mon height. The head of this stream (Stock Creek) is from three to four miles above the Bridge, rising out of a knob or spur of Clinch mountain, andemp ties itself three miles below, into Clinch river. It is suddenly swelled by rains sometimes to fifteen and eighteen feet perpendicular; but soon exhausts itself. There is a waggon-road over the Bridge, which is only used in time of freshes, and is then the only part that can be crossed. On approaching it to the south-west front, it produces the most pleasing awful sensations: the front is a solid rock of limestone, the surface very smooth and regular, formed in a semicircle, the rock of a bright yellow colour, which is heightened by the rays of the sun; the arc is partly coloured by a spur of the ridge, which runs down the edge of the creek, in front of the arc. Across the creek stand several beautiful trees; the most elegant and luxuriant is a cucumber tree, teeming with fruit; the leaves from two to two and a half feet in length, and one foot in breadth. This, with some white-cedars and walnut-trees, adds very much to the beauty of the scene.

If the view below creates such pleasing sensations, what must that from above be! It fills the mind