

Here, too, are the two sumptuous hotels and summer resorts—Oakland and Deer Park—veritable mountain parks with miles of drives, well patronized by the best societies of Washington, Baltimore, and the heated cities of the plain.

The finest scenery is that descending the western slopes of the Alleghanies. The view of the tremendous gorge of the Cheat River, with its environment of lofty hills, is one that dwells forever in the memory as a vision of delight. The conductor kindly stopped the train—we had taken an accommodation train in the hope that he would—that a company of ladies and myself might go to the edge of Buckhorn Wall and look down into the profound abyss. The sunset light was dying on the surrounding hills, the twilight was filling the valleys, as a beaker is filled with wine. The winding river gleamed like silver far below, the shadows gathered over mountain and valley, and a solemn awe filled the soul. Down, down, as far as the eye could reach, the mighty torrent rushed and tumbled in great jumps over gigantic rocks that have broken away from above and settled in the narrow bed. The mountains on the other side rose abruptly thousands of feet in height. The river made a bold turn at nearly right-angles, and this opened up to view a deep canyon extending for miles, which was guarded by mountain peaks. Line upon line distinctly traced the contour of the mountains, until they became a labyrinth, the way between them indicated only by the stream which had become placid and smooth as ivory. He is indeed to be compassionate who could make the journey over the Alleghanies without having his heart stirred to the highest degree and his senses made willing captive to the wonderful scenery which belongs to them. We stopped over night at the little town of Grafton, in West Virginia, the steepest-streeted, worst-paved place we have seen in America, where the summer torrents from the surrounding hills make the streets like the dry bed of a river.

Thence we may follow an exceedingly picturesque branch of the "B. & O.," or rather the main line to Cleveland and Chicago, to Wheeling, Va.—another branch going to Parkersburg and Cincinnati. At Wheeling we reach the great river formed by the junction of the Alleghany and the Monongahela, and may return through western Pennsylvania to Pittsburg. We know of no more delightful summer trip for the Canadian tourist, or one so easily accessible as that which we have imperfectly endeavoured to describe.