AMONG THE CUMBERLANDS.

A LAND OF APPLES AND HONEY WHERE MOSQUITOES ARE UNKNOWN.

The Farm on which a New York Artist Gained Fame as a Fruit Grower—The Various Advantages and Disadvantages of the Great Tennessee Table Land Set Forth.

POMONA, Tenn., Sept. 25.—Everyday brings an increasing number of letters, asking for information on overlooked points in previous letters. To answer these intelligently and correctly I must first give a leaf from my experience, and explain my relation to the country I advocate so heartily.

A few years ago I chanced to visit the Cumberland Mountains. It was spring. My destination was Pomona Farm, situated in Cumberland county, on the very crest of the ridge. Its oldest owner of note was J. W. Dodge of New York, an artist and gentleman of culture, who came here thirty-five years ago. He was charmed by the climate and location, and bought a tract of land of 2,700 acres, then and ever since known as Pomona Farm. He lived for twelve years on the very spot where I now write. He added to his acres until he owned 5,000. Not content with having his own home here, his brother followed his example. He soon attracted a pleasant circle of cultured people, who lived here until the war obliged them to depart. Mr. Dodge is now living in one of the suburbs of Chicago, and is still remembered in this vicinity as the man of art who painted the portrait of Gen. Jackson, and made the region famous by carrying off the prizes from all agricultural fairs for his superb apples.

Of all this I knew nothing on that first visit to Pomona. The farm had fallen into the hands of friends. Curiosity brought me to the State. As I said, it was early spring, and coming so far south from Chicago, vegetation seemed so far advanced that the contrast with the windy, muddy North was greater than it could have been at any other time of the year. I left a bleak, unpleasant clime, and in twenty-four hours found myself where the breezes were balmy, grass green, fruit trees in full bloom, and all nature at her loveliest. Was it strange that I, too, like the artist of many years before, was charmed? When we stopped at Rockwood, a mining town at the foot of the mountains, I climbed from the train to the top of the first of two ranges we must ascend before we reach the table lands. In many places the road was rocky and steep, but everywhere was the wild beauty of tree and plant. The air was laden with perfume, and again, as Kalidasa said, and in a sense of other beautiful flowers, nature was caressed.

The whole mountain seemed a mass of bloom and fragrance, and in the beauty of nature there was no trace of cultivation or occupation. An hour's climbing brought us to a plateau, with a little hut on the side and a group of other cabins in front. No villages, no school houses, no churches, not even the ordinary farm houses of these countries met our view. A glorious, big, rough, but sorely needing the touch of man, farm was before us, and I wondered why Andersville was not there. Our expectations were on the qui vive for we had been told we should stop here for lunch, to rest on the grass and see a wonderful waterfall that attracted visitors from the valley. What was our surprise, when we had made our simple meal, and had taken a little smoking in the doorway (for the customary "howdy" was exchanged), that not a soul emerged from his vine and fig tree, and after looking us over, removed himself. Won't you take a pipe? I asked, in the old Adam manner, and the children's faces fell, and he remarked calmly, "Young fer."

Pomona Farm: quite a ride yet, is it? We're going to see your waterfall now. When we come back, we'll eat lunch, and then be off. You can take a pipe, if you like, Sir. Don't you smoke? Pipes? Yes, I reckon not. They're a heap o' trouble. Tobacco? Yes, they make a good dinner.

Pomona Farm: something akin to disgust, I fear, was in my tones, as I wind my way down the steep path, and I wonder why I ever dared climb the mountains. There were a few of the expressions we heard from residents of the valley. At one time we had a long talk with a Yankee farmer, who, from greater experience, had a second thought convinced us that this would be unwise, and we started on the journey to the top of the mountains, wondering what might be the revelations of the next few days. Walden Ridge, the first of two ranges we must ascend before we reach the table lands, in many places the road was rocky and steep, but everywhere was the wild beauty of tree and plant. The air was laden with perfume, and again, as Kalidasa said, and in a sense of other beautiful flowers, nature was caressed.