

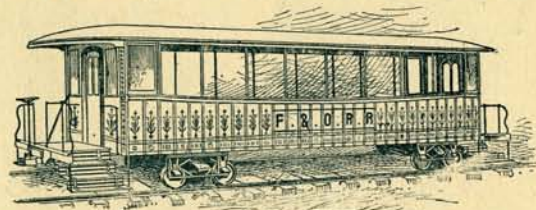
THROUGH
White Mountain Notch

A SOUVENIR OF TRAVEL
UPON THE
PORTLAND & OGDENSBURG RAILROAD

IT is with the belief that those summer
travelers whose pathway leads through
the WHITE MOUNTAIN NOTCH, and
whose glad eyes look out upon the "ever-
lasting hills," will welcome and keep this
modest souvenir of their journey upon the
PORTLAND & OGDENSBURG
RAILROAD, that it is presented
by the management.

SEASON OF 1885.

WHITE MOUNTAIN NOTCH.



An Illustrated Souvenir of Travel

OVER THE

PORTLAND & OGDENSBURG R.R.

Presented by the Management.

FROM PORTLAND TO THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.



THE natural divisions of the PORTLAND & OGDENSBURG RAILROAD bear a striking similarity to the conditions existing upon the famous Mexican Railway leading up from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico.

At first we gradually surmount, by easy grades, the sloping region extending inland a score of miles, like the *tierra caliente* to the foot hills of the New England *sierras*; then we reach the fragrant and fertile *tierra templada*, or lands of pleasant air, where North Conway looks out from beneath the shadow of the rock of Kearsarge upon her beautiful elm-strewn meadows, and lastly comes the *tierra fria*; the cool region among the peaks, our mountain section, to the faithful illustration of which this little *brochure* is dedicated.

The present excellent engravings were made from carefully considered sketches, selected from a large number made by a practiced artist within the present season. These

were chosen as representing the most varied phases of the weird and stupendous scenery of the notch, and it is due to a comparison, made by the artist at the date of his sketching

tour, between the granite environed route of the PORTLAND & OGDENSBURG RAILROAD and that of our sister Republic that the suggestion of a parallel presented itself.



Unlike the *hot* lands of the State of Vera Cruz, however, the lowlands across which we pass in the early stages of our journey into the mountains are populous with attractive villages and enjoy a pure and invigorating atmosphere. Here the mountain ozone and saline breezes fresh from across island-dotted Casco Bay are intermingled with striking tonic effect.

Lake Sebago, where the waters of many down-flowing spring-fed streamlets sleep for a time before coursing to the sea, is a broad breeze-swept little sea to which the good people of Portland promise to take their children when they wish to offer a special premium upon excellent behavior. The passing train halts for a moment beside the smooth beach and there is time to note



that with the pavilions, shady grounds, steam and sail craft, bathing and fishing facilities, he who goes to Sebago may have as "good a time" as the gods vouchsafe to mortals here below.

Beyond Lake Sebago the road leads through purple forest isles where rocks and verdure have met in struggle for the mastery of the land, and past a half score of villages until the red roofs of North Conway's summer homes and its handsome hotels come into view.

Beyond North Conway again, from the open side of the observation car, now added to the train, we look in upon the portal of the lower notch.

Intervale, Glen Station and North Bartlett are well-known summering places, and bulky Concord stages claim their contingent of travelers going to points more or less distant from the railroad.

The sun illumes the shining flanks of the mountains, where skirmish lines of dark firs cling tenaciously in every crevice.

The clear water of Saco River flows down over a gravelly bed, fed by many affluents.

The air is like ethereal champagne. Here are our peaks!

THROUGH THE NOTCH.

The distance from Upper Bartlett to Crawfords, the summit of the line, is fifteen miles.

The mountains immediately contiguous to the line of the road are as follows:

Upon the left.—Camel's Hump, 2,400 ft.; Mt. Lowell, 3,800 ft.; Mt. Anderson, 4,000 ft.; Mt. Nancy, 3,700 ft.; Mt. Willey, 4,500 ft.; Mt. Field, 4,000 ft.; Mt. Avalon, 3,300 ft.; Mt. Willard, 2,570 ft. The four last named are beyond the Willey House.



Upon the right.—Hart's Mt., 2,500 ft.; Iron Mt., 2,800 ft.; Mt. Hope, 3,200 ft.; Mt. Crawford, 3,200 ft.; Giant's Stairs, 3,500 ft.; Mt. Webster, 4,000 ft.; Mt. Jackson, 4,100 ft. The two latter are beyond the Willey House.

Leading in a direct line, like giants in battle array, Mounts Clinton, Pleasant, Franklin and Monroe, fill the space between Webster and Washington,

Mt. Monroe being 5,900 feet in height, but 300 feet lower than Mt. Washington, the king of the peaks.

En route we pass upon the left Nancy's Brook and its ancient mill and the lovely Brook Kedron.

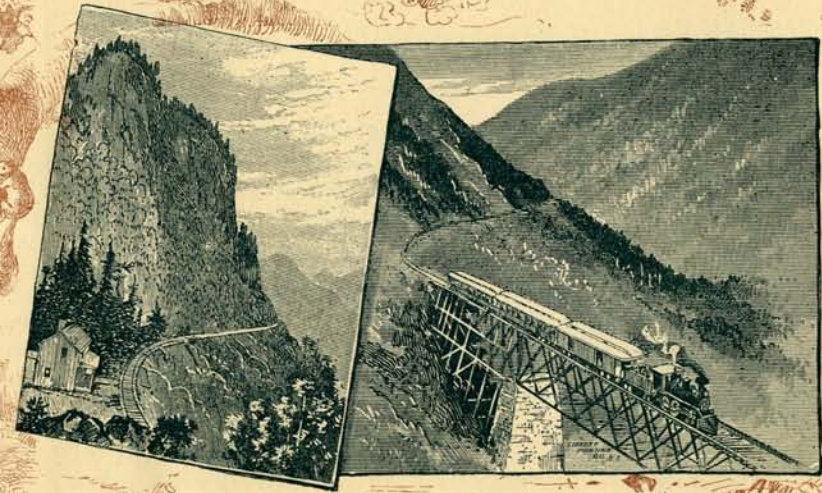
In the grand bowl between Mt. Willey and Mt. Webster, the historic Willey House, the story of whose fated occupants still claims the sympathy of the passing traveler is seen, and just around the flank of Webster the peak of Washington comes into view, the central figure of the grandest mountain scene east of the Rockies.

At a short distance south of the gate of the Notch the train crosses the fine engineering work known as the Frankenstein trestle.

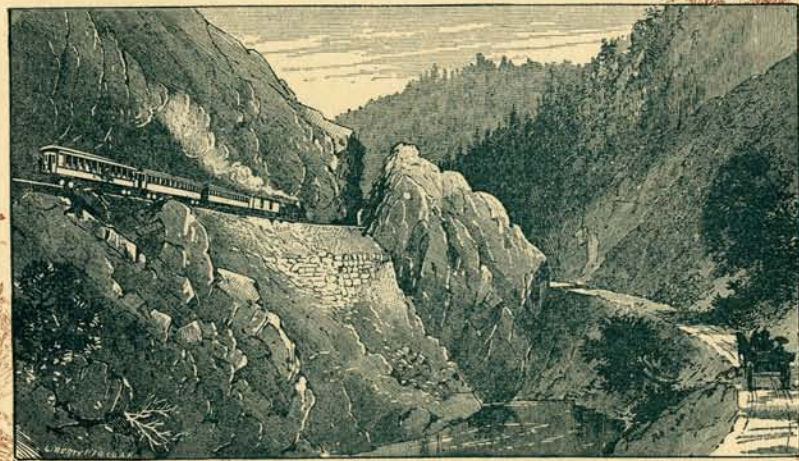
The White Mountain Notch closes with a narrow defile pierced by the railroad and the old highway which preceded it as a path through this wilderness, and beyond we come at once upon the present handsome and roomy Crawford House, just behind which is Merrill's Pond (depicted upon our cover). From this point to Fabyans, where the Mt. Washington Railway is met, is but four miles.

From Fabyans the line makes a direct run westward via Bethlehem Junction, dividing at Wing Road for the North and South via the Boston & Montreal Air Line.





FRANKENSTEIN TRESTLE AND CLIFF.



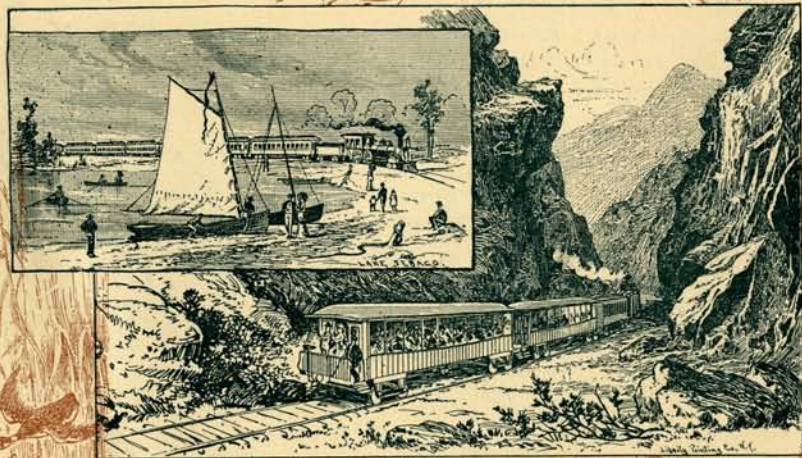
UPPER GATE OF THE NOTCH.



MT. WILLEY.



FIRST VIEW OF MT. WASHINGTON.



LAKE SEBAGO. A MOUNTAIN DEFILE.



THE LOWER NOTCH, LOOKING EAST.