

the clouds, so that when one reaches the Summit House the blazing fire and smoking supper seem most welcome.

After tea a business meeting, followed by dancing and music, the latter being made brilliant and delightful by the cheerfully rendered vocal services of an American guest, Mrs. M. Z. Marchington, of Boston, and impromptu addresses in English and French, a recitation and a rendition of the Lord's prayer in the deaf and dumb language by Principal Mathison of Belleville. The evening was a most delightful one and augured favorably for the future of the trip.

At 4 o'clock next morning members of the party were awakened to get up and witness an exceptionally bright and beautiful sunrise. It seemed, indeed, as if the sun rose to order, for tourists have frequently to wait for days before they can get a sunrise that is clear and satisfactory. To paint the scene that met the eye that morning, as our party, in varied costume and shivering forms, looked from the tower, needs a poet's pen. The clouds, in every conceivable form, lay hundreds of feet below like a vast and billowy sea; some hung upon the mountain sides; others circled and enveloped the peaks; others permitted the peaks to peep through; others again floated away in fugitive and diminutive forms until lost to view. Every color and tint of the rainbow, of the earth, air sea and sky was there, from the dull leaden gray, through the white silver lining, to the bright saffron and gold that flashed and sparkled and shone like a sea of rubies right up to the orb of the sun itself. No wonder that artists are often thought to be demented about the sights and scenery of the White Mountains. They are, indeed, grand, wonderful, sublime. The panorama is one never to be forgotten.

Among the curiosities of Mount Washington, and which interested the Press party, was a newspaper, "Among the Clouds," which is published daily. Steam press and all the modern improvements. Price 10 cents per copy, without wrappers, which are two cents additional. The daily circulation during the mountain season is said to be 900. It is unnecessary to say that "Among the Clouds" is a high-toned as well as high-priced journal. Brother Hough, long of the World but now of Grip, will please not prosecute for infringement of patent!

Down the Mountain to Fabyan's, thence

by the famous Mann Boudoir cars to the Profile House, the centre of the Mountain region and the finest, richest and most elegant summer hotel on the continent, passed a pleasant forenoon. The hostelry derives its name, Profile, from the "Old Man of the Mountain," formed by a succession of rocks, one in rear of the other, which form a profile of striking resemblance to a somewhat robust human face. The scenery here is the most wonderfully grand, rugged and awe-inspiring to be seen on the route. A coach drive of ten miles, four-in-hand, double-deck, over a winding road, under spreading branches of beautiful and varied trees, bright pellucid streams dashing down the mountain side over rocks, and cascades, brings us to North Woodstock. Thence through many beautiful towns and popular watering places to Boston, where were spent two days most enjoyably. It is a great city, the literary centre of the continent and the second city of the Union in point of wealth. Its chief attractions, and which were fully availed of by the members of the Press party, are the Public Buildings, State and City; Music Hall, Museum of Fine Arts, Harvard University, Cambridge Memorial Hall, the residence of Longfellow and other poets and literateurs who have given to our American cousins a literature of their own, Bunker Hill Monument, the old elm tree under which George Washington first took command of the Revolutionary Army, Boston Common, Boston Park, the Hotel Vendome (one of the finest in the world), Commonwealth Avenue, the two latter built upon what is called the Back Bay District. This is now by far the most beautiful part of Boston. It is all made land, that is, the Bay has been filled up with refuse from the city, and earth, gravel, stone and every kind of material; what is still more strange, the city has netted a handsome profit by the transaction, already nearly two million dollars, besides endowing, from the proceeds of sales, several colleges and charities. After visiting a cyclorama, the "Battle of Gettysburg," which is an extraordinarily realistic panorama of that decisive conflict, a short sail down the Bay to Nantasket closed the visit to Boston.

Thence up the Sound on Saturday night, in the palace steamer Pilgrim, past Naragansett pier, where Messrs. R. G. Dunn and Erastus Wiman gave a passing