



Picturesque America; or, the land we live in

a delineation by pen and pencil of the mountains, rivers, lakes, forests, water-falls, shores, cañons, valleys, cities, and other picturesque features of our country ; with illustrations on steel and wood, by eminent American artists

Bryant, William Cullen

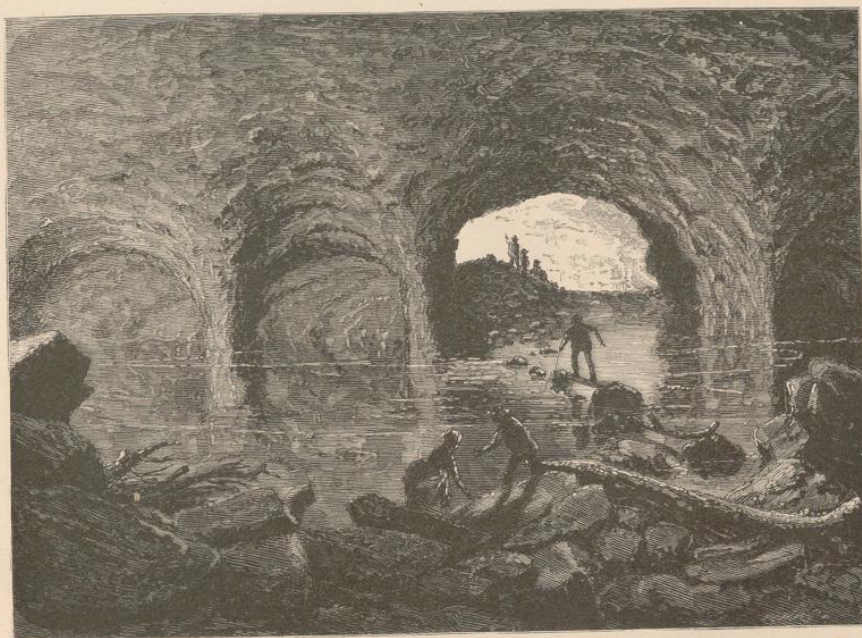
New York, 1872

Scenes In Virginia.

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SCENES IN VIRGINIA.

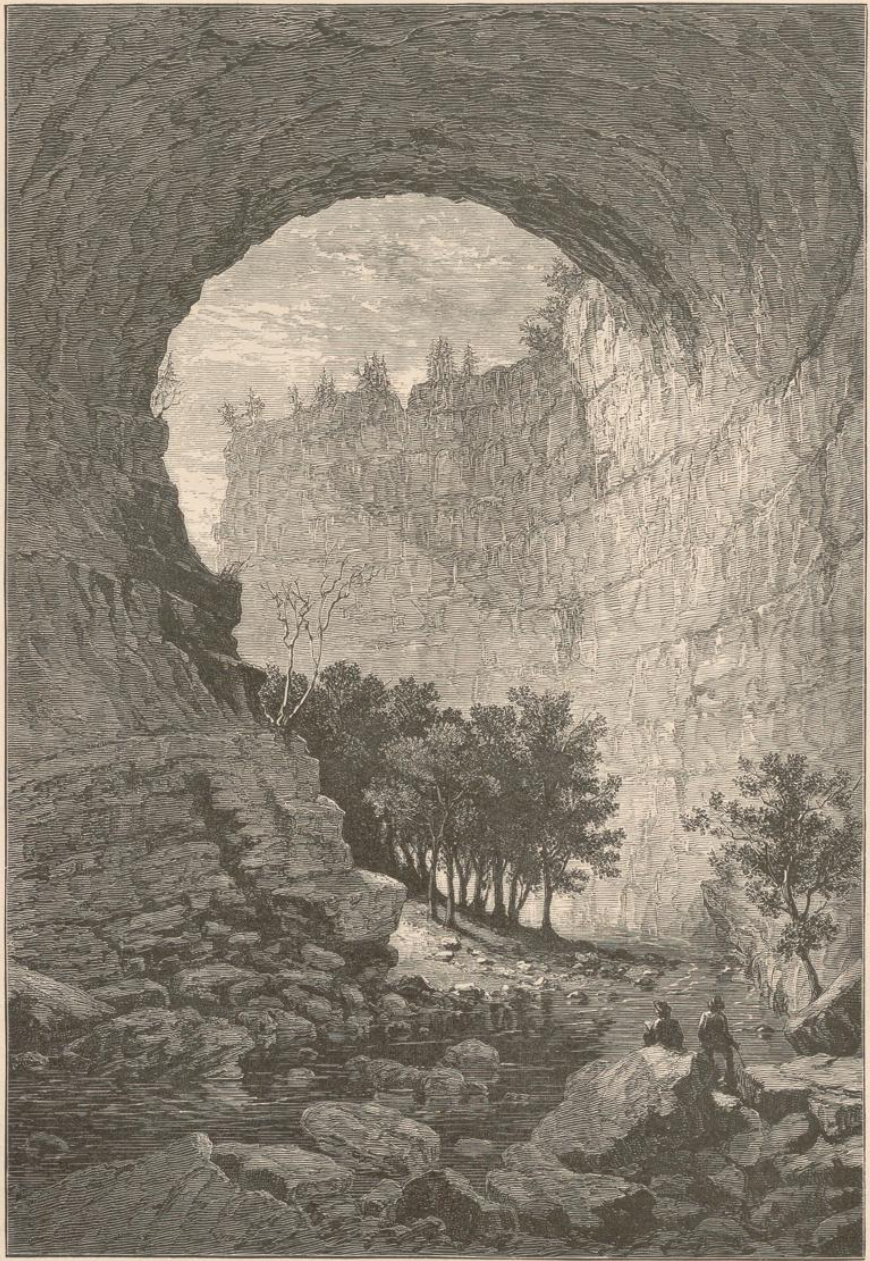
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM L. SHEPPARD.



Interior of Natural Tunnel.

PICTURESQUE America may be said to find almost an epitome of itself in the State of Virginia. Her scenery—infinately varied, beautiful exceedingly, and sometimes truly grand—repeats in her own boundaries features which would have to be sought in places widely separated. Here, indeed, are no Alps, no Matterhorn to tempt Whymper or Tyndall, and no glaciers to study; nor do those works of Nature find a parallel on this side of the Mississippi. But from Harper's Ferry to the farthest southwest corner of the State there is literally a world of scenic beauties, ravishing to the artist, and inviting to even the dullest traveller or sight-seer. Let us glance at a few of the more striking of these mountain-pictures. The marvels of the Natural Bridge, and the hitherto almost unknown wonders of Weyer's Cave, have been illustrated and described in former papers in this work. Our present series gives a varied selection of other scenes, some of which are almost as remarkable as the better-known features of the State.

The Natural Tunnel, in Scott County, is the first point to which we will conduct the



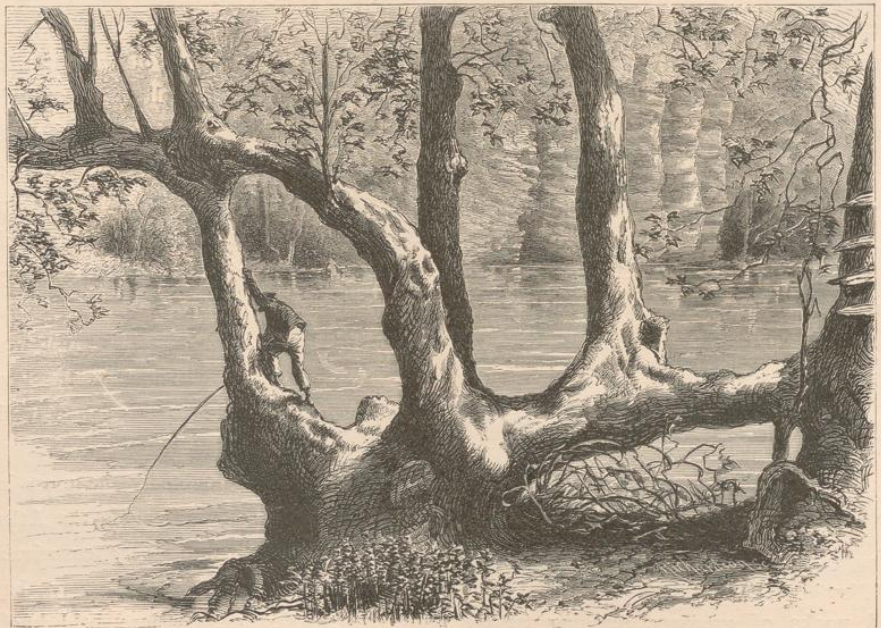
NATURAL TUNNEL.

reader. The variety and beauty of the forest-growths constitute the most striking peculiarity of this southwestern portion of Virginia—one might say, the only striking peculiarity—and hence, no doubt, the surprise which the Tunnel excites when it is seen, albeit the spectator has been in momentary anticipation of the object of his quest. This surprise recurs at every visit to the Natural Bridge, and the Tunnel is a similar formation, not so lofty in its arch, but longer and more tortuous in its course through the hill or shoulder of the mountain. In the one case there is a short and nearly straight tunnel; in the other the tunnel is long and very crooked; in both cases the country-road runs over the tunnel, the traveller crossing it unawares. Stock Creek, a tributary of the Clinch, whose limpid waters have repeatedly wetted the hoofs of our horses in our zigzag course hither, has forced or found a passage through the ridge which stretches athwart the narrow, deep valley, and, in so doing, describes what railroad-men would call a "reverse curve," one hundred and fifty yards in length. Thus, although the arch is seventy or eighty feet high, the light is intercepted, and, even when the sun is at its zenith, the passage of the Tunnel is attended with difficulties. At other times, when the rising or declining orb lends but a partial and imperfect illumination, the subterranean traveller, plunged in Cimmerian darkness, cannot repress a feeling of genuine horror as he toils through the central portion of the curve, and, as he emerges, hails the sunshine with rapture, exalted and prolonged by the precipices of naked rock ascending sheer three hundred feet above and around him; while higher yet rise the verdurous crests of the forest-crowned summits, and above all bends the intense, unfathomable blue of the welkin. A master of hyperbole might exhaust his store of rhetoric upon this spectacle, which the man of plain speech would be content to call very wonderful. In truth, it is a curiosity of Nature—unique, if not sublime. When the Cumberland-Gap Railroad—not yet begun—is completed, and when West meets East at Bristol-Goodson—the proposed starting-point of the projected road—when that bright day shall dawn, the Natural Tunnel will have countless admiring visitors, most of whom, unfatigued by horseback-journeying over roads none too good, will be content to linger longer than we did. It is said that the projected road *must* pass through this tunnel, there being no other practicable route. If this be true, and if thereby this great wonder be seriously impaired by cutting off one or the other of its curves, then the lover of the picturesque may hope that the road, serviceable as it may be to travel and traffic, will never be built.

Leaving the Tunnel, which, after the Natural Bridge, is undoubtedly the most imposing *lusus naturæ* east of the Mississippi River, we retrace our way along the Atlantic, Mississippi and Ohio Railroad. Around us are mountains of every conceivable shape—all the rounded outlines, all the frightful angles, incident to such scenery—bays and nooks of greenery, reaching far off into coves; vales and chasms; bald knobs, dotted with the skeleton trees; jagged precipices, exposing the unhealed stumps of



New River.



Sycamore on New River.

gigantic mountain-limbs torn off as by seismic violence; mountains lapped and dove-tailed within mountains, range above and beyond range, in seemingly endless succession, wooing us to stop, and flitting all too quickly past as the train flies on.

Debarking at Central Depot, we start thence on horseback for a trip down New River, crossing it near the station. The river flows silently here, but with a subtle



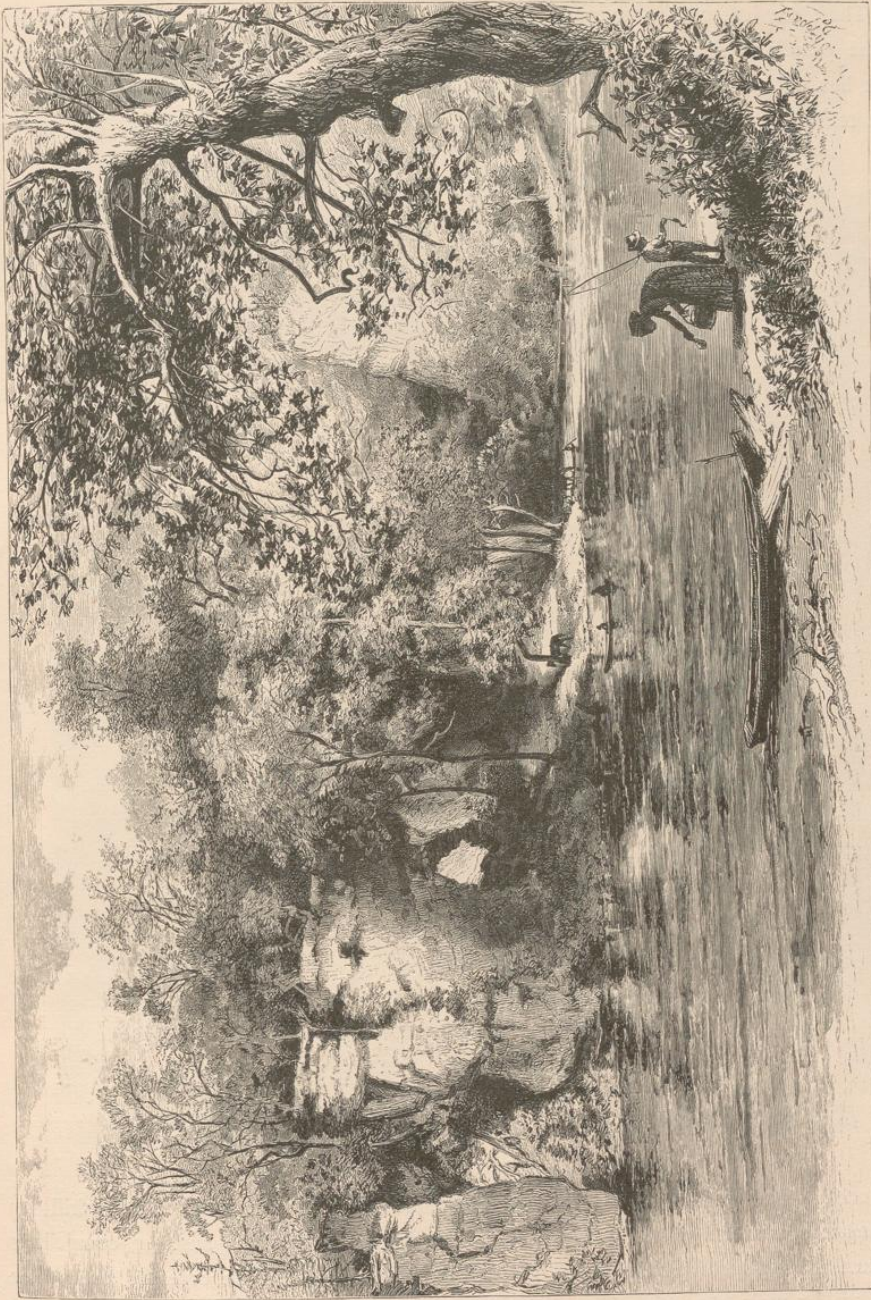
Great Falls, New River.

sort of force, between banks lined with sycamores, which trail their branches in the water in many instances. Masses of brown-gray rock lift their heads above the foliage in many places, but the banks soon fall away, and the stream, gliding along the lowlands, divides with its silver breadth the rich alluvium which the plough has upturned to receive the corn. Expectant crows, doves cooing on the dead branches of the belted

trees, and the mists lifting from the distant mountains, enliven the solitude. The ferryman never has any small change, and has to run, or rather walk, to his house to hunt it up out of the wads of fractional currency hidden carefully away in some ancient sock or stocking. This proves no hardship to the horsemen, whose eyes are charmed with the varied landscape, now concealed and anon disclosed by the coquettish pranks of the morning vapors.

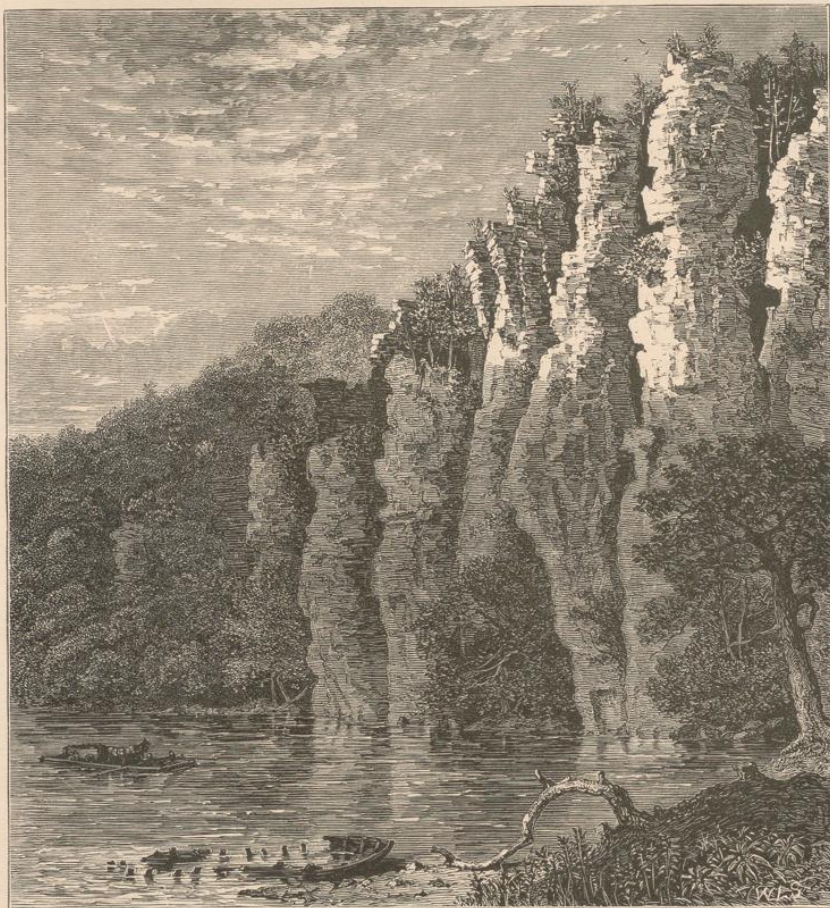
We take a short cut athwart a bight, or loop, of the river, following a narrow path, the main road having been fenced quite across on account of some dispute as to the right of way. Farmers become indignant because their fence (a few rails) is taken down to give passage to the artist and his friend, albeit the said rails are carefully replaced as good as new. At last, regaining the main road, which goes over a ridge adorned with noble timber, we quicken our pace, observing, as we pass rapidly along, that even the local names are misspelled on the half-rotten sign-boards. We meet no travellers. A negro-boy, drifted hither from Mississippi by the vicissitudes of the late war, undertakes to be our guide, but, becoming disgusted with the roughness and hilliness of the road, soon leaves us. We press on. A lonely hut in a clearing on the hill-side; naked negro-children, staring; a dog in convulsions of barking; a plant-patch for tobacco-burning, in a hollow, among the stumps of half-felled trees; a church in a grove at the foot of a hill, well built of brick, but as destitute of attractions as the sternest Puritan could wish, after the manner of country-churches in Virginia—constitute the features of this lonely road.

We go through five gates in two miles. A heinous offence in Virginia it is to leave a gate open, and a case recently reported on this road—the only one that leads up from the river on this side—has agitated the whole community. Again we encounter the river, the road narrowing very much, and winding under steep bluffs; the river still flowing majestically, and the opposite banks getting higher, with no visible outlet for the stream. Now the road runs on the water's margin; and now it mounts far above, and the hoofs of our steeds are level with the tops of the white-and-brown-barred sycamores. Rocks become more numerous in the bed of the stream, interspersed with immense stranded logs, the beams of houses, and the wrecked mill-machinery, brought down by the great flood of 1870. Here the water glides over ledges or eddies under willows; the mountains become higher and steeper—higher even than on the Hudson in the Highlands—and are thickly clothed with woods. Here and there, great streams of loose stones—moraines, most likely—poured out as by a superhuman hand, extend away up the mountain-side. Houses are few and far apart; the people stare intently, are slow to return a salute, and do not even ask the news. Civilization is far behind us. Mountains tower on every hand; there is seemingly no escape for the imprisoned waters, lake-like here, still as death, enchanted and asleep. The solitude and grandeur of the scene become oppressive; respiration is almost impeded. We push on. A murmur is heard; it becomes a roar; we turn a corner, and behold—the Great Falls!



NEW RIVER AT EGGLESTON'S SPRINGS

The river, half a mile or more in width, foams and dashes over the ledges formed by the peculiar stratification, well shown on the mountain-side in the engraving, with great but not unmusical violence in some places; while in others it slides between the huge rocks with a swift, treacherous look, which fascinates the observer. Boats equipped



Anvil Cliff.

with oars at both ends shoot these dangerous rapids, guided with consummate skill by the boatmen, who are generally negroes. Getting back is a toilsome business, compelling the men frequently to plunge waist-deep in the powerful current, in order to push their boats up by main strength. The delighted visitor may linger long at the Falls; but, our sketching accomplished, we follow the course of the beautiful river, which soon re-



Purgatory Falls, Head-Waters of the Roanoke.

sumes its placidity, although the actual velocity has not been greatly diminished. The scenery is literally magnificent, and of the character already noted, except that at intervals high crags tower above the stream, their gray, russet, and ochreous tints harmonizing admirably with the foliage.

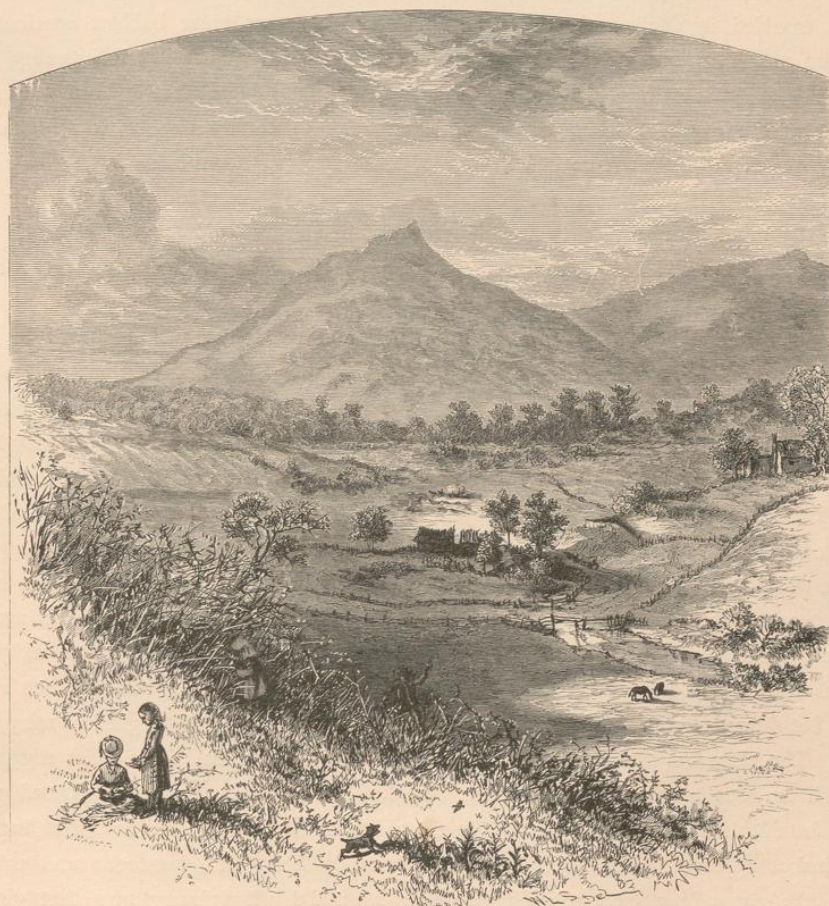
At the point shown in the accompanying engraving, the river, lapsing once more into its lake-like aspect, composes itself into a picture which has an almost *studio-like* attention to the ordinary rules of composition, more striking in color than in form, but still most beautiful—the dreamless, perfect rest, after the strife and contention at the Falls. A singular feature of the landscape is the Lombardy poplar, a tree fast disappearing from Virginia. Mr. Jefferson is said to have introduced this lovely, home-suggesting tree into America. It looks out of place, and lost, in these wild fastnesses.

An odd contrivance, at a farm-house on a high hill, attracts our attention. A range of posts, like those of a telegraph-line, runs down the hill to a spring. Wires are stretched along these posts, and a bucket on a traveller is hauled when full from the spring, slipping back, by its own gravity, when emptied, and stopping immediately under the spout, so as to be refilled and ready for use whenever needed.

Abruptly parting from the river, it being impossible to get along the banks, where cliff after cliff protrudes into the water, we make a circuit of several miles, and come suddenly in sight of the river again. The scene, viewed from the top of a lofty hill opposite Egglestone's, or the New River White Sulphur Springs, is most remarkable. High hills enclose the place; back of these are mountains, and back of all the great Salt-Pond Mountain—a slumbering Titan. In the foreground, a hill-top, with gnarled and picturesque trees; beneath, the tranquil, gleaming river, shortly lost to sight in the sombre mountains; and, immediately opposite the spectator, the rugged, riven, and weird Anvil Cliff lifts its awful but not repulsive front. Descending the winding pathway, under tall, fantastic rocks, we reach Egglestone's Ferry, and halt in mute admiration of the scene before us. The sketch leaves little to be added by way of description. By an old gentleman of the neighborhood, who, fond of the classics, as most of the educated old gentlemen of Virginia are, the natural arch in the rock and the pinnacle on the left were designated, years ago, respectively Cæsar's Arch and Pompey's Pillar. The river being thirty or forty feet deep, a ferry-boat, impelled by huge oars, is brought into play. The banks are lined with trees, mostly sycamores, but there are also some fine elms. Among the former we find a number of curious shapes, an example of which is given in the engraving. The banyan is suggested in this singular formation; and the support given to the huge limb-trunk which impends over the water, lends a coloring to Figuiet's easy faith in plant-sympathies, which almost simulate intelligence.

Below the ferry, on the right, looking down the stream, rises the Anvil Cliff, the height of which, ascertained by triangulation, is stated to be two hundred and ninety-six feet—an over-estimate, probably. The cliffs are elevated in immense laminae, and in a plane generally oblique to the stream—their color sombre gray, with brighter belts and dashes of dirty white; their summits black and riven, capped by twisted and storm-stained cedars. Mighty forest-trees are inserted between the crags; and in certain places the accumulated washings of the stream have formed, at the base of the cliffs, little

levels in terraces of lively green, which afford foothold and nourishment to bright-leaved and gracefully-bending maples. But the general aspect of the scene is savage and Dantesque. At sunset, the tops of the cliffs are illumined with brilliant gold or bathed in vivid red, as the character of the evening may be, while all below is enveloped



Peaks of Otter.

in cool, purplish shadow—a noble and exquisite scene, worthy in form and coloring of the best master in the land.

Inconspicuous in itself and scarcely worthy of such august company, the “Anvil,” which gives the name to this stately pile of rocks, is, nevertheless, much larger than it appears to the eye, being four by nine feet in actual dimensions. An adventurous Baptist preacher once clambered down the cliff, and, standing upon the giddy point of the

Anvil, delivered, as the legend avers, a sound doctrinal discourse. If so, the loftiness of his style and the height of his argument must have been considerable. Near the foot of the cliff from which the Anvil juts, a stream gurgles between the fallen masses of rock. It is the outlet of a stream, which disappears strangely on the mountain-side in rear of the massive pile. Indeed, the behavior of the water hereabouts is very singular. It is troubled by devils rather than by angels; sending up great bubbles continually; and, on two occasions in the last two years, threw itself, geyser-like, full twenty feet into the air. A tattered, dull-headed fisherman, who daily plies these solemn waters in search of the excellent white cat-fish which abound at certain seasons, was frightened nearly out of the little wit he had by one of these startling ebullitions.

New River is justly ranked among the wonders of Virginia, and the impression left upon the mind after a visit to it, however solemn and even gloomy it may be, is one from which we would not willingly part—so deep is it, and so removed from the common order of quickly-effaced remembrances.

A rough ride in a wagon, whose springs were a contradiction in terms, brings us back to the railroad, and the train bears us eastward to Alleghany Station. Here the Roanoke River meanders so that it has to be crossed five times before we reach the Alleghany Springs, five miles from which one of the streams which form the head-waters of the Roanoke, precipitating itself over a steep ledge, makes what is known as Purgatory Falls. Why so called does not appear, unless, in the mind of the originator of the name, there was some obscure idea of purgatorial or expiating merit in climbing up the gorge which terminates at the cascade. Few approaches to a scene so beautiful are more picturesque. The detached masses of rock which impede and divide the stream are of enormous size, and out of all proportion to the volume of water, though that is by no means small. The large tree-trunks lodged against the huge rocks, which are not boulders, but irregular solids, tell the fury of the torrent when at its height in rainy seasons. The place has a very "snaky" look. A chance companion of the artist suggested that if he was a good "snake-fighter," he had better take the lead. Armed with that formidable but mysterious club, the sketching-stool, the artist did lead, but happily no snakes appeared. The water falls about seventy feet. Tall hemlocks and maples keep the gorge in a tender half-light, broken at mid-day by glaring rays, that give a magical charm to the place. An accident occurred here some years ago, by which a young gentleman, a visitor at the springs, lost his life in falling from a tree. With questionable taste, his name has been given to the falls, but has not superseded the original title, as given in the text.

Returning in an omnibus to the station, an irrepressible person bent his whole mind to the discovery of the use to which the strange instrument carried by the artist could be applied. Others had repeatedly gazed, but he boldly questioned:

"To set *in*! How on earth kin a man set *in* a stick?"



NATURAL TOWERS.

It was unfolded.

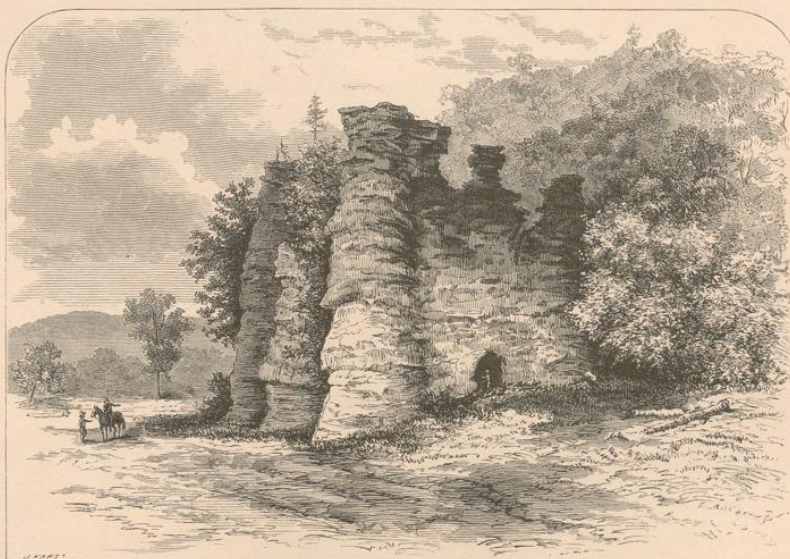
"But how kin you set on three pints any more'n one?"

The canvas seat was explained to him.

"Well!" drawing a long breath, "ef I didn't think you set in a cheer and draw'd your picters out uv a window uv a house on wheels, I'll be dog gone! You ai'n't no daggerertyper, then?"

The artist disclaimed that high honor.

Still going eastward, we stop at Liberty, in Bedford County, in order that a sketch may be made of the famous Peaks of Otter. The view, taken a short distance from the village, is much more accurate than any heretofore printed. The peaks have been made



Natural Towers.

familiar by repeated descriptions. Ten miles distant from the village above named, the higher of the two is five thousand three hundred and seven feet above the level of the ocean; and the view from its top is truly magnificent. Eastward stretches an interminable plain, farther than the eye can reach; while to the west a tumultuous sea of mountains extends on and on to the remote horizon. This grand panorama, once seen, can never be forgotten. A hotel of good repute, situated half-way up the taller peak, was burnt last year, but is now in process of reconstruction. It is a favorite and delightful summer resort.

From Bedford County to the limestone region of the Valley is our next remove. Here caves and curious formations exist in numbers, surpassed only by the country

around the Great Lakes, but these we have already illustrated in an article on "Weyer's Cave." In Augusta County are the Natural Towers. A glimpse of them is caught in driving down the road that skirts the North River. No cliffs or mountains near at hand suggest the proximity of this wonder. Across the river is seen a plain skirted by a range of wooded hills of moderate height, and, just at the foot of this range,



Jump Mountain.

the Towers rise straight up from the cultivated field. The illusion is perfect; any one would mistake them for a ruined work of human hands. No other rocks are visible. From a distance, the ragged peaks of the Towers are transformed almost without an effort of the imagination into crumbling embrasures and machicolations. The first aspect is that of the large engraving, but, following the road, the observer is brought to the other face, and here the resemblance to a feudal ruin, the curtain-wall, with flanking

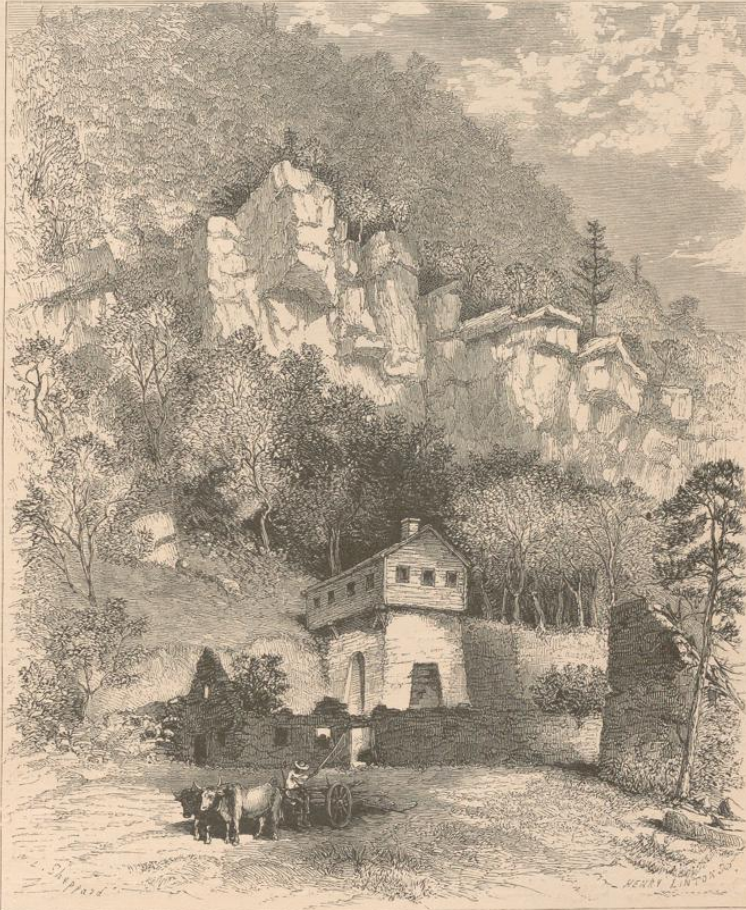
towers, and low, central archway, is exact. It would hardly be a surprise if, issuing from the gateway, a knightly *cortège*, in glistening helms and hauberks, with pennons flaunting gayly, should file off to the neighboring highway, and proceed to levy toll upon a be-



Goshen Pass.

lated and unprotected wagon-train laden with "Swope's Family Flour." A nearer inspection shows that the inner side of the pile is really attached to the hill-side. The colors are varied in horizontal bands, and, from the seams which appear at almost equal intervals in their height, the Towers are apparently the result of successive depositions.

Bidding farewell to the Towers, we proceed westward along the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad to Goshen Pass. A stage hurries us through at night, for we are to sleep at the Rockbridge Baths, visit the Jump Mountain, and return to the Pass. We see the overhanging crags, the high, naked summits, the black masses of foliage, and hear the melancholy winds souging in unison with the invisible river rushing far below—that is



Clifton Forge.

all. It is simply grand, but we rattle on to the Baths, where we have things all to ourselves, the season not having commenced.

Early next morning we mount the buggy and are off for Jump Mountain. Thunder-showers drag over the top of the "Jump" as we follow the road, prospecting for a good point of view, and the mountain appears to decide not to allow his portrait to be

taken that day. Dismounting, we rummaged an Indian mound, a very mass of bones, once quite distinct, but nearly effaced now by freshet and by the plough. The legend goes that, in far-off days, ere the white intruder came, there was a great battle here between the Shawnees and Cherokees. A red maiden watched from yonder mountain-height the varying tide of combat, and, when her lover fell, *jumped* from the beetling cliff—hence the name. The lorgnette which even Love's piercing eyes must have used to detect certain death at such a distance has not been preserved in any museum; nor did we stop to search for it, but, plunging into a lonesome gorge, found the desired point of view, and at the same time a homely dinner in the cabin of a hospitable old mountaineer, who refused pay. In answer to a question from him as to the facts of the matter, we told him that Richmond *had* been damaged by the war! Some rumor had reached him to that effect.

The western base of the Jump abuts on Goshen Pass, and the ascent on that side is so gradual that even ladies on horseback, during the Springs' season, ride to the edge of the cliff, five hundred feet perpendicular, which abruptly breaks the contour of the mountain. A prodigious stream of *débris*, the result of the forces which escaped the mountain's face, rolls from the base of the cliff nearly to the foot of the mountain, barring approach on this side. We did not even attempt it, but, trotting homeward, watched the blazing splendor of the sunset upon the lofty monarch's head, while the cool twilight of the valley enveloped all about our road.

On the morrow we are promptly at the Goshen Pass and through it—a narrow gorge, the like of which for length and depth is not in all Virginia, for it extends nearly nine miles between its frowning walls! At its southeastern entrance a spring of sulphur-water gushes out of a rock in the middle of the stream which traverses this Cyclopean gorge. The river-waters, pure and sweet, flow around the Acherontic pool, as if shunning contact with a liquid of so infernal a savor that it is perceptible at a great distance. Rude houses hard by are empty now, but tenanted in midsummer by neighborhood folk, who bring their own outfit and rations, and stay weeks, such is their confidence in the curative virtues of the nauseous fountain.

And now we are fairly within the Pass. Words are of little use, and even the pencil fails, for that can give but one side at a time of this gigantic and horrible chasm. Overhanging crags, black and blasted at their summits, or bristling with stark and gnarled pines, tower in places into the very heavens, six, seven, eight hundred feet above the stream. Lower down, monstrous rocks threaten to topple and crush the foolhardy wayfarer who ventures beneath their dreadful masses. The roadway is in places walled up from the stream, which flashes deep down beneath him. The place is "uncanny" enough. A bear and cubs, killed here recently, remind the artist and his friend that to be devoured by beasts would be no unfit penalty for intruding into so wild a scene. Yet, in the midst of this savagery, a squatter's log-hut, a crop of stumps and



RAINBOW ARCH.

smoke-grimed children, a dirty mother washing dirtier linen, and a lank father, dirtiest of all, armed with a gun of endless barrel, in search of a perfectly-fresh dinner, furnish elements of the ludicrous which are all the more enjoyable by contrast with the rugged and gloomy surroundings.

Quitting reluctantly the Pass, we are whirled along the new highway to the West, the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, over vast embankments, through yawning tunnels, and all along by delicious bits of scenery. The mountains close in as if to bar the way, then flit behind, displaying quiet meadows and charming vales. Striped convicts, clinking at the drills, poise their sledges as we pass to catch sight of the very antithesis of their restraint—the rushing locomotive. A girl in ample Dolly Varden, and a boy in one garment, and that brief, at a house on the road-side, suggest the union of the two extremes of Art and Nature. Clifton Forge is our destination. We arrive as the mists, slowly assembling in the hollows, begin to crawl to their rendezvous on the mountain-side. Looking into the gap, a single glimpse, the blue is of an intensity which the artist would hardly dare to put on his canvas. We find lodging at a tavern of the ante-railroad time, owned by two bachelor brothers, one of whom is an original. He tells us that game is so abundant that foxes are hunted on foot in the adjoining mountains, and describes the gray fox as more “ambiguous” than the red—little thinking how expressive the term is!

Jackson's River, flowing between the sundered mountains, unites two miles below with the Cow-Pasture, to form the historic James. The stratification here is most rare and strange, describing the arc of a circle, and the contour of the opposing faces on the two sides of the river being so perfectly true that a projecting rock on the one side has, exactly opposite, the recess from which it was apparently torn. Speculation as to the origin of this singular formation must be left to the geologists.

The arch rises two hundred feet above the level of the stream, and is known as the Rainbow Arch. The whole scene is lovely. Graceful trees drooping over the clear water, an abandoned furnace, and the ruined piers of a long-swept-away bridge, add very much to the natural picturesqueness of the place. The view in the Forge Gap, combining the wreck of rocks and the ruins of man's handiwork, with foregrounds, middle-distances, and horizon-lines, finely balanced everywhere, is surpassingly beautiful. As you look up at the mountains, or along the stream which falls over the dam (built thirty years ago, when the forge was at work), the grandeur and loveliness of the picture bear an ineffaceable impression. Negroes, and others who ought to know better, believe that the cliffs that overhang the Forge are *chained* to the mountain-side—a belief which grew out of a playful remark made years ago by our humorous host to a nervous lady who feared the rocks might crush the workmen employed by the iron company which then existed. The James River and Kanawha Canal, if ever finished, is to pass through this gap.

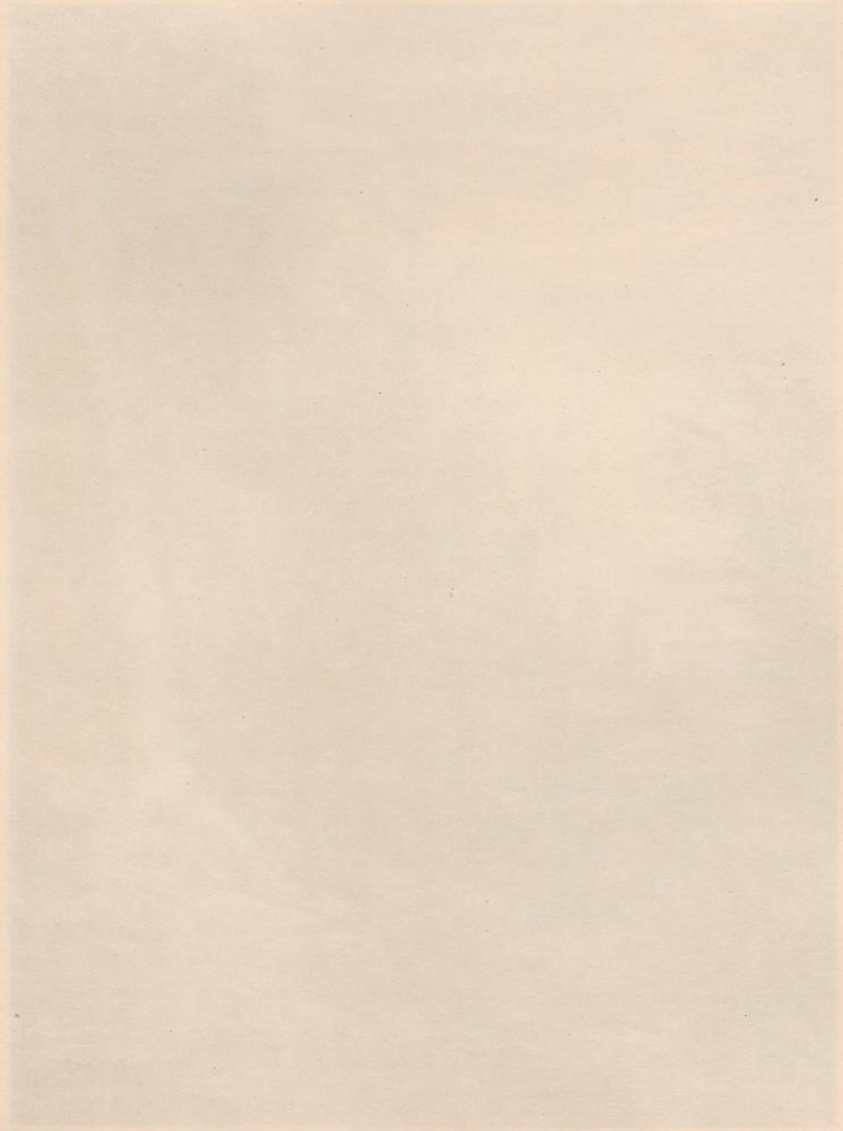
357



W. L. SHEPARD. Engraved according to Art. 10 of the Statute, A. D. 1800, by H. Appleton, & Co. in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington. W. WELLS DEL.

The Chickahominy

New York, D. Appleton & Co.



We append to our series of Virginia scenes a view upon steel of the Chickahominy. This now historic stream was hardly known outside the limits of the State previous to the war; and yet there is much that is interesting about it, not only to the lover of the picturesque, but to the observer and student of Nature. The stream is a tributary to the James. Its volume is inconsiderable until it nears Richmond, and it is navigable for some twenty-five or thirty miles only from its junction.

To the physical geographer the Chickahominy is interesting, from the fact that it is the northernmost locality that retains features, in its flora, which are common on the rivers of the Carolinas and the States farther south, in company with the growth of the colder climates. The cypress here protrudes its curious roots, and the funereal moss trails from the trees. The beech sends its horizontal branches over the darksome waters; the maples, so brilliant in their autumn foliage; and the gum-tree, more gorgeous still at the same season, with its rich variations from vermilion to royal purple—here keep company with the Southern interlopers. Vines encumber the trees, and harassing bamboo-thickets bar the way on the higher banks. The columnar gum-trees, in most cases, rise from an intertwined assembly of arched and knotted roots, especially where they are liable to be washed by the overflow of the stream. These arched bases have sometimes a clear distance from the earth of three and four feet, and constitute a unique feature in the forest. Immense masses of *débris* washed down by the freshets lodge against the standing timber, and the stream is bridged in hundreds of places by the trees which have lost their equilibrium from being undermined. The river contiguous to Richmond is invariably spoken of as the Chickahominy Swamp; and here, in effect, it is a swamp. The main stream, with its coffee-colored water, is well defined, but in many places, for a quarter of a mile on both sides of it, the ground is a slimy ooze, affording a very unstable footing. Where this ooze exists, it is covered with a dense growth of water-plants, generally of the peculiar whitish green found in plants little exposed to the light of the sun.

The Chickahominy is the chosen abode of all the known varieties of "varmints" of that region. The raccoon can here ply his trade of fisherman for the cat-fish and pike, or raid upon sleeping creepers or young wood-ducks. The "possum" has store of gum-berries, with the same variety in meat-diet which his conocturnal fancies; otters are still to be found; muskrats innumerable, and snakes—some of the aquatic species beautifully colored—in proportion. The wood-duck, of splendid plumage, flits like a prismatic ray over the brown water, and, though web-footed, builds his nests in the towering trees. In fine, the Chickahominy cannot fail to attract the artist and naturalist; it always would have done this, but now the added interest of historical association brings hundreds to visit its banks; and the stream which, heretofore, had but scanty mention in the common-school geography will find a place in man's record beside the Rubicon and the Tweed.