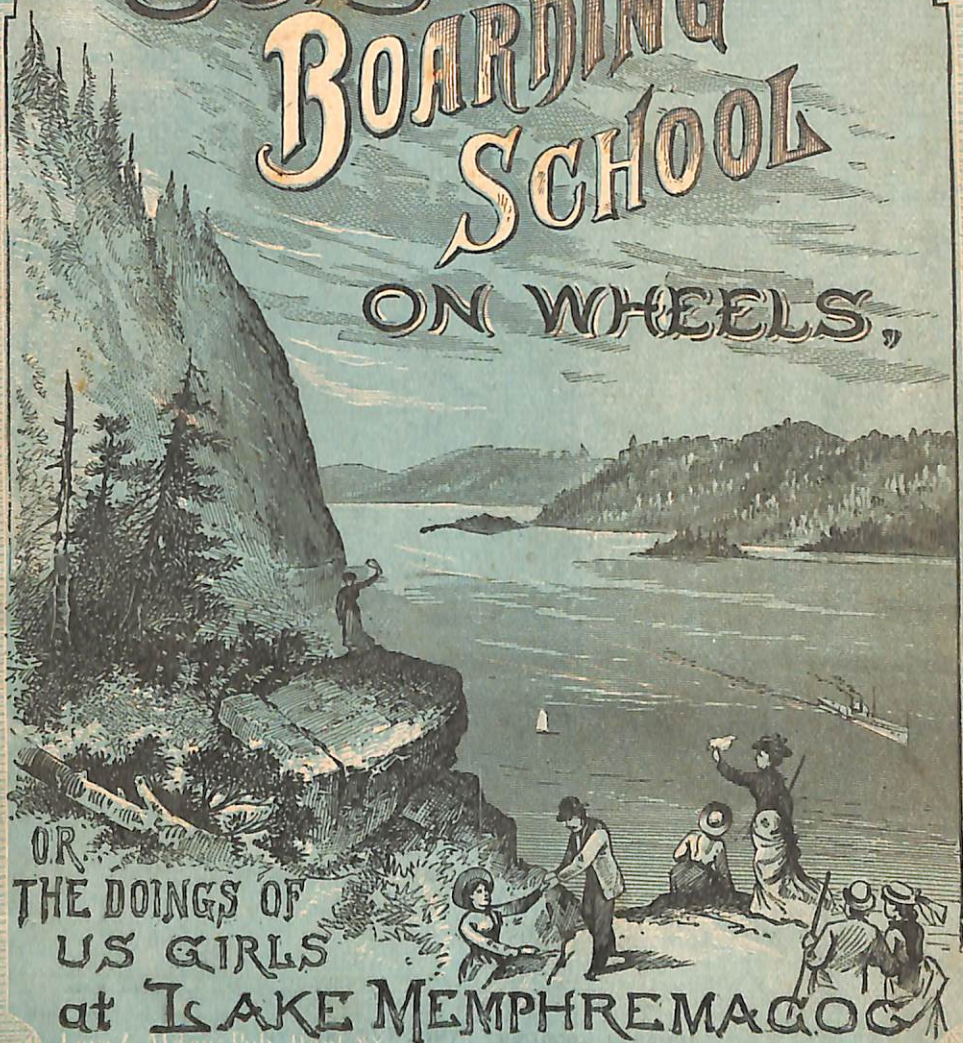
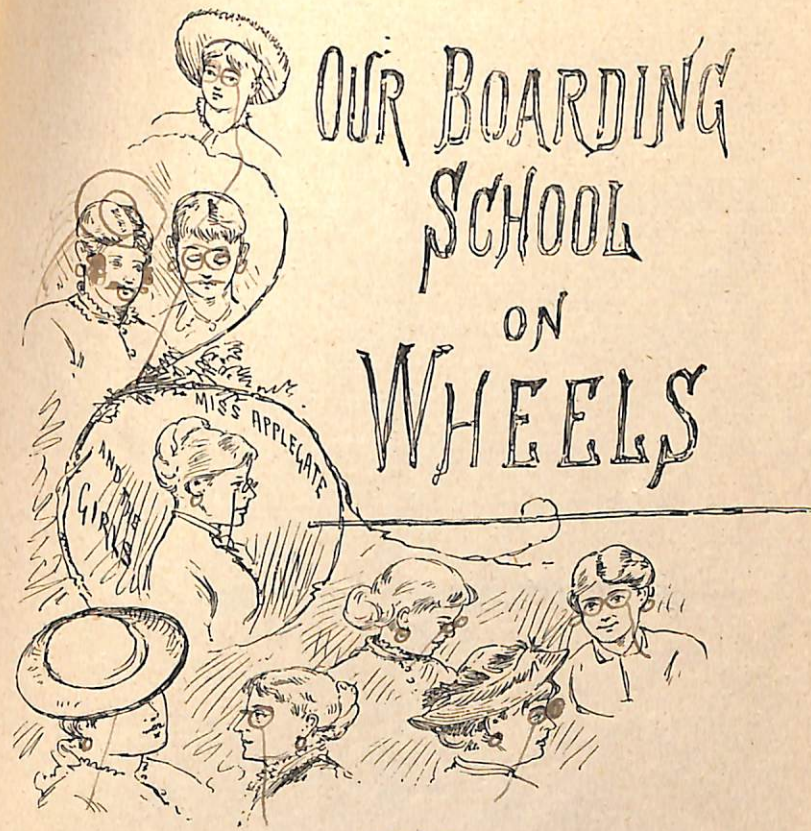


OUR BOARDING SCHOOL ON WHEELS,

OR
THE DOINGS OF
US GIRLS
at LAKE MEMPHREMACOG



"Compliments of H. E. Pratt 50



OUR BOARDING SCHOOL ON WHEELS

— OR —
THE DOINGS OF US GIRLS
AT LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG.

PUBLISHED FOR THE
PASSUMPSIC RAILROAD CO.,

—BY—

LEVE & ALDEN'S PUBLICATION DEPT. N.Y.

1889.

A CONFIDENTIAL NOTE BY THE AUTHOR.

It was a happy thought upon the part of Miss Applegate, the popular Principal of the highly respectable Applegate Female Seminary, which prompted her, near the end of the spring term, to propose a summer jaunt to her pupils of the graduating class. There was something piquant and venturesome in the idea of going away, bag and baggage, without the least idea of what was to come next, and minus the escort of even so much as a solitary middle-aged man. You see, it was agreed that Boston, the delightful, dignified, Athens-like Hub, was to be the first objective point, but beyond that all was "shrouded in the impenetrable mists of uncertainty," as Miss Mabel Wade, one of the fair graduates, remarked.

Then there was another curious feature proposed. We were to "pool our accounts," as my brother Fred expressed it, whatever that may mean, and each girl was to write an essay, or perhaps it should be called a "diary," of our experiences, and the girl who produced the best narration, in the opinion of good judges, was to be awarded all of her expenses.

Now, of course, we didn't care for the money, for our fathers could easily let us have plenty—that is, all but one of us, who had no parents living—but were delighted with the idea of "working our own way," just like a sailor before the mast; so one and all mentally resolved to have that prize or perish in the attempt. However, there was but one prize to be gained, and there were eight of us and Miss Applegate going (or more properly *Miss Applegate and eight of us*), and when the award was finally made, and the orphan girl "struck a bonanza" (which is also one of Fred's terms), we were all glad of it. Fred, however, insisted that my production should not "waste its sweetness," etc., and one day he actually stole it, blue ribbon and all, and showed it to a railroad man, and a week later I almost fainted when he brought me a roll of proofs and had the impudence to request me

to write an "introduction." The very idea! Of course I refused; but the railroad man came to the house, and seemed so much in earnest about it that I finally consented. I *never* would have agreed to please that thief, Fred, but the above-mentioned railroad man, a general passenger agent, or something like that, is a very polite and agreeable person, and so here you have the story of our doings. I hope you'll like it. It cost me three whole days' work.

MOLLIE B.

P. S. For all the phrases of the day, and the stories of the way we deceived our dear, good Miss Applegate, my brother Fred is responsible. He put them in after I had read the proofs, and now he says it's too late to make changes. I think it's dreadful.

M. B.

THE START.

'Twas Tuesday—no, it wasn't either, it was Wednesday, and we were to go off early the next morning, by six o'clock certainly, on a stage to the station and on a train to New York. Eight girls were busily occupied in the apparently hopeless task of crowding all sorts of things they thought they would possibly want into four trunks. We were limited to half a trunk each. Think of it! Our rooms at the seminary were scattered over with all sorts of things, and we packed, unpacked and packed again, until we were in despair. Our best silks wouldn't go in if we took the other dresses, not to mention our sketch boxes, and our books of travel, and all sorts of things we knew we should need—and what was the use of going on a tour if one couldn't have everything one wanted? Finally, Miss Applegate consented to have an extra trunk packed with our best frocks, and we "drew cuts" to determine whose dress should lay at the top. Well! The "beauteous orb of day broke resplendent through the gates of night" (quoted from Mabel Wade), and we were stowed away, half-asleep yet, in the old red "bus" that ran twice a day to the station. We were only fifteen miles from New York, and proposed breakfasting at a neat restaurant in the city. Well, we got in "on time," crossed the splendid North River and filed up Desbrosses Street to our breakfasting place. How hungry we were; how we went up and down the elevated railway, and into the big stores along Broadway, needn't be told. Five o'clock found us on board one of the great Sound steamers, the band playing, and everybody, a thousand, more or less, all out on deck, enjoying the superb panorama of the East River and the entrance to the Sound. It was a most memorable

experience, and a pleasant prelude to our two days of pleasure-seeking in Boston.

The New England metropolis was entered at 8 a. m., and the United States Hotel being nearest to the depot, we voted unanimously to register there; for we were *awfully hungry*, all of us. What was our dismay upon looking over the columns of the *Journal* and finding the following, you may readily imagine:

A BOARDING-SCHOOL ON WHEELS.

A party of young ladies, composing the graduating class of the well-known Applegate Female Seminary, in charge of the Principal, will arrive upon the morning steamboat train, having left New York last evening. They will remain in the city some days, visiting our institutions, after which it is expected that they will leave for the mountains and probably continue as far as Quebec. They are unattended by gentlemen.

Miss Applegate seemed shocked; in fact, we all seemed shocked, but I kept quiet. I felt sure that the paragraph had been sent to the paper by that scamp Fred, and I was right, as I afterwards discovered.

Everybody in the dining-room eyed us, and it seemed that the whole city pointed at us, as we walked in double file along Washington Street, and remarked, "There goes the boarding-school on wheels;" but our imaginations doubtless exaggerated the effect of the item on the public. Even such an important and unheard-of event as the arrival of a young ladies' seminary hardly disturbs with more than a momentary ripple the deep, strong current of Boston's busy, healthy life.

We drove to Cambridge and Brookline; lunched at Nantasket; explored the Common; dropped in at the Museum of Fine Arts, the Art Club, and Rev. Philips Brooks' queer-looking church, and, finally, we held a business meeting in Miss Applegate's room, and after two hours of brain-tiring work over railroad-folders, guides and other practical matter, we voted on our route to the North, and it was decided to visit Lake Memphremagog. I think it was the strange, aboriginal name that settled the matter. It had a far-away, cool and fascinating sound, and above all it was encircled by mountains, navigated by steamers, and right on the route to Montreal and Quebec. It also contributed largely to our determination that Miss Applegate found that the hotel at Newport is managed by Col. Ripley, who formerly presided at the well-known Rockland House, where she had spent one holiday summer. Our departure and destination was to be kept a

matter of profound secrecy; but for all that the *Journal* contained the following upon Monday morning, the day of our departure:

GONE TO THE NORTH.

The young ladies of the Applegate Female Seminary, who have been in the city for several days, leave this morning via the Boston, Concord and Montreal Railroad for Lake Memphremagog.

Miss Applegate gazed at the young ladies, and the young ladies gazed at Miss Applegate, but nothing was said. We couldn't find words equal to the occasion. We rolled out of the depot "on wheels" once more, and each one felt that there was a "spy in camp," but whom the guilty one could be none could tell. Soon after starting, however, the *Journal* and its paragraphs were forgotten in our interest in the ever-varying, swiftly-passing scenes of hill and valley, river and town, through which we were flying.

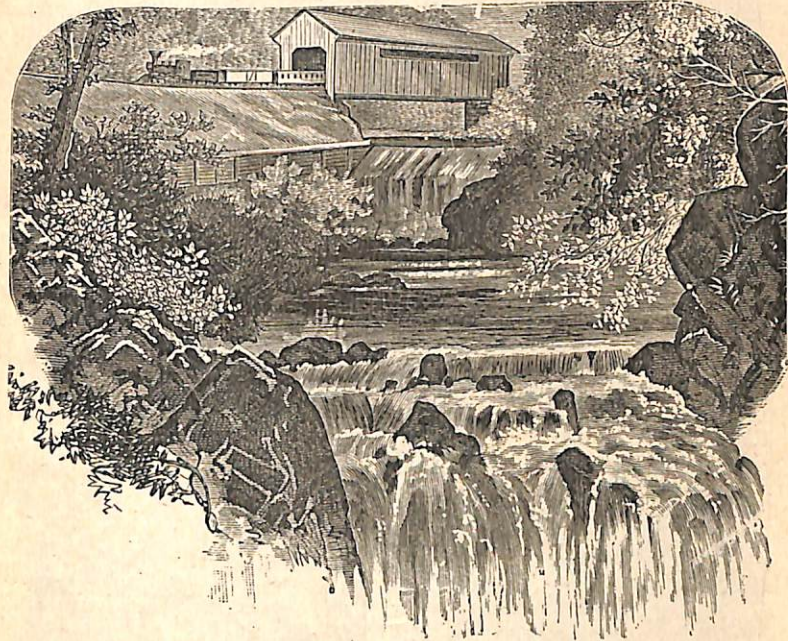
Boston is the focal point of a semi-rural mode of life which has not reached the same degree of unadulterated perfection in any other portion of the Republic. It is essentially American, and bears the fine stamp of American progression and culture. Every little village bordering the great railway lines that radiate from the city—and these villages are so close to each other as to be practically continuous—each one of them has its dozens of beautiful and ornate villas, molded in that agreeable innovation, the "Queen Anne" style. These homes, too, have broad lawns about them, whereon the happy occupants enjoy their games of croquet and tennis. Even the factories, long and imposing, look as neat as a man-of-war. It was through such scenes that we sped, the farms becoming broader, the towns further apart, and the hills higher as the morning wore on. Past Lowell, Nashua and Concord, and then along the ragged shores of Lake Winnipiseogee. At Weir's Landing it was a busy scene. Steamboats connected with the train, exchanging scores of passengers. All sorts of touring groups; some going to Wolfboro or Center Harbor, and others going thence to the White Mountains, or—like ourselves—living in hopes of seeing them later, and *en route* for the "border lake," Memphremagog.

We dined at Plymouth, the Pemigewasset House being apparently on the best of terms with the depot, for they are "one and inseparable." Stages go from Plymouth, through a fine country and a romantic cleft in the mountains, to the Profile House on Echo Lake.

At St. Johnsbury we met the erratic little Passumpsic River, and from that point northward traveled over the Passumpsic Railroad, a link in the chain that binds the Canadian cities to Boston. This sparkling little river

was full of surprises. It seemed like a spirited steed. Now loitering among green pastures, gathering itself into deep and shadowy pools, then leaping affrighted down through some rocky abyss, or turning the big wheel of some clattering mill.

After a time we bade good-bye to the Passumpsic, and crossing an upland, where Burke Mountain crowns the scene, met another little river running to the north from Crystal Lake, along whose margin we rode. We kept it

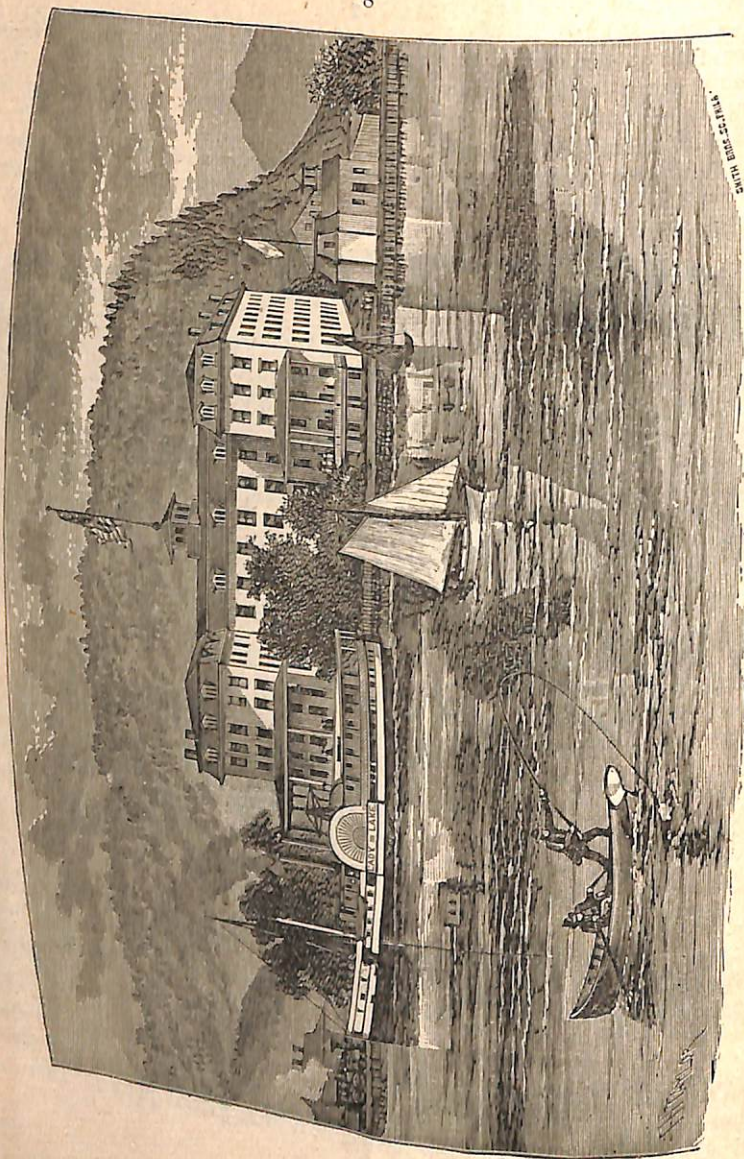


PASSUMPSIC RIVER.

in sight until it finally lost itself in the broad waters that stretch like an arm down from Lake Memphremagog, and a few moments later we rolled across the trestle-work and alighted at the chosen scene of our "doings."

SOME OF THE "DOINGS."

THE view from the Memphremagog House, which stands close to the shore and near the depot, looking out upon the lake, has been described by scores of writers. But few have done it even partial justice. There is



MEMPHREMAGOG HOUSE, NEWPORT, VT.

a "composition," as our drawing-teacher would say, in water, woodland and mountain, that makes up a most charming picture. The ever-romantic Miss Mabel Wade declared that it was "Simply too completely effulgent with glorious beauty to seem other than an illusive but delightful dream." That was the way it looked to her. I suppose if my brother Fred had been there he would have remarked, "Well, that takes the cake, don't it?"

After supper Miss Applegate was obliged to retire with a headache, and we were thrown upon our own resources. So we resolved to climb to the summit of Prospect Hill, where a superb view of the lake is to be found, also a little *chalet*, suggestive of peanuts, gingerbread and photographs. We reached the brow of the hill out of breath, but found we were not alone in our undertaking. A most delightful old gentleman appeared, just as old gentlemen, or young gentlemen either, for that matter, should do, at the right moment, and when they are wanted. Just then we wanted somebody to tell us about the scene in view.



CAPTAIN FOGG.

Now this particular old gentleman looked like a man who knew everybody and whom everybody knew, but if they didn't it was surely their misfortune, and so it proved. He had a smile that was broad and majestic. There is only one such smile in northern Vermont, and now the reader who has been at Newport, Vt., will recognize Capt. Fogg. It is probable that something in the Captain's surname induced him to become a mariner. It's quite common to find fog on the water, you know. At any rate, this genial sailor on this little inland sea has run his steamer up and down for many a year across the "line," and

I verily believe if the "Lady of the Lake" should ever come to grief, it would break his heart.

Well, Capt. Fogg, on this particular evening, was upon the top of a hill instead of on the lake, as one would think he should have been, and in his hand he held a glass—a spy-glass, of course.

How much of fact and fiction the Captain told us as we sat there while the sun went down, it is not possible to relate within these pages. There was one thing, however, that he referred to that touched a popular chord. It was about the smugglers of many years ago. Miss Belle Martin, our handsomest graduate, was observed to become abstracted, and as we strolled down the hill by another route, with the jolly Captain as a guide, she

exclaimed, "Girls, I am going to smuggle something across that line if it takes all summer," and the other girls chorused as one woman, "And so will I!"

That night, "in the stilly watches of the witching hours when the world sleeps," eight girls met in Belle's room, and, with whispers and dreadful bonds of secrecy, formed the "Smugglers' Band," and May Durant, a regular little wide-awake, was chosen leader. What we were to smuggle, or how it was to be done, hadn't been considered.

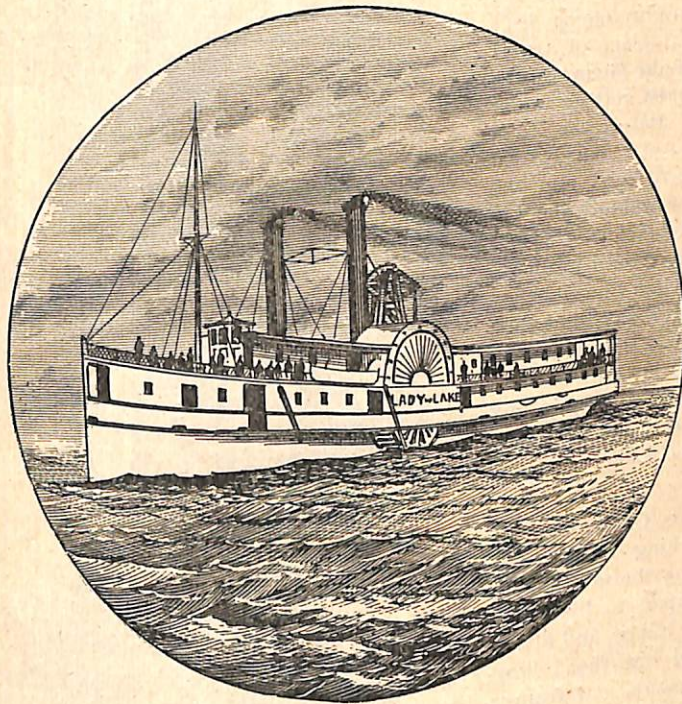
Upon the following morning the deck of the "Lady of the Lake" was gay with excursionists, among whom figured the graduating class of the



LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG, FROM PROSPECT HILL.

"Applegate Female Seminary," including Miss Applegate herself, who had happily recovered from her headache, and under the pleasing influences of the hour was as merry and unrestrained as any of the party. In fact, our respected teacher developed a quality of good-fellowship of which we had never suspected her during the years of our tuition under her guidance. It is something to discover that even a dignified and austere "school-marm" can relax at times, and be quite like other folks. We even contemplated asking Miss Applegate if she would like to be initiated into the "Smugglers' Band," but upon reflection concluded that it might be risky.

Soon after leaving Newport, the genial Capt. Fogg placed the responsibilities of navigation to the care of his first mate, and settled down in the midst of our group, much to the envy of the unattached tourists upon the deck. But we had first claim, by virtue of our old acquaintance, dating from the hill-side meeting of the evening before. The Captain



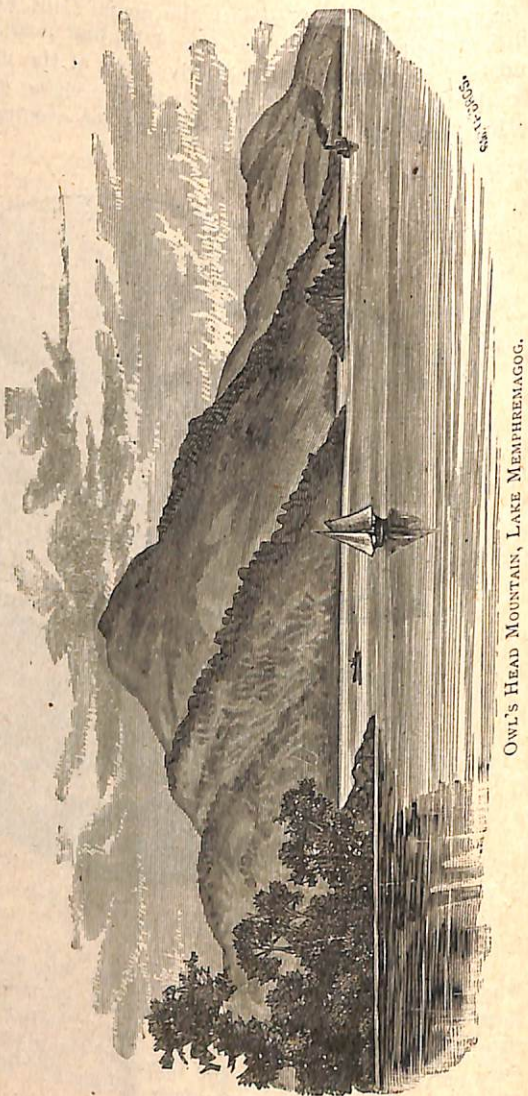
"LADY OF THE LAKE."

was evidently in the mood for a long talk, and as we sped along, out past Indian Point and the light-house, he pointed out many places of interest and told some harrowing tale of love, revenge or adventure, as a sort of woof woven into the fabric of the main fact. If steamboating ever goes out of date, the Captain still has an "anchor to windward," for

he would make both fame and fortune as a novelist. However, we gained from the "jolly tar" a great deal of interesting fact.

"You see," said he, "Memphremagog isn't an old place of travel like Lake George. It's only just getting under way. Before the Passumpsic Railroad reached here, and the company built the big white hotel at Newport, nobody could get here, and when they did they couldn't stay, and they couldn't take this trip and enjoy all this magnificent scenery in any comfort until the 'Lady of the Lake' was put on."

The Captain was searching diligently among the multiplicity of papers in his wallet as he talked, and finally fished out the following scrap, cut from a pamphlet. After I had read it, I asked leave to copy it into my memorandum book, and the other girls caught the idea and did likewise. Here it is:



OWL'S HEAD MOUNTAIN, LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG.

THE NEW IRON STEAMER, "LADY OF THE LAKE."

The steamer "Mountain Maid" being insufficient to meet the wants of pleasure-seekers, a new iron steamer was built and placed on the lake, and is now under the command of Capt. George W. Fogg, who has seen long service on the lake. The hull, which is of iron, was built on the Clyde, at Glasgow, Scotland. It was brought to this country, and the steamer completed at Magog, where it was launched. It is one hundred and seventy feet long, and is divided into four water-tight compartments. It is neatly and conveniently fitted up with dining-saloon and ladies' cabin, and everything has been done to make it a first-class pleasure boat. It was christened the "Lady of the Lake," by which name it is now known. It will run seventeen miles an hour, makes two trips daily between Newport and Magog, leaving Newport after breakfast on its first trip, and just after dinner for the second. It takes about three hours to make the run, including stops, from one end of the lake to the other.

PLEASURE BOATS.

In addition to the beautiful steamer "Lady of the Lake," on which pleasure-seekers can go up and down the lake and stop at all the points of interest, there are a number of smaller steamers and row and sail-boats at Newport, which can be had at any hour. There is generally a good breeze on the lake, and nothing is more pleasing and invigorating than sailing or rowing from point to point, as taste or inclination may suggest. The steam yacht "Water-Witch," with a speed of eight miles an hour, is also at the command of pleasure or fishing parties, and can be landed at any of the islands or along the shore, as may be desired.

"If you want that sort of information," remarked the Captain, "here's lots of it. I have been saving these scraps for a couple of years. They came out of a little guide-book for the Passumpsic Railroad, written by a chap from Philadelphia, who came up here and sketched everything and everybody. Why, he even took my portrait. It's here somewhere;" and so it was, for presently he found it, smile and all, in an old envelope.

The other scraps which the Captain handed us read as follows:

The lake is from one to two miles wide on an average, and is thirty miles long, reaching from the village of Newport, in Vermont, on the south, to Magog, a Canadian hamlet, on the north. Full two-thirds of the lake is in Canada, and the boundary line is easily distinguished—south of it there being more thrift and enterprise than is seen just north over the line in Canada. The water in most places is very deep and cold, and is just the place for the lake trout, which are caught each year in great abundance.

A range of mountains extends nearly the whole length of the western shore of Memphremagog, the most prominent of which is Owl's Head. The base of this mountain is twelve miles from the southern end of the lake. It rises quite abruptly from the shore of the lake, and, as seen from one point, looks like a great hay-stack, the top of which seems to come to a sharp point. The summit is nearly three thousand feet above the lake, and is one mass of jagged rock, looking as though it had been broken up by some volcanic agency.

The view from the summit is remarkably beautiful as well as extensive. From it one can get a better idea of the wildness of the scenery of Northern Vermont and Canada than from any other point. North, the great Canadian forest seems to stretch away to the river St. Lawrence. In a clear day, with the aid of a glass, the tall, bright spires of Montreal are visible. West, is the Green Mountain range, Jay Peak standing prominently in the foreground. Southeast are the White Mountains, Mount Washington reaching above its lofty neighbors. The more immediate view is also interesting, and includes the lakes and villages, that help to add variety to the scene. The steamer lands at the base of the mountain. From here is a good foot-path up the side of the mountain, nearly all the way through the thick forest. One can have ample time to ascend the mountain, enjoy the beautiful view, and return before the steamer gets back from Magog. Here can be obtained boats for fishing, or to take a sail to Balance Rock or Skinner's Cave.

North of Owl's Head is Mount Elephantis, resembling a huge elephant in repose, when viewed from one point. Just north of the northern end of the lake is Mount Orford, the highest point of land in Lower Canada. It is thirty-three hundred feet high, and a carriage road has been constructed to its summit.

The only village on the shore of the lake between Newport and Magog is Georgeville, on the east side. The steamer touches at Knowlton's Landing, on the west side, and opposite Georgeville.

THE ISLANDS.

There are more than twenty islands in the lake, the largest of which is known as Province Island. It contains a hundred acres of good land. The boundary line between the United States and Canada passes through it near the southern end. It was owned by the late Carlos Pierce, of Boston, who had a farm and a summer-residence in Stanstead. It has been devoted to grazing purposes, and on it have been kept some of Mr. Pierce's celebrated stock.

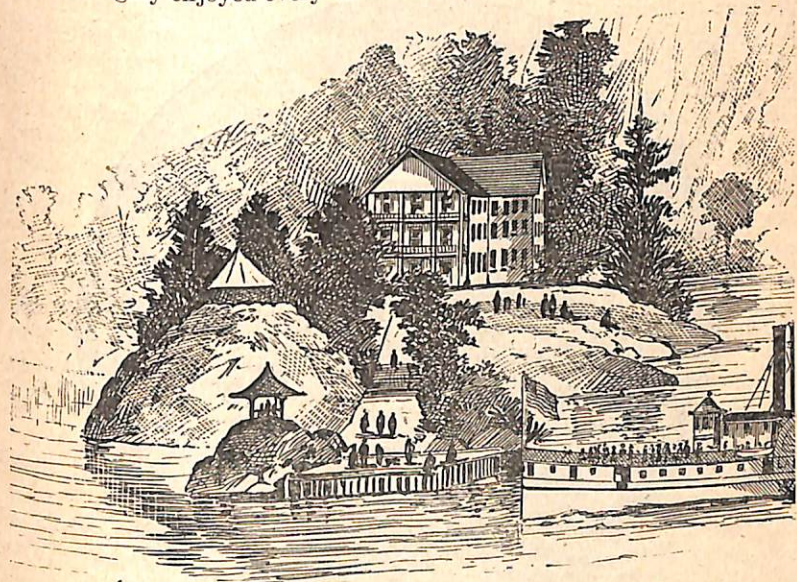
THE MEMPHREMAGOG HOUSE

Has been enlarged and greatly improved, and is now one of the largest and finest hotels in New England. It is four stories high, and presents a front on Main street of nearly two hundred feet. It will easily accommodate four hundred people. It is supplied with water, gas and steam, and is fitted up in every department with all the modern improvements and conveniences. In the basement fronting on the park and the lake are billiard-rooms and bowling-alleys for ladies and gentlemen. Near the hotel, and connected with it, is a large livery-stable, where the best of horses and carriages are kept for the accommodation of guests.

Being immediately at the end of the lake, it commands a view of unrivaled beauty, and has the full benefit of the cooling breezes which sweep the face of the waters. Among its patrons are many members of the best circles of society from Boston and New York, who stop here for a time while in transit for or from other points of interest in Northern New England or Vermont. A fine orchestra entertains the guests during the season.

Our first landing place was at Owl's Head, where we had ample time to "go ashore and look round," as the Captain suggested. Here we found, in the most romantic situation possible, a hotel perched like a Swiss *chalet*

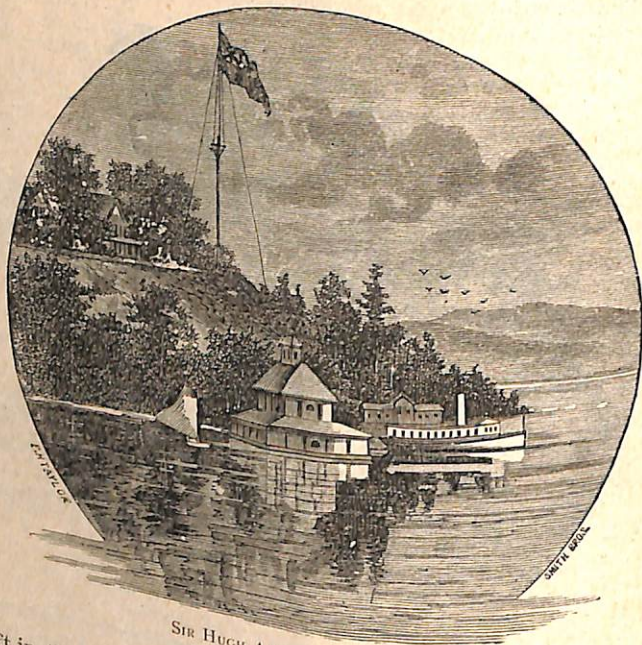
close beneath the cliff, and embowered amid plentiful foliage. Winding forest walks led away from the grounds up the steeps, or to some coign of vantage where a superb view of lake and mountain was revealed. We were now in Canada. We had crossed the line at Province Island. For all we could see, however, the grass was as green, the sky as blue, and the air as pure and bracing under the Union Jack as beneath the Stars and Stripes. It was the first experience with most of us in "furrin' parts," and we thoroughly enjoyed every moment of our Canadian visit.



OWL'S HEAD MOUNTAIN HOUSE.

Close beside the hotel a lovely little bay was scalloped in the shore. A crescent beach of pure sand reached half-way around, where brightly painted boats were drawn up beneath the shade of a shapely elm. Its northern margin is the sheer cliff of the mountain side; its foot resting in deep water, where the storms of ages have beat against it, and yet it stands, giving protection to one of the prettiest little havens in the world. Hundreds of feet above, a little white tent, amid the crowning foliage, marks a favorite look-out. A path, too, leads from the hotel close to the rugged summit of the mountain.

As we steamed away regretfully from Owl's Head, the vessel was steered directly across the lake to Bay View Park, in order to land a lively group of picnickers. This place, a beautiful grove upon a point, with good buildings for the convenience of excursionists, is an institution of the lake, and the objective point of almost daily excursions from points along the Passumpsic Railroad. Upon the way across, the Captain pointed out Skinner's Cave,



SIR HUGH ALLAN'S ISLAND VILLA.

a cleft in the rocky point of an island, and explained that Skinner was a famous smuggler. The graduating class at once became greatly interested and glanced at each other significantly. "Isn't it a pity, though," exclaimed Miss Mabel Wade, "that his name was *Skinner* instead of *Algernon de Montmorenci*, or something nice of that sort? But, poor fellow, I suppose he couldn't help it. Was he handsome, Captain?" The Captain said that he had heard that he was a most magnificent-looking fellow, and very accomplished; and so we all looked at the cave with renewed interest.

Shortly after leaving Bay View Park we saw Balance Rock, a large boulder upon the tip of an island, nicely balanced upon its center. Every girl of us would have given our chance of winning the prize in the essay contest for a chance to go ashore just one little minute, so we might push it over. But we couldn't. We steamed on towards the French settlements, past several beautiful islands, upon one of which Sir Hugh Allan, of Montreal, has a handsome summer-house. We zigzagged to and fro, stopping at several minor landings, and lastly reached Magog, at the northern extremity of the lake. But bless me! I've taken up so much room already (our essays are to be limited in length, you see), that I can only say that we left "on time" and reached Newport with astonishing appetites.

At the office we learned that letters had arrived for some of the party. No letters came for me, but only a paper—a copy of the *Boston Journal*. Who could have sent— Hold! Here was a marked paragraph.

COLLEGIANS AT LARGE.

College jaunts are quite in fashion this season. A few days since we noted the visit and departure for the north of a number of young lady graduates, and now Boston is favored with a passing call from a number of young gentlemen from Columbia College. They, too, are going to northern Vermont, leaving to-morrow morning.

Columbia College! Why that was where Fred was studying. The marked copy was without doubt from him. I saw his whole scheme at a glance. I must have turned white and red a dozen times in the next five minutes, as I called a full meeting of the Smugglers' Band in Belle's room, and when they were all assembled, some exclaiming "What means this! Is the Band betrayed?" I simply pointed with a theatrical air to the paragraph. Wasn't there a flutter? And how indignant we all were that any presumptuous set of mere college-boys should follow our wake. Why! we were graduates, and they were only juniors. Then somebody discovered that we were looking at yesterday's paper, and then remembered that the train leaving Boston in the morning was due in less than ten minutes. As good luck would have it, Belle's room commanded a full view of the depot, and we fairly held our breaths as we heard the whistle blow faintly down the road, and eight heads were pressed closely around the margin of the curtain, which we had thought best to lower.

The train pulled slowly up to the depot; a throng of duster-clad tourists emerged at every door, and there, among them, sure enough! was that