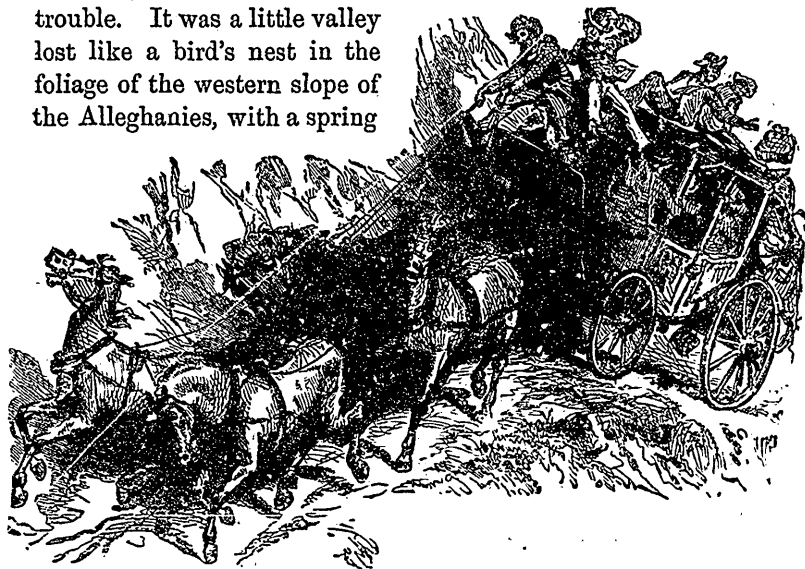


times—followed in waggons. Ten horses for relays or the pleasure of riding at the watering-place came on under charge of servants, of whom many accompanied the march; for the planters were persons of large means, and stinted themselves in nothing. And so the little cavalcade struggled along, wound over the mountain, pierced the forest, and came to the desired haven after a journey like that of emigrants across the Western plains. What the old planters toiled thus to reach, seemed quite unworthy of so much time and trouble. It was a little valley lost like a bird's nest in the foliage of the western slope of the Alleghanies, with a spring



MOUNTAIN TRAVEL IN THE OLDEN TIME.

bubbling up under some oaks and maples, blue mountains around, a fresh stream near, and a cluster of log-cabins, suitable, one might have said, for the unkempt rustics and huntsmen of the region, but quite absurd if regarded as the dwelling-place for months of some of the most refined and luxurious society of the South. And yet these men and women, accustomed to every comfort, and living lives lapped in down, were quite content with the "split-bottomed" chairs, the plain beds, the pine tables, and the rustic routine of the spot. It offered them, indeed—much more than their fine home mansions could supply—health and vigour for their heat-ennervated frames.

In due time came the "stage," and with this great invention