

magnificent trees, including magnolias, tulips, and others rarely seen in the North, delight the eye. But the vast range of view from Druid Hill Lake, over undulating forest, city and bay, is something not soon to be forgotten.

The schedule time on the "B. & O.," between Baltimore and Washington, is the fastest on any road in America—forty miles in forty-five minutes. Washington is too large a subject to treat in this paper. It is fast becoming one of the stateliest cities on this continent. Its wide avenues and the fine architecture of its public buildings, give it quite a grandiose air, like that of Paris or Vienna. To our taste the Corcoran Gallery—probably the most magnificent private donation to art in the world—and the National Museum, rich with the scientific accumulations of the Smithsonian Institute, and with many more, will better repay a visit than any other of the public institutions, except, of course, the Capitol; but if one has time, he will want to see them all. Nor should one fail to visit the lovely drives around the Soldiers' Home. We would strongly recommend, too, a ride out to Georgetown about an hour before sunset. Twice at that witching hour have we climbed the lofty turrets of the Catholic College and traced, in the mellow light, the winding Potomac and the far Virginian hills, haunted with historic memories.

It was on a glorious summer morning that we left Washington for Harper's Ferry, where we purposed to stop over for a day, as every one should who has time, to visit the picturesque and historic scenes of that romantic region. The road follows for many miles the winding Potomac amid scenes of sylvan loveliness. The whole region is rife with memories of the civil war, which heightens the interest of the charming scenery.

Mile after mile the road follows the windings of the white-capped ripples, and from the car window one can enjoy a continuous panorama of scenic loveliness. Indeed, there are few more attractive railway journeys in this or any other country than that by the banks of the Potomac. The current winds in and about a valley really exquisite in picturesque beauty, the hills now sloping off in long stretches of cultivated land, and then, by a quick turn, the river shutting itself in among such masses of rich and luxuriant foliage.

At Point of Rocks, a huge cliff jutting out into the river, the railway dives through a tunnel of 1,500 feet. Soon we reach Weverton, near which we fought the desperate battle of South