few scattered habitations were mere log-cabins, rough and rude. The few planting fields were still covered with dead trees, stark and forbidding, which the settlers, unable to fell with the axe, killed by girdling, as the Indians did.

From this historical picture of Bethlehem in the past we turn to the Bethlehem

of to-day. It is turning from the post-rider to the locomotive. Not a single feature is recognizable except the splendid prospect of the White Mountains and the magnificent collection of other mountains in the neighborhood. Fortunate geographical position, salubrity, fine scenery—these features, and these alone, are the legitimate cause of what may be termed the rise and progress of Bethlehem. All that the original settlers seem to have accomplished is to clear away the forests which intercepted, and to make the road conducting to, the view.

It does seem at first almost incredible that the two or three houses, the store, the solitary meeting-house, of those days should suddenly become the most populous and most frequented of mountain resorts. This newness, which you at first resent, besides introducing here and there some attempt at architectural adornment, contrasts very agreeably with the ill-built, rambling, and slipshod appearance of the older village centres. They are invari-



CASTELLATED RIDGE, MOUNT
JEFFERSON.

bly most picturesque from a distance. But here there is an evident effort to render the place itself attractive by rendering it beautiful. Good taste generally prevails. I suspect, however, that the era of good taste, beginning with the incoming of a more refined and intelligent class of travellers, communicated its spirit to two or three enterprising and sagacious men, who saw in what nature had done an incentive to their own efforts. We walk here in a broad, well-built thoroughfare, skirted on both sides with modern cottages, in which four or five thousand sojourners annually take refuge. All this has grown from the one small hotel of a dozen years ago. An immense horizon is visible from these houses. The landscape swarms with mountains, although neither of the great ranges is in sight from the thickly settled district called "The Street." One is hid by the curvature of the mountain, which also intercepts the view of the other.

Even the sultriest summer days are rendered tolerable here by the light airs set in motion by the oppressive heats of the valley. The hottest season is therefore no bar to out-of-door exercise for persons of average health. But in the evening all these houses are emptied of their occupants. The whole village is out-of-doors enjoying the coolness, or the panorama, with all the zest unconstrained gratification always brings. The multitudes of well-dressed promenaders surprise every new-comer, who immediately thinks of Saratoga or Newport, and their social characteristics, *minus* their so-called "style" and fussy consequentialness. These people really seem to be enjoying themselves; you are left in doubt as to the others. Bethlehem, we think, should be the ideal of those who would carry city—or at least suburban—life among the mountains, who do not care a fig for solitude, but prefer to find their pleasures still closely associated with their home life. They are seeing life and seeing nature at one and the same time. Between this and that aspect of life among mountains and what is to be derived from it there is the same difference that exists between a well-conducted picnic, where the ladies wear their prettiest dresses, and everything is perfectly *comme il faut*, and the abandon and unconstraint of camp life, where the ladies wear blue flannels, which the men think so becoming. One class of travelers takes its world along with its trunks, the other is bent on discovering a new one. Which is nearer Eden? *Chacun à son goût*.

A strikingly large and beautiful prospect opens as we come to the Bellevue. Here the road, making its exit from the village, descends to the Ammonoosuc. Six hundred feet below us the bottom of the valley exhibits its rich savannas, interspersed with cottages and groves. The valley broadens and deepens, exposing to view all the town of Littleton, picturesquely scattered about the distant hillsides. Above this deep hollow, the Green Mountains glimmer in the far west. "Ah!" you say, "we will stop here."

A second ramble to the top of the mountain by the old road to Franconia reveals in the most striking manner possible the grandeur of those mountains through which we have just come. A third is altogether indispensable before we can say we know Bethlehem. We con-

tinue along the high plateau to the eastern skirt of the village. No envious hill now obstructs the truly "magnificent view." Through the open valley the lordly mountains again inthrall us with the might of an overpowering majesty. This locality has taken the name of the great hotel erected here by Isaac Cruft, whose hand is everywhere visible in Bethlehem. It is known as the Maplewood, in distinction to the more central portion clustered around the Sinclair House.

Bethlehem is emphatically the place of sunsets. In this respect no other mountain haunt can pretend to rival it. From no other village are so many mountains visible at once; at no other has the landscape such length and breadth for giving full effect to these truly wonderful displays. I have seen some here that may never be repeated, certainly never excelled, while the sun, the heavens, and the mountains shall last.

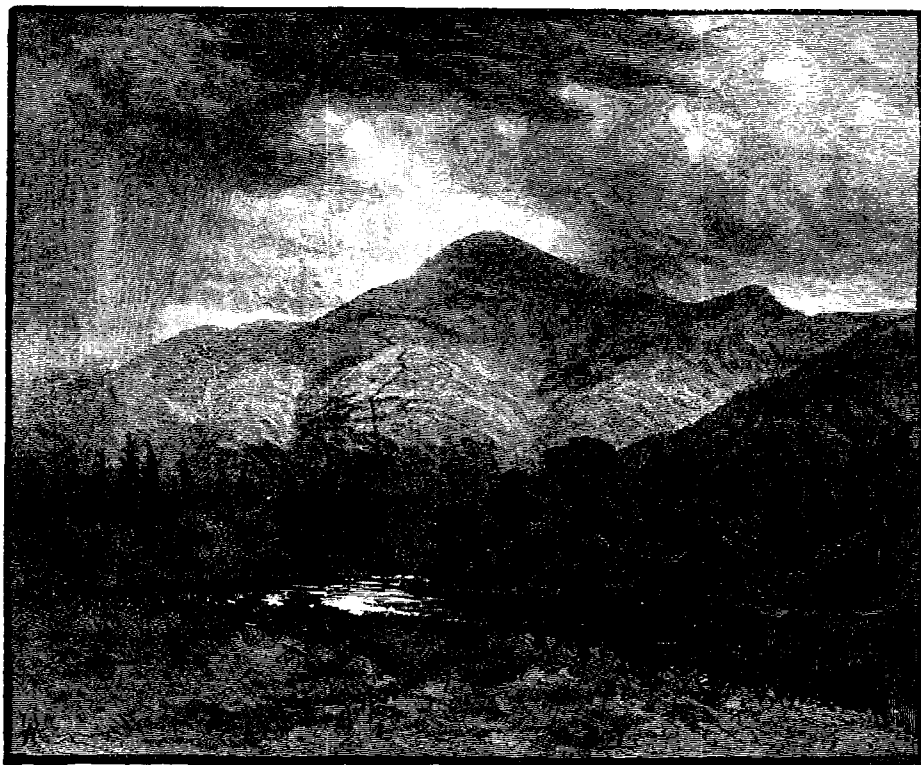
Like Bethlehem, Jefferson lies reposing in mid-ascent of a mountain. Here the resemblance ends. The mountain above it is higher, the valley beneath more open, permitting an unimpeded view up and down. The hill-side, upon which the clump of hotels is situated, makes no steep plunge into the valley, but inclines gently down to the banks of the river. Instead of crowding upon and jostling each other, the mountains forming opposite sides of this valley remain tranquilly in the alignment they were commanded not to overstep. The confusion there is reduced to admirable order here. The smooth slopes, the clean lines, the ample views, the roominess, so to speak, of the landscape, indicate that everything has been done without haste, with precision, and without deviation from the original plan, which contemplated a paradise upon earth.

On the north side Starr King Mountain rises 2400 feet above the valley, and 3800 feet above the sea. On the south side Cherry Mountain lifts itself 3670 feet higher than tide-level. The village lies on the southern slope of the former mountain. These two summits form the broad basin through which Israel's River flows for more than half its length, after issuing from the wasted side of Mount Adams. Here again, and as at Bethlehem, only arranged in a strikingly different and unique order, at the head of the valley,



MOUNT WASHINGTON RAILWAY.

we have the great range. Madison now stands a little thrown back on the right, Adams next erects his sharp lance, Jefferson his shining crescent, Washington his broad buckler, and Monroe his twin crags against the sky. Jefferson, as the nearest, stands boldly forward, showing its tremendous ravines and long supporting ridges with great distinctness. Washington loses something of his grandeur here. From Madison to Lafayette, our two rallying-points, the distance can hardly be less than forty miles as the eye travels; the entire circuit can not fall short of seventy or eighty miles.



MOUNT WASHINGTON, FROM FABYAN'S.

At Ethan Crawford's, or at the Mount Adams House, where we approach within three miles of the base of Mounts Adams and Jefferson, the appearance of these grand peaks is beyond description sublime.

The two most profitable excursions to be made here are undoubtedly the ascent of Mount Adams and the drive to the top of Randolph Hill.

We complete the circuit of the White Mountains, after crossing Cherry Mountain, by a visit to Fabyan's.

Fabyan's, which has grown up on the site of Captain Eleazer Rosebrook's log-cabin, on the banks of the Ammonoosuc, really commands a superb front view of Mount Washington, from which it is not six miles in a bee-line. All the southern peaks, among which Mount Pleasant is undoubtedly most conspicuous for its form and its mass, and for being so boldly thrown out from the rest, are before the admiring spectator.

Were the bustle, the confusion, incidental upon the arrival and departure of trains absent, as it is now too noisily present, Fabyan's, I am persuaded, would be

one of the choicest retreats of the whole mountain region. I think every one feels this in the moments of quiet he is allowed for contemplating the natural grandeur of the scenery. We sentimentalists, it is evident, must await the discovery of a means of locomotion that will leave no trace of itself.

The railway is seen mounting a foothill, crossing a second and higher elevation, then dimly carved upon the great flanks of Mount Washington itself, as far as the long ridge which ascends from the north in one unbroken slope. It is then lost.

When Mr. Marsh, the inventor, applied to the Legislature for a charter, a member moved that the petitioner also have leave to build a railway to the moon. Perhaps that member is now living. Had the motion prevailed, I am persuaded that Mr. Marsh would have built the road. Really the project seemed only a little more audacious. Now the highest summit is annually visited by thousands, without more fatigue than would follow any other excursion occupying the same time.



Three lovely Sisters working were
 (As they were closely set,
 Of soft and dainty Maiden-haire
 A curious Armelet
 I smilinge ask'd them what they did
 Fair Destinies all three)
 Who told me they had drawn a thread
 Of Life, and 'twas for me.
 They shew'd me then how fine 'twas spun
 And I reply'd there-to
 I care not now how soone 'tis done
 Or eue, if eue by you.

Rob: Herrick