

PICTURESQUE TENNESSEE

MONT EAGLE SPRINGS,

THE FAMOUS

Health and Pleasure Resort,

IN THAT

WONDERFUL CLOUD-LAND,

THE CUMBERLAND PLATEAU.

Edited by CHARLES E. ROBERT.

ISSUED FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION BY THE

MONT EAGLE SPRINGS HOTEL CO.

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PREFACE.

In presenting to the public this guide book to the grand and romantic beauties of that wonderful cloud-land—the Cumberland Plateau of Tennessee—its marvelous natural attractions, its remarkable healthfulness, its easy accessibility, and its many desirable features as a pleasure resort and great sanitarium for the country at large, and for the people of the South in particular, some acknowledgements are due and are hereby made.

The preparation of this work having been committed by the Mont Eagle Springs Hotel Company to their Treasurer, Mr. Theodore Cooley, the editor has worked under that gentleman's intelligent direction, and to his æsthetic culture and ardent, passionate love of artistic accomplishments is to be credited the success of "Picturesque Tennessee." Mr. Cooley has not only originated and suggested all of the leading features of the book, but has been indefatigable in personal supervision, and thus secured execution of a work that in its entirety surpasses in taste and finish any publication of the kind ever attempted in the country.

The original sketches, in oil, of the many noble "views" in the vicinage of Mont Eagle Springs, are from the brush of Mr. W. A. Clendenning, of Nashville, and are charmingly accurate. The cover page, copied from an enlarged oil painting, the sketches having first been grouped, is the execution of that gifted landscape artist, Mr. Carl C. Brenner, of Louisville. The series of sketches, chromo-lithography, wherein the coloring, tints and tones of the foliage have been faithfully represented, is the product of the Louisville Lithograph Company, under Mr. M. K. Pelletreau, and is a feature hitherto unattempted in any similar enterprise. The beautiful typography is a fine specimen of the abilities of the printing establishment of Messrs. Tavel & Howell, Nashville.

CHARLES E. ROBERT

ENDORSEMENT FROM DR. HODGSON.

UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH,
SEWANEE, TENN., April 24, 1881. }

A. W. WILLS, ESQ., *President of the Mont Eagle Hotel Co.:*

DEAR SIR: I am very glad to hear that your company designs the erection of so commodious and elegant an hotel at the very attractive mountain summer resort of Mont Eagle, on the Tennessee Coal and Railroad Company's line, six miles above us. First-class hotel accommodation has been one of the chief desiderata of this vicinity, and now that this is to be a consummation, we feel sure the marvelous and agreeable attractions of the Cumberland Plateau will be as widely known and as salutary in the development and introduction of this section to popular favor as its multiplied virtues merit. The friends of the University have not been of one mind as to the benefit of an hotel at Sewanee, inasmuch as the students might, unavoidably, be distracted from their studies by the too close proximity of such an institution. In the vicinity of the University board may be had in private families, but at present there is no hotel here. And, I take pleasure in commending the Mont Eagle Springs Hotel to our patrons and friends as at present the only place at which those visiting the University of the South on business or pleasure can find hotel accommodations.

Yours truly,

TELFAR HODGSON.
Vice Chancellor University of the South.

→ Picturesque Tennessee ←

There is a time-honored aphorism that "Man made the town, but God made the country," and it always comes to us in the full strength of its truthfulness during the summer and autumn months. After centuries of growth in all the elements of civic magnificence, the most luxurious forms in which a city's wealth can be displayed is in gardens, parks, or resorts, the chief attractions of which are those objects of natural beauty which clothe mountains, hills, forests and valleys, and which man first destroys to make room for his own creations, and finally seeks to restore, at almost any cost, having discovered that they contain the germ and essence of all he can conceive of the sublime and beautiful, in comparison with which his utmost efforts at their production are puny and insignificant.

The Necessity for Summer Resorts.

Thus it comes about, that when the hot sun burns in our Southern sky, like a ball of molten fire, when the deadly miasma arises from rotten marshes, when "pestilence walketh in darkness," and "destruction wasteth at noonday," summer resorts become as much of a necessity with the American people as food, clothing or shelter. Change of air, change of water, change of scenes—all enter into consideration and force themselves upon one. The delicate and the strong, the robust and the puny, need these things almost equally. Weary brains, weary hands, weary hearts, require reformation and rebuilding. Sluggish blood, worn-out lungs, enervated muscles, refuse to perform their legitimate and salutary functions. Stagnation, with them, is the pale harbinger of death. Vigorous activity is the synonym for health, and health begets usefulness and happiness. The Roman poet uttered a convincing truth—stable as the hills—when he declared the condition of a perfect man—"a sound mind in a sound body."

These facts are general and admitted by all men. But as to the death-dealing swamps and bottom lands of Louisiana, Arkansas and Mississippi, the hot sands of Alabama, and the

morasses and everglades of the Carolinas, Georgia and Florida—everyone knows life is made intolerable there during the unhealthy season, and the otherwise happy residents of those sections are forced to fly to some sanitarium of nature.

Moreover, summer resorts have become a recognized necessity of modern society, from other equally urgent causes. The keen competition in business and consequent intensity of occupation and feverish excitement of those engaged in it—the incessant activity of professional men—and the artificial life led by all classes and both sexes in the hurly-burly, pell-mell rush in our cities, calls for a period of rest, relaxation and recreation. To get away from the din, the bustle and the turbulency of trade—to get rid of the distracting “rattle of the car over the stony street”—to escape from metropolitan prisons bounded by high brick walls and brazen skies, to find pleasure in the pathless woods—to loaf awhile and invite one’s soul—these are some of the whys and wherefores men and women patronize the pleasure resorts of summer.

So also with Fashion’s votaries. They must make their yearly pilgrimages to some “Mecca”—to some court of Cupid, where “matches are made,” where the ball-room, the music, the bowling-alleys, the billiard-halls, the croquet grounds, the promenades, the drives, the “views,” and all of the many appliances which furnish modes of pastime to the pleasure-seeker, are to be enjoyed as well as the atmosphere and the waters, which possess healing efficacy for every infirmity to which the human frame is subject.

Thus, as according to the fable of antiquity, Hercules could not, at first, conquer Antanæus (who was the son of Earth and Sea), because each time the giant was thrown to the ground he gained new strength from touching his mother, Earth. So we draw this parallel: The human mind and body need sleep, and as they should have one day in seven for rest, so, too, they require, each year, a period during which they may escape from the toils and complications of business—the hot breath of the cities, and out of seeming evil educing good—gain new vigor for the battle of life by simple contact with Mother Earth—breathing the air, using the diet, seeing the sights, and hearing the sounds of the country.

What a Summer Excursion Means.

Now a summer excursion or tour does not necessarily mean a trip to the Eastern sea-shore, or to the Lakes of the Northwest, or to the far-famed resorts of the Rocky Mountains and Pacific Slope, consuming weeks of time and hundreds of dollars of

money, but applies just as appropriately to those who prudently count the cost, both in dollars and days, seek out the shady nooks and rocky fastnesses, health-giving fountains and wonders of nature, where the business man can leave his troublesome cares behind him, and, with his family, for a brief time be freed from the monotonous and oftentimes wearisome household duties, and return at the end of their sojourn, among new scenes and surroundings, rich with nature's choicest blessings—recuperated and strengthened bodies, rejuvenated and reinvigorated minds.

In anticipating a summer excursion, even if not of more than a few day's duration, old and young are alike excited and rejoiced at the prospect before them, and the casual observer at the depot or wharf will be struck with the eager joy of crowds hurrying out of town for a view of country scenes and a breath of country air. If the same points are observed when these ramblers return, he will see them bearing treasured mementoes of their trip—gathered from mountain-crest, or grassy nook, or shady stream, and their minds abundant with pleasant reminiscences of their journey, which will be recalled with happiness for months to follow. But to the woman or child who is accustomed to gaze only on hot walls and arid and dusty streets, especially is such a trip of untold value. Oftentimes it is an epoch in their lives. The ferns, the leaves, the pebbles, shells and blossoms brought by them from dell and dingle become reminders of cool and shady spots—pictures of romance, drawn by Nature's pencil in "God's country."

The Picturesque Charms of Tennessee.

Having settled that a summer excursion is a beneficial thing, we shall next indicate a spot or region where all of the features mentioned are to be found. We can do this confidently and without over-boasting, because too little has been known, too little has been said, and too little written about the great natural wonders, attractions and advantages of the marvelous Cloud-Land of Tennessee—the Cumberland Plateau or Highlands—its scenic effects and sanitary inducements. Moreover, we undertake to say, that when some person or persons will engage in the work of seeking out and publishing to the world the rare charms for tourists, the exquisite summer resorts, and the eminently desirable places for rest and recreation that crown the wonderful Table Lands of Tennessee, at least 100,000 people will come into this State every summer to enjoy themselves here during what is called the heated term. For, taken all in all, in Tennessee there is a greater variety of mountains, of hills, of valleys, of fields, of streams for fishing, of glen, of gulch, of ravine, of mines and

of wilderness—in close proximity to cultivated and progressive civilization, and within easy access of great routes of travel, than can be found as a whole in any other part of the Union. What a variety of landscapic effect! What agreeable surprises old Nature prepares for one at every turn! A fair Southern sky poises its golden sunshine on the blue-tipped mountain tops, or breaking into molten beams, runs down to greet the valley soil, and kiss it into glad fertility. Magnificent slopes, verdure-bound vales that would excite a painter to ecstasy; blooming meadows that would have brought content to the sons of Jabal; exhaustless forests, immeasurable deposits of iron and coal that will ere long enkindle the fires of Vulcan, and bring back to the resurrected *New South* the spirit of old Tubal Cain. These are the chief attractions, but then there are multiformed and multifarious little accessories that come in *pour comble de bonheur*, like the relishes of a well-ordered *Table d'Hôte*, or fit like "Selah" in the Psalms. Here is a dale and there a ravine, here a dell and yonder a dingle. Here is a crooked water-way, down which an animated, restless stream comes twisting, bending and pushing its course, struggling to get into more easy circumstances below, as if the impatient Naiad that lives in its gurgling waves is seeking that peaceful rest for which all human hearts sigh, and for which all mankind are ever striving. In its work of forcing a passage or cutting through the sand formation, perhaps the stream has made and abandoned as many attempts as does a drunken man going home after a hard day's spreeing, or from an old political party caucus or convention. So it has pushed its course this way, and that way, cutting out chambers, nooks, crannies, alleys and all manner of hiding-places, oftentimes, no doubt, surprised to find itself in such odd predicament, and when it has once tumbled into the valley, laughs at its own mishap, and like a shallow stream "runs dimpling all the way."

Until within comparatively a few years, our mountain country was not known to the outside world, or thought by us worthy of attention. Some years since a photograph artist, whom fate, chance or poverty had landed high and dry on Cumberland Plateau, began looking about him, finding something wonderful and beautiful every day, until at last he was inspired to take his camera and produce pictures. So he struck off into the woods, he clambered up the mountain and down again. Set up his three-legged contrivance, and obtained views—some so striking, so picturesque and lovely that they began to attract the attention of outside people, and thus was inaugurated a movement that will eventuate in the fame and development of the mountain lands, whose manifest destiny marks it as NATURE'S GREAT PLEASURE GROUND AND SANITARIUM FOR THE SOUTH.

When to Visit the Mountains.

As to the time to visit the Cumberland Mountains, different people have different tastes. The season usually opens the first of June, and from that time on to the last of July the foliage is more fresh; the cloud-scenery is more noble; the grass is greener; the streams are usually full and musical; and there is a larger proportion of the "long light" of the afternoon, and gorgeous sunsets, which kindle the atmosphere into richest loveliness. Many people, however, prefer to go during the dog days, but leave too soon—leave when the fine September weather sets in, with its prelude touches of October splendor. It is true that in August the skies are clear, the valleys and fields and mountains are appareled in more sober green, with here and there a touch of brown or russet or golden color, and the visitor has many chances of making acquaintance with the mountain breezes, but in general we would say, the first half of June is the blossom season of beauty in the mountain-land; the latter half of October is the time of its full-hued fruitage.

It is a question, then, to be settled individually, as to "when one must go;" but this much is certain, one never tires of the natural scenery on Cumberland Plateau, it is so peculiarly kaleidoscopic and charming. The geologist finds mysteries in the masses of calcareous rocks or the stupendous upheaval of immense columns of sandstone dipping at unexpected angles and forming never-ending subjects for study; the antiquary feasts his eyes on the Druidical circles of the ancient stones that seem to speak in the obsolete, yet translatable, language of a thousand dead and buried centuries; the invalid sits on the cliff's edge in the vivid sunshine, and breathes in the buoyant air with delight, or rides over the smooth mountain roads and scents the grateful spicery of cedars and juniper, alternating with the fresh odors of young maples and beeches; the botanist becomes enthused over the marvelous *flora*—the ferns, the mosses, the lichens that abound or seeks with joy the points where grow weird pines beckoning with their long fingers, the most human tree of all; while the young, the sentimental, "the loving and the daring," find ceaseless joy in many forms.

The Route to the Mountains.

No matter from which direction or by what route the traveler enters Tennessee, his attention will be attracted by the variety and beauty of the country through which he passes. Indeed, there is that something in the very appearance of the land that

marks it as historic, and he instinctively expects to see a flame of fire flash out from the midst of a bush, and to hear a voice saying: "Draw not nigh hither; put thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." There is evident wealth of resources on every hand. Smart and thriving towns and villages; fine agricultural districts—some snowy with cotton, others rich with the yellow harvest of plenty waving its plumes over broad acres, like the banners of Divine Benevolence. Bold streams, immense timbered districts, hills of iron, hills of coal, hills of marble, all of which, when truly developed, will place this State foremost among the agricultural, mining and manufacturing States of the Union. This much, and more, is to be seen if the traveler enters the State from the Carolinas, from Georgia or Florida. But suppose our visitor comes from Alabama, or Mississippi, or Louisiana, or from far-off Texas, then he strikes

The Noblest Domain Under the Sun—

Middle Tennessee! Glorious Middle Tennessee! A land whose many excellencies, while they captivate the eye, win the heart, and fill the soul with adoration, yet, at the same time, almost drive a fine-strung writer mad to think the happy thoughts their charms inspire can only be clothed in the beggar-rags of language.

Viewed from the car window, as the train too quickly travels, and skirting the road, we see handsome rustic fences, extensive lawns, studded with grand old forest trees—one time rich in summer foliage, another time tinted like Joseph's coat, "with many colors"; winding gravel walks and driveways leading up to handsome houses set well back from the dusty roads, and some of them grand and imposing enough for baronial castles or ducal palaces. And here, too, is the true home of the blood-horse, as well as of cultivated, refined and hospitable citizenship. Noble stallions, with the blood of Arabian turf-kings in their veins; high-mettled, high-bred dams luxuriating upon the nutritious herbage, while the sleek and plump suckling kicks up his nimble heels and gambols about his aristocratic equine mother. If the train stops at some rural station one can hear the many-voiced minstrels of the woods singing their epithalamiums, while the sombre-colored mocking-bird, "drunk with melody," swells his throat to bursting in imitation of them all; the gaudy red bird flits among the verdant shrubbery, while the bright-eyed gray squirrels chase each other along the branches or run the bases at the feet of kingly oaks. And here and there a limpid stream purling through the meadow grasses, and here and there a calm and peaceful sheet of water, reflecting the blue of heaven

and the many tints of luxuriant bosage, and Middle Tennessee thus forms a brilliant spot of inviting beauty—one, too, that will live in the memory unmixed with baser matter.

If, then, the traveler comes through Middle Tennessee, and desires to seek the mountains by the way of Nashville, he will find in the queen city and capital of our Commonwealth, many points of attraction. In addition to being the emporium of commerce and the trade-focus of a vast territory, here will be found all of the principal public buildings of the State, together with no less than nine large Universities and Colleges—a fact establishing Nashville as the distinguished seat of learning for the South.

The Great Lookout Mountain Route.

Leaving Nashville en route for the Plateaux, he takes the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railway, popularly known as "The Great Lookout Mountain Route." The lines of this road, with their connections, cover a large portion of the State of Tennessee, and embrace all of the principal cities, towns, villages and pleasure resorts of Middle and Eastern Tennessee. It is conceded to be one of the best appointed, best equipped and most comfortable and accommodating roads in the country. Stretching its iron arms in every direction, it groups Nashville, Murfreesboro, Shelbyville, Manchester, McMinnville, Winchester, Fayetteville, Tracy City, Chattanooga, the famous summer resorts of Mont Eagle, Sewanee, Beersheba, Tullahoma, Estill, Hurricane, Pylant, and Lookout Mountain—a number of points at which persons may secure health and happiness during the summer. Passing through a country unsurpassed for its agricultural richness, inland beauty and diversified scenery; plowing its way over or adjacent to the famous battle-fields of Nashville, Stones' River, Tullahoma, Lookout Mountain, Mission Ridge and Chickamauga—around all of which cluster the most interesting and thrilling historic memories, it affords, in addition, an avenue unrivaled for speedy and comfortable transit. This route now has an excellent smooth road-bed, is laid with steel rails, and sends out daily most excellent trains of cars—sumptuous Palace and Drawing-room coaches and sleepers, fitted with the Westinghouse automatic air-brake and the Miller platform and coupler. Thus, while furnishing safe, pleasant and swift facilities for traveling, the management has spared neither pains or expense in making their carriages magnificent palaces on wheels, supplied with every modern improvement.

Arrived at Cowan, a post village 87 miles from Nashville and 64 miles from Chattanooga, connection is made with the trains of the Tennessee Coal and Railroad Company, familiarly known as

"The Mountain Road," which convey the mountain tourist to the summit.

The Exciting Ride to the Summit.

The railroad up the mountain from Cowan is a novel and exhilarating mode of travel, and he who can make the journey by it unmoved, ought to be placed in a swampy country and doomed all his days to look upon nothing more enchanting than a mud flat. There is a famous road in Italy which attracts by its rapid alternations of dark tunnel and picturesque valley; but, it is no exaggeration to say, that as much could be abstracted from this Tennessee mountain line without being missed. At Cowan the branch road begins the ascent of the Plateau—passing near the mouth of the celebrated tunnel under Cumberland Mountains; first going up an incline track, laid in the shape of a letter "V," to give an easier ascent and better grade. This road is for all the world like the road-bed of the Colorado Central Railway, winding around the seemingly uncertain foot-path on the hill-side between Black Hawk and Central City. The similarity is still more remarkable where a deep cut in our "Mountain Road" is strikingly like the famous Hanging Rock in Clear Creek Canon. All travelers by the Pennsylvania Central remember that attractive piece of fancy engineering known as the Horse-shoe, and nobody has gone to California, by sea, without recalling the doubling of Cape Horn. Well, then, this is a similar sensation, where your train winds round and up the high brow of a mountain, as if it had climbed up purposely to give you a look at the valleys below. Onward and upward, the engine climbs, wheezing puffing, coughing and barking, as if it was infected with some pulmonary complaint, and, knowing the efficacy of mountain air, proposed the journey for its own affected lungs. The generous spurs of the Cumberland—perhaps, the most generous of all the Appalachian chain—are richly wooded to their tops, and in the soft summer light look as fresh and green as the hill-sides around Lake Maggiore. As one is whirled along, it is difficult to say which challenges most admiration—the glimpses of the valley over the tops of the trees, the cliffs above, the graceful lines of the hills, the moving shadows over the green slopes of the mountain sides, or the sublime audacity that dared to run a railroad through such a region.

Soon we arrive at the summit of Cumberland Plateau, or that part of the Cumberland Mountains, which, lifted above adjacent levels by the central belt of the Appalachian range, constitutes that great chain which for so many hundreds of miles forms the secondary axis in the physical contour of the continent

fronting the Atlantic coast of the United States, and having for its northern terminus the Green Mountains of Vermont. They are, perhaps, the grandest of all the possessions of the State—the delight of each citizen of the Commonwealth, and the wonder of strangers. Presenting a multitude of picturesque objects, they are rapidly becoming the favorite resort of artists and of all who find pleasure in the haunts of bold and rugged regions. Indian traditions invest them with much mystery, as the favorite dwelling place of spirits, and they, with the Catskills and the Hudson Highlands, are destined to figure as the poetic fairie ground of American literature.

The Multiplied Wonders of Cloud Land.

On top the mountain the sky is almost invariably so clear, it seems as if composed of alternate bands of blue and white satin stretched, pavilion-like, to mildly temper or ward off the rays of the sun. You look up the sides of some ravine, and in crevices on the flanks of the walls, or on protruding rocks, see shrubs of pine and cedar growing, while the summits are usually crowned with sturdy oaks—some of which have for centuries contested with the storms, and defied the artillery of heaven—not with impunity however, for like battle-scared veterans, they lift their white, thunder-splintered heads, stag-horned and sere and blasted, above their less pretentious neighbors. Here, in wild and inaccessible homes, the royal Eagle, bold in his flight, swift on his prey—"on cliffs and cedar tops his eyries building,"—has symbolized the spirit of freedom, and

"On the mountains proclaimed,
The everlasting creed of liberty."

As the tourist penetrates to the interior of the Plateau, the ground over which he travels is marked and gashed with sunken hollows and subterranean abysses. He sees in every direction pits, caves, cells, rock-houses, grottoes and channels, so that the whole earth seems honey-combed or a vast labyrinth of catacombs made by volcanic action or the upheaval of super-heated rocks or peculiar formations worn by the wonderful streams of ages, tearing away super-incumbent masses and filling the gorges with their ponderous and immovable forms. The man of science is set to thinking of those long-gone struggles of Nature, when the mountains were produced by tremendous lateral pressure under the earth's crust, causing these long folds or deep fissures with upturned edges to rise oftentimes into high ridges or ragged peaks, cut, ever and anon, by trough-like valleys, which divide the chains transversely into deep gaps and wild gorges, through

which the angry waters have rushed and tumbled to the parched and thirsty valleys. These are the more scientific features, and if they are calculated both to attract and delight, what can be said of those innumerable æsthetic and poetic charms which are the despair of artists and of descriptive writers.

Leafy, densely-wooded glens meet you on every hand; beautiful alcoves indent the borders of the foot-hills, and shady points jut out; brooks and rivulets trickle in, while the water's marge is fringed with grasses and flowering plants with white and blue and red and orange blossoms. Let us suppose then "for a perfect joy God has given us a perfect day." The melancholy clouds have been superseded by a holiday sky; sad-voiced winds have toned down to softest whispers, and far away sounds now ring like clarions of victory "on Fort Arabian echoes borne," while the *tout ensemble* glows with all the bliss a delicious clime can shower on human hearts. Such opportunities are worth much both to body and soul. It is like pouring the cordial of a new life in one's veins—a soothing stimulant—a priceless elixir—the ichor of the gods—and in the full glory of a peaceful, happy hour one is fain to believe heaven is only a little way beyond the "curtain of a summer's haze."

It has been said of those who visit the great "Father of Waters," the Mississippi River, and taste of its fluid, that they are fated to return again and again to its banks; so it may be truly asserted of all who visit Cumberland Plateau. There is planted here the seeds of attraction which will surely germinate, and bring the wanderer back once more, sooner or later, to its rugged grandeur and loneliness. The eye never tires with the ever-changing spectacular beauties to be witnessed only here. Surprises follow surprises. The Plateau is remarkable in this respect. Monotony has been banished, an *ennui* is a condition unknown. Therefore, if you are in search of a pleasant place to spend the summer, where you can escape the epidemics of the extreme South; if you are a son of the rigorous North, and are consumptive, and need to have your lungs recreated and strengthened; if you are full of malaria, and need to have all the "chill cures" driven out from your system; if you are weak, debilitated and rheumatic, and have tried all the remedies and nostrums "sold by druggists everywhere;" or if you desire only to travel for pleasurable excitement during the withering days of Summer, and to loiter in a cloud-land of splendor, and a climate of unsurpassed excellence—come to the "Switzerland of America." Visit its many places of exceeding natural and historical interest—the wild woodlands, the crystalline springs, the multiformed cascades, the quiet valleys, the wild gorges, the dells and dales of strange, grotesque beauty, the mountains of singular grand-

eur and sublimity; view with your own eyes the far-stretching prospects reaching to the horizon's verge; come and see its wondrous vegetation; come, and feel, and breathe, and taste its gloriously invigorating air; and if, after gazing upon some of the most magnificent views within the boundaries of the Union, you do not feel satisfied that your trip has been fully repaid—we will give you up as a hard customer—no music in your soul—and “fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils.”

We do not claim to have here the “Fountain of Perpetual Youth,” which Ponce de Leon sought. Nearly every “resort” in the land claims that especial attraction (and with many it is truly a *dernier resort*), but we do claim to have as good water as the Spanish dreamer could have wished, added to life-giving breezes and sweetly-tempered sunshine, which, like “God’s heats and frosts, God’s winds and dews,” that are so necessary to blades and buds or to ripening fruits and flowers, are necessary to the up-building of man in his health and in his joy.

Opinions of Intelligent Observers.

We deem it appropriate, in this connection, to introduce the opinions of intelligent observers, native and foreign, relative to the peculiar charms of this section.

Years ago, Mr. J. W. Dodge, the celebrated artist, who formerly resided on the Cumberland Table-land, and who made himself famous not only for his charming pictures, but by raising and bringing to market superb fruits, apples especially, related the following circumstance:

“While I was at the Hermitage, painting General Jackson’s picture, the old General one day said to me, in his emphatic way: ‘Mr. Dodge, I have traveled over the table of the Cumberland Mountain frequently, and it is my opinion that it is destined to become the garden-spot of the Union.’” Recent developments begin to show that “Old Hickory” spoke with a prophet’s voice.

Col. P. Donan, a distinguished Arkansas editor, and a writer *sui generis*, says of the marvelously beautiful scenery: “The Alpine peaks and valleys of Tennessee all offer a rich and ever-changing feast to the artistic eye, all invite the cultivated tourist to a wide-spread banquet of perpetual enchantment.”

In 1878, the “Boston Board of Aid to Land Ownership” sent out a committee of experts to survey and inspect the estate on the Table-lands of Tennessee. This committee made two trips to the State, and from the able and comprehensive report of Hon. Franklin W. Smith, President of the Board, though compelled to omit much else that is valuable and interesting, we extract the following as to the “Picturesqueness of the Plateau”:

"Its topography wonderfully combines, in near proximity, the lovely and gentle, the wild and romantic, with the grand and majestic aspects of nature. Lawn-like slopes join their graceful lines as imperceptibly as the waves of ocean. These undulations are not monotonous, but beautifully varied in size, height and contour. Here and there a hundred acres can be selected of unbroken grade, that, partly cleared, with trees left singly or in groups, would be the ideal for an English park, with a mansion on the crest.

"More frequent are slight elevations, covering twenty to fifty acres on each descent, that would give to smaller homesteads slightly eminences for dwellings, and groves at pleasure. Approaching a water-course, they break into hills and valleys, with sharp descent to its rapid and clear current, through a precipitous canon; its walled sides verdant with trees, shrubbery and vines rooted in the crevices of shelving rocks. When a range for vision is opened through the woods, peaks of the Cumberland Mountains will tower in the horizon, catching the glimmer of daybreak and the glow of sunset.

"Few of the local beauties of the region have probably yet been revealed to travelers; for roads are at distant intervals, and the rocky embowered walls of streams were only seen for short distances as we crossed them at the fords.

"The inhabitants speak of rock houses (caves) as common conveniences for shelter of their herds.

"By diverging a mile from the road, we fortunately inspected two of them, which would be a bonanza for an Eastern watering-place, if they could be transported there with their surroundings.

"A dell, sunk from the adjacent surface, was filled with a grove of rhododendrons, the foliage interlaced in dense shade; the trunks, bare to twelve or fifteen feet in height, intertwined, seemed like shoots from one common root into a common foliage, like a banyan tree.

"The glen is enclosed by a circular rampart of rocks, of great height—woodland extends to its projecting crest, majestic trees bordering the very edge. At the base of these walls two immense semi-circular caves penetrate the ledge. The cave (or opening on the face of the rock) of one was estimated at 1,000 feet, and the depth of its recess, sweeping inward in a regular curve, 300 feet.

"Over the masses of superincumbent rocks, hanging in fearful wildness, waterfalls scatter spray from among the trees at the top upon the foliage at their base, adding to the clear stream which courses through the dell.

"A chalybeate spring, so strong as to redden the soil around,

flows from a crevice in the perpendicular rock. The drinking-gourds about, appropriate in rusticity, show it a resort of the inhabitants.

"In the grove, rude, rustic seats—slabs from pines—were arranged about a rostrum for the gatherings of the people.

"Such a spot might well inspire the courage of Covenanters, or the heroism for the defense of a republic."

The Flora of the Mountain.

The writer above quoted has this to say of one of the chief charms of this mountain region: "The *flora* of the Plateau cannot be forgotten in the mention of its natural beauties. A resident there, from Massachusetts, spoke with enthusiasm of the profusion and beauty of its wild flowers—in variety continually renewed from early spring through autumn. At the time of our visits the slopes were brilliant with scarlet phlox; on the borders of streams bigonia were gorgeous among the foliage of trees, and laurels and rhododendrons along bank, and in the glens. Among specimens we secured was a section of a rhododendron—trunk, about six inches in diameter. Imagine the splendor of such a tree in full flower! Coves were gay with extraordinary water-plants, and tiniest bright blossoms hid among grasses. The sensitive-plant and golden-rod were neighbors at the roadsides. It is safe to predict that when access to this region—this *vast picnic ground*—is opened, that its attractions of entire healthfulness, mineral springs, cool breezes and rural beauties, will make it a convenient and favorite summer resort, not only from the South, as is now that portion reached by Southern railroads, but from Kentucky and Ohio, and the North."

The following conclusion to our account of the *flora* of the Plateau, written by General E. Kirby Smith, Professor of Mathematics in the University of the South, at Sewanee, will also be found especially interesting:

"The *flora* of Sewanee forms a connecting link between the North and South. Forms characteristic of the highlands and the Green Mountains and Adirondacks mingle with forms from the Gulf and Atlantic slopes, and with occasional wanderers from the trans-Mississippi. Southern types of leguminosæ, Northern and Western compositæ, delicate polygalas, and showy gerardias, hypericums, euphorbias, ænotheras, graceful bluets, and humble hepaticæ, meet on this common border-ground, and claim fellowship for every section of this great republic."

It occurs to us, however, that much more can be truthfully said on this subject, for the verdure and the *flora* of the mountain is simply superb and almost perennial. The wild flowers here in

the Spring make a magnificent display. The whole face of this upland earth is covered with violets, pansies, wild roses, wild geraniums and "the painted populace that dwell in fields, and lead ambrosial lives." As Summer approaches they grow more luxurious. The mountain is like a vast flower garden with its parterres and terraces, its bowers and natural arbors. The lily-of-the-valley tinkles its fairy bells and sends out the harmony of "invisible music," while jasmine and honey-suckle, tube-rose and myrtle lift their petals or nod their plumes of blue, of white, pink, scarlet and purple, and grow more fascinating as the days grow long. The landscape is dotted with many-tinted flowerets and vari-colored glows—thicker even than the clustered stars in the distant nebulae. Five distinct varieties of the highly prized azalea, the very soul and emblem of romance, are to be found, while innumerable classes, orders and genera, indigenous to mountain countries, embellish the earth with beauty and freight the air with fragrant and ever-grateful inflorescence.

It is difficult, however, to determine which is the loveliest of the twelve months. When Autumn advances with its "Indian Summer season," the foliage takes on the glories of the dying year and russet leaves crown the woods as a diadem or blush with the rich redness of "seas incarnadine." Soon the trees "come trooping up like bannered armies" with the conquests of the year emblazoned in letters of crimson, gold and amethystine dyes upon their gorgeous gonfalous. Every tree is a conqueror, and, far more deserving, too, than the bannereted Knights errant of old, bows its stately crest to receive Heaven's benediction: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." On every leaf is seen the hectic flush of death—but of a death that shall rise anew in the Spring and begin again the beautiful and palpable illustration of that resurrection to immortality.

At this season the forests are more lovely than we can tell. Even the birds, who, during the Summer, were content to give their complimentary concerts, *al fresco*, have become the livered servants of many-mooded Nature; nay, happy rogues! having filched the colors of the rainbow to mix in their plumage, they now wear the regulation uniform of Autumn with the vain audacity and grace of well-trained soldiers. The mountain-top is now rich with woodbine, mistletoe, laurel and holly, besides the princess pine, which is considered a choice bit of shrubbery. An infinite variety of ferns, at least thirty or thirty-five different kinds, may be found, while the ledges are covered with lichens and mosses. Trailing arbutus, pink and white, is to be seen everywhere, but is sweetest when it comes peeping through the snow, a shy little darling, perhaps to win the kisses of the nice but very naughty and very flirtatious sun.

Thus we see the foliage is of every shade and tint and hue, varying from the lightness, freshness, and transparency that one finds in the early Spring to the rich and dense verdure of Summer in the tropics. This, under a sky of azure, and against mountain walls tinged like the vermilion towers of the Alhambra, with glimpses of grottoes and bonny vistas of valleys thrown in, *ad libitum*, makes a combination of color that rivals the rainbow and defies both brush and pencil.

Other Attractions of the Plateau.

Close akin, and indeed, the elder brothers of the flowers, we next contemplate the extraordinary timber-growth of the Plateau. The woods are so extensive and the varieties so numerous, we can only mention, at random, those mainly characteristic of this region. This includes vast forests of oaks—red, white, black, chestnut, and some few water oaks; black walnut, in great quantities; cedars, pines—spruce, white, yellow and “old field”; white and shagbark hickory, chestnut, beech, chinquapin; sugar-maple, red flowering maple, poplar or tulip tree, iron-wood or hornbeam, black gum, buckeye, dogwood, persimmon, black and red haw, and Irish juniper—besides a large number of trees of less frequent growth.

Wild grapes, summer and winter varieties, grow in the woods in great profusion; wild locusts and wild honey—the food of John the Baptist—may be had for the gathering. Huckleberries, wild gooseberries and mulberries may be found in great abundance, while certain portions of the upland—no exaggeration—is *covered* with blackberries, high and low-bush, and of the finest sort.

“Probably nothing strikes the traveler more favorably than the wild luxuriance and beauty of the mountain grasses and forage plants. When the woods are thin and the undergrowth absent, which is annually accomplished by being burned, the surface is clothed in a mantle of verdure from April until November, and thousands of cattle browse over these extensive tracts until their sirloins fairly roll in fat. When looking over these broad stretches where the grass flourishes in primeval beauty, and sometimes untrodden by a single hoof, the wild flowers emblazoning these natural pastures with their modest beauty, and no human habitation to be seen, and no evidences of occupancy, it is not difficult to imagine this mountain landscape as it appeared before the discovery of America by Columbus.”

This much concerning the natural features. Now for a word or two about the garden vegetables and fruits of the Plateau,

especially as these, in a great measure, determine the state of the larder, the character of "living," and with many visitors are matters of the very first interest. It is almost incredible, yet is nevertheless true, that no soils in the State of Tennessee produce better vegetables than the generally sandy, but oftentimes argillaceous soils of the Table-land. Cabbages, onions, peas, beans, sweet and Irish potatoes, all make a fine return. The Irish potatoes grown here are unexcelled by any grown in America. They are not only large, but very mealy and of a delightfully mild flavor.

What has been said of garden vegetables may, with equal truth, be affirmed of almost all the fruits suited to the latitude. In all the South there is no place that will at all compare with the Table-land of Tennessee in the production of the apple. The orchards are not only numerous and extensive, but our mountain apples are positively remarkable—suffused with a delicate red blush, and invariably very tender and juicy. Nor is this all. Grapes grow here as luxuriously as those of the vineland of Schloss-Johannisberg, which have spread the fame of Rhenish wines over territory as wide as the world. Peaches and pears bear abundantly. Strawberries attain their most delicious sweetness on the mountain top, as also do raspberries (black and red), cherries, plums, currants and nearly all the smaller fruits. Water-mellons, muskmellons, and cantaloupes reach prodigious size, and are of the sweetest and richest flavor.

In addition to the foregoing, the Plateau is far-famed for the raising of poultry—chickens, turkeys, geese, and ducks fatten here as they fatten nowhere else. Eggs—fresh from the hen-nery; butter—yellow as gold, rich and toothsome; milk—abundant with cream, plentiful and delicious; and honey, sweet as that of Mt. Hymettus—all these are here, to tickle the palate and make the possessor of a well-filled paunch feel generous and noble; for, as Epaminondes is reported to have said of his table, "treason lurks not under such a dinner." And, indeed, this is a land literally flowing with milk and honey, for the abundant highway pasturage is capable of supplying unlimited food for producing a copious flow of milk, and the flowers that enamel the open woods and the blossoms that fill the air with their fragrant odors make this an Eden for the honey-bee.

Sunrise and Sunset on the Mountains.

But the *flora* and the foliage, nor the food, nor yet the mountain views, do not constitute all the beauties of the Plateau. Days follow days, and weeks chase weeks away, and many are as fresh and lovely as the verse-maker could wish. When day-

break comes and the light creeps up the distant hills, and in its wake soft purple shadows wrap the drowsy fields; when the pearl-gray sky turns red, then lilac, then rose, then azure, and the birds begin talking all at once, singing hymns, and pæans, and blithe good morrows; when watery diamonds twinkle on the green sward as if each dew drop held within its tiny bosom a restless heart of fire; when "jocund day stands tip-toe on the misty mountain tops"; when the sun first "opes the gates of morning" and, monarch-like, assumes the sceptre; then the landscape is more pretty and poetic than a picture. The air, though crisp and bracing, has yet a tonic draught of health-giving, life-prolonging ozone in every breeze. And thus on through golden sunrise clouds, through the fresh and busy hours of the morning, through the stillness of mid-day, through the harmonious repose of the afternoon, our little globe, pendent in space, swings in an atmosphere so balmy, it seems—

"The queen of the Spring, as she passed in
full sail,
Left her robe on the trees, and her breath
on the gale."

So, too, when the day is done, and evening, with its shadows, advances. The sunsets come with smiles to kiss the earth good night. One time the sky is filled with mid-air lakes and mountains—more lovely than the *mirage* in the desert; another time, there are seas crowded with crimson and purple sails—more exquisite than the satin-embroidered canvas Cleopatra unfolded to the winds when she sailed down the Cydnus; and still another and another—visions of golden-gated cities and glittering palaces; of burnished towers and steeples of surprising beauty; of jasper columns uplifted until they appear "under the walls of Paradise." And thus we may fall a dreaming, and, like Alnascar, build Spanish castles, and think them real—think them real because they are so true, yet so shadowy, so ethereal, they tell us how "Earth may pierce to Heaven," or Heaven bend down to Earth in divinest and kindest condescension.

Then again, sometimes Nature plays her pranks and demonstrates her fury by running the gamut of elementary divertisement in the march of the tempest and the tread of the storm. But these moments of passion and of pain are almost invariably of short duration, for she quite as freely hangs out over the valleys her bright bow of promise, at once a prismatic pledge of truce and gentle rebuke to wind and cloud. And then the naughty wind, like a rebellious child, when properly reprov'd, hides its face, and, nestling down, falls asleep on the soft bosom

of its mother. A storm on the mountain, therefore, while ever grand, is almost always a harmless sight.

Salubrity of the Climate on the Plateau.

Superlatives on this topic are justified. The climate of the Plateau is absolutely incomparable. Visitors are elated thereby; but residents also do not lose in appreciation. "See this breeze!" exclaimed an Ohio man, now twelve years on the Plateau; "you could not drive me out of this. Best place I ever saw to live in!" Another, an intelligent gentleman from Hartford, Connecticut, now living on the mountain, said: "I have traveled over the United States, from the Rocky Mountains to the Atlantic coast; from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico—in Summer and Winter, and I believe this climate to be the finest in all respects within my experience."

A low temperature, however, is not *per se* any evidence of the healthfulness of a locality. The mean temperature is a matter of far greater importance. On the Tennessee Plateau this is 54°. This is very near the point marked "temperate" on the thermometric scale. In order, however, to compare climates, we state that the mean annual temperatures of Boston is 48°; New York, 51°; Philadelphia, 50°; St. Augustine, Florida, 67°; Vienna, Austria, 55°; Milan, Italy, 54°. It has been ascertained that at a given time the highest range of the thermometer on the Plateau, from the 1st to the 11th of August, was 88°, while at Baltimore, and farther north, it ranged from 92° to 97° at the same date.

The bracing, elastic atmosphere—and we feel that we cannot dilate too much nor too strong as to this mountain air—allows long continued exercise out of doors without exhaustion. The rain-fall occurs mostly during the winter months, and is seldom of long duration, and rarely, if ever, stands upon the Table-land, as is the case with flat countries. And then, too, if we keep in mind that in all warm latitudes, the moment the sun sets the dew begins to fall, and the nightly rains are unusually heavy, we can at once see the tendency of such climates to breed noxious gases, quite a contrast to these quickly drained mountains, the sandy loam and the slopes, forming an incomparable system of natural sewerage, and actually *enforcing* the purity of the climate and atmosphere of this section, far more effectually than would be possible by all the learned boards of health in the world with an army of sanitary officers to execute their commands.

Hon. J. B. Killebrew, A. M. Ph. D., as Commissioner of Immigration for the State, has published a most valuable book, entitled "Resources of Tennessee," in which he touches extensively upon this subject. As Col. Killebrew is a scientist of great ability,

and a gentleman who is not liable to overstate a matter, we extract the following from his pages :

"The climate and healthfulness of the Table-land are proverbial. The mean annual temperature of this division of the State is 54°. The mean Summer temperature of the mountain is 70°. This temperature makes these airy heights a delightful abode during warm weather. The mean winter temperature is not lower than in the central parts of the State, being about 40°. The atmosphere in Summer is cool and bracing, and the lassitude so common in the low lands during that season is unfelt on the mountain. Chills and fevers are unknown. Consumption is unknown. Malaria, with its debilitating influences, is dissipated by the breezes that sweep so delightfully over the mountain top. The warmest nights in August are so cool that blankets are in demand. These summits of tranquil glory are charged with freshness and vitality, and the air produces an intoxication of spirits that makes life a joyous existence, and rids poverty of half its evils by destroying half its cares.

"*Water*, pure freestone, fresh and sparkling, can be found anywhere by digging from ten to twenty feet. When this water percolates through a ferruginous sand, it is chalybeate. It is delightfully cool."

Health on the Plateau.

We have already, unavoidably, touched upon the entire healthfulness of the Plateau, but it is a subject of such vast importance, it will stand all the elaboration and stress we can lay upon it. Confident that we utter truth, and without fear of successful contradiction, we affirm, this section, taken all in all, is the healthiest portion of the Union. The dangers from malarial fevers are far less, perhaps, than in any portions of the United States—North or South. The country is lifted above the malarial fever zone, above the region of cholera, and is absolutely free from yellow fever epidemics. The immense forests, the evenness of the temperature and salubrity of the mountain breezes—and here come those delightful breezes again—all of these prove not only a perpetual safeguard against such diseases, but afford the most health-giving situations in the world in which to live. Our most learned medical men say this is the fact because the Plateau breezes are dry, pure, free from moisture, unmixed with extraneous matter, charmingly balanced in humidity and sunshine, and rich in ozone and oxygen; tonic to the nature, invigorating the circulation, strengthening the nervous system, stimulating digestion and promoting the nutritious functions. Thus in every way favorable to those who are already suffering from lung complaints, ague and kindred ailments, and offering certain pre-

vention to those who have tendencies to pulmonary, catarrhal or febrile difficulties—the Cumberland Plateau extends cordial invitation. *The mortality from lung diseases is smaller than that of any known section of the American Continent, not excepting Florida or Southern California.* Invalids can come to the mountains without the necessity of acclimating themselves to it by degrees, as in the mountains of Colorado and California. Consumption is not a disease that originates here, and fevers of any sort are of rare occurrence. Many cases of both diseases are annually relieved by a residence on our mountains. In cases of incipient disease, where climatic influences may be beneficial, the effect is usually very speedy and sometimes remarkable.

The following extract from a valuable work on the Geology of Tennessee, by Prof. J. M. Safford, M. D., Ph. D., formerly State Geologist, but now occupying a chair in Vanderbilt University, Nashville, will be read with interest. It was originally from the pen of an accomplished gentleman and farmer, who has resided on the Table-land for many years :

“So much has been written about the Table-land of Tennessee, by interested parties, that any one stating the plain truth will be said by them to be an enemy to the progress of the State. Such persons have, in my opinion, been a real draw-back upon the prosperity and settlement of the Table-land. It is true of a country, as Washington Irving has said of a man, ‘The public will forgive a man anything sooner than being overpraised.’ So of a country ; if it be praised for that to which it is not entitled, visitors or emigrants, on being disappointed, will not give credit for its real merits.

“But many things belonging to the Table-land of this State can scarcely be overpraised. The water, the climate and the health have not been fully valued in the estimate of this part of our State. On the great Plateau of Tennessee, the soft, limpid purity of the water is admired by all observing travelers. The climate, equally exempt from the frigid vigor of the North and the debilitating heat of the South, is nowhere excelled for the comfort of its population. Here may be enjoyed the clearness and the brightness of an Italian atmosphere, without the baleful influence of the Maremma marsh, or debilitating effects of the African sirocco. Here Hygeia’s reign is undisputed. Neither cholera, consumption nor fever ever pretend to dispute her salutary sway. Visitors from the frozen shores of the St. Lawrence, or from the fenny bogs of the Carolinas, have met the invigorating breeze, and if health is to be found upon earth, they may hope for it here.”

But we are not yet done furnishing proof to sustain our position. We give below extracts from an essay delivered before the

Medical Society of the State of Tennessee, at its regular meeting in Nashville, in 1875. It is entitled, "A People without Consumption, and some Account of their Country, the Cumberland Table-land; by E. M. Wight, M. D., Chattanooga, Tenn." Dr. Wight, who recently deceased, greatly lamented, was one of the most eminent and successful physicians in the State; was a candidate for Governor in 1878; at one time President of the State Medical Society, and at his death was a member of the State Board of Health. Universally respected, and his opinions having great weight, we regard the following as gilt-edged testimony:

"During the ten years that I have practiced medicine in the neighborhood of the Cumberland Table-lands, I have often heard it said that the people on the mountains never had consumption. Occasionally a traveling correspondent from the North found his way down through the Cumberlands, and wrote back, filled with admiration for their grandeur, their climate, their healthfulness, and almost invariably stated that consumption was never known upon these mountains, except brought there by some person foreign to the soil, who, if he came soon enough, usually recovered. Similar information came to me in such a variety of ways and number of instances, that I determined, some four years ago, that I would make an investigation of this matter. These observations have extended over that whole time, and have been made with great care and as much accuracy as possible; and, to my own astonishment and delight, I have become convinced that *pulmonary consumption does not exist among the people native and resident to the Table-lands of the Cumberland Mountains*. In the performance of the work which has enabled me to arrive at this conclusion, I have had the generous assistance of more than twenty physicians, who have been many years in practice in the vicinity of these mountains. Their knowledge of the diseases which had occurred there extended over a period of more than forty years. Some of these physicians have reported the knowledge of the occurrence of deaths from consumption on the Table-lands, but when carefully inquired into, they have invariably found that the person dying was not a native of the mountains, but a sojourner in search of health.

"When we look over this magnificent Table-land, with its elevation of over one thousand feet above the surrounding country; and when we study its capabilities, and reflect upon the fact that in these grand old hills are stowed up the fuel for a thousand generations, while on their surface may be produced all the products of a much more northern latitude, the mind

naturally looks away in the future, when orchards and vineyards shall crown its glorious summit; when the lowing of herds shall mingle with the laughter of children; when the debilitated, fever-stricken pilgrim of the South, and the chilled consumptive of the North, shall alike flee from the destroyer to this GREAT SANITARIUM which a kind Providence has provided."

Supplementing the above, we also present the following personal letter from Dr. Wight, written only a few weeks before his death:

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., Sept. 10, 1880.

Theodore Cooley, Esq., First National Bank, Nashville, Tenn.:

DEAR SIR—I send you to-day a copy of a little pamphlet I wrote years ago, entitled, "A People Without Consumption, and Some Account of Their Country, the Cumberland Table-Land." If this can be made of any use to you, I shall be glad to have you use it in your own way. This is the last copy I have of the little thing, and when you have seen it and used it, if you will be kind enough to return it to me, I will thank you.

With proper care and hard work enough given to the "Guide," you can make it of great value, and I am rejoiced to know that so good a man has taken up the cause. Your Mont Eagle purchase is a good one. The place has abilities in it—only get them out. Our Cumberland Table-lands need showing up—advertising—visiting—seeing—feeling—enjoying—and when that is done by the many, the virtues of that great section will find acknowledgement.

Ask me to aid you in any way within my reach.

I am yours, very truly,

E. M. WIGHT.

Still another writer says: "They are a happy people, those mountaineers! They average ten to eighteen children to each household, and 'they all live to grow up.' Health is the rule, sickness the exception. Visitors constantly wonder at the large number of healthy old men—active, strong and vigorous."

But the fact is already established. The eminent healthfulness of the Plateau is proverbial, and cannot be gainsayed. It only remains for us to indicate to the visitor a locality where all of its natural advantages may be enjoyed in conjunction with the multiplied comforts that art, taste and money can devise and furnish. The place, then, to which we invite earnest and sagacious attention, is

Mont Eagle Springs.

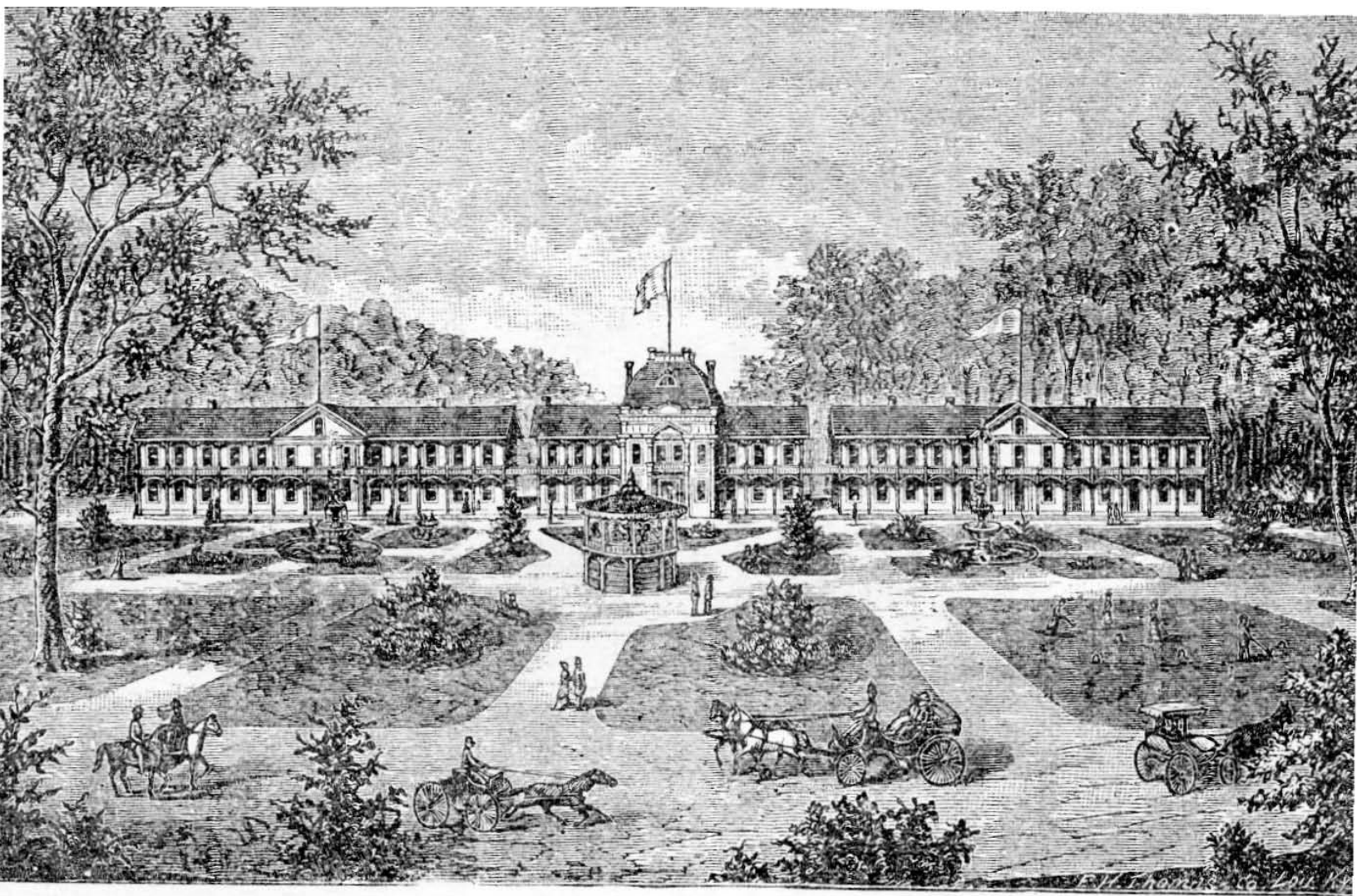
Mont Eagle Springs are situated on Cumberland Plateau, in Marion County, Tennessee, six miles north of Sewanee, fifteen miles from Cowan, seventy-nine miles from Chattanooga, and one hundred and two miles from Nashville.

The elevation here is 2,000 feet above tide-water, 1,000 feet

above Knoxville, and 300 feet above the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs of Virginia.

The point of location is at Moffat, an attractive and flourishing village immediately on the Tennessee Coal and Railroad Company's line. This village was founded in 1869, by Prof. John Moffat, formerly Commissioner of Immigration for Tennessee, and a gentleman of decided ability, enterprise and energy. The village proving prosperous, Prof. Moffat next proposed the greatest work of his life, in the establishment of an institution for the advancement of Christian education, in which it was designed to give free education to those not able to pay, and to be called "The Moffat Collegiate and Normal Institute." It was a magnificent and comprehensive scheme; the high Table-land of the Cumberland Plateau, its centrality, accessibility and sanitary advantages, all conspired favorably with the scheme. But a lack of means, and "a conflict of titles," operated against the success of the plans, and these lying dormant for several years, the village—favored by nature—began to develop great possibilities as a watering-place and summer resort. These latter tendencies were so unmistakable the past two or three seasons that greater accommodations were absolutely demanded by the crowds of visitors who flocked thither from the Southern and central States. Recently the property was purchased by a company of gentlemen, and the name of the place, for sake of euphony and appropriateness, was, by permission of the Washington authorities, changed from Moffat to Mont Eagle.

An organization was then effected, regularly incorporated under the laws of Tennessee, and called "The Mont Eagle Springs Hotel Company." The Board of Directors is, Major A. W. Wills, President; Theodore Cooley, Treasurer; Lytton Taylor, Secretary; T. M. Steger, W. M. Shetters, Dr. Telfair Hodgson, Howard Gordon (late of Mobile), and R. H. Howell. Thoroughly enthusiastic in the advantages of that section as a summer resort, and backing their enthusiasm with ample capital, they contracted for the building of an elegant and spacious hotel, of which W. H. Cussack, of Nashville, is the architect. This hotel is capable of comfortably, and even elegantly, accommodating 500 guests, and will be opened to the public June 1, 1881, under the management of Mr. W. L. DeGraw, an able, experienced and polite hotel man, who thoroughly understands the art of entertaining.



MONT EAGLE SPRINGS HOTEL.

Mont Eagle Hotel and Grounds.

The hotel building is a first-class modern and unique structure, and in keeping with the illustration elsewhere given. It was constructed from designs by W. H. Cussack, architect, Nashville. It presents a facade 320 feet in length by 150 feet in its greatest depth. In front of this facade are three bold projections or ells, which break up pleasantly the long line of the principal front. The central projection is surmounted by a large square dome, around the top of which is a richly ornamented balustrade, where an extended view of the surrounding country can be had, and above which rises a lofty flag-staff with the National colors ever flying.

The principal entrance is in the central portion of the building, which is made prominent by a projecting balcony and pediment above—an ornamental crowning, very attractive. This principal front is laid off in panel-work and richly ornamented cornices. In the central portions of this building may be found the parlors, reception rooms, offices, etc. A large hall, ten feet wide, leads to the dining-room, which is an elegant and spacious apartment, 40x80 feet, lighted on four sides by fourteen windows and reached by folding doors. This dining-room is detached from the main building ten feet, but connected by a hall ten feet wide. In the same way the culinary department is again disconnected (except by a hall), so that while the whole appearance is that of convenience, comfort and cheerfulness, the noise of rattling dishes, the irrepressible tantara of servants, and the heat and odor of cooking, is kept from entering the hotel proper. These are points only too seldom looked after in a majority of watering-place hotels.

The chambers are in the first and second stories of the main building and north and south wings. They are reached by wide corridors and large, roomy stair-cases, four in number, and so situated as to be of easy access. The rooms are so arranged that the visitor can have single apartments or *en suite* in any part of the building. None of the rooms, however, are narrow or contracted, but all have been constructed *to live in*. And we may as well state here that the furniture of the entire building is new and fashionable. The management have paid especial attention to this feature, and can truthfully say no watering-place hotel in the South is better or more tastefully equipped.

The ball-room—a gem in its way—is also a detached building, but connected by a suitable vestibule. During the season a first-class band of music will be regularly employed for the ball-room and for concerts given from the band pavilion on the lawn. Masquerade and fancy dress balls will constitute one of the charms of the place.

In another detached building, though convenient, will be found the bar and billiard rooms. The former will be presided over by a gifted "mixologist" from the city, and supplied with the very best the country affords; while the latter will be fitted up with the latest, improved tables and appurtenances. The bowling-alley, and the roller skating rink, the best that can be constructed, are also near the hotel; while a gymnasium has also been suitably fitted up.

The grounds in front of the building have been greatly beautified—laid off in English gardening style, having drives, walks, rock-work, fountains, and in the immediate front a picturesque pagoda for a music stand.



PAVILION IN CHILDREN'S PLEASURE GROUND.

In the immediate rear of the hotel is a lovely woodland of young oaks, a miniature Boscobel, which has been set aside as a children's pleasure ground. It has swings, flying-jennys and all

manner of contrivances for the entertainment of little ones, where they can repair during all stages of weather, a covered stand having also been built. This is a novel feature with the Mont Eagle Company, and will strike many as a happy idea.

Not the least attraction is the fact that a stylish livery will be kept, including a number of thoroughbred saddle horses, well broken, and some of them gentle enough for ladies and children. The roads on the Plateau are lovely. Like prairie roads, they are compact and level, and the more used the better they become.

In the immediate vicinity of the hotel are almost any number of springs—freestone, chalybeate, and alum—the waters of which are delightfully cold and limpid. One of the largest of these freestone springs is made to furnish the water supply for the hotel, fountains, etc., by means of pipes and one of Ericcson's newly patented caloric pumps. Near this spring work has been commenced on a lake about five acres in extent, which will afford a delightful bathing place, and being stocked with game fish, prove attractive to the angler.

Mont Eagle has also all of the modern advantages—money-order post-office, telegraphic communications and railway connections, affording a daily mail and bringing the metropolitan newspapers, some of the latter on the day of publication.

Points of Great Natural Beauty Around Mont Eagle.

In the vicinage of Mont Eagle are many points of great natural beauty and of decided interest to visitors. As most of these "views" are on the domain of the Mont Eagle Company, no extra charge is made for guides or for the enjoyment of the sights. Striking off into the forest the roads lead one into all sorts of romantic places and romantic situations. Verdant vistas, shaded lanes, forest drive-ways, cosy foot-paths, entice even the invalid to exercise, whilst life out of doors tones the physical system, elevates the rambler, raises the spirits, softens the heart and enkindles in the soul sublime thoughts that sometimes surge and swell until, like the vibrations of sound, they broaden out into endless circles through indefinite space. The pallid mist that delays the morning, the sensuous sweeps of meridian color, the gigantic cloud shapes that stand out against the sleepy blue of the afternoon sky, like exaggerations of some famous sculptor's great marble dreams, are the same that Adam knew, and Solomon, and the Chaldean shepherds. The fiery sumach in the edge of the wood over yonder on the sandstone bluffs, is a repetition of the burning bush that Moses saw; and the quivering shadows that trifle with the twilight have "come down to us" from the mirages

that the fishermen gazed at along the low shores of "the sacred sea." Old, old—old as the hills, and yet ever new, and ever rich and varied. What surprises of beauty, what pathos of painting and shading, what forefiguring of gaunt and ragged desolation! But in this we must not anticipate, for it is a matter of impossibility for the sight-seer or the pleasure-seeker to "take in" all of the views in one day, or even a week. Excursion parties can be made up to visit certain groups, and when this is the case they generally take their luncheon and spend all day picnicing in the woods.

The Mont Eagle Company has been very enterprising in clearing out the avenues and placarding the trees, so that there is little danger of being lost. However, as the visitor will need a *cicerone*, we offer our services in the following pages, and first conduct them to

Satterwhite's Ravine.

This truly noble canon is situated two miles east of Mont Eagle Springs, and is in every way worth visiting. It is a rough, romantic gorge, down which a mountain stream rushes, and the scenery is expressive of varied and contrasting beauty. The ravine is flanked by almost perpendicular walls of stone, fully two hundred feet high, to the bottom of which it seems almost impossible for a man to descend—the path, a narrow ledge in the face of the cliff, overhanging a deep chasm, at the base of which the waters chafe and struggle and brawl. But as there are ways to meet these difficulties, so we can soon find ourselves in safety, though apparently *cul de sac*. Now, looking about us in astonishment and admiration, we see the canon is rich in a series of cascades dropping from one ledge to another with deep pools and shallows intervening. The world and the things of the world are shut out, and we seem to be struggling amid the ruins of some older creation. The rocks take on more grotesque forms. The air is cold and moist. Overhead the gray walls rise tier upon tier, inclining gradually toward each other, until finally, far upward, only a narrow strip of sky can be seen, with the light struggling dimly through a fringe of pines and beeches. It is such a weird gloomy pass—the place seems haunted! Yet it is such a peaceful spot. Perhaps the muses dwell not far from here, and this would be a favorable place to woo them. Here, alone, shut round by the wild record writ in stone—

Deep in the rock-ribb'd mountain side,
Beneath the overhanging cliff, where wide
The gaping wound of centuries stands riven—

Where starlight never comes, and of all heaven
 But one faint line of shadowy blue is seen.
 A place the sun has long forgot. Where lean
 White ferns from out a craggy ledge, whose feet
 A silver streamlet clasps with broken murmers sweet.
 A scooped out hollow, where earth's throbbing heart
 Of restless fire has torn her breast apart,
 And left a sunken scar. Where mosses sleep
 In velvet patches, and wild ivies creep
 With clinging hold. While over all,
 Like fairy whisperings from the waterfall,
 Comes distant music.

Mont Eagle Falls.

At the head of Satterwhite's Ravine may be found Mont Eagle Falls, the most picturesque cataract imaginable, whose charming situation sets the sentimental wild with delight, and whose fantastical and fickle beauty affords a scene that would honor artists' canvas and inspire poetic song. We look up and behold an enchanting back-ground of sky and cliff. We look down, and the plunge or descent of the falls is fully sixty feet to the circular rock basin below. The stream is then divided by intervening ledges of natural terraces, cut by erosion, but so regular as to appear the handiwork of man. Separated now into several cascades, then reuniting on a flat below, and veering suddenly around an inclination of rocky steps, the waters force their way down the ravine and plunge into a kind of caldron below. The color of the water here is of an extraordinary opalescent hue. Indeed, it resembles a cascade of melted opal, or of liquid, translucent gems—opal, topaz and porphyry, as far as the color goes. But what can compare to the exquisite character of its changing tints? For, as the water descends, that which was brown or blue or yellow becomes lighter and lighter until actually white, and then, as it nears the sombre rocks at its base, becomes dark again. It is like the changing sheen on velvet, or the glancing lights on the finest fur, or, still better, like the cheek of some fair woman, "when the rose hue wanders out and in."

All these views are still further varied by mixture with the magnificent shades of foliage, reflections cast from the overhanging trees on the cliff and the sides of the glen, and still further heightened by the angle of the observer's eye. A lovely illustration of Mont Eagle Falls in chromo-lithography is chosen as our frontispiece.



LAKESIDE VIEW IN THE DELLS OF THE CUMBER-
LAND, NEAR MONT EAGLE SPRINGS.

Lillian Cascade.

This is simply a picturesque gem—a gem placed in the green casket of the surrounding hill country, and is so beautiful it has been made one of the subjects of illustration on our cover page. It is distant from Mont Eagle Falls about one hundred yards, and is a branch of the stream forming a junction in Satterwhite's Ravine—the main stem coming from Mont Eagle Falls, and the other, the one we are now describing. Lillian Cascade is a beautiful brooklet which comes trickling down over a natural stairway of perfectly regular rocks, giving a succession of at least forty or fifty distinct falls, and widening as it descends, finally merging into a considerable rivulet below. The enameled stones over which it passes are covered with an exquisite coating of mosses, ferns and flowers. The lily-of-the-valley grows wild here, and above, on the cliffs, are pines and holly.

Just below Lillian Cascade the waters, now swollen to a rapid stream, dash through a narrow gorge to a wild and quite inaccessible parapet, over immense boulders and between ever-changing and always interesting bluffs, on toward its outlet in Battle Creek Valley.

Altogether, the Ravine is exceedingly curious, and presents a succession of views which deserve to take rank with the finest to be seen among the dalles of the Cumberland.

Wills' Point.

About one-fourth mile west of Satterwhite's Ravine, at the junction of Summer's Ravine, stands a bold and romantic column of sandstone, as imposing as the celebrated Castle of Heidelberg or quite as romantic as the famous Ehrenbreitstein, that so delights every traveler who has ever visited the Rhine. The cliff is at least one hundred and fifty feet high, and gives a magnificent view of two beautiful intervalles. It has been called Wills' Point in honor of Maj. A. W. Wills, of Nashville, Tenn., the popular President of the Mont Eagle Springs Hotel Company. Elsewhere, our artist has beautifully illustrated the "Point" in chromo-lithography.

Elenore Cascade.

At the head of Summer's Ravine, a few hundred yards above Wills' Point, is a lovely little waterfall called Elenore Cascade. It is one of the most attractive cascades on the Plateau, and takes rank with Mont Eagle Falls, Lillian Cascade, and other inviting spots of beauty with which this region abounds. It is hard to determine which of its features are surest to win the heart and eye of the beholder—the stream of continuous silver that flashes in the sunlight or the strain of ceaseless music in which we recognize the voice of the Creator as distinctly as in the loudest accents of His thunder.

Alpine View.

Four miles from Hotel Mont Eagle is situated Alpine View, accessible over a lovely mountain road. It presents a study so varied and so grand in perspective, we shall ask the reader first to observe the illustration given on the cover-page, and then to employ the imagination in picturing a deep transverse valley cutting into the heart of the Plateau, and guarded by a semi-circular rampart of bold, steep mountains. From the dizzy precipice above, where the best view is obtained, one can look

down many hundreds of feet and observe one of the loveliest landscapes in this Western world—a pensive and secluded vale, shaded by massive beeches and oaks, and domed by a sky soft and tender as Italia's. Below us is spread out a happy scene: cultivated fields and green-tinted meadows; glimpses of a winding brook; cattle browsing on the hillside, and so dimly distant they seem diminutive red and white "polka dots"; cozy farm houses and primitive cabins—some so primitive they look "like some patched doghole eked with ends of wall." But here and there is a real home-like place, and here and there a blue column of smoke issuing forth, hesitating, then mounting to the clouds and spreading out like a soldier's plume at a country muster. Altogether, the view is truly Alpine, and it needs only a few herdsmen *en costume* and an Alpine horn to sound the far-famed *Ranz des Vaches*, to persuade one that this is the classic land of the Switzer.

The rocky, precipitous edge of the Table-land forms the eastern and western boundaries of this picturesque hollow, called Battle Creek Valley, which has an area two miles wide and fifteen miles long, terminating north in what is known as Buried-in-Cove. This cove almost cuts the Plateau in twain, which here forms the narrowest part of the Table-land—it being only about four and a half miles wide, while in some places the Plateau is forty or fifty miles across. Buried-in-Cove has a singular history, and derives its quaint name from the fact that during the war a Federal scout in the van of the United States army was captured here by a roving band of bushwackers, brutally murdered and buried in this cove. Hence the name, "Buried-in-Cove."

Extending south, the valley gives a beautiful view of the road leading to Jasper, with the famous battle-scarred Lookout Mountain in the back-ground, penciling its ambitious outlines against the sky, and forming a steel-blue rim along the horizon. The grand effect is additionally heightened when the atmosphere is rarified, and by means of a field glass, one can look across to the tall peaks of the Unakas, full one hundred miles away, and which, an intelligent gentleman from Boston says, is "a scene of itself worth a journey from New England."

Saltpetre Cave.

Saltpetre Cave is distant about four miles from Mont Eagle, northeast. Its opening is in Bell's Cove, to which the visitor descends, it generally requiring a full day to "do" its sights with satisfaction. During the war the Confederate government had a large force here engaged in extracting saltpetre from the

soil within the cavern, where some of the old vats—now decayed and fallen to pieces—may be observed. A party of Confederate workmen, sixty in number, were surprised and captured here by United States cavalry.

It would be difficult to properly describe the beauty and wonderful character of its innumerable apartments—some of them with gypsum flowers, snowy white concretions of a thousand forms. Saltpetre Cave is one of the great natural wonders of this wonderful mountain region, and deserves to be ranked second only to the world-renowned Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, and the justly famous Weyer's Cave in Virginia. Its length, so far as explored, is fully one and a half miles, and when fully known is no doubt much greater. The managers of Mont Eagle Hotel have placarded the various avenues and chambers, and, even without a guide, its winding labyrinths are easily explored. Some of these apartments have been appropriately named: Christmas Chamber, Whispering Gallery, Dead Man's Bones, Sicilian Grotto, Giant's Causeway, Jeanette Avenue, Albermale Avenue, "She Stoops to Conquer," Fat Man's Squeeze, Boulder Glen, etc., etc.

The floors of many of these subterranean chambers are covered with immense boulders and fallen masses of rocks, which, in these dark vaults, have partly crumbled, and when seen under the flickering lights of the lamps, are magnified many fold and sometimes by the imagination are changed into ghastly and ghostly shapes. Indeed, the mind is constantly diverted and occupied by the sights one sees. We seem to move in some enchanted realm, where the caprice of weird beings has created strange figures, and hewn out abodes for gnomes and genii and inhabitants who live not as men live. Chambers and branch caverns penetrate far into the bowels of the mountain, and although there is deep darkness and death-like stillness—so deathly still as to be oppressive—if one listens he can hear the inner chambers give forth a sonorous and uncertain noise, like the sighing and the sobbing of some great spirit buried centuries upon centuries ago.

Saltpetre Cave also has many beautiful stalactites and stalagmites, quite remarkable for their variety and curious formation. In short, to use the enthusiastic words of another, it is "a vast subterranean labyrinth of glittering grottos and iridescent galleries, where stalactites of extraordinary brilliancy sparkle in the torchlight and hang from the fretted roof like the corbels and foliated pendants of a gothic cathedral. Here are pulpits and organs, audience chambers and throne rooms; here the ceaseless petrification takes all manner of beautiful and fantastic shapes,

throwing its drapery around the form of a vestal or fastening its jewels to the person of a queen, as the visitor passes along its crystal colonnades and stops delighted before its frozen cataracts."

Forrest Point.

One and a half miles northwest from Mont Eagle Hotel is Forrest Point, one of the grandest, most magnificent mountain prospects east of the Rockies. By many visitors it is considered the master-view, the scene *par excellence* on Cumberland Plateau. Standing on its jutting eminence we discover a grand tableaux of exquisite scenery. In one direction, a country not yet entirely reclaimed from a state of nature; wide expanses, pleasing prospects and old and savage forests; brooks and creeks; hills and hillocks; spurs of mountain, ledge and cliff—from the low-browed knoll to that of lofty grandeur, and crowned with forest growth. In another direction, we see valuable woodlands skirting cultivated tracts; pastures and garden spots; farm-houses nestling in dreamy quiet, and hamlets, villages and towns spread out over the far-reaching valley like the islands that make up the Grecian Archipelago. To the right and left is an amphitheatre of hills—beyond are mountain ranges, stretching in parallel lines far away to north and south. Partly enclosed in this concave indentation, and three miles above, is Hollingsworth's Cove. From the base of Forrest Point the valley opens out into a noble arena ten miles wide and probably one hundred miles long, giving a view of Manchester (thirty miles distant), Murfreesboro (eighty miles) and the hills of Franklin, the latter at least ninety miles west. Nearer the point may be seen Pelham's Valley, the village of Pelham, and the winding, woody banks of Elk River. In the broad open sunlight the view from here—with or without telescope—is superb, and even when "the skies drop down their garnered fullness" and clouds hang beneath on the mountain side, it excites warmest admiration. The mist over the landscape, like a veil over beauty's breast, only heightens the charms it half conceals. Our artist has given a reduced sketch of this view which will be seen on the cover-page.

Forrest Point is so named in honor of General N. B. Forrest, the dauntless cavalryman of the Confederacy. While on the retreat from Middle Tennessee with his bold riders, he made this place an observatory from which he watched the movements of of the Federal forces. His skirmishers engaged the Federal vanguard just below, checking General Rosecranz' advance, while Forrest passed down the other side of the mountain, and joined General Bragg at Chattanooga.

Duncan's Point.

A good many people say "honors are easy," as between Forrest Point and Duncan's Point, while a good many others stoutly maintain the latter is the more interesting. Duncan's Point is one mile from the hotel, immediately south of Forrest Point, though on a different spur. It was named by the ladies of Fairmount College, in honor of Mr. Duncan Green, son of Bishop Green, of Mississippi. It overlooks the hamlet and village of Pelham, and is within sight and earshot of Fairmount Falls. The view it presents is of a domain as picturesque as any man would wish to look upon in these latitudes. A warm, rich valley picture, and, as Chateaubriand would say, "abundant in flocks and cherished by the gods." A dark, forest-fringed alcove, running up under its protecting arms. A shady recess, the snug-gest of leafy hiding nooks—fit dwelling place for fairies. A silvery cascade, breaking not far below, and filling the air with such cadences and such pleasing echoes, one is half persuaded the sad-fated nymph still lingers here and repeats her beloved Narcissus' name. Open patches, where the sun gets in and goes to sleep, and the winds come so finely sifted that they are soft as swan's down; stately forests of trees, in stretches of miles; birches, oaks, most numerous, many of them hung with moss and mistletoe, and looking venerable as bearded Druids hirsute with "the snow-fall of Time"; while some are coiled in the affectionate clasp of dark-stemmed grapevines. Rocks—huge, vast, Gibraltar-ramparts, forming an impregnable fortress, fashioned by Nature's hand and seemingly high above the power of mortal to scale, dislodge or disturb. There, then, is the rough outlines of your picture, but be assured, it is a study worthy the genius of a Bierstadt.

Two peculiar charms about Duncan's Point remain to be told. First, that the mountain here is covered with trailing arbutus that flowers in February and March and oftentimes pushes its pink and white blossoms up above the snow. Then, the view from here at night is grand beyond description, whether the sky be filled with its wilderness of throbbing stars or whether the the full orb'd moon sails through unflecked ether—

"Then it bears a shining story,
Traced in phosphorescent glory,
Only legible by night."

Table Rock.

Table Rock, one and a fourth miles west from Mont Eagle Hotel, is one of the most striking bits of rock scenery on the Plateau. A lofty column of rock, with its base planted in the mountain side, its pedestal dissevered, and capped by a smooth and polished top—it is a very fine representation of a centre-table. The top is entirely covered with lichens and mosses, as if Nature herself proposed a banquet, and placed thereon a finer spread than damask. This spot is the frequent resort of picnic and pleasure parties, and many a romantic and amorous legend attaches to it, for it affords every advantage for the utterance of "sweet nothings" during the dismemberment of a chicken or the demolition of a sandwich.

To stand upon its dizzy prominence, and gaze down into the deep gorge below, gives one very much the sensation of being suspended in space, and as a lover's lot is generally that of suspense, the befitting situation will be recognized at once. However, the place has an all-powerful antidote to despondency, for a certain sense of fragrance breathes coolly out of the woods around and below, and the clear-cut picture of a forest and farming land, over which one may look for miles and miles, sends up exhalations of balms and odors and stimulating pungencies.

Giant's Coffin.

About fifty yards south of Table Rock is an immense rectangular block of sandstone projecting from the side of the mountain, and at an altitude of several hundred feet from the bottom of the gorge. It is one of those enormous barren rocky ribs that seem to hold the mountain in its place, though in its Atlas-like task it has been scarred by time and tempest. The superstructure, if we may so term it, owing to the erosion of the waters, has developed into a wonderful formation—quite a clever representation of an immense "tomb in Arqua reared in air." And if it be true that a giant's bones repose therein, while they may not have the regal entombment of Mausoleus at Halicarnassus, yet, for all earthly purposes, this huge stone casket serves as well, and moreover, defies the body snatchers.

Leaning Tower.

Leaning Tower, so called because of its fancied outline resemblance to the celebrated Leaning Tower at Pisa, Italy, is situated about fifty yards south of the Giant's Coffin. It is an immense column of rock one hundred and fifty feet high, lean-

ing over the mountain side apparently to get a peep at its feet. From the Tower another fine view of Pelham's Valley is obtained, and indeed, such are all the views from this spur. This part of the mountain is very rich with laurel, ivy and other equally desirable mountain plants.

Lover's Leap.

What would a pleasure resort among the mountains amount to without a "Lover's Leap"? Scarcely a watering place on the American Continent, of any pretensions whatever, that does not claim one, but Mont Eagle Springs is blessed with one that is a *bona fide* feature, and, therefore, a point of decided interest. Situated about one mile north of the hotel it is, so to speak, a bold promontory jutting out at the intersection of Hollingsworth's Cove and Crack Neck Cove, the latter being the valley where the old stage road ran along the foot of the mountains. The cliff has an appearance of genuine romanticism about it, having a vertical height of fully three hundred feet, and is clothed with mosses and rock-plants. And, besides, "they do say," that in the long gone ages when true love had a foothold on earth, a desperate lovelorn Indian maiden, daughter of the tribal Chief, having incurred her father's opposition to her marriage with a stranger warrior, poor but ragged, the two dusky lovers met here by agreement and, clasped in each other's arms, sung the wild death-song of her tribe, and then, hand in hand, leaped from this romantic precipice into the rugged valley and shadow below.

Another legend is, that a young Indian maiden of the Shawnee tribe, standing on this point waiting for the return of her lover from battle, saw the warriors carrying his dead body to the burial ground in the valley, and in her great grief threw herself from the rock and fell a corpse at their feet.

Either legend seems entirely reasonable, because "Lover's Leap" is on a spur of the mountain, and it is evident the unhappy lovers acted entirely "on the spur of the moment"; and, moreover, because, as before stated, such romances are recorded in connection with many other less favorable localities, which, even did we not claim this as the most advantageous crag in the country for such a performance, we would still urge the point, believing that the aborigines of Tennessee were quite as constant in love affairs as the aborigines of any other section.

Winston's Ravine.

Three miles southwest from the hotel, over a fine mountain road, is Winston's Ravine, a weird, wild gorge, said by many to be strikingly like the celebrated Canons of the Colorado. It is quite deep and narrow, and high cliffs on either hand render it also dark and shadowy, and as the valley advances it grows still deeper and darker and wilder. No better proof that it has preserved all the charms of primeval solitude need be given than that there is not a sign of "Gargling Oil" or "Stove Polish" to mar the beauties of the region, and surely the sound of the hand organ has never been heard in the land.

Winston's Cascade.

Passing down into this gorge one comes upon the clear waters of a mountain stream, transparent as crystal, rushing over a rocky clift and tumbling fifty feet below, with a noise and pother very like, we opine, that of the famous Cascade of Lodore, and with such a picturesqueness of dark green in the foliage, and brilliant refractions and reflections of broken sunlight in the descending drops, that were "Winston's Cascade" in the Adirondacks thousands would flock to see it, and we should have had pictures of it by the score.

The approach to the cascade (or perhaps it is more properly a waterfall) is of comparatively easy descent, by a pathway leading down the sides of the ravine, and then up to and under the falls, where a large chamber has been worn out by the action of the water. Above, from the side of the Plateau, hangs an enormous beetling crag, one hundred feet high, which seems ready to topple over and bury all below, but which notwithstanding is deep-rooted to the mountain—cemented there by its own vast ponderosity. A handsome view of the cascade is had from the hollow below, and no more charming picture could be desired. How the flood heaves and eddies, and rushes on through the giant gap of the stupenduous cliffs that seem the work of Titans, garmented with the nodding verdure of the green summer! How the leaves refreshed by the life-giving moisture of the spray, dance and whirl and bow and courtesy in the tickling breezes of this enchanting spot! And how the merry birds sit on the limbs and swing and sing in the mellow sunlight, while the sky above glitters like some immense blue jewel! Sometime, when the rains are heavy, within an hour's time the little brook becomes a bold mountain torrent, and rushes down the ravine with an angry roar at being aroused from its dreamy

peacefulness, and with a mad impetuosity seems to threaten destruction to things in the valley beyond. At other times, one could fancy this the "Sweet Vale of Avoca," for "there is not in the wide world a valley so sweet."

Wildwood Spring.

Only a few yards below Winston's Cascade, stealing out from its hiding-place under immense rocks, is a lovely little fountain known as Wildwood Spring. The scenery around—mountain, rock and rich wooding, is extraordinarily grand in its magnificent disorder and rude and rugged features. What an union of contrarieties here presents itself! What a contrast between this gentle voiced brooklet and the frowning cliffs that enclose the deep gorge and give it a home! And yet this contrast only brings out the beauty of the one and the sublimity of the other ten-fold heightened and intensified. This place should be visited by all the guests at Mont Eagle. The glen below the spring is quite inviting, and a good place to escape the heat of the sun, while the many rustic retreats and sylvan bowers will make it a favorite spot for picnicians.

Cooley's Rift.

Ascending now from Winston's Ravine, only a short walk northward is necessary to reach Cooley's Rift, so named by a number of enthusiastic friends, in honor of Mr. Theodore Cooley, the popular Treasurer of the Mont Eagle Company. This point of attraction is a vast cliff or mass of gnarled or shattered rock, or rather a vertical rift in a rocky bluff, down which one may look hundreds of feet and see tall trees appear as dwarfed and stunted shrubbery. It requires a good leap to clear the chasm, hence the pleasure of getting over is somewhat thrilling. The fissure is widening year by year, and some day will let go all hold and go thundering down, down to the profound valley. At present, however, when viewed from the opposite side of the gorge—from which point our elegant illustration was made—this cliff stands out with singular boldness and sharpness of outline, resembling a huge fortification, difficult to scale and impossible to destroy. From this point, looking northward, another fine view of Pelham's Valley is obtained.

Steger's Glen.

Only one-half mile northwest of the hotel may be found Steger's Glen, one of the most attractive points of interest in

this region of surprises. It is near the "Blockade" or old Stage Road, and being so near at hand, and entirely accessible, is the objective point with many visitors, and, especially the ladies, for an afternoon's quiet ramble. The little valley has been named in honor of Capt. T. M. Steger, and is a mutual compliment worthily bestowed. Many immense and curious rock formations are to be seen here, while the glen abounds in a series of picturesque spots worthy of detailed description. Chief among them is—

Little Minnehaha Falls.

This lovely bit of "Laughing Water" never fails to charm the visitor. Although not so extensive as the far-famed cascade—

"In the land of the Dacotahs,
Where the Falls of Minnehaha
Flash and gleam among the oak trees,
Laugh and leap into the valley—"

yet it is pronounced transcendently beautiful when the current, hitherto pellucid and gently murmuring, suddenly grows impetuous and makes a thrilling vault, like an acrobat, over a wall of almost perpendicular rock, the stream breaking into a million braided rills, and falling like a shower of mingled diamonds and snowflakes on the rocks below. Little Minnehaha is the main fall in Steger's Glen, and is followed by several other cascades pouring over perpendicular benches. The benches, as will be seen in the superb colored illustration elsewhere, project sufficiently to give considerable rapidity to the current, which "laughs and leaps," and roars and tumbles, until it drowns all other sounds in the valley. When the sun is mid-sky and the mountain above is illumined with the brightness of noontide, little disjointed sunbeams work their way through the over-arching trees and image their light in the spray, adding prismatic beauty to that already so beautiful. Thus ever down, down eternally, fall those wonderfully-wrought flowing draperies of snow-white waters, and Little Minnehaha voices forth praise of the Omnipotent in the never-ceasing music of its cataract.

Juniata Dell.

One of our subjects of illustration on the cover page is that of a secluded and deeply-shaded nook, "beautiful as a thought and sublime as an idea," and that is Juniata Dell in Steger's Glen. This little valley also has its cascade, and the water trickles be-

tween banks whose grassy margins soften into exquisite grace the brooklet, until suddenly—as if a thought just then suggested it—it quickens pace and takes a running jump from a precipice and shatters itself into a thousand forms on the rocks below. The air about is freighted with soft wild-wood odors; the winds make sweeter music than ever the herdsman's god drew forth from his Pandean pipes. But the very noises have a heart of peace within them. The sad or joyful echoes of a thousand dead summers seem to linger yet in those leafy recesses. Thus divided off from the rest of the world, like Rasselas' Happy Valley of Abyssinia, one feels more like chewing the "cud of sweet and bitter thought" than in making vain attempt to describe Juniata Dell on paper. Our artist, however, has succeeded finely in his sketch, as will be seen by glancing at the cover-page.

Sweet Fern Cave.

Still another "beauty-spot" in Steger's Glen is Sweet Fern Cave. The visitor here is more than repaid by the sight of a cool, inviting cavern, worn under the sandstone rocks by the crumbling away of the soft earth. The roof or dome is an immense rock, fifty feet high, which covers a shadowy basin. In this basin and on the whole side of the mountain, the greatest affluence of sweet fern grows, and from this the cave gains its poetic and appropriate name. Some of the ferns are marvels in their way, the delicate traceries on their tiny fronds being as soft and smooth as silk embroidery. The trees grow here as some one has said of the trees on the borders of Lake Killarney—"as if they had enjoyment in their growth"—and the richly-foliaged slopes, the variety of small herbage, pretty wild plants, lichen-clad and moss-clothed stones, all add to the enrichment of the landscape, and give us a scene altogether ultra-mundane and almost heavenly. The reader will be greatly aided in appreciating our description by glancing at the exceedingly faithful illustration of the "Opening to Sweet Fern Cave" given in one of our inserts.

Fairmount Falls.

In that lovely Andalusian vale visible from Duncan's Point, may be found Fairmount Falls. The rocks here are quite bold, and are fringed from top to bottom with exquisite mosses, extending down to the pathway. The rock ledge from which the water falls is quite naked and full fifty feet high, showing its stratification tier upon tier. The top shelves over somewhat, and the water pours over this in a superb sheet, half crystal, half

violet, while below it grows angry, and, like a maddened bull, goes bellowing and roaring down the valley, rushing off as a wild cataract, leaping over the various strata in a succession of infinitely varied falls, combining the forms of gentlest cascade and savage torrent—very attractive. This has been very prettily shown by the deft hand of our artist.

Below the Falls is a remarkably beautiful dale, finely wooded, chiefly with live oak, the branches of which are interlaced so artistically, they resemble the aisles of a cathedral, and from which depend garlands that seem the cobwebs of centuries that have never been swept away. Pausing in this secluded spot for a luncheon at mid-day, only a glimpse of the sun is visible here and there through the interstices of the leaves—making it a royal spot for junketing—the *beau ideal* of a place for a *fete champetre*.

Tangled Waters.

Tangled Waters is the name given to an odd little cascade which winds and twists, in the most intricate and provokingly attractive manner, among the boulder rocks of a ravine only ten minutes walk in the front of the hotel. The water drops from one rocky ledge to another, foaming and seething, while to one side a thin stream, falling from a considerable height, spreads itself out in a silver mist, and mingles its waters with those in the sombre rock-bound channel beneath. As on and down the streamlet flows, its complex beauties are so puzzling, that for metaphor's sake, we can but conclude this stream is a queen, with flowing robe, as if of molten emeralds, with a fringe of pearls and diamonds, for to nothing else in color or brilliancy may be likened the vivid green of the waters, the flashing and whiteness of the spray.

Double Falls.

No one thing will strike the visitor to Mont Eagle more forcibly than the remarkable number and variety of waterfalls, cascades, etc., in this immediate region. And but few are to be seen anywhere more worth seeing than the little Double Falls, to be found in a branch of the same ravine that contains the "Tangled Waters." Quite lovely in the grouping of rocks and foliage, the surroundings would seem the work and haunt of fairies, whilst the noisy rapids that monopolize the acoustic privileges of this glen, rage and boil as some tumultuous sea in miniature.

Other Points of Interest.

A large number of views well worth visiting must pass without minute description. Everywhere, in every direction, you find the softest natural beauties, undulating sward, sylvan glades, winding lanes, and verdant pastures side by side with wildest rocks and ruggedness. Follow one of these true lover's lanes—its thick hedges overclimbed by luxurious creepers and mountain roses—and it will lead you out on to a wild heather-covered pass. That again abuts on a rocky promontory where the scarlet berry reddens the slopes, and the crimson leaf shines like a flame. Here a wall of reddish-gray sandstone stands out in bold relief; round the point, and you find yourself in a ravine of cool shade and alluring quiet. Add to these natural attractions the proven salubrity of the climate, abundance of excellent food, capital markets near at hand, moderate prices, and a wonderful freedom from all restraint, social and ceremonial, and Mont Eagle Springs become, as the Emerald Islander would say, "The swatest jewel of the world to live in."

The attractions for visitors to this superb Cloud-land therefore, are many. Briefly recapitulated, we have the lovely drives over the smooth, firm mountain roads, the morning and evening promenades and strolls into the woodland, the junketing in sequestered dells, the exploring excursions into wild and unfrequented fastnesses, the wonderful variety of charming views entirely accessible, the sunbursts and cloud-paintings of the sunset, the romantic grandeur of moonlight and starlight, two thousand feet above the "low-country folk," the numerous historic and romantic legends that distinguish many spots, the cool and delicious mineral and freestone waters, the semi-tropical, semi-temperate scenery and luxurious growth and variety of fruits and flowers—but, above all, the unapproachable climate, while the many graceful and pleasing occupations of collecting ferns, mosses, flowers, and quaint specimens of geological formations, and other curiosities, afford pleasurable novelties, break the monotony of one's stay, and make agreeable *souvenirs* of a visit to this marvelous *Health and Pleasure Land of the South*.

Hunting and Fishing.

While to the tourist or summer loiterer these many attractions are sufficient, to the sportsman and angler additional advantages are offered. Game is abundant. Deer are sometimes seen in close proximity to the hotel, browsing on the mountain herbage or bounding through the woods; a fine antlered stag came suc-

cessive mornings to a certain spot for salt that had been scattered, until, for his own good, he came once too often. Wild turkeys abound in droves, and not long since a sportsman got a shot into a flock of about seventy. Squirrels, red and gray, live in the trees around the hotel. Rabbits scamper along the roads. Rushing quails or partridges whirr away from approaching humanity to seek more secluded retreats. Coons and opossums, and foxes, both red and gray, are numerous, while frequent specimens of the *genus ursa* are to be found in the far away and deep mountain fastnesses by those desiring to test their skill and courage. So, while no especial stress is laid upon these advantages, it is nevertheless a well-known fact, that a goodly number of the mountaineers make their living by hunting.

If desirable, the sportsman can get a shot at an occasional eagle, while several kinds of hawks, owls, crows and numerous smaller birds are here in great numbers.

Fishing excursions are made from this point to Battle Creek, Elk River, Little Sequatchie and Big Sequatchie Rivers, where trout, jack, salmon, perch, red-eye, red-horse, cat and other varieties of game or toothsome fish abound in great numbers.

There are no mosquitoes on the mountain. Those carnivorous monsters—monsters still, if bird or devil—have nothing noble in them, and unlike the eagle, do not soar to mountain heights. They belong to a mean, cowardly family that infests the low country to the annual disgust and even-trepidation of the better class of inhabitants. Plying their nefarious avocation at all hours, they yet give preference to darkness, and attack their victims *under cover of night*. But here, the air is so glorious, should a mosquito accidentally land on the Plateau he would be instantly converted—renounce “the world, the flesh and the devil,” and become the useful citizen his energy and perseverance seem to indicate as his manifest destiny in the august and stately march of civilization.

Fairmount Female College.

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One of the most attractive and advantageous features of the Plateau, and especially that portion in the vicinage of Mont Eagle Springs, is the location here of Fairmount Female College. The situation is justly considered one of the finest in the South. Central, accessible, and possessing many of the advantages of the North and South, with a climate which has none of the rigors of the one or the malaria and lassitude of the other. The property of Fairmount College adjoins that of the Mont Eagle Hotel Company, and their interests in many respects are so nearly identical, a brief history of Fairmount will be found interesting.

In the summer of 1872, two ladies—Mrs. M. L. Yerger and Mrs. H. B. Kells, both of Jackson, Mississippi—came to the mountain for the purpose of investigating the suitableness of the locality for the establishment of a school for young ladies, the terms of which could continue through the summer, and the vacations take place during the winter. A long experience in school-room work, in a flourishing school which they had established at Jackson, Mississippi, and had conducted most successfully for five years, had convinced them that a school for girls was needed in the South which would keep Southern girls out of the warm and dangerous climate during the summer, and enable them to return to Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, and other Southern States, during the winter when no danger need be apprehended of malarial fevers.

A thorough inspection of the Cumberland Plateau convinced them that the idea was both progressive and practicable. Encouragement having been extended, the Tennessee Coal & Railroad Company, especially, warmly espousing the movement and granting many favors, they began to build in the autumn of the same year, and in April, 1873, inaugurated the first term of Fairmount College, with nine pupils and four teachers, and closed in December of the same year with fifteen pupils. Since that time there has been a steady increase of the school, until for the past two years the utmost limit of accommodation for pupils has been reached, and, with a faculty of ten ladies and gentlemen, the school now prosecutes its work in thorough organization and efficiency.

The aim of the school is to do thorough work—no pretense of study or teaching being allowed. The aid of experienced and cultivated assistants is secured, and we believe the music department especially to be the best organized and most efficiently conducted of any in the South, particular attention being given both to voice culture and instrumentation.

Thorough instruction is given in all the college and classical branches, elocution, practical botany, calisthenics, etc., but it is the purpose of the school to continue perfecting its various departments, and in addition to that of music, to add soon an Art School, which shall afford the highest advantages to students. In music, there has been opened a summer term for those who wish to study music solely—an excellent arrangement, which cannot fail to attract the attention of those who desire to excel, whether students at the College or summer sojourners at Mont Eagle Springs.

The discipline is mild and paternal, yet firm; the pupils are kept within a line of duty more by a sense of respect and honor than by any fear of penalty. Thus, while the institution combines educational advantages with individual comforts, it also aims to promote good morals, correct tastes, approved habits, ease and grace of manners, and whatever in politeness and etiquette constitutes lady-like deportment, surrounded by the moral and intellectual atmosphere of a home.

Experience has proven that in point of healthfulness there is no location superior. In eight years there has been but one case of serious illness in the College among the pupils—a case of pneumonia, which recovered; and fifty dollars a year covers the expense for medical advice for the whole establishment, numbering some seventy souls. It is true the pupils have ailments, but not sickness, and the season during which school continues enables them to accomplish more in that time than is usual. It is difficult to study during cold weather when one's thoughts stagnate sitting over the fire; and the colds and earaches and toothaches of the winter season, which interrupt students in winter schools, are thus avoided. It is almost an unknown thing to have an absence from the school-room of over two or three days from ailments, and the majority of pupils go through the entire year without the loss of an hour from indisposition.

The college buildings at Fairmount form an attractive group, surrounded by beautiful ornamented grounds. The halls for study, musical rehearsals, recitations, sleeping departments, etc., are well ventilated, and built with a view of promoting the health and comfort of pupils. The wholesome country diet and unrivaled facilities for open-air exercise, offer peculiar advantages

to pupils of delicate constitution. The beautiful scenery of the mountain, the many excursions made to grand and romantic views, never fail to make deep and lasting impressions upon the plastic minds of young girls. They invariably grow to love its varied charms, and especially its multiformed and multi-colored *flora*. The ladies of Fairmount may be called pioneers in the work of clearing the Cumberland Plateau. They have about thirty acres in cultivation in fruit, gardens and vineyards, and also conduct a farm in the adjacent valley as a feeder to the necessities of the school.

We can but congratulate Fairmount College, and, indeed, the South, on the rare fortune that has placed her scholastic interests in the hands of such able, experienced and successful educators as Mesdames Kells and Yerger. They are ladies of high culture and polished manners, and in their intelligent administration recognize and inculcate the point that true education does not consist in the mere accumulation of facts; that its aim should be to expand the intellect, to discipline the imagination, to cultivate the heart and demonstrate the best possibilities of the soul. Already Fairmount has sent out many graduates who have taken their place in society as refined, high-toned women, and we believe the work done there is raising the standard of education in the South; counteracting, in great measure, the demoralizing influences of the war, and doing her share to add women with high thought and deep religious principles to our country.

The University of the South,

AT SEWANEE, TENNESSEE.

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The University of the South is situated at Sewanee,* a charming mountain village, upon the western brow of the Cumberland Plateau, nine miles from Cowan, and six miles from Mont Eagle Springs. This celebrated seat of learning had its origin in a movement inaugurated more than twenty-five years ago, and which attracted general notice, as well from the magnificence of its schemes as from the character and influence of those engaged in it, and is still widely and deeply cherished in the hearts of the Southern people.

The institution is owned and controlled by the dioceses of the Protestant Episcopal Church comprehended in the ten States lying south and southwest of Virginia and Kentucky. The early history of the institution is the record of one of the most interesting educational movements of the age, but in this connection only a brief outline of the various stages of progress can be given; sufficient, however, we hope, to enable the reader to form a general idea of its character.

The University was first suggested, and the plan of it outlined, in a pamphlet bearing date of July 1st, 1856, addressed by the beloved and late lamented Lieutenant-General Leonidas Polk, at that time Bishop of Louisiana, to his brethren in the chief pastorate of the Episcopal Churches in the States of Ten-

* "The term Sewanee is of Indian origin. It appears that a tribe having crossed the Southern Mississippi from west to east, occupied successively lands bordering on the Gulf of Mexico, as far east as Georgia and Florida, and gave their name to a river in each of these States; whence, migrating northward, they reached the grand table-land of the western range of the Appalachian chain, to which they gave their name, Sewanee. This range is now called Cumberland. The river, also, now known as the Cumberland, was called by these Indians, Sewanee. This is the same tribe which, going further north, at last settled in the Northwest, and has been known as the Shawnees. An exploring party from Virginia, in 1748, gave to the mountain and river the name of Cumberland, in honor of the Duke of Cumberland. The term Sewanee, most happily restored, is now given to that portion of the Cumberland Table-land which comprises the ten thousand acres granted to the University of the South."—*Address by W. G. Dix, 1859, p. 8, note.*

nessee, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, and Texas.

A committee on location having been appointed, and the assistance of an able corps of scientific engineers secured in order that the most desirable physical advantages should be obtained, the commission visited, in person, the several suggested sites, at Huntsville, Ala., Atlanta, Ga., Chattanooga, Cleveland, McMinnville, Beersheba Springs and Sewanee, Tenn. In the selection of a site for the University, three considerations guided the founders: First. The position must be central, and easily accessible. Secondly. It must have pure air and water, and perfect health. Thirdly. It must be remote from city or town, and be situated upon its own domain, where it could mould its own surroundings and be itself the center of influence. These requirements, the trustees claimed, were most satisfactorily answered in Sewanee, the place chosen. Here, two thousand feet above the sea, in direct communication with all parts of the country, was found a spot equidistant from the cities of the Atlantic and Gulf coasts and the trans-Mississippi States. In this region, above malarial influences, absolutely free from pulmonary consumption and cholera, and where pleurisy and pneumonia are almost unknown; abounding in pure freestone water, and bathed in a bracing atmosphere, remarkable for its dryness, as evinced by the entire absence of moss and parasites living upon humidity, as well as by the freedom from decay of the fallen timber—a splendid domain was offered and accepted, and the University of the South was founded, to create for itself a habitation and a name.

This most admirable location having been decided upon, the University came into possession of its valuable domain of ten thousand acres, spread out upon the mountain summit, at nearly a uniform height above the plain below, full nine miles in length, with an average width of nearly two miles.

The University was formally established by the official action of the aforesaid dioceses, in a joint representative convention, held on Lookout Mountain, Tennessee, July 4th, 1857; and was incorporated by an act of the General Assembly of the same State, passed January 6th, 1858. The enterprise contemplated the foundation of a great University, equal to any in America or Europe, which should embrace schools of the highest order in every department of literature, science and art, accessible on equal terms to persons of every faith, and offering to the young men of the South the advantages of the best education without the necessity of separating themselves by thousands of miles from their homes. At the same time, it was designed to make

this Seminary the nucleus for the upbuilding of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the South, just as the eminent institutions of the Presbyterians at Princeton, the Congregationalists at Yale, the Unitarians at Hartford, and the Methodist Colleges and others elsewhere, furnish examples worthy to be admired and imitated. It was commonly felt, that the interests of the South required an institution of this character, and that the means necessary to secure it could easily be obtained by united effort. The idea, however, was geographical, not sectional, as the word is now used, since only a portion of the dioceses of the South united in the work. The project, therefore, was received with general favor, and even with enthusiasm; and the work of establishing the University was begun with every prospect of complete and brilliant success.

"Realizing the necessity for a great centre of learning in their midst, where, under Christian guidance, the highest and most liberal education could be offered to the young men of the South, the founders projected a scheme as magnificent in its proportions as it was lofty in its aims. Recognizing in the rapid growth of physical science the source of new modes of thought against which Christian truth must be maintained, they determined to meet the issue by offering the most thorough education in every branch of science. Abiding in the faith of an eternal harmony between the spiritual and physical manifestations of God to man, they judged that erroneous thought could best be met by widest knowledge. For the execution of this design their preparations were ample. It was determined that at once an endowment of \$3,000,000 should be raised for the establishment of a great University, and that, if necessary, this sum should be ultimately increased. In order that a perfect organization should be attained, every important University, European or American, was scrutinized and measured; and as the result of much thought and investigation, an outline was finally adopted for the organization of the University of the South. In this plan thirty-two separate schools were contemplated, each with its own corps of professors, and in each school preparation was made for thorough instruction and original research. By the laity of the church, the plan was heartily indorsed, and a few months saw subscriptions to the amount of \$600,000 placed at the disposal of the trustees." *

Before a large concourse of prominent citizens, assembled from every quarter of the South, the corner-stone of the Univer-

* From an illustrated descriptive sketch of "The University of the South" published in Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, July 31, 1880.

sity was laid, with imposing ceremonies, October 10, 1860. An oration was delivered on the occasion by General John S. Preston, of South Carolina, and addresses were made by many of the invited guests.

So far had the undertaking progressed when it was arrested by the war, an event which proved so disastrous to all interests at the South, and almost fatal to the nascent university. During the four years of excitement and conflict that followed, there were no meetings of its governing Board of Trustees; the temporary buildings, in which it was entering upon its work, were burned; the colossal block of native marble, which had been laid with imposing ceremonies as the corner-stone of its central edifice—a building which was to have cost three hundred thousand dollars—was broken into fragments, which were carried away as relics; its endowment of half a million dollars was, in great part, lost; in fact, hardly anything remained to it but its charter and the magnificent but unoccupied domain of ten thousand acres of land.

If at the beginning of the war the necessity for such an institution was apparent, it was seen to be doubly so at its close, in the disorganized and demoralized condition of the South.

Although all endowment had been swept away, the original domain was still available, and the grand conception embodying the noble aspirations of the projectors still lived. By the survivors of the original Board of Trustees steps were immediately taken to re-establish the institution. In the year 1868 a beginning was made, which, though humble in its pretensions, yet it served to reawaken in the minds of churchmen their duty to the cause of Christian education. This was made possible through the personal efforts of Rt. Rev. C. T. Quintard, Bishop of Tennessee, in England. This devoted churchman, in 1875, spent several months in that country, making known the wants of the University. The object received the cordial endorsement of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and large numbers of the nobility and gentry united in making the offering worthy of the object, and a substantial expression of sympathy and brotherhood. A committee, of which the Bishop of London was chairman, was organized to assist in carrying it out. The mission was eminently successful, adding more than forty thousand dollars to the available resources of the University, which was sufficient money to warrant the organization of a corps of instructors and the beginning of instruction. Since that date to the present time the progress of the University has been uninterrupted; over 1,200 students have matriculated in its schools, while its numbers have averaged over 200 per annum; its corps

of instructors has strengthened, and its degrees are valued throughout the South as warrants of sound and thorough education.

Its Situation and Surroundings.

From this outline sketch of the Institution, we pass now to describe more particularly its situation and surroundings. *

The Cumberland Table-land, on which the University is located, is one of the grand natural divisions of Tennessee. It is a continuation of the long belt of highlands which extends from the North River, through the southern part of New York, through Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee into Alabama, where it finally sinks away. This belt, on reaching Tennessee, through which it passes obliquely, becomes flattened on the top, and forms a connecting highway from Kentucky, on the north, to Alabama, on the south, having an average width of about fifty miles. A traveler might pass over its entire length without once descending, and even without discovering that he was at an elevation of some eight or nine hundred feet above the plain on either side of him, and some two thousand feet above the level of the sea.

The surface of the Plateau breaks off suddenly on either side, in sandstone cliffs and precipices, ranging from one to two hundred feet in height. These form a well defined and sometimes overhanging cap to the steep slopes which run down from it some six or seven hundred feet to the plain below. The eastern side of the Table-land presents a nearly straight or gracefully curving line, without indentations, in its entire length. The western border, on the contrary, is irregularly notched by deep coves or valleys, separated by long and bold spurs jutting to the northwest. †

One of the most southerly of these spurs is Sewanee, the property and the site of the University of the South.

The traveler is first brought face to face with the natural features of this beautiful region during the half hour's ride on the branch railroad which connects Cowan with the University grounds. Elsewhere we have described the romantic character of this road, but it richly deserves more extended notice. The grade of this road ranges from one hundred and forty to one hundred and eighty feet to the mile. In the ascent to the sum-

* See "A Brief Account of the University of the South," by the Rev. David Greene Haskins, Cambridge, Mass. New York: E. P. Dalton & Co., 1877.

† See "The Geology of Tennessee," by J. M. Safford, Ph. D., M. D.; also, "The Resources of Tennessee," by J. B. Killebrew, A. M., assisted by Dr. Safford.

mit of the Table-land at Sewanee, every variety in the surface and vegetation and scenery of the mountain slope is successively brought into view, and, the track being torturous, the effect of surprise is produced by every change in the character of the landscape. Leaving open and cultivated fields, the train enters beautiful woods, where in some places the trees grow to a great height, and their loftiest branches are often heavily festooned with the foliage of the wild grape. Sometimes it crosses ravines, which, in summer, open vistas brilliant with every variety of flowers; again, it cleaves, rides, or passes under high cliffs, whose perpendicular surfaces are clothed with a vesture of ferns, mosses and lichens. Just before the University station is reached, the road passes through a deep and narrow gap, or fissure, in the capping of the Plateau, which furnishes one of the most picturesque views of its scenery, and which is quite as attractive as any of the romantic gaps to be found along the line of the Union Pacific. Still further on, a sudden slope to the plain, eight or nine hundred feet below, opens a prospect which, though soon passed, fills the beholder with astonishment and delight.

Here, however, the characteristics of mountain scenery disappear, and those of the Table-land begin.

"In the presence of overshadowing mountains, we are always more or less conscious of an assertion of the supremacy of physical over intelligent nature, which, perhaps, for the reason that it meets the resistance of our faith, exerts a depressing effect on the spirits. But on the mountain summit, the conditions are reversed. Man, not nature, is there in the ascendant, and all the influences of the position are happy and inspiring. This change of feeling is sensibly experienced on arriving at Sewanee. The exciting emotions of the ascent find an agreeable relief in the simply rural and tranquil aspects of the Plateau."

Arrived at Sewanee, the railroad station for the University of the South, and the first stopping place between the foot of the mountain and the top thereof, this agreeable sense of relief is most strongly felt, and the traveler is thankful to be once more, as it were, on *terra firma*. This feeling is also intensified by the sight of an elegant station house built of sandstone and looking quite metropolitan, though on the mountain. Gathered on the platform also, possibly one may see a group of gay cadets decidedly *a la militaire*, interspersed perhaps with a senior gownsmen in, or a dignified professor, with cap and gown, such as is worn at the English Universities.

Passing through the small but thriving village, which has sprung up around the University station, the visitor presently finds himself in a beautiful wooded, undulating park, free from underbush, and with wide and well-made avenues running in every direction. This is the reserve of one thousand acres of the domain set apart for the exclusive occupation and uses of the University.

Pleasantly located, at not remote distances from each other, are some forty or more tasteful and even elegant cottages, exhibiting very much the same variety in style of architectural construction, and the same ornate taste in their flower gardens and



RESIDENCE OF BISHOP QUINTARD.

general surroundings, that distinguish the residences in the best suburbs of our great cities. Indeed, we may say, for it has been remarked by many, that this arcadian village has peculiar charms that are an especial fascination. The many very beautiful and picturesque villas—half rural, half urban, built in Gothic, Swiss, or Italian styles, embowered in trees and vines, and surrounded with pleasant grounds and gardens, whose flowers are so rich when blooming, and whose delightful arbors invite to repose, prove a grateful anodyne to rasped and shattered nerves.



RESIDENCE OF REV. MR. HODGSON.

These houses are generally built on four-acre lots, leased for a long term of years, at an exceedingly moderate annual rent. They are, for the most part, owned and occupied by the professors, and by families of refinement and culture gathered from various parts of the South, many of whom, reduced in circumstances by the war, obtain support by supplying homes to the students of the University. Several of the trustees of the University have residences here, which they occupy during the summer months. The families of many of the students, also, gather here during the hot months, and these families always attract others, so that Sewanee presents the same aspect as West Point does in summer, with this superiority, that, for refined, elegant and cultivated society no summer resort of the South surpasses Sewanee.

In a position somewhat central to the dwellings described, is the College Chapel, having seats for about five or six hundred persons; and, clustering around it, are various halls used for University or preparatory school purposes.



THE HODGSON LIBRARY.

Not far off, rises a beautiful edifice, recently completed, built of light-brown freestone, from the University quarries, and designed for a Library. The architecture is Gothic, with details after the style of the period of Queen Anne. The walls are very substantial, with porch, cornice, and gable-windows, entirely of cut stone. The interior is finished with an ornamental gallery, and has alcoves above and below, with accommodations for forty or fifty thousand volumes. Connected with the Library are a reading-room, a working-room, and various offices. The building entire was erected at the expense of the Rev. Telfair Hodgson, D. D., late of Hoboken, N. J., but now Vice Chancellor of the University, and Dean



VICE-CHANCELLOR HODGSON.

of the Theological Department. It was a munificent gift, and stands a noble monument of the Christian liberality of that philanthropic gentleman.

In another direction is another splendid building of the same beautiful freestone, a divinity school, called St. Luke's Theological Hall. It is one hundred and forty-six feet in length, forty feet in breadth, four stories high, and its architecture partakes of the early English character. It contains three large lecture-rooms, a beautiful chapel, a room for the theological library, forty-two bed-chambers, and twenty-one studies. The arrangement of the rooms has been made with special regard to securing light and air, and excellent taste is manifested in all the details of their construction. This hall is the gift of Mrs. C. M. Manigault, of South Carolina, as a memorial to her late father, Lewis Morris, Esq., of Morrisania, N. Y. The plans of both the above buildings were designed by Mr. H. Hudson Holly, architect, of New York City.

Besides the chapel where the families connected with the institution worship, there are two churches in Sewanee, St. Paul's On The Mountain, and St. Mark's, the latter, a church for colored people.

The population of Sewanee, which has wholly gathered since the war, exclusive of the students and families connected with the University, is about twelve hundred.

Natural Scenery Around Sewanee.

Pleasing as is this gem of a town of itself, its setting and its situation as to natural scenery, is still more charming. One scarcely thinks of being so far up in cloud-land, but a few minutes walk would lead to the edge of the Plateau, where most magnificent views of the valleys and neighboring mountains may be obtained. The coloring of the picture is laid on with lavish hand, in vivid contrasts, the blue of the sky, the green of the forests, the grayish-red of the sandstone rocks forming the bluffs, and the shaded tints of the foliage, melting on distant parts of the mountains into hazy grays and blues, or lilacs and purples; the beautiful cloud effects, and sunrises and sunsets thrown in, upon occasion, or the whole softened and chastened by moonlight or changed into weird monochrome by starlight, or rendered bizarre under the brilliant corruscations of the Aurora, which sometimes displays unwonted glories here—whatever its mood, whenever the season, Sewanee is a never-ceasing source of enjoyment. Sweeter, wilder, pleasanter nooks and retreats would be hard to find anywhere. It is not only what nature has designed it should be, but art and civilization are molding the raw material until at this time it is richly deserving of the flattering name it has been accorded. Great pains have been taken to present its attractions in a pleasing and impressive manner. Before the war, when the trustees, with ample means at their disposal, were desirous to prepare the site for the purposes for which it had been granted, they invited the late Bishop Hopkins, of Vermont, who was hardly less distinguished for his artistic tastes than for his wide and varied learning, to undertake the direction of the laying out of the grounds, and the planning and location of the required buildings. The Bishop arrived at Sewanee early in December, 1859, and spent three months upon the mountain in company with Colonel Barney, the skillful engineer and general manager of the University estate, occupying "the best of a set of log houses" as headquarters, and devoting himself to making surveys, drafting maps, locating highways and buildings, besides painting water-color sketches of

favorite views.* To his taste and judgement the University owes the convenient and harmonious disposition of its roads, and especially the beautiful and often striking effects of landscape and scenery on the Corso, a drive of fifteen miles around the borders of its domain.

Among the points of interest reached by the Corso, or by the roads or paths connecting with it, are the peculiar and picturesque formations known as Old Dominion Lookout, formerly Morgan's Steep, Green's View, Natural Bridge, University View, Proctor's Hall, Rutledge Point, Pulpit Rock, Clara's Point, Poised Rock, Point Disappointment, the Lover's Leap, and the Cloisters, or deep-vaulted arches of rock, which overhang some of the springs that abound in this favored region. All of these views are attractive, but some of them deserve particular notice.

The Old Dominion Lookout.

One mile west of the University, in Dr. Hodgson's reservation, "Old Dominion" may be found Old Dominion Lookout, a bold cliff overlooking Hawkin's Cove, and giving a noble view of valley, woodland and farm, and of the village of Cowan, with its smoking furnaces, distant some ten miles. From this point at least nine foot-hills of the Cumberland can be seen, and when the weather is fair, many miles of romantic landscape, strikingly picturesque and charmingly diversified, are visible. Indeed, this is one of the loveliest prospects on the Cumberland Plateau, and both on this account, and on account of its nearness to the University, we judge it is a favorite trysting place (out of study hours) with the students and the charming misses who are wont to congregate at Sewanee. On our cover-page Old Dominion Lookout will be found illustrated under its former name—"Morgan's Steep."

Green's View.

Two miles north of the village is a grand point of observation, affording a variety of scenery quite as beautiful and varied as any to be found among the Catskills. This promontory has been named "Green's View" in honor of the beloved Bishop Green, of Mississippi, Chancellor of the University, whose summer residence is at Sewanee. The view is not unworthy of the name. An amphitheater of deep, deep glens below, mountain rising over mountain, one stretching beyond another, some in soft straight lines and others broken into fantastic wavy exteriors,

* See "The Life of Bishop Hopkins," by his son, the Rev. J. H. Hopkins, D. D.

like diminutive Sierras of the West; the sunbeams here and there piercing the dark flying clouds, and giving the whole scene an effect no painter's pencil can copy with faithfulness. At our feet is a beautiful valley scene, with fields under high state of cultivation, and a broad stretch of country many miles in extent, while the *tout ensemble* is happily punctuated with farm-houses, and orchards, patches of green gardens and golden corn-fields, bits of woodland, and country roads winding like brown snakes through the valley and clambering the mountain slopes and losing their way behind the soft blue veil of distance.

University View.

Distant one mile from the University of the South is the quite celebrated cliff known as University View. Its summit affords a splendid series of imposing scenes; the neighboring spurs, the distant blue hills, the vales and intervalles with their rich farms and cultivated gardens, streams and creeks, pretty farm-houses, etc., all of these form a panorama of decided beauty and great interest.

The Natural Bridge.

The Natural Bridge, situated two miles from the University of the South, and accessible over an excellent mountain road, is, perhaps, one of the most attractive natural curiosities in the South, and for sublimity, grace, and awe-inspiring and majestic beauty, is well worthy of being visited by all who appreciate the rarest wonders of nature. It is not so large as the Natural Bridge of Virginia, but is decidedly a much more perfect and beautiful specimen of Nature's architecture. The foreground gives an extended view of mountain and valley, while the background is a fine cliff of solid rock—a scooped-out hollow forming a lovely grotto. The bridge is about twenty feet high by ten feet broad—a perfectly formed natural arch with foundation, base and keystone, more solid and substantial than any of the famous viaducts of Rome. Such a structure indeed, as the Tiber never boasted, and which would have filled the old Romans with mingled wonder and delight. See cover-page for an illustration of the Natural Bridge.

The well organized corps of Cadets under Colonel R. M. Rogers, U. S. A., by its infantry and artillery drill adds much to the attraction of the University, while the Commencement exercises and attendant festivities during two weeks in August, prove an unfailing source of interest both to young and old.

The traveling expenses to the University from the various points in the South and Southwest are only half what they are to the Virginia schools, and one-third what they are to the Northern schools. The expense of student life is cheaper there than any institution of its high grade.

For further particulars write to the Vice Chancellor, Sewanee, Tennessee.

Tracy City,

AND THE CELEBRATED MINES AND WORKS OF THE TENNESSEE
COAL AND RAILROAD COMPANY.

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The sight-seer who wishes to make his visit to the Cumberland Mountains complete, must not fail to take a trip to the great coal mining district around Tracy City, six miles from Mont Eagle Springs, on the railroad. The sensation, especially to those who have never visited mining regions, is both novel and interesting, and in making a trip one encounters a variety of scenes and scenery well repaying time and trouble. There are few places that present a more picturesque appearance than a mining district, with its many coke ovens in full blast, especially at night. The nether darkness of the subterranean passages, the continual rumbling of long trains of mining cars, the noise of ponderous machinery, the intense brightness of the oven fires, contrasted with the darkness above and around, and seeming to "burn a hole in the night," the hot, black breath of the smokestacks, the troupes of begrimed and coarsely apparelled but skillful men and boys carrying on the operations, and the dare-devil indifference of these human salamanders, defying the indignant jets of liquid flame which belch forth from the furnaces, all combine to render terrible and thrilling, though picturesque and interesting, the common labor of digging coal from the bowels of the mountain, or its transformation into coke for the manufacture of iron. The scene combines much of the grandeur of an ocean storm, or a ship wrapped in the wild splendor of flames at mid-sea, and is perhaps the sublimest artificial effect on earth, for here the imagination can almost picture the immeasurable dread and terror if the realm of hell itself should suddenly throw open its doors and reveal the unquenchable and incandescent fires forever raging in the hot heart of Tophet.

The Tracy City mines (sometimes called the Sewanee mines) were first opened in 1856, and were worked some during the late war. In 1865 the present owners—The Tennessee Coal and Railroad Company—came into possession, and under their able, energetic and enterprising management, the mines have been eminently successful. The Company owns 25,000 acres of land,

all on Cumberland Plateau. The estimated value of their property is \$1,000,000, which they are constantly improving, having spent \$80,000 in 1880 on coak ovens, side-tracks, etc. They own twenty-six miles of railroad, from Cowan to Tracy City, including branches; six locomotives, 160 coal-cars, passenger coaches, baggage cars, etc. The coal mines have three main entries, including seven mines. The number of men employed is about six hundred—three hundred free laborers and three hundred convicts. The capacity of the coal mines, actual output, is 300,000 bushels, or 10,000 car-loads per month. The number of coak ovens is 414, by far the largest number of any of the mines in the South, and will, perhaps, equal that of any in the United States; capacity 21,000 bushels per diem, or about fifty car-loads, worth \$50 per car delivered at Cowan. Tracy City is a thriving mining town of more than 2,000 inhabitants, and is rapidly growing, seventy-five cottages having been built there during the spring of 1881. The officers of this gigantic business enterprise are William Morrow, President and Treasurer, Nashville; W. H. Cherry, Secretary, Nashville; A. M. Shook, General Manager, Tracy City.

Beersheba Springs.

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At Tracy City the mountain tourist takes the stage for the far-famed Beersheba Springs, distant eighteen miles. This resort was celebrated even in *ante-bellum* days, and many of the best people of the South and North have congregated here each season, the number of guests at one time being as many as seven hundred. Beersheba has a noble history, and has been conducted by a number of genial landlords, who have written memories of their true Southern hospitality on the hearts of thousands. The present owners and proprietors are Chas. E. Smedes & Co., the "Company" being Col. Mat Johnson, the well-known Mississippi planter, and Gen. Chas. E. Smedes, recent proprietor of the Maxwell House, Nashville, and formerly of Vicksburg and New Orleans. Few landlords in the country have better reputation for genial, whole-souled and proper conduct of an hotel than Gen. Smedes, and visitors may count on a right royal welcome. The announcement for Beersheba the present season reads as follows: "Will be open on the 1st of June for the reception of guests. Buildings and grounds, beds, bedding, table-linen and ware all in first-class order and new. Turkish, Russian, cold and hot water baths directly in the hotel. Waters—chalybeate, freestone and cistern. Ice in abundance. Bar, billiards, ten-pins, all first-class. Magnificent brass and string band. Good drives, good horses and entirely new vehicles. Fare and attendance equal to any. Daily mail and telegraph to all points in the office. Round trip tickets to be had at all the principal railroad offices. Terms—per day \$2, per week \$12, per month \$40; children under 12 years and servants half price. Chas. E. Smedes & Co., proprietors.

The Swiss Colony of Gruetli.

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Nineteen miles from Mont Eagle Springs is situated the quite celebrated Swiss colony of Gruetli (Liberty), a romantic Alpine village settled a few years since by a party of thrifty Switzers. The colony is a charming group of small farms, each one with a neat cottage, orchard, barns, out-buildings, etc., quite foreign enough in their appearance to almost persuade the visitor he is traveling through the Trans-Atlantic Switzerland. Frequent excursions are made by ladies and gentlemen to this interesting village.

The following letter from the Swiss Consular Agent in Tennessee will be found of interest :

KNOXVILLE, TENN., May 5th, 1881.

A. W. Wills, Esq., Nashville, Tenn.:

MY DEAR SIR:—It gives me pleasure to comply with your request, to give you my views concerning the adaptability of Mont Eagle as a summer resort, etc.

Having been the Swiss Consular Agent in Tennessee for many years, and as such, instrumental in founding the Swiss colony "Gruetli," near Mont Eagle, I have had frequent occasions to examine your locality, and believe I am justified in giving an expression of opinion. If there is any spot on this Continent that excels Mont Eagle in grandeur of view, romantic and health-producing and preserving situation, I am not aware of it. It reminds me, more than any other place, of the most celebrated localities in my own native Switzerland. Situated, as it is, upon the top of the Cumberland Mountains, the air is pure, rarified and cool, the very place for people afflicted with any kind of lung trouble. The heat of summer is never oppressive in consequence of its altitude. Situated immediately on the railroad, it can be reached without fatigue by the invalid and pleasure seeker. Nature has made it a perfect paradise overlooking the finest valley in Tennessee. The eye can roam over a vast expanse of country, while near by are some of the wildest of bluffs and ravines, equal to the celebrated Yellow Stone region.

I can, and do cheerfully recommend your Springs to all people who desire rest from the bustle of life, and who wish to restore broken-down health.

Yours truly,

PETER STAUB,
Mayor of Knoxville, Tenn.

Other Points of Interest in this Region.

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At Cowan, the station where the Tennessee Coal and Railroad Company's track forms junction with the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway, is located the Sewanee Furnace Company's splendid new Hot Blast Furnace, just completed. The Sewanee Furnace Company, of which A. M. Shook is President, E. O. Nathurst, Secretary, and Major Edward Dowd, Mechanical and Constructing Engineer and Manager, own about ninety acres in the village of Cowan, including furnace site and farm. They began building in July, 1880, have expended about \$125,000, and will employ seventy men. This furnace is, without any sort of doubt, the best appointed and best equipped in the Southern States. Its capacity is fifty tons per diem of all grades of hot blast coke iron, or in other words, any grade of pig-iron. They buy native ore in the open market, wherever contiguous or convenient, and the great advantage in having the furnace at Cowan is that it saves transportation of ores and limestone up the mountains. One feature of the furnace is the wonderful height of the chimney, which stands 170 feet above surface level, and is the highest structure of its kind south of the Ohio River.

Thus, in conclusion, we say the region around Mont Eagle Springs, and the routes to and from, present a series of attractions to visitors that no other section in the country can claim. Neither the Pennsylvania mountains, the wonderful Northwest, the famous Virginia resorts, the vast empire of the Far West or the sunny clime of the "Land of Flowers" can exhibit such diversified scenes and favorable circumstances. Wonderful land! It holds out hospitable invitation to all. "Whosoever will, let him come."

Our Advertisers.

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Contrary to usual custom in publications of this sort, a number of business cards from first-class houses have been admitted to these pages, and we take pleasure in endorsing them as reliable in every particular.

Goodman's Business Colleges of Nashville, Tenn., Knoxville, Tenn., and Atlanta, Ga., recently consolidated under one management, represent a strong combination, and present an array of incorporators whose names are sufficient guarantee that whatever they undertake will be conducted in superb manner. Young men anxious for thorough commercial education would do well to correspond with Prof. Frank Goodman, President.

The Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway, "The Great Lookout Mountain Route," has a complete satisfactory and comprehensive announcement of its various lines and connections on another page. Read it, and observe the quickest route and the cheapest way of reaching Cumberland Mountains.

The famous Ward's Seminary for Young Ladies, Rev. Dr. W. E. Ward, Principal, Nashville, Tenn., has an illustrated card on another page.

A. B. Morton, Pharmaceutical Chemist, corner of Church and Spruce streets, Nashville, has an advertisement elsewhere. Mr. Morton manufactures fine toilet articles, medicinal and flavoring extracts, elixirs, syrups, etc. He uses nothing but Squibbs' preparations in prescriptions.

Messrs. Tavel & Howell, manufacturers of blank books, stationers, printers and lithographers, 44 Union street, Nashville, Tenn., have an important announcement elsewhere.

To sportsmen and anglers in particular, the handsome card of Chas. E. Griffith, proprietor of the cheapest first-class and best appointed Hardware House in the South, will be found of extraordinary interest. Mr. Griffith makes specialty of fine goods in his line, and those who enjoy the delights of forest, field and stream would do well to consult him, his prices and his goods. His house is opposite the Maxwell House, Nashville.

Armstrong's Photograph Gallery, the oldest and best known picture house in the South, has an attractive card elsewhere. We know of no better way of commending this house to the public than by fully endorsing their claims, to-wit: "Fidelity to the likeness and fine artistic finish," are the leading characteristics of their work.

Prof. Harry L. B. Sheetz, No. 33 Union street, Nashville, has an elegant card setting forth the advantages of his New Music Store. Prof. Sheetz deals only in the latest goods and the best, and guarantees anything he sells in the musical line to be fresh and first-class.

MONT EAGLE SPRINGS,

TOP CUMBERLAND MOUNTAIN,

MONT EAGLE, TENNESSEE.

FOUR HOURS RIDE From Nashville,

THREE HOURS RIDE From Chattanooga

ALL RAIL--NO STAGING!

TAKE THE

Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railway,

—AND THE—

Charming, Romantic Tennessee Mountain Road.

MONT EAGLE HOTEL COMPANY:

DIRECTORS.

A. W. WILLS, PRESIDENT,	DR. TELFAIR HODGSON,
THEO. COOLEY, TREASURER,	W. M. SHETTERS,
LYTTON TAYLOR, SECRETARY,	HOWARD GORDON,
T. M. STEGER,	R. H. HOWELL.

TERMS:

Per Day, \$2.00. Per Week, \$10.00. Per Month, \$35.00

—SPECIAL RATES TO FAMILIES.—

W. L. DeGRAW, Manager Mont Eagle Springs.