

Rock, at whose base a narrow foothold has been hewn out for the railway. Here the beauty of this portion of the road seems to culminate. An American tourist remarks,—“One of the loveliest landscapes on which my eyes ever rested is the scene which, on a sunshiny day, one surveys from the summit of Chique's Rock. The whole region round about is a miracle of God's handiwork—not mountainous but hilly, as if, in Mrs. Browning's phrase, ‘His finger touched, but did not press, in making it.’”

Fifteen miles from Harrisburg the railway leaves the tranquil Susquehanna and follows the course of the “Blue Juniata.” Soon we plunge among the mountains, and the scenery becomes wilder and grander as we advance. At Lewiston Narrows, shown in the frontispiece, the mountains rise to the height of a thousand feet or more from the river, which frets and chafes its way, white with rage, at their feet. The rugged sides of the mountains are shagged with ancient woods to the top. Deep shadows mantle over the gloomy gorge. The sombre spruce waves its hearse-like plumes. The scream of the engine awakes the immortal echoes of the everlasting hills. It seems a region of utter solitude, and a feeling of awe is inspired in even the most frivolous nature.

Nor is this wild region without its grim legend. Jack's Narrows, where the Juniata forces its way through a narrow pass in the mountains, shown on the opposite page, receives its name from the tradition of a weird, mysterious hunter and Indian slayer, who made his haunt in the valley previous to the Revolutionary War. Here this mighty hunter was murdered by the savages with circumstances of unusual atrocity. The defeat of Braddock's disastrous expedition against Fort Du Quesne (Pittsburg) laid the whole frontier open to savage invasion and massacre. “Many of the beautiful scenes,” writes Mr. Sipes, “upon which the traveller now gazes with delight, have been crimsoned with the blood of murdered men, women, and children; and many humble and happy homes were reduced to the ashes of desolation.” The scenes of these cruel massacres have now become the home of peace and plenty, and in one of the most romantic of these glens, which often echoed to the war whoop of the Indian and the death shriek of his victim, a Methodist camp-meeting is now