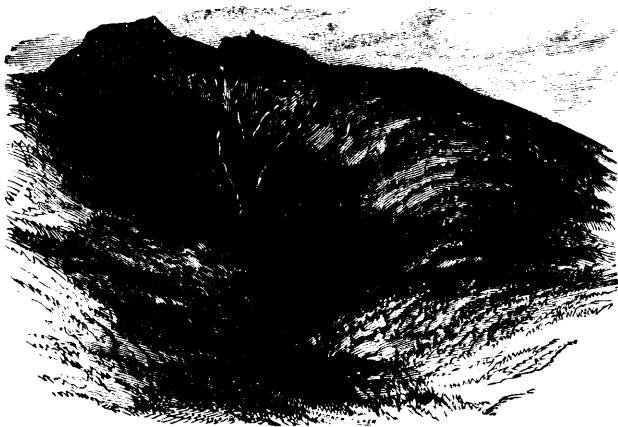


we look across a gulf, or from a little distance below, upon a steep mountain, we find that it is the wrath of the freshets that gives them their finest lines of expression and character. And if the day is blessed with clouds that drift over the mountains, the eye will find unspeakable pleasure in watching the shadows that will droop swiftly from cone to base, and in following the incessant flushes and frolics of light and shade that robe them with ever-changing charm. The "Gulf of Mexico" gapes with more terror as the shadows from its walls, that measure more than a thousand feet, fall far into its base. The noon time is the poorest



THE GULF OF MEXICO.

of all seasons to be on the ridge of Mount Washington; for then there are no shadows. And it is a pity that the great majority of those who ascend the range see the scenery during the most unpoetic hours, near midday.

During the last part of the ascent one will see the pile of stones that marks the spot where Miss Bourne, of Kennebunk, Me., died, near midnight, in September, 1855, and where her uncle and cousin kept sad watch till dawn. They started in the afternoon, without a guide, to walk to the summit. Night and fog overtook them, and the young lady perished in the chill and darkness among the rocks, but a few rods from the house they were in search of. Quite near, also, is the shelving rock, beneath which the remains of an elderly gentleman from Wilmington, Del., were found in July, 1857. He had attempted to ascend