

ON THE YOUGHIOGHENY.

THIS strange-looking word may send Canadian readers to their atlases and gazetteers to find out where and what it is. But tourists over the magnificent route of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway will never forget its varied attractions of wild ravine, and environing mountains, and winding river. The word is not so hard to pronounce nor so unmusical as it looks. The accent is placed on the penultimate syllable, as in Alleghany, and the word soon slips quite smoothly off the tongue. This charming mountain region—one of the most secluded and picturesque to be found east of the Rockies—where the weary denizen of cities may get near to Nature's heart, and like Antæus of old renew his strength by contact with dear old mother Earth, is readily reached from either east or west, from Baltimore or Pittsburg. The better way we think is to take one of the fine Baltimore and Ohio trains at Philadelphia and to stop off a day or two at Baltimore and Washington. The attractions of these cities have been previously described in this MAGAZINE, as well as the magnificent scenery of the Potomac Valley, with its stirring memories of Harper's Ferry, and other scenes of conflict in the late war.

Near Harper's Ferry the Shenandoah Valley road is reached, by which line Luray Cave, sixty-six miles to the south is reached. The cave itself is but a short distance from the picturesque hotel, and once within its portals a new and peculiar existence is experienced, the strange fascination of which does not depart until, again in the sunshine, one is restored to a normal condition. Luray Cave is remarkable for its forms of stalagmite and stalactite, which latter is of great delicacy of shape, and is unique beyond all comparison. Mammoth Cave may be larger, but its attractions by no means compare with those of Luray; and while one may get his fill of the unearthly at the former in a day it is no uncommon thing for tourists to remain at the latter, for daily visits to the cave, for a week or more. The introduction of the electric light within the caverns has been productive of wonderful results, some of the larger openings presenting spectacles which only the inspired hand of Doré could reproduce.

At Cumberland, in Western Maryland, where a great gap, which, by a strange freak of nature, severs the mountain chain as if a gigantic power had cleaved it with a mighty axe, the Pittsburg division of the "B. & O." diverges to the right and penetrates a country of wonderfully rugged beauty and of historic interest—the famous valley of the Youghiogheny. This cleft, known as