

the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway at the point where the latter begins in earnest the ascent from the uplands of the Piedmont District to the high grades that lead to the summit of the Blue Ridge Mountains. This great road—the Chesapeake and Ohio—traverses the boldest and most picturesque scenery in Virginia.

Beyond the White Sulphur are the wooded chasms that have been cloven by the limpid waters of the Greenbrier River, the towering precipices at Hawk's Nest, the gray and awful canyon of New River, and the great Falls of the Kanawha. These have been already illustrated in this MAGAZINE.

Precipitous as Quebec; "live," almost, as Chicago; famous throughout the world for its tobaccos; romantically situated, is Lynchburg, the portal of the busy and prolific Southwest, amid the magnificent scenery far stretched on every side. Railroads fail of their moral purpose, it has been well said, if they do not bring together the people, especially of the hitherto discordant sections of the United States, and thus weld the national life into a firm and harmonious whole. That result these great trunk lines are grandly accomplishing, making the people of the different sections know each other better and esteem each other more. Bald Knob—a mighty rock—rises in lonely grandeur in Franklin County, and from its gray summit, green valleys, rounded hills, blue and misty peaks, billowy ranges of mountains and a seeming plain that stretches away into the hazy distance, form a panorama of almost unsurpassed magnificence.

A large number of persons from all the low country seek the mountains of South and North Carolina, making their entrance to them at Cæsar's Head, a noble spur of the Blue Ridge. This mountain is 4,400 feet above the sea. From its altitude and outlying position, it presents from its summit one of the grandest and most far-reaching panoramas to be found in the Alleghanies. It embraces almost the entire system of North Carolina. Under the eye are many of the finest peaks of the Appalachian chain. Towards the lowlands, the vision ranges from King's Mountain, on the southern border of North Carolina, to Currahee, in the northern part of Georgia, 210 miles from each other in a direct line. The view is such as to delight the lover of the beautiful and grand in nature. Especially is this the case at evening, when the delicious afterglow throws tints upon the mountains of indescribable tenderness and beauty.