



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

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Lookout Mountain And The Tennessee.

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LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN AND THE TENNESSEE.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY FENN.



The Tennessee.

IT rained the first day we were at Chattanooga. It rained the second day. The waters came down in ceaseless floods, and Lookout Mountain, with its head buried in the mist, seemed, as seen from our hotel-window, lumpish and uninteresting enough. "After all," thought I, watching the spiritless mass through the thick lances of rain, "Leigh Hunt was right. A great mountain is a great humbug. Look at this! A huge, formless hump, a colorless, dead protuberance, that obstructs rather than supplies a



prospect! What is there about it, or of it, or in it, that men should come long distances to see it, and risk their necks by climbing it?" These ejaculations were uttered half aloud, and the mountain-loving artist, overhearing them, quickly uttered his instinctive remonstrance. "Wait," he wisely suggested to his companion's impatience, "until the rain ceases. Sunshine will change your mood and your conclusions."

There was nothing, indeed, to do but wait, although Chattanooga is dreary enough in a rain-storm. The town was denuded during the war of all its trees, a large part of it was burned, and once it was buried up to its second-story windows under the Tennessee. These things have not served to beautify it. The streets are unpaved, and apparently unworked; in wet weather they are of unspeakable mud, in dry weather of indescribable dust, and at all times they present a surface of ridges and chasms that make travelling upon them a penance which one's bones long feelingly remember. The principal business-avenue consists of little better than rudely-constructed barracks; so, what with the bare and rude streets and the roughly-constructed buildings, the place seems more like an extemporized mining-town of the far West than an old settlement of the East. But there is exhibited all the activity of a new colony; better buildings are rapidly going up; a fine new hotel has been opened; there are signs everywhere of prosperity and growth; and hence, if the Tennessee can only be persuaded to respect its legitimate boundaries, we shall find the town in good time a prosperous and agreeable place. It is a very active town. There are several railroads, and many trains come and go; it is an extensive cattle-depot, and droves of horses and bovines ceaselessly fill the streets. The citizens are rather proud of their big new hotel, and they look upon Lookout Mountain with feelings of friendly interest; but I do not know that any thing delights them so much as reminiscences of the big flood that occurred about five years ago. They will show you the high-water marks with unsuppressed enthusiasm, and dwell upon the appearance of steamboats in their main street with an exhibition of pride that is very touching.

When the sun came out on the third day we set forth with all expedition for the mountain. During the regular season, which we had anticipated by a few weeks, coaches run at fixed intervals to the mountain-top, where two hotels give entertainment to all comers.

As we were to remain on the mountain several days, our carriage was packed with all our effects, and we sallied forth with eagerness to scenes which the war brought into such prominent notice. After a drive of about two miles, we began the long, sloping ascent of the mountain-road, and half an hour later found us midway up the "formless hump," very much disposed, indeed, to beg the mountain's pardon for our depreciating criticism at the hotel-window; for now forms of the most varied and striking character revealed themselves in the cliffs and ravines of the mountain, and already superb prospects of the far valley and the winding Tennessee showed through glimpses of the trees.



LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.—VIEW FROM THE "POINT."

Above us hung beetling cliffs, which Mr. Fenn's pencil vividly delineates in one of the larger illustrations, while below us were precipitous reaches, here and there picturesquely marked by gigantic boulders. I do not know but the best charm of mountain-views is in these half glimpses that you catch in the ascent. If they do not possess the sublimity of the scene from the supreme altitude, they gain many beauties in the nicer articulation of the different objects below. The picturesque, moreover, is a little coy, and reveals itself more pleasingly in the half glances through broken vistas than at the open stare. Our journey up the sides of Lookout was continually arrested by the charming pictures of this character that the winding road brought to view.

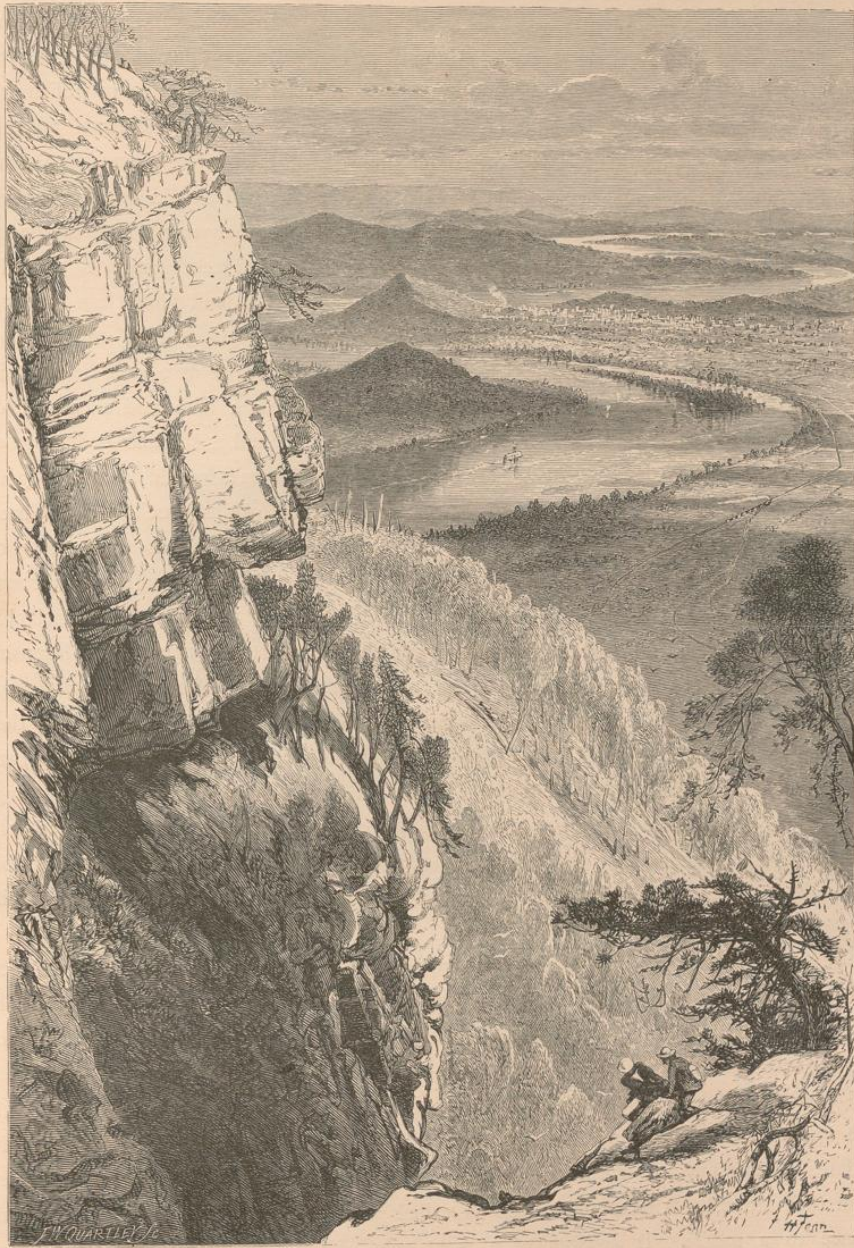
The first sensation of the prospect from the top is simply of immensity. The eye sweeps the vast spaces that are bounded only by the haze of distance. On three sides no obstacles intervene between your altitude and the utmost reaches of the vision. To your right, stretch successive ranges of hills and mountains that seem to rise one above another until they dispute form and character with the clouds. Your vision extends, you are told, to the great Smoky Mountains of North Carolina, which lie nearly a hundred miles distant. The whole vast space between is packed with huge undulations of hills, which seem to come rolling in upon your mountain-shore, like giant waves. It is, indeed, a very sea of space, and your stand of rocks and cliffs juts up in strange isolation amid the gray waste of blending hills. Directly before you the undulations are repeated, fading away in the far distance where the Cumberland Hills of Kentucky hide their tops in the mists of the horizon. Your eye covers the entire width of Tennessee; it reaches, so it is said, even to Virginia, and embraces within its scope territory of seven States. These are Georgia, Tennessee, Alabama, Virginia, Kentucky, North and South Carolina. If the view does in truth extend to Virginia, then it reaches to a point fully one hundred and fifty miles distant. To your left, the picture gains a delicious charm in the windings of the Tennessee, which makes a sharp curve directly at the base of the mountain, and then sweeps away, soon disappearing among its hills, but at intervals reappearing, glancing white and silvery in the distance, like great mirrors let into the landscape.

Lookout Mountain presents an abrupt precipice to the plain it overlooks. Its cliffs are, for half-way down the mountain, splendid palisades, or escarpments, the character of which can be altogether better conceived by the study of Mr. Fenn's drawings than by the most skilful description. The mountain-top is almost a plateau, and one may wander at his ease for hours along the rugged, broken, seamed, tree-crowned cliffs, surveying the superb panorama stretched out before him in all its different aspects. The favorite post of view is called the "Point," a plateau on a projecting angle of the cliff, being almost directly above the Tennessee, and commanding to the right and left a breadth of view which no other situation enjoys. Beneath the cliff, the rock-strewn slope that stretches to the valley was once heavily wooded, but during the war the Confederates denuded it of its trees, in order that the approaches to their encampment might be watched. It was

under cover of a dense mist that Hooker's men on the day of the famous battle skirted this open space and reached the cover of the rocks beyond, up which they were to climb. The "battle above the clouds" is picturesque and poetical in the vivid descriptions of our historians, but the survey of the ground from the grand escarpments of the mountain thrills one with admiration. It is not surprising that Bragg believed himself secure in his rocky eyrie, and the wonder must always remain that these towering palisades did not prove an impregnable barrier to the approach of his enemy.

On the summit of Lookout Mountain the northwest corner of Georgia and the northeast extremity of Alabama meet on the southern boundary of Tennessee. The mountain lifts abruptly from the valley to a height of fifteen hundred feet. It is the summit overhanging the plain of Chattanooga that is usually connected in the popular imagination with the title of Lookout, but the mountain really extends for fifty miles in a southwesterly direction into Alabama. The surface of the mountain is well wooded, it has numerous springs, and is susceptible of cultivation. In time, no doubt, extensive farms will occupy the space now filled by the wilderness. There is a small settlement on the crest of the mountain, consisting of two summer hotels, several cottages and cabins, and a college. It is a grand place for study, and the young people of this sky-aspiring academy have certainly superb stimulants in the exhilarating air and glorious scenes of their mountain *alma mater*.

Only one of the public-houses was open at the time of our early visit to the mountain, but already the daily throng of visitors was large. People only came, however, for an hour or two; the regular summer crowds, who during the hot season sojourn among these lofty rocks, had given as yet no signs of their coming, and the principal hotel was closed and silent. The Summit House, however, proved a pleasant little box. We were the only guests, and hence had choice of rooms, and first place in our landlord's affections. The sunshine that seduced us from Chattanooga only kept our company until we reached the mountain-top, when clouds began to obscure the scene, and winds to chill the air. Although nearly three days on the mountain, Mr. Fenn got his sketches with difficulty. There were glimpses of sunshine, and the clouds would lift and give us superb vanishing pictures of the valley and distant hills, touched in spots with sunlight; but the cold winds and the ever-recurring showers made sketching out-of-doors cold and dismal work. At the hotel we kept warm by means of blazing piles of logs, which a little negro lass of about twelve years kept continually piling upon the waiting andirons. To this diminutive daughter of Ethiopia we owe a world of thanks. The little creature was full of work, zeal, and affection; her big eyes had a melancholy contemplation, and her manner exhibited a motherly solicitude that was exceedingly amusing. We christened her after the immortal Marchioness of Dickens. She seemed maid and master of all work. She waited on table, polished the boots, made the fires, helped cook the meals, as her regular duties, and then seemed never tired of watching over our comforts. At



CHATTANOOGA AND THE TENNESSEE FROM LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

the first show of the sun in the morning, she entered our rooms and built up fires for us, and the last thing at night was to heap the andirons with wood. The wind pierced through the thin timber frame of the house as if it had been pasteboard, and rendered fires at all hours necessary. The black Marchioness's especial ambition was to polish our boots. She promised each day they should be more brilliantly executed the next. "Won't have no more boots to black," was her mournful comment when we came to depart. "Why not?" was our reply; "there will be plenty of boots to black—in fact, too many, we should say." "No," was the inconsolable rejoinder, "people only come here to dinner. Nobody stays here all night. There will be no more boots to black," and with this lament upon her lips we left her. The spirits of Day & Martin will doubtless discover this polishing zeal, and shower benedictions upon her.

The majority of visitors go to Lookout only for an hour or two, and hence miss some very striking characteristics of the mountain. There are a lake and a cascade of uncommon beauty about six miles distant from the "Point," and a singular grouping of rocks, known by the name of "Rock City." The City of Rocks would be a somewhat more correct appellation. This is a very odd phenomenon. Vast rocks of the most varied and fantastic shape are arranged into avenues almost as regular as the streets of a city. Names, indeed, have been given to some of the main thoroughfares, through which one may travel between great masses of the oddest architecture conceivable. Sometimes these structures are nearly square, and front the avenue with all the imposing dignity of a Fifth-Avenue mansion. But others exhibit a perfect license in capricious variety of form. Some are scooped out at the lower portion, and overhang their base in ponderous balconies of rock. Others stand balanced on small pivots of rock, and apparently defy the law of gravitation. I know of nothing more quaint and strange than the aspects of this mock city—silent, shadowy, deserted, and suggestive, some way, of a strange life once within its borders. One expects to hear a foot-fall, to see the ponderous rocks open and give forth life, and awaken the sleep that hushes the dumb city in a repose so profound.

Lookout Mountain is remarkable generally for its quaint and fantastic rocks. Near the "Point" are two eccentric specimens that are pointed out to every visitor. The "Devil's Pulpit"—did one ever visit a mountain that had not borrowed Satanic phraseology for characterizing some of its features?—the "Devil's Pulpit," almost at the extreme end of the "Point," consists of a number of large slabs of rocks, piled in strange form one upon the other, and apparently in immediate danger of toppling over. The reader will readily discover this queer pile if he consults Mr. Fenn's drawing showing the view from the "Point." Another odd mass is called "Saddle Rock," from a fancied resemblance to a saddle. It consists of a great pile of limestone, that has crumbled and broken away in small particles, like scales, until in texture one may discover a likeness to an oyster-shell, and in form something of the contour of a saddle-tree. With queer rock-

forms, Lookout Mountain is certainly abundantly supplied. It is supposed that these rocks, jutting so far above the level of the Palisades, are remains of a higher escarpment, which, during uncounted centuries, has gradually worn away.

The lake and cascade to which I have referred are known as "Lulu Lake" and "Lulu Falls," *Lulu* being a corruption of the Indian name of Tullulah. The cascade is



Rock City, Lookout Mountain.

one of uncommon beauty. It is nearly as high as Niagara, and far more picturesque in its setting. This lake and cascade can only be reached on foot or horseback; no vehicle can traverse the very rough road which leads to them. But their singular beauty, and the strange, quaint features of the City of Rocks, would reward unusual exertions on the part of the visitor. Lookout Mountain, indeed, is very imperfectly seen by those who

make a hurried jaunt to its Palisades, glance at the prospect so superbly spread out before them, and then hurry back again. There is no mountain and no landscape that does not require its acquaintance to be cultivated somewhat, just as we must meet our friends in many intercourses before we can come to fully understand them. A mountain no more carries its beauty within the ready ken of everybody than a wise man "wears his heart on his sleeve for daws to peck at." The supreme beauty, the varied features, the changing aspects, the subtle sentiments of the "rock-ribbed hills," enter the soul by many doors, and only after a complete surrender on our part to their influences. One can comfortably house himself on the great plateau of Lookout, and there give many days to wandering along its Palisades, or in search of the thousand picturesque charms that pertain to its wooded and rocky retreats.

Our views on the Tennessee are only for a dozen miles of its eight hundred, but



Rock-Forms on Lookout Mountain.

at a point where it outdoes the Hudson in the loftiness of its banks, and gives us its best picturesque features.

The Tennessee comes sweeping down upon Lookout Mountain as if it confidently expected to break through this rocky barrier and reach the Gulf by an easy course through the pleasant lowlands of Alabama. The flood reaches the base of Lookout's tall abutments, and, finding them impenetrable, sweeps abruptly to the right, breaking through the barrier of hills that lie in its course, and, as if with a new purpose at heart, abandons its hope of the Gulf, to eventually reach it, however, after a double marriage with the Ohio and the Mississippi.

The Tennessee is formed by the union of the Clinch and the Holston Rivers, at Kingston, and, together with its principal affluent, attains a length of eleven hundred miles. Steamers navigate different portions, but a succession of shallows and rapids in Alabama, known as "Muscle Shoals," bar vessels from its lower waters to the upper; and

below Chattanooga exist serious obstacles to navigation, known as the "Suck" and the "Pot."

The "Pot" lies some twenty miles below Chattanooga; it is a maelstrom which, at certain depths of water, is wild and beautiful. The swift current is impinged sharply upon a high bluff, and turns to escape, at an angle so acute, that a perfect whirl of wa-



Rocks, Rock City.

ters ensues. Vast trees have been seen caught in its fierce turmoil and swept out of sight; and, in the time of freshets, houses, carried off by the flood, have plunged into the gulf, to reappear none knew where or how. The "Suck" is thirteen miles from Chattanooga. This phenomenon is caused by a fierce little mountain-current, called "Suck Creek," which, in times of high water, brings from its rocky fastnesses such masses of *débris* that the river-bed is strewn with boulders, and a bar formed, which com-

presses the channel into a narrow, swift, and dangerous current. Thirty years ago the Government erected a wall some forty feet distant from the left bank, and, through the narrow passage thus formed, boats ascending the river are warped up by means of a windlass on the shore. Under the intelligent direction of Lieutenant Adams, of the United States Army, Government is now endeavoring to remove the obstructions and widen the channel, which at this point is narrowed from the average of six hundred feet to two hundred and fifty; and hence the novel and picturesque sight of a steamer struggling up against an adverse current by means of a windlass on the bank, with the songs and shouts of the laboring deck-hands, will soon be, even if it is not now, a thing of the past.

To visit this famous "Suck," and get a sketch or two of the shore, was the purpose of our journey along the Tennessee. The three days of wintry airs on Look-out Mountain had made out-of-door sketching chilling work, but now a soft and balmy April day invited us upon the jaunt; so Mr. Fenn packed his sketching-traps; a vehicle stout in spring, and equal to the vicissitudes of a rough and rocky road, was procured, and we sallied forth.

There was once a fine bridge across the Tennessee, at Chattanooga, but it fell a victim to a great flood a few years ago. The Chattanoogaians have been so busy since erecting new warehouses, new railroad-depots, and new hotels, that they have forgotten the piers of masonry in the river-bed, which in grim solitude seem to utter a protest against their neglect. Not that we, searchers for the picturesque, would have had it otherwise—for a bridge would have deprived Mr. Fenn's sketch-book of one of the quaintest ferries in the country. The illustration, which the reader will readily find, probably needs a little explanation, which let me endeavor to give. It is a rope-ferry, having for motive-power the river-current, which it masters for its purpose by a very simple application of a law in physics. A long rope from the ferry-boat, supported at regular intervals on poles resting on small flat-boats, is attached, several hundred feet up-stream, to an island in mid-water. The boat thus secured is pushed from the shore, when it begins to catch the force of the current, a greater surface of pressure being secured by a board, like the centre-board of a sail-boat, which is dropped down deep into the water on the upper side. The current sweeping against the boat would carry it down-stream, but the attached rope retains the vessel in place, and we have, as a result of the sum of the forces, the boat swiftly propelled on the arc of a circle across the stream. Thus, by a very simple contrivance, a motor is secured which requires neither fuel nor canvas, which is uniformly available, and which is obtained entirely without cost. A very odd effect in the scene is the fleet of small flat-boats, upholding the long and heavy rope, which start in company with the large vessel in the order and with the precision of a column of cavalry. Moving in obedience to no visible sign or force, they impress one as being the intelligent directors of the movement, and are watched, when first seen, with lively interest.

The method adopted at this ferry is occasionally found in the South, but, ordinarily, ferry-boats are carried from one side of the stream to the other by means of a suspended rope from shore to shore. The Chattanooga ferry is very picturesque, apart from the method of progression. In busy times a sort of tender accompanies the larger boat, and upon this our carriage, with some difficulty, was driven. Boat and tender were rude in construction, old, and dilapidated. The main vessel had a small enclosure, of a hen-coop suggestiveness, which was called a cabin, and which, at a pinch, might give shelter to three or four people. The groups upon its decks were striking. There were sportsmen with a great following of dogs, horsemen with their Texan saddles and wide *sombreros*, vehicles, and groups of cattle, all mingled with the most happy contrast of color and form. On the opposite shore, as we drew near, were visible great numbers of waiting horsemen and cattle, giving evidence of the active business of the ferry, and emphasizing the wonder that the bridge has not been restored.

If any mortal hereafter essays a visit to the "Suck," let him go by saddle. If he ventures by vehicle, sore, very sore indeed, will be his trials. Our road, one of the most picturesque and charming we had ever travelled, certainly outdid in roughness of surface any previous experience. It led through superb woods; under high banks; over rocks and boulders; into swift-running streams; up steep hills, and down declivities. We were pitched into the bottom of the wagon one moment, tossed against the top at another, now precipitated affectionately into each other's arms, now hurled discordantly apart against the wagon-sides—all of which, however, while trying to one's bones, added to the relish of the journey, or rather, it may be safer to say, to the relish of our recollections of it.

The Tennessee, as already said, runs between high hills, mountains even, being the continuation of the Cumberland range. Spreads of table-land, with intervening dips of the forest, mark one side of the river, while on the other the rocky hills rise abruptly from the water's edge. The river is very winding, and the road sometimes runs along its course, sometimes loses sight of its silvery waters altogether; but the appearing and reappearing surface of the stream affords continual changes to the picture. Between the bluff and the river are narrow strips of arable bottom-land; and these, which sometimes are only narrow ribbons bordering the stream, and at others wide fields, are very rich in soil and carefully cultivated. But the owners, almost without exception, live in rude log-cabins. We saw but two or three houses above this condition. The occupants are sometimes negroes, but the majority are whites, who, however, as a rule, are not of the class known as "poor whites." The cabins are rude, the grounds limited, the means scanty, but the residents are a proud, intelligent set, who should be classed as hunters and woodsmen rather than as husbandmen. Their delight is the woods and the mountains, and they almost live on horseback. Their needs are a gun, a dog, a horse, a cottage, a wife, and a cow—and pretty much in the order enumerated. They are semi-



FERRY AT CHATTANOOGA.



Suck Creek.

sportsmen, accomplished in woodcraft, who delight in all kinds of hunting, but exhibit very little energy in developing the resources of the country. It would be a mistake to accuse them of a lack of intelligence. We met many people on the road that day whose faces were refined and handsome. With their sloping *sombreros*, their gray shawls or army coats, their picturesque saddles, and their general air of graceful dilapidation,

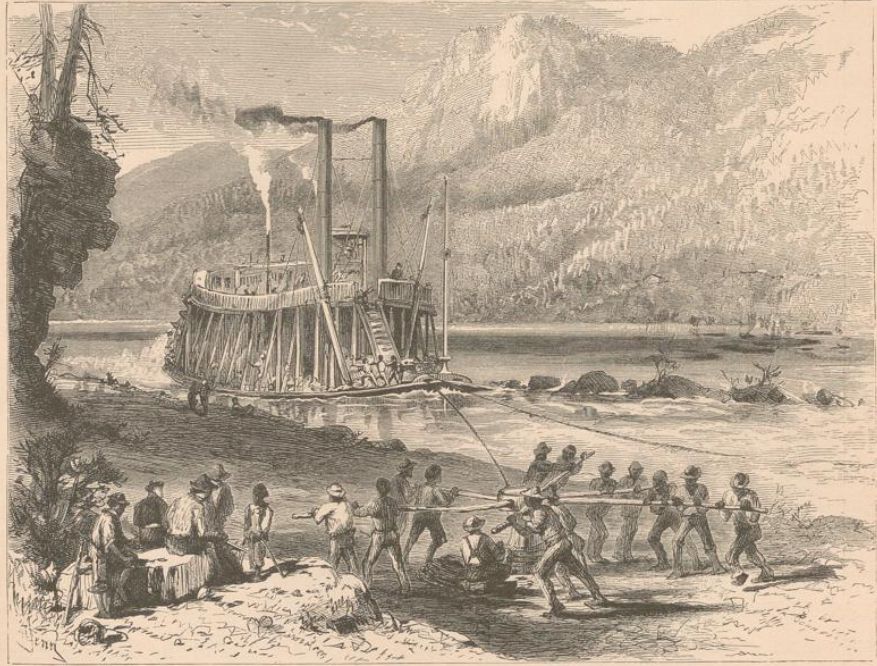
they looked like so many brigands. We noted specially two or three; and one who drove a herd of cattle along the road possessed a face that for intellectual refinement would be difficult to match.

At noon we reached our destination, and were shown a somewhat picturesquely-situated log-cabin, where we were assured dinner could be obtained. Our apprehensions may be imagined. But as soon as we drove up to it, and noticed the long array of polished tins and glistening buckets, we felt assured that at least cleanliness would characterize our repast. A very neat, pleasant-faced woman came forward at our appearance, and with quiet self-possession promised us a rural meal of ham, eggs, and hot rolls. The house was neat as a pin, and the woman refined and intelligent. But it contained one room only, and this without a window. Air and light penetrated the apertures between every layer of logs; and in winter, when through the mountain-gully fierce winds must sometimes sweep, the comfort of this cottage by the river may be estimated. Rude



as it was, the situation in summer-time was charming, which the reader may discover by consulting the initial drawing by Mr. Fenn.

At this place we desired to cross the river, but no means could be obtained to do so. No boats were to be found along the shore excepting the primitive "dug-out," which every one said would not be safe on account of the swiftness and turbulence of the current. This was a little exasperating. The rudest savage tribes of the Pacific build canoes that can sail far out at sea in high winds and rough water, but the boats of the Tennessee can only be employed in the smoothest of water. They cannot be trusted in



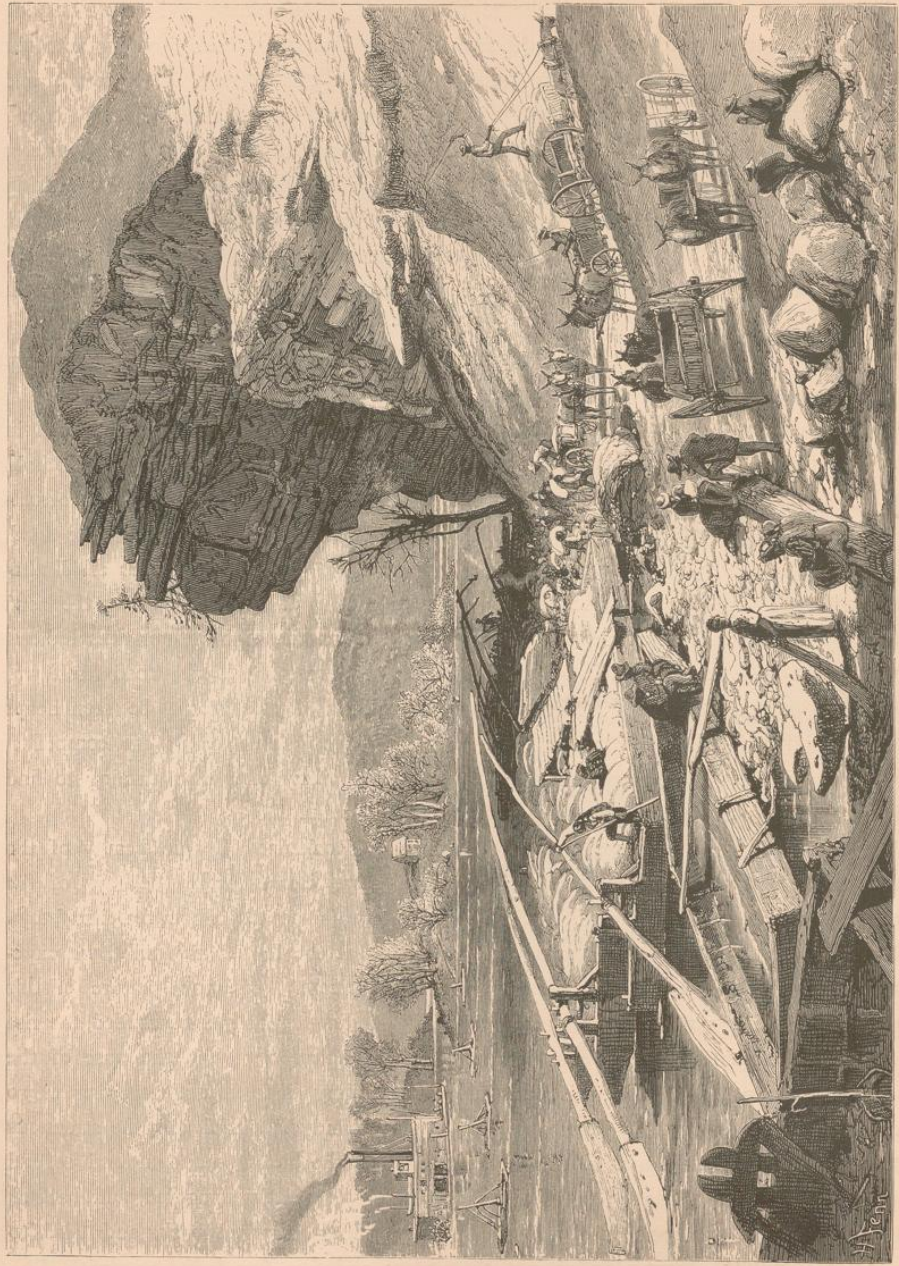
Steamer on the Tennessee warped through the "Suck."

a ripple; and yet the very simple contrivance of an outrigger, such as used by the Pacific natives, would render them safe even in a high sea. The skill of our Tennessee men is equal, no doubt, to many emergencies of the mountains, but their resources for the water are certainly very limited. As we could not get on the other side of the river, we started in search of the most eligible points on this side. In order to reach the shore, we had a wild and picturesque walk, reaching in due time the romantic stream which ignobly rests under the title of "Suck Creek." This stream is a mountain-torrent; it comes tumbling through rocky crevices above with all the flash and splendor of the "waters of Lodore," and pours with turbulent energy into the Tennessee. In

freshets it comes from its mountain-home with tremendous volume and force, burying far under water even the high rocks delineated in the illustration, and sweeping into the river a score or so of smaller impediments. We crossed this torrent on a round and very small tree-trunk, and, not having the skill of the natives, ignominiously crept along it on our hands and knees. But, shortly after, seeing one to the manner born, with a pack on his back, and a load in each hand, quietly and confidently walk the shaking and unsteady bridge, we on our return plucked up courage and performed the feat in an upright position. The picture here was very charming—mountains closing us in all around, a canopy of noble forest-trees, and the music of the mountain-stream as it plunged over its bed of rocks.

Securing the sketches necessary, we wended our way back. Under easier travelling, the drive would be one of great enjoyment. It was interesting to note the pains that are taken along the shore to cultivate every portion of the alluvial bottom-land, and in some instances we saw desperate endeavors to plough steep acclivities on which foothold could be obtained only with difficulty. The river annually overflows these bits of bottom-land, and leaves its valuable deposits. But, while these freshets thus enrich the land, they exact their compensation in fevers; and occasionally the river disregards all limitations, and seems to aim at the very submerging of the mountains. All along the road signs were evident of the great freshet a few years before; the high-water marks indicating a rise of at least twenty feet above the line of the road, while the road itself was twenty or thirty above the river-bed. Far up, in crotches of trees, could be seen heaps of brushwood and *débris* left by the flood as it withdrew. The people were compelled, on that occasion, to rapidly withdraw to the mountains, many of them returning to find their rude but valued homesteads swept away by the stream.

If the morning drive was charming, the return was enhanced by the beauty of the setting sun. The river, the trees, the hills, gained new beauties from the rays of the level light; and Lookout Mountain, whose high top would occasionally reveal itself, towered superbly, purpling in the evening air. Arriving at the ferry near sunset, we experienced some amusing incidents in getting across the stream. It is one feature of this method of crossing a river that the exact place of landing cannot be controlled, the rise or fall of the stream varying it considerably. On our return we found the nose of the boat thrust into a bank, and some apprehensions prevailing as to how the waiting cargo was to be got on board. Our horses were unharnessed, and the vehicle, by the strenuous effort of half a dozen negroes, lifted on board. Then the horses, our own and several others, without much difficulty, jumped the space; but the cattle struggled, and backed, and plunged, with the most incorrigible perversity. Some charged back, and tried to escape up the hill; others plunged into the water; and one fine heifer was with difficulty saved from drowning. At last, after a great effort, much shouting, and woful confusion, cattle, horses, carriage, and pedestrians, were successfully shipped, but crowded to-



THE TENNESSEE AT CHATTANOOGA.

gether on the narrow flat with promiscuous disregard of class or species. Immense numbers of live-stock constantly traverse the road along the Tennessee, and cross by the ferry described into Chattanooga. All day long the cry is, "Still they come!" Chattanooga is an extensive cattle-market, being the source of supply for a large portion of the cotton States.

The Tennessee road is of historic interest, as being the principal avenue during the recent war by which supplies were sent for the army in East Tennessee. Ceaseless trains of army-wagons wound over the rough, devious, and picturesque road. The Confederate sharp-shooters hung along the southern bank, and it was not uncommon for a sudden fusillade from the opposite hills to send death and consternation among the draught-animals and their drivers.

There is one feature of the Tennessee at Chattanooga that remains to be described. Under a high cliff near the ferry-landing may, at suitable season, be seen a number of flat-boats unloading their cargoes of grain or other produce from the upper waters of the Tennessee. Here is often a very stirring picture. Crowds of vehicles are receiving grain; there is the bustle of loading and unloading, the clamor of many voices, the noisy vociferation of the negro drivers, altogether making up a scene of great animation. These flat-boats come mainly far up through the Clinch or the Powell River, from the northern border of Tennessee, and the southern counties of Virginia, bringing corn, wheat, and bacon. A striking characteristic of their construction is their ponderous stern-oars, which often reach a hundred feet in length. Floating with the current, these oars are only needed as rudders, and the necessity of their great length is not obvious. The flat-boatmen of the Tennessee are not, like those of the Mississippi, notorious as "hard characters." They do not pursue the vocation as a business, but are mostly farmers, who, once a year possibly, bring down their harvests, and perhaps those of their neighbors, to market. We found them, while rustic in manner, polite, affable, and intelligent. One notable feature of this busy scene was the apparently friendly manner in which whites and blacks labored together. There was some little merry chaffing of each other, and that was all. As each boat included both colors in the composition of its crew, and among the teamsters was every shade of hue, there was abundant opportunity for the display of class hatreds if they had existed.

There would seem to be favorable occasion for the employment of capital and labor in this section of country. Chattanooga is a great railroad centre; it is on the main line of travel between the North and the South; and it must, in the nature of things, develop into an important place. Capital is needed, which, with fresh energy and a more varied industry, would soon give a marked impulse in the development of a section rich in natural resources.