

TRIP TO CAESAR'S HEAD AND THE NEIGHBORING WATERFALLS.

It has never been our pleasure to give you a full account of our trip to Caesar's Head and the neighboring waterfalls. It is our desire to give you a short sketch of the trip...

It was a bright morning when our party left that kind home: all nature seemed rejoicing at our flattery visit. It was true, that to the happy every thing wears a look of gladness; but to the candid observer, it was one of the loveliest mornings of Aug. The road, which we traversed follows Little River...

ed, and a few moments found all alighting to walk out upon the rock. Now, enjoyment ceased to be manifested in laugh and song: All were lost in anxious contemplations of the scene about to present itself. Many of our party had visited Caesar's Head, before the blight of the war had marked our land with adversity; but to them the view could be no less interesting, since the imposing heights, and features of rock and southern expanse, were almost forgotten.

Yea, but a glance more, and, in a northern direction, the "southerner's wonder" demanded a lasting gaze. It was Pisgah. She, the mistress of the mountain peaks, stands above the neighboring round tops like the mighty pyramids of Egypt above the sand hills in the desert. Spare us one glance, ye summits where the light winds play, and Table Rock rose up like an approaching monster. Yes, she stands as eternal as the architecture of the World. Thus, came the more familiar scene of the industrial world. The marks of labor commenced, almost as the very base of Caesar's Head, and widen into one rich spectacle of prosperity.

There ripple many noisy streams through the broad vale between Caesar's Head and Table Rock. They hasten on with sparkling bosoms, resembling that many silver threads which the wind agitates. Glance along, if you please, from this vale up the rugged face of Table Rock, and you behold new grandeur about that rock. She lifts herself so high, that she reminds one of a very large cloud pending in mid heaven, shading its form of landscape below.

ful, the grand, and especially interesting objects of contemplation—ah! around us the very representative moments of the manifestation of God's will towards a struggling world. "But, let us see something of the features of this place," interferred one and all, and the yelling boys led the way, intent upon reaching out every nook and corner. No sooner than all the gay youngsters got well-scattered, a familiar voice roared out from the top, "Come children let us return for dinner." Of course, none must disobey the commander-in-chief, and all were directly at the Cold Springs; but how they got there, we are not able to say, for many came out at different places of the rock, and wandering their way to the springs by guess. While preparations were being made for dinner, a brisk conversation went on, the chief topic being the splendid view from Caesar's Head and the return dinner to examine more fully the features of the rock.

These growths are but the sport of the breezes, and a feast for the eye of the lover of varied beauties; for no one, not even the boldest adventurer, dares descend to where they are. It was growing late in the afternoon, when we rushed to the top to watch the going down of the sun. The rising and setting of the sun, at Caesar's Head, are sights which draw out all parties visiting the rock. We met some two or three camping parties from the Palmetto State. They, too, had started out determined upon airing their beauty by roughing it for a few days over the daring events of a passage through the mountains. After a "happy greeting," all looked with excited admiration upon the setting sun. What makes the sight so rare and admirable is the seeming acknowledgment of the sun upon a cluster of mountain heights. We watched her until she dropped behind the wave-like back of the Balsam range. As evening faded into night, we again resorted to the camp for refreshment; but 'twas with the agreement that we should meet, after supper, on the rock for a social conversation and some music.

Tent was pitched; general preparations for the night were made, and another meal was enjoyed. That was a lovely night; the moon was shining with repeated splendor, and as she began to pour her substantial light into every valley, according to design we walked out to the rock. Our friends were there. A pleasant time was realized. Some sweet songs, and we retired for the night. It was too chilly for a long stay. Every camp grew quiet. Conversation ceased, and music was not heard, save "the faint exquisite music of a dream." Early morn brought with it a general bustle to get out to see the sun rise. We arrived just in time. It is quite as interesting a sight as the setting of the sun. We turned our face and took a long last gaze from Old Caesar's Head. A gasp, were

we struck with the grandeur and beauty of that wide expanse of mountains, plains and valleys. Oh, the infinite power and goodness of God! An effort to describe the full features of that matchless scene of nature's grandeur would be worse than folly. We leave it to defy the descriptive writer of the day. A fourth return to camp, and we made another draw on the rich baskets. After breakfast we drove for Saluda Falls. These falls are about five miles north west of Caesar's Head.

Having reached the end of the road, which can be extended no nearer the falls than three quarters of a mile, we started a foot to see the Niagara of this country. We were soon there. But who can approach these scenes so sublime and appalling, without pausing with partial consternation. O, thou nature above all others blest! thou to whom 'tis given to walk abroad through the labyrinth of the world's magnificence! Forward, and behold more of the Almighty's handiworks! There was more to be seen than rocks and mountains. We stood before a specimen of the best scenery man can behold. There we saw Saluda, from Alpine cliffs, pouring down in huge torrents—there, in solid rock, mighty basins, the wear of ages—there, great whirlpools and scattered streamlets, the recoil and overflow of foaming water—there, aged pines overhanging a prodigious descent—there mountains closing in on both sides, the firm bulwarks of nature, which drive the, elsewhere placid, Saluda headlong into fearful vortex—there, were we enveloped in a perfect cloud of spray—there, we listened to the ceaseless roaring of an awful cataract, which fell upon the ear like the echo of a terrific storm, speaking forth in thunder tones, "the same God that ruleth the firmament, hath made all the varied grandeur and beauty of earth. None but eye-witnesses can conceive, with any precision, the romantic and picturesque scenery of a water fall. After roving around the Falls for sometime, gathering many fragrant flowers, etc., we wound our way back to vehicles. The sun had nearly reached his meridian; but we had determined to dine at Little River Falls: so off we drove, with the velocity of a bird on the wing.

We were at the falls by 2 o'clock, and, in our accustomed manner, found ourselves hastening to scrutinize the the distracted course of Little River. She, too, dashes on with tremendous noise; She, too, gushes here, and eddies there, seemingly the plaything of every precipice rising in the way. She, too, slides far, far down into yawning gorge. She, too, is fanned into one broad winding sheet. She, too, is shattered into a high white fog of dampening mists. She, too, forms a striking spectacle of the infinite power and goodness of God.

Why, should the mountaineer be lost to behold these wonders? The commanding voice of the Georgian again assembled us for one place.

The dinner was spread out upon a large rock at the bottom of one of the falls. Every one did his part, as usual, in clearing away those splendidly manufactured victuals. While we were enjoying the refreshments, many showed their excited admiration at such an excellent view of the fall. Indeed we were right in front of it. We think the water pours down a descent of more than a hundred feet, about one third, the fall of those of Saluda Falls. As we were preparing to leave those scenes of sweet holiday some of our friends of South Carolina came up bent on seeing French Broad Valley, "the great panacea"; so we all turned our horses, and drove to where there is a joyful bidding place. TRANSYLVANIA.

Suppose a meadow in which a million daisies open their bosoms all at one time to the sun. On one of them, while yet it is a bud, a little stone has fallen. At once crushed and overshadowed, it will struggle bravely against all odds to expand its petals like the rest. For many days this effort is continued without success. The tiny stone (a mighty rock to the flower) squats on its breast, and will not admit a single sunbeam. At length the flower stalk, having gath-

ered strength by its constant exertion, acquires force enough to overbalance the weight and toss the intruder off. Up springs the daisy with a bound; and in an instant another flower is added to the vast multitude which in that meadow drink their fill of sunlight. The sun in the heaven is not incommoded by the additional demand. The comer receives into its cups, as many sunbeams as it would have received, although no other flower had grown in all the earth. Thus it is the sun, finite though it be, helps us to understand the absolute infinitude of its maker. When an immortal being, long crushed and turned away by a load of sin, at length the power of a new spiritual life, throws off the burden and opens with a bound to receive a Heavenly Father's long offered but rejected love, the given is not impoverished by the new demand upon his kindness. Although a thousand million should arise and go to the Father each would receive as much of that Father's love as if he alone of all the fallen creatures had come back reconciled to God.

LEGAL NOTICES. NOTICE. Dabney Carter against Sycynthia Carter. The defendant in the above entitled cause is hereby notified that the plaintiff has instituted suit for divorce in the Superior Court of the County of Buncombe. Let the defendant take notice that if she fails to demur or answer the complaint of plaintiff at the next term of said Court for the County of Buncombe, the plaintiff will take judgment for the relief prayed for. E. W. HERNDON, Clerk of Superior Court. Sept. 17, 1878. sep19-6w

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA. Buncombe County. J. S. Chunn et al. Ex parte. It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that the infant children of S. J. Humphries, deceased, and R. H. Chapman, Jr., deceased are non-residents of this State, and have no guardians. It is therefore ordered by the court that, in the above entitled case, it being a petition for partition, publication be made in the Asheville Citizen for six successive weeks, notifying them of the pendency of this suit, and that they be required to appear at the next term of the Superior Court of Buncombe county, to be held in the Court House in Asheville, on the 6th Monday after the 4th Monday in September next. Given under my hand and seal of said court, at office in Asheville, this 11th day of September, 1878. E. W. HERNDON, Clerk Sup. Court Buncombe Co. sep19-6w

SUPERIOR COURT, BUNCOMBE COUNTY. W. P. Fortune, Versus E. Sluder, J. E. Ray, D. T. Millard, E. T. Clemmons, Chas. Watkins and Matilda McGinnis. It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that Matilda McGinnis cannot be found within this State, and that a cause of action exists against the defendant, and that she is proper party to the suit. It is therefore ordered that publication of the summons be made for six weeks in the North Carolina Citizen, a newspaper published at Asheville in the State of North Carolina. E. W. HERNDON, Clerk Superior Court Buncombe Co.

W. P. Fortune, Versus E. Sluder, J. E. Ray, D. T. Millard, E. T. Clemmons, Chas. Watkins and Matilda McGinnis. To the Sheriff of Buncombe County, You are hereby commanded to summon E. Sluder, J. E. Ray, D. T. Millard, E. T. Clemmons, Chas. Watkins and Matilda McGinnis, the defendants above named if they be found in your county, to be and appear before the Judge of our Superior Court, at the Court to be held for the county of Buncombe, at the Court-house in Asheville, on the 6th Monday after the 4th Monday in September, 1878, and answer the complaint which will be filed in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of said county within the first three days of the next term thereof, and let the said defendants take notice that if they fail to answer said complaint within that time, the plaintiff will take judgment against them according to the complaint. Hereof fail not, and of this summons make due notice. Given under my hand and seal of said court this 4th day of September, 1878. [Signed:] E. W. HERNDON, Clerk Superior Court. sep5-6w. CIGARS, CIGARS, CIGARS. The best CIGAR in town, at A. F. & C. J. CHUNN'S. GREAT BARGAINS at A. F. & C. J. CHUNN'S. CREAM CHEESE, EGGS and BUTTER, at A. F. & C. J. CHUNN'S.