

terrible. Away in the south-west, lifting themselves up in a gleam of the western sky, the Great Smoky Mountains loomed like a frowning continental fortress, sullen and remote.

"In the centre of the stony plot on the summit lie the remains of Mitchell. To dig a grave in the rock was impracticable, but the loose stones were scooped away to the depth of a foot or so, the body was deposited, and the stones were replaced over it. The grave is surrounded by a low wall of loose stones, to which each visitor adds one, and in the course of ages the cairn may grow to a good size. The explorer lies there without name or headstone to mark his awful resting-place. The mountain is his monument. He is alone with its majesty. He is there in the clouds, in the tempests, where the lightnings play and the thunders leap, amid the elemental tumult, in the occasional great calm and silence and the pale sunlight. It is the most majestic, the most lonesome grave on earth."

Asheville is the loveliest city of western North Carolina, set upon a hundred hills. The railroad touches the banks of the famous French Broad River within one mile of Asheville. The tourist is always impatient to descend the deep canyon, which makes the great highway over the Alleghanies to the Mississippi. There are no lakes in this region; the streams have long since worn away the rocks and made themselves a bed deep down in the bosom of the mountain, leaving the perpendicular stone walls to mark the place from which they began their work centuries ago. The descent down the river is from sixteen to twenty feet per mile, and follows all the curves and bends of the crooked stream.

Looking from the car window, we often see the engine of a long train running almost at right angles to the rear coach, and drawing it on in graceful curves until the projecting ridge conceals the locomotive from our view. The mountains bordering on either side of the deep gorge rise to the height of from 500 to 1,000 feet. These rugged palisades, which the Creator made of everlasting granite, have scarcely any soil lodged upon them, and often their faces are entirely naked and bare; occasionally we discover a silvery little stream threading its way among the ravines "like tears of gladness o'er a giant's face."

The most picturesque view in the vicinity of Asheville is Connolly's, which is situated on an elevated point of a mountain ridge that drops off suddenly into the plain near the confluence of the Swannanoa and French Broad Rivers. It commands a view of both rivers up and down for a mile or