

foam, as it passes over a shallow covered with boulders and pebbles innumerable. Jefferson and Volney have written in praise of that Spot where the Shenandoah comes to the help of the Potomac, in forcing a channel through the Blue Ridge Mountains, and I need not add my mite of applause; but the softer scenery, associated with the mouths of the Monocacy and Seneca tributaries, are to me more loveable. For effects "grand, gloomy and peculiar," the Grand Falls of the Potomac ought not to remain unvisited by any true lover of nature; nor the Little Falls, which are more humble in their pretensions, but not to be despised.

And now, with this paragraph, I bring the running account of my mountain tour from Winchester to Cumberland to a close. Unforseen circumstances have compelled me to travel more rapidly than I could have desired, and I have really not had the time to indite such letters as I might have done. I have recorded enough, however, to convince my readers that the upper Potomac or River of Swans, as the aborigines called it, is a stream to be loved and remembered with pleasure and pride.