

A DESCRIPTION
OF THE
PEAKS OF OTTER,

WITH SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES OF
PATRICK HENRY, JOHN RANDOLPH
AND THOMAS JEFFERSON, AND
OTHER DISTINGUISHED MEN;
WHO HAVE VISITED THE
PEAKS OF OTTER, OR RE-
SIDED IN THAT PART
OF THE STATE ;

ALSO

**A DESCRIPTION OF THE
NATURAL BRIDGE**

AND OTHER
SCENERY IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.

BY HENRY MORGAN,
AUTHOR OF "SONG OF CREATION."

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P R E F A C E.

The author of these sketches is not a Virginian by birth. He expects, however, to make his permanent residence by the graves of his ancestors, who have been entombed in this State, as far back as the fourth generation.

The unfortunate accident of opening his natal eyes north of Mason and Dixon's line has been to him a subject of great embarrassment. He has been honored with all the unholy epithets ascending from fool to madman, from madman to imposter, with hints most mercifully suggestive of a coat of tar and feathers. Finding himself the scape-goat of all the mighty sins of the north, he fled to the wilderness, and even there was followed up with the most gracious advice to forsake his fathers' tombs for a colder latitude ; but happily the number of such assailants and advisers has been small. Never was a people more hospitable ! Open doors, open hands, and open hearts have welcomed the stranger with the warmest tokens of the most disinterested friendship. While wandering through the country for statistics, not a house or heart, of wealthy planter, young man, or maiden, but has welcomed him with Virginia hospitality. Never shall he forget their friendship. May his right hand forget its cunning, and his tongue cleave to the roof of his mouth, when he shall cease to remember their generosity with gratitude. While lecturing before the painting of Creation at Richmond, Petersburg, Alexandria and Washington, he met with kind favor from

gentlemen of the highest distinction, both political and ecclesiastical, and to them he tenders his sincere thanks. Being suddenly thrown out of a lucrative employment in this part of the State, he has resorted to the humble efforts of his pen for a livelihood. Though the expense of printing in this State is more than twice that of the North, he trusts in Virginia patronage to sustain a publication written and printed within the limits of the State. Whether he shall enlarge the work by other sketches, and whether he shall present in a future volume scenes which he has witnessed in the poor-houses and prisons, and in the low back places of the larger cities of the North, depends upon the favorable reception of this work. An historian has affirmed that the Virginians are not a reading people. Admitting or denying the truth of this, one thing is certain, they are a *feeling* people; if any scenes in this little volume are so truthfully represented as to excite natural and agreeable feelings, the author is rewarded for his labors.

HENRY MORGAN.

PEAKS OF OTTER.

Perhaps no American scenery is more interesting than the Peaks of Otter. Landscape has its beauty, Niagara its grandeur, Ocean its immensity; but here, these are combined in the stupendous heights of sublimity. There are summits more elevated, but none more picturesque and romantic. The tourist through eastern Virginia becomes weary with the sameness of scenery.—Plantations and woods, abandoned farms, barren wastes and stunted pines, with little elevation and less variety, make travel uninviting and fatiguing, were it not relieved by the unbounded hospitality of the planter. But here nature has garnered her choicest stores of beauty to astonish the visitor with exquisite scenes of superb magnificence. No pencil can paint, no pen describe them. Words are insignificant, and the alphabet of language useless in expressing the feelings of reverence and awe which they inspire. Nothing but the eye of the beholder, with his senses electrified by the soul-stirring rapture of the scene, can appreciate their transcendent merits.

They are situated in the county of Bedford, about 25 miles from Lynchburg, 150 from Richmond, 280 from Washington, 270 from the Ocean, 17 from the Natural Bridge, and from 20 to 50

miles from some of the most noted mineral springs. Their elevation above the level of the sea is 5,800 feet, or little more than a mile. Their height above the plain is about 4,200. The Round Top is considered a trifle higher than the Sharp Top or southern peak, but is less imposing and less frequented.

Since the wild savage from these heights has ceased to sound the war whoop for his assembled chiefs, comparatively few persons have visited them until the past few years. Indeed, for want of roads, they have been almost inaccessible; none but the more adventurous would attempt their ascent, yet Randolph, Jefferson and Patrick Henry found the pleasure of watching the stars and the rising sun, and of gazing upon their respective plantations in the interminable plains below, to exceed the fatigue and exposure of the journey.— When the rising sun burst its sea of glory upon the keen eye of John Randolph, and lit up the mountain with burnished gold, he pointed his long bony finger towards the east, (“that Javelin of Rhetoric.”) and exclaimed to his companions: *“here let the infidel be convinced in a Deity.”* He was the first man who appropriated money for the construction of a road to the Peaks, and by others following his example the difficulty of ascent is now removed. As the facilities of travel have increased, it has become popular for families of opulence and distinction, during the warm season, to take a travelling tour; but tour for Virginians and strangers visiting the State is almost invaria-

bly for the Peaks of Otter, and the scenery of that part of the country. To accommodate the public demands, a turnpike has been made of proper grade and finish to pass over the ridge from the Railroad Depot at Liberty to Buchanan, a distance of twenty miles, on the route to some of the most noted Springs. As this road leads between the Peaks, and within one mile from their tops, the amount of travel is immense. The visitor can ride the remaining mile if he shall choose, but many prefer to walk. The ascent is less difficult than that of the white mountains of New Hampshire, and the sight more grand. There, no accommodations for the traveller are to be had within several miles of the highest peak, and the journey for ladies over rugged, steep and wild declivities, is almost intolerable. Here, assistance, food and shelter are at command within sound of the voice. There, the multitudes of peaks, surrounding the point of the highest elevation, detract from the sublimity of the scene. Here, from the broad plain four thousand feet below, one isolated shaft towers above the clouds in lone grandeur, inviting the lightning and the thunder with the sublimity that defies competition. There, the summit of the highest mountain being almost flat, covered with nothing but small rock, seems robbed of its crown of glory, as if the storms of heaven had hurled the beating crags from its brow, fearful of rebellion. Here, on the very summit, vast piles of toppling, break, gray granite, in high irregular and wild sublimity breasting the storm, presents

the climax of all that humanity can experience.

WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

The stone for the Washington Monument was taken from this mountain; its history may be interesting. About thirty years since an egg-shaped rock, twenty five or thirty feet high, stood on this mount with the small point toppling over the vast abyss, so exactly poised that one hand would move it. Nothing in nature could be more sublime, and no point of elevation more exciting for youth.— Since the name of Washington has been found engraved on many interesting rocks of the country, it is common to find mountain heights covered with names. Upon these crags names from all parts of the world are found engraved upon the precipitous brink, vying with each other for immortality. Upon the most distant point of the high rock spoken of, an ambitious youth once ventured to mark his name, and another climbed out upon the point with a silver headed cane, and laying it upon the utmost verge, placed a stone upon it—a temptation for some adventurous youth to climb and break his neck. The cane was taken down shortly after with difficulty and hazard, but without accident. The time arrives when this rock must be hurled from its base, and no more excite the wonder and admiration of the world.— Nature seemed to write upon it, “hands off,” but mischievous youths are forever meddling, envious of nature’s perfections. In vain did the pious Christian cry against their sacrilegious deeds! how infamous! how blasphemous! but all was vain.—

A hundred sons are gathered on the mount, a barbacue prepared, and cheerful songs are heard that make the mountain ring. A lever is placed beneath, moved by scores of men, yet they can only make it "wink," so tremendous is its weight. A hole is now drilled directly under it a foot deep, and six inches in diameter, to be filled with powder. Rather a small gun to discharge so large a ball! Several pounds of powder are poured, and the wadding forced upon it, and an iron plough-mould is placed over and wedged down from the rock. Ready! run! run! Every man has chosen his position, that he may see and hear, and save his head. Buzzard's rock at a short distance is covered with peering faces, anxious and breathless. Lo, a smoke! hark! flash! bang! Away went——nothing but the plough-mould. Another charge and another fire, but with the same effect. Charge succeeds to charge, and fire to fire, until kegs of powder are wasted and all the plough irons are shot away. Wedges are now resorted to and driven between two inclined planes. Now stroke, on stroke—it stirs and heaves again! once more! its o'er! With sulphur smoke and sound of earthquake, as the crashing of a thousand hills, it whirls and leaps from crag to crag, crushing rocks and mounds and tall majestic oaks, now plowing a deep gutter like ocean's wave, sending turf and stones and parted trees to the skies, now rolling end over end, with the voice of thunder, till lastly buries itself in a hill one mile below, there remains like the wounded savage covering his face to die. Great were the bruises of its fall. One year since

patriotism came like the good Samaritan—(it came like the Samaritan, but there the likeness ends,) for instead of healing the wounds that nature had compassionately bound up with moss for thirty years, she blew the rock in a thousand pieces.—The fragments still remain over the ridge opposite the “big spring” on the road to the Peaks. The part intended for the monument was finished at Lynchburg, then taken to Washington. The following is its inscription:

“From Otter’s summit,
Virginia’s loftiest Peak,
To crown a monument,
To Virginia’s noblest son.”

Most agreeable associations stir one’s soul while standing in the Washington Monument. The character of the lettering, the laconic phrase, the various devices of sculpture, and the different species of rock coming from all parts of this vast Union, from the hills of every State and from every society, religious, literary, philanthropic and political, all uniting in the same sentiment of holy patriotism, fill the imagination with the sweetest reveries. The history of the past looms before the mind. Images of venerable heroes and statesmen with ancient garb and noble bearing seem shadowed before in sweet communion. The towering pile looks on Mount Vernon, but all save the Potomac how changed! Where the gardens, the fruits, the flowers? Lo, the wild shrubbery, the thorn and the brier! the buildings how changed! behold the mould of age and the drapery of mourning, as piece by piece they yield to corroding time.

How solemn the tolling bell of the mail boat as it speaks of the departed. Even the tomb hath yielded its sacred treasure, and the body lies in a more secluded spot. But his fame will not perish, and this monument is worthy of the man. The inscriptions upon the various gifts of the States and of Europe will be read with increasing interest when the present generation is asleep. No stone will strike more attention than this from the Peaks of Otter. Virginia nurtured America's noblest son, and now glories in presenting a tribute to his memory from one of America's sublimest Peaks.

ROUTE TO OTTER PEAKS.

We commence at Lynchburg. This city, like White Hall of New York at the head of lake Champlain, is built upon the side of a steep hill, and like that place is a great business thoroughfare. It is next to New Bedford, Massachusetts, the most wealthy city in the Union according to its population. In arousing the spirit of Virginia internal improvement, and rolling the car of business enterprise, Lynchburg stands first and foremost. The business stir of the tobacco Factories, Foundries, Banks and Stores present the go-a-headativeness of yankeedom. Hotels and boarding houses are full to overflowing, and to find admission costs the prayers and expense of an entrance to Mahomet's paradise. There are three routes leading from this place to the celebrated springs in the west of the State; one up James River by Canal, another by Railroad to

Salem, but the most direct route is by a new Turnpike over the mountains from Liberty to Buchanan. We leave the cars at Liberty, twenty five miles from Lynchburg, and ten or twelve miles from the Peaks. Here we find stages, carriages, buggies and riding horses to suit every person's taste for travel. Those desiring to continue from the Peaks to the Springs generally prefer public conveyance, but the parties visiting only the mountains choose the more social and chivalrous pleasure of horsemanship. Tremendous is the excitement! The wild prancing steed catches the wilder spirit of its rider—and paws for the race. Now the mighty forest echoes with the multitudinous bound of iron hoofs. Vociferous shouts of laughter drive the partridge and the pheasant from their old possessions, and the sylvan songster flies with notes half spent in air and half down his throat, frightened half to death. Dogs from the distant cabins rouse from their slumbers, bark, howl, run over fences and hedges to join the chase, and yelp in the tangled briar with mad despair.—On! on! rush the fiery coursers with the speed of thought. The mountain heaves in sight, but only to cheat the senses, for perspective hath lost its rules of distance. We seem within a short walk of the mountain top; we inquire and find it *ten miles*. The fact is, the mountain being exceedingly grand beyond our common experience, we cannot judge of its distance, but the delightful road amidst towering forests and beautiful plantations compensates for the length of the journey.

How different the path to the White Mountains, frequented by so many thousands. The nearest house to Mount Washington is as far as Liberty from the Peaks of Otter, and the horrid ride over crags and wrenching defiles is almost beyond endurance. Many are obliged to return without visiting the mountains, after coming several hundred miles for that purpose; and for ladies to endure the fatigue is next to impossible. What are the pleasures of nature's scenery without the society of woman? What our conceptions of the pleasing, the lovely, the beautiful? Beneath her gentle foot-steps flowers spring in our path; at her radiant smiles the wild rose develops its choicest tints, and sheds its selectest odors. At the sound of her voice nature strings her silver harp sweetly as sound the dulcimer; the bands of the Pleiades are forged by the glance of her eye, and at the low gentle sigh from her bosom—who does not feel the heart quake? Hold! perhaps the indulgent reader is an old bachelor contemplating the glories of single blessedness. Away! away! we haste for the Peaks, by Nichol's plantation, over Otter creek, by the mill at Fancy Farm, and up the long ascent. What forest trees! here stands the oaks of centuries in sublime majesty, reminding us of the forests of Oregon, and here in the cultivated field they stand withered, girdled and dead. Their tall gray branches towering to the skies, inviting the lightning and the storm, still set fate at defiance like Bonaparte in exile. Here in the thicket they have fallen by age and by their own

weight, giving way for their successors, like the generations of men. Now the "big spring" pours its warbling tide over our path. Never was water more refreshing—cold as the ice of winter, pure as the fount of Castalia, and sweet as the nectar of Jupiter. Weary and exhausted by the tedious ride, we wipe the sweat from the brow, and gaze with rapture upon the glittering tide. With scooping palm we drink, and lave the brow; exhausted nature rallies, new life and vigor throbs through every vein, and with spirit adventurous we aspire for the Peak. In less than half a mile from the spring we come to the celebrated "*Otter Peak's House*," kept by Mr. Leyburn Wilkes. Better accommodations, more prompt and ready service, and amid more delightful scenery could not be desired. Mr. Wilkes is a young man, kind and affable, whose chief delight is to make the visitors cheerful and happy. He owns both of these mountains, which in time must prove a source of incalculable wealth. His buildings multiply with the increase of travel, and no labor or expense will be spared to make this the most attractive watering place in America. The air is cool and salubrious, and in the hottest season an exhilarating breeze weeps through the mountain pass, while the low lands of the State are parched, sultry and infected.

ASCENT.

To horse! to horse! now for the heights. They appear close by, but are a full mile in distance, three quarters of which we can ride, then we must

foot it. Such rambling, scrambling, joking, such extreme pleasure in assisting the ladies, such a glow of feeling to have one's strong arm pressed by the fainting fair, as weariness makes her more lovely, the cheek brighter tinged, the eye more languidly attractive, and as our feelings are made reciprocal by the genius of the spot! Now we climb the topmost crags. What trembling, shrinking, misgiving, as a world appears below; an experienced one climbing the ladder, and clinging desperately to the rock, exclaims: "is it safe, wont the mountain fall?" Reader! we can describe no further. Think of describing Heaven! think with the pen of poor degraded mortal to describe the ethereal essence of angels, floating in the imperial sky! Think to describe the holy rapture of pure intelligences before the throne of omnipotence, and as soon think to describe the complication of feeling, of pleasure and pain, of ecstasy and fear, of reverence and awe, excited by these scenes. We can only say that the clouds are beneath your feet, and anon they rise and crown your brow, and your fingers sport with their golden borders. Now they are gone, casting their black shadows over ten thousand acres a mile beneath your feet, and hurry away as if impelled by your command. Half way down the raven spreads his broad wing, and appears less than the smallest fly. The bald-headed eagle, whose gray brow hath been whitened by the upper lights of heaven still sails beneath. The largest trees have diminished to the smallest shrubs. You stand upon the cold rugged granite,

unchanging and unchangeable as eternity, and severe as the justice of Jehovah. To the north east is the Flat Peak, from which a wild "*hallo*" is heard from another party, to which reply is given, but their diminutive forms are invisible.—
 Down the vale to the north is seen the house of "*mine hoste*" presenting a delightful appearance, and the small specks hurrying along the road prove to be another young company, with the same exuberant spirits, sporting and frolicking as the first. Lynchburg is seen far to the east. The original founder of this city was a gentleman by the name of Lynch, whose brother, Col. Charles Lynch, an officer in the American revolution, was the author of the celebrated "*Lynch*" law. At that time the country was thinly settled, and infested with a lawless band of tories and desperadoes. The necessity of the case demanded desperate measures, and Col. Lynch apprehended and punished them without judge or jury. These measures were a subject of much litigation after the war, which presented their author more conspicuously before the public. The supremacy of the Lynch law in the west, and in California, has charged the pen of John Bull with many "palpable hits" upon American government. New London, rendered memorable by the eloquence of Patrick Henry, is seen nearer the Peaks than Lynchburg, and beyond the beautiful Village of Liberty. Fincastle and Amsterdam are seen on the opposite side of the mountain, and the new turnpike lining the ridge towards Buchanan presents a ro-

mantic route for travel. North and South the Blue Ridge and Alleghanies run off in extended ridges, now in direct lines, now broken by notches and gaps and knolls, now thrusting alone peak in towering magnificence to the skies. Among these the apple orchard is of high elevation, and its "falling waters" a matter of some interest, while the Jump, the North and the House mountains near Lexington, and the Short Hills in the fertile valley, the "garden of Virginia," with the horizon bounded by the long extended Alleghanies, present the wildest grandeur! Mountain billows! Here we behold immensity! He who has battled with the storms of ocean, and felt his laboring bark league by league ascend the mountain wave, until arriving at the crested top, he gazes upon a hundred sails beneath, some mounting the wave in full view, some sinking half hid beneath the surge, and some deep in the engulfing trough with only their banners seen struggling with overhanging billows extending for miles above—he, and he only can fully appreciate the sublimity of these interminable mountain billows! As the weather-beaten seaman stands upon these heights they seem to roll in boiling waves beneath his feet. He gazes upon the clouds beneath, sees the image of hope beckoning him on, and instantly thrusts forth the hand to grasp the halliards, to mount the yard-arm and seize the helm and bring his vessel to her course, as flashes his keen piercing eye that has faced the thunderbolts of many a storm, and throbs his heart with the passion and unbridled excitement of his

youth! With what rapture he gazes! what delightful associations of his youthful adventures rise upon his vision! How his spirit bounds once more for the excitement of the sea. Imagining these to be the transfixed billows of ocean is no fiction. No mountains or valleys in the Union present more marine deposits of shells, and marl, and fossil remains of greater number and variety, and no physical features bear stronger impress of marine convulsions. Mountains from the depths of the sea, parting their briny waters with all their shell and submarine remains, upheaving have towered to the very skies with glittering crowns of pearl, while the gathered waters frightened at confinement, plowing enormous chasms, have broken through the mountain barrier, bearing down every obstacle, and through wide deep channels have hurried to the freedom of their native sea. The rising of the mountains and the rolling back of the waters have deposited the various strata of Virginia, the secondary and carboniferous formations, to great advantage for the convenience of man. Beds of coal, iron, marl, gypsum, limestone, with the precious metals, lie within a few feet of the earth's surface, richer than California, with no enterprising hand to disturb them. Lands barren, exhausted by the impoverishing tobacco collector—worse than Irish rents, until not a leaf of vegetation remains, must suffer in sight of these fertiliser with the hankerings of a Tantalus in Erebus. These deposits must have been the accumulation of many mighty rivers borne here by the

tide of ocean, and transformed in the course of time to coal, gypsum, limestone and the like.— Could any mortal discover where the wash of the great Mississippi, the James, and the Potomac is borne, he might perhaps predict the place of a future island or continent, to rise by some submarine convulsion.

SUN RISE.

At half past three o'clock the servant called me. He informed me that clouds had filled the sky for the last hour, that there would be little prospect of seeing the sun rise; nevertheless, alone and without a lantern I proceeded. Being unarmed and unaccustomed to the woods, the thought of bears, wolves, panthers and rattlesnakes produced a slight sensation at sight of old logs, but reason soon dispelled all apprehension of danger. It was in May. Nature though shrouded in darkness was not still. The music of the insects, the croaking of the frog, the sound of the turtle, the warbling of the rivulet, the chirping of the sparrow, and the last dying notes of the whippowil, filled the air with solemn melody. They seemed conscious that the mists were without rain. Directly over the Peaks the clouds parted, as if drawing the vail from the "holy of holies" for the early worship of his mountain majesty, and far up unveiled beneath the stars the towering heights appeared in bold stupendous magnificence. If ever the spirit of devotion fluttered in this conscious bosom, it was then. Mountain scenery is always inspiring; upon a mountain the Saviour of the

world spent the night in prayer, on a mountain. he preached his sermon unparalleled in language, and darkness and clouds circling these heights add a spirituality so ennobling, one imagines himself worshipping upon the "Mountain of the Lord's House." I ascended the heights, reclined upon a rock facing the east, and was struck silent and breathless. Clouds gathered overhead, but a pale streak in the east discovered a clear sky. The streak by degrees expands and grows paler, and a tint of gamboge lines, the lower border tinged with vermillion. The blending of white and yellow bordered below, with fiery red now fills a wide expanse in the orient sky. Purple clouds fringed with golden hues of radiant tapestry fast roll back the shades of night, and far off on the horizon, as the resplendent curtain rises, winged heralds of light shoot right and left, announcing the approach of the refulgent king of day, but no sun is yet visible. Think me not too credulous in believing there are spirits in those rays darting to earth in answer to the prayer of some poor broken hearted wife or mother, who has spent the long hours of night by fasting in some low back underworld of woe, unseen by the slumbering eye of mortal and watching for the tardy footsteps of an estranged husband or erring son. In her lone hut, neglected, forsaken, forgotten by the friends of her better fortune; in the midst of poverty, disease and exposure, as the low deep sigh from the full depths of her dying heart bears the gentle voice of prayer—think not that beneath so glorious light

as this: a merciful Redeemer forgets the cries of the afflicted. Now the radiance of the east becomes inexpressible, and the dark misty clouds overhead are pierced and dispersed by ten thousand rays. A small mountain lies upon the horizon, shielding the sun until its proper time to rise with the greatest effect, and a small black cloud floats before. A more beautiful impression cannot be conceived. The cloud nearly hides the ring of the sun, circling the mountain until the sun is so far risen that all its treasured beams at once burst with an electric thrill upon the enraptured sight and astonishes glory itself. Behold a sea of burnished gold! a contrast and union of ten thousand hues! a hundred miles of land-scape crowned with emerald, sapphire and rubies! the mountain crags at your side a pile of refulgent diamonds! But why attempt at description? A spirit cries "held, daring mortal, think not to grasp divinity! these glories are indescribable! they can be known only by direct transports to the soul through the spirit of the deity." Perhaps few persons have ever been favored with so grand a sight. I might visit the same place, when the sun is in the same latitude for a thousand times and fail to meet with the concurrence of circumstances, the peculiar clouds, the temperature of the atmosphere, the nature of the eastern sky, and the aspect of the horizon which overwhelmed me. He who has not paid his morning devotions upon these high altars, has not felt man's divinest nature. Far from the distracting cares of the habitations of men, here is nature

in her purity speaking her own language. How delightful to stand and converse with nature on these mountain Peaks, to breathe the atmosphere of these higher regions and gaze upon the depths below, to make companionship with sky, with clouds, and mountains, which become our brothers, sisters, friends. We seem a part of them, our existence becomes enlarged, the chain of desires that binds us to earth, link by link is broken, and our conscious spirit aspires to be free. Such are the feelings impressed by these scenes. If there be a place on this lower world where spirits dwell, that place is here. Celestial voices answer each other's notes from crag to crag, with soft low dulcet strains borne upon the gentle breeze, which take full possession of the soul. Nature has never sinned. Remaining in her pristine purity with floral cheek, and breath all incense, here she smiles with sweetest expression, and woos us to her embrace. He who loves nature loves God.

MOON LIGHT.

Sweet is the converse of nature upon the mountain top in the silent watches of the night. The air, the earth, the heavens, how still! A holy feeling pervades the place, the rock, the clouds and the stars, all seem a part of ourselves, each a link in nature's chain to bind us to the Deity.— A moon-light view from the Peaks of Otter as a field for fancy or imagination surpasses our highest anticipations. The world so far receded from view, the heavens so near and so brightly paved with stars, the clouds passing by

as sentinels over a slumbering world, the comets or falling stars, heaven's telegraphic messengers, bearing despatches for weal or wo, and the silver moon, queen of night, walking in silent majesty among the beacon lights of heaven, gazing upon a slumbering universe, lighting up the mountains and hills below, just enough to make their shadowy features visible, all present a boundless field for the wildest flights of imagination. Well might John Randolph, nature's "acting poet," delight to spend the night in contemplating these scenes, and from his favorite author exclaim: "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handywork. Day unto day uttereth speeche, and night unto night showeth knowledge. He hath set a tabernacle for the sun, which is as a bride-groom coming out of his chamber. When I consider the heavens the work of thy hand, the moon and stars the work of thy fingers, what is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou regardest him."

THUNDER STORM.

The climate of Virginia is wonderfully changeable, and is regular in nothing but vicissitudes. One day the heat beneath a scorching sun, without a breath of air, is killing even to "negroes," and the next day demands an overcoat. A morning may be clear, warm and sultry, the evening cold, wet and chilling. Even in an hour, the clear, calm blue sky, without a single visible speck floating upon heaven's blue sea, may be filled with a most terrific storm. Then to the heroic, the Peaks of Otter

present a stupendous spectacle; clouds gather round, he is shut out from communion with the lower world, and stands amid the white thunder-heads of obon clouds, with lightning at his feet. A slight dash of rain passes over like scouting parties before a sanguine battle—now prepare for the terrific! The forest roars, beasts howl, the raven flies in terror, the sturdy shrub, deep-rooted on the mountain brow, is uprooted and hurled headlong, and stately oaks, whose tall branches have defied the storms of centuries, now break and fall like pipe stems! The fiend of storm seems enraged that a mortal dare approach his seat. Lightning leaps from cloud to cloud, marshalling up his hostes of artillery with icy shots of death! Mad thunder from his ebony charriot, with sulphureous breath and fiery eye, strikes upon his granite throne with horred shock as if a huge mount of adamant from heaven had crushed the flinty brow of earth! and ten-fold dreadful pours the rain and hail. Now a calm, and what a calm! perfect silence reigns; blue peaks burst through their misty shrouds, and in dowy tear-drop smile beneath the sun-beams sweetly as a sister's face lit up with rays of hope. All below is a dark unfathomable abyss; but above and around our brow, the transparent vapors glitter with refulgent hues—a resplendent rainbow extends its broad arch from peak to peak, forming an intermediate vault between heaven and earth for the abode of angels. The high soaring eagle with his eye on the sun, darts above the mists, now tipping his spacious wing in the crystal drops

of the iris—now sailing far beyond the clouds to adjust his plumes in the pure radiance of heaven. Asswells the gentle breeze, nature strikes her sylvan lyre from pine and fir with ælian symphony, and merry songsters redouble their notes with rapturous delight. So pure, so peaceful the heavens and earth, so exhilarating the air, so melodious the warblers, and so redolent the flowers, one imagines earth without a sigh, without a tomb.

The following we copy from the Poems of "MATILDA," the "GRAPE HILL" Poetess :

Peaks of Otter--Seen from Far.

Approach ! Has earth a fairer sight,
Than this bright hour displays,
Did e'er a sun of deeper power,
Fall on a mortal's gaze !
Behold those glorious lines of blue,
Faint as a pencil'd cloud,
Soft as an angel's azure wing,
Vailed in a heavenly shroud.

Peak beside peak, in awful pride,
Together there they rest,
With the last light of parting day
Reposing on their breast—
Oh, they are beautiful, beyond
Aught that my heart had dreamed ;
Such scenes of loveliness before
Ne'er on my soul had gleamed.

Thou glorious peak ! could I but stand,
 A moment on thy brow,
 To see the proud sun sink to rest
 As he is sinking now—
 To see the clouds beneath my feet,
 Tinged with his golden blaze,
 Oh, such an hour were joy enough
 For all life's coming days.

Thou hast been in my dreams by night,
 And through the busy day,
 Thy far-off image o'er my heart,
 In beauteous light doth stray—
 I've longed to stand upon thy brow,
 With wishes deep but vain,
 And now my last, last hope is gone,
 'Twer wrong to hope again.

Stand there, thou glorious monument
 Of God's eternal might ;
 Stand thou, unchanged by changing years,
 Unbroken by their flight—
 Age after age around thy head,
 Their mantling robes have cast,
 But thou hast mocked at every change,
 That o'er thy form hath past ;
 And thou wilt stand unbroken there,
 Unaltered to the last.

INHABITANTS.

At first view the Blue Ridge appears uninhabited; but upon close inspection, even upon their summits, we shall discover habitations of men.— Finding a narrow and almost unfrequented foot-path, we winder through the tangled thicket until, imagining ourselves lost and beyond human society, we are suddenly apprised of our mistake by the unmerciful bite of a savage dog; while the little curs circle around with hideous yells that make the forest ring. Whereupon the good people of the cabin came to our assistance, and with our hand upon the wound, striving to cover the enormous gap in our unmentionables, we congratulated them upon the fidelity of their guard. They, however, show us a more hospitable welcome than the dogs, and incommode themselves very much for the entertainment of the stranger. On entering the dwelling we find it not quite so spacious as the Astor House, or roomy as Willard's, nevertheless it suits the scenery, and were it situated in Briton might avoid the tax of lights by the luminous cavities between the logs. As to the superfluities of separate reading rooms, drawing rooms, parlors, dining rooms, bed rooms and dressing rooms, nothing of the sort prevails, and one room answers all purposes. Do not smile; among crowds that may gather in these mountain dwellings, more purity and virtue may be found than in fashionable rooms separated by strong partitions. The gun is the first article of furniture, and hangs in a conspicuous place, while the unplastered ceil-

ing is hung with evergreens more beautiful than can be obtained in the Astor House. Here is health. A more hardy stalwart race is not often found; this may be discovered by the multiplicity of hearty children, peeping their ruddy faces at the stranger, half pleased and half alarmed! In counting, we often find them exceed the bakers' dozen, while the venerable matron through her spectacles gazes with much complacency upon heaven's last precious gift nestling in her arms. The number of males seems to preponderate, but a more thorough investigation might change our opinion. The full-faced, plump-looking daughters of these regions are little acquainted with the diseases of wasp-waisted fashionable life. In education, the *plus* and *minus* of Algebra, and the *amo* *amas* of latin have never disturbed their dreams; but they are *plus* of good health, *minus* of hypocrisy, and as to the *amo*, let a worthy mountaineer offer his hand, he will find its expression stronger than in latin. Could the sons be possessed of a reading spirit, these mountains in original intellectual powers might turn out giant men. Unfortunately there is a weight on Virginia's political economy somewhere, that hangs like a mighty mill-stone upon her intellectual and physical developments.

RAIL ROAD.

It has been but recently that a railroad has traversed this country. It has been a subject of many evil prognostications from the darkies and

back-woodsmen, and the shy wolf, still retaining her principles of conservatism, has never been known to cross the iron track. A new comer in Lynchburg saw for the first time in his eventful mountain life, the puffing, smoking, black *Engine*! It was not a savage, yet how much like one? His hand unconsciously started for a knife or gun.— As it passed, he was told he could overtake it, and Jonathan seeing it retreat, put for the chase, but as the monster entered the big lock tunnel, he put as fast the other way! The by-standers told him he had not caught the bear this time, “no,” said he, “*but I have run him in his hole!*”

A negro seeing the swift-coming, snorting black engine, ran to get behind his master, and rolling the white of his eye with terrific horror, he seemed to shrink to half size; but when the monster had passed, he commenced laughing and leaping with the wildest paroxysms of joy. “What is the matter, cried the master, “Oh, massa, I be so glad dat de debil will git no more among the niggers!” Why not, what do you mean?” said the master, as if somewhat astonished, “Oh, massa, didn’t you see um at Lynchbugs *hab got him in de harness?*”

PATRIC HENRY AND JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

About sixty miles south east of the Peaks is Charlotte county, where sleeps Virginia’s greatest orators, John Randolph and Patric Henry. On “Red Hill” of that county, in sight of the Peaks lived

and died Patrick Henry, who Jefferson said "was the greatest orator that ever lived," and to whom Randolph applied the words of sacred writ as being the one "who spake as never man spake." In the borders of a forest is his grave, surrounded by a slight railing, over-hung with the stately elm, and cherry, with locusts and majestic forest trees in short distance, and without a monument. Nature seems to have taken charge of the orator of her own nurture. A small vine of thick matted ever-green creeps over the grave, the box stands at either end, and a dense thicket surrounds it, sighing to the breeze, inviting to its mournful solitude the plaintive songsters, whose melancholy notes are heard only in the darkest grove. A rustic chair stands near, where the devout pilgrim to the shrine of genius may sit gazing upon the grave, and upon the place where Henry used to sit in his armed chair with the vessel of water by his side, musing for hours with the music of nature and inspirations from heaven—here, the pilgrim may ponder in reveries with the same nature, until the passions of his soul become so enraptured, the vision of his imagination so sensative, that the solemn person of the orator actually appears before him. He sees him rise before the assembled multitude, so plain in his exordium that it seems but house-hold talk, so careless in his manners, so simple in his whole bearing, that the book worm or aristocrat may hesitate whether to call him fool or clown, but this is only for a moment. So slight has been the attack, that the audience have been thrown off

their guard, and their hearts are open to receive the charges of his overwhelming eloquence. His eye flashes, his finger strikes conviction, passion swells up from his soul, his whole countenance is inflamed—his voice now tuned to the tenderest notes of the sorrows of suffering innocence, now cutting with the severest sarcasm, and now sounding with vehement thunderbolts of vengeance and defiance—all these we witness, until we think no more of the orator, but hang upon his lips in breathless suspense, thinking as he thinks, feeling as he feels on the important subject at stake. But few shrines of sacred genius in this lower sphere are more inspiring. Henry's library was small, but he needed no more, for he read on nature's pages, upon the glassy stream, upon the towering mountain, and upon the human countenance. The homestead is now occupied by John Henry, Esq., his son.

Between the Peaks and Lynchburg is New London, made interesting by Henry's eloquence. The old Court-house is yet standing in which he delivered his celebrated speech upon the Johnny Hook beef case. Hook was a Scotchman, a man of wealth, and suspected of being unfriendly to the American cause. During the distresses of the American army, consequent on the invasion of Cornwallis, the army commissioner had taken two of Hook's steers for the use of the troops. The act was not strictly legal, and on the establishment of peace Hook brought an action of trespass against him. Mr. Henry appeared for the commissioner, as usual he had complete control of the passions

of the audience, and more especially to their merriment. At one time he exalted their indignation against Hook, and vengeance was visible in every countenance; again when he chose to relax and ridicule him, the whole audience was in a roar of laughter. He painted the distresses of the American army, exposed almost naked to the rigors of winter, and marking the frozen ground over which they marched with their unshod feet; where was the man, he said, who had an American heart, who would not have thrown open his fields, his barns, his cellars, the doors of his house, the portals of his breast, to have received with open arms the meanest soldier in that little band of famished patriots. There he stands—but whether the heart of an American beats in his bosom, you gentlemen are to judge. He carried the jury to the plains of Yorktown, the surrender of which followed shortly after the act complained of. He depicted the surrender in the most noble colors of his eloquence; the audience saw before their eyes the humiliation and dejection of the British as they marched out of their trenches; they saw the triumph which lighted up every patriot's face, and heard the shouts of victory, and the cry of Washington and liberty as it rung and echoed through the American ranks, and was reverberated from the hills and shores of the neighboring river—"but hark! what notes of discord are these which disturb the general joy, and silence the acclamations of victory? They are the notes of John Hook, hoarsely bawling through the American camp—

"beef!" "beef!" "beef!"—The whole audience was convulsed. The clerk of the court unable to command himself, and unwilling to commit any breach of decorum in his place, rushed out of the Court-house and threw himself on the grass in the most violent paroxysm of laughter. The cause was decided almost by acclamation. The jury retired for form sake, and instantly returned a verdict of acquittal. Hook escaped by precipitate flight—the old Court-house is now dilapidated and used as a barn.

JOHN RANDOLPH, OF ROANOKE.

John Randolph was descended in the seventh generation from Pocahontas, the Indian princess. We speak of him in connection with the Peaks of Otter, because the hills of his Roanoke are in sight. He frequently visited them, and remained during the night, and any thing relative to him is a matter of interest. It has been affirmed that America has had no poets, but there is one exception—though Randolph *wrote* no poetry, his speeches and his life were nothing else. Had he devoted his studious life to the construction of verse, with his musical ear, his grasping imagination, excitable temperament, fine sensibilities and inexhaustible store of wit, modern times might have vied with antiquity for immortal renown, but he "resumed the stars" without recording his numbers. His first speech was delivered on the same day, upon the same platform that Henry delivered his last. Randolph was a candidate for Congress, Mr. Henry for

the State Senate, but they were opposed in politics. Henry mounted the hustings with the full measure of his fame, and though in his sixty seventh year, his eloquence seemed like an avalanche threatening to overwhelm the boy of twenty six. He carried every thing before him, when waving his body right and left, the audience unconsciously *waved* with him. As he finished he literally descended into the arms of the obstreperous throng, and was borne about in triumph. The cry was the "*sun is set in all his glory.*" While one was setting another was rising with perhaps equal brilliancy. But Randolph was so youthful and unprepossessing in appearance that the audience began to disperse, and an Irishman exclaimed, "tut! tut! it won't do, its nothing but the bating of an old tin pan after hearing a fine church organ." This singular person's peculiar aspect, shrill, novel intonations and his cutting sarcasm soon calmed the tumultuous crowd, and inclined all to listen to the strange orator, while he replied at length to the sentiments of their old favorite. When he had concluded loud huzzas rang through the welkin.— This was a new event to Mr. Henry. He had not been accustomed to a rival, and little expected one in a beardless boy. He returned to the stage and commenced a second address, in which he soared above his usual vehemence and majesty. Such is usually the fruits of emulation and rivalry. He frequently adverted to his youthful competitor with parental tenderness, and complimented his rare talents with liberal profusion, and while re-

greeting what he deprecated as the political errors of his youthful zeal, actually wrought himself and audience into an enthusiasm of sympathy and benevolence that issued in an ocean of tears. The gesture, intonations and pathos of Mr. Henry operated like an epidemic on the transported audience. The contagion was universal. An hysterical phrenzy pervaded the auditory to such a degree that they were at the same moment literally weeping and laughing.*

In this contest, Mr. Henry was elected to the Senate of Virginia, but did not live to take his seat, and Mr. Randolph to Congress—in which body at different intervals he served more than twenty-four years. Well did the people of Charlotte obey the last injunction of Patrick Henry, in his speech above described, when he said, *cherish him, he will make an invaluable man*. Such was Mr. Randolph's youthful appearance, that when he came to the Clerk's table at the House of Representatives, that gentlemen could not refrain from inquiring his age: "*Ask my constituents, sir,*" was the reply. Randolph died in May, 1843. His grave is in a dense forest near the small stream called "Roanoke," with no marble memorial; but two tall pines hang their rude branches over the spot, and the wind mournfully sighs through their foliage. The aphorism, "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country," would not apply to Mr. Randolph. He was always an object of wonder and admiration to the people of Charlotte. In retiring from public

[* Wirt.]

life, he said to them—"twenty eight-years ago you took me by the hand when a beardless boy, and led me to the halls of Congress—the Clerk asked me if I was of lawful age; I told him to ask you—you said you had a faithful representative,—I said, *no man ever had such constituents*—you have supported me through evil report, and through good report. I have served you to the best of my ability, but fear I have been an unprofitable servant, and if justice were meted out to me should be beaten with *many stripes*. People of Charlotte! which of you is without SIN!—at the same time shaking his long bony fingers with thrilling effect; "but I know I shall get a verdict of acquittal from my earthly tribunal—I see it!—I read it in your countenances. But it is time for me to retire, and prepare to stand before a higher tribunal, where a verdict of acquittal will be of infinitely more importance. Here is the trust you placed in my hands twenty-eight years ago!"—at the same time, suiting the action to the idea, leaning forward as if rolling a great weight towards them, and exclaiming, "*take it back, take it back!*" Randolph had a great veneration for religion, and his strongest illustrations were taken from the Bible. Towards the latter part of his life he was accustomed to call his three hundred servants together and preach to them with surpassing eloquence. He was a being of impulse, and his eccentricities remind us of the saying of Cicero—"There is but a hair's breadth between a genius and a mad man." He never spoke without com-

manding the most intense interest; at his first gesture or word, the house and galleries were hushed into silence and attention. His voice was shrill and pipe-like, and at perfect command. His tall person, firm eye, and peculiarly expressive fingers, with his command of language in satire and invective were to an enemy almost annihilating. His power of invective, charged against Henry Clay, contributed perhaps more than anything else to defeat him as a candidate for the Presidency. In a duel between them Randolph showed great magnanimity; it was on the banks of the Potomac, when the sun was setting on the blue hills of his own Virginia. The evening before, he had felt more depressed in spirit, and more confiding to his friends than usual; and had stated that he could not make Clay's wife a widow; that he would receive, without returning the fire. "But," says he, "if I see the devil in Clay's eye, I may change my mind." He saw Clay, fearless and firm, but not vindictive. The first pistol of Mr. Randolph went off before the time. Mr. Clay exclaimed that it was purely an accident, and begged that the gentleman might be allowed to prepare again. The moment the word was given, Mr. Clay fired, but without effect; and Mr. Randolph discharged his pistol in the air.—When Mr. Clay saw that Randolph had thrown away his fire, with a gush of sensibility he approached Mr. R., and said with overwhelming emotion—"I trust in God, my dear sir, you are untouched; after what has occurred, I would not

have harmed you for a thousand worlds." Randolph afterwards was a friend of Clay, and had he lived his voice might have elevated the noble Kentuckian to the place of his desert. The last meeting and parting of these gentlemen in Congress hall, is said to have been most pathetic—it was but a few days previous to the death of Mr. Randolph.

ANECDOTES OF MR. RANDOLPH.

Mr. John H. Pleasants, of Richmond, a gentleman of some distinction, was greatly at variance with Mr. Randolph; so much so, that the side walk was too narrow for them to pass. As Mr. Randolph approached, Mr. Pleasants exclaimed with emphasis, and with actions suiting the words: "*I turn out of the path for no d—— rascal!*" Says Mr. Randolph, "*I do,*" and bowing politely passed over on the other side of the street.

Mr. Randolph often was unsocial and laconic in reply to a salutation. A gentleman meeting him on Pennsylvania Avenue, exclaimed, "fine morning Mr. Randolph"—"*that's very obvious,*" replied Mr. R., in a fine shrill tone, passing on regardless of his friend.

When in one of his misanthropic moods, it was almost impossible to approach him. A gentleman from Philadelphia, of whom Randolph had recently purchased a large quantity of valuable books, met Mr. R. in Washington, and offered to introduce to him a particular friend: Says Randolph, "*are you the man of whom I bought those books?*"

the disconcerted gentleman replied in the affirmative—Says Mr. R., “do I owe you anything?” The astonished bookseller replied, “oh no, sir.” “Well then, good morning sir,” rejoined Randolph.

Mr. Randolph sometimes met with a caustic reply. On stopping at a tavern, as is natural, the landlord inquired whither he was travelling.—Says Randolph, “do I owe you anything?” “Oh no, sir,” “well sir I am going which way I am of a mind to.” Shortly after leaving the tavern he met a fork in the road, and sent his servant to the landlord to inquire which road would lead him to a certain place. Says the landlord, “tell Mr. Randolph he don’t owe me anything, he may take which road he is a mind to.”

Mr. Randolph was a great pedestrian. One of his admirers endeavoring to overtake him on foot, finally with much puffing and wheezing, and with almost his last breath exclaimed, “good morning Mr. Randolph, it is with great difficulty that I have overtaken you.” “It may be with greater difficulty that you keep up with me,” said Mr. R., stretching his long lean shanks with unusual pace, leaving his astonished friend far in the rear.

Lament to Patrick Henry.

New London ! at thine ancient, sacred name,
 What visions rise ! what venerate shades of fame !
 And thou, old Hall, where Henry strung the lyre
 Of eloquence with pure seraphic fire,
 That ravished souls in ecstasy of tears,
 And echoes still more hallow'd by its years,
 Like sea-shell sounding of its far-off shore,
 Old Court House ! soon, ah soon, thou art no more !

Of late thy walls have fired the preacher's soul,
 To charm the listening crowds with rapt control,
 But now no saint, or patriot-band remains
 To shield them from dread winter's winds and rains.
 Oh, tear them down ! nor let their weeping face
 Upbraid this poor, ingrate, degenerate race.

Neglected HENRY ! tombless is thy sod,
 Oh thou, whose voice first shook the tyrant's rod,
 And roused up mighty millions for the fight,
 A Patriot pure, as ever saw the light—
 Is this thy grave ? Without a name or stone,
 To mark thee from the vilest ebony son ?
 Oh blush, ye patriots ! as from door to door,
 Ye beg for votes ; blush, blush, Virginia's shore !
 Ye angels, weep, who heard his voice in Heaven,
 Your dewy tears the only tribute given !

Grieved nature, this thy son ! tis well he's laid
 Deep buried 'neath thy forests' mournful shade—
 By forest brooks his voice was tuned while young,
 By forest winds his magic harp was strung,
 By forest nymphs was schooled from genius' sky,
 Nor needed books, for all was taught from high.

Nature receives her son. With vestures rude,
 She hides a nation's base ingratitude.
 The standing box, the creeping evergreen,
 The cherry wild, and branching elm are seen
 To weave deep lettered on the mournful pall,
 "Here once the great, but now forgot of all."

The blue bird, robin, and the thrush of spring,
 As once they charmed his musings, still they sing;
 The Staunton rolls as when he silent stood,
 And heard its music in the forest wood—
 Still sighs yon plaintive pine, that tuned his ears
 To burst the deepest fount of passion's tears,
 But not a man's—no widow's mite is found,
 To place the humblest stone upon his mound.

Genius! resume thy native skies, nor trust
 For tribute from us meanest worms of dust.
 If e'er an orator or bard appear,
 Once more to thrill this nut on's rapturous ear,
 Let him like Randolph, from the river's bed,
 Bring forth a smooth round stone to tomb his head,
 And deep in woods by human herds forgot,
 There, Nature, sole sad mourner of the spot,
 May weave his mantle—sigh upon his bier,
 But ask not man for tribute—not a tear.

LORENZO DOW.

Not the least among subjects of interest in Bedford county was the preaching of Lorenzo Dow.—He made his first appearance in Timber Ridge Grove, between Liberty and New London, before a vast concourse of people, who were by flying

ports in a furor of excitement to witness the strange preacher. A tall long faced man, with long indian locks flowing down his shoulders, meek and solemn in countenance, with now and then a sly wink of waggish shrewdness, singular in garb, eccentric in manners, vehement in declamation, witty in ridicule, cutting in sarcasm, quick in leaping to a logical conclusion, severe upon the commonly received doctrines of election; a man who had filled the world with witticisms, been mobbed so many times, been excommunicated from his own church for wandering, who was boundless in his philanthropy, knowing no north or south, rich or poor, receiving no reward, forgiving all things, hoping all things, enduring all things; the man admired by some of the purest christians, and condemned by others; thought by some a pure, holy, self-denying, perfect saint, by others a perfect devil—such a singular genius could not fail to awaken an interest. The triumph of his genius was complete.—Sinners and infidels quailed at his graphic description of the final judgement and the agony of the lost, and many were smitten with conviction of their heaven-daring and hell-deserving sins. He prayed that the woman who was that night to die, (at the same time pointing with thrilling effect among the dense crowd,) might be prepared for judgment.—The next morning found one of them a corpse in her bed, and many now believed him a prophet sent of God. He preached several days, having many converts, but he mixed much drollery with his genius, which gave offence to some of the el-

ders. A distinguished lawyer of New London remarked, that he never witnessed in any other person so great a combination of sense and nonsense.

ANECDOTES OF MR. DOW.

A gentleman once meeting Mr. Dow on his way to an appointment, observed to him that he had lost an axe, and he expected the thief would be in Mr. Dow's congregation, and while the thief was at service, he intended to search his premises. "Never mind the search" says Mr. Dow, "go with me and the Lord will take care of your axe." Mr. Dow placing a stone in his pocket entered the pulpit, and preached upon the commandments. When the commandment against stealing was presented, he soared beyond his usual powers of description. He spoke of the ancient mode of restitution and, of the all seeing eye of Omnipotence and the duty of confession. He pictured graphically the stoning to death of Achan, the son of Carmi, who had stolen the Babylonish garment and the wedge of gold and shokels of silver. The audience could see him kneeling, and confessing before Joshua and submitting unto death, with the horrid destruction of all his family in flames. Now, there was a person who was guilty of stealing in that audience; the punishment by fire would be hereafter, but the stoning would be now! He seized the stone and calling upon the spirit of God and Angels to direct it to the head of the guilty. He saw a man in the distant part of his audience begin to tremble and felt confident of victory. He

gazes intensely upon that man with a furious and most searching eye. The horrified conscience-stricken wretch looks here and there, anxiously for a place of escape, but the thick crowd in the grove presents a barrier. What to do! Now the suspended stone is poised in the inspired hand, and circling round with a deadly intent, when lo! the quivering culprit jumped behind a tree! "There stands the thief who stole your axe, sneaking behind the tree."

Once, arriving before the hour at the place for preaching, he met a negro boy with a tin horn, and inquired what use the boy intended to make of it. The boy stated that he had been hired to blow it while old Dow should be preaching. "Now" says Mr. Dow, "will you blow it for me if I give you a dollar?" The boy consented and hid himself in the thick foliage of a tree over the preacher's head. When the audience came he preached upon the judgement of the last day with wonderful vehemence. The audience could almost see a sinful world hurled to the judgement; the heavens departing with a great noise and the elements melting with fervent heat, and almost hear the shrieks of the ungodly; and in the midst of the excitement to the top of his voice—the preacher cried out, "*blow, Gabriel, blow!*" The boy commenced a slight toot at first, and then made the woods ring with reverberations almost deafening! Some actually fainted at the shock. "O you ungodly cowards," cried the preacher, it

nothing but a little nigger blowing a toot horn. If you are so easily frightened now, what will be your consternation when the angel at the last day shall stand with one foot on the sea and one on the land, and sound the trumpet for the resurrection of the dead!"

A young man on a spree determined to play a trick upon Mr. Dow, and laid a wager with his companions of a gallon of rum, that in less than an hour he would go to Mr. Dow, be converted, and return a christian. The young man approaching Mr. Dow, exclaimed to him that he felt a deep sense of sin, that he should soon be lost if he found no mercy, that he was willing to forsake all things and do any thing for the salvation of his soul, and that he had humbly come to seek an interest in his prayers. Mr. Dow stated that his case was hopeless without conversion, and ordered him to kneel for prayers. He cried "oh Lord here at my feet is a great sinner! He has bet a *gallon of rum!* Now, oh Lord, convert him if he will be converted, if not *kill him and send him to hell.*—The man was thunder-struck! without his hat, on all-fours, he crept for the door! Mr. Dow strove to call him back, stating that service was not properly concluded, but the wretch fled for his life, declaring that the preacher was either inspired or had the devil.

THE BEDFORD COUNTY SCHOOLMASTER.

Two miles from Liberty is the grave of old Flood, the Schoolmaster. Who of all the sapient

heads reared beneath the cloud-capped Peaks of Otter, has not experienced the wisdom of Flood ! Forty years a teacher, he knew more than all the world beside, and he also was blessed with a small smattering of latin. If the abecedarian desired drink he must lisp "*dameaquam*," if a free thinker should presume even to hint that Flood was not the *summum bonum* of all things, he was immediately convinced of his error by a rap on his knuckles. Flood felt himself above common men with the goose quill in their hats, and though a large portly man, was a pattern of politeness. If a scholar unconsciously neglected the morning salutation, he must stay in at recess; if he missed in spelling, he must clear off the stones in Flood's lot; if he missed in Grammar he must take up as many grubs as he made failures. His system of government was republican, and seldom was a penalty inflicted without sentence from judge and jury, though several were flogged every day, and if a regular recipient of the penalty had unconsciously been neglected that day, he would inform his master and receive his dues. There was something mitigating in the punishment of the fair sex. After being tried and condemned, a stentorian voice is heard announcing, that "if there be a lad who has the gallantry to come forth and receive the penalty of this fair Miss, let him appear." Whereupon several boys would spring for the chance. The boy is the father of the man. Some of those volunteers never received a stroke of the rod, save in defence of the girls, and while they would have been bro-

ken down in spirit forever at the thought of being flogged for a misdemeanor, they delighted heroically to receive the lash for the fair ones. Here commenced the gallantry of many of the present Bedford county husbands; well might the tomb of General Lewis be entrusted among such a people.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

East of the Peaks of Otter, towards Lynchburg, is "Poplar Forest," the summer residence of Thomas Jefferson. The dwelling is of brick, in the form of an octagon, similar to his Monticello residence. Here during the winter of 1781 he wrote his celebrated "*Notes on Virginia*," in reply to the French Secretary of legation to the United States. They were printed several years after, while he was Minister to France. Neither Poplar Forest nor Monticello are now in possession of any of the Jefferson family. Monticello is owned by a Jewish Captain in the U. S. Navy; the buildings are much dilapidated, and the tomb defaced by pilgrim patriots, who have barbarously hammered the monument for relics. Like the Plymouth rock upon which the Puritans landed, unless protected by iron bolts the obelisk must pass away in pocket relics. Being near the University of Virginia founded by Jefferson, and one of the most distinguished Institutions of the country, it is frequented by multitudes. Jefferson was profound as a statesman, sagacious as a law-maker, and ingenious as a philosopher; but as a soldier and general, his skill existed only in theory.—

While Governor of Virginia, the traitor Arnold was allowed to sack the Capitol with only eight hundred troops, without losing a man. At that time Virginia contained a population of half a million, and fifty thousand enrolled militia. But Jefferson was no warrior—the militia were not assembled, and the two hundred stationed at Richmond had no use for their guns, though their situation were favorable to repel the invader. The five brass cannon were planted, *not* against the enemy, but at the bottom of the James; the teamsters and militia, instead of loading muskets with powder and ball, loaded wagons with arms and ammunition, and drove them post haste into the country. Five tons of powder were borne away with the utmost dispatch; so animated was the Governor's fugitive movements that one horse sank beneath him, and he was obliged to mount "an unbroken colt." Unparalleled were his exertions, but unfortunately they were of no avail.—The cannon were found, the powder, magazines and public stores destroyed, with much private property. The liquor ran in streams down the gutters, and cows and hogs partaking freely were seen staggering about the streets, administering to the foe a lesson of temperance.* Meeting with no opposition, the British would naturally be inclined to return; so the Legislature was obliged to adjourn to Charlottesville, and here they barely escaped being taken, and fled to Staunton, where, by Mr. Jefferson's request, General Nelson was chosen Governor. Gov. Nelson immediately re-

[*Howison.]

paired to join the army near Yorktown, and Mr. Jefferson retired to Poplar Forest. Here being indisposed by a fall from his horse he composed his "Notes," in which is shown much learning and felicity of expression. In accounting for the physical aspect of the country, the various layers of strata, and the sea shells upon the mountains, he demurs somewhat from the opinion of theologians, and treating on education, he thinks the Bible might be omitted as a reading book, until the scholar shall be able to comprehend it; a doctrine agreeable to Catholics. Mr. Jefferson was much influenced by French politics and French religion, while Randolph was completely *English* in every thing. The Jefferson mansion at Poplar Forest has been owned for many years by Mr. Cobbs, a gentleman of fortune, but is now occupied by his son-in-law. The land is not generally productive.

Tomb of Jefferson.

Hail Monticello! at thy shrine I bow,
And drop the tear, and pay the pilgrim vow;
As evening weaves her shroud and silence reigns,
I muse with moon-beams o'er these cold remains.

Rash stranger! hold thy sacrilegious hand!
Nor bruise this tomb for relics! mortal! stand!
Or by the indignation of thy race,
By mad irreverence, shame by dire disgrace,
By powers that guard the consecrated dead!
Beware! lest vengeance strike thy guilty head!

Oh patriot, sage, immortal Jefferson,
Behold the manglings of thy battered stone !
But think not all this race ungrateful—no !
This solemn hour in yonder's dome below,
Are met the gray, the young, the wise, the great,
Thy happy natal hour to celebrate,
To laud thy fame increasing age by age,
As plans mature, revealed on history's page,
That prove the wisest, greatest, of the line,
Of learned statesmen to present time:

Forgot & no never ! all thy noble deeds,
Are more revered as age to age succeeds,
Thy venial failings all are laid aside,
Supreme thou stand'st, thy State, thy nation's pride.

A child of wealth, a champion for the poor,
A son of rank, but loved republics more,
A student promising for royal fame,
But stood a rebel—come life, death or shame,
The laws of primogeniture did'st break,
Did'st burst the bands of church and State ;
And to our Union won the western vale,
And taught "expansion" in the public scale,
And founded here a seat for classic lore,
Where sages reverence there almost adore ;
But one great deed, part human, part divine,
Must fix thee with yon stars, throughout all time.

Behold the morning of the Fourth draws nigh !
Ten thousand cannon flame Columbia's sky,
To meet the golden chariot of the sun—
A grand escort with shouts and fire and drum ;
From east to west his flaming car is hurled,
And met with rapturous cheers o'er half a world ;

And on the brow of night from shore to shore,
 Lo ! bonfires, rockets, with the cannon's roar,
 'That blaze our Independence through the sky,
 Oh ! Jefferson ! thou wast not borne to die !

When lay this country gored with tyrant's chains,
 And hesitation fluttered in her veins,
 Whether to strike, or to submit, and yield,
 When Patrick Henry boldly took the field;

He saw her bleeding, groaning, dying face,
 Indignant saw her fainting heartless race—
 As sounds the trump at resurrection day,
 'That wakes the dead, and stirs the stupid clay—
 Brings forth the tall erect and manly frame,
 'Thus thrilling Patrick Henry's accents came.

No more they hesitate, no more they fear,
 "On ! On ! to arms ! to arms !" is all they hear;
 From north, the cold breeze sounds the dread alarms,
 And brings "the clashing of resounding arms."
 'The British charge and rout at Bunker's Hill
 Strikes Freedom's ears with an electric thrill ;
 From north to south the very stones rebel,
 And plead for heavenly freedom, or for hell.

Now Jefferson appears to rob the bays
 From other brows, for all succeeding days;
 Sagacious, learned, profound, he pens the line,
 'The chart of human rights to test with time ;
 And on its fiftieth promulgation day,
 He weeps and smiles and breathe his life away.

Hail ! bright Republicanism ! 'Neath this sod,
 Thy founder, honored, worshipped as a God !
 While pilgrims pave the pathway to his mound,
 With reverend foot-steps and with garlands crowned,

And lay their tear-stained tribute at his feet,
 And solemn prayers, and sacred vows repeat—
 Behold a halo circling o'er his tomb!
 And is this fancy? No! 'Neath yonder moon,
 And stars and this deep grove, there is a crown
 Which Fame and Glory weave for great renown
 Here aged Gratitude, a venerate sire,
 In sable mantle strikes his sylvan lyre;
 Here wood-nymphs sound his high-born classic lore
 And spread their flowers and emerald vestures o'er
 And here Bereavement's honey dews are shed,
 Here Honor pours her incense o'er the dead,
 And long as this great nation's known in story,
 Stands Thomas Jefferson's immortal glory.

GENERAL LEWIS.

. At the foot of Otter Peaks, in Bedford county, towards Buford's Gap, is the grave of the brave Gen. Andrew Lewis. He was one of the celebrated Lewis family of Augusta county, of whom General Washington declared in the darkest days of the revolutionary struggle, if all other resources fail, he might plant a single standard on West Augusta, meet the enemy at the Blue Ridge, and establish a free empire in the West. Lewis was commander of the Virginia forces at the Indian battle of Point Pleasant, in which his brother, Col. Chas. Lewis, was killed. His forces amounted to little more than a thousand men. Fifteen hundred savages were led on to the attack by Cornstalk, a gigantic warrior, whose huge frame was often seen gliding from tree to tree, encouraging his men with his stentorian voice. "*Be strong! Be strong!*"

sometimes arose above the tumult of battle. But the skill and valor of the Virginians prevailed.— Holding out their hats from behind the trees, the riflemen would often tempt the savages to fire,— The hat would then drop, and when the warrior rushed forward to scalp his fancied pray, a rifle bullet brought him down. From early in the morning until sunset the battle raged without intermission. As the Indians began to give way, Cornstalk urged them to the fight, and with his own hand struck dead one of his fellows who showed signs of cowardice. But the whites pressed upon them, and soon drove them from the ground. Two field officers were killed, and more than half of the Captains and subaltern officers were among the slain or wounded. This battle was fought in 1774. It is said, when Washington was commissioned Commander-in-Chief, he expressed a wish that the appointment had been given to Lewis. At his solicitation Lewis accepted a commission of Brigadier-General in the American army of the revolution. In expelling the forces of Lord Dunmore from Gwyn's Island, Lewis announced his orders of attack by putting a match to the first gun. Broken down with disease, he soon after resigned his commission and died on his way home to Botetourt county. It was remarked by the Governor of New York, that "the earth trembled beneath him as he walked."

MAMMOTH.

South of the Peaks, near Buford's Gap, while excavations were being made for the Railroad,

have recently been discovered bones of the Mammoth. The description of the size of these bones appears almost incredible, though given by an eye witness. The lower jaw being four or five feet—tooth eight inches, neck bone one foot, rib six inches wide and two inches thick. The most singular part is the distance between the eyes, being six or seven feet. Jefferson speaks of this animal in his “notes” as having the jaws of a Hippopotamous, and the tusk of an Elephant, being larger than either and a combination of both. Perhaps it is in mercy to man that this monster has become extinct; it must have fed on bears and horses, *swallowing them whole*. The bones of the one recently found covered a space of earth more than forty feet.—They were discovered in alluvian soil upon a bed of limestone. As limestone rock was on either side, the Irishman commenced boring and blasting in the head of the animal, supposing it a kind of rock. When questioned as to his motives in destroying the bones, he replied: “faith, there ba anough of the divlish crathur left after when ya build a *railroad between his eyes!*”

INDIAN RELICS.

Fourteen Indian skeletons were found while constructing the Railroad near the grave of General Lewis, and near the site of an ancient “Block House” erected by the old settlers. Their implements of war were discovered with them. This plain was the theatre of many battles in ancient times, as the relics of savage and civilized warfare would indicate; balls, tomahawks, hatchets,

beads, pipes, arrows and images of worship being found in large quantities. A Wood family was murdered in a house where Capt. Buford now resides by the Indians, who entered it in the night by the roof. A family by the name of Wheeler were all killed save one. A young man of this family with his mother and her infant was taken captive, but on the morrow the infant becoming burdensome was dashed against a tree, and the sinking mother was soon also murdered; but young Wheeler was carried away and remained with them seven years before his escape. The block house was constructed to protect immigrants for Tennessee and Kentucky, but was soon found necessary for the defence of the settlers in that region. An Indian trail led through this part of the country, and here were frequent battles between different tribes.

BROKEN HEARTED.

Two sons by the name of Holsten, while gathering mulberries at a short distance from the block house spoken of, were surprised by the Indians, one shot, and the other taken captive. Holsten, knowing the barbarity of the Indians, expected nothing but death; indeed he would prefer to be shot with his brother, than risk his fate in the expected torture. After three days travel he was bound, and allowed to rest before his execution.—Fatigued and exhausted, he slept and dreamed—dreamed only of the horrible. He saw his brother's blood, heard his dying shriek, felt his own flesh being consumed by their slow tortures, with agony a hundred fold worst than sudden death. It is no

dream! half awake, he sees the council of Chiefs, the watch-fire, and the wreaking tomahawk! With a deep groan, shuddering from the full depths of his dying heart, he closed his eyes again, wishing his sleep had been death! A hand presses his brow! is it the hand of the scalping knife? he dare not look, but shrinks at the touch. Cold beaded sweat streams down his face as pale fear sits throned upon his brow, and his quivering veins hurry life's tide to his heart, where all is shocked and still. Oh the agony of fear when the body is half dead by exposure and disease! Were Holsten now fresh and vigorous, his life would be sold dear to the savage! With a desperate effort he springs to his feet, hurling the hand from his brow, when lo! it was the hand of a female! a hand of compassion! he gazed! half hopeful, half in doubt, then fell again upon the ground in bewilderment, and wept with convulsions. His dizzy brain whirled with the extremes of hope and despair. He now feels his hands loosened from their fastenings, and still a gentle finger upon his forehead, and a beautiful image by his side, wiping the cold clammy sweat, and watching the agony of his heart. He rises! with gushing tears welling up from a heart overwhelming with gratitude, he clasps her to his bosom in wild transports of ecstasy! Their hearts are united no more to separate. Veolia the daughter of one of the Chiefs his protectress becomes his companion. Young Holsten, noble and adventurous, delights in the wild excitement of forest life, and surpasses the swift footed Indian in the chase. The moun-

tains and the cataracts are a passion to him, the softest furs are his pillow, the rarest game his food, and nature's noblest daughter his companion.— What more can be desired? years of rapturous delight fly as a dream. He was familiarly known among the Chiefs as "Ostee the brave," the pride of "Olla" (or Veolia,) his bosom friend and ministering spirit. But the time arrives when he must visit his parents and his friends. Can he leave Olla to whom he owes his life and the joy of his happiest years? Can he leave that pure transparent face of love, never veiled from the sun's warm kisses, that has lit up his soul with feelings divine? In heart she is an angel, but in color and name she is an Indian. This must forever debar her from the whites, though the children of Pocahontas be the first of Virginia blood, and when the sons of God espoused the daughters of men, the intermarriage of the races produced giant men. Olla was not dark, but appeared as if her face and bosom were tinged with the hues of an Italian summer, her features chiselled for expressing the strongest passions and noblest powers of intellect, and to the unprejudiced she might be considered the beau-ideal of beauty. Her eye was a host; when it flashed in fierceness, heroes quailed; when it looked in compassion, they melted to tears. Though against Ostee's enemies she was furious as Semiramis, terrible as Joan of Arc, she held *him* ever in the tenderest regard, and no provocation could estrange her. He, and he only was her idol, sent by the Great Spirit. To love, to serve,

to worship him, was her life. Love was her soul, her sense, her whole being, pure as a snow flake lit from heaven, and warm as the climate of the tropics. She heard Ostee's resolve to visit the whites, and his promise to return, and now comes the most trying scenes of her life. The whites had proved insincere; had made treaties and broken them; had destroyed the hunting grounds, and slaughtered the poor Indian. With these, she feared the heart of Ostee might forsake her. She trembled and wept, but upon a high mountain crag looking towards the white settlement with brave despair, she bid him go.

"Go white man, Olla will see thee no more; a bird of fair plumage and sweet voice, that has nestled in my bosom. Olla loves Ostee, but Ostee loves not Olla. Go white man; Olla will take no venison but from the hand of Ostee; her head shall press no furs but his. Olla will die. The Great Spirit calls her from the leaves of the trees in the air. Olla will die. She fears not to die. She fears nothing but to grieve Ostee. Ostee loves the pale woman. The pale race hate red man, and kill him. Red man saved thy life for Olla. Go white man; Olla will live no more."

Holsten parted from her with a flood of bursting anguish. He visited the home of his boyhood, but all things now how changed! Where the subjects of his youthful attractions? Where once were his wild hunting grounds are now a multiplicity of roofs! How dull and desolate compared with the social spirit of the mountains! and

plowing, planting, hewing and the dull dead drudgery of civilization are intolerable. He longed for the forest; for society unfettered by fashion—undisguised by art, deceit and show. He longed for the presence of Olla; but, returning to the wilds, he was doomed to sad disappointment! Olla was no more! She was not one to fill life's cup of pleasure to the brim, and feed on dregs forever after. The pleasure she had enjoyed—the sorrow she prevented by a suicidal death. Now Holsten's happiness was at an end; he returned to Bedford county dejected, disheartened. He replied kindly when spoken to, but regarded all things earthly with indifference. His tall frame was bent, his head bowed. His friends resorted to every imaginable amusement, but in vain! He strove to hunt, but Olla would no more leap to his arms in his glad return with the game, and print the warm kiss upon his cheek. He had no spirit for the chase. He shot only one bird; it was a dove that fell quivering and dying at his feet, with its heart's blood staining the glossy feathers of its downy breast. He gazed upon it, saw its quivering wing, saw it dip its bill in the purple drops flowing from its innocent heart, and with pearly tears point the blood-stained monitor towards him. He thought of the wounded, broken heart of Olla, and would hunt no more. In vain they resorted to the violin; there was no music to his ear but the voice of Olla, and from the tall pine whistling in mournful numbers near his cabin door, he imagined that her spirit was sighing in low dulcet strains,

still fearful to enter the dwelling of the Whites, still faithful in holy devotion to her ungrateful, and most unhappy Olstee. He resolved upon an expedient to call her to his bed-side, and converse with her in a language unknown to his relatives and friends. He placed his hand in his bosom and took the long braids of hair which he had kept with holy reverence near his anguished heart since their last parting, and separated them in small strans of various sizes, and strung them in the crevices between the logs of his cabin, directly over his pillow. Those long Indian locks had witnessed deep devotion, and the tenderest of human passions. Many a time had they fallen upon the face of Holsten drenched with the tears of his affectionate companion, and many a time had they veiled her face and drank the unseen drops of her overflowing love. Could she now forsake them, when strung by the hand of her dear Olstee—and kept the only relict sacred to his heart! No, never! With the slightest breath of air pouring through the openings of the gable-ends of his cabin, the coarser strans were continually murmuring in low pensive numbers like the half-suppressed sigh of a dying loved one, striving to hide from her beloved companion the partially concealed grief of her broken heart. Now a brisk breeze strikes the finer cords with most piteous wailings, and the intermediate strans present every variety of sound. Night and day, without cessation, pours the Eolian melody with ten thousand varieties; but with such deep-toned melancholy as suits only

those whose dying ear receives the far-off strains breaking in from a spirit world. Holsten reclined upon his couch and listened in silence, until his mind fast loosing its attachment to earth, seemed with his Veolia far away. He thought (vain thought) that her tears glittered in precious pearls upon the sweating cords, and starting from his disturbed slumbers he imagined her hand had pressed his brow, and her tears had distilled in affectionate sympathy upon his cheek, and "Veolia, Veolia" still whispers upon the strings. 'Tis a sweet sound! All the happiness of his life echoes in the name, and all his hope is to meet her in heaven.— To call off his mind from the exciting subject, he was accompanied to the banks of the stream, but there warbled in its flowing tide the name of "Olla;" there appeared upon the golden sands of the stream her spectral shadow beckoning him away, and he longed to embrace the object of his vision. He visited the stream day after day, growing paler and weaker with the same shadows dancing before him, until so attenuated and spiritualised, there was but little remaining to expire of his earthly tabernacle. He laid himself upon his couch to die. His mind seems in unison with the strains over his head, his lips whisper to their numbers, his eyelids sink languidly, smiles sit expressively upon his pale countenance, and as the low mellow music expires with the dying wind, a shadow comes over his silent features, and the shrill tones of the next rising swell of that harp find no response—Holsten is dead. And now Goose Creek, that favorite

stream, whose murmuring waters witnessed the sports of his happy child-hood, and sympathised with his melancholy affliction, warbles in mournful melody by his grave, bearing upon its limpid bosom nature's yearly offering of wild flowers as a tribute to his memory. The author obtained his knowledge of this case from several aged persons residing in that part of the county, but much of his information came from old Mr. Lamb, who is now in his grave. The first time that he ever had the melancholy pleasure of witnessing a harp like the one described was in a cottage in this part of Virginia, while suffering with sickness and depression of spirits caused by an ungenerous attack upon his character. May the inmates of that cottage be blessed of heaven.

MOURNER'S CAVE.

On the north of the Flat Top Peak is the Mourner's Cave. In time of the first settlers a child was missed from a house at the base of the mountain, but the mother, apprehending no danger as the little dog was also gone, supposed they had accompanied the father a hunting. As the father returned the whole neighborhood was immediately rallied. Open fields and woods, hedges and ditches, and precipitous steeps were searched with the cry of "Martin! little Martin! where are you," until darkness came on, but no voice replied. On the following day the search was renewed with increasing effort, but with the same hopeless result. On the third day the dog returned, but no child. In vain they strove to make the dog lead them

back whither it had come, but a larger dog being set upon its track lead directly to the Peak, but there was diverted from the track by the springing up of a deer and could not be prevailed upon to proceed. Sometime after the bones of a child were found at a cave near the top of the Peak and were buried there. The impression seemed to be that the little dog remained a faithful watcher until the child had either perished by exhaustion or was destroyed by wild beasts. Though it were natural for a child to mount higher and higher, that a view might be obtained of its home below, the pursuers little thought of searching the top of the Peaks of Otter. The yearly pilgrimage of the bereaved mother coming with the earliest flowers of Spring, as an offering, and to weep over the grave and bewail her loss, has given it the title of "Mourner's Cave."

MOUNTAIN FIRES.

Great fires often occur in these mountains, filling the valleys with dense smoke, and flaming upon the brow of night, like an immense beacon seen at great distance. Commencing near the base, ascending from branch to branch, from tree to tree, towering up the heights, spreading blackness, devastation and death, it leaves a doleful track like the march of an ambitious conqueror. Birds are driven shrieking from their nests, beasts howling from their caves, and the vigilant mountaineer from his cabin, as with hoe in hand he trenches a barricade around his domicile for the protection of his frightened family. Stately coal-black stumps, long extended

half burned trees, stretching their huge trunks along the ground, and the shingles of rock, splintered, blackened, burned and balled, are monuments of its ravages. The undergrowth is thus benefited for grazing, and for this purpose the mountains are frequently set on fire. The creeping flame attacking the oak, consuming the bark, the fibres and the heart, ascending higher and burning deeper, until the lofty lord of the forest heaves his high top to and fro, sparkling, flaming, crashing, falls, is like the spirit of an ambitious youth, striving for renown in classic lore. His mind lighting upon his studies increases its flame upon that which it feeds; each obstacle seizing, penetrating, devouring, until the first object of his ambition is at his feet. Seizing other obstacles before, and mounting other heights beyond, his soul increases its flame, as his visago grows paler, until mounting the highest summit of his ambition, consuming and being consumed, he stamps his high mark for immortality.

LATTER DAY NIMROD.

North of the Flat Top, far secluded from human track, with a multitude of dogs about him, lives a second Crocket; a sort of Daniel Boon. Arthur Tolly is his name, a young man of twenty-seven. He has killed sixty-eight bears; nineteen in one year and three in one day; besides deer, wolves, wild-cats, wild-turkeys, racoons, and snakes; rattlesnakes, copper-heads and hoop-snakes in great numbers. He shot one horn-snake, or hoop-snake, which is said to be nine feet two inches in length;

but we are rather inclined to doubt the accuracy of the measurement. He is swifter on foot than any white man or savage, and will tire the hound in chase. He rarely pursues the bear without success, such is his indefatigable zeal and matchless skill. While his terrified companions have stood in the distance, rooted to the ground in horror at seeing the dogs being killed, one by one, by the wounded bear, Tolly has marched up, bestrided the bear, and riding at full speed with unloaded gun has beaten out his brains. Like Putnam shooting the wolf, he has entered the cave with torch in hand, dispatched his bear and returned in triumph. In the night fighting in the shetbbery with the wounded bear to save the life of his favorite dogs, he has seized it by the ear and cut its throat with a jack knife. He thinks much of his dogs, but his best ones have all been killed by the bears; they died bravely, after receiving a deadly wound, would expire with their teeth in the bear's flesh. If they kill the bear they expect a bountiful feast, and they need it, for such a hungry skeleton set is not often found. They all set in with tremendous howling when sounds the hunter's horn, excited perhaps by appetite as well as a desire for the chase. But they live as well as their master; poor man! he has killed the destroyers of sheep and hogs, and made the mountain safe, but suffers for one sheep or hog of the many which he has protected! Hunting has ruined him for steady employment, and at times his family must suffer.

THE SURE GUN.

When an inexperienced braggadocio arrives ambitious to show his prowess in hunting, he not unfrequently finds his heroism tried at the expense of a joke. A *right smart* young chap came to Tolly, boasting of his superior skill, and more especially of his wonderful gun. Tolly has had many different guns in his life, (in fact they are about all the property he has had,) and none of them are *always* sure; so when the bear appeared he allowed the young tyro full chance at hazard or glory. The crying of two cubs upon a tree near the hunters called forth the old bear furiously for the combat. Now is the time for the youth to win his laurels—on, on comes the bear! snap! goes the gun, and that is all—for it only snaps! Still on she comes! again he snaps! but the gun is no go. Retreat is his only hope, but unfortunately bruin pursues! Around a fallen tree he runs with all his might! snapping, running, falling, rising, and feeling the hot breath of his antagonist close upon him as he stumbles for the last time, when suddenly the cubs gave a cry and bruin flew to their protection. Tolly would not see him hurt, but after despatching the bear could only lie down and laugh with fits of side-shaking merriment, while the youth experienced very different feelings.

A BEAR STORY.

It is not our design to freeze the blood or harrow up the soul with scenes of the horrible; but

the following must be related as the author can vouch for the truth of it. A Mr. Jenks, while visiting the mountains, found himself at night-fall several miles from the inn. Among the cabins of the old settlers during the day, he had been listening to bear stories, and his imagination became quite sensitive as darkness found him in an unfrequented wilderness several miles from human habitation. It was a beautiful evening in June, the stars shone brilliantly, and he knew his course by the range of the mountains. But the music of the insects, the chipper of the night bird, the ripple of the waters, and the nestle of the frightened leaves were foreboding of calamity. Mr. Jenks hurried on somewhat embarrassed, with many a slip, and half tumble, when lo, right in his path, standing erect with enormously glaring eyes, his hideous foe! What should he do? to retreat was hazardous—to pass around impossible! Sweat dropped like rain—his face was paler than the palest star, and his shocked blood crept to his heart still as death! He almost felt the savage paw around his neck, and tearing his vitals! He felt for a knife, but in vain! O for a pistol, a dagger! a world for a dagger! that if they must fight they might do it more even-handed. Watching the terrible eyes fastened upon him, and slow bending down he found a club—he advanced, trusting to his strong arm, and circling the ponderous weapon around his head, dealt a desperate blow! when behold, the eyes glaring upon him were *holes in a coal black stump!* He cried

afterwards, "I am not brought up in the woods to be scared at owls!"

The full details of the following bear story, we are not allowed to publish, therefore must content the reader with a "poetic hint."

What sound is heard on Fancy Farm?
Is it the thunder's dread alarm?
Is that a cloud comes darksome there?
No! no! it is a big black bear!

Off! on! he comes, the dog before,
Through fence and yard—whew! close the door!
Lo! lings, brooms, hoes, spades—quick! let fly!
Poor Bruin! was he doomed to die?
And was he bravely killed out right?
No!—all the folks were killed by fight!

CELEBRATIONS.

There have been several celebrations upon the Peaks of Otter, and several speeches delivered; however, unless the orator be superior in eloquence, the mountain seems to attract the chief attention of the audience. In the Presidential canvass for Clay and Polk, a splendid pole nearly a hundred feet long was borne up these mountains on patriotic shoulders, but the high winds destroyed the flag, and the unfavorable weather detracted much from the interest of the occasion. To completely prognosticate the future, during the night some evil-minded traitor cut the pole down. Few, or no marriage celebrations have occurred here, though many a young couple tighten the bands of friendship here, they do not tie the hymeneal knot. Un-

less the bands should be more lasting than some of those united on the Natural Bridge, it were a matter of prudence to choose a less romantic spot for the solemn service; but others think differently and prefer the services near to heaven as possible, and to such we give—

The Song of Friendship.

Peaks of Otter ! heights eternal,
Great Jehovah's awful throne,
Seen at morn or eve nocturnal,
Still majestic, stern and lone.

Storms and lightning, peals of thunder,
Smite thy bosom, smite in vain;
Nought can move thee, nought can sunder,
Storm and time nor mark, nor stain.

Up ! we hasten ! never falter !
Here we plight our bands of love,
Heart to heart, on heaven's high altar;
Seal this vow ! oh hosts above.

Firm my pledge as this high mountain,
Pure my love as this pure sky,
Deep I've drank in love's deep fountain,
'Thine I live, and thine I die.

Dire misfortune may oppress thee,
Pale affliction lay thee low;
When these arms, these prayers shall bless thee,
'Thine in weal, and thine in woe.

The Harp of the Grove.

The Harp of the grove, o'er my heart it is stealing,
To the spirit of Randolph I strike its sad strings,
He hears, and replies with his melancholy feeling,
From the whistling pine, on the zephyr thus sings:

"Who art thou kind stranger? that breaketh my slumbers!
For while living, none loved me, none mourned at my death,
No anthem, no dirge, save the grove's mournful numbers,
Not a stone, not a tear, nor a sad solemn breath."

"Oh Mary! didst thou know this torn heart's bursting anguish
From the time that we parted, till death laid it low,
What tears of sad sorrow would make thee to languish?
What an ocean of grief o'er thy lover would flow!"

"Oh none did he worship save thee, dearest Mary!
The bright gem of his bosom, the joy of his heart,
When severed from thee, misanthropic and weary,
From a world of deep gloom did he long to depart."

"His idol is clasped by the hand of another,
And her eyes sweetly glance on a worthier groom,
Thy cheeks are caressed, Mary not by thy lover,
For thy lover lies cold in this wilderness tomb."

"Here deep in the woods by my Roanoke river,
With my gun and my hounds did I drag life away,
Not a tear is shed, and the wild flowers wither,
Not a pilgrim appeareth to moisten my clay."

"Oh Mary! for once would'st thou kneel at my pillow,
And repeat the sweet song of thy maiden's first love,
The grave of thy John would'st adorn with a willow,
By my angel! I'd weep, till our meeting above."

"Farewell kind stranger ! Oh marry right early,
 For a wife makes a heaven—a paradise of love,
 But a bachelor !—(*Lucifer*) stingy and surly,
 Let him strike with poor Randolph the "*Harp of the Grove.*"

NATURAL BRIDGE.

The Natural Bridge of Virginia is situated 17 miles from the Peaks of Otter, 13 from Buchanan, and 16 miles from Lexington. It is 246 feet high, 100 feet long, and 60 feet wide. The distance to the arch is 201 feet, and the thickness of the arch 45 feet. By these measurements which have recently been given by a topographical engineer, we perceive that the Bridge is higher than the falls of Niagara by 80 feet. A description of this stupendous arch having been given by the graphic pen of Jefferson, and by other distinguished writers of more recent date, for us to attempt the same would only detract from the agreeable impressions which we have received from their writings. Many paintings and engravings have appeared, purporting to be a representation of the Bridge, but they express little or nothing of the powerful feelings which the overwhelming grandeur of the Bridge inspires. To fully appreciate its grandeur, we are obliged to stand in the rocky bed of the stream below, and like the saint in the dungeon, there we seem nearest heaven while deepest in the vale.—The sight from the "Cedar Stump" upon the height presents rather too much of the awful for common nerves, but the magnificent view from below is enjoyed and admired by all. The deep ra-

vine beneath the Bridge extends for several miles, and can be crossed only at this place; but strangers passing over would not discover any bridge unless previously informed of it, as the road has no peculiarities and the valley is hid by hedges of cedar. Cedar creek passing through a limestone country is much reduced in the hot season, but at other seasons of the year is much larger than represented by travellers. It warbles down this most delightful valley, through beautiful openings and dense thickets, and by steep overhanging flowery banks for about two miles, and empties into the James. Here passengers leave the Canal for the Bridge: having witnessed the deep cut through the Blue Ridge by the James, they are prepared for the extreme magnificence which awaits them. Unlike the visitors of Niagara, no person is disappointed at first view, but exclaims: "the half hath not been told." Many have been the flights and adventures up and down these stupendous heights, some safe, some fatal, some by a car from the top, some precipitous, some by intoxication and some for love, and some for glory. About twenty years since Leyburn Lackland fell from these heights while in a fit of intoxication. He had occasionally drunk to excess, and upon the death of a beautiful, engaging and affectionate wife his intemperance knew no bounds. Seeing her features in the face of his lovely little child, only excited him to madness at his misfortune, and he strove to drown his sorrows in the bowl. In his delirium he sometimes declared that she was not dead, that he saw

her pale image in the room where she had died, bending over him in his afflictions, shedding upon his face the warm gushing tears of her former affection, wiping the cold clammy sweat from his brow, and with gentle hand was softening his thorny pillow, presenting the cool sparkling cordial to his fever parched lips, and kneeling in holy communion with heaven, by his side. Again he affirmed it was but a shadow which he saw, and her spirit which he heard. Her image was beckoning him away from the agonizing tortures of earth, and her spirit called him. Once upon a precipice he was prevented from self-destruction by his friends.—Once while gazing upon the bed of a river and seeing the phantom of his wife inviting him beyond the wave, he plunged into the bottom of the stream, and there while seizing the roots and digging the sand to embrace his fancied companion, he was again rescued by his friends. But it was with reluctance that he yielded to their solicitations.—When the chafing hand brought back his answering spirit from shades below to take possession of his mortal frame again, and when the air touched his vitals, bringing nothing of life but torturing agony, he shuddered that he was alive. He thought he had remained beneath the tide but a moment—it was a pleasing moment! Wholly absorbed in his purpose he felt no pain, and thought of nothing but the fancied image before him. But now opens upon his swimming eyes a dark world, a world that has given him but little pleasure and much pain, and lastly robbed him of the only object in life.

worth having. Why should he remain in it longer? In his delirium he visited the Natural Bridge. There the same delusive phantom was before him, and though he had been unkind to his wife and maltreated her, yet the same forgiving, affectionate, weeping woman still clung to him, witnessed his tears, and called him away. He stood a few rods above the bridge where the chasm is dark, deep and wide. The stately trees from the channel below, and the trees and shrubbery overhanging the banks, pierced by sunbeams dancing upon the silver foliage, with the almost unfathomable abyss, were easily peopled with fanciful objects by an overstrained imagination. There, near the opposite bank, were the face, the eye, the flowing locks, the beckoning hand, and the voice of his heavenly consort.— He thought not of the depths, but the object beyond. He thought not of the world behind, nor cast a lingering look upon it, for there no object of attraction remained. The rays of the sun burst through the dense foliage, and brighter appears the fancied image, and with clasped hands looking first upon heaven then before him, he leaps to the arms of his spectral companion and Leyburn Lackland is no more.

DEATH OF WALLACE.

Young Wallace, who fell from the Bridge in July, 1850, though somewhat intoxicated, died with very different feelings from Lackland. He was of a highly respectable family, and would have been their pride and hope, were it not for drink. On the day before his death he had acted very strange—

ly in taking a bottle to church with him and desecrating the Sabbath, but the poor man's sufferings and untimely end command our commiseration rather than blame. Truly the way of the transgressor is hard. Though afflicted mentally and physically by habits of dissipation, and forsaken by his friends, he loved life, and would cling to it with desperation. Besides, with a mind beclouded with the fumes of alcohol, he was not prepared to die; and being young and vigorous, he might yet reform and be a blessing to the world. It was at night-fall that he wandered upon the bank near where Lackland took his fatal leap. In bewilderment he ventured too far, and found himself sliding down the declivity. He thought of Lackland! his hair rose, and his heart fluttered with shocks of horror! He grasps a shrub, which root by root gives way, and seizes a shelving rock, which heaving to and fro now falls from crag to crag and strikes the depths below with deafening groan.— He slides apace! then rests upon a shelving crag, breathless and fearful to stir. His senses are sobered by the shock, and he calmly contemplates his danger. A life-time rolls by in a moment! friends and relatives appear in his fancy, and could he once more meet them he might pledge himself to a life of sobriety. To-morrow! might find him a changed man in principle and in heart. To-morrow might unite many hearts to him which have long been estranged. To-morrow might witness gushing tears overflowing from full hearts of deep felt gratitude at his unfeigned repentance,

and noble bearing as a christian. Can it be that to-morrow shall witness him bruised, pale, cold and low? The moon shone upon him, but not with the least glimmer of hope! the wind wailed piteously upon his ear, and all sounds were foreboding. With difficulty he has retained his position thus long, and now comes a struggle for life or death. Living a life of excitement and acquainted with danger, he can not tamely submit, and the impetuosity of his strong passions rises with the sublimity of the scene, and redoubled is his effort as life's last moment approaches. If these arms and nerves must yield to death, it shall be when each finger is worn to the bone, and each strained nerve exerted to its dying grasp! He seizes a shrub, but retains only the bark within his hand, and slides with digging nails still clinging to the repelling rock, until he arrives at the very brink. And there he can remain but a moment, to bid farewell to home, to friends, and make his peace with heaven! Struggling between hope and despair, life and death, his bleeding hooked fingers slowly yield their reluctant gripe, his steel-strung nerves give way--his ghastly eyes roll upon the pale moon, his brain whirls round--he falls! and is dashed in pieces!

So great were the marks of his struggle upon the high bank, the upturned stones and turf, the torn bark and tearing away of shrubbery, that his friends suspected foul means played upon him, and ordered him to be disinterred and examined several days after his burial, to convince them

that there were no shot or ball lodged in his person. A fine Temperance Hall is now erected within a few rods from the memorable place where he fell, and many a noble Son walks over the spot with his pure white regalia, clear minded, upright, straight forward, and fearless of catastrophe.

SAD ACCIDENT.

In July, 1851, a young man by the name of John B. Luster met with a sad accident at the Bridge, which proved nearly fatal. Mr. Luster was engaged with his father in their Store and Tavern, near the bridge, and made it his chief delight to interest the visitor in the stupendous grandeur of the scenes, and make his sojourn interesting and agreeable. But few young men had a greater number of ardent and devoted friends. He accompanied a young man from New York to the Bridge with chisel in hand to engrave a name among the many hundreds already inscribed.— Though accidents occur, ambitious youths will venture to imitate the father of his country, and place their names upon the sublime crags of nature.— Luster had ascended but about thirty feet, when his mind grew a little dizzy, his foot slipped, and he fell. His skull was fractured, and for ten days he remained senseless. Finally he so far recovered as to travel about, but fifteen months after was attacked with violent fits, and was obliged to have several pieces of the fractured skull taken away from oppressing the brain. He now is nearly recovered, and continues in business with the same affable

manners and kind disposition, but perhaps would as willingly allow the stranger to read the story of his melancholly catastrophe, as to be too inquisitive in calling to his mind an unfortunate occurrence.

OTHER FLIGHTS.

About ten year since, a yankee pedlar determined to honor his horse with a mess of oats upon the high precipice of the bridge. The horse seemed pleased with the oats, and appreciated them as well perhaps as the beauties of the scenery, for he ate greedily, but soon became too much elated with the spirit of the heights for quietness and safety. The pedlar pulled the reins but there was no "whow." Here and there, the flying pegasus bounded, rearing and plunging, until lastly horse, wagon, oats and all went "headforemost topsyturvy and were spilled along the valley below.— Even the wheels were dashed in splinters and scattered for many rods. The driver barely escaped, by unwinding the reins from his hand and grasping a cedar. He sold out the fragments without removing them, declaring that he had sowed the last of his *wild oats*. A deer was once found dashed in pieces at the base of the bridge, and once on a Sabbath some mischievous youngsters threw off a dog from the heights, which yelped but few times before his breath was gone, and soon he struck the rock below and parted asunder. From a family residing a mile or two from the bridge, a company of visitors with a dollar once purchased a oat for their fiendish sport. Each person chose his po-

sition to witness the exciting scene, and poor puss seemed conscious of danger as she bit and scratched, and squalled hideously to extricate herself, but she was paid for, and had no right to complain.— Fortunately such a cat was just the one to take care of herself, and finding herself obliged to go, she kept her feet directly under, and sounding no over agreeable music as she went down, struck splash into the water, and shaking off the liquid drops as testimony against her tormentors, she scampered home, anxious to share a part of the dollar in warm milk. Puss after this became an idol of the neighborhood, as being the only surviving animal that ever took a Sam Patch leap from the Natural Bridge.

A teamster once encamped for the night upon the bridge, and as he commenced cutting wood for his camp fire he felled a cedar, and felled it quite a distance, so far that he dare not follow it. Seeing it settling down from him, and finally disappear in the dark, he fled in terror to the nearest dwelling inquiring what spiritual power had mysteriously robbed him of his fuel. Upon being informed that he had encamped upon the Natural Bridge, and that his cedar tree had probably fallen several hundred feet, he congratulated himself that he had not gone after it.

ASCENSIONS.

Several persons have obtained notoriety by ascending the heights of the Bridge. Much has been said of the daring feat of young Piper, a student from Lexington, who climbed the walls of

the bridge in 1818. The exploit has furnished a subject for many fictions, and given him a sort of immortality which he little expected. Mr. Piper is still living. A most graphic representation of an adventurous exploit is given by Burritt, entitled the "Ambitious Youth." The youth witnessed far up the heights the name of Washington, inscribed there before Braddock's defeat, and became ambitious to place his own name as high as that of the Father of his Country. By steady nerve and noble daring he succeeded in engraving his name in large capitals above that of Washington, and still was bent upon mounting higher, and again inscribing his name. With his knife he cut niches in the limestone rock for his hands and feet, until he had mounted so far that the voice of his companions could not be heard.—Now he becomes weary, his nerves relax, and his knife is blunted and worn. For him to return is impossible, and the chance of his mounting the heights improbable. His head swims, his heart faints, and the wind echoing through the tunnel sounds his funeral knell! The sun is setting, and with its falling beams sinks his dying hope. In the midst of despair, he hears a voice from above—"William look up! mother and sister are praying here!" and with renewed energy he cuts his way, and mounts higher, until nature is exhausted! his knife falls—his foot slips, but as his eyes roll in despair upon the gulf, he sees a noose rope before him, and with both hands united, balanced on one foot, he thrusts his hands

into the noose, and hangs fainting, dangling in the air! He wakes! he wakes in the cabin of his home! Bright lights and bright faces are shining upon him, and he lies upon a downy bed.— But at the first return of his departed senses, he imagines himself still clinging with digging nails to the flinty rock; with his last exhausted grasp he sees the horrid chasm, and again his heart is still. He wakes again! Is this a soft couch on which he lies, and no rocky bed of yonder chasm? Is this the air of earth he breathes? Are these the walls of home? Is this a smiling sister's face? smiling with gushing tears streaming down her beauteous cheeks with gratitude to Heaven! Is that a mother, weeping, praying, blessing God for the recovery of her son? Still hoping, still doubting he rises! who flies to the arms of his sister, and bathes his blushing cheek with sympathetic tears mingling with her own. After many warm congratulations and happy greetings of his numerous friends, he inquires of his success.— Is his name there? Is it high and intelligible for future generations to read, respect and applaud? Then he is happy, and contemplates with thrilling rapture his daring enterprise. Knowing that the glory of the soldier is won at the expence of danger, that the most brilliant productions of poetical or musical genius have emanated from a sickly frame, when the spirit of life was near another world, he could not expect the boon of immortal renown, amid the competitors of the present day, without a struggle, without hazard, and the forfeit of almost life itself.

OTHER ASCENSIONS.

In 1845 Alexander Shaner distinguished himself by ascending the precipitous steep of the Bridge, near the cedar stump. There is nothing remarkable in his ascent; he stuck like a leech to the rock, his heart beat calmly, and he felt safe in climbing, while others would have fainted in gazing upon him. Not content with the golden renown which brings no reward, he soon embarked for the more substantial substance in California. Such a spirit is well suited for the toils and exposures of the golden regions. Some time after this, James Luster, a younger brother of the Luster who fractured his skull by a fall at the Bridge, determined to immortalize himself by a flight to the top, and while his playmates were gazing in breathless suspension he succeeded in reaching the heights.— But to his misfortune his companions revealed the secret of his adventure to his father. Poor James had to prepare himself for a not very desirable reward, but a very common one for noble daring.— The father's anger was kindled that his son should be so venturesome, and he resolved upon a speedy remedy. With rod in hand, impetuous to do its duty, he could listen to no palliation of the case, and hushed the entreaties and remonstrances of his son to silence. Lastly James obtained a hearing.— He inquired what was the offence, and what the benefit of the contemplated penalty? The offence, it might be considered an offence, was now committed and could not be recalled, and "father," said he, "I have climbed there once and shall not

do it again, and if you whip me a thousand times you cannot prevent what I have done, nor make me do it over." The logic of the son, not the first time in parental jurisprudence, changed the sentence of the court, and obtained a verdict of acquittal, with a long rigmarole of admonition and reprimands which the sporting spirits of the boy had hardly time to listen to.

INCIDENTS.

Many persons have settled down from the bridge by a car suspended from a windlass, moved by servants for that purpose. The descent or ascent is most sublime, transporting the passenger into a sort of new world of feeling—a spirit realm. If the grandeur is too overwhelming for the senses, as to cause fainting, there is no danger of falling out of the bucket, and in these artificial flights no accident has ever occurred. In time of the last war with Great Britain, the heights of the bridge answered the purpose of a shot tower. A large cylindrical tube of canvass extended from the summit to the bottom of the stream, distended and supported by hooks and ropes. In time of a great storm and freshet, it was discovered that the lower part of the apparatus was in danger of being swept away, and the upper part of the machinery must likely be drawn with it. How to unfasten the lower part of the tube was the difficulty. The current was too deep and rapid for any to venture that way, and to descend in the tube required more than common nerve. At length a negro by the name of

Patrick Henry volunteered his services. He seized the ropes within the cylinder, and descended gradually from hoop to hoop, and arrived safely at the surface of the foaming torrent. Like his namesake, he could descend to the depths and soar to the heights of the sublime in human passion, and not figuratively, but literally with spirit, body and breeches. The fastenings were cut loose, and now comes another difficulty, for Patrick just discovers that the wind sweeps through the arch a perfect hurricane. Scarcely had the last cord yielded, before poor Henry finds himself unceremoniously swung off more than fifty feet. To and fro swings the dark tube with its dark occupant, now snapping and cracking with just weight enough to give it force, now doubling itself up in a whirlwind, and now coming down with an impetuous jerk, that would send any thing but a dying darkey for hundreds of feet into precipitate destruction. But Patrick's fists are locked in the ropes and will stick though the wind may snap his heels off. To the great joy of his owner and not much less to the satisfaction of himself, he arrives safely upon the bridge as the hero who has stood where shots have fallen thickest—has braved the storm, as the lincol son who has literally descended by extended line from high-blooded progenitors.

NUPTIALS.

There have been several marriages upon the Bridge, and many matches made which have resulted in subsequent marriage. One party came

a long distance from near Salem, and the couple were united in a solemn manner witnessed by all nature. And nature was in sympathy with their love; the sky presented not the slightest speck of a ruffled cloud, the sun was warm in its sympathetic beams, the stream below scarce rippled, so anxious was it in silence to hear the ceremony, and the songsters coming from their sylvan homes, and in silence resting upon the floral tapestry of the bridal chamber, mutely witnessed the imposing union of the fair couple--then struck up their hymenian songs that stirred the air again, started the river and set all the pine trees a whistling. Trust not in the capricious freaks of nature. She is a changeable dame, and presents the clearest sky often before the greatest storm. The couple spoken of were too romantically united, lived unhappily and parted in about six months. Another couple from Buckingham brought a Lutheran minister with them, and were so strongly bound together that it would take two worlds to separate them.

BUFFALO SPRINGS.

These Springs are situated in Amherst county, 26 miles from Lynchburg, 22 from Lexington, and about 40 miles from the Peaks of Otter. The properties of the waters are the same as the White Sulphur Springs, but not quite so strong. For chronic complaints and for children the waters are said to be of great benefit, and the new spring of chalybeate waters upon the same premises, is coming into notoriety. The scenery about these springs is romantic, and the air cool and salubri-

ous. Mount Pleasant, within six miles, is of high elevation, and nearly as high as any in Virginia. Buffalo creek presents fine trout for fishing sportsmen, the groves are filled with game, and an Indian mound overgrown with high trees within a few miles is a matter of interest to the antiquarian. Their being so near to Lynchburg and very beneficial in the less fatal complaints, such as *ennui*, heart-sickness, hate-of-home, fashionable-hankerings, low-spirits and the like, presents great inducements for the young and the gay to visit this Bethesda, as the great "multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the water"—are not to be found, they frequent the more strongly impregnated springs. The spirited parties for pleasure can here revel in delight. As the ride and the variety of scenery often excite ones appetite more than the waters, the advantages of these Springs in these several respects are important to the proprietor, as he suits his attractions and entertainments to the demand of parties for pleasure.

The Melian.

[See the "*Broken Hearted*," page 84.]

He took from his bosom the braid,
And strung to the breezes sighing;
All pale on his couch he was laid,
And caught its sweet strains when dying;
It sighed in sad numbers low,
Venia, Olla, Olla, O.

Like whispers of angels the strain,
 Who sigh o'er the broken hearted;
 It calls forth his loved one again,
 The maid that had long been departed;
 And sweet as the dulcimer's flow,
 Veolia, Olla, Olla, O.

Like ocean in slumberings still,
 Soft spirits his senses are stealing;
 Like ocean in boisterous thrill,
 Now rouses his rapturous feeling;
 And wail as the finer strings blow,
 Veolia, Olla, Olla, O.

The breezes are dying away,
 The sun slowly setting in sorrow,
 And pouring its last lingering ray
 On him who will meet ere the morrow,
 Far, far from this wilderness of wo,
 Veolia, Olla, Olla, O.

And paler and weaker he grows,
 His spirit is calmly retiring
 In tune with the wind as it blows,
 His lips sweetly utter expiring,
 Too soft for us mortals below,
 Veolia, Olla, Olla, O.

Smiles dance on his countenance now,
 His visions of glory are breaking,
 But shadows come over his brow,
 He sleeps! but too deep for a waking!
 He meets on the winged zephyr's blow,
 Veolia, Olla, Olla, O.

The winds see their kisses in skies,
 And clouds flash the smiles of their greeting,
 And honey dews fall from their eyes,
 And ecstacy shouts at their meeting;
 Farewell with her lover must go,
 Veolia, Olla, Olla, O.

Lynchburg Scene from Tyrecanna.

Maid of the Blue Ridge ! I pay my addresses to thee !
 Hear me ! shy maid ! proudest, wealthiest—great, though thou be,
 Still not unworthy thy honor, thy suitor shall prove;
 Hear me ! shy maid ! on my knees do I pledge thee my love.

Hear me ! shy maid !—one sweet kiss, or I'll never depart,
 Bathed in the tears of thy river, thus pure is my heart,
 Fed by thee ! bountiful giver ! here grateful I kneel,
 Firm be the pledge I deliver, 'tis written on steel.

Hear me ! shy maid ! not thy gold nor the pride of thy State—
 Friendship and honor are making thy name to be great;
 Hope beams before, light is breaking, I gaze and admire,
 Never ! no ! never ! forsaking, I'll win or expire.

Maid of the Hills ! the fair belle of Virginia's pride,
 Steeps dost thou climb, swift advancing, with tapestry wide,
 Smiles't as the sun is bright glancing, with hope in thine eyes,
 Pleasure to greet thee is dancing, from orient skies.

High be thy pride, as thy mother's, the proudest of States,
 Still not unfriendly to others, as shown in debates,
 Enterprise must be progressing, thou speakest—'tis done !
 Sisters that Ease be caressing, thou leavest alone.

Noble thou standest in letters ! thy press well sustained,
 Few ! very few, be its betters, unbribed and unmaimed ;
 Learning is opening her pages, thy youths grasp the pen,
 Wise be Virginia's sages — the next race of men.

Maid ! by my honor, I love thee — thy hand ! or I die !
 Then would'st thou weep, that thou drove me with jealousy's eye ;
 Lovest thou ? "yes !" — then I thank thee, and hope to prove true
 Once in thy life give a Yankee — "Live Yankee" his due.

Rise Virginia.

Rise ! Virginia ! mother of States,
 Mother of Presidents, mother of men ;
 Hark ! Improvement ! she enters thy gates,
 Bearing the Engine, the Press and the Pen —
 Rise ! Virginia ! young men arise !
 Hope of the future, day-spring of the skies.

Rise ! Virginia ! toil bids thee rise,
 Break from thy slumbers, arouse and advance :
 Dawn of glory ! 'tis lighting thine eyes,
 Daughters of beauty ! on you may it glance —
 Rise ! Virginia ! daughters arise !
 Nurture the state-man, on you he relies.

Rise ! Virginia ! risen thy sun,
 Mines, how they glitter — sails spread their wing ;
 Lo ! Education ! her school-bell is rung,
 Maidens resort to the Castalian spring,
 Rise ! Virginia ! Teachers arise !
 Nobles' p'ole sons that art can decide.

Rise ! Virginia ! blooming thy soil,
 Eden appears where the wilderness stood;
 Golden harvests repay for thy toil,
 Luxury smiles, and abundant thy food—
 Rise ! Virginia ! Planters arise !
 Markets are waiting to purchase thy prize.

Rise ! Virginia ! Hope of the South,
 Rouse thy mechanics, grant honor to toil,
 Hurl the bit from thy north charger's mouth,
 Saddle thy steeds with the fruits of thy soil—
 Rise ! Virginia ! the South bids the rise,
 Thou, her chief hope, the star of her skies,

Rise ! Virginia ! Friend of the North,
 Friend of the Union, and ever proved true;
 High thy station, thy national worth,
 Rise and command the respect which is due;
 Rise ! Virginia ! heaven bids the rise,
 Progress is gazing with rapturous eyes.

Rise ! Virginia ! proudest of names,
 Glory and honor yield thee their chief share;
 Future sons which are thine and are Fame's,
 Yet shall rejoice that "*I, I, was born there;*"
 Rise ! Virginia ! hope ne'er expires,
 Young men and maidens are worthy their sires.

NORTH AND SOUTH.

With profound regret the author is driven to the following remarks: Suspicion has haunted him with malignity, but without the least provocation. Desiring to settle upon the patrimony left by his ancestors of this State, he comes a loyal citizen, is condemned as an informer. Oh, Virginians! I appeal to your high-born honor! has there been any just cause for this? By your ancient greatness—by the tombs of Mount Vernon, and Monticello—by your name for generosity—by your noble, unbounded hospitality—is not this contrary to your character? Mrs. Stowe's work I never read, and know nothing of it save what I have learned from Virginia publications; my voice has been heard in the halls of the capitals of New England, but never upon the subject in point. Why debar immigration in your State?—Your fields are wide, your mines inexhaustible, your manufactories few, why not allow the active and enterprising to come among you? Prosperity is now smiling upon you; the iron horse is penetrating the mountains, plowing the valleys, and bringing the borders of the State to its centre. Mines are opening their golden treasures, whose invaluable stores are sufficient to enrich a nation. Navigation has her eye upon your wide deep rivers and your ocean wave, and is pluming her wing for flight. Manufactories are settling upon every river-fall, and converting the waters into silver streams. Merchandise is prospering, lands have doubled in value, service is high, gold abund-

ant, books multiplying, education advancing—why not allow your brethren of the same country, the same language, the same industrious habits of life, to rejoice in the blessings with which a smiling providence has crowned you? Gladly would I speak of the pleasures I have witnessed among your sons of service, were it not considered by your sensitive spirits as flattery. Gladly would I record my satisfaction in witnessing the happy whistling teamster, merry as a sparrow which providence provides for, in unison with his exuberant spirits, snapping his frolicking whip by the side of his friendly team without a single care or a thought of the morrow! Gladly would I testify to the rejoicings of his proud spirit as he high gazes over the wide plantation, and declares these luxuriant fields to be his own, and in sickness and in age the fruits thereof shall bless his inactive, superannuated frame, without a want or a care to disturb his preparation for the spirit world.—Gladly would I relate the soul-stirring rapture of their melody, as from the factory, the plantation, and religious gatherings, come swelling upon the ear from full deep hearts of joy the song of pure native pathos, which harp silenced—angels might listen to. Gladly would I note the careless slumbers which fall upon the unthinking ebony son the moment his meals are ended, without a distracting thought to perplex his future, or the slightest remorse of the past, as nature's restorer, sleep, weaves the meshes of forgetfulness upon his senses, and steeps his quiet spirit in the lap of luxuri-

ous perfumes. Gladly would I express his freedom to welcome the stranger to the hospitable mansion of his master, while the overseer is hesitating and perhaps denying admission, trembling as if his heart were not his own, a servant throws wide open the hospitable doors, and as lord of the establishment bids us welcome to all the delicious productions of the climate. How polite in his manners! How attentive to our wants! How sweet in his voice of reply! How kind and watchful in our sickness, lest the wind of heaven should blow upon us too roughly; and what regrets does he express at our departure, stating that we appear so much "*like one of the family.*" These we have witnessed with gratitude, and many other pleasing incidents, untold at the North, but being so well known and so common here, they have no place in this volume. I beseech you, Virginians! condemn not a man before trial. If I have spoken or written a word worthy of punishment I refuse not the unmerciful penalty which has been threatened me. Be it known, if assailed, I shall offer no resistance with the savage barbarity of pistol and dagger. Honesty needs no defence. Born in a State where *law* is supreme, where the recently enacted and to many over pious minds, the most obnoxious law that ever darkened a statute, is enforced without a murmur; to the law must I look for protection. If no jury can be found to defend the guiltless, let justice flee, and innocence die with her imploring eye fixed on a star-crowned hope of heaven. But why do I despair? a more

friendly spirit prevails. Virginia is Virginia still ! and her generosity knows no bounds. While the few may cry "*wolf ! wolf !*" at localities, her nobler spirit, stretching her broad arms over the whole Union, knowing no North or South, winning to her maternal embrace the enterprising of every State, cries "welcome ye sons of industry to our wide fields ! welcome ! ye sons of ingenuity to our mechanic shops ! welcome ! ye mining capitalists to our inexhaustable store ! welcome ! ye sons of old ocean upon the banks of our streams ! welcome ! ye teachers to our waiting schools ! welcome ! ye publishers and printers ! let the spirit of emulation in literature supercede the hoodwinking cheats of demagogues ! let Virginia in education and national importance rise and become herself again !"



We commend this little volume to our readers, It contains a large number of interesting and amusing anecdotes and original pieces of poetry, addressed to Jefferson, Henry, Peaks of Otter, Lynchburg, &c., which cannot fail to please.—
[*Lynchburg Express.*]

From the Honorable Council of Lynchburg.

For the encouragement of education, literature and home productions, the Honorable Council of Lynchburg have passed the following resolution :

On motion, Resolved, That Henry Morgan, the author of a little book printed at the Virginian Job Office, entitled "A Description of the Peaks of Otter, with sketches and anecdotes of Patrick Henry, John Randolph and Thomas Jefferson, &c., &c.," be authorized and allowed to sell the same in the city free from corporation Tax.

