



ENTRANCE TO CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

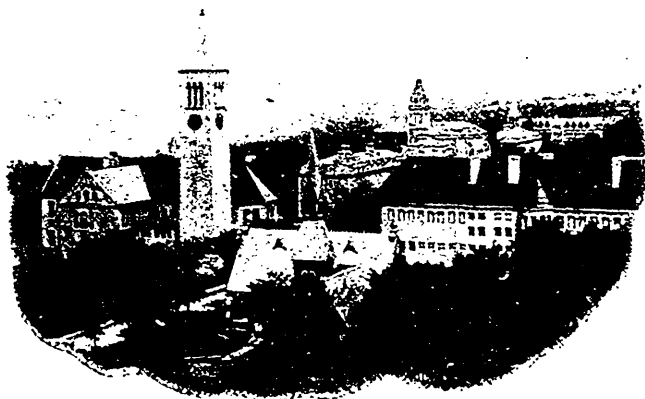
thousand feet above the sea. As from an eagle's nest perched high on the crest of a splendid range of mountains, one looks down upon a panorama of surpassing loveliness, stretching out to the four points of the compass. In its day and hour the azalea floods the prospect with a sea of bloom. Following, the rhododendron flaunts its stately banners and the march of the flowers continues, until in early autumn the scene ripples over with the most vivid colour which fancy can conceive.

A colony of about thirty cottages has grown up, the owners being residents of New York, Philadelphia, Wilkesbarre, and various other cities. A quaint little chapel in its midst, with a rustic finish of bark, consecrates the scene. Far beneath stretches the broad Wyoming Valley.

It is but three miles, in an air line, to the small village of Ashley, seen below. But such are the engineering difficulties that it requires a zig-zag journey of eighteen miles to reach it.

Descending the eastern slope of the Alleghanies we follow for miles the sinuous winding of the Lehigh river, now in the shadow of the mountain, black as ink, now in full sunlight, flashing in foam over its rugged bed as white as snow.

At Mauch Chunk the grandeur culminates. This town is doubtless the most highly picturesque in America. It lies in a narrow gorge between and among high hills, its foot resting on the Lehigh river, and its body stretching up the cliffs of



CORNELL UNIVERSITY.