

They follow us up so closely and persistently that to get clear of them we enter a store and ask for a cigar, and while there find out the history of the town and the "burning mine." It was here that Anthracite coal was first discovered, and the fire has been burning in the mine since 1832. The effects of the fire and accompanying heat are quite visible, the surface being heated and scorched, and the rocks baked. Supposing, or rather trusting, that our would-be guides had given us up, we ventured forth again. False hope. No sooner had we reached the sidewalk than they commenced to file out from the side of the building which they had been supporting during our stay within its walls, and we are approached, first by one of the largest, and finally by the entire crowd, this time offering "diamonds from the burning mine, two for five cents."

The way back is by a different route, and if we thought the ride up was grand, magnificent, what can be said of the return trip, over the nine miles of descending grade to the starting point. We cannot do better than here quote a celebrated writer who took this ride. "A single turn of the brakes, and off we start, faster and faster, down through long stretches of shaded roadway, around wondrous curves, along giddy cliffs, under shadows of great ivy-grown crags, and still down, down, down, at a dizzy speed, and as if borne on the wings of the wind; there, like a toy village before and below us, we once more descry Maunch Chunk, with its familiar church spire, so indelibly impressed upon all who have visited the town. How fast we seem to be approaching it, for almost ere we know it, our fleet charger has drawn rein, and we are safe and sound, but breathless with delight and excitement, at the platform from which we started."

Riding around the mountain with locomotive speed, the numerous landscapes stretching about on every side, changing as rapidly and charmingly as the views in the kaleidoscope, keep the tourist wrapt in a continual state of enthusiastic admiration; the cool, bracing atmosphere, the novelty of whirling along the road at so great an elevation, without any apparent motive power, the valley lying so far below, the various ranges of hills and mountains, with their trees and vegetation in an endless variety of colors—all are calculated to make the beholder think himself in some enchanted fairyland.

Our time being limited, it was our intention to spend only a couple of hours here; but we are so charmed with what we have seen that it is now our greatest desire to stay here forever. We cannot do that, however, but decide to remain as long as possible; and the first thing we do, after reaching the town again, is to go to the railway station and enquire the hour at which the last train in the evening leaves there, and decide to remain till that time. We fill in the time between that and dinner hour by visiting the bazaar, etc., and after dinner go over to

GLEN ONOKO.

This beautiful spot, which is another of Nature's handiwork, which she has so bountifully, and it seems impartially, bestowed upon the neighborhood, is about two miles above Maunch Chunk, and extends from the bottom to the summit of Broad Mountain, a height of about one thousand feet. There are numerous cascades and waterfalls, the highest being seventy-five feet, all named in a way expressive of their beauties, such as "Hidden Sweet," "Crystal," "Lovers Bath," "Home of the Mist," "Onoko Falls," and the "Pulpit Rocks." The railway station, which is at the foot or entrance to the Glen, is of rustic construction, and presents an odd, as well as pleasing appearance. The narrow path leading up this romantic, sublime and picturesque Glen, takes us over rustic bridges and up steps, from one point of view to another, while rustic benches are placed at intervals along the way for the tourist to rest himself, or to sit and listen to the roaring water as it rushes down the mountain side, over rocks, seething and foaming as if impatient at the delay, or under huge windfalls which in some cases form natural bridges, or watch it as it comes over the falls breaking into spray. And we are mistaken if more than one young man has not, while sitting on one of these benches, laid his heart at the feet of some fair maiden, travelling down the mountain pathway with him, and asked her to join him in the journey down Life's pathway. We are not sentimental, but if we wished to be so, we would go to Glen Onoko.

Returning to the hotel, from our long and tiresome tramp, we rest awhile, and securing a carriage drive around the surrounding country until we have barely time to catch the train, and we feel that

"Too short and fleet the day went by,
Where Nature's hidden beauties lie
A memory folded in the heart."

Standing on the rear platform of the hind car of the train, we take a last look at Maunch Chunk as the mountains close in around it, and bidding farewell to its many beauties, take our seats in the car, and make ourselves comfortable for the ride to New York, which we reach late at night. We want to be off at five the following morning, and it seems that we have not more than got to sleep before we are again aroused. Still rubbing our eyes, we go down stairs, and on enquiring for the dining room, are informed that we cannot get breakfast at that hour, so have to leave hungry. Once seated in the car, Ned drops off to sleep again, and is "blissfully unconscious," whether he is hungry or not. Not so me. I commence a perusal of the morning papers, and am conscious of everything that transpires until Bridgeport is passed. After that, all is a blank until we arrive at New Haven. I've been to sleep, a thing that so seldom occurs when travelling in a v. time, that I naturally ask myself the cause, and am almost at a loss to account for it, until suddenly remembering that I had been reading a New York Tribune editorial, everything is explained. As "a miller will sleep when the mill is running, and wake the moment it stops," so I roused from my slumbers when the motion of the car had ceased, and looking through the window saw the name of the station, and over one of the many doors leading into the building the words "Dining Saloon." Without waking

my companion I got out to secure a lunch for ourselves, and stopping up to the counter asked a young lady in waiting to wrap up some sandwiches. She did as requested, and feeling that the days of famine had passed, I was happy, and stepped on board the car again. A moment later I had aroused Ned, and a look of joy overspread his countenance when he learned the contents of the package I was holding before his gaze. His joy was soon turned to sadness. I had heard and read a great deal about the railroad sandwich, and thought it a much abused article. I have changed my views on the subject, and at present cannot think of a name strong enough to denounce it by, that is, not strictly orthodox. This particular sandwich may not have known that I was the champion of its race, but that matters not, I will not have anything more to do with a railway sandwich. It was my first and last experience. After opening the package, we each took one therefrom and eyed it tenderly for a moment, when we commenced an onslaught. But there is something wrong, our teeth make no impression on them, and we wonder at it. Recollections of what we have heard and read surge through our minds, and we commence to fear that 'tis only too true. We again attack them, but with the same result, then commences a tug-of-war in which our opponents come off victorious. We tugged and pulled and twisted, but without effect, until finding it was of no use, we gave it up, and hurled them from the window of the now rapidly running car, almost breaking down a stone wall with which they came in contact.

We arrived in Boston in time to connect with the steamer Yarmouth, and were delighted to find her such a fine vessel, more than fulfilling our expectations. The trip from Boston to Yarmouth was made in about sixteen hours, and at the latter place close connection was made with the W. C. Railway, and the journey to Annapolis commenced. This railway has, we think, one of the best roadbeds in the country, and as a result, the trains run very smoothly, which would still be the case if the speed were increased, which it might be without being reckless. At Annapolis we are greeted by familiar faces, and feel quite at home. Here we take the W. & A. Railway for Halifax, where we finally arrive, although we had grave doubts of getting through within a couple of days. If it is the idea of the management to allow passengers an opportunity of having a good view of the beautiful Annapolis Valley, and later on to see Grand Pré and the world-renowned Blomidon, so that the scene will be impressed upon their memories forever, then they are succeeding admirably; but on the other hand, if this is their idea of rapid transit, the sooner they learn that it is not, the better it will be for the travelling public, for it is nothing less than a "screaming farce" to call a train an express that goes at such a slow rate, and without regard to delays.

Our journeyings are over for this year. Where and how to spend our vacation has been settled, and we trust that the rather lengthy description of what we have seen will not tire your readers more than visiting the scenes here portrayed tired us.

RAMBLER.

MUSICAL ECHOES.

It is reported on the authority of a London newspaper man who is close to the D'Oyley Carte management that Gilbert and Sullivan's next opera will be on an American subject, with special reference to the Wild West craze which Buffalo Bill has made fashionable in England. With good and bad Indians, scouts and cowboys, Gilbert can make an exceedingly funny libretto, and Sullivan can write characteristic music. It is also probable that it will be produced in New York at the Casino on the same night of its first production at the Savoy Theatre in London.

Another Recital by Master Josef Hofmann, at Prince's Hall, was crowded to the doors. The programme was a severe one, beginning with Beethoven's Concert in C major, and followed by smaller works of Rameau, Chopin, Liszt and the young composer himself. It was a hard and exhausting task, which the lad accomplished with the utmost nerve and determination, but he looked overwrought at the end. To my idea his genius is being destroyed by such a strain. I hear Master Josef is to have a good long holiday on the continent, and is to return to London in the fall. Of all the competitors among managers Mr. Henry Abbey has carried away the prize, and will exhibit the young prodigy in America during a concert tour.—*London Letter of American Musician.*

BOULANGER'S MARCH.—The *Herald* of Thursday last surprised its readers by the publication of the words and music of "En Revenant de la Revue," known as Gen'l. Boulanger's march, which is now all the rage in Paris, sung in all the cafe concerts, and even in the public streets. As soon as he saw it, M. J. Salomons, the enterprising business man of Cappa's 7th Regiment Band, sat down and arranged the march for full military band, which he did within an hour, and it was played the same afternoon by the full band at Brighton Beach. It made such a fine hit that it was repeated on Saturday, and will be played again on Sunday.—*Musical Courier.*

Worship of the Divine and music have gone hand in hand through the ages, and the harmony of sounds has helped to develop and maintain religion more than anything else in the world. The importance and intimate connection of music and worship is but half understood in our time; here and there a clergyman or minister makes spasmodic efforts to raise music to its proper dignified place in religious service, but very seldom does he succeed in thoroughly making it a principal feature of worship. Only the Catholic church has really made music part of its supreme adoration, and music has done more than anything else to strengthen and perpetuate the power, which the Catholic church has had over its votaries.—*American Musician.*