

or war ever showed greater faith and courage than the pioneers of East Tennessee! They were enamored of civil and religious liberty, and from the very mountain air imbibed the spirit of broadest liberty! These pioneers have long since passed away, but their works and influences live on to bless and ennoble humanity. In their aims and purposes and by their sacrifices they have left a lasting impression upon the character of the institutions they have created and established. Rigid economy and untiring industry was the rule among the red hills and mountains of East Tennessee. There were no pianos, but the spinning wheel furnished the music. Amidst such surroundings were my parents and their ancestors born and reared. During a recent visit among these historic places there was aroused within me the most tender and affectionate regard for the old landmarks. There I saw the old log cabin where my father was born in 1814; the spring from which he had often quenched his thirst and of which my wife, Cousin John Harris and myself partook at our noon-day lunch under a tree that probably shaded the little Craig boys nearly a hundred years ago; the old Washington church, founded over a hundred years ago; the log cabin where my mother was born in 1818; the creek where "Sam" (General) Houston learned to swim and the hills over which he wildly roamed; the house in Maryville where all my