

Mountain, September 14th, 1862. From Weverton the three miles to Harper's Ferry is through the very heart of mountain fastnesses, precipitous piles of granite rising up to a tremendous height and dwarfing the train until it appears by comparison but as a puny antagonist flying in the grizzly face of rock-ribbed power.

After dinner we started out to climb the heights behind the town to Jefferson's Rock—a curious slab supported on four short columns. We found this a very agreeable shade, beneath which we rested and enjoyed the magnificent prospect. Looking from this very rock the famous statesman declared the view worth a journey over the Atlantic to behold. "Standing," he says, "on a very high point of land, on the right comes the Shenandoah, having ranged the foot of the mountains a hundred miles to seek a vent; on the left approaches the Potomac, in quest of a passage also. In the moment of their junction they rush together against the mountain, rend it asunder and pass off to the sea." During the summer not a few old soldiers and others, impelled by the recollections of the past, stop off a train a day or more and spend the time rambling over the historic ground. "Time has extracted all the bitterness; fraternal kindness has taken the place of vengeful feeling, and arms that once were raised against each other now couple in hearty communion, and together the blue and the gray wander over fields, once everything but the green which now mantles soil and memory alike." We climbed higher still and found a large boarding-school, where we received much courtesy and enjoyed from the deck upon the roof a still wider view.

Still more enjoyable was the climb up Maryland Heights, on the northern side of the river. One crosses the curious three-armed bridge and finds towering almost perpendicularly above his head, a tremendous cliff. But a good road leads to the summit by an easy grade. It is curious to observe how rapidly, even when sauntering slowly, one is lifted above the mountain's base. At every step the horizon widens, the far-winding valley of the Potomac opens, the silver stream follows the lowest level, and one enjoys the curious experience of a bird's-eye view of the farms and hamlets far below. The deepening twilight filled the valley as a beaker may be filled with wine, and in the gathering shadows we found our way back again.

Next morning, determined to *do* the place thoroughly, we climbed the still more precipitous Loudon Heights, on the Vir-