

SUMMER OF 1884

VIRGINIA SPRINGS

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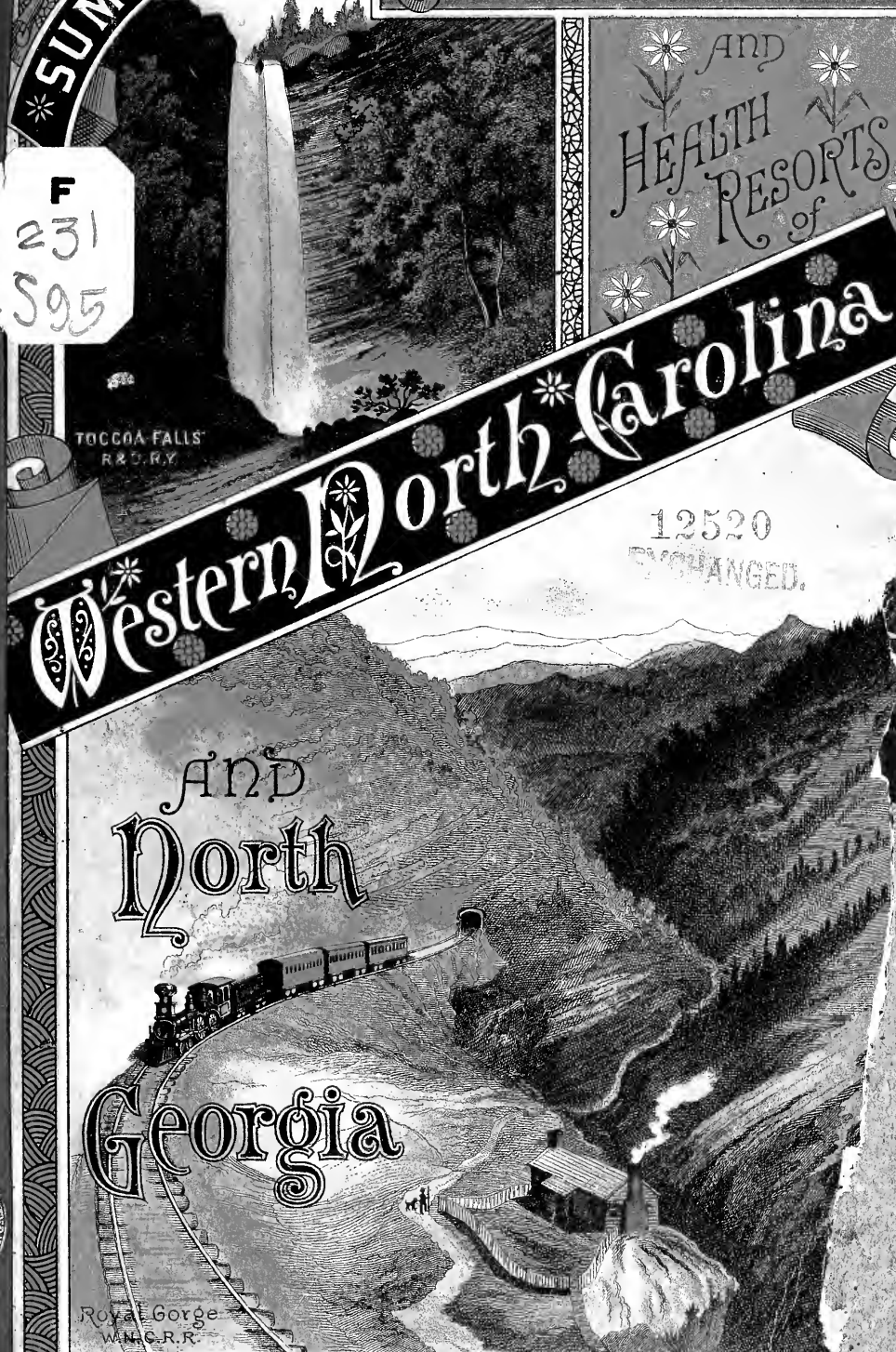
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PRESENTED BY



SUMMER RESORTS

AND

12520
EXCHANGED.

Points of Interest

OF

VIRGINIA

Western North Carolina

AND

NORTH GEORGIA

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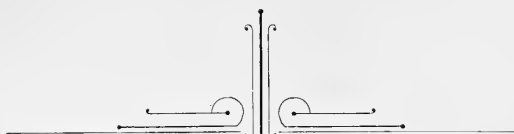
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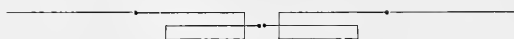
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VIRGINIA MIDLAND RAILWAY.



THE hope of every American child is to behold with his own eyes the wonders of the capital of his country, which he has so often seen pictured, and the dream of every aspiring American youth is to figure as a leader, however humble, in that great building of white marble, whose mighty dome towers in his imagination thrice as high as it does in reality.

WASHINGTON CITY,

the political heart of the nation, to which all the streams of travel tend, and to which all hearts turn, lies immediately upon the northern border of Virginia. To this city—already great and beautiful, but destined to be greater and more beautiful than was Rome in its prime (if the Republic holds together, as all good men pray it may)—come all the currents of the national life, a tide of vast magnitude, which yearly increases in volume as the country grows in population and the attractions of the capital multiply in number and variety. Of the fifty millions who now inhabit the United States, and of the hundred millions who will owe allegiance to the starry flag ere the century is complete, how many annually visit the capital, how many are fortunate enough to see it once in their life-time? The computation could not easily be made, but the number in both cases must be very great. Nor would it be easy to forecast the destiny of the imperial city, or to call up in a vision its magnificence a hundred, two hundred years hence. What will it be, if in God's providence the Republic should last a thousand years, and Washington remain the capital? It is safe to say that the sun never shone upon such a city, and that the inflamed fancy alike of prophets and poets would be put to shame by its grandeur.

Enough to know that our seat of government, apart from its political attractions, contains, even now, so much that is of interest in architecture and antiquities, such art collections and such storehouses of knowledge in its museums and its Patent Office as to compete almost on even terms with the great centres of commerce all

combined. The actual population of Washington is not above two hundred thousand; but, like the human heart which it typifies, all the blood of the country, sooner or latter, runs through it, and everybody is at one time or another a resident. The ebb and flow of transient visitors and temporary inhabitants is so enormous that railways alone can give prompt ingress and egress to the tide, and these railways, by the very facilities they furnish, but provoke a still greater volume of travel. Do you want to find a particular man on the street? Stand where you are and he will pass by after awhile. So, if you want to see anybody, you have only to go to Washington and wait a day or two; he will be sure to turn up. It is worth your while to visit the city, if only to be surprised by the sudden appearance of the very last person in the world that you ever expected to see.

MIDLAND VIRGINIA.

UNTIL a very recent period the Washington branch of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad constituted the great aorta of the arterial system of the United States, into which the streams of travel from all parts of the country, North, South, East and West, poured, and through which they were again distributed to the several points from which they originally came; and although the functions of a common conduit for so many hundreds, if not thousands, of tributaries, is now shared by another railway, the great volume of passenger travel is still confined to this short, but most important, stem of the Baltimore & Ohio road. The natural prolongation southward of this aortal link, answering somewhat to the right iliac artery of the human system, is found in the Virginia Midland Railway, which traverses the oldest and one of the greatest of States from north to south, beginning at Alexandria and ending at Danville. Of the many competing routes for trade and travel from the two great sections of the country, the Virginia Midland offers facilities and advantages which it may justly claim as peculiarly its own, and in which no other road can hope now or hereafter to obtain more than an imperfect share. In the first place, it connects immediately with the twin systems of railways which pour their united streams into the national capital. In the second place, it affords to these streams a channel of distribution throughout the South and Southwest, which, alike for its directness and its geographical advantages, cannot be surpassed, if, indeed, it can be equalled. Thirdly, for the tourist, the invalid, the artist, the student of history, the man of business and the intending settler, it offers a route on which the monotony of coast travel is simply impossible—a route full of natural beauty, ever changing but never wearying in its variety; a route through corn and wheat fields, through pastures and beside mountains, over famous fields of battle, in sight of historic homesteads, through healthful upland villages, seats of learning and manufacturing cities; and, lastly, owing to its midland position, it gives to the traveler, of whatever character, health-seeker or pleasure-hunter, a choice, to the right hand or the left, as his fancy or his need may dictate, of the whole wide range of resorts, seaside, inland and mountain, for which the Old Dominion has long been, and will long continue to be, celebrated.

Over this Midland route we purpose taking the reader, halting at each locality of note only long enough to mark its chief attractions, and leaving the traveler free to stay as many days or weeks as he may find leisure or inclination so to do, assured that he will be pleased with all and charmed by most of the places to which we will introduce him.

Washington and its fascinations definitely set aside for a future and more extended visit, the Summer tourist, casting "one longing, lingering look" behind at the proud dome of the Capitol, finds himself upon the Long Bridge, with the yellow portico of Arlington House on his right, peeping from the wooded hilltops beyond Georgetown. Here lived the Custises and the Lees. Here lie 11,276 Federal dead, of whom 4,077 are unknown even by name. It is the largest Federal cemetery in Virginia, with a single exception—that at Fredericksburg. So much of the estate as is not occupied by graves is given over to freedmen, who are herded here in a large village.

ALEXANDRIA.

SEVEN miles south of Washington is Alexandria, once a port of much importance and destined to be so again, when the natural growth of its powerful neighbor shall absorb it, as Georgetown has already been absorbed. The habit is to decry Alexandria as a city that has seen its best days; but its shipping, its mercantile and manufacturing interests are larger than its detractors would have one believe, and its society is so conspicuous for refinement as to extort praise from its worst enemies. The wonder is that it is not more sought after as a home by those who tire of the fashion and frivolity of the national capital. Upon the breezy and lofty heights a mile or two out of town, and under the shadow of the Episcopal Theological Seminary and its attendant High School, the heat-worn citizen of Washington would find precisely the restoratives needed to build up nightly a frame exhausted by the tropic temperature and burthens of the day. It is simply a delightful spot, which ought to be, and in time will be, crowded with country villas and ornate cottages. The population of Alexandria is put down at 15,000; and its growth, if not rapid, is secure. Objects of interest, either in the present or past history of the country, are met with almost everywhere. Steam breweries, machine shops and iron foundries, an admirably equipped market house, sash factories and planing mills, a cotton factory, steam flour mills, a new commercial exchange, a handsome granite custom house and post-office, numerous stores and commission houses, furniture manufactories, extensive fish-packing establishments, banks, churches, hotels and stately private dwellings tell of the present. Braddock's headquarters in 1755, previous to the fatal march upon Du Quesne; Washington's pew in Christ Church, as it was when he occupied it; the old Masons' Hall, to which Washington belonged; the house in which Ellsworth, the commander of the New York Zouaves, was killed by Jackson, the hotel-keeper, for tearing down the Confederate flag at the beginning of the late war; the residence of Canning, the British minister, and many other places of historical note are pointed out. Especially pleasing are the homes of the better class of citizens; many of them

of antique architectural patterns; others in large grounds, shaded by ancestral trees and ornamented with rare flowers—evidences of comfort, wealth and elegance. Mount Vernon, eight or nine miles away, is a particular attraction, the drive thither over an excellent road being greatly preferred by many to the stereotype route by the steamer from Washington. At Alexandria are various railroads leading to other points; the Washington, Ohio and Western (incomplete) to the County of Loudon, one of the largest and most fertile in the State; the Alexandria and Fredericksburg extending to Fredericksburg and thence to Richmond; while the numerous steamboats plying on the river furnish a pleasant mode of communication with Baltimore, Old Point, Fortress Monroe, Norfolk, etc. The depth of water at the wharves in Alexandria is forty-five feet, and in the Potomac River, down to the Chesapeake Bay, a depth of twenty-seven feet, easily admits the passage of ships of the largest tonnage. A canal extending from Alexandria to Cumberland, Md., supplies the city with the well-known coals of that section. A large Federal cemetery containing 3,526 graves is just outside the city, is prettily laid out, kept with scrupulous care, and is a favorite walk at all periods of the year. During the war the Seminary and High School buildings were used as hospitals, having at one time as many as 3,000 patients. Of the seventy-six national cemeteries, where are buried 308,331 Federal dead and 21,661 Confederate prisoners of war, seventeen are in the State of Virginia, in which are buried 68,823 Federal soldiers and sailors, 30,888 of whom are known, and 37,935 cannot be identified.

ON TO MANASSAS.

“WERE it fully manured and inhabited by industrious people, heaven and earth never agreed better to frame a place for man’s habitation than Virginia.” So wrote Captain John Smith in 1607. General Washington, in a letter to Sir John Sinclair, called Virginia, “the garden of America;” Daniel Webster, Horace Greeley and Commodore Maury all bear testimony to the excellence of its climate and the fertility of its soil. It is, indeed, “a fruitful and delightful land,” albeit men and manure are in a measure still wanting. Given the men, the manure will soon follow, and to supply the deficiency of the former, the Virginia Midland is actively exerting itself to facilitate immigration. Traversing the Piedmont Section, so highly praised by Washington and Webster, the Midland road naturally connects itself with the Danville system, which courses along the foot-hills of North and South Carolina, far into Georgia, and now presents an unbroken Piedmont Line from the Potomac River to the industrial metropolis of the South, Atlanta.

Following the southwesterly trend of the Blue Ridge Mountains, the Virginia Midland road, after it leaves Alexandria, shows an almost continuous ascent until it reaches the memorable battle-field of Manassas. The farming lands of Fairfax County, well adapted to cereals and fruits, will attract the eye of the traveler, and the county seat, a few miles to the right of Fairfax station, is honored as the repository of Washington’s will. Pohick Church, which Washington helped to build and in

which he worshipped, and Gunston Hall, the residence of George Mason, author of the Bill of Rights, which antedated the Declaration of Independence and embodied many of its best features, are in Fairfax County.

Clifton, a small village, twenty-two miles from Alexandria and twelve miles from Bull Run battle-field, was named by a Northern settler after Clifton Springs, N. Y., a very popular resort in that section of the country. A saw mill and spoke factory testify to the industry of the inhabitants of Clifton, and a comfortable hotel and boarding-houses attract yearly many Summer boarders from Northern cities. Clifton was a depot of supplies during the war, of which the surrounding earthworks give some trace. As an evidence of the excellent soil for vineyard purposes, grapes raised in this vicinity commanded at a home market fifteen cents a pound. The fine dairy farm of Judge Fullerton, of N. Y., is worthy of special notice.

MANASSAS VILLAGE.

BULL RUN divides Fairfax and Prince William Counties. On this stream was fought the indecisive action of July 18th, 1861, which preceded the first battle of Manassas in the same vicinity on Sunday, July 21st, 1861. The result is familiar to all. Subsequently, in August, 1862, was fought the second battle of Manassas, which lasted three or four days, and with the results of which the reader is also familiar. The battle-fields, five or six miles from the Village of Manassas, are easily reached by conveyances or on horseback.

The village itself, a purely farming one, without manufactures, bears witness to the heart that is in the surrounding country. It has grown up since the war, is wholly the outbirth of peace and agriculture, has 700 inhabitants, five churches, a hotel of wide repute, ten or more mercantile stores, a flourishing newspaper, and dwelling-houses finished in a style and kept with a neatness that one does not often see outside the North. The flagging of red sand-stone, drawn from neighboring quarries, will be sure to impress the stranger. This stone, excellent in quality and very abundant, is found near the railroad, on the lands of Mrs. F. L. Smith, of Alexandria, and others, and offers inducements for investors, being equal to the Connecticut sand-stone for building purposes.

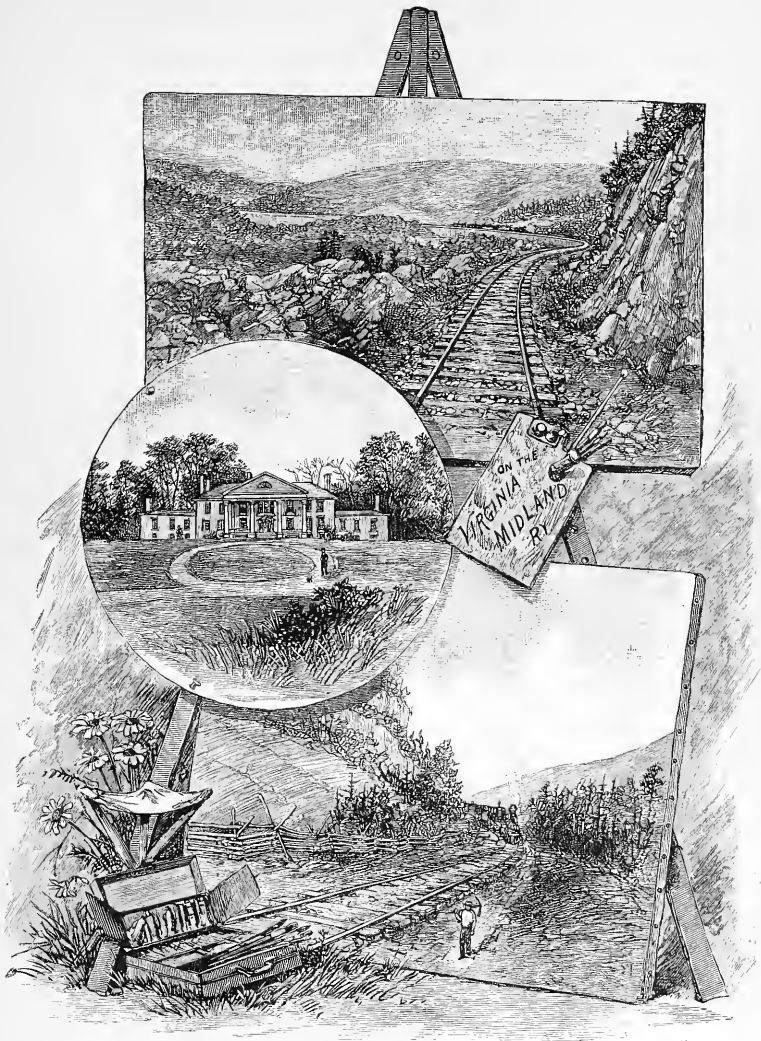
Manassas being upon a table land, a fine view of the surrounding country may be had from the streets of the village; but from the earthworks, pared down by the hand of time, which mark the outlines of the entrenched camp built by the Confederates, a very wide landscape is seen. The houses occupied by Beauregard and Johnston as headquarters are still standing. The scene, from its mere extent, is most impressive. To the west and north are the dark ranges of the Bull Run Mountains; on the east and south stretches a vast plain, gently undulating to the remote horizon. Except when the trains are in motion, a solemn hush, a brooding spirit of repose, rests on the scene. The very stillness seems to have within it the repining sound of a low wind in a lone cemetery. One does not find it hard to realize that the storm of war once reveled here and passed on, leaving, it is to be hoped, eternal peace. A

double consecration, in which majestic nature and history no less majestic, each have borne an equal part, appears to hallow the place, and the tourist, returning in the twilight from the ruined bastions to his hotel, deeply impressed with all he has seen, carries with him a holy sadness which he will long remember.

THE MANASSAS DIVISION.

AT Manassas Junction, a branch railroad, sixty-two miles in length, extends westwardly through the Counties of Prince William, Fauquier and Warren to Strasburg in Shenandoah County. It is the most interesting division of the Midland road, at once pastoral and picturesque—so much so, that the scenery at Thoroughfare Gap, Riverton, and other points along the line have been deemed worthy of illustration. Thoroughfare Gap is eleven miles from Manassas, and its gloomy passes, overhung by wooded cliffs, present a strong contrast to the smiling landscapes which are seen on either side of it. If the approach is pleasing, the country west of the gap is more pleasing still. Fauquier County is famous for its rich farms and fine cattle; it is, indeed, the home *par excellence* of Virginia graziers east of the Blue Ridge. The traveler who has time to stop may here study two different styles of farming—the intensive and the extensive—to better advantage, perhaps, than anywhere else in the State. Nor will he be at a loss for a stopping place. There is a succession of clean and prosperous villages on both sides of the Bull Run Mountains—Gainesville, Haymarket, Thoroughfare, Broad Run, Plains, Salem (now called Marshall), Rectortown, Delaplaine, Markham, Linden, Happy Creek, etc.—which will tempt him to lie over for a day or two, merely to enjoy existence in this favored locality. Nay more, the farm-houses along the whole line, but especially between the Bull Run and Blue Ridge Mountains, are in summer time so many boarding-houses, filled with the pick of people from the seaboard cities of Virginia, Washington and Baltimore. You cannot go amiss, in town or country, for delightful shade, plenteous grass, flowers in profusion, the best water in the world, charming society, fresh butter, milk, eggs, fruit, vegetables; fine horses, abundant vehicles, rides and drives without end, are to be had almost anywhere and in every direction. A little way from the Plains station is one of the sweetest of Virginia villages, Middleburg, in the southern part of the magnificent County of Loudon, the home in old days of many distinguished families, whose historic houses are well worth visiting at this day. Among them is Oak Hill, the noble residence of President Monroe, now owned by a wealthy gentleman of New York, whose dairy farm is the pride of the whole section.

Scarcely less picturesque than the scenery at Thoroughfare Gap is that which, beginning at Linden, the last station in Fauquier County, extends for miles in the direction of Front Royal. Here the passage of the Blue Ridge is effected by bold curves and grades that sweep around and along the flanks and shoulders of the mountains, shaggy with rocks and pines, or draped with vines and running plants



C.S. CRAWFORD N.Y.

MONTPELIER—MANASSAS—THOROUGHFARE GAP.

and watered with clear streams that leap from the hills and hurriedly make their way down to the plains below. There are points which are wild, desolate and lonely, as in the midst of the Hartz Mountains, but, owing to the interference of loftier summits near the line of road, none from which any very commanding view may be obtained. The country east of the Blue Ridge, besides producing almost everything grown in this part of the State, abounds in minerals—marble, jasper and porphyry being most prominent.

FRONT ROYAL.

TO what the county seat of Warren County owes its peculiar name, no one seems to know. It is a thriving town of 1,200 souls, delightfully placed in as level and lovely a valley as the eye often rests upon, and in the midst of bold but not lofty mountains, which teem with agricultural wealth to their very summits. Two newspapers, hotels, stores, churches, etc., attest the prosperity and rapid growth of the place since the war. The dark, rich soil around the town, the wheat fields laden with grain and the meadows deep with grass, sufficiently account for the growth of Front Royal, apart from the mechanical industries which lie mostly outside of the town proper. But upon the dark red hillside yonder is, perhaps, the most famous vineyard and cellar in the State. Who has not heard of Marcus Buck's wine and brandy? Their fame has extended over the United States. In developing this important branch of industry, and in carrying it on to perfection, Mr. Buck incurred liabilities that compelled him to part with his valuable establishment, which now in other hands abundantly requites them for their outlay.

Three miles or less from Front Royal is Allen's Cave, which in former years had an enviable reputation, vying, as many thought, in beauty and magnificence with Weyer's Cave. It is about 1,200 feet long, and contains incrustations and concretions in one of its grottoes, called "Sarah's Saloon," which present a gorgeous appearance. Its reputation, and that of Weyer's Cave as well, have been in a measure eclipsed by the Luray Caverns, of which more hereafter.

There is a good hotel at Front Royal, and the fishing in the neighboring waters attracts yearly many anglers from the North. In the midst of a tranquility which recalls the village life in England, there are evidences of the activity of a growing town, with a bright future before it. The neat dwellings, the busy stores and the increasing number of houses occupied by artisans and mechanics give unmistakable signs of health and prosperity.

In 1862 a severe engagement took place near this town between Generals N. P. Banks and Stonewall Jackson. But the place is noted as the rallying point, if not the heart, of "Mosby's Confederacy." Not a few were the encounters between the guerilla chief and his foes, within and without the town.

THE SWITZERLAND OF VIRGINIA.

ON the right of the Virginia Midland Road, going South, is a tier of counties which extends along the base of the Blue Ridge Mountains, from the vicinity of Front Royal to within a few miles of Charlottesville, in the County of Albemarle. At no point are they much less than fifteen miles from available railway stations. They are the Counties of Rappahannock, Madison and Greene. Being thus isolated, they are comparatively unknown, but in respect of soil, climate, scenery, mineral and agricultural wealth, they compare favorably with the most celebrated portions of the Commonwealth. Indeed, they constitute a *terra incognita* well worth exploring by the artist, the invalid, the sportsman, the lover of herds and flocks, the seeker after mines, ores, water power and manufacturing sites. So lofty, broken, wild and beautiful are the summits of the Blue Ridge, as seen from the cosy villages and quiet highways of Rappahannock, that the county has justly won the name of the Switzerland of Virginia. In Madison and Greene the scenery, if not so wild, is still lovely; and in the former county there is a valley so sweet, so secluded and so fertile as fully to justify comparison with the vale of happiness in which *Rasselas* dwelt. To those who not only do not mind horseback exercise or traveling by private conveyance or stage, but really enjoy it, and to those also who are never so much charmed as, when away from the beaten track of travel, they encounter good fare and clean beds, we heartily commend these interior and little known counties of Virginia. Madison and Greene are best reached from Gordonsville, the former junction of the Midland with the Chesapeake and Ohio Road; Rappahannock is accessible by stage from the town of Culpeper; but the route from Front Royal by private conveyance is over a shorter and better road, and through a more interesting country; the grazing farms of many large herdsmen and the scenery combining their attractions to fascinate and detain the traveler. Board at hotels, some of which are surprisingly good, and at private houses both in the country and in the quaint, pretty villages, may be had on reasonable terms, and the traveler will oftentimes find delightful society among the Summer boarders from the cities of Maryland and Virginia.

At Sperryville, in Rappahannock County, there is an extensive tannery, with capacity to tan 30,000 sides of leather per annum. All along the sides of the Blue Ridge are immense forests of chestnut oak, enough to supply any given amount of the very best bark for tanneries of any capacity, at a cost of not more than four or five dollars per cord, at the place of business. This section is well adapted to the growth of grapes, apples and other fruits, of which a considerable amount is now produced and sold. Stock raising is a branch of business that has in all times been profitably pursued. Numbers of the best horses, cattle and sheep come from this county. The soil is generally of an excellent quality, and can be purchased at moderate prices.

Madison County has no railway facilities in its borders, but has good country roads to the following stations on the main line of the Virginia Midland Railroad, viz.: Culpeper, Mitchell's, Rapid Ann, Orange, Somerset, and Gordonsville, the road to the latter place being macadamized, and extending across the Blue Ridge into

the valley. The productions of the county are still transported to market in the old-fashioned, but commodious, four and six horse road wagons. These horses, for their size, strength and endurance, are well fitted for the services they perform in these mountain regions.

The bottom lands of the Robertson and Rapid Ann rivers are unusually fertile. Extraordinary corn crops have been raised for forty consecutive years, without any apparent diminution in quantity. The other productions are tobacco, wheat, oats, rye and fruit. Iron and copper ores have been discovered in various parts of the county, and only await further facilities of capital, labor and transportation to get to market. It is watered by the Robertson and Rapid Ann rivers and their tributaries, and has a considerable number of grist and flour mills, which latter manufacture for home consumption and market a quantity of the best family flour.

The principal town in the county is Madison Court-House, which is situated on a commanding ridge in the heart of the county. Ex-Gov. James L. Kemper is a resident of this place.

RIVERTON AND THE LURAY CAVERNS.

RIVERTON STATION is at the junction of the north and south forks of the Shenandoah River and at the junction of the Front Royal branch of the Manassas Division with the Shenandoah Railroad, two miles from Front Royal. A large amount of freight is received here that comes down the Shenandoah in flat boats from the Counties of Rockingham, Page and Warren. The products of the two last mentioned are to a considerable extent tributary to this outlet. Extensive veins of brown hematite and magnetic iron ores have been opened in these counties, and only await the construction of a short connection with this railway to get a good and cheap outlet, either in the shape of smelted metal or native ore. A joint stock company of Northern capitalists, with a subscribed capital stock of \$1,000,000, are now operating with these ores.

Here the Manassas Division crosses the Shenandoah Valley Railroad, with its magnificent scenic and metallurgic attractions. Going northward the traveler in a few minutes finds himself in the midst of the almost unrivaled pasture lands of Clarke County, and surrounded by the historic homes of the gentry of the old days, some of their country seats being on a scale that is truly lordly. Washington's office and lodgings at Soldiers' Rest, where Gen. Daniel Morgan, of Revolutionary fame, once lived; Greenway Court, the seat of the eccentric Lord Fairfax; the old chapel, built in 1796; the homes of Philip Pendleton Cooke, the poet author of "Florence Vane," and of his scarcely less distinguished brother, John Esten Cooke, the novelist, are in Clarke County. Nor are historic associations with the late war wanting, many combats and skirmishes having taken place at or near Millwood and Berryville, the county seat. The lands, originally surveyed by Washington, are as fine as heart could wish; indeed Clarke is the gem county of Virginia.

Southward, through a district peculiarly rich in picturesque and diversified scenery, the traveler is borne to Luray, the county seat of Page County, and within a

short mile of the famous caverns to which the attention of the whole world has been called within the past few years. So much has been written about these caverns, and so many pictures of their wonders have been presented to the public, that it would be a work of supererogation to add anything here. Suffice it to say, that they will amply repay the visitor for the little time and trouble required to reach them. The distance from Riverton, on the Manassas Division, to the caverns is just twenty-eight miles. A delightful excursion may be made from Baltimore and Washington to the battlefield of Manassas, thence through the wild gorge at Thoroughfare Gap, and the sunny uplands of Fauquier to Front Royal and Riverton, thence to Luray, and, on the return trip, to take in Clarke County, Charlestown (where John Brown was hanged), the romantic heights at Harper's Ferry, and so back to Washington and Baltimore again, a lay-over ticket enabling the tourist to stop just when and where he pleases.

The confluence of the shining waters of the two branches of the Shenandoah at Riverton furnish an excellent site for the thrifty industrial village that has grown up there, and the scenery presents many points worthy of illustration. During the war both the bridges over the north and south forks of the Shenandoah were burnt and near Riverton some heavy skirmishing between the Federal and Confederate forces occurred, the former commanded by General Martindale and the latter by General Wickham; in addition to these there were the battles of Chester Gap, Cedar Creek and Front Royal.

At Buckton Station, five miles from Front Royal, a battle was fought May 22, 1862, between Banks' infantry and the cavalry commanded by the Confederate General Ashby; and five miles north of this place there was a severe engagement between McCausland and a part of General Phil. Sheridan's army. The Warren White Sulphur Springs are one mile from Buckton.

STRASBURG.

STRASBURG, the present western terminus of the Manassas Division of the Virginia Midland Railroad, derives its name from a place in the Fatherland, the original settlers of this region being from Germany. It is distant from Alexandria eighty-eight miles, from Harrisonburg fifty, and from Winchester eighteen, having direct railway communication to all of these points, besides to Baltimore City and other places North and West; and when this company extend their lines to the West Virginia coal-fields and the Ohio river, will be not only a railway centre of no mean importance, but will increase with a growth commensurate with this proposed railway extension.

At this station there are three churches, two hotels, other improvements, and a population of about 800. Massanuttan Mountain, one of the rarest beauty in this region, is within one mile. The famous Capon Springs, only second in the State to the Greenbrier White Sulphur in point of equipments and the number of its Summer

attendants, is within eighteen miles; Orkney Springs within thirty-seven miles, and the Seven Fountains within twenty miles of this point.

On the 22d of September, 1864, was fought, one mile south of the town, the battle of Fisher's Hill, between the forces under General Early and Federal General Sheridan. On the 13th of October of the same year there was heavy skirmishing between Early's Corps and the Federal forces under General Thomas; and on the 19th of the same month, three miles north of the town, there was a severe battle. Banks' Fort is barely fifty feet from the Strasburg station. The products of the surrounding country are wheat, oats, corn, rye, hay, and a great variety of fruits.

Shenandoah County, in which Strasburg is situated, is thirty-two miles long, with a mean width of fifteen. The central portion is mountainous, and like the rest of the valley counties, the soil is extremely fertile. Despite the ravages of war, through the industry and energy of her people and the great fertility of her soil, prosperity and plenty are again apparent in every home, to which the rebuilding of the Manassas Division, which was entirely destroyed during the war, has to a large extent contributed. At Strasburg the Manassas Division connects with the Harper's Ferry and Valley branch of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, affording the traveler a direct route north to Winchester and Harper's Ferry, and south to Staunton, and thence *via* the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad to the Virginia Springs, passing *en route* some of the most superb farms in Virginia—or indeed in the United States.

INDUCEMENTS TO IMMIGRANTS.

BEFORE we return to the description of the country along the main stem of the Virginia Midland Railway, it may be well to pause a moment for the purpose of stating very briefly what the Midland Company has done in regard to the great need of Virginia—to wit, immigration. Of the lands, in so far as farming is concerned, and of the climate, we have already spoken, and shall continue to speak, as we advance from point to point. The mineral interests of the road, if properly treated, would occupy a chapter many pages in length; we have space here barely to allude to them. Recent discoveries along almost the entire line of the road comprise specular, hematite and magnetic iron ore deposits, asbestos, kaolin, marble, porphyry, gold, jasper, fine clay, plumbago, slate, argentiferous galena, manganese, fire-proof stone; mineral substances for paints, copper; blue, red and gray building stone, etc. The development of these minerals, now lying almost dormant, with the productions of forest, field and garden, will be a constant object of care on the part of the company in the future as it has been in the past, and no pains will be spared in developing the entire resources of the country.

Recognizing the fact that railroads in the future must to a great extent depend upon the local freight and travel, this company will use every exertion to facilitate immigration to, and settlement in, this region of Virginia. To more efficiently carry out this plan, some years since, the company acquired from the Legislature of the State the authority to purchase lands along their lines, with the view of reselling them on a long credit to actual settlers. This is the first effort of the kind ever made by

any railroad corporation in the State, and should commend itself as the most efficient mode yet presented of accomplishing the settlement of surplus lands of that portion of the State through which this company's lines pass.

When the Midland Railroad passed into the hands of a Receiver the lands acquired under this authority by the company reverted to their original owners ; but the immigrant may rest assured that all that can be done in his behalf will be done cheerfully and promptly, whether he wishes to purchase or to examine lands once owned by the company or by other parties ; and to prove this, all that is needed is an application by mail or in person at the office of the company in Washington City, Richmond or in Alexandria. An examination of the map will show that for its entire length the Virginia Midland road runs through the splendid Piedmont district of a State blessed with salubrious air, superabundant water-power and a capacity second to no other for the production of cereals, grasses, fruits, and indeed whatever the soil of Mother Earth in her temperate zone brings forth.

RETURN TO THE MAIN STEM—BRISTOE, CATLETT'S, ETC.

FOUR miles from Manassas Junction, on the main stem of the Virginia Midland Road, is Bristoe Station, and two miles east of that is Brentsville, the seat of government for Prince William County, a small village with little or no attraction beyond the extensive views which its elevated position commands. Prior to the war and up to the present time the country near Brentsville has been occupied by Northern settlers, who have gathered there in such numbers as to form a community of their own.

During the war several battles were fought near Bristoe. One on the 27th August, 1862, when General Hooker commanded the United States forces, and General Ewell the Confederate. Another on the 14th October, 1863, General Warren commanding the United States, and General A. P. Hill the Confederate States troops. Large quantities of sumac are received at this station for shipment to Alexandria and other places.

Nokesville, named for a Northern settler, is the station next to Bristoe, and then comes Catlett's, where General J. E. B. Stuart made a night attack upon United States General Pope. The lands hereabouts are gently rolling and susceptible of high improvement ; in fact, some of them have doubled in value since the war.

WARRENTON.

WARRENTON, the county seat of Fauquier, is at the terminus of the Warrenton branch of the Virginia Midland Railway. It has a population of about two thousand, is distant fifty miles from Alexandria, and is situated on a commanding eminence in the very heart of the county. It is a beautiful and well laid-off village, and its inhabitants include some of the most distinguished citizens of the State and soldiers of the late war. The society in and about this beautiful and growing village has always been good, and there are good schools, churches and hotel accommodations. Large numbers of summer visitors, principally from Washington City, spend

their leisure time here, and so great are the social and climatic attractions that wealthy persons from both North and South have built permanent or temporary homes in or near the town. Warrenton is proverbially the gayest place in summer in all Virginia. Chief-Justice Marshall, whose portrait adorns the Court-house, and whose descendants still live in the county, was born nine miles below Warrenton; a ruined chimney to the left of Midland Station marks the site of the old homestead. Warrenton contains about twenty mercantile and other stores, Episcopal, Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian and Catholic churches, and three educational institutions.

The branch road from Warrenton Junction to the town is nine miles long; the junction itself is forty-eight miles from Washington.

Fauquier, the county in which Warrenton is situated, was formed in 1759, and named for Lord Francis Fauquier, the then Governor of Virginia. In this county begins the grazing region, which extends, with but few local exceptions, through Culpeper, Rappahannock, Orange, Madison, Albemarle, Nelson and Amherst counties.

Fine sheep, cattle and horses are raised in this entire region, but nowhere of higher pedigree and qualities than Fauquier. A colt show is held at Upperville, a beautiful village in the northern part of the county, at which is annually exhibited a large number of fine animals, many of them of the best breeds, from direct importations from England and other places. The old Virginia fondness for fine horses and fox hunting is still, to a considerable extent, indulged in. Many gentlemen keep hounds, and the emigrant from old England occasionally brings over an imported breed to have them vanquished in the chase by the more hardy native. There is a disposition, however, everywhere apparent to advance small industries of every kind, and the attention to cattle has so grown within the last ten years that 30,000 head are annually handled in this county alone. There are gold diggings in the southern part of the county, and some fine varieties of iron have been discovered.

THE FAUQUIER WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS.

THE gaiety of Warrenton at midsummer stands in little need of outside aid, but is doubled or more nearly quadrupled when the Fauquier White Sulphur Springs, just six miles off, are crowded with the *elite* of Washington and Baltimore. Life in Warrenton is then a veritable carnival. An excellent road extends from the town to the Springs, the scenery is charming, handsome villas and country homes adorn the gentle slopes on either side, blue mountains immantled in dark-green forest-robcs hem in the peaceful landscape, and the road, crowded with equestrians, mounted upon blooded horses and with stylish equipages, presents a scene of the brightest and most animated character. There is a constant interchange of visitors at all hours of the day, but in the dewy mornings, the tranquil sunset hours and the moonlit nights, the air is vocal with the whirr of swift wheels, the clatter of fast trotters and the laughter of belles and beaux. Happy are they whose summers are spent in Fauquier.

In place of the old structures which existed previous to the war, there is now at the Fauquier White Sulphur Springs a brick hotel, five stories high, handsome in

design, imposing in appearance, built in the most substantial manner, admirably finished and equipped with all modern improvements. It stands upon an eminence which commands a beautiful view. The grounds are plentifully shaded with lofty aspens and sycamores; hard by runs the upper Rappahannock, a clear stream, fringed with trees that love the water, and flanked by a broad level meadow which seems adapted by nature for the joust on horseback, of which the young Virginians are so fond, and for other pastimes, such as lawn tennis, croquet, etc. In addition to the hotel proper, there are a number of highly ornamented cottages in the Queen Anne and other styles, which are the Summer homes of opulent men from the cities.

The rooms in the hotel are all airy and cheerful, with spacious hallways running directly through each story. The large ball-room is in the main building. The surrounding country is wild and picturesque, the air pure and healthy, free from malaria and the annoyance of mosquitoes, and there is, of course, a first-class band of music in attendance during the season.

It is the determination of the proprietors, Messrs. Tenney & Co., of National Hotel fame, to maintain the standard of excellence which obtained the past season, and they refer to the thousands who patronized the Springs last Summer.

Terms will be moderate and regulated by the extent of accommodations required. The hotel will be opened the 1st of June and close the 10th of October.

The Fauquier White Sulphur Springs may be reached in three hours' time from Washington *via* the Virginia Midland Railway, which so times its special trains as to enable men of business in Washington and Baltimore to spend the night with their families at this delightful resort and to return in time for business the next morning.

Concerning the water, it is sufficient to say that it is equal to any water of its kind in Virginia or elsewhere, containing not only sulphates in various forms, but also magnesia, chlorides, soda, potassia, iron and gaseous matter. Testimonials as to its virtues in many diseases may be had of the proprietors at any time on application. Dr. Thomas Antisell, of Washington, D. C., says: "The source of the mineral ingredients of the spring lies in the country, which is an aluminous slate, the beds of which lie nearly horizontal or with slight slope, and holding between their layers sandy ferruginous seams, in which are imbedded crystals of iron pyrites, with some hydrated oxyde of manganese. The iron in the water is derived from the crystals of pyrites, the sulphur separating from which has in part become acidified and united with the earthy bases, and perhaps with the protoxyde of iron, to form a soluble iron salt."

CULPEPER.

PASSING through Fauquier, the Virginia Midland Road enters the fine county of Culpeper, which was formed in 1748 and named for Lord Culpeper, who was Governor of Virginia from 1680 to 1683. Between Warrenton Junction and the town of Culpeper are Midland, Bealeton, Rappahannock and Brandy stations, at each of which engagements of greater or less importance took place during the war. Being debatable ground, Culpeper was fought over, trampled upon and denuded of

its timber by the contending armies as no other county was. Its comparatively level surface affords an excellent field for cavalry manœuvres, and the heaviest battle between bodies of this arm of the service that occurred during the war, took place at Brandy Station, June 9th, 1863, Pleasanton commanding the Federals and J. E. B. Stuart the Confederates.

The mineral wealth of Culpeper County has only been partially explored. Some rich specimens of magnetic iron ore have been found between the towns of Culpeper and Mitchell's Station; ore is seen on the railroad track between these two points on the farm of Major E. B. Hill, other surface indications have been found on Slaughter's Mountain and vicinity, and ores of the hematite series are found near the Madison County line.

Numerous undeveloped mineral springs exist, and Culpeper abounds in building stone, which, under experiments at the Smithsonian Institution, withstood a pressure of more than 48,000 lbs. to the square inch without fracture.

Culpeper, the county seat, first called Fairfax, after the lord of that name, is a town of enterprise and of business prosperity, with 2,000 inhabitants. A large Federal cemetery, containing 1,349 graves, in 901 of which lie unknown bodies, is situated just outside the town. Culpeper was, during the autumn of 1863, the headquarters of General Meade, commanding the army of the Potomac. General Grant also had his headquarters here during the winter and early spring of 1864.

The town is immediately on the line of the Virginia Midland Railway. Its proximity to rail and its unsurpassed air and water make it a desirable Summer resort, and its hotels and boarding-houses are filled every year. It has a large number of drygoods stores and commission houses, one of the handsomest and most costly court-houses in the State, many churches, representing every Protestant denomination, schools for both sexes, a bank, and mills for the manufacture and grinding of grain, sumac, guano, bark and plaster. A great amount of produce is shipped from this point. Here the traveler may find a public conveyance which runs daily to Sperryville and Washington in Rappahannock County. The neatly kept Federal cemetery, the many new and handsome private dwellings and the beautiful scenery which aroused the enthusiasm of N. P. Willis, combine to make Culpeper a place of unusual attraction. A little below the town, a cutting through rock, so obstinate alike to the pick and the blast that it broke every contractor who undertook it, and had finally to be completed by the company, will attract the geologist and others who are curious about such matters. In revolutionary times Culpeper County was famed for its "Minute Men," who, as Randolph of Roanoke said, "were raised in a minute, armed in a minute, marched in a minute, fought in a minute and vanquished in a minute;" but of late years has been distinguished by its Agricultural Society, whose exhibitions have at times rivaled those of the State Agricultural Society at Richmond.

MITCHELL'S AND RAPID ANN.

MITCHELL'S Station is 69 miles from Alexandria, and 7 from the county seat, Culpeper. The battle of Slaughter's, better known as Cedar Mountain, was fought near this place on the 9th of August, 1862. Two miles from this, and im-

mediately on the line of the railroad, there is an excellent vein of magnetic iron ore, and near the same locality a mineral containing seventy-one per cent. of silica, which has stood extraordinary tests of heat. This amount of silica so near the surface, with a good soil over it, makes it the best natural soil known to grape culture, the fruit on the vines being as perfect as when a mountain elevation is had. Commencing here and running in the direction of the Rapid Ann valley, are to be found exceedingly fine grass lands. Large crops of hay, the usual cereal productions, and large amounts of sumac are annually shipped from this station.

Rapid Ann Station, five miles south of Mitchell's, deserves special attention because of its exquisite scenery and its prolific, well-tilled soil. Nowhere on the line is there a spot which so forcibly recalls the best portions of the North. The place has a reputation almost national for beauty and fertility. From the station little idea can be formed of the varied and charming landscapes that are commanded by the eminences on which the homes of the well-to-do farmers are situated. On one side are the rolling dark-red hills of Orange, on the other the plains of Culpeper, yellow with wheat; in the middle distance are two small mountains of symmetrical form; to the east is the bold and rugged summit of Clarke's Mountain, which was Lee's signal station during the war; far to the west and south runs the azure wall of the Blue Ridge, and in the midst is the silver river, gently winding down the valley. Wealthy merchants of Baltimore and Richmond have their country homes here, and a generous rivalry in farming, with ample means and a soil that was originally rich, has made Rapid Ann as near an earthly Paradise as one is apt to find in the world.

The Rapid Ann River was for many months the dividing line between the Northern and Southern armies, as earthworks still show. A dam across the stream makes a beautiful waterfall, which may be seen from the station, and develops abundant power for the flouring mills adjacent. Corn, wheat, oats, etc., are grown in vast quantities, and of late years great attention has been paid to hay, which has proved a most remunerative crop. Fat beeves, sheep and hogs of improved breeds abound, but comparatively little attention is bestowed upon dairy products. The village itself is quite small, but the country around is thickly settled with people, all of whom appear to be in easy, and many in prosperous, circumstances.

WATER POWER ALONG THE VIRGINIA MIDLAND RAILWAY.

ALTHOUGH the mill at Rapid Ann is one of the few visible from the car window as the traveler goes southward on the Virginia Midland Railway, it must not be inferred that there is in any of the counties along the line a deficiency of water-courses or of the power which they afford. Quite the contrary. No State of its size on the globe can boast so many great rivers as Virginia, and the Midland Road, running the whole length of the Piedmont region, necessarily cuts these rivers and many of their affluents at points more or less near their sources in the mountains, and just where their power is most available. On this head we cannot do better than to quote from the excellent "Descriptive Account of the Virginia Midland Railway,"

which was published a few years ago by Dr. J. C. Hill, of Alexandria, and to which we have been, as we shall hereafter be, indebted. Dr. Hill says :

“From the Potomac, at Alexandria, to the River Dan, on the North Carolina border, fine water-powers abound. All the great watercourses of the State head in or beyond the Piedmont district, are necessarily crossed by the tracks of the Virginia Midland Railway, and many of them at, or near these crossings, afford splendid water-power facilities.” Those at Alexandria on the Potomac, at Lynchburg on the James, and at Danville on the Dan, are treated of in the enumeration of the respective resources of these places.

Four miles below the railroad crossing, on the Rappahannock River, at a place called Wheatley's Mills, is one of the cheapest as well as most superior water-powers to be found in any country. The whole stream in the river can be turned out by a dam three feet high into a place called Marsh Run, giving to the power a fall of forty-four feet, with a capacity to build up innumerable industries, the values of which would be almost incalculable, enough to supply, if properly economized, the wants of an entire State.

In Culpeper and Orange Counties, on the Rapid Ann and tributaries, there are numerous powers, with a maximum fall of fifteen feet. In Nelson on the Rockfish, in Amherst on the Buffalo, and other streams in Campbell, on the James and others, and in Pittsylvania on the Staunton and Dan rivers, there are powers of magnitude enough to run the machinery of the State of Massachusetts. This does not include streams of minor capacity, with power sufficient to operate the ordinary grist, saw and flour mills. These watercourses, besides answering the purposes of manufacturing, could, in many places, be utilized for irrigation.

ORANGE.

ORANGE, the county which the Virginia Midland Railway next enters, derives its name from the color of its soil, and originally embraced all of Virginia west of the Blue Ridge. Beautifully diversified, it seems made expressly for the suburban homes of gentlemen of means who live in cities. In almost every vale there is a stream; from every hilltop a beautiful view. The air is pure. The natives love their county with inexpressible devotion. It is a favored land. Much of it has been injured by exhausting crops and slovenly farming, but its recuperative power is very great. Colonel John Willis contends that Orange is better for grazing purposes than the Valley or the counties of Southwest Virginia. “Whether or not,” says he, “these views are just as to cattle grazing, it will scarcely be questioned that our red hills are the favored home of sheep. Well-drained hills to graze and sleep on, pure and abundant water, winters not too cold nor summers too hot, grasses abundant, but not too luxuriant or succulent; our sheep are always healthy, and foot ail, rot and all other diseases often so fatal to sheep, are rarely found in our flocks. With common Western ewes a farmer may triple and often quadruple his outlay in fifteen or eighteen months. This, too, with a very small consumption of grain or other provender.”

Better corn land cannot be found, and, of course, there is iron—the color of the soil leaves no doubt on that point. Near Madison Run station, four miles from the county seat, veins of red, yellow and brown hematite run for a long distance in close proximity to the track of the Virginia Midland Railway, and quite recently a Pennsylvania company has leased, and is actively working the mines on the lands of Major Erasmus Taylor. Veins 25 feet thick are found. Near this same station valuable marble and limestone deposits have been profitably worked.

ORANGE COURT HOUSE—THE WILDERNESS.

THE best way to reach the battlefields of the Wilderness and of Spottsylvania Court House is to take the Virginia Midland Railway at Washington for the county seat of Orange, 86 miles distant. There a narrow-gauge road, 40 miles long, will conduct the traveler to the fields so desperately fought over by Grant and Lee, and also to Fredericksburg, a quaint old town, well worth visiting for its own sake as well as for that of the battles which occurred in and around it. Not far from the narrow-gauge line are the gold fields from which Commodore Stockton reaped such a harvest, and which, it is confidently expected, will yield still richer harvests in time to come when thoroughly developed.

Orange Village contained in 1880 a population of 763. Its importance has been much enhanced since the completion of the narrow-gauge road to Fredericksburg and the continuation of the Virginia Midland Railway directly to Charlottesville, instead of the indirect route by way of Gordonsville, where for many years the Midland Road made connections with Charlottesville *via* the Chesapeake and Ohio Road. For the benefit, partly of local and partly also of through passenger traffic northward, trains still run daily over the nine-mile link between Orange and Gordonsville. Situated upon commanding and beautiful hills, Orange and the country immediately around it contain, it is said, more elegant residences than any of the towns along the line of this road. It has a court-house, an Episcopal, a Baptist, a Methodist and Presbyterian churches; two weekly newspapers, one or two good hotels, and several good boarding-houses, with ample accommodations for resident, transient and Summer visitors; good public and private schools; and quite a number of mercantile stores and other similar improvements. During the war a conflict took place in this town between the Federal and Confederate forces, commanded respectively by General Broadhead and Colonel William E. Jones; and another, a very severe one, at Rochelle, about six miles from Orange Court House; Generals Kilpatrick and Buford commanding the Federals, and General J. E. B. Stuart the Confederates.

MONTPELIER.

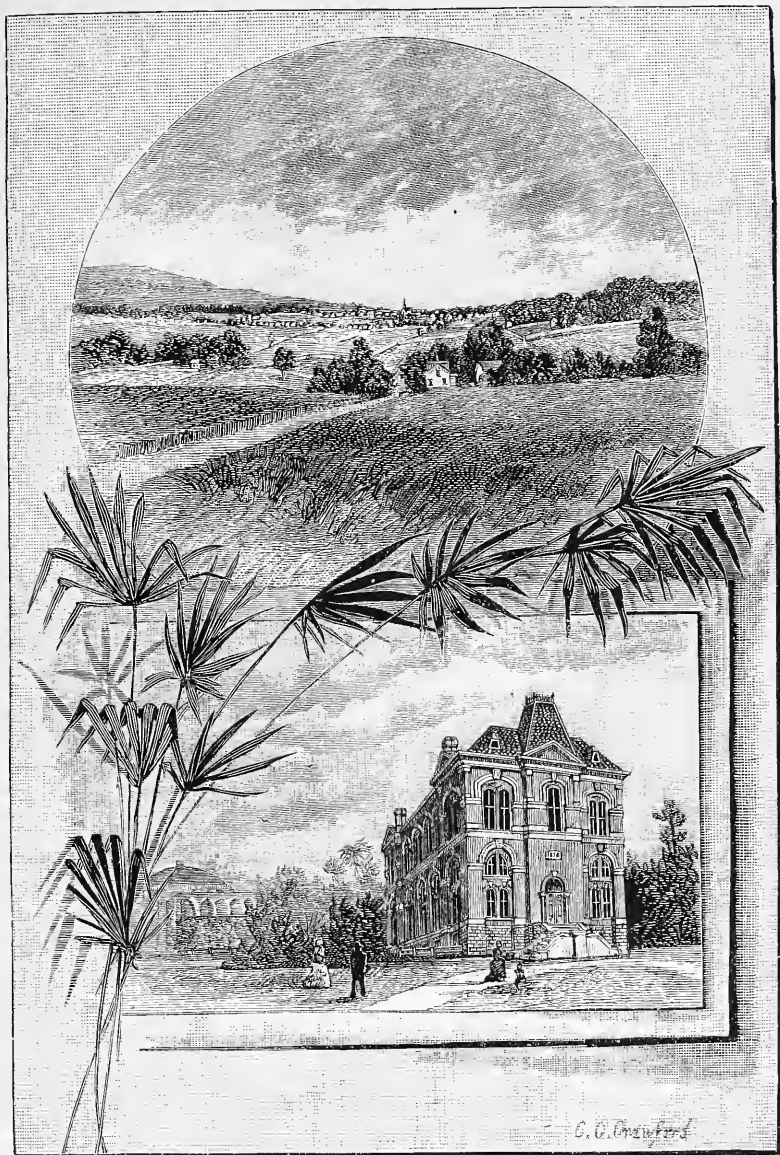
PRESIDENT Zachary Taylor was born in Orange County, the house of his nativity being, as some assert, still in existence. James Waddel, the blind preacher, whose eloquence is so glowingly described in Wirt's "British Spy," lived and preached in Orange. The house in which he lived still stands near Gordonsville. Patrick Henry

and Governor Barbour both confirm Wirt's account of his marvelous oratorical powers. About four miles from Orange Court House, on an eminence and amidst grand old trees is Montpelier, or more correctly Montpellier, the country seat of James Madison, President of the United States from 1809 to 1817. It is a noble edifice, a gentleman's home. Originally it was furnished with plain but rich furniture, and ornamented with busts, pictures, etc., most of which have been scattered amongst his connections who live in this and other counties. An extensive lawn surrounds the house, level as a floor in front, and commanding a magnificent view of the mountains, but in the rear falling into a lovely green dell, shaded by tall trees. On the east is a large garden, containing a great variety of native and exotic plants and fruit trees. Mr. Madison died at Montpelier, June 28th, 1836, at the great age of 87. His tomb, and that of his wife, together with others of his family, are inclosed in a little cemetery a few hundred yards in front of the house. After many vicissitudes, Montpelier House and the large and valuable farm attached to it have passed into the hands of Northern purchasers, who have it in that thorough repair which it has so long needed.

GORDONSVILLE.

GORDONSVILLE, the former junction of the Virginia Midland with the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, has a population of fifteen hundred, with forty stores and places of business, four manufacturing establishments, several hotels and boarding-houses, one newspaper—*Gordonsville Gazette*, five churches, six schools, three livery stables, etc. The buildings, almost all of wood, have been put up hastily, yet the most of them are in good taste and well suited to the purpose for which they are intended. Gordonsville must continue to be a place of considerable trade, as most of Greene and Madison, and portions of Albemarle, Orange and Louisa are tributary to it.

The country around Gordonsville is so attractive; and the society so good, that many Englishmen and Northerners have chosen it in preference to any other part of the State. The late Dr. Cadmus, of New York, on a farm near the village, entered largely into the culture of grapes and the manufacture of wine, an industry which is still more largely followed in the adjoining County of Albemarle. Improved breeds of horses, cattle, sheep, pigs, etc., have occupied the attention of the English settlers and of native Virginians as well, and the peculiarly English feature of monthly or bi-monthly fairs for the sale of horses, etc., imparts to Gordonsville a life and animation not often seen in Virginia. Board is so reasonable, living so abundant, the climate so healthful, and access to the cities so easy that many families make Gordonsville their Summer home.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA., FROM THE UNIVERSITY
OF VIRGINIA.

SOMERSET AND BARBOURSVILLE.

RETURNING to the main line of the Virginia Midland Railway at Orange, we pass *en route* to Charlottesville, on the newly constructed link, the stations of Somerset, Barboursville and Bethel, places of minor importance as yet, but destined to the growth that almost invariably attends railway stations located in good farming districts. The fertile soil and charming scenery on the western base of the southwest mountain range long ago drew to this region, secluded as it then was, one of Virginia's most distinguished sons, Governor James Barbour, whose home, now occupied by his no less distinguished son, B. Johnson Barbour, Esq., may be seen immediately on the left of the road as we approach Barboursville Station. Now that the rail has reached this hitherto isolated section, the quiet little village of Barboursville and the adjoining County of Greene, which lies right under the shadow of some of the boldest peaks of the Blue Ridge, together with its equally attractive neighbor, Madison County, will become points of special interest to those who seek the tonic and the balm of our Virginia Highlands.

CHARLOTTESVILLE.

THE approach to Charlottesville on the Virginia Midland Railway, along a range of low wooded hills and through a narrow valley, gives no conception of the magnificent County of Albemarle into which we have now entered. To see it to advantage, to study its many points of interest, one must give this goodly county a day or two, or still better, a week or two, on horseback or in an open vehicle. Nor in the space allotted us is it possible to do more than enumerate the manifold objects which in town and country imperatively claim the attention of the historian, the scholar, the scientist, the artist, the farmer, the manufacturer. The University of Virginia; Monticello, the home of Jefferson, on its lofty and beautiful plateau; his mutilated tomb on the mountain side below; the Brooke's Museum of Natural History, with its *fac simile* of the Mammoth, the only one in the United States; the Observatory for the great telescope, given by Cyrus McCormick; the Ragged Mountains, made famous by one of Edgar A. Poe's weirdest stories; the woolen mills; the cellars of the Monticello Wine Company, whose native wines received the prize at the Paris Exhibition; the stock farm of S. W. Ficklen, Esq.; the farm of Mr. Brennan, formerly of New York, well-nigh perfect in its every aspect; the cultured and polished society of the University and Charlottesville—turn where you will there is something to edify and to charm. Wise was the forethought of the philosophic statesman in selecting Albemarle as the site of that institution of learning of which, next to the Declaration of Independence, he was most proud—poetic the faculty which prompted him to build the house of his fame amid scenery that is lovely even to fascination. And how pathetic the lately printed declaration of his gifted granddaughter, that “of the ten thousand acres once owned by Jefferson, all that now remains is 100 square feet of burial ground and a tomb hacked to pieces by vandals.”

Charlottesville is on the right bank of the Rivanna River, and immediately on

the line of the Virginia Midland Railway, at the intersection with the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway. It was incorporated in 1762, and named in honor of Queen Charlotte. It is 108 miles from Alexandria, 115 miles from Washington City, 97 miles from Richmond and 20 miles from the base of the Blue Ridge. The University of Virginia, founded in 1825, is beyond question one of the most famous schools in the Union. Its standard is higher and its examinations more rigid than those of any other school whatever in the United States. Before the war its average attendance was 600 students; now, owing to the impoverishment of the Southern people, the numbers rarely exceed 400. Near the University grounds are buried 1,500 Confederate soldiers. The town contains nine churches, embracing almost every creed; two weekly newspapers—the *Jeffersonian Republican* and the *Chronicle*, three job printing offices, four public and six private schools, three hotels and a number of private boarding-houses, two national and two savings banks, two livery stables, a large number of mercantile stores, and, in addition to these, a smoking tobacco and cigar factory, plough, broom, wheat, fan, carriage and wagon establishments, and one foundry. Outside of the town the Charlottesville Woolen Mills, heretofore spoken of, are doing a large and lucrative business. The cigar factory manufactures nearly a million of cigars annually. Two wine companies have been organized. The wine made here of the native grape is large in quantity and excellent in quality. The surrounding country produces everything grown in this latitude, and the lands command the highest market prices.

THE MILLER SCHOOL.

IN the well-named Ragged Mountains there was born, early in this or late in the last century, a boy named Samuel Miller. Illegitimate, obscure, poor as poverty itself, absolutely without education, this boy's destiny was to eclipse in real life the dreams in which Poe's imagination rioted when he chose as the scene of his story the wild hills among which this poor boy was born. Samuel Miller, at the time of his death some twenty years ago, was the richest man in Virginia. He had no legitimate heir. He made a few small, private bequests, left a large sum to the University of Virginia, founded an orphan asylum in Lynchburg, and then the bulk of his fortune (which originally amounted to millions, but had been sadly shorn by losses of many kinds) went to the endowment of a manual labor school for poor boys; first of Albemarle County and next of the State at large. In memory of his humble origin, and at his special request, this school was built in the very heart of the scenes of his childhood, and there it now stands—a marvel of architectural solidity and beauty, startling the beholder, in spite of his mental preparation, by its strong contrast with the untamed solitude around it. It is admirably managed, has one hundred occupants, who are at no expense whatever, from the time they enter until they leave, and is undoubtedly doing a great deal of good in a direction where there is the greatest need.

GRAPE CULTURE AND WINE MANUFACTURE.

GRAPES flourish everywhere along the line of the Virginia Midland Railway, the slopes of the Bull Run range, the Southwest Mountains and the foot-hills of the Blue Ridge being their natural habitat. On many farms in many counties grapes are extensively grown for sale in the Northern markets; but nowhere has grape culture and wine-making attained such proportions as in Albemarle County, which promises to become the centre of this industry on the Atlantic side of the continent. In view of this fact, we again quote from Dr. Hill's valuable little book. He says, page 14: "The Superintendent of Garden and Grounds, in his annual report for 1869 to Congress, speaking of the most healthy grape of the Northern States, says: 'Of course, its quality is generally improved by the length and genialty of the season of growth; for example: Those who are familiar with the fruit only as the production of Massachusetts would not recognize its flavor and vinous character when ripened in Virginia. The mountain slopes and plateaus of Virginia and other Southern States must be looked upon as the great producing regions on this continent for a certain class of fine wines, not excepting California and other favored sections of the Pacific coast. We must depend upon this section for the coming wine grape.'" Dr. Hill continues: "There is hardly a doubt about the truth of these statements, which apply equally well to a district of comparatively flat land running through Culpeper County, Virginia, the substrata rock of which contains, by analysis made for the writer at the Smithsonian Institute in Washington City, 71 per cent. of silica. The absorbing power of this metamorphic rock is extraordinary, and secures beyond question what is absolutely necessary for the grape-drainage. Indeed, the most experienced and scientific vineyardist could not have ordered the making of a better vineyard, except as to elevation. Vigorous native grape-vines, however, can be seen in many places running on the ground, with fruit as fine and sound as if it had the greatest possible elevation. Possessing this advantage, the Virginia grape has others of value to the vineyardist. It can be easily cultivated and manured; the fruit readily gathered and carted out, and being immediately on the line of the Virginia Midland Railway, shipped to market at trifling cost. This land should command the highest price known among vine-growers, and yet, on account of the lack of knowledge of these important facts, is comparatively cheap. In addition, it is a fine natural grass land, and in support of the theory advanced, and contrary to the well-established one of 'the green belt' or 'vernal zone,' has the earliest Spring and the latest Fall grapes, which would materially tend to establish the fact that the absorption qualities of the substrata rock referred to act as chief agent in producing these results. The metamorphic rock has, besides the 71 per cent. of silica, 10 of lime and several of alumina and potash, and when pulverized by natural or artificial modes, restores to the soil the elements which are so necessary to the full development and growth of the plant." In regard to the yield and prices of grapes grown on land through which the Virginia Midland Railway runs, Dr. Hill makes the following statements: "Messrs. Miller & Wood, of Rappahannock County: Con-

cords, 5,000 pounds; Catawbas, 2,500 pounds; Delaware, 1,000 pounds; Clinton, 2,000 pounds per acre. Average price, five cents per pound. Best market grape, the Catawba. Mr. William Hotop, of Charlottesville, fourteen acres, in Delaware, Norton, Iris and Concord. The Delaware brought in New York, 15 cents; Iris, 11 cents, and Concord, 8 cents per pound. Mr. H. M. Armistead, of Campbell County, from a vineyard of three acres and three thousand vines made 800 gallons of wine per acre, which sells from \$2.50 to \$5.00 per gallon. The vines are Iris, Concord, Ionia, Alvey, Delaware, Rogers' No. 14 and 15, Hartford, Clinton and Catawba, six to eight years in bearing. These grapes are comparatively free from rot and mildew, and are all superior for wine or table use."

THE CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RAILROAD—THE VIRGINIA SPRINGS AND SUMMER RESORTS.

IT has been stated that at Charlottesville the Virginia Midland Railway unites with the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway just at the point where the latter begins in earnest the ascent from the uplands of the Piedmont District to the high grades that lead to the summit of the Blue Ridge Mountains at Rockfish Gap. It is almost needless to add that this great road—the Chesapeake and Ohio—traverses the boldest and most picturesque scenery in Virginia, and in its course virtually monopolizes the most celebrated watering places within its borders. The bare enumeration of these springs would fill a page or more of this book; an account of their curative properties would occupy our whole space, and a description of their scenic and social attractions would swell the pamphlet into an octavo volume. And if, in addition to all this, a detailed recital of the towns, the villages, the farms, the mineral lands, the forests of timber, the ore banks, the furnaces (constantly increasing in numbers and magnitude), and the coal measures, with the accessories of their constant and progressive development, were given, the octavo volume would assume the proportions of a library. A mere outline of the more important features of the Chesapeake and Ohio road is all that is here possible.

From the delicious and varied scenery at Rockfish Gap, the road quickly descends to Waynesboro, in Augusta County, where it intersects the Shenandoah Valley Road, which, within the year, has been prolonged to Roanoke, on the Norfolk and Western Railroad. Staunton, with its many asylums and female schools, its bustle and its thrift, is now reached, and at Buffalo Gap the North Mountain is crossed—Elliot's Knob, the highest peak of the Blue Ridge, dominating the scene. Many Summer resorts of local note have been passed and we have entered the iron region, as the furnace on the right shows. At Goshen we cross the headwaters of the James River, and are almost within sight of the romantic Goshen Pass, through which a stage road leads to the academic town of Lexington, where Lee and Stonewall Jackson lie buried, near the institutions of learning with which their names are inseparably associated. *En route* are the Cold Sulphur Springs and the Rockbridge Baths. At

Millboro, a neat and growing village, with a hotel of enviable repute, passengers leave the railway for the famous thermal waters of Bath County, the Hot and the Warm Springs, and also for the Jordan and Rockbridge Alum Springs. Descending the Alleghany range on which Millboro is situated, and passing the station near Longdale furnace, the Chesapeake and Ohio Road at Williamson's unites with the Richmond and Alleghany Road very close to the justly celebrated scenery at Clifton Forge. A few miles further on is the great Lowmoor furnace, beyond which is Covington, the point of departure for the Healing Springs. Here begins the bold and costly gradients by which the great centre of attraction, the White Sulphur Springs, is reached in its mountain fastness. Midway (or a little beyond) the ascent of this portion of the Appalachian chain is Alleghany Station, from which stages run to the Old Sweet and the Sweet Chalybeate or Red Sweet Springs. As to the recent improvements of the White Sulphur, it is enough to say that the immense enlargement of the main hotel, begun last Summer, has been completed, and continued by the introduction of all the modern facilities and conveniences, additional drainage and sewerage, more new cottages, a large lake, a race-course, etc., the determination of the proprietors being to keep "The White" fully abreast with the times and with the demands which will be made upon it, in common with the other Virginia Springs, in consequence of the westward and eastward extensions of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad.

Beyond the White Sulphur are the Salt Sulphur, the Red Sulphur and other Springs, the wooded chasms that have been cloven by the limpid waters of the Greenbrier River, the mingling streams at Hinton, the forges and conical hills at Quinneton, the dizzy inclines at Sewell and a dozen other places, the towering precipices at Hawk's Nest, the gray and awful cañon of New River, the junction of the New River with the Gauley, the great Falls of the Kanawha, the mining towns at Cannelton, Blacksburg, Coalburg and elsewhere; Charleston, the capital of West Virginia, with its busy industries, its little stern-wheel steamers—the first infallible note of the West—and so on to the young City of Huntington, on the banks of the Ohio, and thence again to Lexington in the heart of the renowned blue-grass region of Kentucky, from which point the Chesapeake and Ohio, a true trans-continental railroad, aspires to and will soon attain, by links rapidly nearing completion, the Pacific Ocean. Already on the east, the line that stretches from Richmond over the historic peninsula between the York and James Rivers, pierces the ancient and long-isolated seats of the earliest civilization in America, terminating at the grand haven of Newport News, in sight of Hampton, Old Point Comfort, Fortress Monroe, Norfolk and the Capes of Virginia, that look across the Atlantic to Gibraltar and the coasts of Africa.

By special arrangements between the two companies, the Virginia Midland and the Chesapeake and Ohio Railways are enabled to transport passengers from the North and East on a faster schedule, in a more commodious manner and with fewer changes than by any other route whatsoever to the White Sulphur Springs, and from that place, as a radiating centre, the two roads have it in their power to offer visitors such interchanges from mountain heights to sea-shore breezes, and such variety of excursions as defy competition on the part of other roads. In the morning the

invalid may inhale the ozone and feast on the mountain mutton, the trout and the venison of the Alleghanies, and at night regale himself on the hogfish, sheepshead, the crabs, terrapins and oysters of the Hygeia Hotel at Old Point Comfort, while his ears are ravished by the splash of the waves and his lungs refreshed by the salt air of the Chesapeake Bay. If a longer excursion be desired, what could be better than a trip of a week or ten days' duration, extending from "The White," *via* Charlottesville, to the great tobacco centres at Lynchburg and Danville, thence to Salisbury in the gold section of North Carolina, and thence again through the glorious mountain regions of Western North Carolina, along the bright Swannanoa to Asheville, thronged with countless Summer visitors, and down the impetuous French Broad River to the Warm Springs and Paint Rock, thence on to Morristown, Tenn., from which place the traveler, completing his detour, would return *via* the East Tennessee and Georgia Railroad and the Norfolk and Western Railroad, through the beautiful scenery of Southwestern Virginia to Lynchburg, and so back by Charlottesville to the White Sulphur again. But this is only one of the many charming excursions which the rapid integration of the great passenger routes and the interchange of railroad courtesies and facilities will offer to the invalid and tourist who seeks health and recreation in the Virginia mountains.

NELSON AND AMHERST COUNTIES.

(FRUIT CULTURE.)

COMING back to the main stem of the Virginia Midland Railway at Charlottesville, we encounter on the route to Lynchburg a rough, mountainous section, not at all inviting to the eye of the agriculturist. But on each side, beyond the rude hills near the track, are pleasant valleys and good farming lands. On the left, not many miles away, lies the rich valley of the James River, where very recently the tardy course of traffic by canal has given place to the rapid transit of the Richmond and Alleghany Railroad. Indications of ore increase—nor are they mere indications, for on the northern bank of the James, in the belt of country between the river and the Virginia Midland Road, the aggregate mineral wealth—augmenting as we approach Lynchburg—is incalculable. We have also entered, *par excellence*, the fruit region. All parts of Nelson County are well adapted to the growth of fruit, but especially of apples and grapes. The finest and largest apples exhibited at the annual meeting of the Pomological Society of the United States, held at Boston, Mass., in the fall of 1873, came from Nelson County. The two most excellent varieties were the Albemarle Pippin and the Pilot. The former has heretofore been considered superior to all others, but the latter, which has its habitat in Nelsón, surpassed, it is said, even the famous pippin in some of its qualities. Dr. Hill has gathered the following facts in regard to apples, etc., in this and other counties along the Virginia Midland Railway:

"The Agricultural Bureau Report of 1871 shows that Mr. C. Gillingham of Accotink, Fairfax County, has a nursery of one hundred acres of peaches, one hun-

dred of apples and ten of pears. From five hundred peach trees three hundred bushels of peaches were sold, at an average price of \$1 per bushel. The pears brought \$4 per bushel. Mr. Gillingham recommends as the best apples for early marketing, 'Edward's Early,' Hagloe, Astrachan, and Early Ripe; of Fall apples, the Grovenstein, the Fall Pippin, and the Maiden's Blush; and of Winter apples, the Albemarle Pippin, Abram, Bowling's Sweet, Ridge Pippin, etc.

"Messrs. Miller & Wood, Washington, Rappahannock County, have one hundred acres in apples, thirty-two feet apart, with peach trees intervening. The apple trees yielded last year one hundred and fifty bushels per acre, worth \$1.25 per bushel. The crop was shortened one-third by the drought. Their best market variety is the Pippin.

"Mr. James Newman, Gordonsville, Orange County, has two hundred bearing apple trees, averaging twelve bushels each, or three hundred bushels per acre, worth twenty-eight to thirty cents per bushel at the orchard. The loss of trees is about two per cent. per annum, from unknown causes. The loss of fruit is rare. The Albemarle Pippin is the best market variety. This is a very low estimate of what can be done in the way of fruit-raising in this locality. Mr. Goss, of Orange County, has a great reputation as an apple grower.

"Mr. R. E. Davis, Nelly's Ford, Nelson County, has three thousand bearing apple trees on eighty-nine acres. The yield per annum ranges from one to fifteen bushels per tree; losses, about twenty per cent. He prefers, as the market varieties, the Pippin, Esopus, Spitzenberg, Baldwin, etc."

In this and the adjoining County of Amherst, the annual proceeds of certain orchards pay the entire original cost of the lands.

"Mr. John C. Murrell, Campbell Court House, raises three hundred bushels of apples per acre, worth fifty cents per bushel. His best market varieties are Wine-sap, Russet and Lady apple."

Nelson County, formed from Amherst in 1807, and named for Thomas Nelson, who was Governor of Virginia in 1771, is about twenty-six miles long and twenty broad. It is watered by the Rockfish, Tye and Piney rivers, the first emptying into the James at Howardsville, the others uniting and emptying in at New Market. These and other mountain streams give to the country a superabundance of fine water power for manufacturing purposes.

Amherst County was formed from Albemarle County in 1761, and is about twenty-two miles long and nineteen wide. It is watered by the Pedlar, Buffalo and numerous smaller streams. The passage of the James through the Blue Ridge is a magnificent spectacle. The Richmond and Alleghany Railroad, from Lynchburg to the County of Rockbridge, winds along the mountains through scenes most wild and romantic. Lofty mountains rise on every side, and shadow the ravines and rapids below. Nothing more sublime in all the length of this mountain chain from the Potomac to the James.

The soil of this county is naturally fertile, of a dark, rich, red hue, and the scenery beautifully diversified. The productions are tobacco, wheat, corn, oats, rye and fruits.

The apples grown here, as in the County of Nelson, are of a very superior quality. Recently large veins of magnetic and brown hematite iron ores have been discovered, and are being developed by local and foreign capital. Discoveries have been made of a great many other valuable mineral substances. Years ago gold was found, and a rich variety of copper was worked. Barytes, manganese, plumbago, emery, limestone, marble, slate, soapstone and kaolin have also been found. Different kinds of mineral springs have been discovered, but none of them improved or frequented.

Since the war, and more particularly since the reaction of the panic of 1873, the county seat of Amherst, in common with other towns along the Virginia Midland Railway, has exhibited an activity unknown in the old days. Population about 600; a newspaper, many stores, churches, etc.; scenery very beautiful; climate all that heart can ask; living abundant—in a word, a first-rate Summering place for families and children.

LYNCHBURG.

PRECIPITOUS as Quebec; "live," almost, as Chicago; famous throughout the world for its smoking and chewing tobaccos; noted all over the United States for the indomitable push of its inhabitants; an important railroad centre; romantically situated, with water as pure as air, and air like the ether itself, Lynchburg, the portal of the busy and prolific Southwest, proudly surveys the magnificent scenery far stretched on every side around her. Time was when Lynchburg truthfully claimed to be, with a solitary exception, the wealthiest city *per capita* on the American Continent, and wealth is there still. Tobacco holds sway, as it has done for near a century, but the day is not distant when iron in its various forms will eclipse the Indian weed, and Lynchburg will become the Pittsburgh of Virginia, and perhaps of the South.

A bewildering scene meets the eye of the traveler as he alights at the Midland Station in Lynchburg. Such a medley of railways and watercourses is rarely ever seen outside, and still less inside, of a city. The Virginia Midland, the Norfolk and Western, and the Richmond and Alleghany Railways all come together just at the confluence of Blackwater Creek, with the James River and Kanawha Canal (or what is left of it) and the James River itself. Factories, mills, foundries, railway shops, lumber and coal yards, saw and planing mills, are all piled together in a narrow area under the southern bluffs which cut off all view of the city proper. Truly a stirring scene.

Named for the author of the summary Lynch law (or for a relative of his) the town had in 1880, a population of about 16,000; it is now nearer 20,000.

There are in Lynchburg eight banks and banking houses—two national, three State, and three private. The capital in the incorporated banks aggregate \$800,000, with a discount line in conjunction with the private banks of about one million and a half; four newspapers—three daily and one weekly; four first-class hotels, and a number of excellent private boarding-houses, ten or twelve churches, nine public and several private schools, water and gas works, a large number of mercantile stores and

commission houses, and on the suburbs, beautiful and commodious fair grounds. These are the property of the Agricultural and Mechanical Society, which has adorned them with well-arranged and appropriate buildings. This society offers annually a large and expensive list of premiums to exhibitors. The most attractive exhibits are the native minerals, and each year the quality and variety have increased.

The great staple of trade and manufacture, however, in this city is tobacco, and it is estimated that there are some seventy or eighty establishments engaged in its manufacture or manipulation in some form. The Lynchburg brands of smoking and chewing tobacco are those best known in the markets of the world. Ample water-power is afforded by the James River for rolling mills, foundries, flour mills, bark and extract manufactories, etc. Few places are so admirably fitted for industrial enterprises and for every kind of manufactures. Labor is cheap, living is cheap, water power is cheap and abundant, coal, iron and lumber are within easy reach, railways on the river bank radiate to all points of the compass—all the factors that capital and skill demand are here; and the future of Lynchburg as an industrial centre is beyond peradventure.

LUMBER, SUMAC, OAK BARK, SMALL FRUITS, ETC.

CAMPBELL County, in which Lynchburg is situated, and the adjoining county—Pittsylvania—until penetrated a few years ago by the Danville extension of the Virginia Midland Railway, constituted a *terra incognita*, so cut off were they from railways. Large tracts of original timber were practically inaccessible and untouched. These have to some extent fallen under the lumberman's axé, but much remains and many saw-mills are kept busy at different points along the line, or a little distance from it. What is true of these two counties is also true of others that are near the Midland Road. The amount of timber, its variety and value, and especially the pines of great size that are found in the country south of Lynchburg, deserves more than the passing notice here given.

Sumac abounds in Virginia. The demand for it being unlimited, large and annually increasing amounts are forwarded from every station on the line of the Virginia Midland Railway. It can be gathered at a comparatively small cost, and readily sold for cash to the numerous competing mills in and out of the State. Heretofore, the proprietors of the land permitted the freedmen to collect this article wherever they found it growing. Now, it is getting to be regarded by the owners of the soil (as it deserves to be) more in the light of property, as in some places it yields to the gatherer what the owner would consider, under existing circumstances, a fair annual rent for out lands; and some experts say that, if properly planted, cured and gathered at the proper season, it could be made a paying crop. Certain it is the adaptability of most soils for its production is almost everywhere evident. Two specimens, grown in Virginia, were tested by Miller's method at the Agricultural Bureau at Washington, with the view of substituting it for the foreign article in the manufacture of fine leather, and were found to contain respectively "19¼ and 17¼

per cent. of tannin." The extracted dye stuff is said to be superior to the Sicilian variety, 2,000,000 pounds of which are annually imported into the United States. At Alexandria, Culpeper, Orange Court House, Gordonsville, Charlottesville, Lynchburg and other places, large mills, many of them steam, are kept going day and night during the gathering and delivering season to meet the demand. Besides, all along the Blue Ridge, in close proximity to the Virginia Midland Railway, grow immense forests of chestnut oak, the bark of which is considered the very best known for tanning purposes. The oak tanned leather is superior to the hemlock, which latter has been very much diminished in the forests of New York, Pennsylvania and other Northern and Eastern States, and those engaged in this profitable business will sooner or later have to resort to the better article of chestnut oak in Virginia, where tanneries can be located and run more cheaply and profitably than in other sections of the United States; and at no distant day this immediate section will become the tanning centre of the Union. Already there has been established at Sperryville, Rappahannock County, by C. C. Smoot & Sons, of Alexandria, a very large branch tannery. They now tan 20,000 sides of sole leather, for which they find quick sale in the adjacent cities, and they have made preparations to extend their vat capacity to 30,000 sides, to enable them to supply in part the great demand for pure chestnut oak leather. This article having taken the premium at the recent Vienna Exposition, there is an increasing demand for it that the European market cannot supply, or even compete for, on account of the greater abundance of oak bark supply in this region.

Small fruits grow in such wanton profusion that it is hard to speak about them with moderation, and well nigh impossible to exaggerate their quantity, variety and excellence. In Orange and its sister counties the section hands have no little trouble in keeping the roadbed clear of strawberry vines. The Commissioner of Agriculture says: "The strawberry, raspberry and blackberry are indigenous plants in Virginia. The latter, when cultivated, attains a large size and fine flavor. Large quantities are gathered from the old fields and woods and sold in the Washington market. Other wild fruits are held in high esteem, and are sold at good prices—whortleberries, chinquepins, chestnuts, walnuts, hickory nuts, etc., etc." Large fields of strawberries are cultivated, and yet the supply falls short of the demand. Raspberries, currants and gooseberries have an increasing demand; indeed, of these small fruits it may correctly be said that the public appetite "grows by what it feeds upon." In garden vegetables, everything required for the most sumptuous table is grown to perfection. To enlighten persons not acquainted with the productions of our soil and climate, Dr. Hill mentions the following vegetables, grown by the most simple means of cultivation: "Peas, beans, potatoes (both Irish and sweet), watermelons, cantaloupes, pumpkins, squashes, cucumbers, cabbages, turnips, radishes, asparagus, spinach, celery, tomatoes, peanuts, leeks and onions;" and he might have added lettuce, chicory, cauliflower, cress and an endless variety of other things, all of which can be profitably raised, on the various soils to be found in the Piedmont region, and shipped either North or South to good markets. Speaking within bounds, tons of

blackberries, dewberries and cherries are allowed each year to rot in the ground or upon the trees, because the people are too indolent or too thoughtless to gather them. Colored men and women have been known to refuse themselves to assist, or allow their children to assist, the whites in gathering cherries, although offered pay in money or half the gathered crop.

SUMMER RESORTS ON THE NORFOLK & WESTERN

AND THE

RICHMOND & ALLEGHANY RAILROADS.

THE breezy hills and the excellent hotels of Lynchburg tempt numbers of people to make that bustling city a summer resort for weeks and sometimes for months together. Each year the numbers increase. But, beginning at Lynchburg, the country along the line of the Norfolk and Western Railroad, like that along the Manassas Division of the Virginia Midland Railway becomes in Summer time one vast boarding-house. At the first visit of hot weather the people of Texas and the lower parts of the Gulf States begin to crowd in; a little later Vicksburg, Memphis and other cities north of the Gulf pour in their tide, and still later, come the dwellers of the seaboard cities of Virginia and the Carolinas, until almost every farmhouse, and certainly every town, village, hamlet and railway station has its quota of health and pleasure seekers. These, be it remembered, are in addition to the contingent of the regular watering-places. Not unfrequently the hotels and boarding-houses in the towns and villages are, if possible, more crowded than the Springs themselves. Nor is this to be wondered at. Although the watering-places on the Norfolk and Western Railroad have not the national celebrity that some of those on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad have, they are nevertheless as numerous, varied and meritorious as the better-known system of medicinal waters on the latter line.

The Bedford Alum Springs are but ten miles from Lynchburg, and on both sides of the Norfolk and Western Railroad there is a succession of watering-places and Summer resorts stretching from Bedford to the terminus of the line at Bristol, 200 miles away—the Blue Ridge, Coyner's, the Alleghany, the Montgomery White Sulphur, the Yellow Sulphur, the New River White, the Salt Pond, the Peaks of Otter, Natural Bridge, the Seven Springs, the Washington Springs, the Salt Works at Saltville, the Natural Tunnel, etc. To these add the attractive mountain towns—Liberty, Salem, Wytheville, Christiansburg, Newbern, Marion, Abingdon, the Agricultural College at Blacksburg, and Emory and Henry College near Glade Springs. Of the scenery it is needless to speak—Puncheon River Falls, the White Top, Bald Knob, the New River at Eggleston's and countless others must be seen to be fully appreciated.

The great extent and richness of the mineral deposits on the Norfolk and Western Railroad, only guessed and scratched at for generations, have now become scientifically known, and have attracted investments already exceeding a million dollars, and rapidly increasing. Every variety of metal—gold, iron, zinc, lead, copper,

barytes—crops out of this pactolian soil, and the hands of skill and experience alone are needed to reap the rich fruit. In one single county along the line (Wythe) there are fourteen iron furnaces, with capacities ranging from 1,000 to 3,000 tons, whose yield aggregates over a million of dollars yearly.

Game is abundant, as well as fish. There is superior mutton, beef, poultry, butter and eggs, for the refreshment of the inner man. Board is cheap, the fare excellent and abundant at the various private boarding-houses, and the body being so repaired the mind will be the better enabled to take in the poetic glories of the mountains and the shady forests that hide their eternal crowns.

The list of summer resorts in the shape of springs, hotels, boarding-houses and private families, who will entertain visitors during the coming Summer, will be furnished on application to the Norfolk and Western authorities and agents.

One point we should like long to dwell upon, but must content ourselves by simply touching. It is this: Railroads fail of their moral purpose if they do not bring together the people, especially of the hitherto discordant sections, and thus weld the national life into a firm and harmonious whole. Why, then, should not the men of the North and East, who flock to the Greenbrier White Sulphur, avail themselves of the opportunity afforded them by excursion tickets to spend a few days among the watering-places of Southwestern Virginia? In no other way can they so easily, and at such trifling cost, acquaint themselves with the men of the South, their wives and children. Putting it upon the lowest plane, the acquaintance thus made could hardly fail to result in business relations which would prove profitable, and at all events the change of base to fresh scenes of natural beauty and to a society wholly different from that which they see at home, would be a novelty at once pleasing and instructive.

The Richmond and Alleghany Railroad can with justice claim to be one of the most attractive roads, in a purely artistic point of view, in or out of Virginia. A valley so fertile and so beautiful as that of James River is seldom found, and beginning with the softer landscapes near Richmond the road, ascending by the gentlest grades to the mountains, becomes more and more picturesque each mile of the way until the climax of the bold, the wild, we might almost say the terrible, is reached amid the cloven heights at Balcony Falls, and thence onward to the sublime perspectives at Clifton Forge. He who wishes thoroughly to enjoy a trip to the Natural Bridge (which is to be made a rival of the Luray Caverns by its new owner, Mr. Parsons), Lexington, Dagger's White Sulphur and Rock Bridge Baths, would do well to take the Richmond and Alleghany Railroad. Nor is the scenery all. The road claims, and with good show of reason, to be one of the first mineral roads in the United States. Those who desire to investigate iron ores, in endless variety and boundless in quantity, will be abundantly gratified by a tour over this new claimant for public favor, which undoubtedly has a great destiny and that not distant.

THE FRANKLIN DIVISION.

AT Franklin Junction, about forty miles from Lynchburg, begins the Franklin Division. The country to this point is uninteresting and sadly worn by bad

tillage. Franklin Division extends a distance of thirty-seven miles to Rocky Mount, the seat of government of Franklin County. Along this road are numerous deposits of iron ore, some of them of fine quality. At Pittsville, nine miles from the junction, magnetic ores in great quantity have been mined and shipped to Pennsylvania. From these ores, mingled in due proportion with others, Bessemer steel of excellent quality is said to be made. Crossing Pig River, the road runs up Ridder's Creek to the southern end of Smith's Mountain, and thence by Pen Hook, Union Hall, Glade Hill and White Rock to Rocky Mount. At various points veins of iron and other minerals intersect the road diagonally. Barytes, limestone, manganese, kaolin, antimony, copper, asbestos, nickel, gold and silver are found in greater or less quantities.

Franklin County formed in 1784, from Bedford and Henry counties, has the honor of being the birthplace of General Jubal A. Early of Confederate fame. The soil has a clay foundation, and it is well adapted to farming. Very large crops of tobacco, corn, oats and wheat are made. Rocky Mount, the county seat, 179 miles southeast of Richmond, had in 1880 a population of 300, and is rapidly growing.

The scenery around the village is uncommonly fine. Bald Knob—a mighty rock—rises in lonely grandeur almost within the corporate limits, and from its gray summit green valleys, rounded hills, blue and misty peaks, billowy ranges of mountains and a seeming plain that stretches away into the hazy distance, form a panorama of almost unsurpassed magnificence. Easily reached on foot or on horseback, the Knob is the centre of attraction, alike to the young and the old in the pearly mornings and golden evenings when Summer brings its recurring throng of visitors. Franklin County is, so to speak, a “brand new” county in the midst of an old State, being but lately opened to rail; now that it is in communication with “all the world and the rest of mankind,” Rocky Mount and Bald Knob may reckon upon a large accession of tourists and admirers.

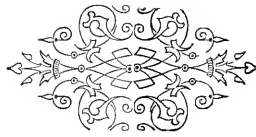
PITTSYLVANIA COUNTY.

PITTSYLVANIA County was formed in 1767 from the County of Halifax, and named after the great English statesman, William Pitt, afterwards Lord Chatham. It is watered by the Staunton, Banister and Dan Rivers, besides numerous creeks and streams. It is remarkable for the variety and value of its timber and for the superior quality of its tobacco, the land in certain parts of the county being peculiarly adapted to the “bright yellow” tobacco, which has become so popular since the war. Over and again men have cleared from a single crop of this tobacco enough money to pay for their entire farms. An agent of the Russian government, who had been sent out to study practically the Virginia method of growing tobacco, selected Pittsylvania County as the best field for his experiment, bought a farm, and, after two or three years of cultivation, was so pleased with the result of his farming that when he went back to Russia to make his report, he expressed the wish and the purpose to return to Virginia and make it his home for life. But his government could not spare him.

Chatham, the county seat, is on a branch of the Banister River, near the centre of the county and immediately on the line of the Virginia Midland Railway. It had in 1880 a population of five hundred, two large tobacco warehouses and several manufactories of tobacco, stores, churches and schools. It is noted for its society and for a hotel, which, more than any other now extant, recalls the Old Virginia Tavern in its prime.

DANVILLE.

DANVILLE, the terminus of the Virginia Midland Railway, is situated on the south bank of the River Dan, 239 miles from Washington and four miles from the North Carolina line. From the number of roads projected and in process of construction to all points South, it bids fair to be one of the principal railway centres of the Southern country. It is a rapidly growing and progressive town, with a population in 1880 of 7,536. No town in the State has a more energetic population, and no business men a higher reputation. It has six or eight churches, several excellent colleges and institutions of learning for both sexes, a capital hotel, eight warehouses for the sale of leaf tobacco, whole streets of factories for the manufacture of chewing and smoking tobacco, foundries, flour and saw mills, fruit and tobacco box factories, several machine shops, banks, newspapers and almost unlimited water-power for manufacturing of every kind. Strangers will be profoundly impressed with Danville. Those who are disposed to twit Virginians for their want of enterprise will be amazed at the push and snap of the people of this indomitable little city. Nowhere in the world do business men work as they do in Danville, and nowhere in the South is there a town which so forcibly recalls Lowell, Lynn, Fall River and other manufacturing centres of the North and East. Factory after factory, built in the most substantial manner; swarms of black operatives and streams of wagons, laden with the bright yellow tobacco of North Carolina and Virginia, impart to the place a life and activity seen nowhere else in all the South, except at Atlanta. The handsome private dwellings in modern styles, the ornamented grounds, the stately trees, the shrubbery and abundant flowers also recall the North most vividly. In a word, Danville is the embodiment of energy and progress.



RICHMOND AND DANVILLE RAILROAD.



T Danville, the Virginia Midland Railway connects with the Richmond and Danville Railroad, which, having its eastern terminus at Richmond, runs through the fertile counties Chesterfield, Powhatan, Amelia, Nottoway, Prince Edward, Charlotte, Halifax and Pittsylvania in Virginia, and Caswell, Rockingham, Guilford, Davidson, Rowan, Cabarrus and Mecklenburg, North Carolina. At Keysville, Va., the Richmond and Mecklenburg Railroad leaves the Richmond and Danville for Clarkesville, on Roanoke River, thirty miles; the nearest railroad station to the celebrated Buffalo Lithia Springs, beyond question one of the most remarkable springs in the United States, if not in the world. The waters are unique, possessing properties unlike any other water yet discovered, and effecting cures which oftentimes border upon the marvelous. This road opens up a new country, rich in timber and agricultural lands. At Greensboro, the North Carolina Railroad, controlled by this Company, leaves the main line, and runs east to Goldsboro, passing through the enterprising town of Durham and the City of Raleigh, the State capital. From Greensboro, the main line runs in a southwesterly direction to the town of Salisbury, where close connection is made with the Western North Carolina Railroad, for the "Land of the Sky." Leaving Salisbury, a southerly course is followed to the flourishing City of Charlotte, a town of so much importance and so well known that it is unnecessary to describe it at length. The hotels, for which the place is celebrated, its noble churches in beautiful grounds, the busy streets, the proximity of gold mines, the old United States Mint (now an assay office), the Military School, and the number of handsome private residences, present an array of attractions not often found in a Southern town. Charlotte is the centre of a large cotton trade, and an important railway centre as well. Radiating from it are lines stretching in almost every direction, a number of which have become incorporated in, or associated with, the Richmond and Danville Railway system. At Charlotte the traveler has the choice of two different routes to Asheville and Western North Carolina. He may go to Salisbury on the main line, or, if he prefer it, may go over the Atlantic, Tennessee and Ohio Railroad—a division of the Charlotte, Columbia and Augusta Railroad—directly to Statesville, on the Western North Carolina Railroad, and thence to Asheville. This route presents some points of attraction—a fine agricultural country, pretty villages, and mineral springs, which will probably soon be developed and opened to the public.

The first point of interest on the Atlanta & Charlotte Air Line, after leaving Charlotte, is All Healing Springs in Gaston County, North Carolina.

These springs are only two and one-half miles from All Healing Spring station and about thirty miles from Charlotte. For fifty years the Springs have been used for the cure of skin diseases, but of late have gained great reputation for the cure of almost all diseases to which the human body is liable—hence their name. In dyspepsia, the effects have been so marked that the company guarantee relief in almost any case where the waters are given a fair trial. Marked benefit, too, has been obtained in asthma, consumption, neuralgia, chronic diarrhœa and dysentery, sick headache and kidney affections. In the hotels and numerous cottages, two hundred guests can be accommodated. Great improvements in the buildings and grounds have been made, the bathing department has been enlarged, and baths of every description will be given at all hours. A sanitarium has been established in connection with the springs under the management of Professor Gatchell & Son and Mrs. Gatchell, of Cincinnati. Professor Gatchell's reputation as a physician and writer is well known.

Leaving All Healing Springs the Line passes within a short distance of the battlefields of King's Mountain and Cowpens, fought in 1780, and forty-eight miles distant enters the town of Spartanburg, S. C., the junction with the Asheville and Spartanburg Railroad, which runs in a northwesterly direction through the beautiful counties of Polk and Henderson to Hendersonville, within twenty miles of Asheville. This country is celebrated far and near for its beautiful and attractive scenery. The planters of Lower Carolina were not slow to appreciate the excellencies and charms of this region. For years before this railroad was built they had been in the habit of coming over these mountains to this region as a summer resort. At a place called Flat Rock in Henderson county, North Carolina, not far from this station, they made a regular settlement.

FLAT ROCK

is in fact the scattered residences of those low country planters. For several miles around the high, undulating plateau they have built their cottages, many of them exceedingly beautiful houses, surrounded by extensive grounds, laid off and planted with taste and care. Fine avenues, shaded by the loveliest white pines and evergreens, in great variety, which this region affords, lead through the grounds. The society here in Summer is said to be as fine as can be found in Charleston. Living, as they do, near each other, the opportunity for social enjoyment is equally as great, with none of the annoyances of a regular watering-place. Some of these country houses have become the permanent residences of the owners since the war. The country around Flat Rock does not seem a rich one—certainly in no respect comparable to the valley of the French Broad or of the Swannanoa, but it has the great advantage of unusually fine air, the best of freestone water, and a Summer climate equal to any, for health and comfort, in the Alleghany range. The country itself—a high plateau running back on a level almost with the top of the Blue Ridge—is comparatively tame and uninteresting.

From Flat Rock to Hendersonville, the county seat of Henderson County, North Carolina, is about four or five miles. This is a pleasant little village, usually

full of visitors during the Summer months, and enjoying all the advantages of Flat Rock in point of climate. There are here two very good hotels, which afford comfortable accommodations to visitors. Stage-coaches run every day from Hendersonville to Asheville, distant some twenty miles. The railroad will soon be completed to this point or near it. The tourist can easily find means of making some pleasant excursions from this place. One of the most usual and favored is to go from here on horseback, by Chimney Rock and Bald Mountain, through Hickory Nut Gap, to Asheville, a route which may be accomplished in two days. The Bald Mountain here spoken of (for the name is legion in this western country) is that one of which we have heard so much of late. The strange sounds said to have issued from this mountain, and which caused such a panic among the neighboring people, were not altogether imaginary. An extensive rift or chasm has appeared in one portion of the mountain, and to all appearance is gradually widening and is of great depth. It may be that the action of hidden streams of water may be gradually bringing about one of those tremendous landslides which occur in all mountain regions, evidences of which exist in many places in these mountains.

It needs neither a volcanic eruption nor an earthquake to bring about a cataclysm of this kind; but a stream of water, percolating along the smooth side of some interior sloping rock-surface, may in the course of time loosen the whole clinging mountain side and cause an earth avalanche. The Chimney Rock is a most remarkable cliff of castellated rock, an object of great curiosity and beauty. Hickory Nut Gap has become classic since Miss Fisher's "Land of the Sky," and is resorted to by all lovers of the picturesque. She says of it:

"Indeed, not only Swannanoa Gap, but everything else that we have seen is dwarfed to comparative insignificance by the majestic beauty that surrounds us. What was the gorge of the French Broad to these mighty mountains, which rise more than two thousand feet over our heads, and stand not more than a quarter of a mile apart, while far down in the green chasm below us the Broad River whirls and foams around its countless rocks. The day has now reached its zenith, and is perfect in splendor. Our road, on the eastern side of the gap, is well shaded, but the sunlight falls broadly on the mass of varied foliage beneath, bringing out every vivid color and jewel-like tint.

"Now, see what a superb mountain stands next! It is like a castle—only no castle was ever half so grand. And yonder is a glimpse of the Chimney Rock. We shall see it better as we get farther down." We pause, enraptured and overwhelmed. A castle, indeed! What castle ever built by mortal hands would not seem a flimsy toy beside this immense mountain, with its sides of solid rock, worn smooth by the floods of uncounted centuries, and rising sheer and bare for more than a thousand feet? On one side of this the peculiar rocks, which form the Chimney, stand—so high and so apparently toppling that it seems as if the slightest touch would send them down the precipice which they overlook.

Another excursion, frequently taken from Hendersonville, is to Brevard, the county seat of Transylvania County, upon the upper French Broad; and so on to Cæsar's Head, in South Carolina.

From this point, or Flat Rock, parties can most easily and conveniently visit Tryon mountain, from whose summit is had one of the finest views of South and North Carolina. The traveler who enters the mountains by this route, intending to spend two or three weeks, will go on either to Asheville or Brevard, and at either place can find enough to fill up with joy his three weeks' holiday.

We return to Spartanburg, and take up our route southward.

Leaving Spartanburg by the Air Line, in a run of thirty-two miles we reach the flourishing town of Greenville, the county seat of Greenville County, South Carolina. The ride is a pleasant one through a fine country, daily developing under the influence of improved methods of cultivation, and, above all, of improved means of transportation and communication. There is along the route a fine view of the mountains to the right.

GREENVILLE

is a considerable town. Its population in 1870 was reported at near three thousand; it must be now seven thousand five hundred—more than double that number. Like the average Southern town, it is spread over a large space, but in this case there is a much larger portion of the town closely built up. The evidences of advancement are visible everywhere in the appearance of new buildings and others in process of completion. The main business street, running east and west, extends for nearly two miles, and is well built up most of the distance. It is crossed at right angles by Reedy River, which furnishes very fine water-power, and upon which are visible, from the bridge, four or five very large cotton factories and mills.

There were just here some very beautiful and romantic falls in Reedy River, which were, among other things, a source of attraction. These falls have now been turned to manufacturing purposes; and what was once the resort of picnic and pleasure parties has been applied to the baser uses of commerce. A gentleman who was pointing out the localities to us recalled many pleasant recollections of the time when the falls were visited by him in his younger days; when the whole region was a forest, and the banks of the river were clothed in all the verdure of primeval nature.

The private dwellings and their grounds are, many of them, handsome and well cared for. The climate, like that of Charlotte, is deliciously soft and balmy. Nature repays with lavish hand any attention bestowed, so that flowers and shrubs flourish in unusual beauty and abundance. All the Summer fruits of the South abound in great perfection; figs, grapes and peaches are particularly abundant and luscious.

This place is the seat of Furman University, an institution under the patronage of the Baptist Church, so called from the name of its founder. Quite a large sum was left by him to endow the college; but what with the shrinkage of the war, and the too-extravagant plan of the buildings, the fund is not sufficient for all purposes.

The buildings make an imposing appearance from the park of green trees in the midst of which they stand, but are as yet incomplete.

The churches are numerous and handsome. In particular, the Episcopal church is one of the most attractive, in its architecture and surroundings, of any church in this place or elsewhere in the State. The nucleus of the town may still be traced

around the court-house square, which still maintains its central superiority in trade and business. The State and United States courts are held here, and, while we were there, the latter was busily occupied in prosecuting "moonshiners."

In the western part of the city is the depot of the railroad to Columbia; at the opposite side of the town is the depot of the Air Line Railroad; and the two are connected by a street railroad, which furnishes cheap transit to passengers through the main business parts of the city.

CÆSAR'S HEAD.

FROM Greenville a large number of persons from all the low country seek the mountains of South and North Carolina, making their entrance to them at Cæsar's Head, a noble spur of the Blue Ridge, about thirty-five miles distant. A public line of hacks runs every day in the season to Cæsar's Head, which is thus reached in a few hours by a pleasant trip through a beautiful and romantic highland district. Cæsar's Head is on the South Carolina side, and is so called from some fancied resemblance in its craggy top, from some points of view, to a man's profile. This mountain, forty-four hundred feet above the sea, is on the southeastern side of the Blue Ridge, and at a salient point jutting out from the surrounding mountains. From its altitude, its outlying position, and other reasons, it presents from its summit one of the grandest and most far-reaching panoramas to be found in the Alleghanies. The view from this point presents an element not usual in the case of mountain views, to wit: an almost unlimited prospect of the low lands, which lie stretched out before us, dotted with farms and villages, traversed by streams stretching to the infinite in the blue distance. Of mountains, too, there is no lack, as it embraces almost the entire system of North Carolina, from Mount Mitchell, in Yancey county, in the north—the highest point of the Black Mountains—to Whitesides and the Nanteahaleh, in Macon county. Under the eye are some of the finest peaks of the Appalachian chain—Pisgah, Looking-Glass, the Great Hogback, Table Rock—as well as those before mentioned. Towards the lowlands, the vision ranges from King's Mountain, on the southern border of North Carolina to Currahee, in the northern part of Georgia, 210 miles from each other in a direct line. The point of view is about a quarter of a mile from the hotel at Cæsar's Head, from a bare rock, down from whose edge the dizzy precipice falls to an immeasurable depth—it is almost maddening to approach it. This noble view can, moreover, be enjoyed at leisure and with every comfort. A most excellent and commodious hotel is built near the summit, where every comfort and luxury can be had, from whose lawn even the view is fine, and from which the point of view can be reached by an easy walk. One can wait for good weather here; can choose morning or evening, or take in grand details at leisure and in comfort, without the disturbing thought of a long and tedious descent to perhaps a very indifferent cabin as one's place of rest.

Cæsar's Head is a place of much resort; the house is always full in summer of permanent and transient visitors, which adds to the natural attractions. The air is bracing and delicious, the water the purest and coolest freestone; every night a blanket is needed, and often by day a fire is pleasant, even in midsummer. There are

pleasant walks about the place and many objects of interest within a few miles. The great attraction, however, is the fine view and the bracing air. It is claimed that a residence here will cure hay fever, relieve pulmonary affections of all sorts, and is especially beneficial to nervous and consumptive patients. One can well believe that such a climate and such surroundings must do wonders for almost any of the ills to which flesh is heir.

BUCK FOREST.

TO the tourist, this place furnishes one of the most convenient points of departure for visiting some of the finest parts of the mountains of North Carolina. From here to Buck Forest, across the Ridge, and into North Carolina, is only six or seven miles. At Buck Forest we are in the classic ground of the "Land of the Sky." Here also is an excellent hotel, and generally are to be found a good many sojourners. The country around is mountainous and wooded, and is still fine for deer hunting. A pack of hounds is usually kept at Buck Forest, and the accommodating landlord will furnish a driver on almost any date, with almost a certainty of success. But the chief attraction about this place is its vicinity to the canon of Little River, a branch of the French Broad, which in the course of five or six miles presents the most splendid falls and cascades to be found in this part of the mountains. Within a mile and a half of Buck Forest are the Bridal Veil Falls, mentioned in "The Land of the Sky."

Next below, within five miles, are two other falls of great altitude and beauty. The height of these must be each nearly one hundred feet. Little River is quite a large stream, and when flushed these falls must be very grand. The leap is not unbroken in any one of them, but the rock is so nearly perpendicular, and the water is so dashed and broken up, that it rushes down with great violence and in its course forms the loveliest lace-like tracery in foam upon the dark face of the rock. The falls are all in the midst of an unbroken forest, and few things can exceed the impressive stillness, unbroken save by the rush of the waters, which seems to impart a tremulous murmur to the dark masses of trees that skirt the margin of the stream. The very accessories of forest growth add to the scene. The laurel, with deep green leaves and almost impenetrable tangle, shuts in the water's edge; behind this rises the stately hemlock and spruce and, further still, the usual forest growth of oak, poplar and chestnut. Take your lunch, O traveler, and spend the day—some bright August day—in a long visit to these falls; drink of the pure water; dine in sight of its mad rush, on the mossy rock, cooled by the spray—take in at long draughts the inspiration of nature in her wildest and grandest mood. If not romantically inclined, take your rod, O fisherman! the pools are numerous, deep and dark, and where the foaming waters reach the dark pool at the foot of the falls, you may cast a line of sixty feet. The speckled beauties are abundant, not so large as in northern streams and lakes, but large enough and numerous enough for fine sport and fine eating.

From Buck Forest to Brevard, the county seat of Transylvania County, North Carolina, is about nine or ten miles. On the road you may stop and visit the falls of Connestee, where two considerable creeks, from different directions, leap over the ledge and mingle in the falls, to form one stream below. This fall has been availed

of for a mill of the most primitive and picturesque description, which put on canvas, would make a painter's fortune. These falls are not one hundred yards from the road. You begin from this point a rapid descent to the French Broad, accompanied by a brawling brook. As you approach the valley, you catch charming views of the romantic stream and valley of the French Broad.

The next point of interest after leaving Greenville is Seneca City, forty miles distant, where the Blue Ridge Railroad crosses the Air-Line Division and runs to Walhalla, its present terminus.

Culliraja Falls are in Macon County, North Carolina, the approach to them being from Walhalla, thirty miles distant, and within twenty miles of Franklin. The route takes the traveler through the most picturesque scenery conceivable. Below the Falls there is a weird chasm, through which the water rushes on, ever restless and untiring. In looking upon these scenes the visitor is impressed with their sublimity and beauty, and conscious, if never before, of having at last witnessed one of Nature's grandest efforts.

From Walhalla to Horse Cove, Macon County, North Carolina, is about thirty miles. Conveyances or horses may be had either here or at Seneca, to take a person through in less than a day. The trip is a most enjoyable one. We begin the ascent of Stump House Mountain within a few miles of Walhalla. This mountain—an out-lying ridge of the main chain—is so called, it is said, from the fact that before it had a name, a squatter who lived upon it built his house upon four stumps of trees, which were conveniently situated for the purpose of corner posts; and for this reason his house was called Stump House, and so the mountain. The Blue Ridge Railroad is tunneling this mountain, and here for the present comes to an end. Two other ridges, under the name of mountains, are crossed in one day's route. Crossing the second, some fourteen miles from Walhalla, we come upon the beautiful Chattooga Valley. The river of the same name is one of the loveliest streams in the South, its waters, perfectly clear, running over ledges and shoals, presenting some new charm at each turn. We are now amid the mountains, and from this point onward to Horse Cove, we are ascending and descending alternately. The mountains around increase in height, presenting very imposing features, especially in the bare rocky ledges that form their sides. At seven or eight miles from Horse Cove we pass the State line, and enter North Carolina at a point where three States corner—South Carolina, North Carolina and Georgia. Passing Piney Ridge, we at last reach Horse Cove, besides the rocky banks of a branch of the Chattooga. This cove is one of the most remarkable recesses in the Blue Ridge. The road by which you enter seems the only inlet or outlet. On all sides around it rise the bare precipitous brown sides of the mountains which enclose it. The rock is unbroken, perpendicular, brown and weather-striped, lifting to the height of seventeen hundred feet. Horse Cove contains about six hundred acres of almost level land, green as an oasis, watered by a bright stream, and abounding in most beautiful vines, trees and natural grass. Opening towards the south, protected by the lofty mountains on all sides, whose stony surfaces reflect the sun's rays back upon it; the climate of the cove, at three

thousand two hundred feet above the sea, is usually equable and temperate. The nights are cool and invigorating, while the days have all the sunny warmth of a southern clime of lower latitude. The vegetation shows this; for here the wild catawba flourishes with unusual vigor and peaches are produced in great perfection.

The view from this point is such as to delight the lover of the beautiful and grand in nature. Especially is this the case at evening, when the delicious after-glow throws tints upon the mountains of indescribable tenderness and beauty. The contrast between the bright green valley and the frowning brown precipices inclosing it is exceedingly impressive. It is equally interesting to sit on the porch of the house, fronting the grand precipices, and watch the mists of evening creep like disembodied spirits up the heights, and hang upon the scraggy evergreens that fringe the summit; or, at morning, to see the fog-banks, at first so still and white, when the sun darts into the valley, wake up to life, as it were, and flit away before the darts of the sun-god. The valley is highly recommended for pulmonary disease. Its genial warmth and its elevation seem alike favorable to secure comfort to persons so afflicted. Many pleasant excursions are in reach of the Cove. One of the most attractive is to Cashier's Valley, about seven miles on the same side of the Blue Ridge. About half way, at Grimshaw's house, just beyond the Chattooga, we get a grand view of

WHITE SIDES MOUNTAIN.

THIS mountain (over six thousand feet high) offers, as well on account of its altitude as of its immense mass, one of the most striking objects to be seen in any land. It has an immense base, upon which, as upon a grand pedestal, rests a towering mass of perpendicular bare cliffs, rising, it is said, to the height of one thousand feet. These cliffs have wide bands of white stone running laterally across them, which belt the mountain with wonderful magnificence; hence its name of White Sides. These bands of white, alternated with brown, crossed by the weather stains, give to this mountain an appearance so novel and wonderful as to arrest every beholder. Above the cliffs rises the bare dome of the mountain, which is very symmetrical and rounded, without trees and covered with a kind of gorse. The whole mountain, from base to summit, is visible from Grimshaw's, and seems so near as to be almost impending. On the right, as you look, is an irregular projecting crag called the Devil's Court House; on the left, at about the same height, another pinnacled crag, around and up which is the ascent to the top. At a distance (say from Cæsar's Head), and even near at hand, the crags resting upon the pedestal present the appearance of an immense recumbent animal, with head resting on out-stretched paws.

Four miles further is Cashier's Valley, a high table-land about thirty-four hundred feet above the sea. This place, a mere hamlet, is much visited by invalids, consumptives especially, on account of its climate.

From this point is made the ascent of Chimney Top, a lofty, isolated peak, which gives an unusually fine and extensive view. Two or three miles further, passing through the pretty valley of the Jamestown, once much frequented by the

lowlanders, we come to the corundum mines, a rare and valuable mineral, only two deposits of which are known to exist on this continent, and both these in this county.

CASHIER'S VALLEY

is situated upon the very apex of the Blue Ridge Mountains. This valley is the most elevated of any in Western North Carolina, having an altitude of more than five thousand feet above the sea, from four to five miles long, and about one and a half miles wide. On its north is the Sheep Cliff Mountain; east, the Rock Mountain and Chimney Top; south, the Terrapin; and west, the great White Sides. Passing through McKinney's Gap, and over the Blue Ridge toward the north we would descend the waters and into the fertile valley of the Tuckaseegee; crossing through Chimney Top Gap to the east—this side of the Blue Ridge—we drop suddenly into Fairfield Valley, three hundred feet lower than Cashier's, a most lovely place. Descending toward the west, we enter the Horse Cove Valley, nestling under the shadow of White Sides. Following the waters, from Cashier's to the south, we are brought to a sudden halt by the roaring precipice of the White Water Falls, equal in volume of water, and, in magnificence of scenery vying with the celebrated Tallulah Falls of Georgia. After several stupendous leaps this stream plunges into the beautiful valley of Jocosee in South Carolina, and then changes its name to Keowee, and augmented by other tributaries, at once assumes the name of river, rushing forward in a more business-like manner, hurrying on to headquarters. There are also in the vicinity of Cashier's Valley the Tuckaseegee Falls, Sugar Fork Falls—a series of delightful cascades, walled in by moss-covered rocks and luxurious forests—Taxiway Rapids, and many other pretty water-falls, any of which would attract attention in other localities.

Another excursion is to the top of White Sides, to supplement our description, a mountain reaching up, as it were, to the clouds, the ascent of which is made most readily from this side. It is a very pleasant and romantic ride of about six miles, with a steep climb of some one thousand feet, the greater part of which can be made on horseback. The trip up the White Sides need not occupy more than a day, and can be quite easily made in less time, and the view from the mountain, not to speak of the ride to its base through the wild uplands, will fully repay any one for the time and labor spent. With few exceptions, the outlook here is the most extended and magnificent to be had in the mountains of North Carolina, vying in every respect with many more familiar and celebrated views in other parts of our favored land. Looking from the peak of White Sides, portions of four States are spread before the gaze, embracing a mountain region of vast extent and unusual beauty. To tarry awhile in this corner of the State assures to the tourist any amount of enjoyment, and affords a fund of gratifying experiences to be referred to with pleasurable emotions. No one will leave this neighborhood without visiting the beautiful Highlands, Macon County, North Carolina. Dr. G. W. Kibbie, inventor of the fever cot, whose heroic efforts to stay the yellow fever in New Orleans are well-known, says: "Highlands offers inducements to the health seeker that can be found in no

other part of the United States, Southern California not excepted. It is situated in an undulating plain, whose general level is about four thousand feet above the ocean, with mountain peaks all around, some of which shoot up one thousand to twelve hundred feet above the plain. The abruptness of the ascent to this extended elevated region, places it at once in the upper strata of air, high above the malarial influences of the lowlands surrounding it. These circumstances combine to give Highlands a mild, temperate moisture in the atmosphere, that is peculiarly soothing to the irritated mucous surfaces of the lungs of consumptives, and quieting to exciting nervous systems, giving an exemption from colds, hay fever, catarrh, and other annoying ailments. The healing, soothing qualities of this atmosphere are entirely unknown to debilitated persons who remain in the ordinary atmosphere of the United States, the hygrometry of which is so variable. The evenness of the temperature and moisture extends through the whole year, making the climate the best winter resort for consumptives and dyspeptics, from either North or South, that can be found on this continent, and probably the whole world, as I know of no spot on earth containing all the advantages of this most elevated southern point of the Blue Ridge."

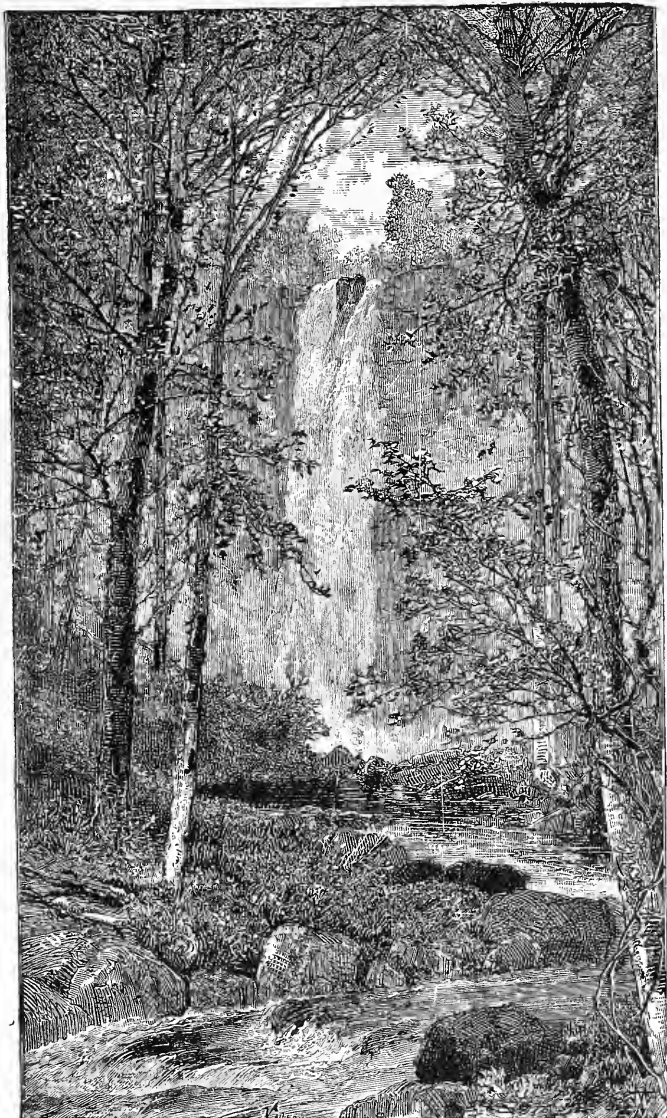
Within five miles of the village are a dozen or more grand waterfalls and a score of mountain peaks and ridges, from which magnificent views extend northward to the Tennessee line, and southward to the distant lowlands of South Carolina and Georgia.

TOCCOA FALLS.

TWENTY-TWO miles southwest of Seneca, the road crosses the Tugalo—famous for its grand chasm, one of nature's loveliest aspects—into Habersham County, Georgia; and six miles further on enters Toccoa City, "the substance of things hoped for." This is a railroad village due to the opening of this line. It is the nearest outlet, by country roads, of the trade of the extreme southwestern part of North Carolina, which used in former days to pass this way to Athens, and Augusta, Georgia. The place finds trade enough in this way to support a dozen stores and two hotels, and is much resorted to in summer. The climate is cool and delightful, remarkably healthy, and the location convenient to travel from—north and south. Besides it is the point from which to visit the celebrated Toccoa Falls, only two miles distant, and easily reached by a good road, either on foot or by hack. Toccoa Falls are on a creek of the same name, which tumbles perpendicularly over a rock, down a height of 185 feet, and before reaching the bottom is dispersed in mist, which, visible to the eye against the background of dark rock, waves to and fro in a weird manner at once wonderful and beautiful. The Indian name signifies "The Beautiful." These Falls have been often delineated by the artist, and, while no picture equals the reality, many of them are very good representations.

MOUNT AIRY

is thirteen miles south of Toccoa and eighty miles from Atlanta, Georgia. It is well named, being 1,610 feet above the level of the sea. It is a bright, new, thrifty



TOCCOA FALLS.

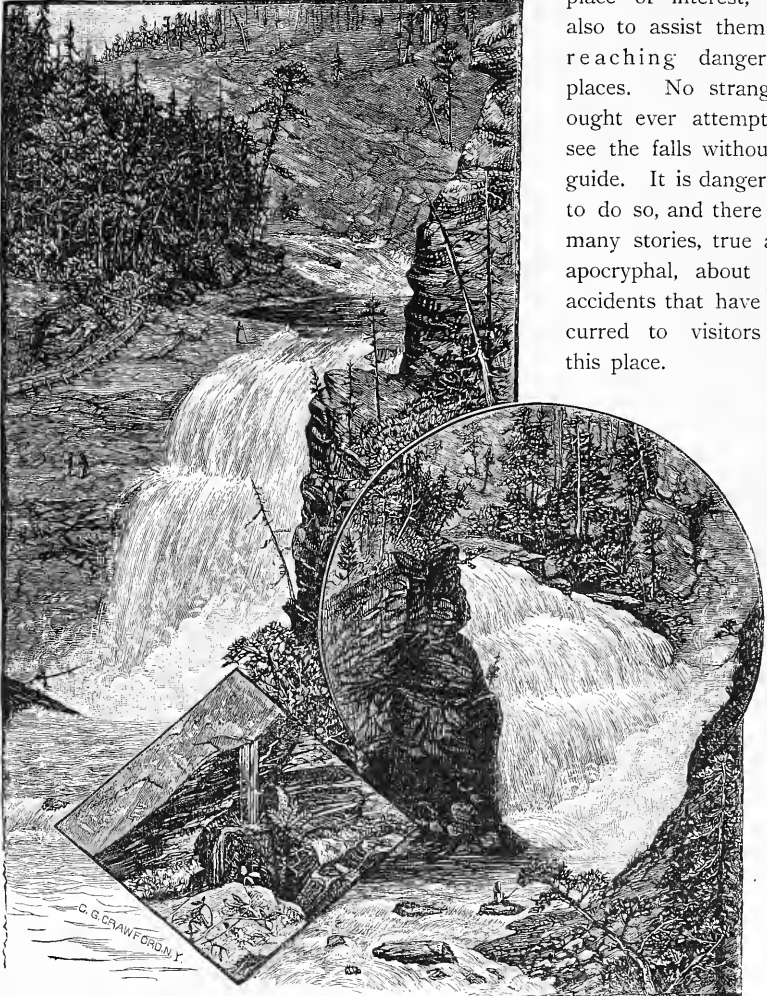
village, and has a good livery stable and one of the cosiest and most comfortable hotels to be found in the State. From the verandah of the Mount Airy Hotel are probably the most superb views of the mountains on the north, and plains on the

south, obtainable from a building in Georgia. But from Grand View Peak, two miles from the hotel, the views surpass those of almost any other point in the State. To the north, the Blue Ridge stands in full view from Walker's Mountain into North Carolina, at least 150 miles. Stone Mountain, eighty miles west, is clearly defined, although its peak is 800 feet below the observer; while Yonah, Tray and other mountains, twenty to thirty miles away, show plainly their precipices and forest robes. Southwest, there is an unbroken woodland to the horizon, sixty to eighty miles, strikingly like a view on the ocean, but more like the Great Plains as they appear from a cleft in the Rocky Mountains. So far Mount Airy has proved a safe asylum to sufferers from hay fever and diseases of the throat and lungs, many of whom have been here their second season with decided benefit. This atmosphere resembles that of Colorado in clearness and tone more than that of any place east of the Rockies and seems a specific against soreness or aches from walking, climbing or riding. At Mount Airy we are at the summit of the Piedmont Air Line and upon a level with the top of Stone Mountain, near Atlanta. A park of some 500 acres of woodland is immediately in front of the hotel, including an elevation capped by an observatory which gives a view almost enchanting in its breadth of perspective. Far away to the northward are the peaks and domes of the Alleghanies, with Mount Yonah in the lead, and to the left the solitary Stone Mountain. Then southward and eastward, the valleys and the plains each away in a dim prospective to the lowlands of Georgia, giving a vivid impression to the beholder that he is indeed looking clear down to the sea. This has been aptly called "Ocean View." We visited this point at sunrise and watched the early beams dispersing the misty cohorts of the night until the curling smoke from the chimney of the distant hotel kitchen warned us that our breakfast would soon be ready, and we left our perch regretfully. A building for private concerts, theatricals, etc., and other improvements of decided value have recently been added to the Mount Airy Hotel. Between Toccoa and Mount Airy we pass Currahee Mountain, a notable and abrupt spur, giving a grand view from its summit of probably a hundred miles in extent. This mountain was formerly used by the United States coast survey as a point of triangulation. A good path leads to the top.

From Mount Airy to Rabun Gap Junction is only two miles. Here the Northeastern Railroad of Georgia connects with the Piedmont Air Line for Clarksville, eight miles; Turnersville, seventeen miles, and Tallulah Falls, twenty-one miles.

There is nothing in approaching Tallulah to warn the traveler that he is near so great a chasm, and not till one stands on the dizzy edge of this tremendous cañon has he an idea of the grand—almost awful—character of the scene. To attempt a description of this chasm is futile. No adequate idea has ever been given of it in words and no pictures (and there are many) have ever come near reality. To apprehend it, it must be seen, and even that cannot be done in a manner at all satisfactory, in less than two or three days. Tallulah (The Terrible), a large stream, here breaks through the last obstacle in its eastward course and, for two miles, through a gorge 1,200 feet in depth and of unsurpassed grandeur is dashed over deep falls, over great rocks,

broken into cascades in the wildest and most astounding manner. It requires steady nerves and strong muscles to visit the different points of interest along the edge of the chasm or to scramble down its deep and rugged face to behold the mad struggles of the troubled waters. Guides are furnished, not only to point out to visitors every



place of interest, but also to assist them in reaching dangerous places. No strangers ought ever attempt to see the falls without a guide. It is dangerous to do so, and there are many stories, true and apocryphal, about the accidents that have occurred to visitors to this place.

TALLULAH FALLS, PIEDMONT AIR LINE.

“On the 5th of July, 1837, the Rev. Mr. Hawthorn, a minister of the Presbyterian Church, arrived at Clarksville by stage. He preached in the evening of that day and on the following Sunday, and gained the approbation and almost the admiration of all who heard him. Those with whom he became partially acquainted

during this time esteemed him very highly as a Christian minister. With others, he went on a visit to the Tallulah Falls. After the party had closed their excursion to the falls, he and some other gentlemen concluded to go into a beautiful basin of water between two of the falls for the purpose of bathing. Some ladies being in company, they waited on them to some distance, leaving Mr. Hawthorn alone at the water, intending to return and bathe with him. They did return, but only found his clothing on the rocks. He was gone, and gone forever. It is supposed that he went into the water, and, from some circumstance unknown, sunk to rise no more. His body was found a week afterwards."

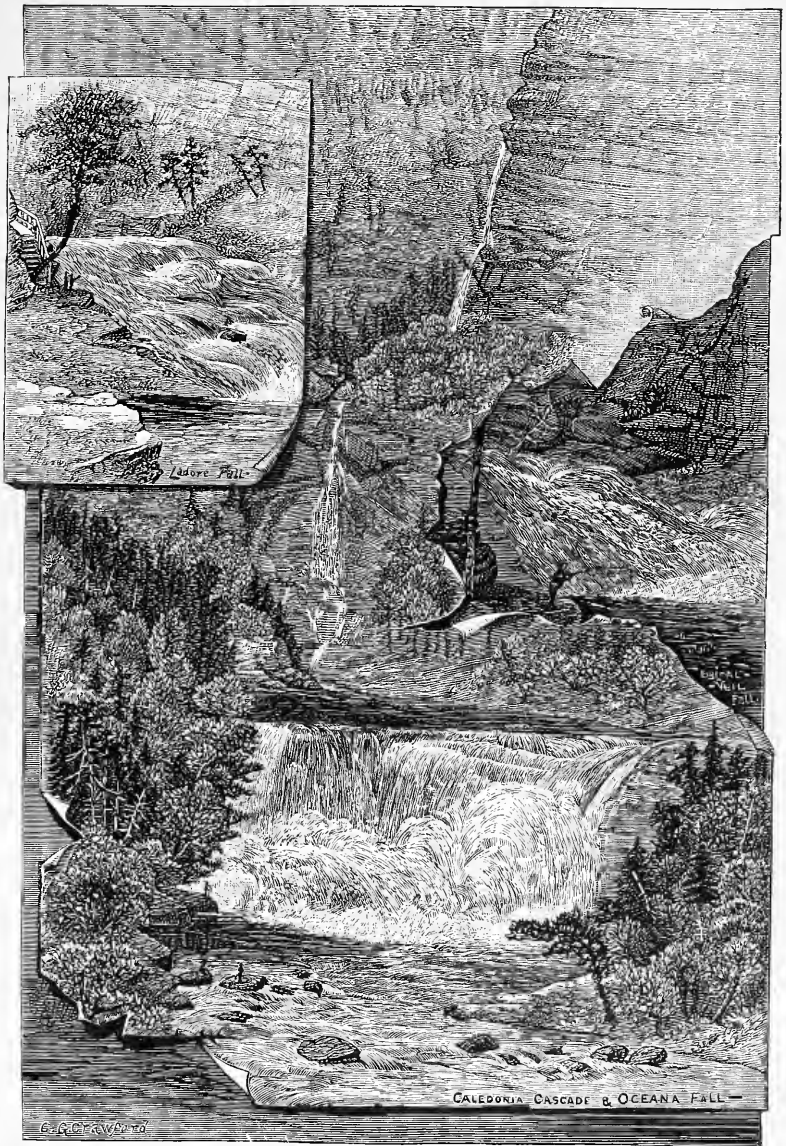
Clarksville, the county seat of Habersham County, is delightfully situated on the Soquee River, and its beauty is increased by the picturesque grandeur of the surrounding country. This is the nearest railroad point to Nacoochee Valley, which takes its name from an Indian princess, and means "The Evening Star." For a delightful story, of which Nacoochee is the heroine, see "Historical Collections of Georgia," page 486.

Clayton, the county seat of Rabun County, is seven miles north of Tallulah Falls, at the foot of the Blue Ridge and immediately in the projected line of the North Eastern Railroad. Rabun is a county of mountains. In whatever direction the eye is turned, it beholds ridges of mountains, one behind the other, "like a dark-blue sea of giant billows, instantly stricken solid by nature's magic wand." The valleys are Tennessee, War Woman, Persimmon, Tiger Tail and Simpson's Creek. In the county are several caves, but none particularly celebrated. Ten miles from Clayton is a beautiful fall, called Eastatoah, and about four miles from Clayton are the Stekoa Falls, which many persons think superior in beauty to the far-famed Toccoa Falls.

Rabun Gap is near the line of the Northeastern Railroad. The country in its vicinity is very picturesque, composed of sloping hills, fertile valleys and winding streams, and is becoming a great resort for the pleasure-seeking public, for whose accommodation every preparation is made. When the railroad extension down the valley of the Tennessee River is completed, Rabun Gap will at once spring into importance as one of the most attractive resorts to be found on the almost numberless branches and divisions of the Richmond and Danville System. From Rabun Gap Junction to White Sulphur Springs is nineteen miles. At the foot of a steep hill is located the spring, in a spacious structure; its waters are celebrated throughout the South for curative properties.

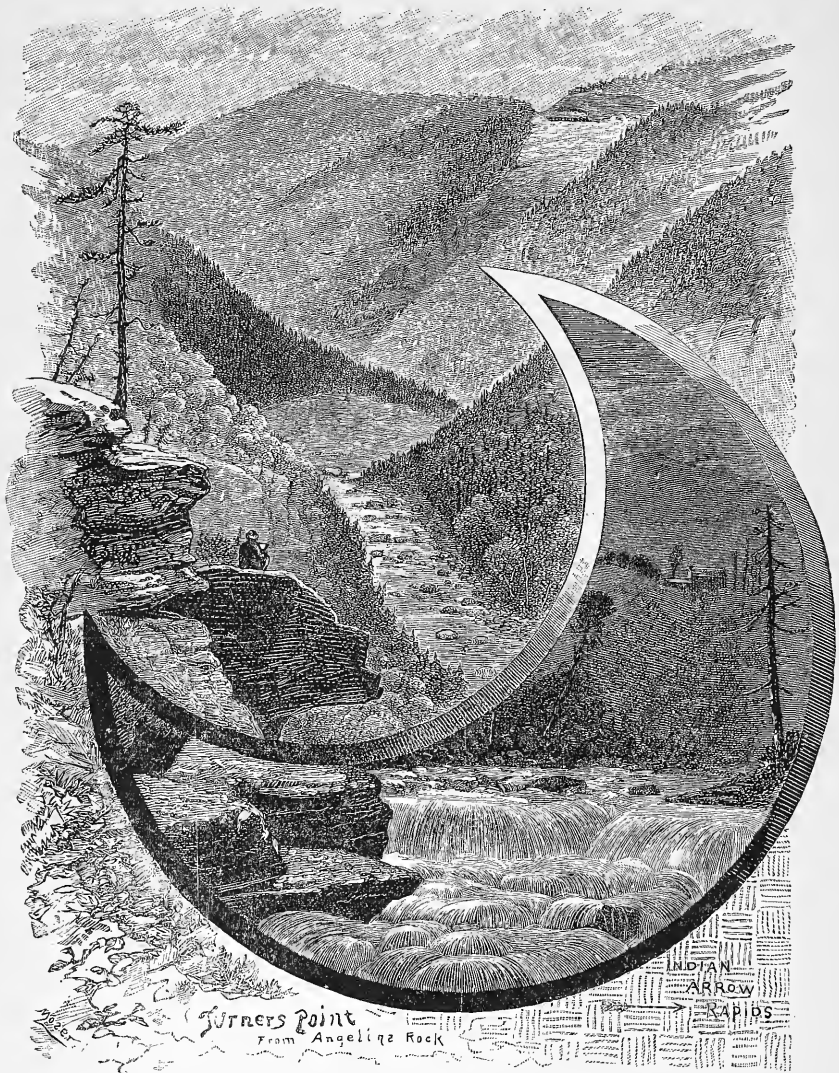
New Holland Springs are located near the road, four miles from White Sulphur and two from Gainesville. The main spring has an outflow of about fifteen thousand gallons an hour, and is about six hundred yards from the Chalybeate and Sulphur Springs. The latter is valuable as a cure for dyspepsia, rheumatism, kidney complaint, etc. This resort is quite popular with Georgians, and particularly with Atlanta people.

Gainesville, fifty-three miles from Atlanta, is a flourishing town, and much resorted to in summer, where, in season, pleasant company and good accommodations are to be met with. The hotel building is large and airy, and so constructed as



CALEDONIA CASCADE AND OCEANA FALLS.

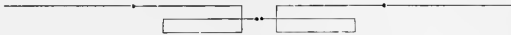
to admit an abundance of light and air into each room, and faces a spacious lawn. It is always thronged with city people during the heated term. At Gainesville, parties



TURNERS POINT FROM ANGELINA ROCK, AND INDIAN ARROW RAPIDS.

for Porter Springs leave the road. Mineral waters of many varieties abound in this region. Only a few of these have been improved. Parties for Nacoochee Valley, Mount Yonah, Dahlonega and the gold region of Georgia can reach these places conveniently from this point.

THE WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA RAILROAD



was chartered by the General Assembly of North Carolina on the 15th day of February, 1855, nearly thirty years ago; its "purpose was to effect a communication between the North Carolina Railroad (which runs from Goldsboro to Salisbury, N. C.) and the Valley of the Mississippi." The *termini* of the road were fixed, as beginning at "the town of Salisbury and running thence to some point on the French Broad river beyond the Blue Ridge." In 1859, the charter was extended "through the valleys of Pigeon and Tuckaseege rivers to a point on the Tennessee line at or near Ducktown," and down the French Broad to "form connections by rail with the cities of Chattanooga and Memphis."

This magnificent scheme of railway communication, passing from the eastern section of North Carolina through the "hill country" of the centre to the lofty mountains of the west, and down the French Broad, the most beautiful tributary of the great "Father of Waters," to the Mississippi Valley, has now been almost completed. The engines of the railroad system which rouse the slumbers of the people in Eastern North Carolina will sound the knell of departing day far beyond the lofty mountain peaks, and the shriek of the whistles will startle the dreamers in the cities of Tennessee.

The Western North Carolina Railroad passing directly over the great Appalachian range at Swannanoa Gap, and down the French Broad to Paint Rock, with its Western Division diverging at Asheville and reaching the Pigeon Valley; thence over the dark recesses of the towering Balsam, and gently dropping again to the romantic valleys of the Tuckaseege and the Tennessee rivers; then bounding upwards along the tumbling waters of the Nantehaleh to Marble Gap, and descending the sloping sides of the mountain by the little streams that gather their waters into the plain below and form the Valley river, so appropriately named, and on through the wide and fertile lands that lie on its banks, to the confluence of the Hiwassee, where the little town of Murphy nestles between those crystal streams, is one of the most interesting and important of the several roads that constitute this route from the sea to the "mighty river."

It offers to the tourist, the artist, and the poet the most charming scenes of nature; to the sick and weary, rest and health; to the capitalist, investment and profit; while there is no region which affords more numerous and splendid varieties

of flowers to captivate the eye of the botanist. The mineralogist and geologist may here find a primitive earth, almost unexplored, undeveloped and unknown, whose surface invites the genius of man to penetrate the earth and gather its hidden treasures.

The forests of mammoth walnut, the sturdy oaks, the lofty pines, the towering and graceful hemlocks, the beautiful cherry, the locust that never decays, the dog-wood for shuttles and pins, the fantastic rhododendrons, the maples of infinite variety and unequalled beauty, and the stately poplar invite the manufacturer, the builder and the lumberman to visit this new land, now just opened for travel and trade.

The rich verdure of the valleys, the grass sodden slopes and the natural pastures of the mountain sides offer to those fond of pastoral life a rich and profitable field. The water-falls on the un failing streams that come roaring down the mountain furnish motive power sufficient to turn every wheel in the Union, and make their machinery buzz and whirl with activity and life.

Let the traveler forget his cares and the country behind him and join us in a tour over the road, to see what we can find to interest and please us, or perchance to give us back our health, or make an honest profit on a fortunate venture. The Richmond and Danville Railroad system begins north at Alexandria and Washington City, where comfortable coaches, Buffet cars and Pullman sleepers are attached to its trains. Leaving Washington, after breakfast in the morning, we arrive at Salisbury at about 11 o'clock P. M. The sleeper goes on the same night, forming through connection to Knoxville, Louisville, Chicago and all Western points, but if we travel to see and be seen, we should stop over at Salisbury a day, and view the ancient town, one of the oldest in the State, and rich in historic interests. Here was one of the Confederate prisons for Union soldiers during the "late unpleasantness," and the federal government has erected a granite monument to the memory of the men who died for the cause they embraced. The base of the monument is constructed of large blocks of granite, surmounted by a die of the same material, beautifully adorned with appropriate symbols; resting upon this is an obelisk, about thirty feet in height. The cemetery around is dotted with graves marked by headstones, and the sward is adorned with flowers and shade trees; the whole is kept smooth and neat by the officer in charge, and constitutes an attractive spot to the visitor.

From Salisbury we start west and travel twenty-six miles to Statesville, a flourishing town of three thousand inhabitants, the county seat of Iredell County. The Charlotte, Columbia and Augusta Railroad from Augusta, Ga., intersects the Western North Carolina Railroad at this place, and daily contributes its quota of travelers from Charleston, Augusta and other southern cities, who come by through connection and in comfortable coaches and sleepers to this point. It will pay the tourist or botanist to stop over a day at this place and visit the large medical herbarium of Wallace Bros.

During the late war the Confederate Government established a laboratory at this point for the manufacture of medicines from native roots, herbs and seeds, and put it in charge of an accomplished herbist named Hyams, who discovered many new and efficacious medical remedies, and contributed very much, by his scientific knowl-

edge, to the alleviation of the suffering soldiers. After the war the Messrs. Wallace Brothers, who are enterprising and successful merchants, continued the business, and, in 1876, made an exhibition, at the Philadelphia Centennial, of medical herbs, roots, seeds, leaves and barks, which attracted the attention of botanists and physicians, and gave an impetus to the trade in these commodities which has greatly exceeded the expectations of its proprietors.

The Statesville Female College, formerly built by the Presbyterian Church, but now owned by a joint stock company, is located in this pretty little city, and receives a liberal patronage from the surrounding country. It is situated on a beautiful eminence, which commands a fine view of the mountains, and the fresh air which sweeps over it gives vigor and health to the pupils. Its corps of teachers is very competent and the school is the pride and ornament of the town.

Statesville is rapidly becoming a good tobacco market; within the last few years the growth of this product has greatly increased in the counties lying north and west of it, and this being the nearest railroad market it finds sale through the dealers in this city. Several fine warehouses and a number of manufactories indicate a healthy and increasing trade in this commodity. Between Salisbury and Statesville is a grain country, and in the autumn, when the seeds of the rag-weed have ripened in the stubble fields, the

QUAIL SHOOTING

is fine and plentiful. There are several kennels in this vicinity where bird dogs are trained for the sport, and the sportsman can bag his score or more of birds every day.

The English snipe also abounds along the streams, with an occasional woodcock to add to the variety. The weather is mild until the 15th of December.

Leaving Statesville, a few miles from town, we pass over a magnificent arched bridge, made of stone and brick, which spans a large creek, then through a pleasant country to the Catawba river, thence up its banks and fertile valley several miles, with picturesque farms on either side, and on till we cross the stream and stop a little way beyond at Catawba Station. In this vicinity, though not in sight, are two large cotton factories, run by water power, which make fine yarn, cotton plaids and plain shirtings. The investment in these mills is said to yield large profits. Near here is a good quality of white marble. The block placed by North Carolina in the Washington monument was procured by Dr. D. W. Schenck, of Lincolnton, N. C., the agent for the State, in 1846, from a quarry of this marble. Valuable gold deposits and rich veins of this precious metal have been worked on Mountain creek, a few miles south of this station. About the year 1850, Henry Causler took from one pocket, in a few hours, 1,950 pennyweights of pure gold, and the next day 770 pennyweights. Lime in great abundance is found near here, and the State at one time granted a charter for a branch of the Western North Carolina Railroad to run to it. This whole region is one of interest to the immigrant, the capitalist and the manufacturer.

Some fifteen miles west of this station we reach Newton, the county seat of Catawba county, a thriving, growing, busy town, with several fine merchant mills, a large cotton factory, near the depot, run by steam, and a hat manufactory. The county of Catawba was originally settled by Protestant Germans, and is now the most flourishing and best farmed of any county in Western Carolina. Its lands are rich, all modern agricultural implements are used, and it has good schools and numerous churches.

At Newton there is a flourishing high school, owned, controlled, and patronized by the German Reformed Church.

At Conover, the next station, a few miles west of Newton, there is another high school, which belongs to the Lutheran Church, and is well patronized by this large and influential denomination.

From Conover a few minutes' ride brings us to Hickory, a town of 1,500 inhabitants, which has grown up since the war, and owes its prosperity chiefly to the tobacco business. Large quantities of "the weed" are manufactured into cigars, cigarettes, plugs, and snuff, and a great deal of the leaf is sent to other markets. The cultivation of this profitable crop is increasing every year. The town is a considerable summer resort.

In six miles of this place are the

SPARKLING CATAWBA SPRINGS,

situated among the foothills of the Brushy Mountain range.

There are two large and comfortable main buildings, situated on the summit of high hills, and a number of comfortable cottages for families, that afford room for two hundred guests.

A handsome elevated stand, where a good band discourses sweet music every evening, and a spacious ball room, and other attractions make the place pleasant and agreeable.

The chief attraction is Sulphur Springs. There is also a chalybeate spring of excellent quality on the grounds. Lying as this place does in a rolling country and at an altitude of 1,000 feet, the scenery around is charming, and the air pure, cool and bracing.

It is well patronized every year and the visitor should not pass without seeing and enjoying it a few days at least. The Chester and Lenoir Narrow Gauge Railroad, belonging to the Richmond and Danville system, which runs from Lancaster, South Carolina, via Chester and Yorkville in that State, and Dallas, Lincolnton, and Newton, North Carolina, intersects the Western North Carolina Railroad at Hickory, and continues twenty miles northwest to its terminus at Lenoir, in Caldwell county. By means of this route travelers from the South find easy connection to the main route over the mountains. At Icard or Connellys, ten miles beyond Hickory, is found a chalybeate spring, with a tracing of arsenic, which Dr. Whitehead, a distinguished physician, pronounces to be wonderfully efficacious in skin diseases and kidney affections.

The hotel is new, but the accommodations limited. The invalid may find here what is dearer to him than luxury and wealth—that restoration to health and vigor which he may have vainly sought elsewhere.

The base of the Blue Ridge is reached at Morganton and the glorious panorama of mountain scenery begins to unfold itself to the delighted vision. The Table Rock, a giant boulder of granite stretching up 4,000 feet, with its flat surface of twenty acres and its perpendicular sides reaching into the dark valleys below, presents a most striking outline against the blue sky beyond it, and in juxtaposition is the Hawk's Bill, a lonely, barren rock over 4,000 feet high, which seems to have been cleft by some mighty convulsion of nature from the Table Rock, and to have been placed on the other side of the Linville river as a sentinel on its banks. One view of this pinnacle presents the profile of a hawk's head and beak, and the name is derived from this peculiar contour of its face. The hotels in this village are well kept. The Western Insane Asylum, erected by the State, overlooks the town. It is a palatial building, with wings, towers, gables, slate roofs, observatories, and every appendage of modern architecture to adorn and beautify it. The cost was half a million of dollars. The cool, salubrious atmosphere of the mountains, and the fresh, cold, free-stone water with which it is abundantly supplied, have been found almost as efficacious to the patients as the scientific knowledge of the learned physicians who have these unfortunate inmates under their charge. From the outlook of the highest observatory over the main building the whole range of the Blue Ridge for a sweep of hundreds of miles can be distinctly seen; and it will afford pleasure to the hospitable citizens of the town or the officers in charge of the asylum, to point out the different peaks and pinnacles, that rise in such apparent confusion around. The Black Mountain, Mitchell's Peak, the Roan and other notable peaks, are in full view.

If the traveler has time, he can visit from here, with profit to his health and delight, the Linville Falls and the Piedmont, and Glen Alpine Springs.

LINVILLE FALLS,

about twenty-five miles distant, is where the Linville River bursts through the solid rock of the mountain, forming perpendicular walls on either side of five hundred feet in height, beautifully painted by the corroding fingers of time with the red oxides which are contained in the rocks, and then plunges one hundred and thirty feet into the abyss below, breaking into fleecy sprays before it reaches the bottom of the gulf. The roaring of this terrific cataract can be heard for miles before we reach its base. A few years ago there was a step in the fall, at the depth of thirty feet, where the maddened waters dashed against the shelving rock and were arrested before they took another leap; but this adamantine obstruction at last gave way, under the constant pressure of the stream, and the water now goes plunging down unobstructed. The region around these falls is wild and almost impenetrable to the foot of man, and the

DEER HUNTING

entices the keen sportsman to seek this fleet and cunning game in this vicinity.

The style of hunting is different, however, from this sport in other localities. Here the hunter is placed at a stand, on the banks of this crystal stream, where the water is ponded back a little way by some opposing ledge of rock, by which it is made still and deep, and being overhung with the hemlock and the rhododendrons, forms a secluded spot for refuge and concealment. The "driver," accompanied by the hounds, ascends the steep mountain sides and "starts" the deer among the crags, where they "herd" during the day, and after some hours' chase, growing weary and hot, they invariably descend the ridges to the streams below, where they can lave themselves in the dark pools and escape from the keen scent of the pursuing dogs. At these resorts the hunter stands, with watchful eye and bated breath, waiting with ready gun in hand for the appearance of these graceful denizens of the forest. The hounds are far away over some cliff, scenting their slow but unerring way along the retreating trail, and their deep bay never reaches the silent listener below; but as the sun ascends the morning sky and the dew ceases its droppings from the foliage above, and he grows impatient and lonely, he is startled by a rolling rock which tumbles from the ridge overhead; listening a moment he hears the crackling noise of the broken sticks which have given way under an advancing footstep; his heart beats like a fever was upon him; another moment and the green branches of the laurel are disturbed by something which is passing under them; the gaze of the hunter is more intense and his eyes are stretched to their utmost; there is an open space between him and the forest, which the old "driver" has pointed out as the place where the game must pass before it can approach the pool it wearily seeks; into this area the noble game emerges and the sound of the gun is reverberated for miles up and down the stream. If the hunter has been cool, cautious and steady, the whoop of triumph sends his glad tidings of success to the "stander" below, and the winding horn swells the joyful notes to the mountain top, where the jolly old "driver" returns his shrill echo back with triumph gladness in its tones, and the mountain resounds with the notes of victory on every hand. The hunters concentrate at the spot where the gun was heard and each narrates what he saw or did in the chase, and congratulations are showered on the lucky companion who has slain the game. But if he don't kill it! No! we will not paint that unlucky picture.

In Burke County, where Morganton is situated, are found precious metals of various kinds. Gold has been found so plentifully, to the south of the village, on the headwaters of the Broad river, that it is known as the "Golden Valley;" not so enchanting as the "Happy Valley" of Rasselas, perhaps, but oftener sought and more coveted. The mines are worked principally by sluicing. The fountains of the streams are tapped by piping, which conducts the water to the deposits, and is let upon the ground with great force, separating the gold, which sinks to the bottom in troughs, and is collected by quicksilver.

Moving westward from Morganton we pass up and along the fertile valley of the Catawba, with the mountains rising on either side, until we reach Marion, in



CATAWBA FALLS.

McDowell County. This is the point to stop, if one desires to visit the Falls of Catawba and

THE ROAN MOUNTAIN,

which lies about thirty miles north. It can be easily reached in a day's travel. Hire a carriage in Marion, pass through the picturesque farms in Turkey Cove, and over Gillespie's Gap to the little Swiss-looking village of Bakersville, which lies on both sides of the limpid waters of Caney creek.

After an hour's rest and a hearty meal, you ride nine miles up to the top of the Roan. It is 6,306 feet high, and the summit is a green sward of matted blue grass, with here and there a cluster of trees or bushes. The "Cloudland Hotel" is built on its summit, and affords a comfortable resting-place for visitors.

The view is unbroken, and limited only by the powers of vision; when these fail, add field-glasses, and take in Tennessee and Virginia and the Cumberland Gap, until the eye is weary, then sit behind the large telescope at the hotel and peer into the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia; look down on the lofty Pilot and bring near the moving trains on the East Tennessee, Virginia & Georgia Railroad; then follow the tributaries of the Holston, the French Broad and the Kanawha rivers, as they wind their pearly ways out from among the "everlasting hills." A feeling of awe and wonder will impress you, and not till you have turned to the south and seen the rugged grandeur of the "Black" towering above will you realize that there are yet other steps to climb.

The level and bald plateau of the Roan, and its great altitude, offers a wider, grander and more extended view than any other peak east of the Rocky Mountains. It is too cold for vegetation, except some hardy shrubs; the air is so rarefied that water boils before it is hot enough to cook food, and the springs on its summit are so cold that their waters have to be drunk with caution.

The "Avery Spring" is 48° F., or 12° below the best spring waters of the valley. It is seldom that good well water falls to 61°.

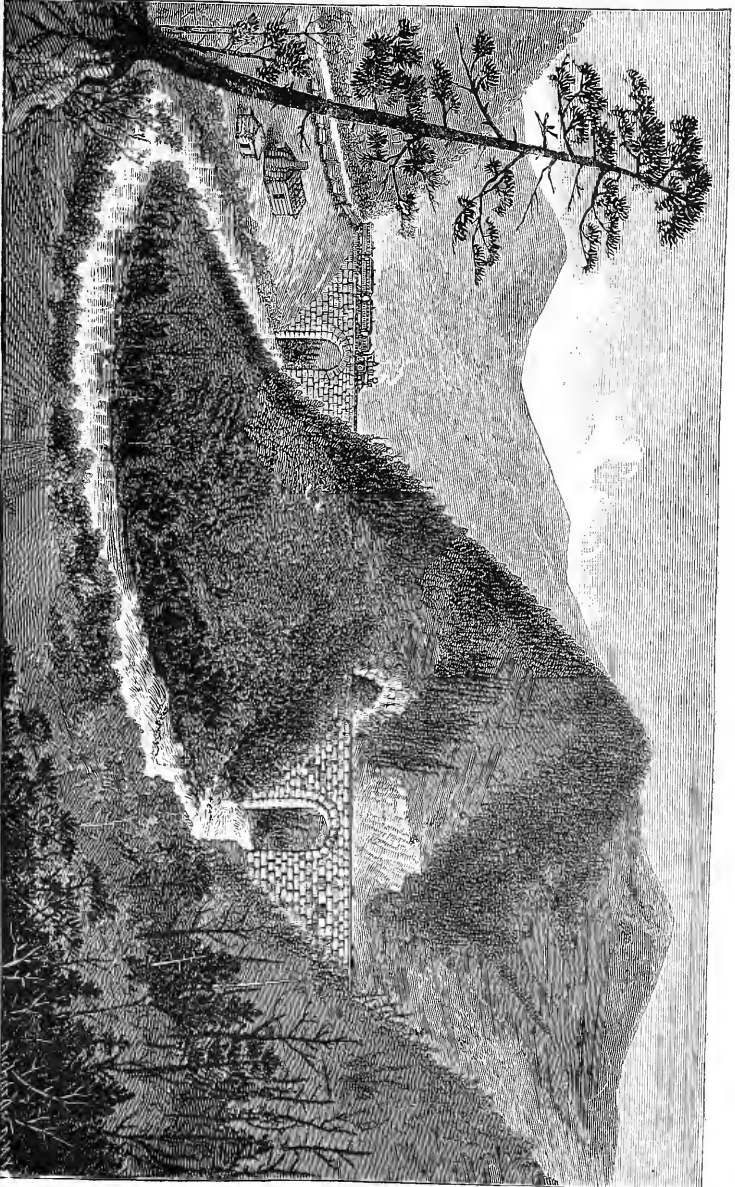
The Roan Mountain is in North Carolina; the Tennessee line passing along the northern edge of its summit.

It is in the Counties of Mitchell and Yancey, lying immediately on the north of the WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA RAILROAD, and in easy access that the

WONDERFUL MICA MINES

are found, from which nine-tenths of the world's supply of this useful mineral is obtained. It was first discovered in Mitchell County about the year 1867, and new developments and discoveries have been made, until many thousands of dollars' worth of this commodity is shipped every year to the great cities, and fortunes have been made by the workers of these mines, and dealers in their products.

If the tourist desires to get a definite idea of this extensive business let him call on G. D. Ray, of Burnsville, in Yancey County, who now owns mines that are said to yield him a rental of \$10,000 per year. These mines were once worked to a limited extent by some prehistoric race who lived in the stone age. Here and there



VIADUCTS NEAR HENRY'S, W. N. C. R. R.

are found excavations on the surface from ten to twenty feet deep, which have been sunk until the miners came in contact with the hard felspar and their stone implements being too soft to penetrate further, they would abandon that spot for one where the mica was more easily reached. Mr. Ray, after many failures, had ceased to mine. But one snowy day two strangers from New Hampshire visited one of these prehistoric excavations and assured Mr. Ray that the outcrop was the same as the mica mines in their State, and if he would blast through the granite formation he would strike the long sought treasure. Encouraged by these assurances he risked everything he had on the venture and began to drill and blast. After going twenty feet into solid rock he touched off a blast, but instead of making the usual upheaval of stone, a dull sound was heard and a puff of smoke ascended from the hole where the drill had been driven. Several other efforts terminated with a like result, until, at last, an inclined hole was drilled and a blast inserted; this time the crust of granite was broken and fell with a thud into the hollow cavity below. This proved to be in shape like a hollow globe, ten feet in diameter, and was filled with large blocks of almost pure mica. Blasting forty feet further through the same granite formation he struck the rich vein of shining isinglass, which glittered like gold and is worth from one to five dollars per pound. He is now at ease, so far as this world's goods can make him so.

This mine is on the northern slope of the "Black."

The mica is found in blocks of various sizes, from six inches to two feet square, and of varying thickness. Mr. Ray's collection of minerals is well worth seeing, and from them a correct idea of the wealth of this region can be formed. Beryl, in some of its most beautiful forms, is found among the mica.

The Aqua Marine Crystals, found here, are almost equal in lustre to the diamond, and are often mistaken for that precious gem when cut and mounted into jewelry.

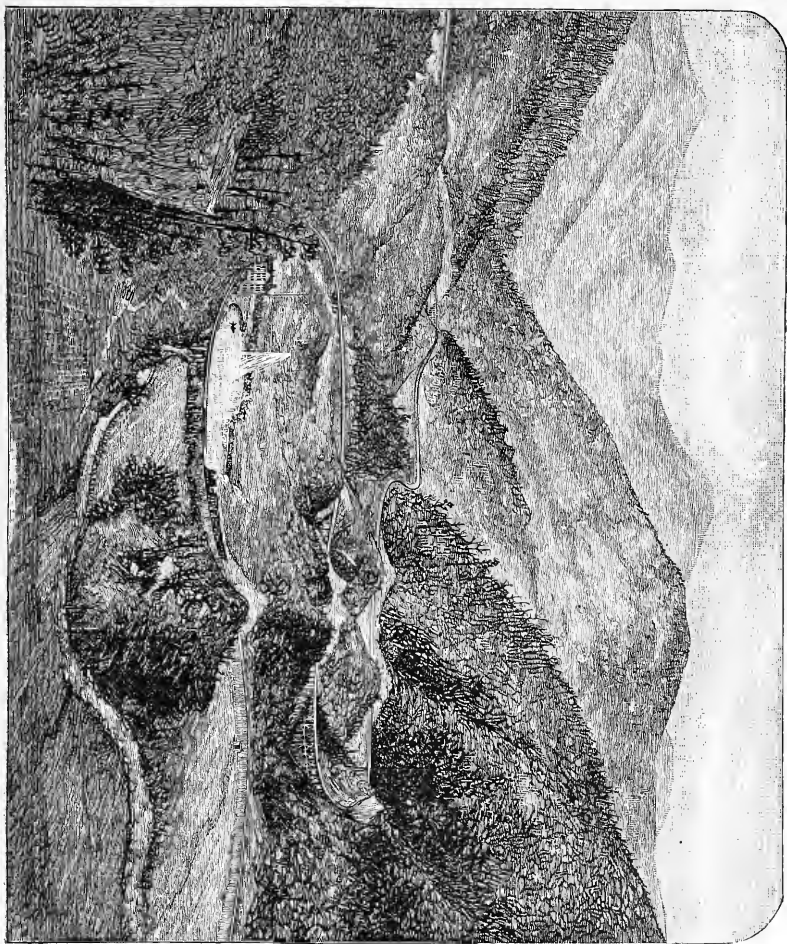
Most beautiful specimens of opalescent chalcedony have also been found, almost equal in color and preciousness to the costly opal.

Garnet, in great abundance, is found in Burke County, close by, and much of it is shipped in its crude state to lapidaries and others who use it for abrasive purposes. Pockets of it have been found containing twenty bushels or more of these hexagonal crystals. They are corroded on the outside, but when broken they present the richest, red faces of pure crystal. The smaller ones seem to be denser and richer in color, and, when without fracture, make beautiful settings for rings and other jewelry. A week may be profitably and pleasantly spent in this vicinity, and then the tourist is inclined to climb still higher and search for more wonders.

Moving out of Marion, the engine goes puffing along the valleys and over the smaller ridges, twelve miles, until it reaches the foot of the mountain at Old Fort.

ROUND KNOB.

HERE is a picture worthy of the painter's brush and the artist's pencil. Major James W. Wilson, Chief Engineer of the road, has just erected at this station a most charming and comfortable summer hotel. It is five stories high, including



ROUND KNOB.

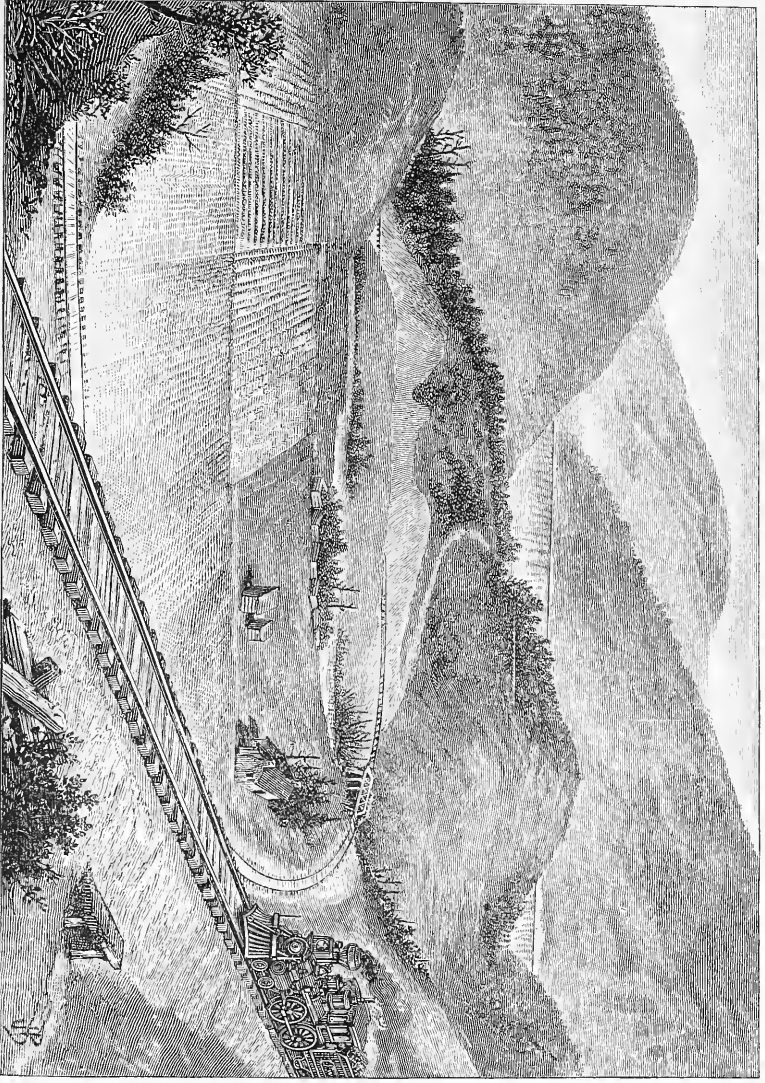
basement ; is painted artistically, with every side presenting an ornamental front. The dining-room is spacious and adorned with pretty frescoes ; billiard rooms, parlors, halls and wide passages afford ample space for the amusement and convenience of the guests ; water, cold and pure, is supplied in great abundance ; the bed-rooms are furnished comfortably and neatly, and Mr. Sprague, the landlord, has a reputation, far and near, for his delicious train breakfasts and suppers which he has been serving heretofore to the traveler at Henry Station. In the rear of this splendid hotel, the railroad company has constructed a large artificial lake, by damming up "Silver Creek," which runs through the valley below, and from the smooth surface a fountain throws up a stream 268 feet high, which is said to be six feet higher than any other jet of water in the world. This lake is to be amply stocked with fountain trout, *salmo fontinalis*, and the guests at the hotel are to have the exclusive privilege of indulging in the rare sport of angling for this gamy fish. In the centre of the valley, above the shores of the lake, a conical-shaped little mountain rises to the height of a few hundred feet, and from its crest the visitor can see the tortuous windings of the cars as they ascend the mountain to its summit, at Swannanoa tunnel.

The distance from the Round Knob to the summit is eight miles, and presents one of the most splendid achievements of civil engineering on this continent. The line twists and turns and doubles itself on its own track in so many crooked trails that it often puts the passenger in doubt whether he is going up or coming back, and while he gazes out of one window to discover the route above, his eyes penetrate into some deep gorge when he sees the thread like track over which he has already come, and before he can satisfy his astonished senses that he did actually come from that depth, he goes around some jutting promontory of rock, and the scenes at which he has just been gazing are shut out from view. The train rolls easily along from ridge to ridge, and circling the knobs and dodging the coves like a thing of life, but ever ascending higher and higher until with a bound it plunges into the tunnel through which it burrows under the gap, and after a moment's suspense emerges into the light of day on the western slope of the Blue Ridge. Words cannot describe the silent grandeur of this passage over the mountain ; the photographer has gathered glimpses here and there of its tunnels, aqueducts, the gorges and peaks, the streams and the forests, and the artist has sketched the cascades and rocks, and painted the flowers and fountains, but when the tourist goes over the route he forgets the productions of art and gazes with awe, wonder and admiration at the mighty creation around him.

We have now crossed the Blue Ridge, called so from the color it presents to the eye of the distant observer, and come to the little streams, which are descending the western slope to be gathered into the Swannanoa river, fabled in poetry and song.

The first long whistle of the engine is echoed down the streams which flow to the Mississippi, instead of the Atlantic, and the conductor announces "Black Mountain Station."

Here a large new hotel has just been erected by Mr. Stepp, which will doubtless be well patronized, especially by parties making the ascent of "The Black."



FOUR PARALLEL TRACKS, AS SEEN NEAR ROUND KNOLL.

The eager passenger looks "to the right and the left" to see this lofty mountain peak which rises above all others east of the "Rockies." If the day be clear, his curiosity will be gratified, but "clouds and darkness" are round about his lofty dome, as if it were too sacred for the common gaze of mankind.

On its loftiest altitude lies buried the body of Prof. Elisha Mitchell, D. D., who first trod this lonely spot and measured its height.

It is called Mt. Mitchell in honor to his memory, and it has become at once his monument and his tomb." The altitude is 6,711 feet. This was shown first by the barometrical observations of Doctor Mitchell and afterwards tested and found correct by an actual survey made by Maj. J. W. Wilson.

A charter was granted by the Legislature of North Carolina in 1883, for a railroad to run from some point near Black Mountain Station to the summit of Mt. Mitchell, and it is expected that capitalists will soon take hold of this work and push it to completion. A practicable survey has been made and a route for a road, similar to the one ascending the White Mountains, has been ascertained and partially located.

On the northwestern slope of the Black is one of the grandest game parks in the world.

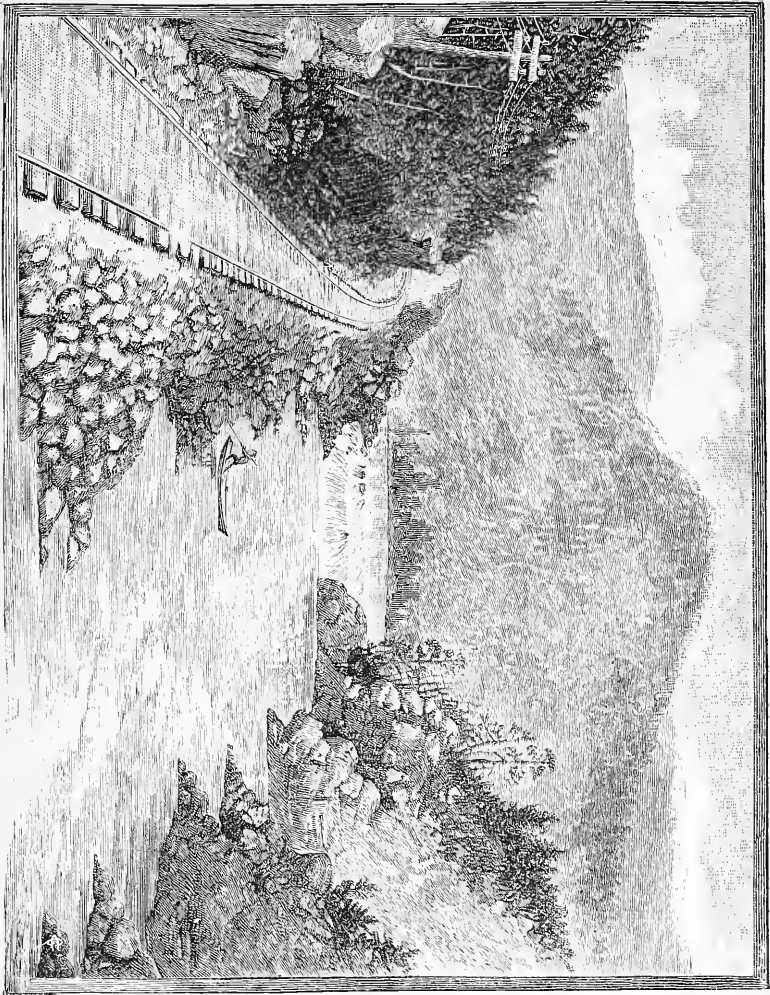
Some New York gentlemen have 13,000 acres of land reserved and in charge of a keeper, for the sole purposes of hunting and fishing. The grounds are rugged and rocky, with deep jungles here and there of rhododendron (or "Big Laurel," as the natives call it) and hemlocks, and these afford cover for the game. Bears are very numerous, and

BEAR AND DEER HUNTING

give to the owners of this grand domain the keenest sport. "Big Tom Wilson," very remarkable for his giant strength, his knowledge of the mountain as a guide, and his being the person who discovered the lost body of Prof. Mitchell, is the keeper of this park. In one of his hunts he killed a bear or cub weighing 130 pounds, and captured five 'coons, and carried them all, and his rifle, weighing fourteen pounds, down the rough mountain to his home, a distance of five miles. The fore paws of the bear were tied together and this "varmint" was swung, around Tom's neck, its hind legs and feet dragging the ground behind him. These 'coons were "hopped," that is their paws were tied together and swung on a grape vine, which was over Tom's shoulders, three 'coons on one side and two on the other, then with rifle in hand he completed his perilous journey home. No one who is fond of thrilling adventure, of hairbreadth escapes, and big stories, should fail to make "Big Tom's" acquaintance. He is as rough and unpolished as the primitive nature which surrounds him, but as true and solid as the native granite; with a big heart and hospitable home and a generous, jolly nature that always wins your affection and respect. He lives on the Caney river,

THE FINEST TROUT STREAM

in the mountains. This river heads and receives all its tributaries from the Murchison park, and up to these fountain streams the shiny trout makes his way, in the autumn,



MOUNTAIN ISLAND.

to spawn, and being protected from nets and spears they pour down into the river below in the spring by thousands, and are ready to jump to the fly in the shady nooks as fast as one can bag them and prepare for another. They grow to weigh one and a half pounds.

The writer once dined with "Big Tom," and the bill of fare included bear steak, venison, squirrel, pheasant and brook trout. For dessert, buckwheat cakes with maple sugar syrup, and the richest cold milk from his rock dairy in the yard, with the keen mountain air for an appetizer and the joy over killing a beautiful doe to exhilarate the spirits, the repast is still remembered with delight. Some novelist, some Dickens, ought to make a "strike" by sketching Big Tom's life and character and recording his numerous adventures. But we must reluctantly descend from the old "Black," covered with balsams and studded with giant granite boulders, and wind our way down one of its rollicking streams to the Swannanoa—"Nymph of Beauty"—and getting on the train again at the station, less than an hour's ride brings us to

ASHEVILLE.

THIS is the lovely little city, of Western North Carolina, which is set upon a hundred hills, and where the buzz and clink of the builder's saw and hammer are heard from "rosy morn to dewy eve" on every hand, erecting stately residences, constructing immense stores and warehouses, rearing magnificent hotels, and remodeling and modernizing everything.

The streets are all being macadamized, the pavements laid with stone, and water-works erected to supply fresh water from a cluster of springs on the mountains overhanging, and other useful improvements are being added in every direction. Thousands of people resort to this place every summer, seeking health and pleasure and rest, and from May to November the hotels, boarding houses and private residences are crowded with visitors; costly equipages go rattling over the streets; splendid horses prance along the avenues, bearing beauty and chivalry, wealth and joy, poetry and song, to the numerous romantic retreats, mountain views and gushing springs which abound in this lovely region. Everybody is gay in this joyous season and nature rejoices with her admirers. Nothing can excel the brilliant flowers of the mountains around. First, the graceful azaleas, bending under their load of red and yellow, lily-like blooms; then the pink clusters of the ivy, on their dark evergreen foliage for a background, succeeded by the crowning glory of the season, the rich, waxy clusters, pink and white, of the royal rhododendron. There are great jungles of this hardy evergreen, with its large, glossy, green leaves, matted in their luxuriance along every stream, and in July it breaks out with these large bunches of flowers, made up of innumerable small blooms, coming out from one footstalk, the whole making a most gorgeous and brilliant display. Verily, "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

The railroad touches the banks of the French Broad in one mile of Asheville, and hard by the junction of the Swannanoa with that stream, and continues along its banks to its terminus at the Tennessee line, about fifty miles from Asheville.

This county abounds in the most magnificent white oak forests, many of which have been cut down and burned, in clearing for the culture of tobacco, there being no mills and lumbermen on hand to utilize them.

These splendid trees, often measuring two to three feet in diameter, are now being purchased, and preparations made to export them, or manufacture them into useful



ROYAL GORGE, AS SEEN NEAR "LICK LOG" TUNNEL.

articles of commerce. The fantastically shaped stems and roots of the rhododendron are worked into ornamental chairs and lawn seats, while the straight trunks are manufactured into shuttles and other small implements of trade.

Fourteen miles below Marshall the traveler can see a curious freak of nature. It is called "the place where the devil broke his apron-strings." The mountain rises on

the north banks of the river, at this place, more gradually than at the points above, and all over the surface of the slope are myriads of small stones weighing from one to five pounds, as if some mighty creature had stood at the summit of the ridge and poured them out from an apron and let them roll to the base. There are enough of these hard rocks here to ballast hundreds of miles of railroad track, or to macadamize all the streets and pavements in North Carolina. Nature broke them up and placed them here for some wise purpose, which man will discover in the future. But the cars are moving and we cannot tarry to mend his satanic majesty's apron-strings, or to inquire how it was that such an accident befell him. The whistle blows keen and loud, and while the sound is reverberating down the tortuous windings of the stream and echoing back from the hills we make another start and glide around the projecting points and into the recesses until we suddenly come to the

SPLENDID RAILROAD BRIDGE

which spans the French Broad, one mile above the Warm Springs. At this point the opposite ridges are only 250 feet apart, and the river, which comes with maddening roar from above, is forced into this narrow defile and ponded back for a quarter of a mile, giving it a depth of from fifty to one hundred feet. This handsome and costly iron bridge crosses the stream with one span of 260 feet in length, and sixty feet above the water.

The road-bed on the other side of the river is blasted out of solid rock for a quarter of a mile, and the jagged face of this stupendous boulder frowns upon the train that passes by. The curve is sharp as we pass around the ridge, and the train moves along the high banks of the stream and gives the passenger an opportunity to scan the

LOVER'S LEAP

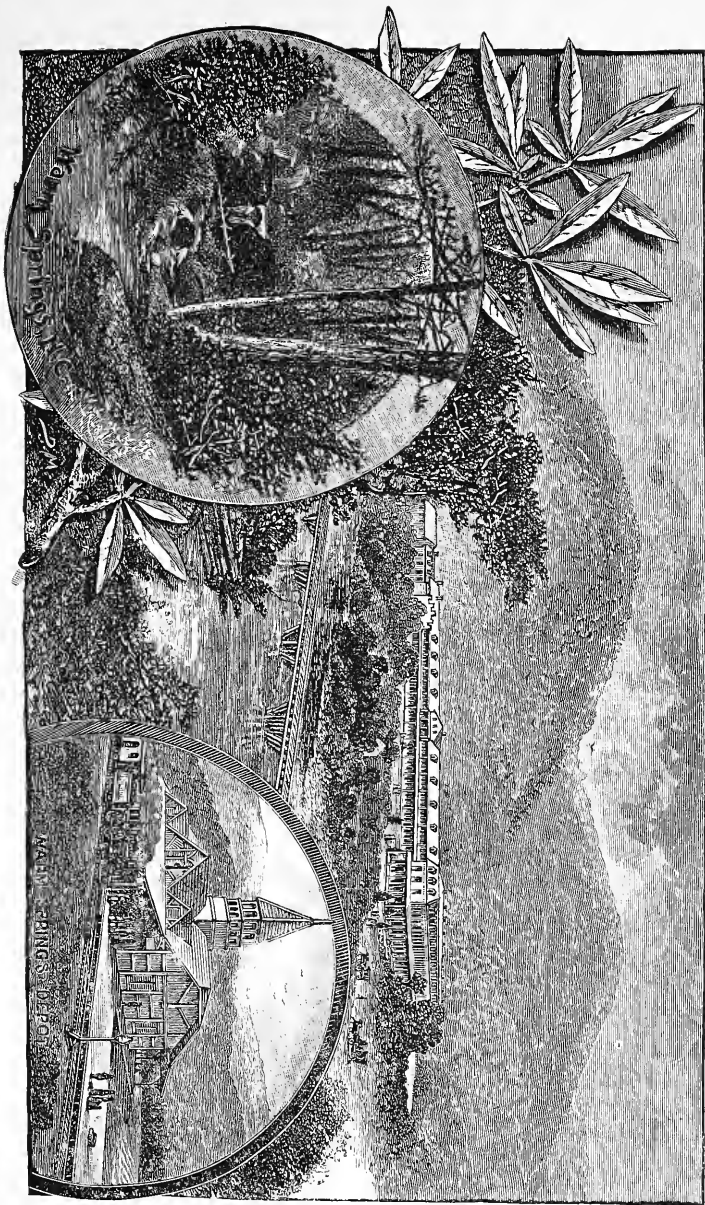
a huge, rough column of rock, which rises from the other bank of the river to the height of eighty feet. It is a dark brown stone, with lighter streaks traversing its surface, and so uneven that one may work his way to the summit by stepping from one offset to another. The mountain behind this singular formation is entirely bare for some distance up its face, and the ridge comes down with a sharp point to separate the waters of Silver creek from the river.

As we double the massive promontory on our left the ridges separate half a mile from each other, and a beautiful undulating plain forms the space between them. In this valley is situated

THE WARM SPRINGS,

one of the most fashionable summer resorts in the South.

The hotel has capacity sufficient to accommodate one thousand guests, and there is usually no room to spare during the months of July and August. Splendid private residences crown all the hills in the vicinity, which are owned by social and cultivated persons, who add many charms to the elegant society which assembles here during the summer.



WARM SPRINGS, N. C.

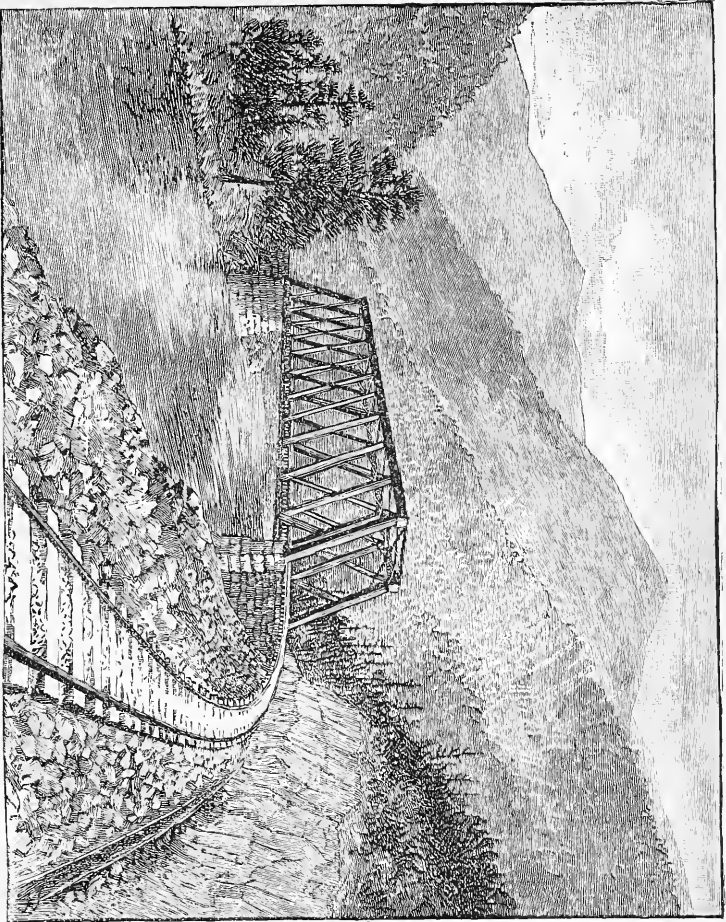
The tourist is always impatient to descend this deep cañon, which makes the great highway over the Alleghanies to the Mississippi. There are no lakes in this region; the streams have long since worn away the rocks and made themselves a bed deep down in the bosom of the mountain, leaving the perpendicular stone walls to mark the place from which they began their work centuries ago. The descent down the river is from sixteen to twenty feet per mile, and follows all the curves and bends of the crooked stream.

Looking from the car window, we often see the engine of a long train running almost at right angles to the rear coach, and drawing it on in graceful curves until it changes direction, and the projecting ridge on the convex side of the semi-circle conceals the motive power from the view; and one imagines that some invisible force is impelling us onward among these crags and curves. At narrow points of the ridge, where the mighty rocks have extended to the water's edge, the road-bed has been blasted out of the solid stone. The mountains bordering on either side of this deep gorge rise to the height of from 500 to 1,000 feet, and then spread out from the river in plateaus or undulated plains. These rugged palisades, which the Creator made of everlasting granite, have scarcely any soil lodged upon them, and often their faces are entirely naked and bare; occasionally we discover a silvery little stream threading its way among the ravines, and leaping down over precipices to join the "racing waters" below. Twenty miles from Asheville, in a narrow little valley, not more than three hundred feet wide and that many yards long, is situated the picturesque little village of Marshall, which has only two or three hundred inhabitants. The view from the river only presents the continuous precipitous walls, and one wonders how people live where nothing but water and rocks and trees can be seen, and he will be the more astonished when told that the railroad carries off from this obscure station more than 1,000,000 pounds of tobacco every year.

On the plantations lying on the flanks of these knobs the finest tobacco in the world is grown. It has taken the premium at the Universal Exposition in Vienna, where the best specimens of this commodity were exhibited from all parts of the universe. Numbers of farmers own small farms peculiarly adapted, by climate and soil, to the production of the golden yellow tobacco. The crop of this section averages from 80 cents to \$1.00 per pound, and is engaged at these costly figures every year by bidders who contract to purchase it before the seeds have germinated which are to produce the plants. The pioneers and leaders of this new enterprise, by their industry and example, have been able to introduce tobacco culture into all the surrounding counties. It has proved so profitable as to become, now, the leading crop in Buncombe, Madison, and parts of Yancey, Haywood, Swain, Graham and Jackson counties. There are several large warehouses in Marshall.

The writer saw the returns from sales of tobacco on five acres of new ground that yielded \$1,197, and this is not an uncommon production. Others have made even more.

Madison County has thousands of acres of this tobacco land which is yet undeveloped, only waiting the assistance of capital to yield its splendid profits to the lucky owner.



DEEP WATER BRIDGE.

The springs, which constitute the chief attraction for invalids, boil and bubble up very near the bank of the stream. The waters are gathered into large square pools, four or five feet deep, where the patient can bathe himself, or exercise in splashing and swimming, or if he is too feeble for this, there are private rooms and bath-tubs where the water is conveyed for his convenience. Many persons drink the warm water from other springs, and find it very efficacious in diseases of the stomach and liver. The baths are almost a specific for rheumatism, gout and other nervous affections. These springs are numerous, and where these outlets to the surface are obstructed the stream makes its way out and indicates the spot.

On the surface of the pools bubbles are constantly forming and bursting, made by the gas which escapes from the bottom.

Many persons suppose that these springs equal, if they do not excel, the Hot Springs of Arkansas in their wonderful curative properties.

In the vicinity of the springs there are many beautiful cascades, cataracts and romantic retreats among the rocks, shining streams and tiny rivulets, deep shades where the sun never penetrates, and every charm which the weary and loving heart can wish.

There are fashionable drives, comfortable walks, and inviting pathways, leading to and from the hotel, affording opportunities for exercise and meditation, or gayety and pleasure, according to the humor and means of the guest.

The property is owned by Messrs. Rumbough & Rollins, the former of whom occupies a handsome and commodious residence overlooking the hotel.

There are immense veins of the best limestone very near this place, which have heretofore been profitably worked, and railroad facilities which are now offered, will greatly increase the production of this indispensable commodity.

Colonel Rumbough has a beautiful grazing farm, and his fine Jerseys and fleecy Southdowns will be quite an attraction to those who fancy fine cattle and stock.

The coaches and Pullman sleepers which run through from Washington are first-class, and the conductors are polite and attentive to the guests.

The main trunk line of the Western N. C. Railroad goes beyond the Warm Springs to Paint Rock, seven miles, where it terminates at the Tennessee line and makes connection with the East Tennessee System.

The Paint Rock, or rather the great giant walls of rock, that rise in perpendicular lines from the base of the river to the height of four or five hundred feet, is a great natural curiosity and the tourists will be amply repaid to spend a day in exploring and examining it. The face of the rock presents an infinite variety of shades and colors and fantastic delineations, which resemble Chinese and Egyptian hieroglyphics; and with the aid of a little fancy one can imagine that he discovers the trace of a rude artist's brush, in an attempt to transfer some scene from life or nature. Having enjoyed the delicious baths and the sweet repose and sleep which follows, and having explored all the poetic spots around Warm Springs, the tourist is admonished that he has only seen a small portion of the mountains of North Carolina, and that his journey can be extended on the Ducktown Line of the W. N. C. Railroad into a hitherto

unopened country, where the genius of the speculator and the covetousness of the capitalist have just begun to enter. He must not, however, leave the "Racing River," as the Indians called the French Broad, until he makes a short stay at

ALEXANDERS,

twelve miles from Asheville. There is a commodious hotel here, situated near the bank of the river and at the intersection of two public highways, where there are stores, workshops, and other evidences of thrift and comfort. The house has been enlarged, remodeled, freshly painted, is furnished comfortably, and offers the most charming inducements to the traveler to stop and rest, eat and be refreshed. The house has all the patronage it can accommodate, and few go away unsatisfied. From Alexanders it is a short run of twelve miles to Asheville, where we will spend a day or two before exploring the Ducktown Line.

At Asheville the tourist will find two immense hotels. "The Eagle" covers one entire block and is four stories high.

The "Swannanoa," on the opposite side of Main street, was built a few years ago, with seventy-five rooms, and last year its patronage justified its proprietors in doubling its capacity.

Both hotels are well kept, and have modern conveniences and comforts attached.

Besides these two mammoth hotels, there are several others capable of accommodating fifty and a hundred guests each, which are well kept; the boarding houses are very numerous, and families can be accommodated in them with good fare at moderate prices. In addition to this many private families take select boarders, so that all classes and conditions of people can find living, cheap or dear, luxurious or frugal, as their taste or purse may induce them to choose.

The most comprehensive and beautiful view of the city and its surroundings is from

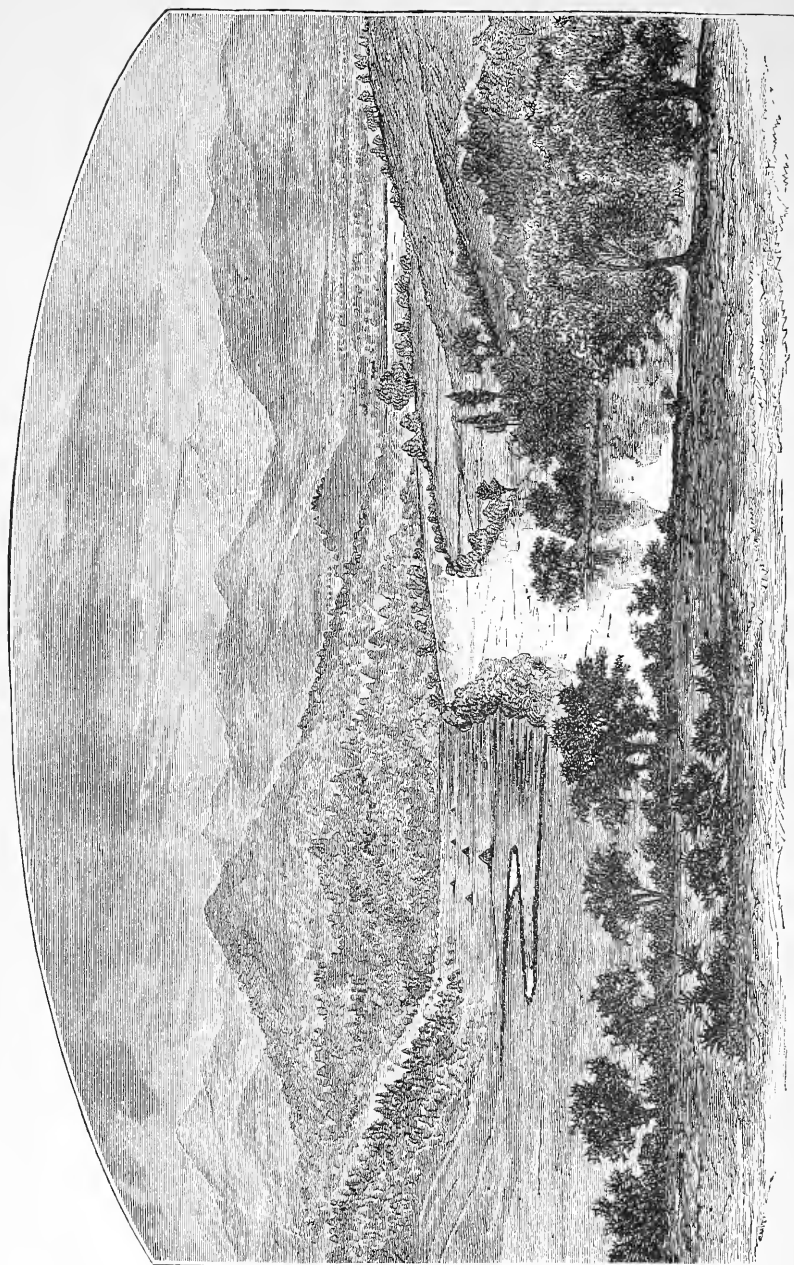
BEAU CATCHER,

a small mountain which rises out of the valley of the Swannanoa. It was occupied as a confederate fort at one time, and for years has been the evening and morning resort of belles and beaux, who come hither to see the sun rise or set, as the case may be, or to witness their ventures of love passing through the same revolution. The summit is now crowned by a handsome private residence, that looks like a half way house to heaven, and "many there be" who visit this charming spot.

The most picturesque view in the vicinity is

CONNOLLY'S,

the elegant residence of a gentleman by that name, which is situated on an elevated point of a mountain ridge that drops off suddenly into the plain near the confluence of the Swannanoa and French Broad Rivers. It commands a view of both rivers up and down for a mile or more, and the trains on the Western North Carolina Railroad give life and animation to the scene, as they come rushing down the one stream and make a graceful curve along the banks of the other, and shoot off in a bee-line for the station ahead.



CONNOLLY'S VIEW.

RICHMOND HILL,

two miles southwest of the city, which has been cleared and adorned by Mr. Pearson and made accessible by easy grades, has now become a most popular resort, and many persons ascend its height in preference to the other two.

ASHEVILLE FEMALE COLLEGE

is another attraction of the city. It occupies large grounds on an elevation northwest of the court-house, and its shady groves and pleasant walks are very inviting to the young ladies who are seeking education and a charming retreat. The nights at Asheville are cool and refreshing during the whole summer, and one always arises in the morning invigorated and rested. There is none of the languor and weariness that follows the sultry, close atmosphere of warmer, heavier climates. Consumptives congregate here in great numbers, both winter and summer, and bear testimony to the efficacy of the healthful climate.

The morning has come and a pleasant drive of a mile over the descending slope of a fine avenue brings us to the depot. At 9 o'clock A. M. the train leaves the depot, on the Paint Rock line, and in half mile switches off for the

DUCKTOWN LINE.

THIS road from Asheville to the Tennessee line, at or near Ducktown, will be 158 miles in length when completed.

It traverses the counties of Buncombe, Haywood, Jackson, Swain, Macon and Cherokee. These counties constitute a wedge-shaped territory, about fifty miles across its base on the east end, and one hundred and fifty miles long to the west or to the apex of the figure, which terminates at the point where the States of Georgia, Tennessee and North Carolina converge.

Just over the North Carolina line and west of it, and just north of the Georgia line and near to it, is situated the famous Ducktown Copper Mines, in Tennessee. Large quantities of copper was, before the war, shipped from these mines. After the war the owners became involved in litigation, which, continuing, closed the mines.

The vast country which we have described, is divided from Tennessee on the northwest by the Unakoi mountains—a corruption of the Indian word “Unaka,” which means “white.” This is the spine of the Alleghany range, and its average height is greater here than on any other similar distance in its course. There are quite a number of its peaks that reach over six thousand feet, and some of them are covered with almost perpetual snow—hence “Unaka,” *white*. From this spine there go out connecting ranges to the parallel Blue Ridge range lying to the south. The first of the connecting or cross-ridges that we encounter going west on the railroad line, is the Balsam, in Haywood county, forty miles west of Asheville; next the “Cowee” in Jackson. Then flanking the “Nantehaleh,” we ascend the Valley River mountain in Cherokee. When we look down from some lofty peak like Pisgah, or the Nantehaleh, on this wilderness of mountains which raise their gigantic forms in every direction, it would seem a hopeless task to attempt the construction of a railroad through their

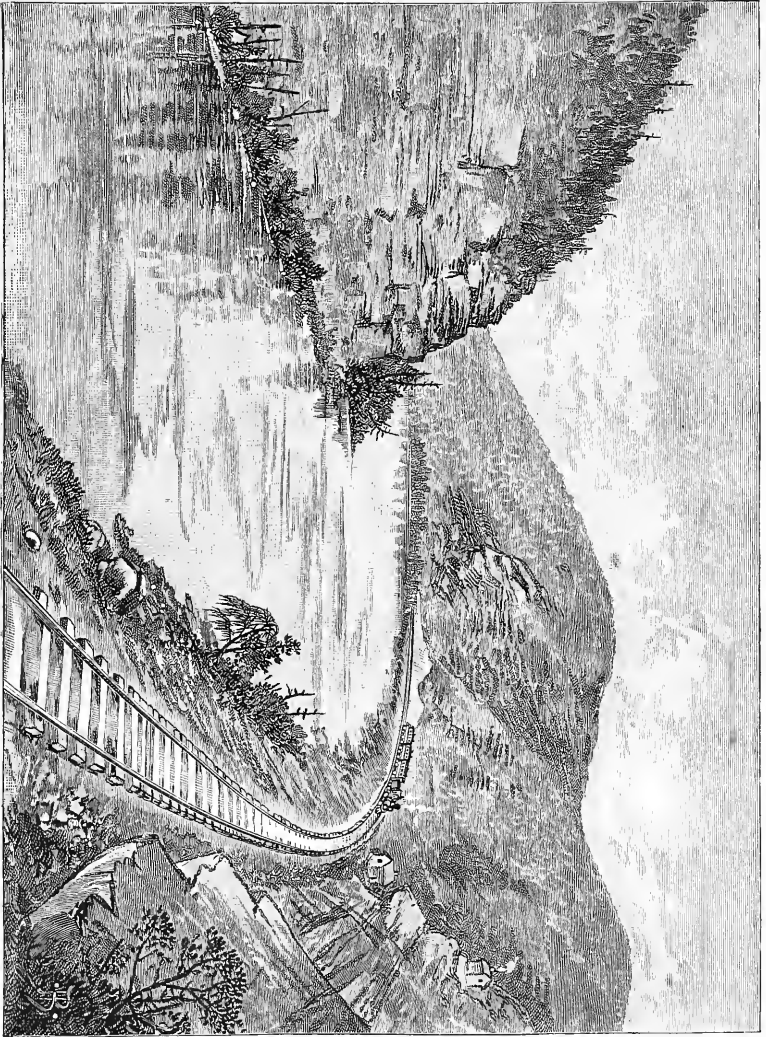
rugged labyrinths. But the observant eye of the engineer discovers that there are two deep fissures or cañons, in this apparently impassable barrier, which extend from the southern boundary of North Carolina to the State of Tennessee, and offer an easy egress to the tributaries of the Mississippi. Both of these deep defiles, these natural highways, belong to North Carolina, and they have been furrowed out by the waters of the French Broad, and the Little Tennessee.

Mr. Hayne, the eloquent Senator from South Carolina, said, in 1835, that the Alleghany mountains were the dividing line of two great empires, and that sooner or later they would become the geographical and natural boundary of a trans-Alleghany and cis-Alleghany republic, unless they could be united by bands of iron, laid down through these great depressions which the Creator had marked out for railroads.

This prophetic statesman used his persuasive eloquence and logic to unite the States of Ohio, Tennessee, North Carolina and South Carolina, in an effort to occupy these passages by constructing the Charleston and Cincinnati and Rabun Gap Railroads; and from then till now this scheme has been the hope of the good and the great in all this land. Half of this mighty work has been achieved by the Western North Carolina Railroad Company, who laid the iron "bands of empire" along the French Broad in 1882. The same capitalists who now operate and control the French Broad line are pushing forward their track down the Little Tennessee cañon to the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia Railroad, and thus forging the two mighty bands which shall make this Union "one and inseparable," "an indestructible union of indestructible States."

Few persons appreciate the magnitude and importance of these great achievements. It has been sixty years since the project was conceived and two generations that waited for its fulfillment have passed to the silent shores beyond, and the third is now striving manfully, in its day, to complete the gigantic plan. The Ducktown line is the connecting link which unites these great bands together and feeds and strengthens both. It joins the French Broad line, at Asheville, to the Tennessee line at the mouth of the Tuckaseege in Swain County, traversing a distance of about seventy-five miles. It is in this mountain region that the last of the aborigines of this continent, east of the Mississippi, have clung to their native homes. It is here that the ancient and warlike Cherokees, now only a small remnant, still kindle the fires of their wigwams on the ancient spots, where for unknown centuries their ancestors lived and ruled. It is pitiful to look into their sad, silent faces, which rarely light with a smile, and read the destructive destiny which advances upon them. They were the friends of the white man, when he fled from tyranny and despotism to seek a home in their unlimited domain, and with what ingratitude and injustice does he now requite them?

Driven from valley to valley, they are now pushed away to the most remote lands and compelled to live in poverty and want—submissive, ignorant, patient, unobtrusive they subsist; a nation of eleven hundred human beings—hopeless, helpless, and dejected, year by year lessening in numbers and passing away from the memory of man. Yet, with all these burdens on their hearts, we find occasionally a mind among



AROUND CAPE HORN, FRENCH BROAD RIVER, N. C.

them which shakes off its load and brightens up with the ancient fire which animated the brave spirits of their heroic ancestors.

Instances of chivalry are found among them, and even wit and humor have been unexpectedly encountered; but these are the rare exceptions to a dull and stupid existence. We may have occasion to refer to them hereafter.

It will be readily understood that this part of North Carolina was rarely visited by strangers previous to the location of the railroad over it, and that the paucity of its inhabitants prevented its occupation or development. It is a virgin, primitive land, existing very nearly as it came from the hand of the Creator. What is on it, is comparatively unknown; what is under it cannot be told.

Enough, however, has been discovered to allure strangers to pass to and fro over it for the last two years, and to invest hundreds of thousands of dollars in expectancy of wealth and profit.

Leaving Asheville we pass, for twenty miles, over an undulating country which produces good wheat, oats and rye, and on the slopes excellent tobacco; while the low land meadows are covered with nutritious grasses. The evidences of improvement are visible every where. We pass several good mills, a number of new houses, brick and wooden, of modern style; the cattle indicate good blood and careful treatment; strangers are exploring the country and old citizens show signs of activity and enterprise.

At Hominy, the first station, is a hotel well furnished, situated on a fertile farm, and around it are several stores and some small residences. The house is well kept and has as many patrons in the summer as it can accommodate.

Mr. Smathers, who is a prince of country landlords, keeps a first-rate tavern at "Turnpike," the next stopping place. There is a "shut in" of the ridges here, leaving a narrow shady valley, watered by a clear, bold stream, and on its banks, and under the shadows of the mountain, Mr. Smathers entertains his numerous guests with "good cheer," and plentiful abundance. It is quite popular as an inn and guests from many places congregate under its pleasant roof during the summer months.

Passing over a little mountain, known as "Hominy," we suddenly emerge into the valley of the Pigeon, and crossing this bright, clear, rapid stream the eye feasts upon a picture well worthy of admiration.

The lands on both sides of the Pigeon are luxuriant with verdure; on every eminence around there is a church, or cottage, or some more pretentious residence, the whole forming a bright little village; there are several stores, where crowds are assembled for business; everything looks new and clean, and we are persuaded that *live* men are building up the place. Our vision, however, cannot rest on even so pretty a picture as this, when the lofty panorama above attracts our attention.

From the veranda of the "Penland House" the view is extensive and lovely, the mellow tints and colors blend into harmony under the soft sunlight, the farms dotting the slopes here and there, the cattle browsing in the green pastures, and the forests of many hues are so charming to the sight that the dinner-bell sounds once, twice and thrice, before one realizes that the time for the more practical business of

gratifying the inner man has arrived. Now that we have dined and determined to stop over and see something more about this charming place; the first thing that rivets our attention is a huge pile of hundreds of logs, lying in a space near the depot, and we observe a tackle close by, and large ropes hung to it, and we approach to ask what this means. We ascertain that they are

WALNUT LOGS,

from twelve to sixteen feet long and varying in diameter from two to four feet. They belong to a firm of Scotchmen, who have branches of the same business in Australia, California and the Rocky Mountains. They have compassed the world and found in Haywood and the surrounding counties the finest specimens of walnut wood in existence. They are getting out these majestic trees from the primitive forests and shipping them by rail to West Point, Va., on the York river, and from thence by sail vessels direct to Liverpool and London. They have shipped about 3,000 of these logs, which are said to average from \$25 to \$30 per log, and other lumbermen of less capital have, perhaps, aggregated a like number.

The business is yet in its incipiency. When traders first came into this vicinity they purchased walnut trees of two feet in diameter at two dollars per tree, and as speculation became rife the price increased to ten dollars, and the land-holders, who then began to open their eyes and understand the value of their forests, refused to sell at all, and began to cut, haul and export their own lumber, and some have joined capitalists and sawed these logs into lumber.

One man, who purchased a mountain farm for \$2,500, sold the walnut trees on it, averaging over two feet in diameter, for the purchase money, and had his land and other trees left as profit. This timber is so valuable that roads are cut in the very depths of the mountain coves, where it grows, and after sliding the logs down to where they can be put on trucks, they drag them still further until they can get a foothold, and there they load them on lumber wagons and haul them as far as fifteen and twenty miles to the railroad for transportation.

Lumbermen are now looking for white oak, which abounds on the mountain in great quantities and of extraordinary size.

The curly maple, which is found on the streams, is also coming into market, with the wild cherry and other ornamental woods. One piece of curly maple, two feet in width, which was polished and exhibited at the Boston exposition, was said to be unequalled in beauty, hardness of finish and the wondrous intricacies of its texture.

From this station sportsmen ascend the Pigeon to its tributaries that rise in the cold and lofty ranges of the Balsam for

TROUT FISHING.

THESE beautiful game fish, with their olive green sides and carmine spots, in horizontal lines and fiery like fins, are the most beautiful fish in the world. Their flesh is salmon color and delicious to the taste. By taking hold of the spine of the fish, near its head, the whole column can be extracted from the body, and it

brings the ribs with it, which are fastened to it, thereby leaving the fish entirely free from bones. Their flesh is very delicate in this region, from the fact that they do not grow large and coarse, seldom exceeding a pound in weight, and because of the purity of their food, which they find in these clear, cold waters. They ascend the streams in October, and follow the tributaries to their fountain heads, hence they are called *salmo fontinalis*; here they spawn in water scarcely deep enough to cover their bodies. In March following, these eggs hatch and the "fry" remain for a time until they gain strength, activity and size enough to escape being devoured, when they reach the deep water below. These fish are very carnivorous and feed upon one another—the big fish devouring the little, just like mankind.

They are caught in the early spring when the water is not quite clear with a hook and line, with sinkers to take it under the water, the bait being angle worms, grasshoppers and the like; but from May to September they rise to the different flies according to the season, and then the most enthusiastic fisherman can satisfy his most ardent wishes in this sport. The sportsman must, however, bring his rod, line, and flies with him, as the fishing tackle in this region is rude and clumsy, such as would provoke laughter in an accomplished fisherman. But with it the natives catch fish, and they know how to cook them.

The railroad goes on its way down the river until we reach Pigeon River Valley, where we find an excellent water power known as William's Mills, situated in the midst of an intelligent and christian community. The passengers here may see a pretty church, twenty-eight by forty feet, with neat little spire, all of which was made from the lumber of a *single poplar tree*.

Waynesville, the county seat of Haywood county, twelve miles west of Pigeon, is a charmingly located village.

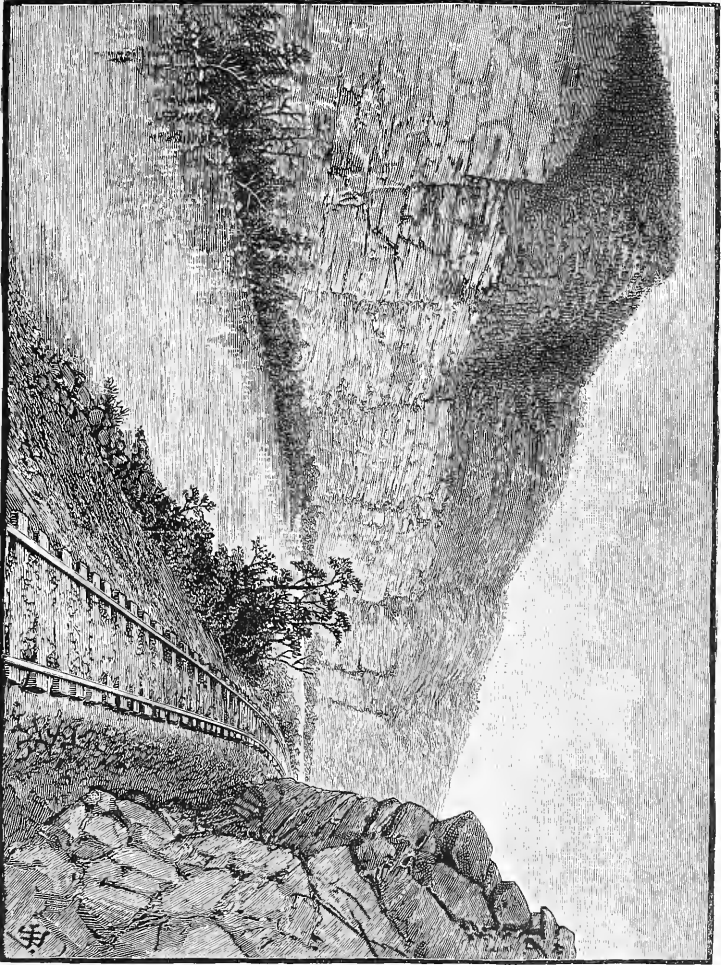
The principal attraction to the seeker for pleasure in that section, is the

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS,

one mile from Waynesville, in the green valley of Richland creek.

The railroad runs along the creek, the station being but a short walk from the hotel grounds. Artists and correspondents who have sketched and described the loveliness and beauty of this place, agree that it is unsurpassed by any spot in the Alleghany range. There are five peaks of the Balsam directly overhanging the valley, which mount up over 6,000 feet, one, it is claimed, as high as 6,500 feet.

The meadows up and down this Richland creek are luxuriant in growth and verdure and bordered with azaleas, rhododendrons, and ivies. The waters of the creek rush along with great rapidity over the whitest pebbles, and their gentle murmuring is sweet music to the troubled heart and weary brain. The spot was once the hospitable home of Colonel Love. After the war, and the emancipation of the slaves, an old servant was allowed to select a place for a cabin, and the first convenience he sought for was a spring. He found "a bile," as he termed it, but told his old master it had a bad smell to it. On examination it was ascertained to be sulphur, and the track of the vein was traced to the foot of a hill where the spring first found its outlet.



THE PALISADES, FRENCH BROAD RIVER.

An excavation was made and a granite bowl set over the spot with an aperture in the bottom, through which the water finds its way to the surface.

A few boarders were taken from year to year at the family residence, but the attractions were so great that Major Stringfield, son-in-law of Col. Love, was compelled to enlarge his house and then to erect cottages, and finally it grew into such importance that it has been leased by enterprising parties, who have added more rooms, put up ten-pin alleys, furnished billiard rooms, laid off the grounds, opened roads, and made the place convenient and comfortable, artistically as well as naturally beautiful. It bids fair at no distant day to rival, in its accommodations and the number of its guests, the Warm Springs of Madison County. The present proprietors are making every preparation for a "big run" the coming season, and the gayest and gravest may find here the choicest pleasures or food for reflection and thought. No one visiting Western Carolina should fail to see this beautiful place.

The village of Waynesville, on the ridge above the springs, has about five hundred inhabitants, and is noted for the excellence of its climate and water, the number and beauty of its churches, and its large fine court-house, which occupies a commanding eminence in the centre of the town. The Episcopalians have quite an artistic little church, the inside furniture and trimmings being made of the various ornamental woods that grow in the surrounding country.

The Methodists have a commodious brick building to accommodate their large congregation.

The Presbyterians have erected quite an imposing looking wooden edifice, near the east end of the town, and its aspiring steeple can be seen as the most prominent object on the approach to the village from that side.

The Baptist Church, which has one of the most successful Sunday-schools in the county, is situated near the depot.

The tourist will find ample opportunity for adventure in climbing the tall Balsam peaks. Good roads and bridle ways have been cut out and leveled, safe and steady guides are ready to accompany the traveler. Livery stables are plentiful, and good horses can be obtained for the journey. If this tramp does not satisfy his curiosity, let him hire a conveyance and go fifteen miles over to Jonathan's creek and its tributaries, and catch plenty of trout, or if he has nerve enough, the old bear hunters of that region will be glad to introduce him to "Bruin" in his home among the crag-gies. This requires pluck, patience and a good shot, but when the game is bagged, it is something of which we can boast, and a large bear skin is a trophy to be proud of when we return to our friends.

The track of the railroad now at Waynesville will be laid, not only to the picturesque gap of the Balsam mountain, eight miles west of Waynesville, but early in the summer will be extended down the banks of the rushing Tuckaseege.

The work is being prosecuted vigorously, with five hundred hands. The telegraph wires will follow the track as it progresses west, and facilities for communication with all parts of the country will be furnished.

The Balsam gap, 3,357 feet high, is forty miles from Asheville.

The route lies over the Balsam, thence along Scott's creek, leaving Webster in Jackson county, one and a half miles to the south, to the Tuckaseege river, then down that stream, penetrating a point of the Cowee mountain, with a tunnel of six hundred feet, thence by Charleston, the county town of Swain county, nine miles further down to where the Tuckaseege and little Tennessee flow together, then nine miles in a southerly direction up the Tennessee, through another tunnel of five hundred feet, to the mouth of the Nantehaleh river; then leaving the Tennessee, it winds along up the Nantehaleh seven miles, thence through deep cuts to Marble Gap, a depression in the Valley river mountain, and from there west to Murphy, about twenty-eight miles.

This route is a considerable deflection from a straight line, and lengthens the distance somewhat, but as it was impracticable to construct a road crossing the Cowee and Nantehaleh ranges, they had to be flanked by following the depressions made for the bed of the stream.

The road barely touches Macon county, but its county town, Franklin, will be in twenty miles of the road when it reaches the Nantehaleh river.

Rich ores of various kinds, gold, iron and copper, have been found in Jackson County, and the mountains are covered with splendid forests of fine trees.

CASHIER'S VALLEY

in this county, is the summer home of wealthy persons who come there from the South every season, and it is regarded a romantic retreat.

In Macon county, which lies immediately west, and bordering on Jackson, the

RICHEST CORUNDUM MINES

of the world are found, and nearly all of this article used in the United States is exported from these mines. This mineral is found sometimes in crystals, cube-shaped, half inch in diameter, but the most of the corundum of commerce is found in very small crystals called corundum sand.

It is put up in bags and wagoned to the depots, where it is more safely secured and forwarded to market. It is next in hardness to the diamond, and is used to cut that stone, and for a variety of abrasive and polishing purposes.

It is found in large deposits, or in veins, and the working of the mines is not as costly as that for other precious metals. It was first discovered here and made known to the commercial world by the Hon. Thos L. Clingman.

Among the corundum sands Doctor Lucas, a large owner of corundum mines, has found almost every precious gem except the diamond. Some exquisite

ORIENTAL SAPPHIRES

have been taken from his mine. This gem is of a beautiful blue color, and is next in preciousness to the diamond.

The ruby, differing but little from the sapphire in its constituent elements, but of a carmine color, has also been found in small quantities.

The mineralogist and geologist are by these presents introduced to Prof. C. D. Smith, who lives in one mile of Franklin. They will find him rich in the knowledge of every mineral, stone and gem that is found in this wonderful region.

His cabinet of minerals is quite extensive and varied.

The visitor will also find Lieut.-Governor James L. Robinson in the town of Franklin, who has spent much of his valuable energies in bringing this region to public notice. The Governor is never happier than when he can find an intelligent companion with whom he can discourse about his native mountains.

Mica is also found in great abundance in this county, chiefly on the high ridge of the Nantehaleh. It is worked by driving horizontal tunnels into the mountain, and following the course of the vein when found.

The Nantehaleh Mountain in this county is the grandest of its great companions. Its loftiest pinnacle is 5,500 feet high, treeless and covered with grass. The extent of the view from this point is only excelled by the boundless sweep of vision from the Roan. But it surpasses the Roan in the loveliness and variety of landscape around its base and the beautiful streams which spring out of its bosom.

Nothing could be more charming than the verdant valley of the Iola, which widens and deepens as it reaches out to the east, diversified by the little hills which swell up from its bosom and add loveliness to the scene. The most attractive of all the sweet spots, which make this valley so enchanting, is the rich and fertile farm of the late Governor Swain, called "Iola farm." Nearly a thousand acres of level bottom, rich with alluvial deposits, hemmed in on every side like an amphitheatre, spreads out before the eye, carpeted with green and musical with the gentle murmuring of the falling water and the tinkling bells of the browsing herds.

Within two hundred feet of the greatest altitude of the Nantehaleh pinnacle, under a bluff, in a secluded cove, is the

WONDERFUL WINE SPRING,

more properly a gushing fountain. This subterranean stream bursts from its confinement with such force and power that the water spouts up to the height of six or eight inches. It is as pure as transparent crystal and cold enough to make the teeth chatter, and many imagine that there are gases in its composition which exhilarate the spirits.

The stream is bold enough to have slaked the thirst of all the famishing hosts of Israel in the desert of Zion, and no one can see this marvelous fountain of water without having vividly recalled to his remembrance the scene described in Numbers, where "Moses smote the rock and the water came out abundantly and the congregation drank and their beasts also." The herds of cattle which graze upon this mountain from May to November congregate here in great numbers to drink these sweet waters. They are salted on the bare rocks in the vicinity, and from these they retrace their steps to the spring. These cattle are salted monthly and are called together by a peculiar "whoop" from their owners, and seeing tourists approaching this place, the cattle mistake them for the salting men and congregate around them

in such compact herds that it becomes dangerous to attempt to return down the mountain. They obstruct the pathway and come rushing down behind you with such speed that you must give way or be run over. A peculiar phenomenon is occasionally, though very seldom, experienced on this mountain height which seems to be inexplicable. While riding on the undulating plateau and gazing in admiration at the unfolding panorama far away, the attention is suddenly arrested by the humming, buzzing noise of a hundred swarms of bees, that seem to dart down and circle about the ground, then suddenly rise and whirl around as if there was a mingling of swarms and then passing away until the sound is lost in the distance.

But before we can recover and begin to philosophize over this strange mystery the swarms surround you again and nervous ladies begin to hide their heads and faces in their shawls to avoid the sting of the little insects.

I looked faithfully, but I never saw a bee or a wing to create the sound, but if one swore by his *ears*, instead of his *beard*, he would be ready to take his corporal oath that a million of bees had passed near him while on the mountain.

The natives say that it is an invisible bee, but I venture the opinion that it is some electrical current that disturbs the air and creates the noise.

The old State turnpike passes immediately over the Nantehaleh, crossing it at a gap where there is a great depression. It is about three miles to the summit of the gap, in a straight line, but the twistings of the "pike" road lengthen the way to nine miles.

The turnpike leads up the Wah-yah (the Wolf) creek, and ascends up a grade of one foot in twenty. At one place, after traveling three miles, a person can stand on the edge of the road and cast a stone to the point of departure below.

This is called the "W," as the diagram of the road resembles that letter. The "Cold Spring," half way up the mountain, under the shade of lofty trees and bursting out from among the rocks, is the dinner and resting-place where thousands of people have spent a delightful hour in their ascent of the mountain. Near by this refreshing spot is an orchard of locust trees, which have clean trunks without a limb for sixty feet, and are crowned on their tops with the richest foliage. It is what is called the black or greasy locust, because of its dark color and a juice that exudes from it. The posts of this tree will last a century in the ground, as old land-stakes and fences and posts testify. These trees are numerous here and shipbuilders, in centuries to come, will be getting locust nails from this glorious old mountain.

From every little ravine and from every ledge of rocks there bursts out a little stream or bubbles up a tiny spring, and along the whole way the Wah-yah creek is falling in cascades, pouring in cataracts and rushing in torrents by your side, and where it bursts out of the mountain gorge and tumbles over the rocks and dashes into spray, it forms the "Bridal Veil," a name so suggestive and true that the reader can picture the sight.

Near the gap from the pike can be seen, on the bold face of the mountain immediately under this pinnacle, the mouth of a large tunnel, and if the sun be shining in opposition to it, myriads of pieces of mica will be reflecting the rays and daz-

zling your eyes and shining in brilliant splendor upon you. This is a mica mine, and it is so high and, seemingly, so inaccessible that one can hardly believe that even the avarice and cupidity of man would goad him to such a hazardous venture as this. Even the wild beasts never tread this dangerous, narrow and precipitous route. If one false step were made, as the miner creeps along this narrow path and among the shelving rocks, he would fall thousands of feet before he was dashed to atoms in the dark chasm below. But what will not man do to gain the "almighty dollar?" The riddle has never been answered. At the foot of the Nantehaleh, on the pike, is Aquone, the Indian word for rest, peace, quietude. Alexander Munday, a kind-hearted, hospitable man, keeps a country tavern here, and it is indeed a place of rest. The soft breezes that spring from the mountain caves are wafted down the river, and make æolian music through the lofty spruces and dark hemlocks which shade the green sward around the house, and the inclination to rest and sleep is so sweet that it is seldom resisted. No one appreciates the sweetness of rest and peace until he has fallen asleep at midday in some calm, sequestered spot under the shadow of the old Nantehaleh and reveled in the phantasies of dreamland which floats around him. It is one region over which the trail of the serpent has not yet passed.

We would fain rest here and enjoy its delightful repose, but there are other things to see and other places to explore.

We must return to Swain county, situated on both sides of the Tuckaseege and lying under the dark shadows of the Unaka mountains.

The magnificent timbers of this county are bringing purchasers here from all parts of the country, and copper, silver and nickel have been found in its mines. Its valleys are fertile and the mountains rich and well adapted to stock raising and sheep husbandry. The Tennessee and Tuckaseege both flow through it and water power is unlimited. There are many mountain fastnesses here where the foot of man never penetrates.

DE HARTS SPRINGS

are situated in this county on the Tennessee river. These singular medicinal waters have been visited as a "*Fons Vite*" by the inhabitants of this mountain region for years. They have had the privilege of building cabins there and using the waters, and they come from great distances, not for pleasure, but at great inconvenience, to be healed of their maladies.

The springs have been purchased by a northern capitalist, and I learn, will be improved and opened to the public as soon as the railroad reaches that point.

Between the mouth of the Nantehaleh and the confluence of the Little Tennessee and Tuckaseege rivers, there is a tunnel of five hundred feet, and the bed of the road along the Little Tennessee is one of wild, rugged grandeur, almost awful, with its towering peaks, huge rocks and steep walls that shut out the world from view.

THE NANTEHALEH,

which we ascend from the Little Tennessee, is a poetic stream. Its name is derived from the deep hidden track which it follows among the narrow defiles of the Nant-

ehaleh and Valley river mountains. The sun seldom shines on its waters except at "high noon," and the Indians say that Nantehaleh means "meridian" river, from that circumstance; while others say that its narrow passage through the swelling promontories of the Nantehaleh and Valley river mountains caused it to have the name, indicating the hidden valley between a maiden's breasts. The reader may choose either of these poetic ideas, according to his fancy.

There are more brook trout in this stream than any other on the line of the railroad, and there are more sportsmen who visit it than any other.

Nine miles from the mouth of the Nantehaleh the railroad track leaves that stream, and for three miles is excavated through ridges, and spans deep ravines until it reaches the

RED MARBLE GAP,

of the Valley River Mountain, 2,686 feet high, where it passes over into Cherokee, the extreme western county of the State.

The marble in this gap is flesh colored, and capable of receiving the highest polish. The quantity is unlimited. Great boulders and ledges of it protrude from the surface of the ground and through the gap. A cube-shaped block, about two feet square, was taken out and exhibited at the recent Boston Exposition.

This marble is now attracting much attention, and will, doubtless, be quarried in great quantities for ornamental purposes.

From Marble Gap the track of the road is down the smaller streams to the river below, some ten miles.

The Indian name for Valley river was "Conohite," meaning "long," the accent given on the last syllable, as it is almost invariably in all Indian words.

The Indians call Captain James Cooper, one of the cleverest fellows on the Valley river, "Jim Conohite," on account of his height and slimness.

As we descend the "Conohite" river we have the Tusquittah mountain on our left, 5,314 feet high at its maximum. Its name indicates "sharp," and was suggested by the narrowness of the ridge of these mountains. The tourist who sees it will appreciate the name. From this mountain there are many notable views, which induce persons to climb up its rugged steeps. On the left of the valley is the "Cheowah" mountain, attaining an altitude of 4,996 feet. The meaning of this name in the Indian language is "many otters," on account of the great numbers of these animals which inhabited it. The Indians would express this idea by pronouncing the word "cheowah" (otter) and then looking about and stretching out their hands as if calling your attention to a number of these animals in your presence. This is the *motion* they add to make a singular noun plural.

The most of the Cherokee tribe live on the north slope of the Cheowah and near Quallah (a corruption of Polly) town in Swain county. If the tourist has a fancy to know more about their history, characteristics, manners and customs, he can get all the information he wants from Captain James W. Terrell, of Webster, in Jackson county, who is a very intelligent and companionable gentleman, and who has long

traded with these people and been their constant friend. The grave of Janaluski, a heroic brave, who was with "Old Hickory" at the battle of the Horseshoe, on the Tallapoosa river in 1814, is situated very near Robbinsville, in Graham county, thirteen miles north of the railroad.

A lovely, clear, rapid mountain stream, coursing down the Valley river mountain along the turnpike, bears the name of "Janaluski" creek, and flows "mingling with his fame forever." It is a just tribute of the white man to the noble brave who was ever his faithful and devoted friend.

The State acknowledged his services by a special grant of land to Janaluski in his lifetime.

The Cherokees have many of the peculiarities of their ancestors. Very few of them will learn the English language; they are afraid if they do they will lose the use of their own; consequently, not twenty-five, perhaps, of the whole eleven hundred can act as a "lincester" (a corruption of "linguist") or interpreter for the whites.

They refuse to marry according to the customs and laws of the whites. They contract marriages among themselves, "not for better or worse, so long as they both do live," but as long as they can agree and love one another. When this cohesive power ceases, they separate and enter into new alliances.

A majority of them are nominally Christians in faith, and a few are practical and pious Christians; there are many, though, who are as unbelieving as their savage progenitors.

They are peaceable and quiet, and they are seldom mixed with white blood. Most of them are stupid and stolid and incredulous. They have been so often cheated and robbed that they are suspicious of every one. There is little to hunt in this section, and they subsist on small farms owned in common by the tribe. They dress like the whites, except that most of them wear moccasins. They are industrious laborers, and have done a great deal of work for the railroad company. They are desirable laborers because they seldom talk. Joe Jefferson would study their character with interest on account of their likeness to the ghosts of the Catskills. It is suggestive of his observation "vat gude vives they would make." The antiquarian and the ethnologist can have a wide field for exploration in this unknown section when facilities for travel are completed.

Near Franklin, in Macon county, and in the low lands of the Little Tennessee, is a large tumulus or mound, in shape like a truncated cone, with a base diameter of sixty or seventy feet, and a height of thirty feet, from which some very curious relics of antiquity have been unearthed. And very near the railroad tracks, fifteen miles west of Red Marble Gap, on the bank of the Valley river, is another of the mysterious landmarks of a nation passed away "without a sign," leaving neither language nor symbol, to make a history or generate a tradition.

All is conjecture and surmise with regard to this prehistoric race. Bones, beads, and pottery are found buried in the rich loam out of which these tumuli are constructed, but the skeletons are most probably the remains of succeeding nations of

Indians, who drove out the first settlers and utilized these prominent monuments as resting places for their ambitious and distinguished dead.

Many ancient relics, such as pipes, axes, bowls, earthen vessels and the like, belonging to a stone age of these ancient people, are found in this section, and eagerly purchased by tourists and collectors of the curious.

But we must discourse more of practical things, for this is what brings railroads and capital here.

Mrs. Walker's, at the head of the Valley river, has long been noted as the famous wayside inn of this region. It is seventeen miles east of Murphy, and at the head of the magnificent valley of the river below. It is in a good neighborhood where the traveler can always find friends, food and shelter. A beautiful creek is close by and runs through the lovely farm of Dr. R. C. Washburn, a hospitable and generous gentleman, who will be glad to give useful information about this country. As we descend the river, the bottoms widen out to more than a mile in width; they have been cultivated by the Indians first, and then the white man, for a century or more, and are still capable of yielding fifty to sixty bushels of Indian corn to the acre. And the lowlands below extend the whole seventeen miles to Murphy. There is land here that is unsurpassed in fertility by any other, and enough of it in these seventeen miles to support twenty times the population that now resides upon it, and with the improvement of agriculture even this proportion could be doubled. The great curse of this valley is that it is held in large bodies by men who are not inclined to sell and never improve it; but the tide of immigration will soon force these magnificent farms into market, and thrifty and enterprising farmers will ere long make it a land of Goshen, "flowing with milk and honey," and rich in butter and cheese, and made alive with horses and sheep and cattle that can be fed in the meadows below and in the mountain ranges above. In the neighborhood of Murphy there is almost every variety and color of

MARBLE.

I HAVE seen polished specimens in Prof. Smith's collection, ranging from coal-black to pure white—variegated by seams, stripes and segments of every color—and I have seen it with plaid stripes upon it running at right angles to each other. Some of it looks like the most artistic mosaic work, and is wonderfully adapted for columns, capitals, facings, mantels, and other ornamental works about costly buildings.

The white marble is so plentiful and convenient and so easily split out from the quarries, that many of the chimneys in Murphy are built of it, because it is cheaper than brick; and the curbstones of the pavements are of the same material.

Gold abounds on Valley river, and the mines have been worked profitably for many years. Copper ore has been discovered of the finest quality. And there are iron ores of the best qualities found in great abundance—in fact almost every valuable mineral can be found in Cherokee county, in more or less abundance.

The town of Murphy is most picturesquely situated in the fork of the Hiwassee and Konahetah rivers, and on the gentle declining ridge of the mountain which separates their flow.

The North Georgia Railroad, running up from Marietta, is partially graded to Murphy; and the probabilities are that it will be ironed in the next twelve months. With this road, and the Western North Carolina Railroad meeting at this point, this beautiful and healthful site for a town will soon bring wealth and population to its limits, and like Asheville, it will grow so rapidly that its native citizens will soon be swallowed up in the tide of progress and improvement.

It is difficult to imagine what could be added to the natural advantages of Murphy, to make it more inviting to those seeking a beautiful home, or health, rest and peace.

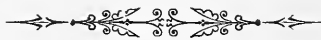
Just across the Hiwassee river, and a pleasant stroll from the village, the traveler can find Prof. Charles Beall, a cultivated gentleman who collected much of the material exhibited from North Carolina at the Boston Exposition. He is a fine botanist, an intelligent mineralogist, and has a valuable and interesting cabinet of ores, minerals, gems, flowers, ferns, and other interesting curiosities gathered from this part of the State.

The Hiwassee is stocked with a variety of splendid fishes.

The salmon, weighing as much as twenty pounds, and red horse, weighing ten pounds, are caught at Murphy.

The reader has now traversed this sublime mountain region, and if his heart has not swelled with bigger emotions, and his mind expanded with grander thoughts, and his body become strengthened and invigorated, then, indeed, nothing that is great and wonderful, that is high and mighty, that is pure and salubrious and healthful, can impress him. A soul which is not inspired by a sight of the lofty mountains which God has exerted his mighty power to create, is too dead for a living world, too dark to be trusted by living man.

The Western North Carolina Railroad, when completed, will be a grand triumph of engineering skill. Its successful completion, after all its adversities and obstructions, its varied experiences in the murky billows of politics, the opposition of enemies, and the rivalry of competitors, the pecuniary difficulties under which it has labored, and the dangers with which it has been surrounded, is a cause of just pride, not only to those who have been instrumental in aiding this stupendous undertaking, whether in field, in finance, or in the hall of legislation, but also to the people of the entire State, without regard to locality or party.



HEIGHTS OF MOUNTAINS IN NORTH CAROLINA, ABOVE SEA-LEVEL,
NEAR THE WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA RAILROAD.

	FEET.		FEET.
Mitchell's Peak.	6,709	Hairy Bear.	6,610
Balsam Cone.	6,671	Cat-tail Peak	6,611

THESE ARE THE HIGHEST ON THE BLACK MOUNTAIN (MAIN CHAIN), AND
ARE IN YANCEY COUNTY.

	FEET.		FEET.
Roan Mountain, Mitchell Co.	6,306	Chimney Top, Macon Co.	4,563
Big Craggy.	6,090	Scaly Mountain, "	4,835
Table Rock, Burke Co.	3,918	Nona Mountain, "	5,542
Hawks' Bill, "	4,090	Wayah Peak of Nantehaleh, Macon Co.	5,494
Amos Platt's Balsam, Haywood Co.	6,278	Nantehaleh Gap, Macon Co.	4,158
Brother Platt, Haywood Co.	6,246	Tusquittah Mountain, Cherokee Co.	5,314
Jones' Balsam, "	6,223	Konahetah, Cherokee Co.	4,493
Rocky Face, "	6,031	Valley River Gap, Cherokee Co.	3,564
Rock Stand Knob, "	6,002	Red Marble Gap, "	2,686
Richland Balsam, "	6,425	Chunky Gal, Clay Co.	4,986
Chimney Peak	6,234	Cheowah Maximum, Graham Co.	4,996
Great Pisgah	5,757	Pinnacle of Linnville.	2,869
Cowee Ledge, Macon Co.	4,402		

HEIGHTS OF PROMINENT PLACES, ABOVE SEA-LEVEL.

	FEET.		FEET.
Salisbury.	760	Mouth of Scott's Creek.	1,977
Statesville	940	Webster, C. H., Jackson Co.	2,203
Morganton	1,140	Franklin, C. H., Macon Co.	2,141
Marion.	1,425	Munday's Aquone on Nantehaleh	2,931
Point Tunnel (first tunnel).	1,622	Qualla Town	1,979
Swannanoa Gap.	2,657	Lenoir, Caldwell Co.	1,185
Swannanoa Tunnel.	2,510	Rabun Gap.	2,168
Mouth of Swannanoa	1,977	Tennessee River, near Franklin	2,020
Asheville.	2,250	Tennessee River, at mouth of Alurka.	1,596
Marshall.	1,684	Tennessee River, at State Line.	1,114
Warm Springs	1,325	Murphy, C. H., Cherokee Co.	1,614
Paint Rock	1,264	Mouth of Valley River.	1,514
Alexander's Bridge.	1,796	Valley Town, Mrs. Walkers	1,911
Waynesville	2,756	Sherville, Cheowah River.	2,072
Balsam Gap Railroad Pass.	3,411		

SUMMER HOMES ALONG THE LINE OF THE VIRGINIA MIDLAND RAILWAY.

NAME OF PERSON TAKING BOARDERS.	POST-OFFICE ADDRESS.	NEAREST RAILROAD STATION.	NEAREST TELEGRAPH OFFICE.	STATION. ON WHAT ROAD.	DISTANCE FROM STATION.
Clifton House.....	Clifton station.....	Clifton.....	Clifton.....	Main Line V. M. Railway..	100 feet.
Mount Pleasant Farm.....	do.....	do.....	do.....	do.....	1 3/4 miles.
Mrs. Wm. Temple Smith.....	Manassas.....	Manassas.....	Manassas.....	do.....	200 yards.
Mrs. F. Gaskins.....	Catletts.....	Catletts.....	Warrenton Junction.....	do.....
Mrs. I. Mark.....	do.....	do.....	do.....	do.....
Mrs. L. Catlett.....	do.....	do.....	do.....	do.....
Mrs. S. G. Catlett.....	do.....	do.....	do.....	do.....
"Warrenton House" Hotel.....	Warrenton.....	Warrenton.....	Warrenton.....	Warrenton Branch.....	In town.
"Warrenton Green" Hotel.....	do.....	do.....	do.....	do.....	do
Miss M. A. McPherson.....	do.....	do.....	do.....	do.....	do
Mrs. Amos J. Joliff.....	do.....	do.....	do.....	do.....	do
Mrs. J. R. Colvin.....	do.....	do.....	do.....	do.....	do
J. T. James.....	do.....	do.....	do.....	do.....	do
Cedar Grove.....	do.....	do.....	do.....	do.....	3 miles.
North Vales.....	do.....	do.....	do.....	do.....	3 miles.
L. W. Caldwell.....	do.....	do.....	do.....	do.....	400 yards.
Melrose Castle.....	do.....	do.....	do.....	do.....	1 mile.
Fauquier White Sulphur Springs.....	Melrose.....	Melrose.....	Warrenton Junction.....	do.....	6 miles.
Mrs. H. C. Wayman.....	Fauquier White Sulphur Springs.....	Warrenton.....	Fauquier White Sulphur Springs.....	do.....	9 miles.
Mrs. C. L. Rixey.....	Waterloo, Va.....	do.....	do.....	do.....	1 1/2 miles.
Mrs. M. F. Armstrong.....	Culpeper.....	Culpeper.....	Culpeper.....	Main Line V. M. Railway..	In town.
Mrs. M. M. Jamieson.....	do.....	do.....	do.....	do.....	do
Mrs. B. C. Macey.....	do.....	do.....	do.....	do.....	300 yards.
Waverly Hotel.....	do.....	do.....	do.....	do.....	In town.
Rev. H. S. Alexander.....	do.....	do.....	do.....	do.....	1 mile.
Virginia Hotel.....	do.....	do.....	do.....	do.....	25 miles.
Mrs. L. N. Casham.....	do.....	do.....	do.....	do.....	22 miles.
Wm. H. Carter.....	Washington, Va.....	do.....	Front Royal.....	do.....	12 miles.
Chas. H. Dear.....	do.....	do.....	do.....	do.....	20 miles.
Miss Nannie Reid.....	Woodville, Va.....	do.....	Culpeper.....	do.....	20 miles.
Lloyd Hisle.....	Sperryville, Va.....	do.....	do.....	do.....	20 miles.
Mrs. Erasmus Taylor.....	Orange.....	Orange.....	Orange.....	do.....	2 1/2 miles.
Mrs. R. C. Macon.....	do.....	do.....	do.....	do.....	In town.
W. Stevens.....	do.....	do.....	do.....	do.....	do
A. G. Nason.....	Nason, Va.....	do.....	do.....	do.....	do
Magnolia House.....	Gordonsville.....	Gordonsville.....	Gordonsville.....	Gordonsville B., V. M. R. Y..	5 miles.
Exchange Hotel.....	do.....	do.....	do.....	do.....	In town.
W. M. Dunn.....	do.....	do.....	do.....	do.....	do
Madison House.....	Madison C. H.....	Somerset.....	do.....	Main Line V. M. Railway..	13 miles.
Mrs. C. J. Stovin.....	Liberty Mills.....	do.....	Barboursville.....	do.....	2 1/2 miles.

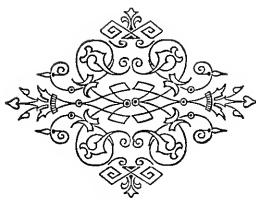
Mrs. T. S. Jones.	Gordonsville.	Somerset	Gordonsville.	Main Line V. M. Railway.	2 miles.
Fairview Farm.	do	do	Barboursville	do	do
Tatley Farm.	do	do	do	do	2 1/2 miles.
Liberty Mills.	do	do	Barboursville	do	13 miles.
Latayete House.	do	do	do	do	1 mile.
Mrs. M. J. Terrell	do	do	Charlottesville.	do	1 mile.
J. H. Blackwell	do	do	do	do	1/2 mile.
Central Hotel.	do	do	do	do	4 1/2 miles.
"The Brook."	do	do	Lovington	do	do
Mrs. A. E. Powers.	do	do	Haymarket.	Manassas Div. V. M. R'y.	do
J. L. Thorp	Gainesville	Gainesville	do	do	do
Mrs. Mason.	do	do	do	do	3/4 mile.
Mrs. E. Marsteller.	do	do	do	do	3 miles.
Miss Jane E. Delaplane.	Buckland, Prince William Co.	Haymarket.	do	do	5 miles.
Mrs. Jauce C. Hunton.	do	do	do	do	2 miles.
Miss Foote	do	do	do	do	1/2 mile.
Dr. H. M. Clarkson	do	do	do	do	1/2 mile.
Miss S. Carter.	Thoroughfare.	do	do	do	1/2 mile.
B. B. Turner.	Broad Run.	Broad Run	The Plains	do	4 miles.
Mrs. W. W. Smith.	do	do	do	do	1 1/2 miles.
Mount Eccentric.	do	do	do	do	2 1/2 miles.
T. G. Johnson.	Marshall	Marshall	do	do	do
Mrs. P. A. Kingston	do	do	do	do	3/4 mile.
Chogane & Maddux Hotel.	do	do	do	do	1/2 mile.
Miss Jane E. Maddux.	do	do	do	do	1/2 mile.
Mrs. Thos. Tillet.	Middleburg	do	do	do	7 miles.
Rockburg Farm.	Rectortown	do	do	do	2 1/2 miles.
W. J. Kenick.	Markham station.	Markham	Delaplane	do	do
Chifton Farm.	do	do	do	do	10 miles.
"Elmore," W. A. Brawner.	Markham	do	do	do	1/2 mile.
Mrs. Annie M. Ambler.	do	do	do	do	2 miles.
Mrs. J. A. Marshall.	do	do	do	do	300 yards.
Mrs. F. B. Kenner.	Riverton.	do	River	do	1/2 mile.
Mrs. Ida R. Hoffman.	Front Royal.	do	Front Royal.	do	600 yards.
M. E. Beall.	do	do	do	do	100 yards.
J. M. Stinson, "Mt. Drew House."	do	do	do	do	100 yards.
Chester Dale.	do	do	do	do	2 1/2 miles.
A. P. McIntaif.	Sirasburg.	Sirasburg	Sirasburg.	do	100 yards.
Central House	do	do	do	do	In town.

SUMMER HOMES ALONG THE LINE OF THE VIRGINIA MIDLAND RAILWAY—(Continued).

NAME OF PERSON TAKING BOARDERS.	MEANS OF CONVEYANCE.	CAPACITY FOR GUESTS.	PRICE OF BOARD PER DAY.	PRICE OF BOARD PER WEEK.	PRICE OF BOARD PER MONTH.	CHARGE FOR CHILDREN.	CHARGE FOR SERVANTS.
Clifton House.....	20 persons.....	\$1 50.....	7 00.....	\$25 00 to \$30 00.....	Half price.....	Half price.....
Mount Pleasant Farm.....	15 to 20 persons.....	6 00 to 7 00.....	25 00.....
Mrs. William Temple Smith.....	10 persons.....	1 00.....	7 00.....	20 00.....	Not desired.....	Half price.....
Mrs. F. Gaskins.....	3 to 4 persons.....	18 00 to 20 00.....	do.....	do.....
Mrs. I. Mark.....	3 to 4 persons.....	18 00 to 20 00.....	do.....	do.....
Mrs. L. Catlett.....	3 to 4 persons.....	18 00 to 20 00.....	do.....	do.....
Mrs. S. G. Catlett.....	3 to 4 persons.....	18 00 to 20 00.....	do.....	do.....
"Warrenton House" Hotel.....	20 persons.....	1 50.....	8 75.....	25 00.....	Reduced.....	Reduced.....
"Warrenton Green" Hotel.....	50 persons.....	10 50.....	30 00.....
Miss M. A. McPherson.....	Hack.....	10 persons.....	1 50.....	7 50.....	30 00.....	Half price.....	Half price.....
Mrs. Amos Jolliff.....	15 persons.....	5 00.....	25 00.....	do.....	do.....
Mrs. J. R. Colvin.....	10 persons.....	1 00.....	5 00.....	30 00.....
J. T. James.....	Hack.....	25 persons.....	6 00.....	20 00.....
Cedar Grove.....	Hack.....	20 persons.....
North Wales.....	Hacks.....	5 to 6 persons.....
L. W. Caldwell.....	do.....	4 rooms.....	1 00.....	7 00.....	25 00.....	Half price.....	Half price.....
Melrose Castle.....	Carrriage.....	10 to 15 guests.....	7 00.....	25 00.....
Fauquier White Sulphur Springs.....	Stages.....	300 guests.....	2 00 to 3 00.....	10 00 to 21 00.....
Mrs. H. C. Wayman.....	Hack.....	10 persons.....	8 00.....	20 00.....
Mrs. C. L. Rixey.....	Carrriage.....	15 persons.....	5 00.....	25 00.....	Half price.....	Half price.....
Mrs. M. F. Armstrong.....	10 persons.....	1 00.....	5 00.....	20 00.....	do.....	do.....
Mrs. M. M. Jameson.....	5 guests.....	7 00.....	25 00.....
Mrs. B. C. Macey.....	6 persons.....	7 00.....	23 00.....	\$12.50.....	\$12.50.....
Waverly Hotel.....	70 guests.....	7 00.....	25 00.....
Rev. H. S. Alexander.....	Carrriage.....	15 guests.....	5 00.....	20 00.....	Half price.....	Half price.....
Virginia Hotel.....	40 guests.....	2 00.....	7 00.....	25 00.....	do.....	\$17.00.....
Mrs. L. N. Casham.....	Stage.....	15 guests.....	9 00.....	20 00.....	Reduced.....	Reduced.....
Wm. H. Carter.....	do.....	10 guests.....	30 00.....	\$15 00.....	\$15 00.....
Chas. H. Dear.....	do.....	15 guests.....	5 00.....	18 00.....	9 00.....	\$9.00.....
Miss Nannie Reid.....	do.....	25 guests.....	9 00.....	30 00.....	15 00.....	15 00.....
Lloyd Hisle.....	do.....	20 guests.....	6 25.....	20 00 to 25 00.....	10 00 to 15 00.....	\$15 00.....
Mrs. Erasmus Taylor.....	Private carrriage.....	7 large rooms.....	1 00.....	7 00.....	20 00.....	Half price.....	Half price.....
Mrs. R. C. Macon.....	20 persons.....	20 00.....	do.....	do.....
W. Stevens.....	20 guests.....	2 00.....	7 00.....	25 00.....
A. G. Nason.....	10 guests.....	20 00.....
Magnolia House.....	50 guests.....	5 00.....	20 00.....
Exchange Hotel.....	40 guests.....	6 00.....	20 00.....
W. M. Dunn.....	50 guests.....	1 50.....	5 00.....	20 00.....
Madison House.....	Stage and carrriage.....	30 guests.....	5 50.....	18 00.....	10 00.....	\$10.00.....
Mrs. C. J. Stovin.....	Carrriage.....	25 guests.....	1 00.....	5 00.....	20 00.....	Half price.....	Half price.....

			\$1 00	\$5 00	\$20 00	\$50 00	\$10 00	\$20 00	\$30 00
Mrs. T. S. Jones.	Carriage.	4 rooms							
Fairview Farm.		40 guests		5 00	20 00		\$10 00	20 00	\$30 00
Tedley Farm.		20 guests		5 00	25 00			25 00	
Lafayette House.	Carriage.	5 guests		5 00	15 00		\$7 50	15 00	\$10 00
Mrs. M. J. Ferrell.	do	12 guests	1 00	5 00	30 00		Half price.	30 00	Half price.
J. H. Blackwell.	Hack or carriage.	20 guests		10 00	35 00		Half price.	35 00	Half price.
Central Hotel.	Omnibus	25 guests		5 00	20 00		\$10 00	20 00	\$10 00
"The Brook"	Carriages	20 guests			20 00			20 00	
Mrs. A. E. Powers.		5 guests			20 00			20 00	
J. L. Thorp.		10 guests			25 00			25 00	
Mrs. Mason.		10 guests	1 15	7 00	25 00		Reduced.	25 00	Half price.
Mrs. E. Marsteller.	Carriage	25 guests	90	6 00	45 00		Half fare.	45 00	do
Miss Jane E. Delaplaine.	do	15 or 20 guests	1 00	6 00	20 00		do	20 00	do
Mrs. Jance C. Hunton.	Carriages.	30 guests	1 00	6 00	25 00		\$12 50	25 00	\$12 50.
Miss Foote.	do	6 guests	1 00	6 00	20 00		Children not desired	20 00	No servants desired.
Dr. H. M. Clarkson.	Horse or wagon	5 guests	1 00		25 00		Half price.	25 00	Half price.
Miss S. Carter.	Private.	3 or 4 rooms			25 00		Children \$12-50.	25 00	do
B. B. Turner.	Carriage	18 or 20 guests.		6 00	20 00			20 00	
Mrs. W. W. Smith.	do	20 guests			25 00			25 00	
Mount Eccentric.		15 guests			25 00			25 00	
T. C. Johnson.		15 guests	1 00	5 00	20 00		Half price.	20 00	Half price.
Mrs. P. A. Klipstein.	Buggy	40 guests	1 50	7 00	25 00		do	25 00	do
Cologne & Maddux Hotel.	Buggies and hacks.	12 guests	1 25	5 00	15 00			15 00	
Miss Jane E. Maddux.	Carriage	8 guests	75	7 00	25 00		Half price.	25 00	Half price.
Mrs. Thos. Fillet.	Private carriage.	30 guests		6 00	20 00		do	20 00	do
Rockburg Farm.	Carriage	12 guests	1 50	6 00	20 00		Reduced	20 00	do
W. T. Kemick.	do	12 guests		5 00	20 00		do	20 00	do
Clifton Farm.	Wagon	20 guests		6 00	20 00		do	20 00	do
"Elmore," W. A. Brawner.	Private	20 guests	1 00	6 00	20 00	to 25 00	do	20 00	do
Mrs. Annie M. Ambler.	do	20 guests	1 50	6 00	24 00		Half price.	24 00	Half price.
Mrs. I. A. Marshall.	do	2 gentlemen	1 00		20 00		Half price.	20 00	do
Mrs. T. B. Kenner.	Near enough to walk.	40 guests	1 00	5 00	20 00		do	20 00	do
Mrs. Ida R. Hoffman.	Hacks.	20 guests	1 75	5 00	30 00		do	30 00	do
M. E. Beall.	Buss.	25 guests	2 00	7 50	20 00		do	20 00	do
J. M. Shinson, "Mt. Drew House."	Hack	12 guests		7 00	25 00		1/2 to 3/4 price	25 00	Three-quarter price.
Chester Dale.	do	25 or 30 guests.	2 00	7 00	25 00	to 30 00	Reduced.	25 00	Reduced.
A. P. McIntaff.		20 guests	1 75	5 00	25 00			25 00	
Central House.									

For further particulars in reference to special arrangements for families, etc., address by letter any of the above-mentioned parties.



PRIVATE BOARDING HOUSES.

MISS HILLET.

Private Boarding House.	Miss Vic. Baird.....	"	"	"	"	"	"	40	1 50	10 00	25 00
Private Boarding House..	Maj. W. W. McDowell..	"	"	"	"	"	"	30 00
Private Boarding House..	Rev. L. M. Pease.....	"	"	"	"	"	"	25 00
Arden Park	C. W. Beal.....	"	"	"	10 miles.	Stage.....	"	25 00
Weaverly Hotel.....	Dr. Reagan.....	Weaverly.....	"	"	7 miles.	Hack.....	"	50	25 00
Silver Springs Hotel.....	Mrs. J. L. Henry.....	Ashville	"	"	"	"	"	60	2 00	30 00
Private Boarding House..	H. H. Webb.....	"	"	"	"	"	"	10	30 00
Private Boarding House..	Miss Bettie Brown.....	"	"	"	"	"	"	20	1 50	30 00
Private Boarding House..	Mrs. S. B. West.....	"	"	"	"	"	"	20	1 50	8 00	30 00
Private Boarding House..	Mrs. L. Chapman	"	"	"	"	"	"	20	40 00
Private Boarding House..	Col. J. A. Fagg.....	"	"	"	"	"	"	25	1 00	28 00
Private Boarding House..	G. L. McDowell.....	"	"	"	"	"	"	10	25 00
Private Boarding House..	Mrs. Thos. W. Branch..	"	"	"	"	"	"	20	25 00
Private Boarding House..	Mrs. G. A. Cummings..	"	"	"	"	"	"	20	9 00	30 00
Private Boarding House..	Mrs. H. C. France.....	"	"	"	"	"	"	20	9 00	30 00
Private House.....	Mrs. S. A. Reynolds...	"	"	"	"	"	"	25	25 00
Private House.....	Mrs. W. S. Reynolds...	"	"	"	"	"	"	20	25 00
Private House.....	Mrs. M. A. Smith.....	"	"	"	"	"	"	10	1 25	10 00	30 00
Private House.....	N. Atkinson.....	"	"	"	"	"	"	10	1 25	8 00	25 00

LIST OF HOTELS AND BOARDING HOUSES IN WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA.

NAME OF HOTEL OR BOARDING HOUSE	NAME OF PROPRIETOR	POST-OFFICE ADDRESS	DISTANCE FROM STATION	CONVENIENCE	BOARDING				
					Per Day	Per Week			
McNeeley House.....	W. J. McNeely.....	Salisbury	Bus	35	\$2.50	\$10.00	10	\$0.00
Mt. Vernon Hotel.....	P. A. Frenks.....	"	"	35	2.50	10.00	40	40.00
St. Charles Hotel.....	L. B. James.....	Statesville	Bus	25	2.00	10.00	20	35.00
Statesville Female College.....	Miss Fannie Everett.....	"	"	50	8.00	30.00	30.00
Yount Hotel.....	Vance Yount.....	Newton	"	40	2.00	5.00	15.00	15.00
Summerow House.....	Noah Summerow.....	"	"	30	1.50	5.00	14.00	14.00
Lantz House.....	Mrs. D. L. Abernethy.....	"	"	15	1.00	4.00	12.50	12.50
Bost Hotel.....	R. A. Bost.....	"	"	50	2.00	7.00	20.00	20.00
Trott House.....	W. H. Trott.....	"	"	15	1.50	5.00	14.00	14.00
Yount House.....	J. L. Yount.....	Conover	"	8	1.25	7.00	15.00	15.00
Waddell.....	R. E. Waddell.....	Lenoir	1/2 mile.....	Hack	30	2.00	7.00	20.00	20.00
Central Hotel.....	D. A. Reese.....	Hickory	"	50	2.00	10.00	30.00	30.00
Western Hotel.....	S. A. Chandler.....	"	"	30	1.50	7.00	20.00	20.00
Henry Wilfong.....	Mrs. W. P. Reinhardt.....	"	"	6	1.00	7.00	25.00	25.00
W. P. Reinhardt.....	Mrs. W. P. Reinhardt.....	"	"	6	1.00	6.00	20.00	20.00
Miss Magie Walker.....	Miss M. Walker.....	"	"	12	1.50	7.00	25.00	25.00
I. M. Lawrence.....	Mrs. I. M. Lawrence.....	"	"	5	1.00	6.00	20.00	20.00
Jno. Shaford.....	Mrs. Jno. Shaford.....	"	"	10	1.00	6.00	20.00	20.00
Mrs. M. A. Black.....	Mrs. M. A. Black.....	"	"	6	1.00	5.00	18.00	18.00
Mrs. J. W. Clinard.....	Mrs. J. W. Clinard.....	"	"	6	1.00	5.00	20.00	20.00
I. F. Murrill.....	Mrs. J. F. Murrill.....	"	"	10	1.00	5.00	18.00	18.00
Mrs. A. W. Marshall.....	Mrs. A. W. Marshall.....	"	"	6	1.00	5.00	18.00	18.00
Sparkling Catawba Springs.....	Dr. E. O. Elliott.....	Sparkling Catawba Spgs.	7 miles	Hack	300	2.00	12.50	35.00	35.00
S. M. Clark.....	S. M. Clark.....	Blowing Rock	30 miles	Stage	20	1.00	7.00	20.00	20.00
W. M. Morris.....	W. M. Morris.....	"	30 miles	"	20	1.00	7.00	25.00	25.00
L. W. Estes.....	L. W. Estes.....	"	30 miles	"	30	1.00	7.00	25.00	25.00
Sulphur Springs.....	B. F. Eaton.....	Peatra Mills	Hack	20	1.00	5.00	20.00	20.00
Mountain Hotel.....	D. P. Goode.....	Happy Home	"	20	1.00	6.00	20.00	20.00
Shades Home.....	J. M. Kincaid.....	Morganton	1 1/2 miles	Hack	6	1.00	6.00	20.00	20.00
Collet House.....	Mrs. Mary Collet.....	"	Bus	75	2.00	10.00	30.00	30.00
Glen Alpine Springs Hotel.....	J. H. Pearson.....	Glen Alpine Springs	15 miles	Hack	175	2.00	8.00	25.00	25.00
Piedmont Springs Hotel.....	Gabriel Peary.....	Piedmont Springs	16 miles	"	100	2.00	8.00	25.00	25.00
Miss H. E. Greenlee.....	Miss H. E. Greenlee.....	Greenslee, N. C. (country)	6 m. from Marion	"	20	75	4.00	16.00	16.00
Fleming House.....	W. I. Cahais.....	Marion	"	40	2.00	10.00	25.00	25.00
Private House.....	Wm. Dillinger.....	"	"	20	1.50	7.50	20.00	20.00
Private House.....	A. F. Curtis.....	Old Fort	"	30	1.25	6.00	20.00	20.00
Private House.....	W. P. Terrell.....	"	"	15	1.25	6.00	20.00	20.00
Private House.....	A. L. Whitley.....	"	"	20	1.25	6.00	20.00	20.00
Private House.....	J. B. Burgin.....	"	1 1/2 miles	Wagon	20	1.25	6.00	20.00	20.00
Round Knob.....	W. D. Sprague.....	Round Knob	"	2.00	10.00	30.00	30.00	
Black Mountain Hotel.....	J. M. Stepp.....	Black Mountain	"	75	2.00	10.00	30.00	30.00
Mountain B. House.....	Mrs. S. Patton.....	Mitchell, N. C.	7 m. from Black Mt.	Hack	30	1.00	6.00	18.00	18.00
R. R. House.....	Mrs. M. E. Aldrich.....	Black Mountain	"	20	1.00	5.00	15.00	15.00
Porter House.....	Thos. L. White.....	Coopers	Only Transient	2.00
Watkins House.....	W. M. Porter.....	Swannanoa	"	2 m. from Coopers	1.00	5.00	15.00	15.00
Shops House.....	D. V. Shops.....	Coopers	"	2 m. from Coopers	5.00	15.00	15.00	15.00
Sorrell House.....	M. W. Sorrell.....	Coopers	"	15	5.00	15.00	15.00
Dulk House.....	Thos. L. Dulk.....	Coopers	"	8	5.00	16.00	16.00
Alexander House.....	Geo. W. Alexander.....	Coopers	"	6	5.00	16.00	16.00
Chalybeate Springs.....	Samuel Hugly.....	Coopers	"	4	5.00	18.00	18.00
Swannanoa Hotel.....	Rawls Bros.....	Coopers	"	10
Eagle Hotel.....	Mrs. K. G. Walker.....	Asheville	"	275	2.50	17.50	60.00	60.00
Grand Central Hotel.....	S. A. Chedister & Son.....	"	"	250	2.50	14.00	50.00	50.00
Western Hotel.....	W. P. Blair.....	"	"	50	2.00	12.00	40.00	40.00
Central Hotel.....	N. C. Featherston.....	"	"	50	1.50	8.00	30.00	30.00
Carolina Hotel.....	A. J. Dodamead.....	"	"	50	2.00	12.00	35.00	35.00
Private Boarding House.....	Mrs. H. C. Frouse.....	"	"	10	1.25
Mountain Cottage.....	H. C. Hunt.....	"	"	30	1.50	8.00	25.00	25.00
Private House.....	Mrs. H. A. Carpenter.....	Leicester	"	40	1.00	5.00	20.00	20.00
Private House.....	Mrs. E. P. Sherrill.....	Fair View	"

NAME OF HOTEL OR BOARDING HOUSE.	NAME OF PROPRIETOR.	POST-OFFICE ADDRESS.	FROM WHAT STATION REACHED.	DISTANCE FROM STATION.	CONVEYANCE	NUMBER OF GUESTS THAT CAN BE AC- COMMODATED.	BOARD.		
							Per Day.	Per Week.	Per Month.
Private Boarding House..	Dr. Sammy.....	Asheville.....	Asheville..	Bus & Carriages	\$25 00
Private Boarding House..	H. C. Hurst.....	".....	".....	"	25 00
Private Boarding House..	T. W. Patton.....	".....	".....	"	25 00
Private Boarding House..	G. M. Roberts.....	".....	".....	"	25 00
Private Boarding House..	Col. I. M. Ray.....	".....	".....	"	25 00
Private Boarding House..	Mrs. Holland.....	".....	".....	"	25 00
Private Boarding House..	Col. A. T. Davidson ..	".....	".....	"	25 00
Private Boarding House..	Mrs. E. O. Baird.....	".....	".....	"	25 00
Private Boarding House..	S. R. Kessler.....	".....	".....	"	25 00
Private Boarding House..	Misses Coffin.....	".....	".....	"	28 00
Private Boarding House..	I. H. Carter.....	".....	".....	"	25 00
Private Boarding House..	Dr. D. T. Millard.....	".....	".....	"	35	1 50	10 00	30 00
Private Boarding House..	Mrs. Miller.....	".....	".....	"



NAME OF HOTEL OR BOARDING HOUSE.	NAME OF PROPRIETOR.	POST-OFFICE ADDRESS.	FROM WHAT STATION REACHED.	DISTANCE FROM STATION.	CONVEYANCE.	NUMBER OF PASSENGERS CAPACITY.	BOARD.	
							PER DAY.	PER MONTH.
Private Boarding House.	Dr. Sammy.	Asheville.	Asheville.		Bus & Carriages.		...	\$5 00
Private Boarding House.	H. C. Hurst.	"	"		"		...	25 00
Private Boarding House.	T. W. Patton.	"	"		"		...	25 00
Private Boarding House.	G. M. Roberts.	"	"		"		...	25 00
Private Boarding House.	Col. I. M. Ray.	"	"		"		...	25 00
Private Boarding House.	Mrs. Holland.	"	"		"		...	25 00
Private Boarding House.	Col. A. T. Davidson.	"	"		"		...	25 00
Private Boarding House.	Mrs. E. O. Baird.	"	"		"		...	25 00
Private Boarding House.	S. R. Kessler.	"	"		"		...	25 00
Private Boarding House.	Misses Coffin.	"	"		"		\$1 50	88 50
Private Boarding House.	L. H. Carter.	"	"		"		1 50	10 00
Private Boarding House.	Dr. D. T. Millard.	"	"		"		...	35 00
Private Boarding House.	Miss Miller.	"	"		"		1 50	10 00
Private Boarding House.	Miss Vic. Baird.	"	"		"		...	30 00
Private Boarding House.	Maj. W. W. McDowell.	"	"		"		...	25 00
Private Boarding House.	Rev. L. M. Pease.	"	"		"		...	25 00
Arden Park.	C. W. Deal.	"	"	10 miles.	Stage.	50	...	25 00
Weaverly Hotel.	Dr. Reagan.	Weaverly.	"	7 miles.	Hack.	50	...	25 00
Silver Springs Hotel.	Mrs. J. L. Henry.	Asheville.	"		"	10	...	30 00
Private Boarding House.	H. H. Webb.	"	"		"	20	1 50	30 00
Private Boarding House.	Miss Bectie Brown.	"	"		"	20	1 50	8 00
Private Boarding House.	Mrs. S. B. West.	"	"		"	20	...	30 00
Private Boarding House.	Mrs. L. Chapman.	"	"		"	20	...	40 00
Private Boarding House.	Col. J. A. Fagg.	"	"		"	25	1 00	28 00
Private Boarding House.	G. L. McDowell.	"	"		"	10	...	25 00
Private Boarding House.	Mrs. Thos. W. Branch.	"	"		"	20	...	25 00
Private Boarding House.	Mrs. G. A. Cummings.	"	"		"	20	9 00	30 00
Private Boarding House.	Mrs. H. C. France.	"	"		"	20	9 00	30 00
Private House.	Mrs. S. A. Reynolds.	"	"		"	35	...	25 00
Private House.	Mrs. W. S. Reynolds.	"	"		"	20	...	25 00
Private House.	Mrs. V. Holland.	"	"		"	10	1 25	10 00
Private House.	John Murphy.	"	"		"	10	1 25	8 00
Private House.	Charles Shackelford.	"	"		"	15	1 00	5 00
Private House.	Mrs. M. A. Smith.	"	"		"	20	1 00	5 00
Private House.	N. Atkinson.	"	"		"	10	...	30 00
French Board.	A. A. Banks.	"	"		"	30	1 50	10 00
Private House.	Judge E. J. Aston.	"	"		"	30 00
Mountain View.	S. Truett.	"	"		"	25	1 00	4 00
Mills River House.	R. I. Allen.	Mills River.	"	16 miles.	Hack.	15	...	20 00
Antler Hall.	G. B. Tenent.	Asheville.	"	4 miles.	"	20	...	10 00
"The Retreat"	J. R. DuBoise.	"	"	5 miles.	"	10	1 00	25 00
St. Clair Hotel.	Thos. H. King.	Weaverly.	"	7 miles.	"	30	1 00	20 00
Alexander Hotel.	F. A. Luck.	Alexander.	"		"	80	1 50	10 00
Blackwell, W. Sulphur Springs.	W. A. Blackwell.	"	"	4 miles.	"	40	1 25	7 50
Marshall Hotel.	W. F. Runtion.	Marshall.	"		"	20	1 50	8 00
Stackhouse Hotel.	A. Stackhouse.	Stackhouse.	"		"	20	1 00	6 00
Warm Spring Hotel.	J. Pettyjohn.	Warm Springs.	"		"	315	2 50	17 50
Private House.	Dr. J. H. Jenkins.	Pigeon River.	"		"	15	1 25	6 00
Penland House.	F. A. Luck.	Depot, N. C.	"		"	20	1 50	8 00
Private House.	A. J. Osborne.	Pigeon River.	"		"	6	...	7 00
Private House.	Thos. Edmonson.	"	"		"	4	...	15 00
Haywood White.	"	Waynesville.	"	1 mile.	Bus.
Sulphur Springs.	L. C. S. Timberlake.	"	"		"	150	2 50	12 00
Bottle House.	Wm. Rinehart.	"	"		"	15	1 00	6 00
National Hotel.	Norvill & Bro.	"	"		"	15	1 50	6 00
Waynesville Hotel.	I. L. Snathers.	"	"		"	10	1 50	6 00
Bright Hotel.	H. M. Dright.	"	"		"	15	1 00	6 00
Private House.	S. L. Love.	"	"	1 mile.	"	20	1 00	6 00
Private House.	M. H. Love.	"	"		"	20	1 00	6 00
Private House.	R. L. Tate.	"	"		"	5	1 25	7 00
Private House.	Judge J. C. L. Gudge.	"	"		"	7	1 25	7 00
Private House.	Dr. B. F. Snathers.	"	"		"	8	1 25	7 00
Private House.	E. C. Chastain.	"	"		"	10	1 00	...
Mountain View Hotel.	F. H. Leatherwood.	Webster.	"	20 miles.	Hack.
Allman House.	N. G. Allman.	Franklin.	"	140 miles.	"	25	1 25	6 00
Sylvan Park.	E. R. Hampton.	Sylva.	"	20 miles.	"	12	1 50	8 00
Brittain Hotel.	M. L. Brittain.	Murphy.	"	30 miles.	"	20	1 00	20 00



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