

Knoxville Chronicle

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FACTS ABOUT EAST TENNESSEE.

Notes About Our Towns and Cities.

No. XXII.

We give as our article on East Tennessee some communications from different points in East Tennessee, showing the spirit of improvement being developed, and the feelings with which our people write on this subject of emigration. We know many sections where the people are now fully aroused as to the necessities of more population, and we believe it will be manifested in a heartier welcome being extended to immigrants.

Our first letter below is from Athens, a point about 55 miles west of this city. Riceville is a few miles further west, both in a rich and fertile section:

IMPROVEMENT—LETTER FROM ATHENS.
Evidently here the spirit of improvement, liberality and enterprise is manifested, those manifesting the same are entitled to commendation and encouragement. The public generally take an interest in hearing of the country being developed, villages and towns growing, and the communities prospering; and judging from the general tone of the CHRONICLE, I suppose that its editors are not only not indifferent on this subject, but really and decidedly hold this as one of the most important objects of their journal. To lend a helping hand, or rather show a willing hand, and that credit may be given where it is due, I wish now to speak of Riceville and surroundings.

Just a little south of Athens the hills and ridges separate and spread out what is known as "Dry Valley." This valley with its unbroken chain of farms, and dotted with mansions and cottages, extends to the town of Calhoun on Hiwassee, a distance of twelve miles. Perhaps the average width is something more than one mile. The East Tennessee and Georgia Railroad winds through the center. The soil is not as highly productive as the Sweetwater valley and some other portions of East Tennessee, but perhaps is better adapted to all kinds of produce, very fine crops of all kinds are procured annually from every field—an entire failure almost unknown—and those engaged in cultivating the soil are "well-to-do farmers." It is truly a desirable section. But about equally distant from each extremity of this valley, and immediately on the line of Railroad, is situated the town of Riceville. Five years ago five or six houses composed the place. Now there are between fifty and seventy-five buildings and perhaps a thousand inhabitants. There are now six or seven stores, a tanyard, a number of handsome, superb dwellings, an academy of commodious dimensions called the "Riceville Institute," a church now in progress of erection by the members of the M. E. Church, and also one spoken of by the M. E. Church South. The citizens are also discussing the matter of building a college. The new M. E. Church occupies an elevated position though convenient to all, and when completed will be the first church erected in the place, and a credit to the citizens. It will be completed. The energy of the Ricevillians alone would justify this prediction, but in addition to this, Esq. Parkinson and Mr. Stanfield, two of the most influential men of the town—only citizens—have bound and pledged themselves that it shall be accomplished. The energy and liberality of the people would justify the same prediction, as to the M. E. Church South contemplated and the proposed college.

I was assured by a leading man that when an individual desiring to purchase a building lot, a dwelling or business house, with the intention of locating among them, and was a man of energy or would be an advantage in any way he would be accommodated in some way. Not only do they welcome immigrants in this way but they do so by their magnanimity in regard to any differences of opinions that may necessarily exist and by their generosity and sociability. The recent Sabbath School picnic, a report of which you have already had, was the very strongest evidence of this. Those of different political proclivities, those of different denominational predilections, old and young, saint and sinner, all mingled together in the mirth and festivity of a picnic, having for its ultimate object the advancement of an institution alike beneficial to all. The day was delightful. Every one was in a holiday mood. The good people had prepared refreshments "plenty and to spare." There was a holiday social rejoicing. One could almost observe the true spirit of sociability, elevating the people above anything like prejudice and hatred.

If Riceville makes such rapid strides of progress in coming years as she has in the past, five what is she destined to be? Evidently a rival of Athens, if not that already. If those who hold the real estate and capital of the latter place do not become a little more inspired with the spirit of enterprise and improvement, and not only encourage it but actually make sacrifices for the same they need not be surprised in a few years at having to attend the courts of justice for McMinn county in the town of Riceville. Be that as it may, the future of this rapidly growing town is ominously a prosperous one. The Ricevillians deserve honor for their efforts in this direction. C. M. M.
ATHENS, May 27th, 1871.

BIG VALLEY, UNION CO., TENN.,
May 24, 1871.

Editors Chronicle: I am much pleased with the CHRONICLE in its various features, especially the columns devoted to "Facts about East Tennessee." I am well aware of the importance of such facts. And knowing as I do that the Knoxville CHRONICLE has a wide-spread and, may I not say, almost universal circulation, in view of such a truth, it is a mystery to me that inhabitants—the oppressed and homeless—of other lands do not flock to the virgin soil of East Tennessee, that lies

backing in the rays of Sol, inviting the sturdy husbandman, the forerunner of civilization, to occupy the many hundred acres of idle and fertile land, and reap their reward of wealth that will spring as if by magic from her lap.

My appeal is, come hither, ye down-trodden by tyrannical landlords of more densely populated districts, and plant your own vine and fig tree. Here in security you can live and enjoy, to the end of your allotted days, the health, wealth and pleasure that will soon characterize—aye, even now characterize—this locality; here live contented in peace and prosperity in this great and glorious East Tennessee.

Becoming interested, and what people generally call enthusiastic, on the subject, I have written more than I intended. More anon. Respectfully,
A TENNESSEAN.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Chattanooga—The Stantons—Lookout Mountain, Etc.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.,
May 23rd, 1871.

Leaving Knoxville on Monday, after a pleasant run of six hours, I found myself in this bustling city. Notwithstanding the heavy pressure that has been brought to bear against the Stantons, they still are moving things. But for them and a few other enterprising men here, Chattanooga would be the dulllest, most uninteresting place in the universe. They are Chattanooga. The place ought to be called "Stanton." Take away their energy, and the spirit of enterprise they have infused into others, and Chattanooga would be a lifeless, unseemly skeleton. We do not mean that there are no other men of enterprise here, but we do say that Chattanooga would not have attained to her present business standing in a quarter of a century in the ordinary old fogy style, which is the curse of many of our Southern cities. A few years ago, they went quietly to work to build this Atlanta and Chattanooga Road. Our people know that every available man, white and colored, in our part of the country, was employed and they know that the "heathen Chinee" were brought into requisition, but they do not yet comprehend that a line of road three hundred miles long has been built through a good country, and which is one of the connecting links in the great route from New York to New Orleans, which is destined to be traveled more than any other, on account of its shortness and rapid transit. Trains leave here now every day, at 5 A. M., and 8 P. M., making connection with trains for the South at Meridian. The night train has an elegant Pullman's sleeping car attached, which goes through to New Orleans without change.

Besides the completion of this grand railroad line, they have completed one of the finest hotel buildings in the South which will be opened in a few weeks. An opera house and a post-office building are in process of erection, and will soon be completed, as well as quite a number of large store houses.

To-day, after attending to some business, I took a drive to the top of Lookout Mountain, spending some time in admiration of the gorgeous scenery which presents itself to the eye of the beholder from that exalted point. In the city, it is apparently warm, but on the mountain a gently breeze drives away everything of an oppressive character, and makes the mountain a place of unalloyed enjoyment. On this mountain we received our "baptism of fire" in the late struggle, in the closing scenes of the memorable Chickamauga fight. Many events were recalled to our mind by passing over the ground, which had escaped our memory. We do not attempt a description of what we saw for the reason that the scenery has been often described and in better style than we could, were we to attempt it.

The Protestant Episcopal Convention meets here to-morrow and many delegates have already arrived, while others are expected to-night.

I leave this evening for New Orleans, where, if long detained, you may hear from me again. W. H.

From Knoxville to New Orleans.

NEW ORLEANS, May 23, 1871.

After a hard trip of more than forty hours from Chattanooga, this evening finds us in the Crescent City. We left Chattanooga on Tuesday evening, over the Alabama and Chattanooga Railroad, in one of the elegant Pullman's sleeping cars now running on the road. Owing to the rough condition of the southwestern division of the road, the sleeping car is left at Tuscaloosa. We had made arrangements with the conductor of the sleeping car to call us in time to go on with the train, which he did—just in time to be too late. We went to the door just as the train moved off at the rate of twenty miles per hour, leaving us in not a very pleasant frame of mind. We could have indulged in some hard words about that sleeping car conductor, and it still requires a strong effort on our part to feel amiable towards him. We vote him a —, but we refrain from saying anything further, from the fact that we can't do the subject justice.

But our disappointment has been atoned for, to a great extent, by getting to come over the most interesting part of the road in daylight. We had to wait only two hours for the accommodation train, that runs from Tuscaloosa to Meridian, Miss. The road between these two points passes through an uninteresting country, covered with swamps and producing little else than alligators and mosquitoes. The former may be seen occasionally, moving sluggishly from their chosen resting place in the sun, while myriads of the latter infest the atmosphere, coming into the cars and dining from the passengers. A continual fight with them serves to keep one awake, if nothing else. But there are immense forests of the finest pine timber in the land contiguous to this road, and a number of mills have already been erected for manufacturing it into lumber. The

manufacture of and traffic in lumber will become quite a business in a large scope of country that has heretofore been a barren waste.

The country from Meridian to Mobile is a fine country, and almost the entire business done immediately along the line of the road is in lumber. We only passed through Mobile, and have nothing to say of that city. There is nothing prepossessing about it, judging from the hasty glance afforded us.

The road from Mobile to this place is one of the best equipped in the South. It passes through a highly interesting country, and it is well worth visiting. One moment you are dashing through a pine forest, then through graves of magnolia trees with their immense flowers, and next you are gliding over some one of the numerous bays that extend in from the gulf, the surf itself spreading out an apparently boundless waste of waters, far to the South. The coast is dotted over, here and there, with handsome and picturesque villas, where the heat-oppressed denizens of this gloomy city are wont to retire for health and recreation. A large portion of this road is constructed across these inlets, some of them being two or three miles wide, spanned by trestle-work. We saw where four cars were precipitated into one of them a few days ago. A portion of the cars are not visible, the water not being deep enough to cover them. Such sights are not calculated to inspire pleasant thoughts in the mind of a traveler. These trestle bridges appear, however, to be well constructed, and with ordinary care there need be no more than the ordinary dangers.

We arrived here safe and sound yesterday evening at four o'clock, and to-day propose to see something of the city, after attending to business.

We notice in market here green corn, tomatoes, apples, plums, &c., all this year's growth. We saw fields of corn yesterday sowing and tasseling.

We met yesterday with Mr. Geo. M. Southworth of Jackson, Mississippi, and his brother from Northern Illinois, whom we find to be pleasant traveling companions. More anon. W. H.

DECORATION.

Here rest those valiant graves,
Whose dust our fallen braves,
Sweet be their slumber deep,
Sad forms above them weep,
While we their memory keep,
Never to fade.

They who our land to save,
Their rich lives freely gave;
Sleep they beneath the mould—
High be their names enrolled;
Long shall their deeds be told,
By sire to son.

O'er those who nobly died,
Pour these thy living tide,
Sunlight of Heaven;
Where sleep our glorious dead,
Low on their dreamless bed,
Keep ye your watch o'erhead,
Bright stars of even.

Sweet breath of summer gale,
Blowing o'er stream and vale,
Soft silence keep;
These silent ranks arrayed,
Comrade by comrade laid,
Rest 'neath the cedar's shade,
In slumber deep.

Tempest that sweep the land,
Over this silent band,
Hush your wild roar,
They war's fierce storm defied,
Gone, midst its rage they died,
Now sleep they side by side,
Forevermore.

Soft music pulses beat,
Where rest the weary feet,
The pulseless breast,
While battle trumpets screamed,
Where war's red lightning gleamed,
Where death's fierce missiles screamed,
They sank to rest.

Bright flag, whose rainbow light,
Through many a stormy fight,
Has been unshaken,
Now, while the halcyon sleeps,
Calm on the mighty deep,
Where the soft zephyr sweeps,
Way to our dead.

O, thou, at whose behest,
Earth's tumults rise or rest,
Thy glorying sign of peace,
While peace broods o'er the wave,
When war's wild tempest raves,
Do thou our country save,
Great King of kings.

GEN. JUBA BAREY, in a long article published in a Southern magazine on his celebrated Washington campaign, says of a certain class of war critics some good things as true of our own side as of his:

There is another class of critics which I sometimes hear of, persons who were in Washington and Baltimore during the whole war, and are now rampant Confederates, and can tell how Gen. Lee blundered at Gettysburg, and how I failed to capture Washington and Baltimore for want of a little energy. I have heard of those who say that I had only to march right in, when I would have been received with open arms and joined by troops of friends. It would have been consoling to me if only a few of them had opened their arms before I got in, or had come out to meet me the welcome intelligence, and not me in. If things were as propitious as they represent why did not our friends rise and open the gates to us? But they let me come and go, and they made no sign, and they must pardon me if I am a little incredulous.

In response to a letter from some English clergyman, hoping he might soon be restored to power in France, Napoleon answered:

GEN. BAREY is the first to which the misfortune of my country seems me could possibly be alleviated, the heartfelt sympathy which I have met with ever since my arrival in England would have been a consolation to me. The address which I have sent has given me a new proof of devotion that touches me deeply. I thank you, gentlemen, as also for your good wishes in behalf of France, and beg of you to believe in my sentiments of esteem and friendship.
NAPOLEON.

DECORATION SERVICES TO-DAY.

PROCESSION, SPEECHES, &c.

PROGRAMME FOR THE DECORATION EXERCISES, PROCESSION, &c.

- 1st. Mechanics' Cornet Band.
- 2d. Ex-soldiers of the Federal Army.
- 3d. President, chaplain and orators, in carriages.
- 4th. Employees of the Knoxville Iron Company, wearing their appropriate badges, and headed by their superintendent.
- 5th. Chariot, containing the Misses in appropriate costumes.
- 6th. Holston Brass Band.
- 7th. Stone cutters, commanded by their own marshal.
- 8th. Other mechanics who attend, under command of their own marshals.
- 9th. Citizens on foot, horseback and in carriages.

A. S. MARINER, Chief Marshal.

The procession formed at 11 o'clock, A. M., in front of the Court House, and the line of march was up Gay to Union, thence to Crooked, thence to Asylum, and thence out Broad street to the cemetery.

ORDER OF EXERCISES AT THE GROUNDS.

- Music by Band.
- Prayer by Rev. J. R. Eads.
- Music by Glee Club.
- Poem by C. D. McGuffey, Esq.
- Music.
- Address by Major A. H. Pettibone.
- Music.
- Address by Hon. George Andrews.
- Music.
- Decoration of Graves.
- Benediction.

The following address was delivered by Judge Geo. Andrews, of this city:

ADDRESS OF HON. GEO. ANDREWS.

Monarchs are apt to discourse much and sadly of the dire calamities of war, and to question the right of nations and of individuals to engage in it. And we are told, and believe that in the coming time there shall be peace over all the broad earth, and that the nations, their weapons fashioned to peaceful uses, shall turn to plow and to sowing.

And yet, as the world now is and always has been, war, with all its fell train of evils, is a necessity for the race, and could not have been spared. The history of all the past ages is a history of wars and of little else; but these wars were the storms appointed to clear the moral atmosphere, and in the course of ages, to make the race of men more honest, virtuous and brave, and more fit for the coming millennium of peace. From all the terrible records of the past, not one page of blood could our race afford to spare, for the path of its future perfection lies along this way of suffering and weal. And still in the midst of the tears that fall over the woes that war brings, in the midst of the sighs that go up for the long-delayed millennium, in spite of the teaching of Christianity and of the efforts of peace societies, the nations, and the individuals, are still to the very end of the earth, as well as the fierce—the name of soldier—rings in the ear with a music and a thrill that belong to no other world. It is a word that embodies our highest ideals of courage, patriotism and self-sacrifice. It comes to the ear with a suggestion of old romance, and of deeds done in ages past and told and sung by countless tongues. It is a word that furnishes to poetry and oratory in all ages their grandest themes and their most glorious imagery; and though the profession is one of blood, it is the soldier who stands selected by inspiration as the fittest type and emblem of the Christian in his struggle with the powers of evil.

Among the thousand strings that in the human heart vibrate to all earth's tones of love and pride and passion, is one that is tuned only to the trumpet's note, that rings loud and clear through the depths of the soul, but only to sounds of battle. It is a part of our God-given nature that no education can eradicate.

The instinctive recognition of acts of generosity and self-sacrifice is one which lies at the basis of this sentiment. The human mind cannot withhold its approbation of labor done, or suffering voluntarily endured for another's good. And the love and courage that prompt one to yield up life itself for the welfare or the highest exhibition of human unselfishness. The soldier of fortune, the mere mercenary adventurer, who puts his life at risk for pay or plunder alone, may extort the respect which men pay to courage and endurance, whatever other virtues the individual may lack. But the patriot soldier, who for his country alone, lays down his life, represents to us human disinterestedness in its most god-like form.

We weep for the friends who pass away from our side, and leave gaps in our homes, and hearts, which ever after ring hollow and sad, like deserted mansions we mourn for the statesmen and patriots who die in civil life, and whose loss, it often seems, could not be repaired. But when the patriot soldier dies for his country, we contemplate a life laid down for other lives; and a deeper thrill touches the heart and mingles with his grief. Sorrow walks in all the funeral music of earth, but in the soldier's requiem, a strange strain is caught from the advent song of angels, and love's triumphant over death's ring out amid the sobbing chords of grief.

It is a law of God's providence that all true good in this world shall come through labor, suffering and trial. And it is also true that a very large proportion of our choicest blessings come to us as the direct result of the toil and sufferings of others. All that is richest and holiest in our nature grows up, under the operation of the principle. From the love and self-denial that guard our infancy to the cares that bless the dying bed, love ministers at every step. Blessings constantly come to us through the vicarious sufferings of others, and human history and experience become a prophecy and an illustration of a divine redemption.

All material wealth represents the amount of labor expended in its production, and all our blessings and privileges are the representatives in our minds of the toil, the suffering, the love, human or divine, thus have been wrought into them.

This is the great central idea of Christianity, and for two thousand years it has furnished the motives which have moved the world. The great thought was cast in the human mind, sunk in selfishness and heathenish debasement, that one of infinite majesty and purity had come to our midst and toiled and died, a voluntary sacrifice for the sin and wretchedness of earth. That thought came, midst the darkness and corruption of heathenism, like the first beam of the primal morn. Like the spirit of God, it moved on the face of the great deep, and light, and order, and life and bloom came forth from the darkness and chaos.

As with individuals, so with nations; and national privileges, blessings, and liberties are prized and guarded according to their cost. What a nation has ever lived who did not love his country better, and prize her liberties more highly for the memories of revolutionary

toil and suffering and blood—for Bunker Hill, and Vicksburg and Valley Forge—for its memories of victory and struggle; but most of all for its sad history of cold and starvation, and wounds, and death.

"O Freedom! thou art not a poet's dream,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
Whom every breeze gushing from the cap
With which the domes of heaven crown'd his dove
When he took off the eyes, a bearded man
Armed to the teeth art thou; one mailed hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword, thy brow
Gleams in beauty though it be, it scathed
With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs
Are strong with struggling. Power at thee has
He bolted, and with his lightning lightning thee,
They could not quench the life thou hast from heaven.
Merciless power has dug the dangerous deep,
And his great armory, by a thousand fires,
Have forged thy chains; yet while he deems thee bound,
The links are shattered, and the prison bars are bound,
Fall onward; terribly thou springest forth.
As springs the flame above a burning pile,
And shoutest to the nations, who return
Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor dies."

Well is the land worth saving which has cost so much. But to the price which our fathers paid, their sons have added their quota—a mighty payment of blood and tears. It was terrible, that four years' struggle for the nation's life, but the life was worth the struggle. It was a strife in which all hearts grew faint, and which sent mourning, and wept through every part of the land. The slow, relentless mills of God, that grind ever on, surround not one grain to human grief and tears. From our midst, to either side of this mighty conflict, we sent our best and bravest forth. Aching hearts waited for them in ten thousand homes. Sorrow and tears have visited every neighborhood and hamlet; and the maimed and the orphaned go about our streets. These all died that our land might be saved—these sleepers here in blue, those in yonder cemetery in gray—all alike, are the price of the institutions we love—the priceless sacrifice for us who live. Still, as ever, it is that
"Every gift on Freedom's shrine
Is man for beast, and blood for wine."

But the soldier's sacrifice is not the only one poured on our country's altar. There were thousands of quiet homes, who sent the soldier forth, and cheered him on his way; and then, through the weary months and years, waited for his unreturning steps, and, mid the sickness of hope deferred, kept the watch vigil at home; whose part in the great strife it was to wait, and pray, and to bear the heavy burden of poverty and want, and the long agony of suspense and fear; to sit at last in the sad homes whence the light has fled forever, and to watch the feet that rest here, shall return no more.

It is most that we should do them honor—the dead—for their country's sake; those unnamed and uncomplaining heroes, months and years, for their country's sake darkened all their lives and gave up their loved ones to death. Cold lips of monumental marble are powerless to tell the love and gratitude we owe and pay to that army of noble souls whose sacrifices have redeemed our land. Their fitting monument is the land they saved. While our rivers roll to the sea, they shall tell of the time when their streams ran red with fraternal blood, and all their frightened waves shrank back and trembled at the wreck and ruin of battle. While our valleys bloom with beauty and brighten with harvest, they shall show their scars of war, and tell of the brave who died, and of the graves that ridge their bosoms. While our monumental mountains stand guard, the echoes of battle thunder shall linger in their cliffs—they shall speak from all their caves and summits of the tragedies they saw—the deeds of daring which they witnessed.

By the deeds of our fathers—by the freely offered lives of our brothers—by all the glorious past and hopes of the future, we stand pledged that our Union and our free institutions, blood-bought and blood-redempted, shall be guarded, perfected and perpetuated while time shall last. Our children and children's children, through ages to come, shall read the deathless records of our struggle and strife, and be inspired by heroes whose sacrifice shall have made and kept their country great and free; and to prize beyond all reckoning the blessings bought for us and them; with such uncounted price of blood. These silent ranks arrayed around the flag beneath whose folds they fought and for which they died, cannot hear our praises; but we and our children, and the generations to come, shall be more brave and true and loyal for the homage which, year by year, we pay to those who died for us. In homes of old and new, let us preserve the sad relics of strife and sacrifice—the faded uniform, the battered musket, the faded flag with dumb mouths, in distant times, in eloquence passing all human speech, the story of these pale sleepers' deeds.

There are other sleepers than those gathered here. Side by side, on a thousand battlefields, the blue and the gray slept their last sleep. Both wore our banner, and both were brave, and the lives of all were a part of the price of what we now enjoy. For every grave we reckon somewhere on the hillsides of the great North, in the sunny valleys of the South, a broken heart and a broken home. The same sunlight kisses their verdant graves; the same soft air blows over their sleeping forms. Peace folds her wings over all; and with bowed faces, in the presence of the coming dead, we mourn for all alike.

Long may it be ere our country's life and liberties demand a like offering of life—long may the lessons and the holy memories of this great sacrifice be kept by those who shall come after us; and while the mountains of our land endure, may her glorious union and her free institutions last, and her sons remember that
"Whether on the yellowish
Or in the battle's van,
The best place for man to die,
Is where he dies for man."

At the hour of going to press the services are progressing, a full description of which, together with the speeches made on the occasion by the different speakers, will appear in our next issue.

SUEZ CANAL TRADE.—New York received last week 230 bags of the new growth of Hangon rice. It came by way of the Suez Canal, and is fully two months earlier in the season than any former arrivals. The short passage through the tropics prevented much of the injury by heating which this description of rice usually suffers, and undoubtedly accounts for the peculiarly fine color of the seed.

A PENDING DUEL.—The Newbern (N. C.) Journal of Commerce learns that the Hon. Josiah Turner, editor of the Raleigh Sentinel, had gone to South Carolina, and from that State had sent a challenge to Governor Caldwell, of North Carolina, in consequence of a card published in the Telegram last week. Mr. Turner was accompanied by Gov. Vance and H. C. Jones and Benj. Guion, Esq.

A question of considerable interest just now is, has our ex-President taken the New Departure?