

have enacted a part in "Pyramus and Thisbe." Eager to gain a morning view, we equipped ourselves with goodly oaken sticks, partly to defend us from improper familiarity with the rattle snakes, which are said to abound there, and partly to assist us in climbing the steep. A sudden change of the weather, however, enveloped us in a fog, as we reached the foot of the Rock, or Stone mountain. It is a bare mass of granite, between two and three thousand feet high. The appearance of similar elevations, composed of ordinary earth, and clothed with verdure, fails to impress the mind with the idea of solidity and durability, which it conceives from the contemplation of this gigantic rock heaved upward in the form of a stupendous billow. A gradual descent of the surrounding country towards its base forms a circular basin of several miles in circumference, of which it is the centre; and the apparently interminable forests, which wave around it, strike the eye in a strong contrast with its bleak and desolate nakedness. From the gradual ascent of one side the curious passenger approaches the brink of an immense and almost perpendicular precipice. On reaching the "perilous edge" of this abrupt declivity, the giddy view broke suddenly upon me. Mere description conveys but feebly any idea of the effect of such a scene upon the imagination. I had so limited a knowledge of the localities of the place, that I advanced much nearer the precipice than was necessary or agreeable. As I tremblingly measured the depths of the distance, I felt that the least breath of air almost the agitation of my own thoughts, might precipitate me down the abyss. Yet a fearful fascination riveted my eyes upon the scene, till I became conscious of a sensation of giddiness; scarcely I dared make the motion necessary for turning; instinctively I stooped, although the broad slab afforded nothing for me to grasp, and my readers had nearly escaped much injudicious scribbling, when I recollected an anecdote, headed "Look aloft, you lubber," and cast my eyes toward the summit. There stood my companion, rather surprised at my quadruped propensities, and I hastened to follow his example in admiring the sublime productions of nature from a safer position.

A hermit, disgusted with the world, and anxious to try the experiment of solitude upon his disposition, should choose this very spot. Nothing can be farther separated from all the associations of human life. Neither gloomy cave, nor uninhabited island, nor secluded forest, could so perfectly assure him a dreary and dismal loneliness. On earth some object would remind him of home or friends; some warbling bird would awaken a softened feeling; some opening flower or clinging vine would call up thoughts of